

Want's Unwisht Work

aka

A Birthday Play

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters

Richard (Vaseline), a man with a house, Elisa's husband

Elisa, a woman with a house, Richard's wife

Bertha Lerner, professor of women's studies

Marla, her student

Lydia, her student

Corne, her student

Leavus, Marla's boyfriend

Warren, Lydia's boyfriend

Dr. Kling, an analyst

Erad, his student

The Rambling Fanatics: Nichedigger, Dick, Laptop, Rem

The Wishful Waiters: Gene, Rock, Art and Nicelle

Scene 1. The house of Richard and Elisa in Athens, Georgia. Enter Richard.

Rich- O, welcome, all! And thanks for your attendance
To celebrate with me my other's birth.
But while she's out, I'll intimate this chance
To tell my play's untold motive and worth:
Soon, here, my wife, art's most-appreciant,
Will from bit work return, wholly unversed
That I this birthday show extravagant
Have for her eager, open mind rehearsed.
From fiction's menu, truth persuaded me
To click the icon of her sex. I scanned
Her muting drudge for psychic spontany,
And thus, from her own past, this present planned.
Now, though my bent is straight with subtle phrase,
Low gest, loose term, wild image and character,
Be sure, my wife's aware in fable's maze
What lives on stage, dies there healthier.
Yet, we must rush - she's home, each day, same time.
That none's offended, I'll the politic
And moral of this rowdy, startling rhyme
Relate. Let's see. It starts, I think, with Dick.

Enter Elisa, at the door of the house.

Elisa- Rich! The door is jammed! Come lemme in!
Rich- Too late! That last you'll have to get yourselves.
Coming, Elisa, my love! Look how I sweat!

Elisa enters the house.

Rich- O, sweet Elisa, happy birthday!
Elisa- Richard, when ya gonna fix this knob?
Rich- Tomorrow, dear! Today, I fix your spirit!
Elisa- You ever heard my daddy sayin no man's his own neighbor?
Rich- Yes.
Elisa- Can my daddy be heard and not heeded?
Rich- No.
Elisa- This house is fallin to pieces, Rich!
Rich- And you will fall to pieces when you see my piece, Elisa!
Elisa- Richard, piece me this: You make plays, I make payroll. You funambules all day while I punch keys for crooks at Pilfer Pharmaceutic. Be a man, Richard. Quit dreamin diddlysquawk up in that attic and contribute to our tangibles.
Rich- My plays, Elisa, are not diddlysquawk.
Elisa- Well, I don't get em, so they're diddlysquawk. I'm goin to bed.
Rich- But I made this work for you.
Elisa- And Richard, I am tired of workin for you. My mind is on screensaver, my fingers have devolved into staple removers, and I got a burnin case of secretary spread. You wanna give me a gift? Put down the unprofitin pen, haul your hausfrau up them stairs, and then, for her birthday, you can pour her a Concha y Toro.
Rich- O, please, sit in the comfy chair and let the show revive you.
Elisa- It's just a bunch a high-falutin fancy schmansy, Rich!
Rich- But words are birth, Elisa, and new ones nurture us.
Elisa- Ya, well, sleep's a word, so don't mind me if I nurture a doze.
Rich- Of course, my love.
Elisa- Ah, Rich, you're nothin nuts, but still my honey man.
Rich- O, happy birthday, love! My gift? A play!
But what? Eyes open, open! Feel the cheer
That pounced with you into our world this day,
For soon, your lust enacted visits here.

So may my urgency have your patience,
My whim your work, my stress your distress ease,
Engendering a core of recompense,
That we, in sharing pleasures, pains appease,
For as they say, the tale must fall out
As naturally as it was first attached.
Just so, in asking you to join this bout,
I hope, once all's diverged, our wants be matched.
If darkly seated, you should snuggle sleep,
Then we our clash into your dreams will seep,
And recreating you in this show's run,
Be self reborn, if not more free for fun.

Richard and Elisa exit.

Scene 2. Enter Bertha, Corme, Marla, Lydia on the porch of the house.

Bertha- May woman, utera of knowings new,
Within this dreamt-of house her self reclaim.
May she, the caring, altruistic sex,
Replenish here her fruitful, fertile traits.
And may she, who lames life if she is lost,
Fresh menses from her moral organ feel.
Now, Corme, Marla, Lydia, to you,
In Georgia's Athens, Sophia of the South,
This house is here awarded, that, as one,
You concentrate against your degradation,
And build the feminine shelter of our world.
For man, fear's nepotist to relevance,
With acts revolting, does its berth assault.
For man, fat war and form-forcing suppression
Quick-stagnant gifts to devolution are.
For man, his staged, stage-frighting, a-social self
Thrusts into woman, rupturing her peace,
As talkshows unacquit of fact or merit
Insert in public prescience petty clack.
Woman, man's beginning, has he betrayed.
Therefore, I formally request you now:
Of woman's truth alone can you research?
Will you sans man discourse on sex and urge?
Can you your body's variant questing fix
Free of men, upon a lustless fulcrum?
Can you, not thru men, not for men, not by men,
Be altered to your own discoveries?
Marla, can you promise this to woman?
Marla- That won't be hard. To me, man's optional.

At tigress pride, he lingers t'importune.
No men, I say, and feel it natural
As restriction of the weapon from the womb.
Bertha- Honest, ravaged Marla. You may enter.

Marla enters the house.

Bertha- Lydia, can you promise this to woman?
Lydia- It's women who genetic change emote;
Man's a necessary-nothing, a go-between,
A futile fringe device creating bloat.
I won't be used like easy oxygen.
Bertha- A victim, Lydia, you proudly are.
You may enter.

Lydia enters the house.

Bertha- Well, as we celebrate this house's birth,
We happy birthday wish to our Corme,
Who will, of course, our present promise try,
And make her day a present to us all.
Corme- By this promise, all's tried by us but us.
Bertha- Speak plain, Corme. We are all sisters here.
Corme- Suits woman wrath? Can she in hiding flourish?
Her problem's route I've followed, her issues
Have pervaded me, yet new stimulus
I wish us to attract and not diffract.
Stasis is no thesis. Isolation
Is healthless life. Pointing fingers point back.
Let's balance rage and reticence and accept
Into our congress of inclusive strife
An acting arbitration with all life.
Bertha- But Corme, you have signed the grant with pen,
And see its strict deletion of men.
Corme- I've done as much. It was inhuman.
Marla- What are we, Corme, moon to moon convenience?
One hour developing? Instant obedience?
Corme- What of those countless comedies, where men
Adopt the closure of depraving rules,
Which then they break, yet mend to squelch again,
In stupid, cycling symbolry of fools?
Must we relive this universal farce,
Copying man's limits but not his range?
Can we across the ancient scriptings parse
To then all errors barely rearrange?
For woman, truer study is expressed

Rebonding molecules of every style,
 And making motive of another's mess
 Of strain and stress, she dissipates his guile
 With captive frame, as travertines are made,
 That honeycomb the silt of trust betrayed.
 Lydia- When resistance wiggles, none can resist.
 Will cancer cure by cooing "please, don't spread"?
 The stress of man marks beauty to a cyst,
 Dividing life to cells that grow when dead.
 Marla- Man's a homicidal basket case.
 Corme- Yet open baskets calm what they embrace.
 Lydia- We're shutting him out, not shutting him down.
 Corme- If out and not down, he'll come back around.
 Marla- We want to be a part by being apart.
 Corme- Your parts will then for parts well-known depart.
 Lydia- Separation's often opportunity.
 Corme- And yet exclusion has no intimacy!
 If, to project past man, you act like him,
 He'll harder jut, turgescing at the thrill.
 So let your better self his better win
 By war of woman's inclusant words and will.
 Marla- The rule is set.
 Lydia- Isn't it, Ms. Lerner?
 Bertha- As good persuasion as Corme has made,
 And full of aperturing delegant,
 It seems contingency would not too dissuade
 The purpose of the spirit from this grant.
 So, I have a thought: By vote we'll choose.
 A man may enter if two women wish.
 Marla- A great idea!
 Lydia- And free of prejudice.
 Bertha- Corme?
 Corme- Though setting up decisions such as these
 Could cause this house to on itself implode
 Thru problematic sneaks and jealousies,
 I'll enter, trusting woman is no fraud.
 Bertha- It's set. May woman now man's history of
 Hustled lust and crazing rules reprove.

Corme enters the house, and Richard, crossdressing as Vazoline, enters the room.

Bertha- Who are you?
 Vaz- I'm the sun after the brainstorm. Who are you?
 Bertha- Bertha Lerner, Director of the Women's Studies
 Department, and the university's granted me this house.

Vaz- Oh, ain't that sweet?
I thought this menudo nest my meat,
Living in its attic since the embryo,
But 'long comes Senorita Virago
And snatches it for herself and pearled swine.
Sorry, babe, but this norm grotto's mine.

Marla- What are you?
Vaz- I am a peloric lily, perfectly unnatural. What are you?
Lydia- We are women.
Vaz- What, do say, is a we-men?
Lydia- Woman is life's only perpetual resource.
Vaz- O, then she is death.
Marla- Woman is the backbone of society.
Vaz- Society needs less backbone and more forebrain.
Bertha- No men is now a bylaw of this house.
Vaz- Oh, but how can a bi-law say no men?
Lydia- Are you a man or are you not?
Vaz- I am a man, though to manliness I am awol.
Lydia- Why a wall?
Vaz- I am absence without leaving.
Marla- Then we, as women, are staying with presence.
Vaz- Presence is the present that won't stay.
Bertha- You cannot stay, being a man.
Vaz- If I can't stay being a man, I become a woman.
Lydia- If you must become a woman, then you are a man,
And may not enter.

Vaz- Being a man, I can only enter;
Being a woman, you may never.
So don't you see? Your law is inapplicable
When applied. Besides, it's very dull.

Marla- Whatever you are, you're a man in a woman's house.
Bertha- Women, let's claim our rights!
Vaz- Oh goody, leave me what's left, and I'll be rich again!

Bertha, Marla, and Lydia exit.

Corme- Hello.
Vaz- O hell.
Corme- I didn't catch your name.
Vaz- Because it's Vaseline, and it slippt away.
Corme- I'm Corme.
Vaz- Did these subdermal birthmarks
Of black hole funny faces suck you in?
Corme- Your chatter is all clatter.
Vaz- Then I will suck
My speech like a vacuum: Corme, do you swear

To dance in this booth, this holed booth, and to wear
 Nothing in this booth, so helpless dog?
 Corme- I've joined them, hesitantly, yes, I have.
 Vaz- Then listen, girl, and I will teach
 The fact that no fact-finders reach:
 Neurotic is that saming game
 Of dying to rename a name.
 Every object errors light
 And thus eradicates on sight.
 What you are is what you're not;
 Identity is mental clot.
 So let no group or plot define
 Hers and his, yours and mine.
 Get it?
 Corme- Yes.
 Vaz- Then give it!
 Corme- Goodbye.
 Vaz- Bye, good.

Corme exits.

Vaz- Ever pleading after power,
 When will each be its own flower?
 Once again, in my own brambles,
 I must bray and stir up shambles!

Vazoline exits.

Scene 3. Enter Dr. Kling and Erad on the porch of the house.

Erad- Do the women expect us, Dr. Kling?
 Kling- They expect us, Erad, or, ex-pectus, from the pectorals,
 they churn a curd.
 Erad- Churn a curd?
 Kling- I say churn a curd, I mean learn a word; episteme
 identicus, lapsus parturitibus, one hysterik mutter.
 Erad- Hysterik mother?
 Kling- Hysterik mutter, Erad, not hysterik mother. The nuance
 does not miscegenate.
 Erad- The nuance does not miscegenate as symbols, crossing
 cultures, being the symbol of that cross, represent the
 method and not the meaning, correct?
 Kling- Obviously. We must say "Ego-Gruppe," not "ego-group,"
 maintaining the menacing marvel of the former. "Bett," not
 "bed," as in LibidoBettstruktur, keeping the Dutch
 etymology of "to beg." And in the extensively firm and

rotundative German "Name," pronounced Na-ma, neben zie nasal and puny english "name," we see the cripplings castratives of bastardo-bardometry, poor translation, or bad copulating.

Erad- From copula, meaning to conjoin.
Kling- Ach, jugendwork ist profitlos!

Enter Bertha, Corme, Marla and Lydia.

Bertha- Dr. Kling! Women, this is Dr. Kling, my analyst.
Kling- And who is this myophore?
Corme- Excuse me?
Erad- Isn't the myophore the section of the clam to which the ambulatory muscle affixes, doctor?
Kling- I glomagglutinate my ploche. Myo is muscle; phore, to move; thus signifying, in sensu nonsensa, muscle mover, which, via coital prolepsis, infers the activity of unconches coupling conches.
Erad- Conscious, doctor?
Kling- No, conches.
Corme- Shells?
Kling- Bivalves.
Corme- What has therapy to do with the engendering of crustaceans?
Erad- Doctor Kling?
Kling- Crustacean, students, is crusty crawdad. Qua Crust? Topping. Qua craw? The belly. And dad, via metonym antonymical, is das UberTuber. So, women, being pulp-filled logic pastries, or pie (that indefinitely mysterious series of unknown digit-places), more readily shuck thru therapy, as men are unconches; women, conches.
Erad- Does this relate to your study on the synecdoche of toddler repetition, Dr. Kling?
Kling- It does. "Look at the baby, it's so cute!" becomes "My pain's acute; slay me, you kook."
Corme- Then female comes to mean speech disorder caused by stout, from phemia and ale.
Kling- And woman signifies man-wooer or womb followed by indefinite article.
Bertha- Dr. Kling, thru dissecting our discourse, Inquisits of our mind's primordial source.
Kling- His recent book, *O Woman*, is pure brilliance!
Kling- *On Woman* describes my entire position to date.

Enter Leavus.

Leavus- Yo, Merl, ya action babe. Where ya been at?
 Marla- Not now, Leavus. Men aren't allowed here.
 Leavus- So what are these, chemotherapy chimps?
 Marla- They're doctors!
 Lydia- Hello, Leavus.
 Leavus- Yah, same to ya.
 Look, docs, all due respect to gettin dank,
 You infect my squeeze's head with that froydo gab,
 I'll pop your puny skulls, then you'll need doctors.
 Marla- Leavus, go away!
 Bertha- Yes, Mr. Leavus,
 Do as you are named. Marla seeks herself.
 Leavus- Yo, me and my woman seek stuff together:
 We're a team; I coach, she takes the ball.
 She's a bumper crop, I am the weather.
 When the twisters rip, we rip out twister
 And get snarled in the basement, til we blister.
 Our love is ready made, and as I've said,
 Woman's like tile; fragile til laid.
 Marla- I'll salt you where I shell you, Mr. Peanut.
 Now skat, and I will see you in five months.
 Leavus- Five months? Now Merl, you know my latenight love
 Don't pause for station identification.
 My love's pounds per square inch; its pressure valve
 Has two settings: sloucht and sockets blown.
 Make my love wait one minute, it's decrepit,
 Sagged to an ornery state, with ice caps melted.
 Five months does to love what it does to grits;
 From youngest calf the softest leather's pelted.
 Marla- Are you insinuating that my body
 Is your slab of produce pedigree?
 Leavus- No, but mine'll be if yours'll be!
 Marla- Am I then some farm animal to you?
 Leavus- That depends how loudly you can moo.
 Marla- You best back off; before I moo, I kick.
 Leavus- I'll brand you then, and rope ya to my stick.
 Marla- So fulla bull, I'd cut it, and you'd crumble!
 Leavus- Til my bull's cut, I'll bellow and not mumble!
 Marla- Witness, women, here, all that's wrong
 With man, that fancy pro of vulgar con.
 Lydia- No, O, no! Leavus is a specimen
 Of manly riddle, riled for his woman,
 Unlike my non-boycotting boyfriend Warren,
 Who'd second my choice were I a manikin!
 Leavus wrestles; Warren pins himself;

Warren strokes, but Leavus deeply rolfs.
A man should be of spunk just gobs and gobs,
Cuz I'd rather die by fire than choke on sobs.

Enter Warren.

Warren- I've come!
Lydia- O, yahoo yippy, Warren's come.
Warren- Woman, how beguiling are your knees!
Disks as cute or sweet as baby peas!
Perfect beyond any need to bend,
Yet able, if must, to spread and contend!
Woman, your knees are everything, yet more!
Round and hard, yet soft! Not for the floor!
They hold your thigh and shin together, there,
In that spot, like a lock, sans hair!
O woman, stand erect, and do not kneel;
My gravel-cherishing knees for you ordeal.
Lydia- Gracias, Warren, now go, and not so gladly;
In one semester, we'll each other see.
Marla- How sweet a poem!
Lydia- Such stalking rarely sprouts.
Marla- And here I thought that men could only shout.
Leavus- The more I stalk, the more Marla surges.
Marla- No, the more you talk, the less my urge is.
Warren- When a lifetime of a year has passt,
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely ages,
I, with champagne and petunias vast,
Will return, with reams of praising pages
For Lydia, who is my love in sphere:
Circling me, my everywhere is here.
Marla- Sphere? I've only been called a basketball.
Leavus- You work the perimeter and drive to the rim.
Lydia- Trust me, words can never do it all.
Bertha- Well, enough. Doctor Kling, come in.
Corme- How, this house of sisterhood begun
For researches and studies feminine,
Do we to raise our subtle selves devise,
When in the crib our first conviction dies?
Lydia- One man must have two votes to enter in.
Bertha- But Dr. Kling is genius! These boys are skin.
Leavus- What?
Marla- Quiet.
Warren- Lydia?
Lydia- O, shut up.
Erad- Can I speak?

Educate me then, you slackademics:
 Why do all children love cinnamon toast?
 Leavus- Every child loves cinnamon toast
 Cuz it's crunchy and soft, like teeth on tits.
 Vaz- He passes such gases, I'll call him a star!
 Outgab this gagging man, you gliberator.
 Warren- As sugar is the mother of memory,
 So every child loves cinnamon toast.
 Vaz- Is he awake, or am I a nightlight?
 Doctor Take-it-Back? You could take it all!
 Kling- Every child does not love cinnamon toast.
 Vaz- Buzz! Sorry! The answer is...
 Erad- Every child loves cinnamon toast because
 Cinnamon toast rhymes with synonym ghost,
 And that each child knows before itself.
 Vaz- You shall be number one,
 Thus closest be to none.

Vazoline exits.

Warren- What a clever other kind of person.
 Leavus- That's one woman I won't study.
 Bertha- Corme?
 Corme- To be for woman, not against man, I
 Came to this house, and yet those I am for
 Are now against each other, that my vote
 In any way will seem a fit to fit
 Into what's fitting, which still cannot fit
 My basic tenet of being here for woman.
 I am in a spot, and must mischoose
 One of you to choose another's one,
 Making myself a despot. So, seeing clear
 Distinction between a doctor and a lover,
 As doctors lead us to our many goals,
 While lovers pull us to their one distraction,
 I vote, and do it for the group's objective,
 For Dr. Kling, and his student, Erad.
 Leavus- Holy day-old connoli! Blah blah blah
 Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah!
 I bet my neck: When Merl skips the pit
 With her guzzling racer, I will do drag!
 Warren- I trust this is another fay endeavor
 To extract more worship from me, Lydia.
 Well, it worked. I love you more than ever,
 And will return, with stanzas on your tibia!
 Marla- Leavus, goodbye.

The plastic, vital, moving communique
Of form decreeing law, law begging space,
Space urging time, time talking love,
That binds creation to a coupling code,
Which I intend by cracking to reset:
To you, sex may be just some simple action;
It is, to me, the logic of attraction.

Corme- So says the poet, pornstar, and psychologist:
Sex is all, so let's just all have sex.

Erad- I am professional.

Corme- Another term
For websites of invisible invasion.

Erad- You are so stoned with dope conspiracy,
You probly say earth spins to make you dizzy.

Corme- And you are so abstracted with your lust,
Your thoughts are limp, and lack a certain thrust.

Erad- That was low.

Corme- In earshot of a snake.

Erad- What have I done to you?

Corme- You cling too much.

Erad- I'll have you know, the doctor has been called
Messiah of our language's miscarriage.

Corme- And yet, his phrases are so clumpty and broken,
I thought his thesaurus had aborted.

Erad- He's famous!

Corme- All that fame can ever do
Is push the past until our tolerance
To newness is so low, we sell tomorrow
For its fix of loitering arrogance.

Erad- He is, Corme, the palette of his field!

Corme- My, how much life's spectrum has congealed.

Erad- No man, in word's captivity, is freer.

Corme- Of great men's freedom I am prisoner.

Erad- O, how the glass of genius is here stained
By jealousy, yet scintillates the more
It is besmirched! Must every man, from slugs
That feed upon the compost of old newspaper
To he whose head deserves the title planet
Be ever slopped into mundanity
By high frustration's dealer, jealousy?
I'm trained, Corme, to see the swarms of faces
Grimacing the truth around your face:
You're insecure, and so secure this place.

Corme- So dumb is genius, it calls insecure
What it cannot knock down with axioms.

Erad- If you're so certain, drop Bertha the Bomb.

Corme- Bertha Lerner is a force of nature!
 Erad- O were she so and not a farce of nurture!
 Corme- My future traces her.
 Erad- You trace a blur.
 Corme- She is of woman's statement architect.
 Erad- Fashionable militants start progressive sect.
 Corme- If you don't like it, don't go in it.
 Erad- If I don't enter, I'll miss my victor's exit.
 Corme- There is no winning when you beat yourself.
 Erad- To penetrate is triumph in itself.
 Corme- You will not go too deeply in, I'm sure.
 Erad- Deep enough to find your cure.
 Corme- O! This house is due to men like you.
 Erad- What? Who wish they knew what women knew?
 Corme- Don't men, should woman once think for herself,
 Instantly turn thinking to love's stealth.
 What do you want?
 Erad- I want to know of woman,
 Without glamour, gimmicks, or absolute
 Design, to touch her simple permutation.
 In life's absurd path, she is acute
 Of truths both tiny and magnanimous:
 She rules both life and love; she calibrates
 The mixtures of emotion's rich vicarious;
 She sees all secrets, yet in stranger states
 She's curious: of wilderness unlicked,
 The art of rounding corners, the extra toe,
 The milk that slips from lettuce when it's picked:
 In these minutia, she feels a crucial flow.
 What is she, being so material,
 That renders immaterial all else?
 What tugs her, sluices thru her, makes her call
 So tirelessly to our better self,
 Desiring man, who is so death-adept?
 Why is she? From what music has she leapt?
 If your eyes see with mine, we will perceive
 What man and woman can as one conceive.
 Corme- Are you for real?
 Erad- If you say so, I am.
 Corme- I say, so I am.
 Erad- I am, so I need.
 Corme- You can't come in.
 Erad- But you are my sponsor!
 Corme- Why would Dr. Kling have such a student?
 Erad- We each, in some commitment, hide our love.
 Corme- We should, for love, not hide what we are of.

Erad- Corme, do not go in.
Corme- And why not, Erad?
Erad- We will be posed, in there, opposingly.
Corme- Then let aversion our allure be.

Corme and Erad enter the house.

Scene 4. Enter , Laptop and Rem on the street.

Dick- Ah, Friday is my day, Laptop! Fishfry!
Laptop- What's on the pulldown menu, Dick?
Dick- Well, Paptip, I'll pull down a pint, pull down the curtains,
then I'll pull my leg.
Laptop- No, like, what's the dos?
Dick- I'm the boss, that's who!
Laptop- No, man, the dos, like, ya know, the demented order of
shakedown?
Dick- What are you, the Urinal of Wifi?
Rem- Girls.
Dick- Damn, ya shoulda said so! Well, Squeezetop, seein's I ain't
so regular round here, comin from up North there, yack to
me a them southern ways, and I will reconnoiter the
situation for acquiring us some postal service, cuz man, my
bag is bloatin!
Laptop- Snail mail?
Dick- Snail trail, Lollipop!
Laptop- Escargot!
Dick- Yeah, I gotta go too. So what ya get down here, Yapcrop,
for shootin the president in public?
Laptop- Eighty-sixed.
Dick- Yo, I'd knock off sixty-nine.
Laptop- Sixty-nine from eighty-six is seventeen, Dick.
Dick- Mmmminors.
Laptop- Like spelunkin?
Rem- Girls.
Dick- Girls, Creamtop, girls!
Laptop- Major miscommunication.
Dick- Man, in Brooklyn, babes ooze out the bricks! The gutter's
carpeted with babes! 40 ounce babes, half pint babes, even
plastic bottle vodka babes! My favorite brand a babe?
Boarshead - but we got them others too. Santa Ria babes,
O choke my chicken! Patrushka babes, with lots a little
ones inside. Hindu babes, with very good hinder. Ganja
babes, waftin wit da wailers, singin "One glove, one part,
dem stick togetha but you tear dem apart." Man, Brooklyn
got babes as pitch as the pyramid's shadow and pale as a

peel'd potato! I swear, Moptop, Brooklyn babes is abundant as jockitch at a Redhook junior high.
Laptop- Like transfer my files to Booklyn.

Enter Niche digger.

Niche- Boys, we got wood.
Dick- Yo, where's the action, Niche digger?
Niche- I have spotted via these schnapps goggles the bellijissimest Georgia peachfuzz ever found on infant behind!
Dick- Jerkin juicyfruits, I'm droolin here!
Niche- With curves like a Chickamauga footlong and tight as the Tech pomsquad, the air ignit sternoid before her, singeing my eyebrows and palmhairs.
Dick- I'm guyserin! I'm Yomessity!
Niche- She was one big full-body smile and did prance so pretty like, I bethunk me in a fresh tub a bobblin waters. Hoodogey, woman's my favorite food!
Dick- Lemme at her!
Niche- I shall then: boys, peer o'er yonder. There on that curb, curbed by none, none but the best and better than butter, you will find Dick's mama. Park in close, I pray you.
Dick- Ah, ya kudzu cracker!
Laptop- Hey, Niche digger, can I merge your swill?
Niche- And swap your sissy spit? I'd rather rump ya! Move over!
Dick- Hey, talkin a mamas.
Niche- Don't. You are beneath her.
Dick- Ya, but up North we call it on top.
Niche- She wouldn't even glance at you.
Dick- It's hard to look back when you're crawlin in place.
Niche- Shut it, boy.
Dick- I seen a sign that pointed to your mama: Men Working, Next Ten thousand Feet.
Niche- Mention my dear mother again, I'll make sure you never have one.
Dick- Over and out! Hey, d'ya hear? Niche digger's mama just got a patent as an alarm clock!
Rem- Cool!
Laptop- What features?
Dick- She wakes ya up to get turned off, gots a button called smooze makes her buzz all over, and she can do it in digilog or anital, though either modalabombity ends up in what ya might call headway. Every man's mama should be an alarm clock, Hosechigger.
Niche- You slimy piece a northern man-dirt.
Dick- Don't hit me!

Niche- Y porkwa?
Dick- This highgrade diesel sauce mixed down with my bodily salts and peppers makes one highly explosive mixturation. The whole neighborhood'll go.
Niche- Then there goes the neighborhood! Biff!

Niche hits him.

Dick- Cronko!

Dick hits him.

Niche- Swapp!

Niche hits him.

Dick- Thwacky!

Dick hits him.

Niche- Womp!

Niche hits him.

Dick- Allright already!
Niche- You boys hear a boom?
Dick- I'd a done it, but you're so butt ugly.
Laptop- It's the nooks, not the looks.
Rem- Wo.
Niche- Do you think our southern ladies would wanna ride the electric bull o' corpal greed if some bigcity scumbag like yourself lets this nation's righteous gears get viscous cuzza all them incapacities from spirits? Hu? Did the great Thamas Jeffson drink his self so dry?
Dick- He brewed his own.
Laptop- Monticello means Pile of Winos.
Niche- Then what about Ulushious S. Grant?
Dick- "I shall meet Robert P. Wee at Atopamax...Appotimox...Amapickax."
Laptop- He drank so much whole armies leaked themselves.
Niche- Then Franky Jellono Ruskyvelt; he most definitely never bibed like you.
Dick- I drank with him.
Niche- No way!
Dick- Me and his foxy wife Theodore did port bonges with Franko out on the porch, and he'd get so proppt he'd jump out his

wheelchair and salsa on the billiards table with his pinkies extended! That man bumrushed the dike!
Laptop- The great society was firstly termed, "I Hate Sobriety."
Dick- Face it, Pinchtrigger, history is sousery.
Niche- Why, you blasfemin tramps!
Laptop- Backspace!

Nichedigger chases them off. Enter Leavus and Warren.

Leavus- Yo, I'm truckin my ass downtown right now
And pick me up a pierced and wild waif.
Warren- Yah, I'm headed uptown. I hear those girls
Keep every form of danger in their safe!
Leavus- Rock on!
Warren- Until the sticky, blinking dawn!
Leavus- I'm free!
Warren- De langue de non va langue d'oui!

Enter the Rambling Fanatics.

Niche- Pardon me, men.
Warren- I give at home.
Leavus- Here's a dollar. Psych!
Niche- My name's Nichedigger, the great grandpuppy of the late
and far greater father of all bad mothers, Andrew Long
Knife Jackson, and I's wonderin if ya might clue me on, ya
know, in a, whadda ya say, tit to tit, where I might pluck
me up some apple pie, for the hotdog, via your baseballin?
Leavus- That house, right there.
Warren- My love awaits you all!

Warren and Leavus exit.

Niche- Well gall damn, it's world serious day!
O, you salacious founding padres,
How did I not perceive in your fine nation
There dwelt, derived by you, with starspangled mayonnaise,
Fine breasts a walleye in their cute wrappins?
What else from the nation that invented foreplay?
Boys, write me up a slit for babeous porpoise,
Cuz as an American I must pursue my lascivious purpose!
Froward!
Rem- Yeah.
Dick- Man, you are wordy.

The Rambling Fanatics exit.

Scene 5. Enter Marla in the house.

Marla- O, what a gentle, pliant man have I
In supple-speaking Warren finally found!
His words, that gift for Lydia wrappt, ensky
With light the gloom that's been my loving-ground.
Leavus is all action-packt shebang,
While Warren works in image, not in gym.
Leavus is a skin flick boomerang,
But Warren is more mystic, more French film.
Were I to talk to Leavus about culture
He'd flinch as if his blow up doll had bit him!
Yet Warren's such a sweet biographer,
The self I want to be I hear in him.
It's time my love matured, became proctress
Of an arousal radical and pure,
That I to music grow, and groans repress,
Played to pitch thru Warren's embouchure.
But O I must abbreviate these longings
And fasten to this place de resistance!
It's in the sisterhood I breathe, and must
Not choke my source with hoping's underdust.
But here is Lydia, whom I betray;
Go off, reenter, and more honest play.

Marla exits. Lydia enters.

Lydia- I'm done. My body, lowered into fields
Where spine and brain and pelvis dance apart,
To delirial exogenesis so yields,
Love's lattice swirls me another heart.
Leavus! O, when soon, they say, the sun
Shall eat the earth, why should you not consume me?
How strong you are, and I, so unbegun,
Hard arms demand to force my fantasy.
That pawing Warren's limericks make me sick!
He blinks, and it is fault to make me quake!
I was cloth-mother to that monkey geek,
Who's had nor ate life's ever-moistly cake.
It seems now I have loved a million Warrens,
And yet it seems I've never loved at all!
But O, Leavus, that firm mellifluence,
Throbs into me new vibrants palatal.
Warren's so weak, he weeps when a t-shirt dies!
He's air, a ghost, a fleshless, junior blip!

Leavus, I think, for greater things is sized,
Will more concretely at the soil grip.
For in this stage of me, I should rehearse
Beside a man of talents substantive.
Yet chasing him I fumble and respin,
And am, to my convictions, fugitive!
How can I swoonly savor, crave and sip
At all I have denounced as deathmanship?
Betraying my ideals, my own ideas
Become an anarchy I can't betray!
O, where's the pass in passion? Why now, rude lust?

Marla enters.

Marla- Lydia?
Lydia- O love, no shame, but smiles.
Marla- Lydia!
Lydia- O, my sister, Marla!
Marla- Isn't this house incredible?
Lydia- Ineffably!
Marla- Are you okay?
Lydia- Are you?
Marla- Are you?
Lydia- Are you?
Marla- We, like African Amazons, beat one drum.
Lydia- But the mouths of mothers must not falseness bear.
Marla- I knew you knew what I felt that you felt.
Lydia- I do.
Marla- Then let me gush my reservoir
Of withheld worry.
Lydia- Gush on, you crazy thing!
Marla- Reserved, I listen; seat truth where you wish.
Lydia- Though travesty to woman, and thus repulsing,
Marla- I'll vote for he it is so clear you love.
Lydia- Clear I love?
Marla- Clear as a hover-sow.
Lydia- How'd you know?
Marla- The swarming stares, the lowly, torrid gestures,
The coy rejection whispering full acceptance,
Seeing these, I muttered, "They are perfect."
Lydia- Really?
Marla- Ra ra really.
Lydia- O, Relief, gorge me
Marla- To your repletion! What women are we,
So readily exchanging!
Lydia- And accepting.

Lydia- Marla, he and you, like double dreams
That bookend days diverse, do prove one urge.
Marla- No.
Lydia- I'll torch my diary when it's false.

Enter Corme.

Corme- May we talk?
Marla- O, Corme! We've lots to say
On you and me and us and our type stuff!
Lydia- I'll start.
Marla- I will.
Lydia- No me.
Marla- Warren is in.
Lydia- Warren?
Marla- Yes!
Lydia- I meant Leavus!
Marla- You love Leavus?
Lydia- No.
Marla- Then you meant Warren.
Lydia- You love Warren?
Marla- No.
Corme- Women, are we weak? Do we expect
In some man's dusk of self our dawn to see?
No! Thru our own night we must endeavor
To meet that sparkling picture of reform!
Nomads once within the world we bear,
Our roof is rage against the reign of man,
For the ghetto of our gender has created
These lexicons of obliged dependency,
From which it is our inmost obligation
To escape, as hard as it may be.
But let your member-selves also remember:
This abstinence is only a semester.
Then, refreshed, and stronger for our struggle,
We'll back into the whirl of common need.
So let us now, as we intended, plan
The role of woman without the reel of man.

Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- Well, looky who it is; Why, Miss Belief,
Miss Conduct, and O, Miss Taken, too!
Have I missed anyone?
Marla- Yourself, self-missed.
Vaz- I miss myself, you wish to lose yourself.

Lydia- This ersatz chick calls foul what is not he!
 Vaz- Okay, you're chickens, and you taste like me.
 Corne- Such quick responses show you are not free.
 Vaz- Let's plod and plume and tweeze the issues, then,
 And longly pause, and ululate of men.
 Marla- Men are a pain.
 Vaz- Compared to what?
 Marla- To nothing.
 Vaz- Ah, but girl, pain must have its partner;
 For every killer there's a coulda kisst.
 Just like eye needs eye, so pain needs pleasure;
 Not seeing the same, they show us synthesis.
 Lydia- Fine, relative to all, man is a pain.
 Vaz- If relative to all, then he is Pan,
 That ancient, hairy goat-god of deception,
 And now, the mix m.c. of all sensation,
 Who at his board lays tracks to each event
 And keeps the party pure flirtation.
 Pan's body is a satellite omnipotent,
 With telefiber wig, a flashing hat
 Of movie screens where slogans reconcile.
 Pan's dress is stitched of tiles heat-resistant
 To plummet thru the ozone of denial.
 Two luxury ocean liners are his boots,
 And he struts the ever-wriggling map of nations.
 Pan's languages don't wallow, they transmute;
 On his rings twinkle the die of ideations.
 Pan is a massive ambling Las Vegas,
 Born up from the desert of your addictions,
 And at his service bop,
 Like fleshy agitprop,
 Three null-adoring, duty-free
 Daughters of ambiguity:
 Lazy, loose as a baptist's hose;
 Loud, screaming like the iceman unfroze;
 And Laughy, giggling her cortex out her nose!
 These fly-on-the-handle
 Gang-of-flummox
 Enemies to energy
 From all-spice shakers
 Dribble their magic milk
 Upon you famous fakers,
 Breaking down all families
 And their pertinent loyalties
 Of ethic, of prude and of ilk,
 So life by death by dream by mom by dog can be enticed,

And the cable box to the comet to the fussflux gets spliced,
And cohesive xenophobic segregating judgement's brain
By Pan is jolted, mixing up our pleasure with our pain!
(Making good things bad, and bad things entertain.)
It's Pan first pierced the nipple with amulet.
Of another's drool he brews love's sucklant soda.
How much bliss he crams into your debt!
What boring glory to drive thru South Dakota!
You scratch a crabsore til its gold of puss
Drains out; it's Pan compels your frantic nails.
What horrid joy's the act adulterous!
Why do you shop at Bloomingdale's?
Pan hungers you for that hell. In tattooed skins
He needles the beautiful agony of style.
Look how much a losing boxer wins!
Pan perfumes the owner to its pile.
And in the groanings of a punctured teen
He enters pain as life's first pleasure scene.
Why do tight pants feel so good?
Who's the hood within the hood?
Pan! The most-talked-about misunderstood!
And at his swimming meat au drain,
Encroaching in each other's lane,
Pain and pleasure race the waters,
Like daughters hurdling over daughters,
Putting chic into the slaughters,
Lapping, stroking, choking to swipe
The ultimate trophy, "First in Hype."
But here is Pan, in velvet chair, smoking a fat robusto,
Laughing so unfoundedly, "O, they drown with gusto!"
While from the stands the crowd sings flusht and free:
"It's pain this year, as all with pleasure see!"
Cuz pleasure's finish line is death,
And pain's goal is limitless,
So the game is started done,
As to compete for all's to play for none!
You who fly
To call the sky
Tiny, when you go
On jets of pain
It's pleasure's plane
To Pan's imbroglio.
Allright, then! Only some men are pains!
So, your meat's a waffle; your core, a fudge;
And your argument's point is your circular head.
In squirms the can of worms to squirming judge,

Marla-
Vaz-

Lydia- Followed by the part-pregnant and half-dead!
Vaz- I know one thing: you're a pain.
Find my pain and say you feel,
Feel my pain and say you heal,
Heal my pain and call me better,
Steal my pain and say "I never!"
I quote when I say the wise shouldn't quote,
But...
Corme- Vaseline, go off somewhere and gloat.
Vaz- O can the strong still survive?
Are my emotions recorded live?
O which came first? I will confirm
The chicken egg is chicken sperm!

Vaseline exits.

Marla- I'm tired and going upstairs.
Lydia- So too am I.

Marla and Lydia exit.

Corme- Though none condone, to be myself I try.

Corme exits.

Scene 6. Enter the Wishful Waiters at the door of the house.

Gene- Wishful Waiters, group grope. I call the roll in order of
appearance. Art!
Art- Arturo.
Gene- Rock!
Rock- Present, prepared, and potentially perfect.
Gene- Nicelle. Where's Nicelle?

Enter Nicelle.

Nice- Sorry, I thought I had something better to do.
Gene- Now, we've a birthday gram to give, birthdays are very
special days, so we must be very, very special. Therefore,
I, your author, have crafted a play in verse, rich with
thoughtful emotion and passionate intellect, entitled "The
Blueberry Play." This very, very, very special play tells
how Sky (played by Art), and Earth (Rock, please), fight
for the love of Bush (Nicelle), consummating in the
creation of the blueberry, the perfect birthday fruit. So,
breathe, stretch, and smile, cuz, people, this is pay. One

gimp thru, we sprint. O happy happy...

Art- Yo, when's my sexy farm-hand scene with Bush?

Gene- There are no sexy farm-hand scenes in Birthday Grams. O happy happy...

Rock- He, Sky, and I but lowly Earth? Will I not be upstaged?

Gene- All parts are equal in my play. O happy happy...

Nice- I ain't Bush.

Gene- The line was cut. O happy happy...

Nice- I said, I ain't Bush.

Gene- The line is in. O happy happy...

Nice- I mean I will not take the part of Bush.

Gene- Nicelle, there are sound dramatic principles why you should play the bush.

Nice- Name one.

Gene- You more readily imagine bushy-type superobjectives by utilizing your affective memory of past bushy experiences.

Rock - Just as I, who have soared unto the heights of the theatrico-industrial training system...

Nice- I've had no bushy experiences.

Art- Liar on the stage.

Gene- People, no real conflicts!

Nice- I will not play the bush.

Art- Yo, the bush is a juicy part.

Gene- Your gifts are best revealed in your bush.

Rock- Indeed, as my height and heavenly eyes clearly mark me to play Sky, your...

Nice- Look, you histrionic hunks. It is rude, sexist, demeaning, regressive, and totally un-American that I should play the bush.

Gene- Ah, I see. Shoving dogma up the diversion, are we? Dear Nicelle, this is a birthday gram, not a day at the grammys. We are the Wishful Waiters, not waited upon by well wishers. This is not grand marquis, but tiny margin. Not tourist driven, but tourette's driven. So leave the identity politics to the Public, and play what I say, or no pay.

Art- Yo, you want beef with Equity?

Gene- My Equity is bigger than Equity.

Rock- Disempowering Gene! Equity is our union. Our bubblewrap against abuse. Our assurance against naked auditions. In a world where the faux are not free and the free cannot be faux, how dare you defy Equity?

Gene- I own the Wishful Waiters, I write the checks, so you are my actors.

Nice- My actors?

Art- No one owns me, man.

Rock- Impudent rat operative, thou!

Nice- So I'm a bimbo in a spot to save your limbo plot?
 Art- The play frickin stinks.
 Rock- It doth offendeth my strills.
 Nice- And verse? What is this, Elizabethan Rome?
 Art- Eat me, Gino, eat me!
 Rock- The union declareth a strike!
 Art- Strike!
 Nice- Strike!
 Gene- Fine, you vidiots, write the script yourselves.
 Nice- Great! We'll seek funding for an open-ended collaborative process that co-generates a performance text from the interactions of our interpersonal co-dynamics.
 Art- No need, co-ho, for I done writ it: "Night, Planet Zarsh, Lork mobs looting Zubyria, enter Stig Chug, drencht in chick spit, ready to pop some caps."
 Rock- Improvisor, I! Follow me, people, follow me. I'm a jelly fish, bobbling in a calm, violent sea, when a friendly shark bites me in half, but O I'm rescued by a manly fishergirl, who heals me, as we quiver and shriek, til blammobajinsky, I am born again as Sky, or me, Rock Random, dancing, nude, juggling the sun, and now you enter singing...
 Art- End of strike.
 Nice- I think we found our bush.
 Gene- People, scrunch up cozy. What is a character? A dash of why across a screen of where? Sliver moons, holey socks, and the philanthropies of genius longer last. Do not let pride wage you out of wonder. Do not deprive your image of her action. There are as many characters as inconsistencies, but there is only one consistent you. And speaking of you, you, Rock, are Earth; you, Art, Sky, and you, Nicelle, art Bush. So find your bush, embrace your bush, spread wide with wild pride your schmacty Birthday Grammin bush, cuz you're the Wishful Waiters, and that's my order.

The Wishful Waiters exit.

Scene 7. Enter Nichedigger, Dick, Laptop and Rem on the street.

Niche- Troops, subside. The first amenmint says, "No soldier shall be strippt and gizzard in a house lessen that owner's lower quadrants are willfully strippt theretoo." Orgo, my right to distend and enter is secured by the same irreputable laws accorded woman that she may wear her nighties all day long. Inward, crusty soldiers, to the house of hoseable

hootaninnys!

Dick- And who says you're the best man for the job?

Niche- You sayin I'm the worst man for the job?

Dick- I'm sayin you're the best man for the job.

Niche- You're sayin I'm the best man for the job?

Dick- I'm sayin you're the best man for the job!

Niche- And I'm sayin you're the best man for the job!

Dick- Then I'll do the job!

Laptop- See, we need like protocol: Expensively extensive modem surveys prove there are women in houses throughout much of the phoneable world. Each man should expound his attributes, experiences and references, and include an objective statement on how to like enter the house, for the best of us is the test of us. Rem, cue up.

Niche- My name's Niche-digger. Country? Mine. On a finite globe, America, the infinite. Acclitudes? I can clean up after myself, when forced. Experiences? I can chase panty, preferably with a Blatz. References? I can tap kegs (ting! ting! She's empty!), I can fry up a topbutt t-bone that'll grow your gut over your molars, and I can flush any GTO on a flat Nevada mile if there's T-n-A at the ribbon, so I am the man for the job!

Laptop- How does this spreadsheet get them to spread under the sheets?

Dick- We could throw him in front of a bus and ask to use their phone.

Laptop- If we're to like execute this object exchange without downtime, we must poll all channels for optimal database entries. So, like, I have a plan.

Niche- Make it plain.

Laptop- Surfing the cyberwaves of virtual nature, we see a coherent bitmap showing that reality is based in realty. So, like dragging our image into a custom box, and inserting it into their graphic, it's clear that we should load up on women's garments, and like then bearing the appearance of these multimedia treats, we'll coolly chill into their sticky software domain.

Rem- What?

Niche- Does this mean you do not think I am the best man for the job?

Laptop- Government reports say no one listens to government reports.

Dick- Both a you deadbeats remind me of a piece a liverwurst I threw up once: Me – “How cuz you're comin up steada goin down?” It – “There ain't no worse liver than you, Dick Skills.”

Niche- Boy, your only skill's poppin corks and zits.
 Dick- You forget cherries and questions, in that order.
 Laptop- Maybe Rich is the man for the job.
 Dick- Dick.
 Niche- And whatsoever makes him the man for the job?
 Dick- I can take a dive, but not give a damn; I can hit the ground,
 even if it's moving. And, that.
 Laptop- Confuseus say: brain like cookie; made bad by raisin.
 Drunk head like drunk soup: make you feel you're in. Man
 with no mind must be minded.
 Niche- What language is that country from?
 Dick- Man, you southern boys is a bunch a gumbo dumbies!
 We'll just head to Bunhugger's house, grab his camera
 kwipment, then pop into this voluptuant pooter pavilion,
 posing as Big Fashion Deal photographers, and we're in as
 a bellybutton!
 Laptop- Sources say going to the source is highly reensourcing.
 Niche- Camera kwipment? You's lookin at my shooter.
 Dick - So let's go to Lipcrap's house.
 Laptop- Laptop, and like I forgot my password.
 Niche- And what's wrong with your house, Richard?
 Dick- Dick! My name is Dick! Like rhymes with dick. And my
 house is what ya mite call spacially sensitive: its space is
 my senses.
 Niche- Can't you do nothin, Rem?
 Rem- Pizza.
 Dick- Shazam! We just cruise on up there...
 Niche - In a southern and sexual manner...
 Dick - And offering pie for pie, we're in the house.
 Laptop- File save.
 Niche- O, you lusty men! We have been called
 To test our bunny-guns up at the dogtrack!
 So let's howl! Dammit, you are good men,
 And you're rowdy men, and bad also!
 You are range-pigs of the American desert,
 Starved for quailbroth, with thronking trunks
 And a javalina's hankerin for glad bags!
 Let your Decorations of Sin Dependence
 Call out to these far-lips' Louisiana.
 For this is it, my men. Manfest density!
 Rich, Lipcrap, Rem, march!
 Dick- Dick!
 Laptop- Laptop!
 Rem- Rem?
 Niche- Whatever!

The Rambling Fanatics exit.

Scene 8. Enter Lydia at Marla's window.

Lydia- The lute of lust I follow without control,
Evil even to my ally's room.
I should go!

Enter Leavus.

Leavus- Hey, Marla, is that you?
Lydia- O temptation, you shyly, slyly serve.
Leavus- Yo, Marlin, can't we work this whole thing out
And get back to the funky-futon biz?
Lydia- Macho one, woman zilch.
Leavus- If twice a night
Ain't doin it for you, I'll up the dose.
Lydia- Another ace for Urge Overkill.
Leavus- Come on, Merl. I need that breakthrough buzz.
Lydia- Match point, and I'm in love.
Leavus- Remember how I oiled your body down?
Lydia- Yes, Leavus, yes, how I remember!
Leavus- Well, could I peruse the goods?
Lydia- No. I'm not made-up.
Leavus- Marla?
Lydia- Leavus, we have to talk.
Leavus- Hey, I can talk.
Lydia- When on the porch Lydia first approached,
Your rapture at her beauty was so blatant
You gazed and gulped like mutt upon a meal.
Don't say it isn't so; her gorgeous frame
Went up like scaffolding in which you weaved
And wobbled with the wind of lust's effusion.
Of course, you go as wolf to baby deer,
In carnal homage to delicious wonder,
Guiltless to ravish she so ravishing.
But do you love her, Leavus, more than me?
Leavus- Me, love Lydia? That victim to vogue?
That tasteless tofu patty with the multi-grain bun?
Babe, I'd rather get ganged by whoopin cranes
Than nibble that gamehen; she is way pretentious.
Lydia- Might such repulsion hide a lover's taste
That is afraid to eat and thus to waste?
Leavus- I would spank my privates out in public
Before I'd much as let her flick my zippo.
Lydia- You go too far to prove your object worthless;

Leavus- There must be some desire in your distress.
Lydia- I'd sooner love a bunsen-burner belt.
Leavus- O such a loss would be too hugely felt.
Lydia- Girls like her, they breathe out anesthesia.
Leavus- Then she, the cause, could cure the phobia.
Lydia- Marla, what's up?
Lydia- O, if only I weren't me,
But her he loves, or that, unknown to him,
I could somehow construct another we,
Where he'd love me, not being among them
I am among, so, loving he his hate
For us, he'd savor me, and we could mate!
Leavus- Marla, I'll do anything to get inside!
Lydia- The only way is you become a woman.
Leavus- Anything does not include that shit.
Lydia- If you desire me, you will become me.

She throws him women's clothes and a wig.

Leavus- Are you psycho? What is this, plasma week?
Lydia- Do it, Leavus. The reward is ecstasy.

Lydia exits, then enters.

Lydia- When as a woman you meet me at the door,
Take the name Hormonia, my whore.

Lydia exits.

Leavus- Hormonia? O, man, that bitch is crooked!
I do not do this. This I do not do.
Man is stuck together by a stud
Of mottos, and mine's I'll get back to ya.
We'd all be sluts, if we just upped and changed
Everytime the currency rearranged.
No way, Merl! This here dog ain't whippt!
Before I dress the way you want, I'll strip!

Leavus exits with clothes and wig. Marla enters at Lydia's window.

Marla- O would he came, yet would he wouldn't, and yet!
Below highwires of love is there no net?

Enter Warren.

Warren- If tied, O hateful love, unto the earth

In Yunnan's woods, where bamboo fields grow,
That sprouting shoots pierce thru my tender girth,
Still would I yet much deeper dolor know!
Love's centrifugal, total-bonding hole
In this war of gentle-jabbing jaws and shanks
Do your all-scrambling moods and cranky soul
Explode into cosmogonies of angst!
You rage, my thankful sorrow calls it peace;
You bite and pour your brandy where I bleed;
You ditch my love thus I thru loss increase;
You staple me to all and call me freed.
Yet well! Above, there's shadow, as if night
To one spot came. Lydia, is this a fight?
No, Warren, it's a hug.

Marla-
Warren-
Marla-
Warren-
Marla-
Warren-
Marla-

Is that my precious?
I am the one forgetful lovers call "you."
Why am I from your softness now removed?
Cuz by removal I a favor seek.
Should I lose my unspeakables, I'll do it!
Your voice, that choir of complimenting tease,
To me alone has throated songs of late,
Yet when you rhymed my charms in peas and knees,
Another me felt not so desolate.

Warren-
Marla-

Whatever other, I've no other ever;
To them I happen; to you, I persever.
O, but Warren, might your jaw not cramp
Chewing always round a single name?
Commitment is a maiming, laming clamp
To crush our sensual infatuations!
One lover is but one from everything;
Two lovers more than twice, as competition
Brings about delirious multiplying.
O, go, be fat!

Warren-
Marla-

Be Mr. Natural, the sex-offender,
Whose one offense is knowing where it's at.
Whereto, love, these dizzy metaphors?
My friend, Marla, needs your praises, Warren.
Though she's perfunct to tight commendment's needs,
She has not dated the verbalest of men.
Sprinkle on her, for me, your metric seeds.

Warren-
Marla-
Warren-
Marla-
Warren-
Marla-

Marla?
Do it, Warren.
What's she to praise?
Her mind.
Were it as yours, then I would praise it.
Her shape - what shades and colors show it best?

Warren- The ones that augur darkness in the west.
Marla- Then, her face - what does it bring to view?
Warren- Big pores, small eyes, and a don't hairdo.
Lydia, must I praise her, and not you?
Marla- Yes! What else has she of quality?
Warren- None else that having seen her once I see.
She is noisy, sass, and nebulous;
You are tuneful, bunt and rich.
Her talk is droll, her points ambiguous,
While you all thoughts exact together stitch.
Of every talent you own rights to boast;
Marla has the flair of wonder toast.
Marla- Have you any poems yet written for her?
Warren- I've one for you, Lydia.
Marla- That will do.
Warren- Wait, Lydia...
Marla- No, say "Wait, Marla."
Warren- Wait, Marla, wait
There for my word,
For my word will open you sprent.
Sing, Marla, sing
A song with my word
That off from the sweetest of scent
You blow, Lydia...
Marla- Marla!
Warren- Marla, blow
Like the bird-beating wind,
You flow, Marla, flow,
Like the dream sleep must end,
And you sway, Marla, sway,
And you play, Marla, play.
Marla- O, how personal, go on, go on!
Warren- Come, Marla, come
To where you belong,
Push, Marla, push
The weak to the strong,
Cuz it's wrong, Marla, it's wrong
To love as if living were long,
Rather sing, Marla, a song,
That I may sing along.
Lydia, can I come in now?
Marla- If you so badly want her, put these on.

She throws him women's clothes and a wig.

Warren- Brilliant, love!

Marla- I'll meet you at the door.
Warren- One more ode to you and I will go.
Marla- No! You come in, then ode-y ode-y O!

They exit.

Scene 9. Enter Bertha, Erad and Kling in the house.

Bertha- How thrilling to try new therapies, radical yet structured, heuristic yet didactic, intuitive yet purposive, involving Corne in the stereotypes of her emotions! Enter the patient!

Erad- May I ask the objectives of these methodologies, Dr. Kling?

Kling- Today we will be utilizing my recent exigency of therapeusis, 'Gegensatzunterbrechungsuberlisten', or the disruption of resistance thru prescient frolic. My third book on the psychogenesis of gynecosemantics, *VulvaMetaforik*, may be referenced.

Bertha- An exciting text!

Kling- The human female is tertiad.

Bertha- A three-part thing.

Kling- First, the labio section, from "labo," indicating "I hesitate." This perimeter system, signifying the anxieties, ecstacies and humidities of the patient, I term the prope, or almost, system.

Bertha- We effect this system thru a roleplay on relation.

Kling- Next, durch stimulatatio, the patient's self concept, or fold, expands and puffs, exposing the clito-complex, or summer stock. Stemmed in clitella, or saddle; clivosus, or hill; and clio, the muse of history, we ride audibliating to the top of the patient's past, where we reveal, or rub off, the tenant of mentations responsible for mood and habit, or the clito-complex, which forms the nunc, or now, system.

Bertha- It's here that Corne questions her control.

Kling- Lastly, in the semper, or always, system, we ramble to the cervix, or channel of creation, where we split the patient's personal traits from her impersonal drives, finding the ventricles of her somatic jargon, venting them that they trickle, thereby incurring the insemination of equilibrium, the parturition of placidity, and bringing, finally, relaxation for our efforts.

Bertha- Cuss and moan!

Kling- By these methods, we cure Corne of her problem.

Erad- What problem, Dr. Kling?

Kling- She resists manipulation.

Erad- Does not that prove she has no problem, doctor?
 Kling- He is so thoroughly confused.
 Bertha- Manipulation, Erad, is education. Corne's recalcitrance is more self-easing than self-izing, and we merely stroke her unreachable parts, being so, as it were...
 Kling - Unstretched.
 Bertha- Society...
 Kling - Gesellschaft
 Bertha - Is manipulation under dreamlight.
 Kling - A shaft enters a companion, genus feels union, there is cramming, durcheindringen, and the surling of nubs. All things cling to nubs, therefore are nubs all things. So, we concentrate on the nubs.
 Bertha- And concentrate, in german, is, I think, dich.
 Kling- It is, and it means thick.
 Bertha- Thru this treatment, we open Corne to herself.
 Kling- Not treatment, Ms. Lerner, but "treat me nt."
 Erad- Nt?
 Kling- To the nth.
 Bertha- Like existence!
 Kling- Existenz, Ms. Lerner, pronounced 'Ek! Cyst ends!', recircling to the nubs.
 Bertha- The nubs.
 Erad- Thank you, doctor, for clarifying.
 Kling- Behind the screen.

Erad, Bertha and Kling go behind the screen. Corne enters.

Corne- Where am I born, within me or without?
 Have I the single sense of my own being
 Or in relation's teeming roundabout
 Am I a breath from others' meandering?
 How can I say "I wish myself to be"
 If wishing is a self that isn't yet?
 Can wishes dredge the tiding from the sea,
 Sideswipe the sun, and force the moon's regret?
 She I trusted now trusts in Dr. Pun;
 My sisters, firm of plan, now romp unraveling;
 And this boy, so brilliant yet outshone,
 Desires my figure for his figuring.
 Our high ideals are lowly deprivations
 As empty plots torment our honesty.
 To dream? To doubt? To fear? To hate? To love?
 All's but the cast of thought, that rerun comedy,
 Where sameness lives for difference and ends the same.
 If to the wild ventured, you are eaten.

If to the garden, you are clippt and tame.
What is it then to be a strong woman?
Must she, forsaking men, herself forsake,
As none's the gift of giving in to none,
Or, wanting of her image, can she partake
Of man, and doubled be, by taking one?
O love's a fleurance from our simpleness,
Yet I must rescue him from this addling spell!
But then, if I'm the Prince, who is my Princess,
When him I want is by his want compelled?
O, and I do want him. So, from deceit
I'll save his over-wonder-blunted spirit,
For what is strength, but in some love complete
To strive to settle with one's opposite?
I am afraid, which I to him will show,
And bravely there, to love say yes or no.

Enter Bertha and Erad.

Bertha- O, you bulky baboon bunny.
Erad- Corme!
Bertha- O, Corme.
Erad- Hello, Corme.
Corme- Hello. What are you doing?
Bertha- Research for Dr. Kling.
Erad- Yes, research.
Corme- And what have you lost that you must re-search it?
Bertha- O, you know, this and that and the other.
Erad- Nothing, really.
Bertha- Isn't he cute?
Corme- What?
Bertha- Back to the lab!
Corme- Erad, wait.

Bertha and Erad exit. Enter Dr. Kling.

Kling- How wend your widsithians, Corme?
Corme- Weirdly.
Kling- What's wrong?
Corme- I'm not sure.
Kling- Why are you stammering?
Corme- I'm not.
Kling- Why are you pausing?
Corme- I'm not.
Kling- What does this evasion mean?
Corme- What are Bertha and Erad researching, Dr. Kling?

Kling- Why do you ask?
 Corme- They passed by here just now and acting very intimate told me they were doing research for you.
 Kling- Intimate?
 Corme- Acting strangely, close.
 Kling- Close is strange, Corme?
 Corme- No, but for them it's not normal.
 Kling- You now predominate upon normalcy?
 Corme- No.
 Kling- You fixate on the loss of relation.
 Corme- I do not.
 Kling- But, forgive me. I am informing you.

Kling exits. Enter Bertha, dragging Erad by a leash around his neck.

Corme- Erad?
 Erad- Yes, Corme?
 Corme- Why are you wearing a leash?
 Erad- I'm empowered by being on a leash, Corme.
 Bertha- Erad and I are performing bondage therapies to reify our structural power assumptions, Corme. Does that concern you?
 Corme- Does it concern me? No. Yes, I have a concern.
 Erad- What concern could you possibly have?
 Corme- It's stupid. That's my concern.
 Erad- You call stupid what I wish to do?
 Corme- I call stupid what others convince you to do.
 Bertha- He asked I place him on a leash.
 Corme- I thought we had sworn to celibacy!
 Bertha- Are you inferring this infers I have deferred from that?
 Corme- No.
 Bertha- You obviously have a problem with having problems, Corme.
 Erad- An extremely problematic problem.
 Corme- This is a joke.
 Bertha- Jokes are immature revolutions, Corme.
 Erad- I am a naughty, excessive, gifted boy,
 And by my beggings balsamiferous,
 Madam Lerner makes my id her toy,
 Enacting little pranks upon my tush.
 Will you honestly deny me this education?
 Bertha- Crawl, puerile pupil.
 Erad- I have shame,
 I have thanks,
 The two are one
 When I get spansks.

Bertha- By being humbled, Erad is transcendental.
Erad- Let's go diaper Mr. Menial.

Bertha and Erad exit. Enter Dr. Kling.

Corme- What is happening?
Kling- Events, mysteries, defecations.
Corme- You are the clown behind this chaos.
Kling- Do you want me to be?
Corme- You're playing a stunt.
Kling- Are you stunted?
Corme- I am soaring so above it.
Kling- No. You are losing control.

Kling exits.

Corme- The thoughts that capture them don't rapture me;
Kling's zony cage holds them, but I am free.

Enter Bertha in a dog mask, Erad in a pig mask.

Corme- Ah, but this is captious! Wait, I'll guess: Men are pigs,
women are bitches, so you mask yourselves in sexist
taxonomies to finally tear them off. I'm catching on.
Bertha- What are you catching?
Corme- The plague of plaquey games.
Erad- How juvenile to call rebirth a game.
Bertha- When I have barked to the phenomenal epicenter of my
canine conscience, Corme calls it scattergories.
Erad- And when I can atleast relax, knowing the emotional
sustenance of wearing my pig mask about the house,
Corme accuses me of monopoly.
Corme- Let me be.
Bertha- Be what?
Corme- Alone.
Erad- Be a gerbil, Corme.
Corme- Excuse me?
Bertha- Be the gerbil in yourself.
Erad- You are the archetype of gerbillesque.
Corme- Why am I a gerbil?
Erad- You are fuzzy, delicate, and a great pet for the kids.
Bertha- And you scamper on your dainty habit trail!
Erad- Here, we brought you a gerbil mask.
Corme- No, thank you.
Bertha- Put it on, Corme!
Erad- You'll feel free!

Corme- I don't want to be a gerbil!
Erad- We must become what we don't want to be to be what we
would become!
Bertha- Lydia's a walking stick!
Erad- Marla's a horny toad!
Bertha- Dr. Kling is a silver-backed stud gorilla!
Corme- No!

Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- What's the racket?

Bertha and Erad exit.

Corme- I don't know!
Vaz- It's a tool for hitting balls, you hermit.

Vazoline exits. Enter Dr. Kling.

Kling- What do you want, Corme?
Corme- I want to know who decided I'm a gerbil.
Kling- Are you a baby frozen in a popsicle?
Corme- No.
Kling- Is this an atmosphere of Johnsons and Johnsons?
Corme- No.
Kling- Are you horse-treacle waterfalls on ham and cheese
croissants?
Corme- I am myself.
Kling- Self is addiction, Corme, or a rodent, dreamt to a flinch.
Corme- I'm going.
Kling- Being drained, you cannot go, as we go by signs, like
"Loose Rocks" or "Soft Shoulder," for signs are clusters of
excitations, or aureoles, which nozzle the Brustsemiotik.
Corme- The what?
Kling- The breast signifiers, reservoirs recuperant, or, in some
tongues, jugs.
Corme- Jugs?
Kling- Which I can replenish.
Corme- Speech has never lied so well.
Kling- Speech never lies, and when it does, not on its front, due to
its jugs.
Corme- I'm going.
Kling- Come with me, Corme, into the thirteen steps.
Corme- I thought there were only twelve steps.
Kling- The thirteenth, being the loss of identity, means you will
be in therapy for the rest of your life, with me.

Corme- I'll lay upon your couch when he is she.

She exits.

Kling- To deny me is to want me, Corme!

Enter Bertha and Erad.

Bertha- Your prognosis, Dr. Kling?

Kling- We must win
The ego of the patient thru a play.

They exit.

Scene 10. Enter Leavus dressed as a woman at the door of the house.

Leavus- Finally, love has let me down so low
I see the bottom of the mine of man:
Will he cut off his head to get some head? Yep.
Will he wear weird things to be in? Yep.
The soul of man is like a stripclub:
The desire is free, but the doin be damned.
Wow, that's some heady stuff. My Merl best be
Wearin her Victory's Secret lunge-array!
But hey I got knockers, so I'll knock.

Leavus knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- What are you?

Leavus- None a your backwards business. Tell Marla Hormonia's
here.

Vaz- Hormonia? Then this must be puberty!

Leavus- Drop the mustard, Captain Covert Corndog, and go get her.

Vaz- I got her last night, and like birth, I don't repeat myself.

Leavus- You let me in!

Vaz- I'd sooner drown you in the gene pool.

Enter Lydia.

Lydia- Hormonia!

Leavus- Lydia?

Vaz- And I'm Testy Ester from the Vast Albuminal Deference,
and I was wondering if you might...

Leavus- Step it back.

Lydia- Hurry, Hormonia!

Leavus- Where is Marla?

Lydia- It's I that dressed you as I desire, Leavus!
Vaz- And they call this shit straight?
Leavus- You want me? That's it! I'm out!
Vaz- Then come back to my closet!
Leavus- This shack is a nuthouse!
Vaz- And this earth is a blueball.
Leavus- You tell Marla that she can smooch my buttocks pasta la
vista!
Vaz- Ew, can I, can I?
Lydia- No, Hormonia, wait, and I'll explain!

Exit Lydia chasing Leavus.

Vaz- Hurry! Hurry! Crepes on fire!
Emergency! Peach perspire!
Spray the hose at puppy's owy!
Helpy yelpy! Boww woww!

Vazoline exits. Enter Warren dressed as a woman at the door of the house.

Warren- Ha! I do look fine! This lipstick color
Like flame to forest does match my haut couture.
The blouse? Vintage Salvation Armani.
The hair? Get-With-It Wigs. Such body!
And these pumps? Push em and they squeal.
Boy, if realness is, then I am real.

Warren knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- You must be Fabia.
Warren- Who?
Vaz- Hormonia just left.
Warren- O.
Vaz- So you're first.
Warren- Good.
Vaz- But she knocked first.
Warren- O.
Vaz- And knocking is intentful.
Warren- It is.
Vaz- And being is incidental.
Warren- Ok.
Vaz- So?
Warren- Is Lydia here?
Vaz- She's dead.
Warren- Dead?

Vaz- What are you, dial-a-flood?
Warren- How dead?
Vaz- Did I say dead? Sorry. I meant busy.
Warren- Can Lydia come out and play?

Enter Marla.

Vaz- La Fabia nouveaux est arrive'!
Marla- Be scarce.
Vaz- But this girlscoot's selling thin mints.
Marla- Ciao, bella.
Vaz- Or is this a boyscout selling fat gum?
Marla- Arvederci.
Vaz- Or is this den mother packing brownies?
Warren- Is Lydia here?
Marla- Lydia doesn't want you, Furbia. I do.
Vaz- Rip the retina from reason, I'm verschmootzt!
Warren- It's you that dressed me?
Marla- Yes.
Vaz- I'll get my gun.
Warren- You tell false-Lydia here that Freebia's gone.
 There's only so much even I can stand.
 Though I'm the one she calls the one,
 I won't be a man in no-man's-land!
Marla- No, Fobia, I need you!

Exit Marla chasing Warren.

Vaz- Quick! Let's all exit as Greed
 And enter as What We Need!

Vazoline exits.

Scene 11. Enter Kling, Bertha dressed as a man, and Erad dressed as a woman, in the house.

Bertha- Are we certain this role play won't harm her, doctor?
Kling- Learning begins when bowels move vowels, da-da
 becomes do-do, ma-ma turns to we-we, in a process
 termed Umgestalten, or rolling over. Venturing to Corne's
 parental anima, we schismatize her clanic membrane,
 strobing where we'd probe.
Bertha- Of course.
Kling- And, as I have written, "Women are saucy, sauces are
 fungible, so the cathartic goulash grows fungus without
 friction."

Erad- You wrote that?
Kling- Do not smuggle dope across the borders of my
hallucinogenic state.
Erad- What?
Kling- You are inferior to me in mind, age, stamina, reading,
assets, outlets and cathexis; You are a mess, I am a
message. And nota bene: to flunk, in german, is to fail.
Bertha- I trust you, Dr. Kling.
Kling- To the phones.

Bertha, Erad and Kling go behind the screen. Corme enters writing a letter.

Corme- "Dear Marla and Lydia..." But why to them? They quit the
minute they joined. "Dear Ms. Lerner..." Yet why to her?
What entrust to whom I do not trust? Then, "Dear Erad..."
Yeah, right. "Dear departed: This house has shown the
meaning of coalition: disdain-contriving, false-defining,
envy-shouting silence. Though not shaken by my
perceptions, I am moved to shake them off. I am giving up
the study and joining my parents in L.A. In them I know,
in all I know, reality. I truly hope to never see you again,
or, if I do, I hope you are all someone else. My thanks to
your ingratitude, my regards to your irregard, and my awe
at your apathy. Severely, Corme." This letter is harsh, but
harsh am I within, tough to hurt I'll later feel.
Erad- My yellow fingers will not walk the dial.

*Bertha dials the phone near her and the one near Corme rings. The
answering machine picks it up.*

Machine- Sorry, no one's home right now but you,
So while you talk, why don't you listen, too.
Beep.
Bertha- Hello? Corme? It's me, your mother.

Corme picks up the phone.

Corme- Mom? You're hard to hear.
Bertha- I'm on the carphone. O, it's horrible!
Corme- What is?
Bertha- Your father threw a fit and kicked me out!
Corme- What?
Bertha- You're not mine, Corme, you're hers. They said she
wouldn't come when I adopted. She scared me, cuz she's
big like a man.
Corme- What are you talking about?

Bertha- She's wearing a gingham dress and a sunflower scarf. O
you're not my baby!

Bertha hangs up.

Corme- Mom?

Corme hangs up. The phone rings. Corme picks it up.

Corme- Hello?

Erad- Corme, honey, it's your father.

Corme- Dad? This phone is really bad.

Erad- She lied to me. You're not mine, you're his, that scrawny,
bearded, pin-stripe suited wimp! I have no child!

Erad hangs up.

Corme- Dad?

Corme hangs up.

Corme- My father has no child? What's going on?

Enter Kling, Bertha (in pin-striped suit and beard) and Erad (in gingham dress and sunflower scarf).

Kling- Please, not now.

Erad- Looka, that's my baby!

Corme- Gingham dress and a sunflower scarf?

Bertha- She sure as shuckin beats you for looks.

Corme- Pin-striped suit and a beard?

Kling- People, these things take time!

Erad- My longlost baby, O, how I did you bad! We's livin in a
dodge down next the bayou, eatin pigeons and drinking
rain, and splat, ya just felled out.

Kling- That's enough!

Erad- We had to give ya up, cuz we couldn't a raised ya none
proper.

Bertha- I fought it like a fart on fire!

Erad- You never did!

Bertha- Ah, blow it out your barndoor!

Erad- You was durable, though, layin there all wet and red on the
newspaper.

Bertha- Don't think I can't read or nothin.

Erad- We want ya back. You're ours, not them others.

Bertha- Damn right ya is. We did ya, so now we wanna keep ya.

Kling- Okay, I will talk to her.
Erad- Dr. Kling's been real darn nice.
Bertha- You trust in Dr. Kling now, ya hear?
Kling- Please, let me talk to her.
Erad- We love you!
Bertha- Ah, don't say that!

Bertha and Erad go behind the screen.

Corme- Is this for real?
Kling- Real is a loose fitting term, Corme. Let us say, it happened.
Corme- I am not well at all.
Kling- Tell me how you feel, and watch my watch.
Corme- I am...
Kling- A bowl of forgotten food?
Corme- Yes.
Kling- You are a dish of unsucked shrimps.
Corme- I am...
Kling- An empty wildlife reserve?
Corme- Yes.
Kling- You are lowlying shrub, awaiting the squalls of aquarius
that call the dingo to grub. Freely associate.
Corme- I am a sprout with hung, husk-heavy head,
The ocean scent above an empty bed.
What am I?
Kling- Und in der Nacht die nackte Nectarinen
Unter des Verfalls Nachbauten essen.
Corme- Yes.
Kling- Your prana moans of discontent. You spill.
Corme- I spill.
Kling- Your semantics are my stealth;
No name annuls you are not yourself.
Come with me, Corme. I am your health.

Kling exits with Corme hypnotized. Enter Erad and Bertha from behind the screen.

Erad- This is obscene!
Bertha- There must be purpose in it.
Erad- That the puss may purr? Or the lame may nt?
Bertha- He leads her to her feminine end.
Erad- Listen to yourself, Ms. Lerner, just once!
In nature's name, what toxins won't he spray
To make her mind some man-made demutation?
Why yank the real and wild rose to shunt
Its math inherent, to give, unreal, a rose?

Why tack the butterfly upon a board,
Its sunbeam-dusted pinions grayly pinned,
To tab the freckles that once so feckless flew?
He snipes the felt of woman to a fur
That she then wears in glamorous self-betrayal.
Creation, not corruption, is innate,
So only Corne should Corne educate.

Bertha-
Erad-

His therapy has helped me be myself!
And here's why humans betterment resist:
All say, "I'm proof perfection can exist."

Bertha-
Erad-

Dr. Kling is good, Erad.

Good at what?

I will not be Kling's theory-sucking drone,
And must, without his help, make myself my own.

Erad exits.

Bertha-

Oh how confused and pure pretend am I!
In meaning to a learnful place profound
Develop in this house, what sanctified
And sense-repulsing sleazery I've found!
In therapy, the doctor was my worship,
And seemed in raptures of discursiveness
To soothe, but viewing his contortionship
Of others, I am crouched in horridness.
I almost am the father-false I am,
Falling blind into his cryptogram.
I must confront him, or my post dispense:
No tenure should survive such negligence.

Bertha exits.

Scene 12. Enter Leavus dressed as a woman in a peach orchard near the house.

Leavus-

Man, this world's a farm for freaky babes!
I'm used, dumpt, degraded, reused, dumpt;
That's my cycle. You almost gotta be
Some puppy at the pound to get pickt up,
Like Warren, who could talk an empty dead.
Zap! I smell my dandruff stokin! Women
Want a man like Warren whose rickshaw rap
Rolls em round all day and spoons em syrup tea.
The next woman I meet, I'll Warren be.
So long, barbie gear, and a fat bon vagy.

Enter Warren.

Warren- Marla has gone totally berzerk!
I'll hide within this orchard for a bit.
Leavus- (Baborama! Wow's that wobbly thing!
I'll poke my pick in this free sampling.)
O you peach in your fresh-linen nest,
It's you we Georgians love the best;
Sweet and fuzzy, juicy and good,
You grow on what you give us: wood!
Warren- I'm sorry, but are you talking to me?
Leavus- I am not worthy, so I'll gesture;
But gesture's lewd, so I'll stare;
But staring scares, so I my eyes detour,
And looking, looping far, I see you there.
Warren- Very pretty. Now, go away.
Leavus- Where can I go, if you are here?
You're Everclear; the rest, near beer.
O girl, your peach in faded jeans
Would shame the earth its gold and beans.
Warren- Look, I'm just not into sapphic fragments.
Leavus- Oops! Going for it, I forgot! Wig out!

Leavus rips off his wig.

Warren- (O, insanity! It's that Leavus guy!
If he finds out I'm me, I'll get hard whoopt!)
Leavus- Come, sit on my lap, and tell your story.
Warren- My tale is long, and doing laps bores me.
Leavus- Boring is the drill to muscular bliss.
Warren- Your tip can't even crack my avarice.
Leavus- You'll get more than a tip for serving me.
Warren- You pay my check, you'll get the shaft for free!
Leavus- My motor needs a fuel not so crude.
Warren- I will not be refined. I am too prude.
Leavus- Can no man unsnarl your jamboree?
Warren- The only man is Warren, and he's inside me.
Leavus- Then nix the new, and opt the old; get beasty!

Leavus goes for Warren. Warren hits Leavus.

Leavus- Kick the boiler, and out my mad juice flows!

Warren hits him.

Warren- Unplug the furnace, and in the tenants shrivel!

Warren hits him.

Leavus- Once you knock me down, I'll knock you up.

Warren hits him.

Warren- Once I beat you up, I'll put you down!

Warren hits him.

Leavus- Seduction mode complete! It's twister time!

Leavus kisses Warren. Enter Lydia.

Lydia- Hormonia!

Leavus- O, boy.

Lydia- It's round up time

At the heeby-jeeby livestock rodeo!

Boy: Me, boss; you, butt; your slipp'ry booty's mine;

This cowchick's gonna brand her up some bovine!

Leavus- It's best I scam this crosseyed wigwam powwow.

Fabia, stay. Woman, I ain't your cow!

Lydia chases Leavus off.

Warren- Lydia? My delicate Lydia?

O space, lift up your lid, for I must spew!

Was that my love, lassoing after Leavus

In a skirt, calling him hind quarters?

After we took back the night, will she

Make her back his salt-lick; his cud her chew?

O, my insides press at the window of my skin!

If Lydia for this distortion onanates,

Why chased she never me? What's Leavus got?

Well, no man has so saliently seduced

A woman, though I'm not one, as he did me.

O, sick! Yet is there drug in this disease?

I will round Lydia up and sir her loins!

No! Some flowers seed when smackt, not she!

I'll cry forgiveness! O she hates my clouds!

I'll shout! She'll scream. I'll kiss her. She'll bite me.

I have mistook my fiction for my font,

And must rework my wishes to my want!

Enter Marla.

Marla- Warren! There you are! O, sing to me!
Warren- I will sing at your funeral, "I am free!"

Marla chases Warren off.

Scene 13. Enter Erad on the porch of the house.

Erad- Was ever more insidious torture known
Than that I suffer being just myself?
I am a hollow-headed, whiny failure,
A theory-propping, word-regretting cheat,
A lazy, timid turd, a crook of cheap respect,
A goo of subsidized ungroundedness,
Who, with a baby's bliss, makes the teethed
And spit-on ring of success his pacifier.
Destroy the mirrors! I'll kill who films me now!
O hopeless, hopeless, hopeless! What can I do?
I'd beg for change at Corme's midnight teller,
But I'm to change so long unpracticed,
I'd need a life to read the manual!
So, I must be systematic then,
And walk the whole way thru this half-way house,
Counselling Kling's closure on himself.
For what is schoolish learning if it blots
The independent passions of reflection?
How breathe, if we the uncut green deforest,
To golf our course and drive at numbered holes?
I am a bug born buried that must dig
Its sensing-pod above the gestate soil
With those same mandibles that dug it in,
To chrysalis a winged and clingless man.
And once I dissertate this Dr. Dork,
I'll go declare to Corme all I know.
Listen, love, and I will call your cue,
And then, all gorgeous pleasures we'll outdo!

Erad takes off his wig. Enter Kling.

Kling- Erad?
Erad- (O coward, you'd sell your choice for a chair!)

Erad puts the wig back on.

Kling- I am latensificating Corme's underphotos. If you insist on
bursting out of the picture, her infantile leaflets will not

develop as I desire.
Erad- Yes, doctor.
Kling- Impress on her your destructive gravid tendencies.
Erad- Yes, doctor.
Kling- I bring her in.

Kling exits.

Erad- I am a storm up from the soggy south,
A ton of slush, that precipitantly melts.

Enter Kling and Corme.

Kling- Look, Corme, it's your mother.
Corme- Hello, mother.
Erad- (O, she was the mint among the muck,
And now she's trampled by this migrant quack!)
Kling- Tell your mother who you are, Corme.
Corme- I am a child from cuddling stroller thrown;
I am the family cabin mossy grown.
Kling- Mutter, kann sie sprechen zur seine Saugling?
Erad- (All dark and heavy things steep on my tongue!)
Kling- Corme, go expect me in your womb.
It's there we'll reenact what mothers mute.

Corme exits.

Erad- I couldn't.
Kling- Do you suffer inelasticity of the privates?
Erad- My privacy is stretched beyond return.
Kling- Look at you. Fear is your bib. Time, the moil, has ragged
your rose end, and that liquor of frenzy, estrogen, dribbles
down your chin like nanny milch. You are a petty,
heedless, warp-rapt male, your desire's default denied. I,
the Illustrierte-Mensch, juggle the tongs of philos, while
you but fondle undescended goonads in the dying,
backward biote of your brain.
Erad- What could this nefarious harangue have to do with the
project of healing, doctor?
Kling- Humans are a dermal-upholstered memory-mattress.
Corme has much to do beneath herself, and I will be there,
in the overposition.
Erad- Are you inferring you will analyze Corme in accords with
your personal motives?
Kling- "To be at" is the end, "to beat" is the means, ab lapsus
eradicatione.

Erad- What?
Kling- Her verbs “to want” and “to do” are merely a difference of
 letters! Let her want this! Let her do that!
Erad- Let her do what?
Kling- I must record the beeps and pounds, the quicks and creeps
 of her! Don't you see?
Erad- Don't I see what, doctor Kling?
Kling- The sack, the castration, the discharge. I remove you from
 the Corne sessions. Go home, and never study the mind
 again.

Kling exits.

Erad- Dropt? I have been dropt upon my head!
 And this doctor delivers himself to my love's bed!
 I am that breed of man that should not breed.

Enter the Rambling Fanatics.

Dick- Yo! Pizza shmeeza! Honeys hangin out the house!
Niche- Fetch me my solderin nipple! I wanna get stuck!
Dick- I got dibs.
Niche- I got dibs!
Dick- You got dibs!
Niche- I got dibs!
Dick- Ooo, man, don't spread them dibs!

Dick and Nichedigger fight.

Laptop- Pardon me, mam, but if you'd like click on drive “u,”
 directory “ought,” file #2, you'd call up the web between
 us, in a window called “you ought to...”
Erad- What ought I do?
Dick- Yarbles, you should strip!
Erad- Like this?
Dick- No, no, no! Ya gotta slinky strip, like a slug slippin down
 sandpaper.
Erad- Piece by piece?
Dick- Bit by thread, thread by bead, bead by flip and flip the bit!
Erad- And you?
Dick- I get the bongos revin, the plush interior pricklin, and shout
 margaritas and bullion cubes all round!
Erad- And then?
Dick- My steroids put their storm trooper suits upon them!
Erad- Skywalker, skywalker.
Dick- Now ya pole dance, like in my favo-filmo Showgirls, and

Erad- I, your bodyguard, will that pole provide.
 Dick- Provide, provide.
 Niche- Dive, dive, dive!
 Now my dear Debbie, or assumin you are so named,
 Pay no attention to this beggar of attenuations.
 I and this quasi-viril posse represent
 Our species' national ambit. Why have we come?
 Simple. We are spurned, and our body endemic
 Wiolds far too little. The symptoms, I recite:
 Our brain, Laptop, for expulging less datas,
 Miscomputes and spills upon his f-keys.
 Dick, our gut, as you, I'm sorry, see here,
 Has fallen, not being chewed, to bottle-biting.
 Rem, he is the mass of our silent hopes.
 But I, my Debbie, I am our polity's gamut,
 That gigantomungous necessary hub
 Who, unjustly as bad cookin, has been locked
 Out of congress, housing, and your interior.
 So, let me implore, respectin this vetoed abode,
 That you allow democracy to thrive,
 Which is that each has access unto each,
 Particuly between our private properties,
 That we, who are not commonists, can quit
 Hangin out in the lawn, over there.
 For we are men, and citizens, my Debbie,
 That much prefer your mutter to that fodder.
 Erad- You want a girl?
 Niche- I have spoken well.
 Laptop- Gigo! Gigo!
 Dick- Score!
 Niche- Bigmac, I like your secret sauce.
 Erad- Do you now?
 Niche- Yes, mam, I do.
 Erad- Wanna know the secret?
 Dick- Yes, I do!
 Erad- Come a little closer!
 Dick- Swoony, I'm in love!
 Laptop- Boot up!
 Niche- Victory.
 Rem- Score.
 Erad- If you can take it, I can fake it. Boo!

Erad rips off his wig.

Rem- Wo!
 Niche- Retreat!

Laptop- Reboot!
Dick- Recoil!

The Rambling Fanatics exit. Enter Corme, unseen by Erad.

Erad- There, you grunge! Worship at my bra!
Shatter, shrapnel, slough, and putrefy!
Jihad on Lethargy and Oolala!
O, my anger's sponge is squeeze, and I
Am raging! Are these the claws of conceit
That everyday at women grab to eat?
These pummeling, intrusive pick-up lines?
She leads a life to the left of less-than signs!
O, nothing's known but thru immersion swum!
How gravity must sulk at apples tossed,
And gloom so loathe the celebrated sun,
As one, not crossed by other, self-exhausts,
And yet, x-like, is cancelled crossbecoming.
But the tool that takes takes not the tool of taking.

Erad mock-hypnotizes himself.

Be as you have never been,
Do what you should have done then,
Get Ms. Lerner, and closet-brave
Bust this lecher, then Corme save!

Erad exits.

Corme- Mother? Erad? All's swirling in charade!
Father, where? O, I'm too crudely made!
Is this my voice, or a static-stifled tune
Stippling sleep, waking me to confusion?
Some ploy's been laid. Who else but Kling? None else.
He is the misfit, me-despoiling elf
That did this house's wiring unwind.
So, I must some good craftsman-cohort find
To my own ploy deploy, and it is Pan
This pain of pleasure will overplan.
But now, my absence, stay, and emulate;
Your presence will, most missed, most perpetrate.

Corme exits.

Scene 14. Enter the Wishful Waiters, at the door of the house.

Gene- Fine! I will play the Bush.

Gene knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- O, yippy, a roving troupe of merry pranksters!

All- Birthday gram for Corne
From her parents in L.A.!

Vazoline- I'm her parents, and I ordered a snuffgram.

Nice- He's the Bush.

Rock- Equity code clearly states no snuffing.

Vaz- Fine, but I must sample you before I buy the bag. Who's
this one?

Art- I can jump a flaming village in a jeep. I can smoke and
drink heavily. I can say simple things in a simple way. And
I'll cram your box office til its bursts, baby!

Vaz- Holy wood, Bat Dork, that's a thriller. Next!

Rock- Rock Random, thespian and Yale graduate. My roles
include Esophagus in "Six Lazy Vivisectionists," The
Loud Party Goer in "What's up with Birds?," Grey Poupon
in "10 lbs. Of Ground Chuck," and the Seal Pup Mother in
the almost reviewed "O, Eskimo!" I can do cockney,
southern and New Yawk dialects, juggle, knucklewalk,
play the tambourine, drive and whistle. I own a nurse's
uniform. I'm good with pets and power tools, and I'm a
state certified psychosexual interviewer. Hey! If there's a
part, I'll make it whole! Rock Random!

Vaz- You need your head shot.

Gene- I have a monologue.

Vaz- Not too long and mono, please.

Gene- "Why i before e, except after c?"

Is 'cliche' an exception? O, rules, rules, rules!

Look, it's her. No! Look it's she?

Subject? Object? O, Fools, fools, fools!"

Vaz- More like actors, actors, actors!

Woman, why do you wait?

Nicelle- Cuz no one let's me act.

Vaz- Then come on in; this house is all bout that. Yet, were I,
out of naughtiness, to request your gram be played at a
certain unique moment, when elements such as audience,
timing and location were neither ideal nor particularly
responsive, could you tiny hams, for a big tip, overgive it?

Gene- Yes, sir. The Wishful Waiters love to serve!

Vaz- O, help these days. Go into the clammy basement and get
warm.

They enter the house.

Scene 15. Enter Erad and Bertha, in Corme's room.

Erad- Corme's not here!
Bertha- What if he's taken her?
Erad- No. I hear him. Go, upon the bed.
Within this closet, I will listen. Then,
Say "Peel my labels," and I will come out.
Bertha- Peel my labels.
Erad- Say it when he's nearest.

Erad hides in the closet. Bertha sits on Corme's bed in the dark. Enter Kling.

Kling- Soon, onto my censure-shrinking couch
Will Corme give, symbatic to my sense,
The perk, tender and copyright of her desire.
She, once pure resistant, yields now
Beneath my qualming pang of phrase and waits
To at my prompt her ripest extract utter.
O how her words will word my life anew!
How I, in converse seminal, will untap
The alchemies of life's tableau cryptique
From her repressed, thus ever youthful, diction.
O she has such a great subconscious,
Thru which I'll rise regendering ingenious!
In her I scrawl the screed of my career;
How funny humans cannot see their ears.
Bertha- Dr. Kling?
Kling- Ah, Corme, you are in season.
Bertha- Your voice the orbit is, doctor, that tugs
Thru me the seas that suck back sucking seas.
Kling- Ignorance is such sweet aphrodisia!
I wish the light.
Bertha- No!
Kling- An unconscious "no"?
Bertha- Let love butt at heads.
Kling- She speaks of love?
Bertha- My candy, my recovery, which is first?
Kling- Such words do bring an April to my eyes.
Bertha- Doctor?
Kling- Just as two lips make one mouth to flower,
And two near humps become a stair to somewhere,
So we'll delimit the world's wordless width.
Bertha- O, Doctor Kling, label my peels!
Kling- What?

Bertha- No! I mean, peel my doctors, label.
Kling- This is verb soup.
Bertha- Peel my labels, doctor!
Kling- Yes, my dream!

Enter Erad.

Erad- Doctor Kling, I have made a stunning find!
Kling- Not now.
Erad- Corme is a man!
Kling- What?
Erad- I smelled her he-sore thru her she-shell. Repeat after me.
Kling- I'm not good at such things.
Erad- She-shells over he-sores are he-held for the she-sell.
Repeat after me!
Kling- I twist tongues, not tongue twisters.
Erad- Do it, you recalled zygote.
Kling- Corme, come.
Erad- She will not, Doctor Kling. She is a Gleitschutzreifen.
Kling- A no skid tire?
Erad- She will not rub herself on asphalts.
Kling- Corme, I said come!
Erad- She cannot. She has Einwegsflaschesyndrom.
Kling- Non-returnable bottle sickness?
Erad- Once used, she cannot be turned in.
Kling- Corme, up!
Bertha- Corme is not Corme.

Bertha reveals herself.

Kling- Ms. Lerner! I am had.
Erad- That is Projektion: no one will have you, so you think you are had.
Kling- I will have your grade!
Erad- This is Ambivalenz: I am your double, so you halve my grade.
Kling- Absurd!
Erad- Transferenz: All is absurd, because you are an "or."
Kling- An "Or"?
Erad- You follow either with a phrase, you stand between devolving the involved, and what's more, your briefs are "overripe."
Kling- Ms. Lerner, we must talk.
Bertha- You do not talk, doctor. You stamp and sign.
Kling- Bertha, I am your physician.
Bertha- Marvin, you have lost my patience.

Erad- The German for this, I think, is “can’t.”
Kling- I'll exit now that mystery has entered.
 Wunschenbild, sie sind auch Schweifelei!

Bertha and Erad chase Kling off.

Scene 16. Enter Marla and Warren, in the peach orchard.

Marla- Why won't you have me, Warren? Am I gross?
 Do I secrete some sour expeoration?
 Am I not hot? Are my portions not choice?
 Do I not have it? Yes! I am desirable!
 Lydia calls your poems noxious pollen;
 They are to me the spray of nature's sex.
 She sneezes at them; I their gusts imbibe!
 Has any man been hounded ever so?
 Just tell me straight, if we're to kiss or not.
 No more chasing. Take me now, or rot.

Warren- Marla, you are nice, persistent, and direct,
 And though I won't love you, I'll be your friend.

Marla- Friend? So it is that way you'll escape!
 Men have no friends, but words in place of love.
 To call me friend's to cancel me, you pud!
 Would you revert my tulips to a bud?

Warren- Marla, we are simply not compatible!

Marla- Compatible? O how I hate the word!
 Will you make the baby feed the bottle?
 Compatible has no management in love!
 Speak me compatible! Invent our bind.

Warren- No! I will not budge! I do not like you!

Marla- Which means, via Klingian inversion,
 You like me cuz I make not-liking fun.
 No more “love is”; Say “love may” and “love how”!
 All may alter all; come, change me now.

Warren- Your syllogism's deft, but I am deaf,
 And being strangled, I run to catch my breath!

Marla chases him off. Enter Lydia and Leavus.

Leavus- No, you virus, no and no and no!
 When a man says no, Lydia, he means no!
 Now just let me be!

Lydia- O, you are so real!
 You tell it like it is. You drive it home
 Into that dirty dark. O, yes, Leavus,
 Plant me to the soil of my sexiness!

Leavus- (The more I dis her, the less our distance is.
She's no bagel; I'll smear her other side.)
Lydia- Are you contemplating how to seize me?
Leavus- Yes! How seize a thing so delicate
As are the ticklish ear nerves of a cat?
Lydia- You mean as tough as are the sluts of porn?
Leavus- No, as soft as breath on winter's morn.
Lydia- Am not I rock-n-roll?
Leavus- No, you are sway and tumble.
Lydia- That's my cocaine attitude!
Leavus- You're a powder-precious prude.
Lydia- Call me priestess of the pitch abyss!
Leavus- You're as light as a grandma's kiss!
Lydia- Call me fierce Electra!
Leavus- Sweet Melissa!
Lydia- Brutal!
Leavus- Cute!
Lydia- Blunt!
Leavus- Shy like stars!
Lydia- That's it! War on Warren!

Lydia chases Leavus off. Enter Warren and Marla.

Warren- (What should I do? I've always been sensitive!
I'll try unsensitive.) My, you are strong!
Marla- I am?
Warren- You've got to be, with all that fat!
Marla- Fat?
Warren- And you have such somber, seldom eyes!
Marla- Why seldom?
Warren- Cuz they seldom emerge from fat!
Marla- I am not fat!
Warren- Your voice - I've heard the surf sing so!
Marla- You have?
Warren- I'm wrong - It was at the seal cage.
Marla- These sniglets seeped in blubber harm me not.
I'm slender, and there's nothing wrong with fat.
Warren- Then I'll sing your sections.
Marla- O yes, a poem!
Warren- How unguzzled guppies grip
In her mishandled mulch
And the gushing gerkins drip
Inside Go-Get-Em Gulch,
When Marla, the ramblant pudding,
Rolls cross her cookie sheet,
With those gut dimples crumpling,

Marla- Drippy gunks of meat!
Fat is she. All fat. My ass, she's fat.
Patience has its limit, which I am at!
It's twister time!

Marla kisses Warren. Enter Leavus and Lydia.

Lydia- Marla?
Leavus- Fabia!
Marla- Lydia?
Warren- O, no.
Lydia- Why are you with this woman in the woods?
Marla- I'm sick of men, and she's my type?
Leavus- Aren't you with Leavus?
Warren- Aren't you with Warren?
Lydia- What love I've had from Moron until now
Would not seduce a child to recess.
Warren- What?
Marla- Love? Atleast you got it! That inbred Leavus
Was like a he-wolf humping on the pipeline!
Leavus- Not!
Lydia- Really?
Marla- I was suet for his seed.
Warren- Many girls tell me the same.
Leavus- They lie!
Lydia- Unleavened Warren's loaf just never rose.
Warren- Now that I never heard!
Leavus- It's true, Fabia!
Marla- Don't Warren's poems prove he loves to serve?
Lydia- Warren served me like snakes play volleyball.
Marla- He's so creative!
Lydia- All's a teeny bang.
Warren- I think Warren's gifted.
Leavus- Fabia, wrong!
Lydia- Tiny no deep would do better with sheep,
And little boy blue's got no horn.
Marla- Tiny no deep?
Warren- O, death!
Leavus- But, Fabia,
Leavus is a better man than Warren!
Marla- Leavus's gums and teeth are chia pets.
Lydia- Botanical gardens.
Leavus- Leavus brushes!
Marla- And how soever do you know, girl?
Leavus- Heard it.
Marla- There are only two things in his room: sweat and sweat.

To that house of tantrums! But see me now
As I truly am, and as I fully love
Fabia, real woman. Goodbye, cruel head-glove!

Leavus rips off his wig.

Marla- Leavus?
Warren- Play on, self. Open and close.

Warren rips off his wig.

Leavus- Warren!
Lydia- Warren?
Marla- Warren.
Warren- It's twister time.

They all fall down. Enter Bertha, Erad and Kling.

Bertha- Marla, Lydia, lying on the ground?
Erad- Leavus, Warren, dressed in women's clothes?
Bertha- Is everyone okay?
Erad- What are you doing?
Marla- Acting dead.
Leavus- Molting to mulch.
Lydia- Digging a grave.
Warren- Rotting.
Bertha- Where is Corme?
Erad- Where is she, Dr. Kling?
Kling- I'm speechless.
Erad- Then I'll untwist your nettled tongue!

Enter the Rambling Fanatics dressed as pizza delivery men.

Ram Fans- Pizza delivery!
Bertha- But we didn't order a pizza!
Niche- And why not?
Bertha- We have personal issues to deal with!
Niche- Now you listen up! That I, in order to form a more direct union, establish juices and secure domestic transactivity, yea, that I this pie deliver, what quoth that mean? It is a dumpster, large, signifying my nation's hodgepodge pile of peoples. There's a tripod of them, indicating life, liberty and the parmesan of happiness; and for this lambasto bravo of my coglimative efforts, I get tipped, which tip shall drill tap oils, which oils shall lubricate, which lubricatives shall supple the sausage of my freedom and wealth. Feel

my point? So, before you go pullin the world's unused muscle of self-review with your I-gotta-be-me pliers, go ahead and tell me flat-eyed you didn't order this pizza.

Bertha- We didn't order a pizza!
Dick- Just a slap-happy minute here! Ha'n't we so loudly flailed for this cheese's fast steaming?

Marla- No, we ha'n't.
Dick- H'ain't we seen our peppers glare red when bombs flew by us with blond hair?

Lydia- No, we h'ain't.
Dick- And di'n't we drunk proof with our pie cuz our flag was that hair?

Bertha- Another aberrant we!
Niche- Then did Washington...
Dick- Yo, I'm talkin here!
Niche- Sorry.
Dick- Then did Washington, his prosciutto in his pants, Not cross the cold caviling Mississip? And pussy-slapping Patton, wasn't he Of as many repasts, or slices, as all wars are? If Ned and Warren Beatty's insatiabilities Call not your rustling uzos to the uzi, Then what, e plunderus ovum, could untap Your buds of taste to caw beyond the frigid fold And order you a jumbo dumpster pie? Hu?

Niche- The Swill of Rights secures our ordering
Of pizzas and chilled brewskies, mushrooms free!

Dick- Are you not Americans?
Niche- Is this not the superbowl?
Dick- Then grasp and glower!
Niche- Chewin is genetic!
Dick- Humans just gotta devour the superpie!
Erad- We didn't order a pizza!
Niche- Leapin Weebelows, it's that taste-tester for the queen!
Men, prepare for flight.

Enter Corme, on the roof of the house.

Corme- Who is weaker, asked he,
The wanter or the wanted?
Who is weaker, she asked,
The daunting or the daunted?
He is stronger, said he,
Who gets all that he's after.
She is stronger, she laught,
Who has it before it's asked her.

With parrot parents, maybe I can fly.
 Bertha- Corme, no!
 Corme O to soar above the fair!
 To be of ambience a zillionaire!
 Kling- Leave the ledge, Corme! Leave the ledge!
 Corme- Some students throw their caps into the air.
 Me? I throw myself. Beware, beware!
 Niche- We'll break her fall with our delivery bags!
 Leavus- Does no somber moment shut you fuckers up?
 Erad- Corme, come down!
 Corme- Father? Mother? Sisters! Enemies! O, it's a party!
 Marla- What's wrong, Corme? You always seemed so grounded!
 Corme- I want to whack the ball I lob.
 I want to chafe the man I coddle.
 Quiche, Quiche, my name is Quiche,
 The only thing real men won't eat!
 Dick- Yo, I eat quiche!
 Lydia- These are good things, Corme, and we like you for them.
 Corme- O I am Joan of Archallaxis screaming,
 "How wondrous to be first, but for the skinning!"
 Bertha- Sad Corme, come down!
 Corme- No, father, no!
 I am frozen like a fish
 Into the gizmo stare of viscid death;
 And you're not the woman
 I thought you were, dad;
 O belly laugh! O, belly sad!
 Erad- She's suffering an Identifizierungskrankheit!
 Kling- No, she is Schuldgefuhrsverschiebtend.
 Corme- See the sparrows? They are words.
 See the trees? They are we.
 Sparrows for a seat are fighting,
 To rouse and fight again! O, spare me!
 Erad- It's me, Corme! Erad!
 Corme- Mother! It's the boy of love impaired,
 Never found, forever bidden;
 Love him, try; his name is Dare spellt backward,
 And he's riding a chairlift to hidden.
 Erad- I'm Erad, Corme!
 Corme- And I'm an upling cotyledon,
 In a June monsoon,
 And so I must fly,
 And so I must fly,
 Into the shadows of Athen's leaves,
 Under the porches, over the eaves,
 I must fly that another may be

A floating, blooming illusion of me!
Erad- Corme!
Corme- With your displacement, I myself replace:
Of lineage, life and loss, I push erase!

Corme jumps.

All- No!

All exit, save the Rambling Fanatics.

Dick- That's it! I need a wild turkey!
Niche- We must assemblen a bivouac bravo-bravo squadroom!
Laptop- I'll alert the space shuttle.
Rem- My mind is so totally blown.

The Rambling Fanatics exit. Enter all, looking for Corme.

Bertha- She's gone!
Erad- But how?
Lydia- She crawled away!
Marla- Corme!

Enter Vaseline, carrying Corme's falsely dead body.

Vaz- Look, O world, upon your beaten child!
Killers! Betrayers! Environmental hazards!
O dead density of good! O tender tortured!
Doom, like smoth'ring, red autumnal fungus,
O'ercreeps the fallen stalks and stones of her!
Before death's sputum glued its muzzle on
Her mouth, your vying's gentle victim cried:
"Am I a gerbil? Do I scratch and snivel?
Are my pullulate and nimble wants
Merely nodes, polyps, buttons for the bored?
I hear the unk, unk, unk of one great shell!
So then, into the beak of buzzard death
Myself I feed, as one confused-complete,
To wade no more in being, but not to be."
All said, her alphabet passed into z's.
Why, O why, must she that stays herself
Be ever she we let not with us stay?
That's that. I nine one-one, and end the play.

Vaseline lays Corme down and exits.

Bertha- Corme's dead?
Erad- This blurb-surgeon performed it,
But vengeance can't the final act acquit.

Enter the Wishful Waiters.

Wi Wais- Birthday Gram for Corme
From her parents in L.A.!

Art- I sense that's her.
Rock- She looks dead.
Art- I never lost an audience so fast.
Rock- Whether the seats be coffins or cribs, Equity says "Act
on!"

Marla- Please, she does not need a Birthday Gram right now.
Gene- And why not?
Lydia- She isn't feeling well.
Gene- Doctor? I prescribe a Birthday Gram.
Wi Wais- Birthday Gram for Corme
From her parents in L.A.!

Gene- Hurray!
Leavus- Look, just go away.
Gene- Now you seal your chops in a tupperware of tact, or I will
barbecue them to a crisp. We are the Wishful Waiters. It is
her birthday. This is the receipt. She gets a gram. So you
best wholeassedly squat yourself upon the forget-me-nots,
or I will most amateurishly break my leg on you.

Wi Wais- Happy birthday Corme!
Gene- Hurray!
Wi Wais- Hurray!
Gene- If, Corme, you'll fix your eyes,
Upon our little play,
You will have a big surprise
On this berry special day!

Warren- Okay, thank you! Very nice! Goodbye!
Gene- How the blueberry came to be
Is our gram's brief progeny;
Part earth, part sky, the blueberry
Is born for you on your birthday!

Rock- Bush! Bush! Enter Bush!
Nicelle- Here I am.
Gene- Bush I am.
Nicelle- Bush I am,
Swoosh, swoosh,
A twisty replica in twig;
Upon a crag
My roots I push,

But still I bulge no bushels big.
 Rock- O Bush, sweet Bush, dry Bush!
 How I love you truly!
 But why, O why, must you clutch
 Into that globe so globby!
 Art- Yo, fat Bush! Forget that airhead!
 Curl them toes in my prairie bed!
 What's the wind got you lately?
 Quit reachin to the sky, and dig me, baby!
 Bertha- We are dealing with an emergency here!
 Gene- You're telling me! Bush, O, Bush!
 The sky, so blue, is jealous for you!
 The earth, so round, is zealous too!
 So neither share their vitals lush!
 Rock- I refuse to gleak or rain
 Til you from hunky humus refrain!
 Art- And I ain't swappin minerals
 Til you dump Mr. Above-It-Alls!
 Gene- How you, Corne, so giftlessly
 Must feel blue unberryably!
 Nicelle- What can I do? O all is wrong!
 My two friends won't get along!
 The sky is blue; the earth is round.
 The one is air; the other, ground!
 But I am barren, bleak and brown!
 Gene- You're killing Corne so softly with that song!
 Erad- Look, you freaks! We think that she is dead!
 Gone! Finished! Blotted out! Caput!
 Do you understand those words, you goons?
 She doesn't need a birthday gram, ok?
 O, how I loved her, but I was a lie,
 And as she lies here now, I murder I.
 Gene- Fine, we will expediate the process.
 Nicelle- Blue sky? Round earth?
 One at a time, I will seduce,
 While one naps, the other's juice!
 Gene- So, as night curls up in dark's duvet,
 And constellations cross its lids plie',
 Bush, in a naughty sorta mood,
 Woos the sky with woosy word.
 Nicelle- Sky?
 Rock- Bush.
 Nicelle- Show me where the jetstreams push.
 Rock- Eons, ions, oons I release!
 Nicelle- Hail, snow and geese.
 Gene- Then bush tricks Sky to outward go.

Nicelle- Fetch me a dreambar from Venus snow.
 Gene- Exit Sky, enter Earth.
 Nicelle- Earth?
 Art- Giggle, gurgle, gaggle, Bush!
 Gene- Sky comes back!
 Nicelle- Sky, meet Jack.
 Gene- He's sorta perturbed.
 Rock- I see no snow on Venus!
 Art- Word.
 Gene- So, each tumbles tidy to its spot,
 And our world crumbles to a plot.
 But wait! As dawn in pinkening panoramas
 Sparkles over Earth's plaid pajamas,
 What's that on Bush's once bare-limbs?
 Berries round, with bluish skins!
 Nicelle- Sky's been trickt, Earth's bamboozled,
 But look what they've together oozled!
 Gene- Earth lurkt up,
 Sky plopt down,
 Their cheeks clean-jerkt
 The sagging dumbbells of their frowns!
 Rock- My children, they are blue, like me!
 Art- My babies, how they roundful be!
 Gene- Then both joined hips, hands, head and feet
 And jangled round their newborn treat!
 Nicelle- I, the Bush, blueberries sprout
 For Corme's birthday. Shout it out!
 Gene- Corme's in the house!
 Wi Wais- Happy birthday!
 Gene- We're berry glad for you, Corme,
 As clearly you've enjoyed our play!
 So, from Sky, Earth, Bush and I,
 This gift we give; a blueberry!
 Nicelle- Eat the fruit that on this day
 Grew for you in a play.

Nicelle puts a blueberry in Corme's mouth.

Gene- Thank you, we are done.
 Art- She ain't gettin up.
 Rem- I got a birthday song.
 Dick- Gig it, Rem.

Rem sings.

Rem- Maybe planets share no secret,

Maybe passion's lost in space,
Sensation has no set,
And the morning's out of place.

But girl, you were born,
Wild and laughingly,
From a picture torn,
A picture none can see.

So maybe time can talk,
And distance never lies,
And maybe when we walk,
The world round us flies.

Cuz girl, you are born,
Serious and suspectingly,
From a nothing torn,
A nothing all must see.

Corme rises.

Corme- Thanks Rem, and all. It's thru your work, I waken
From my stiff-posing play against your play,
Which, though immoral, a moral gave to these,
So needy of a stern sashay thru self.

Leavus- I've seen it all!

Marla- All but yourself, girlfriend.

Corme- Friends, no grudge! The strafings of contention
Soothe into blush, outcoloring your gripes.
Humans are a sugar, so be not bitter,
But let your genes more snugly fit the time,
As I, in fashion now, must cut our finish.

Marla- I see no clean conclusion to this conflict.

Corme- Don't fights, past effort's punch, gasp into ease?
Don't days to dreaming lost refind us soon?
Our wants, like bricks mislaid, here topple down
Into a mull of scrambled sediment,
Sounder, being settled naturally;

And where there's litter, is there not then life?

Lydia- Why blend with him? Our compounds barely fizzle.

Corme- Barely fizzle? The day itself exploded!
Laying goads beneath deception's bludgeon,
Bungling thru the props of stumbling's stage,
And leaving solid sense for furor's haze,
You blundered into animacy's maze
That you might find yourselves in confusion!

Am I right?
 Warren- My tongue's yankt out at my waist.
 Corne- What's disaster taught us?
 Warren- I am dumb.
 Corne- No structure can defend us from our sex,
 As sex is harvest driving to itself.
 Every want with other want's imbued,
 And every plan another's past renews.
 This doctor's choreography of concepts,
 Though verbal thrash, our dance interpreted.
 The risks these gender-rangers took, they took
 For us, proving their love can't be neutered.
 Even this house, where self evicted self,
 That the self-within and the self-without
 To one self turned, so losing all self-want,
 By disillusioning all, left none deceived.
 So weird and worrisome things grow to meaning,
 Yelling at us: cross over to yourselves!
 Leavus- I've looked both ways, and I want neither side.
 Corne- Then it is side by side that you should go,
 That then for neither side you need decide!
 Our wishes, from their dragging wants dismantled,
 Have floated to this play, as children do,
 Who play at flight to learn to crawl to work.
 Like in the old and over-coupling stage
 Extravanzas, revocably concluded,
 We should, our spears outshaked, our wills rewrote,
 As these here like it, liken here ourselves
 To them, who, hopefully, will leave in pairs.
 For we are a thriving, ever-stranger
 Alloy'nce of both the do and don't of dreams,
 The wish of was, the want in wasn't, the like
 Unlikely, the angry-happy stash of now.
 So touch; with each awakening pinch, be free;
 If mixed up, only mixing you can be!
 And help a lover fumble to love's home,
 For love's a plaything, and is never grown.
 Leavus- I can't.
 Marla- I won't.
 Lydia- Too much, too soon.
 Warren- Too late.
 Corne- Fine, my soul will be our sole example
 In making learn and love identical.
 Erad, you have failed as a mother;
 Would you consent to undertake a lover?
 Erad- For you, I will be anything you wish,

And out my love, for therein all is bliss.
 Then be yourself, and I will be a kiss.
 Corne- Men, the great Aluminum Lincoln hath said it best:
 Niche- "She is alltogether fitting and proper to do this."
 Dick- Yo! Let's all make up, and make out!
 Lydia- Warren, I have slighted you.
 Warren- And none too slightly!
 Lydia- I'm sorry.
 Warren- And still I hurt.
 Lydia- I was swept up
 In my own sting for lust.
 Warren- Lust, Lydia?
 Lydia- Lust, Warren.
 Warren- And could you not see my lust?
 Lydia- Not then, but now, unstung, I see you better,
 Warren- And better like you in such sexy get-ups!
 Lydia- What you have I want; what you might, we'll work on.
 Warren- I, Lydia, was also swept away.
 Lydia- You, Warren?
 Warren- Into an urge most guttural.
 Lydia- O, Warren!
 Warren- Into the lurches of my nature.
 Lydia- O, Warren! Is it real?
 Warren- It's really real.
 Lydia- O I will strap you belly-up to me,
 And out thru the tingling expanse
 We'll gambol on our radiating mustangs,
 Thumping the orb of wild things to a dream!
 But, in our love, can my words speak my want?
 Warren- I have, in rend'ring you, made you unfree,
 And so must liberate you bodily.
 The you I need is lovely-all without me;
 Speak your want, then be my wild thing.
 Lydia- I am a kiss.
 Marla- Leavus, you come here.
 Leavus- What?
 Marla- You look so stupid in that dress.
 Leavus- Then dresses make ya stupid, don't they, woman?
 Marla- Have you not changed at all?
 Leavus- You know I have lived thru it, Merl. You know
 I am shell-shockt, shook down and out of bounds
 When it comes to hearin door-lockin ideas.
 I got no flow control, no gauge on me
 When someone tells me no. I gotta have
 What I don't have. But all my life, the loss
 I seen from love put out beneath a tarp

To mold away cuz other things come first
 Has spookt me, like someday there won't be none.
 I say, if you love something, go and get it,
 And if you got something, do not waste it.
 If this house is open to all, my mouth is shut,
 Cuz I'll do anything to have you, Merl.
 Marla- To fill the final order of my being
 Requires a more diverse provisioning
 Than the muddy and quick-wilting greens of lust,
 But the knocks I jabbed at you were lies unjust.
 I want you, Leavus, and all I ask of you
 Is an occasional flattering review.
 Leavus- Yo, Fabia's taught me a tune; I'll do it, for you.
 Marla- Then we can kiss.
 Bertha- Marvin, we have by rote
 This rout of youth effected for our affect.
 Can you unspeak it, and make us again a kiss?
 Kling- I do not know. Words seem cruel to me.
 I think I will go hum beneath a tree.

Kling exits.

Bertha- I am at fault.
 Corme- But no, Ms. Lerner, no.
 For here are all excuses viable
 Emerging from the muddled and unmutual.
 We who followed lead ourselves to you;
 To mean the best is not the best to do.
 Stay with us.
 Bertha- Stay where? Nowhere will do.
 Nicelle- Hey, isn't it Corme's day today?
 Niche- Let's have a party, here, and another play!
 Laptop- Restart!

Richard enters.

Richard- Your dream channel's been cut.

Elisa calls from the side.

Elisa- Richard, you there?
 Corme- Come, let's go.
 Lydia- O, Vaseline, come with!
 Rich- What, and leave myself? Then I'd be you.
 And what would she, who must stay here, then do?
 Marla- Fine, we'll leave, but first, I'd like to know,

Rich- How'd you ever end up here, ya ho?
Lydia- How'd you ever end up here, ya ho?
Corme- An end that parodies where it began.
Let's go. Man before woman, woman before man.

All exit save Vaseline. Enter Elisa.

Elisa- Richard?
Rich- Ah, my bluffin muffin, how were the sleepy-deepys?
Elisa- Not so hot. What was all that noise?
Rich- I heard nothing, love.
Elisa- Uh hu.
Rich- Now you just go upstairs. I'll bring up some Concha Y
Toro and then tigerbalm your temples.
Elisa- Will you, now?
Rich- For your birthday, yes.
Elisa- Godot is waiting, Dick.

Elisa exits.

Rich- Isn't there that story no one's told
How someone once set out to live a story
And found that stories start with their theme's death?
With my story's self, I felt concurrent,
But it was that paradox of the heart's design
Wherein the pulse is vital most at pause.
My play on birth is thru, unheard by she
It's acted for, my significant other me.
Forever ends, mundane shadows surprise,
So I, back to the attic, lonely rise.

Enter Dick, outside the house.

Dick- Hey there, pretty girl! Come out, come out whatever you
are!
Rich- O, you quaint, slurring boy. Chantes-tu pour moi?
Dick- Now, this may be a shanty, but seein as it's stufft with you,
I call it a manshun, so I am not above comin up it.
Rich- Will you climb thru the window then?
Dick- Now, pretty girl, I ain't zactly been sloggin microbotic
leapgerm all them years, and that window there seems to
have a showvanism genst ladder-type ladders.
Rich- Are you strong, fly-guy? Are you a man?
Dick- Last times I whifft myself I was.

Elisa calls from above.

Elisa- Dick, you comin up?
Dick- Fast as I can, baby! Don't it never be said that Dick Skillz
from up North there didn't dare his do-dads to wangle up
and scramble in the hooters! I'm assendin, one callous at a
time. I ain't so steady, but least I'm dizzy.
Rich- That's my boy. Whisper when you fall.

Richard exits.

THE END

Want's Unwisht Work was first produced at Nada, Ludlow Street, NYC,
under direction of, and with much dramaturgical assistance by, Aaron
Beall, in 1996:

(Nada) Thursday, Oct.31-Nov.24, 1996 (22 performances)

WANT'S UNWISHED WORK or *A Birthday Play* by Kirk Wood Bromley; Director, Aaron Beall CAST: Spencer Aste, Tara Bahna-James, Jody Booth, Lisa Colbert, Tim Ellis, Dan Flamhaft, Al Foote, Suzanne Goldklang, Pietro Gonzalez, Douglas Gregory, Ginny Hack, Kate Hampton, Ian Hill, Sven Holmberg, Billie James, Laura Knight, Yuri Lowenthal, Rizwan Manji, Melanie Martinez, Christine Mascott, Alexander Stephano, P.J. Sosko, Hank Wagner, Adam Wald, Todd Woodard

A verse play based on Shakespeare's *Loves Labor's Lost* and Aristophane's *Lysistrata*. The action takes place in Athens, Georgia.