

Want's Unwisht Work

a birthday play

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Richard (Vazoline), 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
Corme, 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 unprofiting 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 femine 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, asocial self
Thrusts into woman, rupturing her peace,
As talk shows unacquaint 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 Corne,
Who will, of course, our present promise try,
And make her day a present to us all.

Corne

By this promise, all's tried by us but us.

Bertha

Speak plain, Corne. We are all sisters here.

Corne

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 deletioning 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

O, 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

Ah, 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

O 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

Hysteric mother?

Kling

Hysterik mutter, Erad, not hysteric 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.
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

Yeah, 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 fancy 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?

Kling

You'd say nothing, so do not.

Corme

We ought to follow the grant, as amended.

Bertha

Yes, we ought. Marla, whom do you choose?
But know, to grovel for is to abuse.

Marla

As Lydia wants me to, I vote Warren.

Leavus

Yeah? Then I will veto from Bar Mundi,
Where the women value my dexterity!

Leavus exits.

Bertha

Lydia?

Lydia

For Marla, I vote Leavus!

Leavus enters.

Leavus

But never run when you're in the running.

Warren

That choice I honor and adore, though weeping.

Bertha

Think of the grant and how we swore to study!
From Dr. Kling's important book *For Woman...*

Kling

On Woman.

Bertha

On Woman, to which I wrote
The foreword...

Kling

The front matter.

Bertha

The front matter,
I recite this potent passage:
“Woman is an alembic tactical,
Or Nustern, mistranslated to nostril,
As her logic's sense is due to holes,
Which are gaps, where she picks her roles.”
So, I say the doctor and his young guest
Must enter, as good intuition's best.

Warren

Brava donna!

Leavus

What a crock a lugnuts!

Kling

Men are just inherently skeptical
Of ideas skeptical of their inherency.
Mann ist Nachurlaublich, which has, ja schon,
No exact English equivalent yet.

Erad

It means that man is always late to return.

Enter Vazoline.

Vaz

Mommy, where am I? Son, you're at the Festival of Yawns.

Leavus

What is that?

Warren

A transgender activist!

Vaz

O, I knew I came to the zoo to talk!
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
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.

Lydia

So long, Warren. Sigh.

Leavus and Warren exit.

Marla

Lydia, as woman, has been betrayed.

Lydia

Not as much as Marla is denied.

Marla

So, she votes for one, and brings in two?

Lydia

She has greater interests.

Marla

She'll double her loss.

Marla and Lydia enter the house.

Bertha

I could gulp forever now and still not swallow pride!

Kling

Each choice, Corne, is a mix of ache and ease,
And empowers the organ to organize.

Bertha

In you, Corne, I see my better sex.

Kling

Note it, Erad: Macht ist rein Gerausch.

Bertha and Kling enter the house.

Erad

The doctor says that power is silent noise.

Corne

His impotence is blaring information.

Erad

You study under her?

Corne

He talks over you?

Erad

I am not out to get you, Corne.

Corne

Good,
Because I am not in to take you, Erad.

Erad

Why so radical?

Corne

Why so obedient?

Erad

Let's not read, but just look at, each other.

Corme

Men of your science cannot stare on woman
But as an author fondling his first text,
And I am here to learn, not to gawk.

Erad

My science, Corme, seeks to reconfigure
The graph of lust's relations, to deconstruct
Humanity's commuting, basic language,
And wage some compensation for inborn labors.
To saw down walls in habit's bleary maze
I analyze forlorn and sexfull ways.

Corme

That does sound sexy: grafting woman's flesh
With graphics judged by man to up his graft.

Erad

Perhaps, to you, sex is but exhibition.
To me, who am not timid in its dark,
Our sex is extract of our body's birth.
It's all the meanings, histories, and dreams
Of every tincture of uncome detail;
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, Corne, to see the swarms of faces
Grimacing the truth around your face:
You're insecure, and so secure this place.

Corne

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

Erad

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

Corne

Bertha Lerner is a force of nature!

Erad

O were she so and not a farce of nurture!

Corne

My future traces her.

Erad

You trace a blur.

Corne

She is of woman's statement architect.

Erad

Fashionable militants start progressive sect.

Corne

If you don't like it, don't go in it.

Erad

If I don't enter, I'll miss my victor's exit.

Corne

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 Dick, 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. Hoodoggey, 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, Nichedigger, 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 souser.

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
To pick me up a pierced and wild waif.

Warren

Yeah, 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!
Reserved, I listen; seat truth where you wish.

Marla

Though travesty to woman, and thus repulsing,
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
To your repletion! What women are we,
So readily exchanging!

Marla

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 Corne.

Corne

May we talk?

Marla

O, Corne! 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.

Corme

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 crab sore 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.

Marla

Allright, then! Only some men are pains!

Vaz

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,
Followed by the part-pregnant and half-dead!

Lydia

I know one thing: you're a pain.

Vaz

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 shall call the roll in order of appearance. Art!

Art

Arturo.

Gene

Rock!

Rock

Present, polished, and painstakingly playful.

Gene

Nicelle. Nicelle! Where's Nicelle?

Enter Nicelle.

Nice

Sorry, I thought I had something better to do.

Gene

Better than a birthday?

Nice

Better than a birthday gram.

Gene

That's right, 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, high Sky, and I but lowly Earth? Might I not be upstaged?

Gene

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

Nice

I will not play the bush.

Gene

The line was cut. O happy happy...

Nice

I said I will not play the bush.

Gene

The line's back in. O happy happy...

Nice

And my playing the bush is a line you best not cross.

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.

Nice

I've had no bushy experiences.

Art

Liar on the stage.

Gene

People, no real conflicts!

Art

Yo, the bush is a juicy part.

Gene

Your gifts are best revealed in your bush.

Rock

Indeed, just as the soaring towers of the ivy league conservatory system prepared me to play Sky, your dingy, damp, and under-attended black box...

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 night 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 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 dyslextras, write the script yourselves.

Nice

Great! We'll seek funding for an open-ended co-llaborative process that co-generates a performance text from the interactions of our interpersonal co-dynamics.

Art

No need, co-ho, cuz I already speckt it out: "Night, Planet Zarsh, Lork mobs looting Zubyrria, 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, are Sky, and you, Nicelle, are Bush. So find your bush, embrace your bush, spread wide with wild pride your schmacty Birthday Grammin bush, for you are the Wishful Waiters, and that is 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 reality. 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.

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. Manifest 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;
There must be some desire in your distress.

Leavus

I'd sooner love a bunsen-burner belt.

Lydia

O such a loss would be too hugely felt.

Leavus

Girls like her, they breathe out anesthesia.

Lydia

Then she, the cause, could cure the phobia.

Leavus

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 whippit!
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?

Marla

No, Warren, it's a hug.

Warren

Is that my precious?

Marla

I am the one forgetful lovers call "you."

Warren

Why am I from your softness now removed?

Marla

Cuz by removal I a favor seek.

Warren

Should I lose my unspeakables, I'll do it!

Marla

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

Whatever other, I've no other ever;
To them I happen; to you, I persevere.

Marla

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!
Be Mr. Natural, the sex-offender,
Whose one offense is knowing where it's at.

Warren

Whereto, love, these dizzy metaphors?

Marla

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?

Marla

Do it, Warren.

Warren

What's she to praise?

Marla

Her mind.

Warren

Were it as yours, then I would praise it.

Marla

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, ecstasies 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 stimulatio, 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, durcheinbringen, 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 Corme 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. Corme enters.

Corme

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 fleurage 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 atlast 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 gerbilesque.

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 Brustsemitik.

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 Vaseline.

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 girlscout's selling thin mints.

Marla

Ciao, bella.

Vaz

Or is this a boyscout selling fat gum?

Marla

Arrevederci.

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

Aw, 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 Corme should Corme educate.

Bertha

His therapy has helped me be myself!

Erad

And here's why humans betterment resist:
All say, "I'm proof perfection can exist."

Bertha

Dr. Kling is good, Erad.

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 crude.

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 beastly!

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!
! 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 Corne'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. Corne has much to do beneath herself, and I will be there, in the overposition.

Erad

Are you inferring you will analyze Corne 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

Droppt? I have been droppt 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 I, your bodyguard,
will that pole provide.

Erad

Provide, provide.

Dick

Dive, dive, dive!

Niche

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
Wields 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 Corne, 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 Corne save!

Erad exits.

Corne

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 knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz

O, yippy, a roving troupe of merry pranksters!

All

Birthday gram for Corme
From her parents in L.A.!

Vaz

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

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

I'd say 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 lets me act.

Vaz

Then come on in; this house is all about 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, over-give 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 Corne'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 expectoration?

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,
Drippy gunks of meat!
Fat is she. All fat. My ass, she's fat.

Marla

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 inbreed 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.

Leavus

Viva la sweat! Death to the deodorized!

Marla

Warren is a self-cleaning appliance.

Warren

Then Lydia's a frigidaire!

Lydia

Wouldn't you be
If Mr. Ice Tongs were midwifing your kitties?

Marla

Mr. Ice Tongs?

Warren

Warren has good qualities!

Leavus

Like what?

Warren

Curly black hair!

Lydia

On his back!

Marla

Nasty.

Warren

Manly!

Leavus

Sex is where you shave.

Warren

He's lyric!

Lydia

He's an epic of mistakes.

Warren

He's thoughtful!

Lydia

His medium? Tedium.

Warren

Inspired!

Lydia

Out of breath.

Leavus

Don't tell me, Fabia,
You love that loser Warren?

Warren

O, shut up!

Lydia

Leavus can't be that bad.

Leavus

Leavus rocks.

Warren

I hate Leavus!

Leavus

Fabia?

Marla

I'll top that:
Leavus totally shirked man's basic labor.

Lydia

Working?

Marla

Nope.

Lydia

Sharing?

Marla

Nope.

Lydia

Craving?

Marla

Nope.
Wiping.

Lydia

He doesn't wipe?

Marla

Not counter, face or...

Leavus

Tell Fabia I wipe!

Marla

And who are you?

Warren

She's talking Leavus, that dump-its-duty gland!

Leavus

She's talking Warren, the vertically challenged!

Warren

O, I'm fainting.

Leavus

Tell Fabia Leavus wipes!

Warren

O, go die.

Leavus

No, Fabia, I need you!
Take Marla, Lydia, and go on back
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 Corne?

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 Schuldgefühlsverschiebtend.

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 squadroon!

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 Vazoline, 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.

Vazoline 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.

Waiters

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

Art

I sense that's her.

Nice

She looks dead.

Art

I never lost an audience so fast.

Gene

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.

Waiters

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.

Waiters

Happy birthday Corme!

Gene

Hurray!

Waiters

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!

Nice

Bush! Bush! Enter Bush!

Bush

Here I am.

Gene

Bush I am.

Bush

Bush I am,
Swoosh, swoosh,
A twisty replica in twig;
Upon a crag
My roots I push,
But still I bulge no bushels big.

Sky

O Bush, sweet Bush, dry Bush!

How I love you truly!
But why, O why, must you clutch
Into that globe so globby!

Earth

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!

Sky

I refuse to gleak or rain
Til you from hunky humus refrain!

Earth

And I ain't swappin minerals
Til you dump Mr. Above-It-Alls!

Gene

How you, Corme, so giftlessly
Must feel blue unberryably!

Bush

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 Corme 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.

Bush

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.

Bush

Sky?

Sky

Bush.

Bush

Show me where the jetstreams push.

Sky

Eons, ions, oons I release!

Bush

Hail, snow and geese.

Gene

Then bush tricks Sky to outward go.

Bush

Fetch me a dreambar from Venus snow.

Gene

Exit Sky, enter Earth.

Bush

Earth?

Earth

Giggle, gurgle, gaggle, Bush!

Gene

Sky comes back!

Bush

Sky, meet Jack.

Gene

He's sorta perturbed.

Sky

I see no snow on Venus!

Earth

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!

Bush

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!

Sky

My children, they are blue, like me!

Earth

My babies, how they roundful be!

Gene

Then both joined hips, hands, head and feet
And jangled round their newborn treat!

Bush

I, the Bush, blueberries sprout
For Corne's birthday. Shout it out!

Gene

Corne's in the house!

Waiters

Happy birthday!

Gene

We're berry glad for you, Corne,
As clearly you've enjoyed our play!
So, from Sky, Earth, Bush and I,
This gift we give; a blueberry!

Bush

Eat the fruit that on this day
Grew for you in a play.

Nicelle puts a blueberry in Corne'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.

*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.

Corme

What's disaster taught us?

Warren

I am dumb.

Corme

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.

Corme

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
Extravaganzas, 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.

Corme

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.

Corme

Then be yourself, and I will be a kiss.

Niche

Men, the great Aluminum Lincoln hath said it best:
"She is altogether 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,
And better like you in such sexy get-ups!
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,
How'd you ever end up here, ya ho?

Rich

How'd you ever end up here, ya ho?

Lydia

An end that parodies where it began.

Corme

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 star'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 the dramatory of Aaron Beall, in 1996. The original listing:

(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.

Cover photo: Douglas Gregory as Vaseline in the 1996 Nada production.