

Lost Labor's Loved

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Teleste – Owner of Ottaquecho Estates
Margrith, Yola, Pekabo – Her friends
Cloice – Their attendant
Andras, Easton, Tarmac, Boyd – Visiting men
Eleuthere – Their attendant
Dada Misterio di Mistico – A local mystic
Slack – His follower
Nozemokeen – A local boy
Malvena – A local girl
Beauregard, Ramsuchit, and Deepu – Local academics
Early – The groundskeeper
Plunk – The security guard

Scene 1. Ottaquecho Estates in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Enter Teleste, Margrith, Yola, and Pekabo.

Teleste- Let freedom, that all fight for in their lives,
 Resolve our ever-contradicting play
 And give us meaning in our meaning's loss;
 For we are tired of mourning and desire
 The easy recreation of our days,
 When, free of flesh-eating society
 That from the surface sloughs the spirit's core,
 Our hearts rejoin integrity and marvel.
 Therefore, to nurture nature's sense in us,
 We have retreated here to this retreat,
 Where, keeping warm against destructive winter,
 We will, like in a thought-cocoon, become
 Not wood nymphs, dizzy, drab, and season-drunk,
 But monarchs intellectual and bright.
 This colony I christen Ottaquecho,
 Signifying, in Iroquois, 'New Leaf,'
 Which you three, Margrith, Yola, Pekabo,
 Must certainly desire to overturn.
 So, all that's left is you accept the rules
 Recorded in this constitution here,
 Whereby we will rejuvenate ourselves,
 And promise on our friendship, not in fear,
 Commitment to our program for a year.

Margrith- I'm in, Teleste. My life's been too much death:

Happy hour, buzzbins, tootin boys like meth.
 Careening thru some triple picture deal,
 I'm too felt up, and now I want to feel.
 Yola- Since my sister's death, all my motive's heat
 Has shivered in a tundra of defeat,
 And seeing fame proffer no liberation,
 Within your gates I seek emancipation.
 Pekabo- I join your cult.
 Teleste- Our freedom colony.
 Pekabo- Free from what?
 Yola- Fame and society.
 Pekabo- Those are the things I seek when I am free!
 Teleste- I cede the clue, my cross-word Pekabo.
 Margrith- What's your point?
 Pekabo- This pointless thing we do!
 Recently, you all, and I, somewhat,
 Have registered our literary blips
 On publishing's erratic, swift marquee:
 Yola churned out 'Hoping to Inhale,'
 Margrith, 'Women are genius, Men from jars,'
 And I am nearly finished with my novel,
 That now, the billfold tongue of recognition
 Calls out for us to do that thing we do,
 Yet we into the woods have here withdrew?
 Back to your social barns and noble causes!
 While you get ticks, the clock of fortune pauses.
 Teleste- So, let it stop; my inner-clock rules me.
 I am myself when obligation-free.
 Pekabo- Why be yourself?
 Teleste- To create what I want.
 No system should desire ever daunt.
 Pekabo- You mean, you should be free to do whatever?
 Teleste- Yes. An artist has no need of never.
 Pekabo- Then my first piece, called 'No Peace,' starts our plot.

She screams.

Yola- You'll take in small dinero with that slot.
 Pekabo- If intake is creation's golden grunge,
 Then I'm a net, a satellite, a sponge:
 I'll take in Burgerking and get a gut,
 Pajama princess, sleeping past the noon.
 I'll haul in dumpsters-full of trash, and shoot,
 My eye on bull, at empties with my gun.
 I'll smuggle in some metangelic pills
 And blow my head thru surd conspiracies,

Becoming of myself my own Fresh Kills,
 And then I'll found an industry of sleaze,
 Film some porn, down there, beside the lake,
 Preserving our expressions free and fake.
 Yola- Meat, weapons, trash, sloth?
 Margrith- And pornography?
 Teleste- The nemesis of creativity!
 Pekabo- Yet they are what we'll do if we are free
 And creation's enemy is the tree!
 Teleste- The tree?
 Margrith- How does that follow?
 Pekabo- Creatively.
 Do not we saw down trees to press our pages?
 Random Houses love not acreages.
 Don't trees, standing transfixt, a writer block?
 Don't trees, falling unheard, our senses mock?
 O, trees are bad, consuming of our spirit,
 And when I see a laurel, I must clear it.
 Cloice- O, Boo is like the humid, grudging June
 That to the startled shoots denies her trickling.
 Teleste- Then she'll have scanty produce to be pickling.
 Margrith- And all she'll feel of life will be a tickling.
 Pekabo- Least I won't die a fed-on-freedom sickling.
 Yola- That haiku was a low coup.
 Pekabo- So, what's new?
 Teleste- Must you forever foil with your fun?
 Pekabo- Fine, then. Cloice. Read our constitution.
 Cloice- "This intentional community is hereby instituted to foster
 total creative freedom. Rule number one: there are no
 rules."
 Teleste- An awesome tenet for our tribe.
 Pekabo- An awful paradox that kills our vibe!
 A rule against all rules is ridicule.
 Margrith- Rules are bogus, Pekabo.
 Pekabo- By what rule?
 Teleste- Rule number two.
 Pekabo- That cannot be. Its precedent negates it.
 Cloice- "To preserve our freedom, we will partake of no
 communications, receive no press, follow no schedules,
 consume no drugs or alcohol, use no petrol or electricity,
 take no deliveries or phone calls, grow our own food,
 meditate 2 hours per day, attend lectures, sew our own
 clothes, and accept no visitors."
 Pekabo- This is freedom?
 Teleste- Freedom regulated.
 Margrith- Perestroika prison.

Yola-	Liberty and Death.
Cloice-	Unfree to be you and me.
Pekabo-	What unlawful laws to keep us lawless!
	No communications? No drink? No drugs?
	How will I unwind my stressing spirit?
	No electricity? Grow my own food?
	When will I find the time to have a mood?
	And O, no visitors? But how create
	When I cannot upon occasion mate?
Teleste-	Growth means doing only what is best.
Pekabo-	That's why, growing up, we grow depresst.
Teleste-	We must inhibit what inhibits freedom.
Pekabo-	And what inhibits freedom more than freedom?
	Look around you: nature's glad-in-gloom
	Has fallen on the weary, worried woods.
	The land is beat a bruise of yellow-red,
	Dying, as the season crayons upon it,
	Too free, like children catchless in the rye.
	Commit, if you desire to be free,
	To change yourself within this constancy:
	November, alone, sleat saws at your skin.
	December, alone, flakes pile to the roof.
	Jan'ury, alone, limb rubs lonely limb.
	Feb'uary, alone, bed's a frozen hoof.
	What freedom's more creative in this chill
	Than whisp'ring to a man, 'may I use your quill?'
	When geese are squawking migrant to the south,
	Should not the king and squaw be mouth to mouth?
	If men aren't on your chest, they're on your thoughts,
	A virtual Southern France in North Vermont,
	As stuffy New England turns to merry Old,
	Like jagermeister, warming when it's cold.
	In nature's bauhaus, singles follow swarm,
	Fiction follows function follows fantasy follows form.
	When dark, your eyes imagine by their light,
	Then night skips night to make each night a night,
	And you take setting suns for rising bliss,
	Which soon dawn up, an a.m.-empty myth.
	Each season is a sex-act, which this sect
	Thru long and firm resolve will not neglect,
	So you, seeking your freedom in restriction,
	Will exchange creation for addiction.
Cloice-	Hot flash of discourse, she can represent.
Margrith-	I do get all pent up when I repent.
Yola-	Cloice, this is not house of buggin.
Cloice-	Talk to the hand, cuz you are grippin.

Pekabo- What happens to me if I break these bonds?
 Cloice- "Eternal silent treatment from your sisters."
 Pekabo- Then let us say goodbye forever now.
 Teleste- And why?
 Pekabo- O, sweet Teleste, your mind's a skit!
 With every word you lose what comes of it!
 Six months ago, in foolish April, we
 Met maskful four sedate-in-study studs,
 Who, at war with earth's hormonal posse,
 Had sworn to scholar, fast, and feel no flesh.
 After our love games, your father's death
 Our conjures interrupted, so we left
 Prescribing them reclusion, each from each,
 To do detention's research in the dark,
 After which we promised to meet them here
 In six more months (the total of a year)!
 Do not be naughty, telling boys be bold,
 That you, their duty done, be drear and cold.
 What happens when their vernal, lusty light
 Comes shining thru this seminar of night?
 Teleste- This is a problem. What are we to do?
 Yola- They will not come.
 Margrith- Men either run or cheat.
 Pekabo- O, not when such as we are their receipt;
 And we, trying to do just what we want,
 Ever return to some past commitment.
 Teleste- Why are you here, my petulant Pekabo?
 Pekabo- To celebrate my mental Halloween,
 To beg those tiny snickers, to careen
 And bust the scowling pumpkin of my skull,
 To scare my daylights out, to egg and ball,
 But now I am expected to be create,
 And so am lost in conflict and debate,
 Cuz if I know us raving babes, when free
 Creation will in deconstruction spree.
 Teleste- So drop out, Pekabo. You are divested.
 If freedom frightens you, go get arrested.
 Pekabo- No, I'll stay, to do what none can do
 And witness you infantilizing you:
 They'll call this circle of naps, Pointlessness,
 Cheat Poetry, and Abstract Stealism.
 Art will soon reformatize to Arthur,
 And meditations will finish with 'Ah, men,'
 You'll call up Cliff to get his notes, I'm sure,
 And write a history, called "What Has Ben?"
 Yet, as you founding mothers sell yourselves

Into the lowest, grossest, quickest buzz,
 All mindful of my own proclivity,
 Freedom's best example I, unfree.
 Teleste- Welcome, then. We can agree to disagree.
 Pekabo- But where's the entertainment for our free-time?
 Teleste- Well, as you know, my father loved eccentrics,
 And many wander here in their psychosis.
 Cloice- There is, of course, Professor Beauregard.
 Teleste- A senseless sociosemiotician.
 Cloice- Wise Ramsuchit.
 Teleste- The billionaire buddhist.
 Cloice- And Dada Misterio di Mistico.
 Pekabo- What is that?
 Teleste- A pioneering copy-cat,
 Whose words sprout up like cones at summer fire,
 And who, within his commune on the hill,
 Directs a home for wayward runaways,
 Instilling them with new maturity
 Thru nostalgia, bad poems, and ecstasy.
 A sex-obsessed, sensual-senseless throw-back,
 His style is perpetual woodstock,
 All grateful to be dead to what is great.
 With motley threads, big hair and patchouli,
 He co-opts every native peoples' lore,
 And, million-mouthed yet mute, he yawps about,
 An advocate of every opposite.
 His riffs are riots, his licks exquisite lies,
 Though few invent like he can plagiarize,
 So, your call, girls, cuz he is ripe to rise.
 Cloice- That weakly rag's a nacho of cliches,
 And circulates his fluff positions freely.
 Teleste- O, he is a man outside of men,
 And to near him, O, you know your nation not.

A call comes in.

Cloice- Yes, Early? What? Where? Who? No, wait.
 Teleste, four men request you at the gate.
 Teleste- What four men?
 Cloice- Andras, Tarmac, Easton, Boyd.
 Teleste- We said we would not see them until May!
 Cloice- She said she would not see them until May.
 It's very urgent.
 Teleste- What does it concern?
 Cloice- What does it concern? It concerns this land.
 Teleste- Tell them we've retreated for the winter

And will, in Spring, freshly reclaimed,
 Address whatever issues they may have.
 Cloice- She said...Okay. Andras begs forgiveness
 For breaking both his oath and your retreat,
 But swears the matter merits face-to-face,
 Post which he and his team shall quick depart.
 Teleste- We will come to them.
 Cloice- We will come to you.

He hangs up.

Pekabo- Well, deja boo. How soon our rule's over-ruled.
 Yola- They broke their oaths!
 Margrith- Man is pure impatience.

A call comes in.

Cloice- Hello? A Mr. McGuffin.
 Teleste- How do I know him?
 Cloice- He is none I know.
 Teleste- I'm taking no visitors.
 Cloice- Oops. Disconnected.

He hangs up. Enter Plunk, Malvena, Nozemokeen.

Plunk- Up, lowlifes! Pardon, ladies, sir, but I must consummate
 with one Ms. Tennis.
 Pekabo- There she is, crouched behind the net,
 Defeated by her own defensive stance.
 Teleste- What is it, Plunk?
 Plunk- Private.
 Teleste- It is private?
 Plunk- Private Plunk.
 Teleste- What is it, Private Plunk?
 Plunk- Well, in my bombacity as security supervisor, I was doin
 up my duty in the shrubs, when Sergeant Early at the gate
 alerts me to immortality. Do I bivy? You bet. I have seen
 Nam action. First, straight to the strils - wacky tabaccy!
 Third, a gigglin hits my lobes, cheeky cheeky hoyga chee,
 like army-base wives at a Chippendale's hodag. Last, get
 down! Incoming visuals! Do I connoiter? On it count. I
 have seen Nam action. And, lordy, there she be - Malvena
 and Nozemokeen, recyclin letters, smokin sense, and
 gawkin at dirty pictures. Evidence vegetary.

Plunk hands Teleste a joint.

Teleste- Malvena, what is this?
 Plunk- Marijuana.
 Malvena- No, it's grass.
 Plunk- Which is marijuana.
 Malvena- No, it's a hemp product.
 Plunk- Much like Marijuana.
 Malvena- No, it's me ganja tree!
 Pekabo- Like the empire of the sun, her drama's in her no's.
 Teleste- Private Plunk, let her speak for herself.
 Plunk- Okey dokey, Ms. Finokey, but she's all karaoke.
 Teleste- Malvena, are you high?
 Malvena- Gee, mam, let me look. Wo, super psycho. The sky is high,
 and I am low. Your horse is high, so I am low. No one said
 hi to me, so like I must be low.
 Pekabo- Low is good.
 Yola- Low down.
 Nozemokeen- Low cut.
 Margrith- Low hung.
 Malvena- Ya gotta get low if ya wanna really know.
 Nozemokeen- Give them their daily bread and nightly puppets!
 Plunk- They did partake!
 Malvena- My parts may ache, and so I smoke, for woman is a thing
 of pain.
 Pekabo- Sense in nonsense.
 Nozemokeen- Her sense will make you senseless.
 Plunk- On my honor!
 Nozemokeen- Yo, I was never on her.
 Plunk- I have seen Nam action!
 Malvena- You have seen no action, Pervert Plunk.
 Pekabo- Negative dialectics.
 Cloice- Positive dyslexics.
 Plunk- Evidence literary!

Plunk hands Teleste a letter.

Teleste- A Mistico original!
 Yola- Some true entertainment!
 Margrith- No, false information.
 Teleste- Attention, class.
 Pekabo- Impose our alteration.
 Teleste- "To my surf-punk, my brotha, my houseboy..."
 Yola- Ah, dweebonics.
 Teleste- "Touch not my love..."
 Malvena- Not me.
 Teleste- "My flannel Venus..."

Malvena- More not me.
 Teleste- “My she-spirit of the pierced belly button...”
 Malvena- Not me again.
 Teleste- “Malvena.”
 Malvena- This is so not me, I’m tied up in it.
 Teleste- Malvena, please.
 Malvena- Myself, cuz no one will.
 Teleste- I mean respect...
 Malvena- Myself, cuz no one does.
 Teleste- Learn to listen.
 Malvena- To myself, and not no litter.
 Pekabo- O, more litter!
 Teleste- I will proceed. “In the lingo of your pack, I say, smoke not her wampum, pasta man (praise Ha!); fight the flower, Pubic Enemy; spread not her deaf jam, Sixpack Taker; let not your Reagan climax into Bush, lest I channel Kurt Codeine and shout ‘I think you’re dumb!’”
 Pekabo- Here’s the beef.
 Margrith- Made of ham.
 Yola- This verbal challenge is verbally challenged.
 Cloice- His verses are vices and vice versa.
 Malvena- His advice, sir, is given too much, taken too little, and lent at a high rate of interest, and once I saw the gas of great men is crudity refined, I left his creepy club, quick as dick.
 Teleste- Yes, well, I will finish. “Yo, man, you and me we one. We like down, like righteous. So, for her goods, I trade these trinkets: one, my life’s works, unbegun but in the works; two, my candle collection, to remember her by; and three, a six-hour lecture on my myriad, time-tripping selves, for we are each but diverse blips upon one bed of pixels. Her main man? Yo. Her hotrod? Yo. Her nimrod? Yo. Her nabob? Yo. Her shishkebob? Yo. Her masculine non-stop? Yo. Her Sugardaddy? Yo. Her favorite brand? Yo. Her frequent flyer? Yo. Her fahrvergnugen? Yo. Her man in kakkis? Yo. Her Yo-yo? Yo asi. It’s a human thing; you would understand. Therefore, be chilly, dude, or I will bring in da bunk and bring out da poise. Yo!”
 Margrith- Who is this Frosty the Yo-man?
 Malvena- He’s a dreamsicle, always melting.
 Teleste- Little ones, be at large.
 Plunk- Evidence tushiary!
 Teleste- Nothing can turn me oppressor now, Private Plunk.

Plunk hands her a naked picture of Malvena.

Teleste- Malvena, to your room!

Malvena- That isn't me!
 Teleste- It is too much of you. To your room!
 Pekabo- Teleste, this is a freedom colony
 That must allow such naked truths to be.
 Teleste- Malvena's mother was a close companion to mine, and
 since she died of various addictions, I am her temporary
 guardian. Further, Nozemokeen, who visits us from the
 Fresh Air Fund, is for the time being under my wing.
 Therefore, I will restrain as I see fit. Both of you are
 grounded for the night, and no TV.
 Malvena- I'd rather serve ten years with the Simpsons!
 Teleste- It's harsh, I know, but later you may play. Private Plunk,
 conduct them to your room. O, and in the future, secure, do
 not suppress. To inhibit youth inhibits the age and
 censoring extremes is extremely incensing. Freedom ever
 refreshes itself, for perfection is the return of misdoing.
 Plunk- Good genes were rationed on this generation.
 Teleste- Let us go deal with this rash intrusion,
 To then begin our retreat into freedom.

Exit Teleste, Margrith, Yola, Cloice.

Pekabo- We'll be the end of us, my girl, I swear; fat on freedom, a
 state of states, our labor turning off what we turned on.
 Wish us luck.
 Malvena- Lady, luck don't take my calls, cuz like ya'll, it's way
 hung-up. Grounded? What am I, a potted plant? Though
 I'm short and mental, I am no brief case. And no TV? My
 brain will rot for good. Whatever turns them on, turns me
 off. O well, the skinny is I must get fat, forever awaiting
 the painful belch of relief. Til then, all this is all that. Noze,
 to the grave.
 Nozemokeen- Word up.

All exit.

Scene 2. Enter Dada and Slack.

Mistico- Child, what force is it that compels a free-thinking man to
 obsess?
 Slack- A compelling force, called feeling.
 Mistico- O, it is more than a feeling!
 Slack- So it's a crush.
 Mistico- It is more than a crush, you cool cat!
 Slack- More than a crush is wack.
 Mistico- What is wack?

Slack- A word.
Mistico- I know it is a word, zine boy. What is its referent, its index, its meaning?
Slack- Its preferent, its rolodex, its meaning is squat.
Mistico- You call my obsession squat, small conservative?
Slack- I call squat what your obsession crushes out of wack, huge liberal.
Mistico- How huge liberal? How huge liberal?
Slack- How small conservative? How small conservative?
Mistico- Small in circulation, conservative in device, your pc terminal, your random memory, which we intellectuals call artificial.
Slack- Huge by your mass, liberal with pulp, your savage column, your p.c. phrases, which we intel-actuals call bozac.
Mistico- O, six lunar lunges of love!
Slack- O, four hundred years of oppression!
Mistico- I say six lunar lunges since my commitment to Malvena!
Slack- And I say four hundred more years of obsession before you remit your co-mits on her lunging lunars, okay?
Mistico- Swirling tomahawks of talk, your press is slick. It stresses my blood-muscle.
Slack- I hope you mean heart, as the yellow dailies say.
Mistico- Heart is a term of the ruling class and negates my identity.
Slack- Blood-muscle has no class and inflates my negativity.
Mistico- Correct me no more.
Slack- (Dissect me less).
Mistico- Slack, you are a pop whiz. Basta!
Slack- I'm binary, you're bipolar.
Mistico- The difference, papyrophobe?
Slack- Motion and emotion, you technophobe.
Mistico- How long the day spent inside your head.
Slack- I'm the messiah, chump.
Mistico- I am the messiah, Dada Misterio di Mistico!
Slack- No way.
Mistico- Way, nay-sayer, way.
Slack- Spot me your credentials.
Mistico- I have the Voice of Villages!
Slack- No one follows a dead head except for fish.
Mistico- I treat all people equally!
Slack- So everyone's mistreated.
Mistico- I am the end of history!
Slack- O, right.

Slack sings.

Slack- *The old grey lady lived on a hill,*

*'Get off!' the people cried.
So down she came in colored frill
To see the other side.*

*'History's dead, history's dead,'
The grey old lady cried,
Then some new kid shot her in the head
And the old grey lady died.*

*"She's dead," the people wept, and still
They stood, but up did stride
The new kid in her color'd frill
To see the other side.*

Mistico- There's something revolting about culture that's not
broadcast to the world. Where was I?
Slack- You were asking the difference between fine gold and wet
stone.
Mistico- Your answer?
Slack- 'The value of review.'
Mistico- No values. I am beyond them.
Slack- Then you are valueless, and will never review your love.
Mistico- Yes! My love! O, Slack! I am in love with that alluring
High Priestess, Malvena!
Slack- (A low love for a high babe).
Mistico- It was she that we saw straddling the fence with that
attention deficit disorder, Nozemokeen Brown.
Slack- (His attention to disorder is your deficit).
Malvena- O, what is she really?
Slack- A woman.
Mistico- A sorceress of synchronicity?
Slack- A supermodel.
Mistico- A galactic dream curve?
Slack- An interactive cd-rom.
Mistico- O, how can I, whose spiritual tachyons have bugeled the
beastly didgeridoo of countless reincarnations, so
exclusively love one simple, sexy soul? But O, her soul is
stackt as griddle cakes! Her teen-spice hibiscus petals tinge
my paternal paste! Her tanky-T sets my head and neck to
dirty dancing! I am roadkill beneath her pinkboots! Great
capacious papooses, she's got that butt-high mini! You,
vivid newcomer, must cultivate your ironic wheats, browse
your popsmear message boards, and paddle the waves of
information with your webbed feats to link me to some path
of precedence!
Slack- I got chatchannels, hypervenues, infobahns, metrobeats, all

that special K logosnag. Name your chronic.
 Mistico- What great man has loved only one woman?
 Slack- Rambo!
 Mistico- You mean Rimbaud, the original beat?
 Slack- No, Rambo, the sly stalled stone.
 Mistico- His wife?
 Slack- Box-office.
 Mistico- I did not have first blood. Name another.
 Slack- Wilt the Quilt!
 Mistico- Wilt the Stilt? His one love was followed by many zeros.
 Slack- (So is yours).
 Mistico- Say again?
 Slack- Wilt the Quilt, Willy the Shake, I mean Mister Spear!
 Mistico- O, ya. Never heard of him, but he sounds easy.
 Slack- He had a wife.
 Mistico- Like who?
 Slack- Hathaway.
 Mistico- Then he hath a way to slip away and shake his willy spear!
 Slack- Good one, boss.
 Mistico- Name another, and make him less global.
 Slack- A third faithful man? Wo, chief. Time can only husband so
 many mutants (having spent itself primarily on you). But
 wait! I got it! Macho Camacho!
 Mistico- Who is this Macho Camacho?
 Slack- A boxer!
 Mistico- A monogamist?
 Slack- Mysoginist, same thing.
 Mistico- He had a wife?
 Slack- O, si! Se llama Hoozanext.
 Mistico- Then like your Macho Camacho, pugilist, husband, poet, I
 shall seek to win my lover in the ring.
 Slack- (Wear a glove, cuz she does the rounds).
 Mistico- Suckerpunch? Fight fairly, you feather!
 Slack- Sideswipe! It won't work, chief. You're a heavy, and she's
 a middleweight.
 Mistico- Ribshot! Love outweighs the scale.
 Slack- Haymaker! Why not download, and distribute yourself
 freely?
 Mistico- Because I have consulted my tarot-deck and the
 numerologies bespeak a double serendipity: She is 16
 (sweet and unscrupulous), I am 32 (soon to die and rise
 again), she'll still love me when I'm 64 (guzzling large gas
 in Sun City and being re-tired), which is 128, or, I am
 number one to her aroused infinite figure. He's struggling!
 Bodyblow!
 Slack- Bodybomb, clinch and drop, down for the count and here I

go: Ten, she ain't. Nine, lives you ain't got. Eight, already did. Seven, she's too lucky. Six, six, six. Five, like high. Four, all fours. Three, little pig. Two, dead rabbits, and a partner that's under eighteen. Who da man? Who da man?

Mistico- You are negative, Slack.

Slack- Better than positive, given these negative times.

Mistico- I must change my name again to seem constant to the female.

Slack- Me See Dung.

Mistico- Where?

Slack- No, the communist leader.

Mistico- I am the commune leader.

Slack- (More oxymorons from this moronic ox).

Mistico- Man in the Milky Way!

Slack- Man with the Ilky Spray.

Mistico- Totally Absolute!

Slack- Trivial Pursuit.

Mistico- Happenin and Groovy!

Slack- Stupid and Sleazy.

Mistico- Yo, we is snoopdoggyin now, cool rap guy.

Slack- (Do Malvena, you'll get a rap).

Mistico- Maybe I'll sprout a beard to appear multicultural.

Slack- Why cultivate round your mouth what grows wild round your ass?

Mistico- No four letter words, except love.

Slack- L-U-V.

Mistico- The O and the E, you miss the O and the E.

Slack- You'll miss the O and the E when you get married.

Mistico- O, sensuous conflict!

Slack- Cruise the net, you stagosaurus.

Mistico- No Latin! No dead white males!

Slack- (Says the White Negro).

Mistico- Slack, let us chant.

O, Malvena!

O, Mother of Men!

Grind our ethnic vitamins!

Charge our corticohemoglobins!

Slack- Wo! New nouns bring new species.

Enter Plunk, Nozemokeen, Malvena.

Plunk- Daddy Misto...Doodoo Messy...You. It is my task to lug these youngins to their room for detention. Step aside.

Mistico- I excrete affections. Girl.

Malvena- Guy.

Mistico- I love you.

Malvena- Ya, I heard.
 Mistico- Return to me.
 Malvena- When you're not there.
 Mistico- We shall speak to the dolphins.
 Malvena- I'd rather sleep with the Redskins.
 Mistico- I'm dying.
 Malvena- Hurry up.
 Mistico- Young urban juvenile, you have infected her mind against me.
 Nozemokeen- Wu?
 Mistico- I am aware that our mutually exclusive yet equally ineffable cultural diversities restrict my completely comprehending your unique contributions to our linguistic heritage, but touch her not.
 Nozemokeen- Hoo?
 Malvena- Ra ra me
 I'm sixteen
 Nozemokeen- Ra ra you
 Ten to twenty.
 Malvena- Make like personality, and split!

Exit Nozemokeen and Malvena in different directions, Plunk chases Nozemokeen.

Mistico- Track her, Slack, and keep them separate.
 Slack- I am your dental dam.

Slack exits.

Mistico- O, to her sweet eyes (which squint at me), yet to her sweeter shape (which runs from me), yet to her sweetest soul (which curses me), I am so hooked, addicted, strung that I (and this is low), will die (and that is low), unless she love me (O, how low I know). O welcome pollution, tortuous bliss, O orgasmic hell! Can I, a teepee babe from the summer of love, love unfreely she who freely loves? Can the moschiach be manic? The guru gaga? Is my great spirit but skank? Love sucks. Love is a plunger. A weapon of mass restriction is love. O, Macho, teach me to corkscrew love! It dances, but doesn't touch. It ducks, yet it's chicken. It goes below the belt and over the head! Skullbutt! Lowblow! Care-O-wack! I need ultimate contact massacre! The meters of Lord Chamberlain are too small to satisfy love, which begs the proportions of Lord Buckley. I'll reverse my verse, free my form, and bust my alien-aided unconscious! Crack, limits! Scuffle, feet! Rattle,

rhymes! Your author loves! Uh hu, he righteous loves!
Goodbye crippled decency! Hello jingles, streams and
rants! I am a kinko of crazy poems!

All exit.

Scene 3. Enter Andras, Boyd, Tarmac, Easton, and Eleuthere.

Eleuthere- Now, my young sir, recall to whom and why
My boss, your father, sends you; when he needs
Response, when retainer, and when resolve
Of this most pressing, multi-layered issue,
For wild-west and peerless Ottaquecho
(A splendid snatch for any young exec),
Is by new ancient laws now put at risk,
Engaging also your near-laying lands.
Forego a bit this club cliserial,
And open that inborn, responsive genius
Which selfish nature, for its grand debut
Stole from the world to splurge alone on you.

Andras- Please, Eleuthere, do not unwrap my gift,
Which, left out all night, turns to my poison.
Your hopeful praise is but hypeful contempt,
Extolling to control, and playing dumb
To say how smart I am, yet smarting me
To think I'm dumb to what you know and do,
You blandish broker of sweet rendezvous.
My days, I know, have lately run too late,
Defaming me thru dizzying delight,
And so my father sent me here, thru you,
To settle matters and to settle down.
Yet, while I'm straight to do the former task,
The latter is too crooked for me now,
So, as our secretary, do my bid:
Be both an entre-nous and an obstruction
Between myself and peerless Ottaquecho,
Cuz I have sworn to not be here, yet here
I am, and I would last betray Teleste.

Eleuthere- By high command, the job is yours to do.

Andras- Your tongue is teflon, Eleuthere. I'm thru.

Easton- Man, this is the sticks.

Tarmac- So let's play pick-up.

Boyd- Ya, Eleuthere, some fluff to ease the wait?

Eleuthere- Well well, you raring hunters, are you hot?

Boyd- When when, safari ranger, are we not?

Eleuthere- Then elevate your scopes upon last Spring

When out of your own silly school you flunkt,
 And were expelled to where you never went,
 For here the same mistake of different make
 Is forming (though between much better forms),
 So, if you remain conscious, you might see
 The members of a freedom colony,
 (Where anything and everyone is free)
 Who are those make-and-break-it femmes du jeux,
 Yola, Margrith, and prize Pekabo.

Tarmac- Hide!
 Eleuthere- No use. I told them all about you.
 Boyd- O, busted! We are caught! Why hide ourselves,
 When we are cattle crawling to the saw?
 Meat bi-products, all!

Andras- This new business
 Of antique burden has recycled us
 Back to that timeless time when we were friskt
 By our own lying limbs.

Boyd- O, present past!
 Easton- In court of conscience, perjured to the last.
 Tarmac- I'm neither where nor what I'm s'posed to be;
 Margrith thinks I'm celibate and hungry.

Boyd- I swore that I would heal the sick thru laughs,
 While all I do is swear, get sick, and laugh!

Andras- Not one of us has done the thing we said,
 And now our freedom's left us here for dead.

Eleuthere- I gasp aghast! From our loose escapades
 And heady summer swing these last six months,
 I'd no idea you boys were so in love!

Tarmac- Hold it! I trekked up that Everest Woman,
 But love's stiff corpse lies on her snowy peaks,
 A caution-cairn to all who would attempt
 To conquer what is ever shroud in storm.

Easton- And Yola, it was simply too complex;
 Light-liking love got lockt up in the dark,
 And what should have been funky was all funk.
 Yo, it was a fling, and I have flung it.

Boyd- Say what, you slurring luses of the lie?
 You crooks of your own cheap integrity?
 How dare you lure love from out her bed
 Then swear that she is false cuz she was led?
 Those women whoopt you! Fed you your own face!
 Disgrace cannot be graced by disgrace
 That wise and wordy's difference forgets
 And slams into love's gentle pirouettes!

You loved them then and love them mighty still;
 No slick solution can your love distill!
 Infatuation, co-dependence, mother-substitute,
 All bargain-bulk in place of love's fresh fruit.
 Don't act just like that new-age college crowd,
 That, aging, sighs, 'I've never loved til now,'
 Cuz what is there to fear from love admitting
 Unless you are afraid of love committing?
 A bandaged ego never heals, okay?
 Denying can't deny itself away.
 Let love, that particle accelerator,
 Spin you round, though no one knows wherefor.
 Andras- Boyd, you were as buzzed on love as we were.
 Boyd- I was, Andras, I was, but you still be,
 And by admitting it, from it I'm free.
 Besides, love's lost in loving Pekabo;
 She's every inch intrepid ingenu.
 Andras- These women only love what they can throw away.
 Easton- These women always read things into what I say.
 Tarmac- And love these women? That's to love an actor
 Who craves to play and gets off when she's clapped for.
 Eleuthere- Here swaggers such a comedy of lies
 That brilliant author, Shame, has shut his eyes.
 Boyd- I bet a year's supply of food and booze
 Before we leave these chill and dripping woods,
 You each will be in love up to your waists!
 Tarmac- You're on.
 Easton- You're on.
 Andras- You're on.
 Boyd- Find love, lose face.

Enter Cloice, Teleste, Pekabo, Margrith, Yola.

Eleuthere- Here's your love-disinterests. Don those shades,
 Hug the riverside, and look self-made.
 Teleste- Hello, Andras. I hope that you are well.
 Andras- To hear your hope means I am out of hope,
 Nor can you wish me well, so I am sick.
 Teleste- Sick with what?
 Andras- A germ.
 Teleste- What germ?
 Andras- Betrayal.
 Teleste- Whom have you betrayed?
 Andras- Ask not what you know.
 Teleste- O, you come to fight?
 Andras- No, to seek a cure.

Teleste- Yet, seeking cure, you make the curer sick,
So, lest your virus spread, please leave or die.

Andras- I can't.

Teleste- You can, by copying these tutors:
Forests leave and fathers die.

Andras- Teleste,
I'm tutor perfect for my own demise:
You are my life; to stay, to leave's to die.

Teleste- O, stop.

Andras- Yet I must have a word with you.

Teleste- A word? You are a man without his word.

Andras- I am a man too much of others' words.

Teleste- So how believe who can't believe himself?

Andras- Haven't I believed myself beholden
To lonely do what we have left undone?
How do you want me? Tell me, how, Teleste?
Should I ignore the requisites of work,
400 years of ownership and care
Adhering to our land, my father's call,
The legal system's threat that sends me here
To quickly solve and go? Or should I keep
My own deep aspirations to complete
That fairly unfair service unto you
Which I til now have carried out in stars,
(And it is hard, Teleste, O, it is hard)
A service given in a flash of grief,
A grief, it seems, you serviced in a flash,
To now erect upon contended ground
(So long before your own word said you would),
Some fun-fed, profligate, a-moral sect?

Teleste- A freedom colony!

Andras- Are colonies free?

Teleste- If they don't self-destruct thru perjury.

Andras- How can unpromising freedom keep an oath?

Teleste- Denying obsession and choosing growth.

Andras- Yet growth demands obsession, as you know,
Cuz I, obsessing over you, still grow,
So you, denying growth, still prove me true,
As freedom's lost when it is all you do.

Teleste- What is your business, Andras?

Andras- Eleuthere?

Eleuthere- An issue imminent and worrisome.

Teleste- I will read it.

Andras- May it serve your freedom.

She steps aside and reads. Pekabo comes up.

Pekabo- Boyd, who lied to me in France?
 Boyd- Cheekypoo, who won't with Russians dance?
 Pekabo- Uh, Pekabo.
 Boyd- The girl whose name's a game.
 Pekabo- Still the same, I see?
 Boyd- Much better, actually.
 Pekabo- How was the hospital?
 Boyd- It made me ill.
 Pekabo- Weak constitution?
 Boyd- No, stronger options.
 Pekabo- Have you been a bad boy?
 Boyd- I'm so good, beware.
 Pekabo- Why the shades?
 Boyd- To avoid the glare.
 Pekabo- Did you miss me?
 Boyd- I've yet to shoot.
 Pekabo- Your word's all flex.
 Boyd- I'm a stretch monster of text.
 Pekabo- So many alts, toggle me to your lips.
 Boyd- My lips prefer their own relationship.
 Pekabo- I tried, I tried.
 Boyd- You died, you died.

She backs off.

Teleste- It says here, certain treaties have been raised
 By the Bureau of Indian Affairs,
 Which may regress my land, Ottaquecho,
 And yours, Lac du Flambeau, back to the state,
 Unless some legal intercourse is taken.
 Your father asks I counsel with my mother
 (Which cannot be, for she is indisposed),
 And join his common fund of advocates,
 Who seek a precedent to this treaty
 To be invoked as a concrete defense.
 Further, he requests documentation
 Pertaining to some debts my father owes
 To him, which he intends to balance off
 Against resource recidivary claims,
 And which, he thinks, contain a crucial merit
 Regarding boundaries of pertinent lands
 Left undecided in my father's will.
 A lethal judgement could be rendered soon.
 Well, I know the debts your father mentions,
 And all the borders once in our dispute,

Andras- Yet have the papers showing resolution.
 Teleste- It's those he needs.
 Andras- He has them.
 Eleuthere- Please call up the file, 'Borders: settled.'
 Eleuthere- I'm sorry, sir, we'll have to have them sent
 Overnight; my powerbook is frozen.
 Andras- I'm sure we're free to use these ladies' modem?
 Pekabo- Uh, wo, like, way delete. You said, Teleste,
 We can't allow dehumanizing gadgets
 To trap us in their telephonic chains.
 Freedom, man, once stored, can't be retrieved.

A call comes in.

Cloice- Hello? Mr. McGuffin again.
 Teleste- No calls!
 Andras- My dear Teleste.
 Teleste- O, how my dear Teleste?
 Yours yet misabused? Dear and treated poor?
 How could you, Andras, pull this sleazy gag,
 Masked in threat and debt, severing your oath,
 That oath you made upon my feather's death,
 That father I still mourn, who did so much
 Perform for you (O, crass, ungrateful you),
 All strutting here to press some half-dead claim,
 Entrapping me, my land, my lineage?
 Just go away.
 Andras- I will.
 Teleste- O, where will you?
 Andras- Backward to my life, my isolation,
 Where absence is the present in my dreams,
 Where hunger is the slum-lord of my heart,
 And seeking long relief in quick release
 From you, I single seek my plural part,
 Yet, backward to my life I ever go,
 Unlike last Spring (remember?) when we wowed
 The days with love and always loving chose
 Confluent mood beyond pretensions proud.
 But pardon my sick memory's sentiment
 That blots the mind with what you clear regret,
 For now, by choice or chance, what love might be
 Will never prosper by our perjury,
 And I retreat from you and you from me
 Retreat to your retreat, I bound, you free,
 So backward to my life for you I go,

Teleste- All issues unresolved, though I not so.
 Andras- Andras, wait. There's merit in it?
 Teleste- Yes.
 Teleste- Then keep your entourage within this field
 While I investigate, and fight or yield.
 Andras- This field?
 Teleste- Do not protest. My prequel, you.
 Andras- May free desire govern all you do.

Exit Teleste, Cloice, Margrith, Yola. Boyd steps up.

Boyd- Peak, let's walk.
 Pekabo- You trip enough in talk.
 Boyd- I tease the rabbit to eat her fresh.
 Pekabo- I am the eagle, not the flesh.
 Boyd- Come down. I will climb on.
 Pekabo- You on top? O, yawn.
 Boyd- I ain't no missionary.
 Pekabo- True enough; your mission did miscarry.
 Boyd- I won't bore you.
 Pekabo- I'm not for you.
 Boyd- Still, you're glad I came?
 Pekabo- Why? Half-done, all lame.

She exits, he retreats. Enter Yola.

Yola- Sir, Easton, women, many?
 Eleuthere- Any, girl, any.
 Yola- Any serious?
 Eleuthere- O, he is the dog star.
 Yola- Does he ever mention Yola?
 Eleuthere- By a different name, O, sure.
 Yola- Then I am out.
 Eleuthere- Yet, he could slip you in.
 Yola- You'll give a shout?
 Eleuthere- A groan.
 Yola- I am your friend.

She exits. Enter Margrith.

Margrith- Get me Tarmac.
 Eleuthere- And, which one is he?
 Margrith- The big, the tall, the hard.
 Eleuthere- O, you speak of me.
 Margrith- Is he alone?
 Eleuthere- O, no! He has his hormones.

Margrith- He should share them.
 Eleuthere- Few could bear them.
 Margrith- I can. Help me, I'll help you.
 Eleuthere- You're help-immune, but I will do what's due.

She exits. Enter Pekabo.

Pekabo- So, how bad's Boyd been?
 Eleuthere- So bad that no tongue-twister can outlick him.
 Pekabo- I like 'em bad.
 Eleuthere- Then you like yourself sad.
 Pekabo- You decipher me.
 Eleuthere- Love is my key.
 Pekabo- Smart man, I'll use you more.
 Eleuthere- Misuse is what I'm for.
 Pekabo- Well, I leave the turkey to thanksgiving.
 Eleuthere- Sad but true, in Fall, what leaves is living.

She exits.

Boyd- Fierce babes, fierce babes!
 Andras- You are the one in love.
 Boyd- O, I am not.
 Tarmac- This old bloodhound sniffit it.
 Easton- Who loves who?
 Eleuthere- We have writs to win, not wits to woo.
 Boyd- Arrange, arrange, you tacky florist!
 Eleuthere- Bouquets are ugly in the forest.
 Tarmac- Settle the bet, you shifty rector.
 Easton- Wrecked her? Man, he totalled her!
 Boyd- Go on, company man, give it away:
 Do these women love us?
 Eleuthere- Well, they may.
 Boyd- And who will bite the fish-hook first?
 Eleuthere- He that has the largest mouth.
 Tarmac- Boyd's the first will reach fourth-base.
 Eleuthere- He'll run right into you, so brace.
 Andras- Easton is a swinger; he'll hit homeplate.
 Eleuthere- For the inning of love, it's never too late.
 Easton- Mac'll break his bat and walk on balls.
 Eleuthere- Stop, you are too lewd; your crack appalls.
 Andras- So, Eleuthere, we're ready.
 Eleuthere- But not mature.
 Andras- Educate us, then.
 Eleuthere- Then men, be pure.
 Woman never imparts her need thru parts;

She is of infinite, elusive hearts,
 Which so diffusely grow, their loving mode
 Is fused into this wonderous episode:
 Her body, in the sense that it is seen,
 Transforms itself into a picture screen,
 On which she does a prospect's film project,
 Displaying there the moves that he directs,
 That, seeing there his show, he wants reshow
 Her eye-max light, bright she, his I-less home,
 But, to cite the sight of her inciting site
 And get his light extended thru the night,
 The images he places onto her
 Must get good ratings and be not obscure,
 For woman must the little ones consider,
 While man is only here to make things bigger.

Tarmac- What a hook!
 Eleuthere- I am on you the book.
 Easton- A poet and a pimp.
 Eleuthere- I hovercraft, you limp.
 Boyd- I won't be by woman's wishes led.
 Eleuthere- Let love go to your brain, not to your head.
 Andras- It's getting cold.
 Eleuthere- So find someone to hold.
 Tarmac- Let's gather wood.
 Eleuthere- First, get her in the mood.
 Easton- Quit making puns!
 Eleuthere- I'm making matches.
 Boyd- We need a torch.
 Eleuthere- You droppt it; all is ashes.

All exit.

Scene 4. Enter Dada Misterio di Mistico and Slack.

Mistico- Howl, baby, and rock my soul in the bosom of abandon.
 Slack- Petroleum woman...
 Mistico- O, tender tunes! Zip, you karma techy, and fetch my primal
 squeeze. I wish her to painstake at my pleasure this
 Competitive Manifesto.
 Slack- Chief gonna do that Maximum Fish?
 Mistico- Expound, slipp'ry serpigo. Fish with maxims?
 Slack- No, man, you flipside the track.
 Mistico- So, flap the jack and cut me some, Slack.
 Slack- Well, groovemeister, Maximum Fish is the current mating
 scheme, that desires by denying, and shifting da like dis:
 slouch to show you're proud, droop your pants to claim

some space, spread mascara to look both ways, then sneer a sigh, drag a fly, do bad meds to feel good, and talk the killer stuff to get live action. Who da stockmarket? You. Who da space station? You. Who da j-peg ziggurat? You, cuz you are you. Play that flesh nintendo, pose that show-off secret, say goodbye and get sweetdeal, cuz yawning yin is young yang yen (high game, free ball, low score) in a world that don't know better cuz it wants the best.
Maximum Fish.

Mistico- Where won you such traditions of temptation?
Slack- On my overdraft of indulgence.
Mistico- O, love!
Slack- And so the donkey dies.
Mistico- You call my dear a donkey?
Slack- No, she is a sexy burro (sexin the whole burrough up). I'm speaking of an ethical dilemma.
Mistico- What is that?
Slack- Would you kill your love or the last living donkey?
Mistico- Neither.
Slack- One or the other.
Mistico- I am the other.
Slack- (Other than me, thank someone, and still no one at all).
Mistico- What is the issue?
Slack- The issue is another issue entirely (cuz your piece of ass is a packmule).
Mistico- Hu? What did you mumble?
Slack- I said you are no pachiderm to forget your dear so quickly.
Mistico- O, you remind me.
Slack- (Remind the mindless? Not.)
Mistico- Go, young dude, and rope my frisky filly.
Slack- Yep, life's a kick.
Mistico- Halt! Why is life a kick?
Slack- Cuz I'll get kickt, you'll get your kicks, (and your filly feels the foal kick inside her), so, life's a kick.
Mistico- Slack, you are too swift. Can you be honest?
Slack- Sure (if I can lie).
Mistico- Do I, el Senor, show signs of lust or love?
Slack- Straight up, no chaser, Chief. Lust is love, with more hip options.
Mistico- But O, you victim of youth! Is not love a life-lens, clear and amplifying, while lust is bleak and ornery, like livestock?
Slack- Choplogic, Chief, it ain't like ya say.
Mistico- The burbon of proof is yours.
Slack- In lust, you're free to dine and dash,
In love, you're bound to dash and dine,
So lust is self-expanding cash,

And love's a shrinking credit line.
 Mistico- Strong stock, jingle juggler.
 Slack- Calm as a bomb.
 Mistico- A bomb, you cloam of chaos? Bombs are not calm.
 Slack- You bomb believing so, boss.
 Mistico- Jangle on.
 Slack- A bomb unbombed is calm,
 Cuz calm in bomb is fused,
 But a bomb bombed is calm,
 Cuz calm is bomb defused.
 Mistico- O, my quick no-see-um, you flit fantabulous! I light your
 firecracker with a goodluck shakra noogy. Boom, cool cat!
 Slack- Me ow.

Slack exits.

Mistico- Must hoot spontaneous beat poem atop mental appaloosa,
 Sherbert Hunky, to capture female attention and achieve
 second coming.

Orgone Congo telephone
 Signal to my psychic buttocks
 That my cackling chrism clown
 Infuse her tantric ticklish pita
 With neon ethnic dish of nothingness!

Now, must smoke wishpipe, filch smoke, suck wind, and
 wait.

Enter Slack and Malvena.

Slack- Check it out, Chief. A bad root's havin' a good time.
 Mistico- Some joke? Some punchline? Some relief? Set it up, and I
 will smash it.
 Malvena- Not choked, not puncht, just a cramp, a cramp from
 running away from Plunk. O, pain relievers, please, some
 pain relievers!
 Mistico- Lands alive, my rack o' ribs is clanking! Sit, you dogged
 smiles, sit! My bobbling lymphs contort me to a goofy
 monsterman! Slack, does my maple weaf take choke for
 joke, puncht for punchline, and pain reliever for comic
 relief?
 Slack- Whatever the joke is, it's on you.
 Mistico- The joke, you boob-tuber, is a form of discourse that
 resolves a foreknown situation with a surprise sequel. For
 instance, knock knock.

Slack- Go away.
Mistico- No, you say who's there.
Slack- I know it's you.
Mistico- Pretend you don't.
Slack- Okay.
Mistico- Knock knock.
Slack- Who's there?
Mistico- The farmer's daughter.
Slack- O, come in.
Mistico- Say farmer's daughter who?
Slack- Is this a dead baby joke?
Mistico- Farmer's daughter who!
Slack- Farmer oughta farm and not be knockin farmer's daughter.
Malvena- Go Slack, go Slack!
Mistico- Too political, too personal.
Malvena- I'll set it up, then see who busts it best.
Mistico- Me first.
Malvena- A pig, a dog, and a rubber snake
All fell into the mud.
Mistico- Then they screamed, 'Can someone help?'
And the cow replied, 'I cud.'
Malvena- Cud? O cud! That's good! O, cud is good!
Mistico- That gag's for you.
Slack- No! He loses the gist by missing the point. I will hit it. Pull.
Malvena- A pig, a dog, and a rubber snake
All fell into the mud.
Slack- Then the dog asked, 'How'd you come clean?'
And the pig replied, 'I stud.'
Malvena- Stud? O, stud is better! I like stud.
Slack- He chews, I gnash.
Malvena- Me now.
Mistico- My dainty daisy duke, do not infect yourself.
Malvena- You dirty Bosshog, don't infect me. Spin it, Slack!
Slack- A pig, a dog, and a rubber snake
All fell into the mud.
Malvena- Then the pigdog cried, 'Why didn't you work?'
And the rubbersnake said, 'I dud.'
Slack- TKO!
Malvena- With a bite to the ear.
Slack- She beat you (again).
Mistico- What tangle snags my crampons of love?
Malvena- The tangle of my being a woman now,
Cuz though in running away from Plunk there came my
crippling cramp on,
It happens to be the time of month when I require a
tampon.

Mistico- O, my candid candy corn, you do revalve my heart, and I wish to win your toasties with beebop jam.

Slack- Here come Ol' Cap'n Trips
With his heat-seeking ships.

Mistico- Ya, I love good go-go beer,
Beer O bippity bop bam boom,
And poetry slams, O, slippity slop,
But Oo, my ladybug, lovechug, babydoll,
I love you more spread out on the floor,
Cuz you're my soulfood centerfold,
So funky and fine, sayin ya like ya.

Malvena- Geez, no wonder I'm doubled over in pain.

Mistico- Take this planar message medium endowed with private scribble, and by the bottomfeed of the sensuous bulky heat, or midnight, slip word that you will cease and decist from that minor Nozemokeen. To sway you gently to me, here's my amortization.

He hands her his credit card.

Mistico- Take it to the limit, one more time.

Malvena- Yes, sir!

Mistico- Slack, hit the dirt.

Slack- No way, she'd hit me back.

Mistico and Slack exit.

Malvena- Amortization? I'll cyst and decease, no problem. You plastic. Me plastic swiper. Mighty Morphins, charge! Amortization! You want a disney in this dump? This covers that. O, sleep, I sell you out! Amortization!

Enter Pekabo.

Pekabo- O, my wild child, an expedient mistake.

Malvena- Tell me, mam, what's amortization?

Pekabo- O, a negotiable instrument that borrows to furnish itself then owes it all to returns, much like love.

Malvena- Refund, please!

Pekabo- Malvena, wait. Can you do something a-sap?

Malvena- These trees ain't got no sap, cuzza that asit rain.

Pekabo- No, stupid, I mean a-s-a-p.

Malvena- True, I'm stupid. I flunkt the a-s-a-p.

Pekabo- As soon as possible!

Malvena- And when is that?

Pekabo- Now, perhaps?

Malvena- Well, then, it's done. Later.
 Pekabo- Wait, you pain! Take this letter here.
 Malvena- Here it is. So long.
 Pekabo- Malvena, no!
 Take it to those men outside the gate
 And place it sneaky in the rugged hands
 Of he whose stormy eyes with glances cause
 The girlish earth to bloom and babble Boyd.
 O, take my Mastercard and shop til ya drop.
 Malvena- Wag, a massacard? Yes, massacard. Dupity dog, this day's
 a bone, and I will get fresh digs. Amortization! Massacard!
 As soon as profitable, mam, it will get done.
 Blundercluster!

Malvena exits.

Pekabo- Damn, I am in love! Strange in my own skin,
 Cuz I am me, yet I'm not what I've been:
 A riotgirl on the downtown scene,
 The mother of my mind, a Trampoline,
 Who bounced into the tapas bar of lust
 And came out screaming more, her palate flusht.
 But now, to be a nervous, quiet girl,
 Whose only question is 'will my bangs curl?'
 Or 'will he look at me?' or 'will he ask?'
 Or 'should I swear?' or 'does he like my laugh?'
 Love? O, love's an artificial sweetener,
 Always old and yet sixteen forever,
 A tigerbeat, a soggy note to Sassy,
 A heavy heart that sighs, "O, I am empty,"
 A kitten that can't sleep or move or eat,
 And craves a letter sweater in her heat!
 O, how can I love, accept dependency,
 Put a v-chip on my eccentricity,
 Strap on the straight-jacket fidelity,
 And drowning in the phlegm of normalcy,
 Lie down to drown in choked monogamy.
 And, worse than worst, it is hypocrisy!
 O, I am what? Foresworn? No. Perjured? No.
 Life's no outdated play and terms must grow.
 I am weak, I submit, O, I give in,
 And to a man? More like a mannequin,
 Born stiff, putting on, all but what you see,
 Yet still too stiff to see that he's a dummy!
 And I adore of these the most devoid?
 Were style wealth, a beggar be that Boyd,

Speaking sibillant syllables round his word,
 And, no doubt, dipping deepdish undeterred.
 But still, he is a boy in action made,
 As milk is milkt, lip lipt, as plays replayd,
 So I am psycht to relive May dismayed,
 To pass from boys to Boyd, to be his one,
 To lose at loving's game of zero sum.
 In playing love, the more you try to not
 Commit, the more commitment tries your thought,
 And from progressive freedom you digress,
 Compulsion posing as impulsiveness.
 Cuz though love is a lie, denying desire,
 In this distortion I am most like nature:
 Light? Prizmization. Matter? Fabrication.
 Gravity? Persuasion. Growth? Exaggeration!
 Every body acts as if it's special,
 Yet every creature is a cannibal,
 As cow-headed man kills man-headed cow,
 In an ever-ending, meat-eating now.
 So, lying to be true to what I am,
 Let others love themselves; I love my man.

Pekabo exits.

Scene 5. Enter Boyd.

Boyd- What is this funny feeling freaking me?
 I'm hot, I'm cold, my pulse is up, I drowse,
 My thoughts are like teenagers on angeldust,
 And every cell in me grabs at the wheel.
 Am I in love? No way! I'm over that!
 I read love's rules, took charge, and shut it down!
 I do not sue to love, I prosecute.
 I do not catch love illness, I prescribe.
 I ain't some lyric lover; I live epics.
 Love's a business: keep it in the black,
 And when it turns all red, give it the pinkslip.
 I'm that little gate at Macrohard,
 Warren Bluff-it, Howard of her Hues,
 A forward in the NBA of love,
 Jordan of alley-oops, Rodman on the rebound,
 Never on the bench cuz I be bustin!
 But O, have I outplayed my powerprime
 And bankrupt millions into one But O?
 But no! I can't. I bet, and if I flop,
 Those hogs'll drag me thru my selfish slop.

Ah, I do not love that problem child,
 Liz Unfair, Drew Burymen, Courtney Shove,
 Ms. Anarchy in the Booty Pageant,
 That scud Miss Ill makes chemical war seem fun;
 More buff than beautiful, she's bufft her some;
 Why, she's as fresh and tasteful as old soup!
 Ya, but I'm a veggie in that can,
 An alphabetic noodle of a man,
 Who honest knows he's never loved, til now.
 How break a fix? I'm junky for that girl.
 My needle is her needs; my smack, her smack,
 And though her sweets can sting, her nod say no,
 Then slip away, all splendour suffering,
 This paradox is our mainline of love:
 Her rage is to my troubled mind relaxment.
 Insanity's a dancer, trained and true,
 That wishes it could thrash like Pekabo.
 O, well, I love her, so I'm like whatever.
 Pekabo, I see you, hopefully forever.

Enter Tarmac, Easton, Andras, Eleuthere, and Early. Boyd hides.

Tarmac-	I saw one!
Easton-	Where?
Eleuthere-	Gentlemen, attention.
Andras-	So, groundskeeper Early, where might Teleste Spread out her towel to tan in privacy?
Early-	Maybe over there, but I ain't certain.
Andras-	Well, the records will arrive tomorrow, And then we'll leave this frigid, virgin tract. But now, before it's dark, show me the spot Where I can score a young white-tail doe.
Early-	A big man like yourself should tag a buck.
Andras-	Big, but just a buck? Man, denied the doe? Small big, poor man to have to hunt like so.
Early-	Excuse me?
Andras-	Why a buck and not a doe?
Early-	The law says, get a doe, you're done for the year.
Easton-	Da man says, have the dough, the law will not come near.
Early-	But off a buck and you can get its rack.
Andras-	My racks off on a buck? Wo, step back.
Early-	I don't get it.
Andras-	Not from me you don't.
Eleuthere-	But I get 'big man.'
Tarmac-	Not from me you won't.
Early-	Now I get it.

Andras- Who gave it to you?
 Early- Him.
 Andras- Eleuthere, you givin it?
 Eleuthere- When, O, when?
 Easton- When you said 'I get big man.'
 Eleuthere- Then, O, then.
 Andras- Now I will give it straight, and not for fun,
 And hope he gets me; big man need big gun.
 Early- Big man got big gun.
 Tarmac- He's a big man too?
 Andras- Big man share big gun?
 Eleuthere- With me, not with you.
 Easton- Mister Navarre, a decorated marksman,
 Assumed he would employ your hunting stock.
 Early- Assumin', is he?
 Andras- With sharp-shooting sense,
 Cuz secreting your sense that I can't shoot,
 I shot you with my tongue in your nonsense,
 And showed my skill to hit an unskilled secret.
 Easton- Luck or skill?
 Tarmac- Skill and luck.
 Eleuthere- A buck for the gun?

Eleuthere hands him money.

Early- A gun for a buck.

Early gives Andras the gun.

Andras- So, now in sport I show my serious skill
 And spilling other blood prove mine is still.
 Perhaps I'll hit a deer, a man, Teleste,
 And lose my freedom winning this contest,
 A risk befits this age of competition,
 When toxic greed is seen as growth's nutrition.
 If some endangered thing, I'll pay the bill;
 More precious it to all, the less my will.
 Why live responsibly, when death does not?
 Shoot the stranger or be a stranger shot.
 I pull (law never itchy finger froze),
 And let the carcass be what luck has chose,
 Cuz care, being most careful, is least free,
 And man's no man if men make him unmanly.

Andras shoots. Boyd jumps out.

Boyd-	Yo!
Early-	No deer!
Boyd-	I am to myself!
Andras-	Boyd, what are you doing in the woods?
Boyd-	What do you think I'm doing in the woods?

Enter Malvena.

Malvena-	Squeeze me, sirs.
Easton-	You'd pop.
Eleuthere-	No, she'd pop you.
Malvena-	I said, excuse me, sirs.
Andras-	Yes, little girl?
Malvena-	Who's the boy that makes the earth a baby?
Tarmac-	That depends.
Malvena-	On what?
Eleuthere-	On dependents.
Malvena-	Who's the boy that makes the earth give birth?
Eleuthere-	All in fact.
Easton-	None in court.
Tarmac-	Earth? Never met her.
Malvena-	I mean, sirs, who is the biggest man here?
Eleuthere-	He is, little girl.
Malvena-	Then who is?
Eleuthere-	I said, he is, little girl.
Malvena-	And I said, then who is, cuz if he's a little girl, he can't be the biggest man.
Andras-	I am the biggest man, and you're the little girl.
Malvena-	Prove it.
Easton-	Got a ruler?
Malvena-	No, I am unruly.
Andras-	The proof is in the saying.
Malvena-	The proof is in the putting.
Tarmac-	Well put.
Easton-	Too quick. Let it cruise.
Eleuthere-	This girl is bad.
Malvena-	And very good at it, sir.
Andras-	Little girl, may I ask your purpose?
Malvena-	To deliver a letter.
Andras-	To whom?
Malvena-	To a boy.
Andras-	Then your letter's not my letter.
Malvena-	Then my letter is your litter.
Andras-	And how is that?
Malvena-	If you the man denies a girl's letter, Then you the man that gave the girl a litter.

Easton- Ouch, Lolita Bobbitt's got a hatchet!
 Tarmac- A well delivered, lettered litter. Watch it!
 Eleuthere- If she throws a party, do not catch it.
 Andras- Your letter, little girl.
 Malvena- For Boyd, little boy.
 Andras- O, Boyd is busy, but I work for him.
 Give it to me, and I will relay it.
 Easton- Get it from her, and you won't relay it.

Andras gets the letter from Malvena.

Andras- Eleuthere, please cut it open.
 Eleuthere- I will wack it off.

Eleuthere opens it.

Eleuthere- A hack, O, what a hack!
 Andras- Read it, would you?
 Eleuthere- You undone, I do.

*"A spectre is haunting my heart - the spectre of
 competition. For what? For you. Who you? My love.
 What's love? The egg of life. How many eggs? One egg.
 How many lives? O, millions. Lovers of the world, unite!"*

*For I have seen the best signs of my imagination dragged
 screaming and nude thru the fast food malls of nuclear
 America.*

*Succulent, savory, sensuous snapshots of you!
 You who yelp like a Chippewa coyote to my rhutebega in
 the sky!
 You who devour my divine leftovers with mystic, dancing
 utensils!
 You who are holy! Holy your toes! Holy your shins! Holy
 your thighs! Holy your vulva! Holy your mammalies! Holy
 your head! Holy holy holy full of holes O you are wholly
 holy!*

*I sing the body selective. I sing of the sweatlodge of my
 loins, warmed by you alone. I sing of the corn in my
 combine, shuckt by you alone. I sing of the musics
 metangelic moaned by you alone! Click, my magic cricket!
 Soar back, my Spread Eagle! Come, my eternal compost of
 expression!*

Signed, he who was formerly Insignifo di Nudomania,

Beanpaste Powerbar, Buddhabrahma in Babybeing, and so on thru the sounds, your servant, your master, your man, your woman, Dada Misterio di Mistico.

No I say no my silly froth O yes I say yes my swoony song O no my libido O yes my albedo yes to my wish no to my shish No no my kabob Yes yes my nabob O yes yes yes my karma O no no no my schwarma no my umble yes my humble yes my mumble no my numble no my body, my sack of stuff, but yes to soul, my gotham amok, O no to all, but yes to you, O yes O yes O yes to you O let the hickies begin, O no O yes!"

Tarmac-	Wo! Is this man stoned?
Eleuthere-	Yes and no!
Easton-	I am after hearing it.
Eleuthere-	I am after reading it!
Andras-	Who is this moloch of mixing metaphor?
Eleuthere-	I believe, and my belief is rarely baseless, This howling hick, this cosmic eggplant, This yapping yippy, this demented mentor Runs a free-love hostel on the hill.
Boyd-	What tramp would ever be his follower?
Malvena-	Who's the tramp, sir, but he who tramples her?
Andras-	Young lady, where's this from?
Malvena-	From a friend of Teleste.
Andras-	Which friend of Teleste?
Malvena-	I dunno if she's a witch, but her name is Pekabo, this here's her letter, and the man she loves is a loverboy named Boyd.
Andras-	This letter's been miscarried.
Malvena-	I am bound to deliver.
Andras-	True enough. Here, man, use it as you can. Someday, it will speak to you. Gamekeeper, whereto now?
Early-	Right to life, left to die.

Early and Andras exit.

Eleuthere-	Shall I go pull your lover's lever, sir?
Boyd-	What is she, your slot machine?
Eleuthere-	Yes. She comes up lemons.
Boyd-	That's because you play her.
Eleuthere-	I am the house.
Boyd-	You lay the odds. There, I win it.
Eleuthere-	The odds are I get even. There, I win it.
Boyd-	How, if I won't beat you?
Eleuthere-	Simple. I defeat you.

Boyd- Defeat? Better footless than faceless.
 Eleuthere- Defaced. Better bred than breadless.
 Easton- Boyd is stuck.
 Tarmac- Nip and tuck!
 Boyd- I will win it. Deal.
 Eleuthere- Deal with this:
 Though this letter's love is lame,
 You're in love and lose the game.
 I win it, I win it, I win it.
 Boyd- You spin it, you spin it, you spin it.
 Where's your proof?
 Eleuthere- In your spoof.
 Boyd- I see you. Show it, then.
 Eleuthere- I said, shall I go pull love's lever?
 You said, she, your slot machine?
 So, my proof is you would never
 Stand up for a feminine
 Were she not your lover.
 Easton- O, he wins it!
 Boyd- He ad hominem's it,
 And by proving, contradicts it.
 Eleuthere- So pull the trigger, and rule it.
 Malvena- No guns, O, please, no guns! If one of you got shot, Plunk
 would find me here, and I'd have to spend the whole night
 in my room! Fight, but keep it quiet.
 Boyd- You said, shall I go pull love's lever.
 I said, she, your slot machine?
 So, my proof is I will ever
 Stand up for a feminine
 Who is not my lover.
 Tarmac- O, that wins it!
 Malvena- No, a tie!
 Easton- Yes, a tie in Bangkok.
 Eleuthere- The gamble of love cannot be lost,
 For it wins by showing.
 Boyd- The dice of love cannot be tossed,
 For they come by going.
 Eleuthere- O, you hit the jackpot, but too hard.
 Tarmac- Boyd, he is the no-holds bard.
 Easton- Boyd, his avant has no garde.
 Boyd- Boys, my dis is your regard.
 Malvena- Now, on you skilletts, I spread the lard:
 This chumpchange rhymolicious poker
 Proves you bulldogs wear a choker,
 Cuz it is all the remix of
 The stupid fact you are in love.

Eleuthere- Well, the local junior is a giant!
Tarmac- She should be more deaf, and less defiant.
Easton- Such a self should not be self-reliant.

Eleuthere's phone rings.

Eleuthere- The last rhyme: someone's father is our client.

They exit.

Boyd- O, weave a web with me, my spidergirl,
And give this note to precious Pekabo,
The verging stream that makes my current swirl,
Then whisper to her inner-ear, I love you.

Boyd gives her a letter and exits.

Malvena- I love you? Sorry, man, but I don't say that.
These thinkin-types don't know where love is at.
Repeating stuff's their aphrosleaziac,
This says that and that says this right back.
It's money jazz, dubs of mythic volt,
Electrific technobutterbolt!
Speakin which, I got these cards to crunch.
Amortization? That's big word for free lunch.
I'll score some wickety-wack chewbacca root,
Noze'll teach that fly reverb dispute,
And we'll rave in the cave! Me, provider!
It's a wide, wide world, but I'm wider.

She exits.

Scene 6. Enter Beauregard, Ramsuchit, Deepu, and Plunk.

Ramsuchit- Very peaceful hunting, and performed in a state of perfect
bloodfulness.
Beauregard- The deer is, as we know, passé, or dead, which, au besoin, I
term a case of nomoentelechy, being etymon in ens, is it
not? For the origin of deer is dhvamsati, or to expire, as you
know, thus the pneuma, or breath, via the thanatic
projectile, or bullet, of the homo absconditus, or, yes, quite
simply, hidden human, expired, if I may, chaotically,
into the continuum, the space, or, in this instance, the air.
Ramsuchit- A beautiful phrase for a beautiful death, Professor
Beauregard.
Beauregard- And a beautiful buck, Ramsuchit, de tout point.

Plunk- Wo, nelly! That buck had least ten points if I'm a day!

Beauretard- Bigottismo inconsapevole! Or, should I say, mutatio magnifico, or, rather, constructive deconstruction, to foster ten points from my de tout point. Bravo, Private Plunk!

Plunk- Hey, I know my game.

Ramsuchit- Observe, Professor, this man. Moss, soil, and rodents are his mother. Mistakes are his meditation. He makes clumsy love to truth. Nearly dead, he is close to life. Little hope, large thoughts, quite duhti, this is he. But you and I, Professor, what are we, with our sports cars, our royalties, our neologisms, beside this enlightened insect.

Beauretard- This bumpkin Buddha!

Ramsuchit- This conscious plant.

Beauretard- This Catskills Christ!

Ramsuchit- Who is so here and now, one must wonder where he is.

Deepu- Bless my Rishi for his blessing. All is one.

Beauretard- D'accord, Ramsuchit. Natura facit saltum. Mama, jump! We are the university, he is universality. We, authors; he, others. We are but tenured; he is free.

Ramsuchit- O, to be blank and mindless.

Beauretard- Oui oui, I say. This homme moyen sensuel, this hunk, this clod, this drone bee of our political comb, this specimen of ineducabilia, yea! he suffereth no hypothalamic stress (cogito, ergo dumb!), and in the vein of the great Walt Whitman (read walt, power; whitman, homonym/hominid), I must cry 'Speak, you complex simpleton!'

Plunk- O, I get it now. You all college boys.

Beauretard- An inference from externalities? Olé! Perhaps you mean collage boys, menschen gemischt, cerebral frottage, or brain bumping, as it were? Quasi? Quasi?

Plunk- Allrighty then, if you so smart, tell me why the chicken crosst the road.

Beauretard- Aufhebung, Private Plunk, Aufhebung.

Plunk- What's ouchybung?

Ramsuchit- Yu woo.

Plunk- Woo who?

Ramsuchit- Being non-being.

Plunk- Being what?

Ramsuchit- Being, friend, an attempt at positive negation, to achieve brahma patha, to reach the other side.

Plunk- O, ya, that's right. To reach the other side.

Ramsuchit- Is this humor worthy of history, Professor?

Beauretard- Au contraire, Ramsuchit! I fear no open canon. Yon berzerkers, fire! I am asbestos! Such tohu bohu agon, such paramimesis logou, such boogity boogity shoes, (waxing wacky for a moment), bring jouissance, nay, brio to our

static socius, and, being a free thinker, I shout motto blotto est, or, ya, party on, Plunk.
Deepu- May I freeze to debt seeking darshan of your shivatic lingam, Processor. All is one.

Enter skunk.

Ramsuchit- The skunk, Deepu, the skunk! Chase and be very nimble!
Deepu- I am choosing stunk, Rishi, and I am very simple. All is one.

Exit, chasing skunk.

Beauretard- Well, toodaloo Deepu! Wise Ramsuchit, stimulated, I poke, I prod, I probe: why should this mensch, your inimitable initiate, ambulate anent the spilogale putorius, or, flashing quotidien, chase the skunk, when, in our milieu verbale, we retract or animadvert from the fetid polecat quadruped. Pewy, no?
Ramsuchit- Humility rituals, Professor. Once a successful doctor, he is now subservient Deepu, yet still he clings too strongly to the ego. Therefore, he must eat rice, wear rags, surrender his finances, leave his family, sexually abstain, speak with an accent, use no articles, say 'all is one' after every phrase, and experience savage inequalities, for as is taught in Think Stink, a reasonably priced seminar on my 60 acre transcendental complex, Karma Mart, pain is peace, suffering is success, and wish we Krishna visit us, we must be his stool.
Beauretard- Cowabunga! Il faut la tolerer, sayeth mon frere Montaigne, or, in the clutch of coffee, to each his scone. O, a quip!
Plunk- Where?
Beauretard- In my genius, Private Plunk, in my genius!

Enter Deepu.

Deepu- Deepu try catch stink, Rishi, but stink catch Deepu first. All is one.
Beauretard- Dispendious olfactive cunctation!
Plunk- Jersey Crust, man, go take a tomato juice bath!
Ramsuchit- Go, Deepu! You stink!
Deepu- Deepu happy now he stink for Rishi. All is one.

Deepu exits.

Beauretard- O, I smell new patois! Tomato for tomato? Dialect! Voici!

Voici!

Plunk- Blahsy blahsy's right. That man needs more bathing, and less blabbing.

Beauretard- Yet your method of expression?

Plunk- My method of direction is away from me.

Beauretard- Yet your method of construction?

Plunk- My method of correction is the bath.

Beauretard- Dear sir, your earholes are too small for me.

Plunk- Dear sir, did I invite you in my earholes?

Ramsuchit- Our senses grow clogged with the mucus of meaning.

Beauretard- Shall I, Ramsuchit, to clear our nasal and nousel passages, extemporize an ontologic puzzle, proving the subjectivity of all perception, and to further extol the unread, I will explain therein the inflation of de tout point to ten point buck, as a polynomial for the animal which the young celeb has slaughtered?

Ramsuchit- We welcome your chee, Professor, your energy.

Beauretard- A de tout point becomes ten point
Via a mishearing, or otosis,
This pointless point becomes a joint
In the buck's assessment, or prognosis,
For joints unite, and unity
Is nothing but a binary undone,
The former being symmetry,
The latter a design of null and one,
And thus, the Private, hearing me
Express le mot francaise for all, or tout,
Altered through disunity
A one beside a zero out of two.

Ramsuchit- Incredible, Professor! O, what pun!

Plunk- If that's a pun, look how this punjab jabs him with a pun.

Beauretard- O, it's nothing really, just dumb old me. My mind is a machine, stufft with images, sounds, nodes, links, series, smudges, metaphors, and projections. A CEO of schwah, a JFK of conspiring ABC's, I scan the text, jostle it in my associative centers, and put out upon the dumpy day's demand. My facility is fresh, though the faculty ancient, for, as we say at the Publishing Club, esprit de l'escalier, I am too late.

Plunk- And as we say at the VF Dub, if the whole world kisst your ass, you'd be mighty chappt.

Enter Nozemokeen and Malvena.

Nozemokeen- Plunk!
Plunk- What?

Nozemokeen- You smoke my skunkweed?
 Plunk- Maybe, maybe not.
 Malvena- Live long and prosper, Vulcans!
 Beauretard- Vol-cans? What, do I spew?
 Nozemokeen- Just don't inhale, na'h mean?
 Beauretard- Inhale? Yo, we're chillin?
 Malvena- Chillin, sir? What's chillin? Speak more plainly.
 Beauretard- Speak planely? Muy bien. In whose blackbox is my
 mayday recorded?
 Malvena- I give up. By what black socks is your heyday distorted?
 Beauretard- O, more lawless letters from this tarty smarty pants!
 Malvena- Exactly! This letter is illegal. Grade it, Spock.

She hands him the letter.

Beauretard- Qua? An assignment? Un poeme! Differance! AEIOU
 (Whoever AE is!) O, that's funny. No, I'm funny. I'm
 guilty of the pun, so punish me. Babble, bubble, bauble,
 bible, I repeat til I am peat. Mais, un coup de des, un coup
 de des...

La chair est triste, hélas!
 Et j'ai lu tous les livres.

O, sweet Stephane, yes, oui oui, my skin is sad and I've
 bought all the books. But, Ramsuchit, bitte, bitte, let your
 kundalini rise to the occasion, feign the fabler, cruise the
 code, and solmate to my sentient pod. Thus speak thou, my
 Zarathustra, my tekhnikotate Theuth!

Ramsuchit- Void of obligation, I oblige.

To freely live, so am I to you bound;
 Emotion is a crisis manifest,
 As I must find myself upon your ground,
 And fly in fall to reach your winter nest.
 If I, by choosing you, should lose my choice,
 My choice, by losing you, knew not to choose,
 And if my thoughts are now your other voice,
 By speaking I no words on you will lose.
 For self must lapse that self to self may give,
 And dreams are death that won't with others live,
 Yet everyone is someone else reversed,
 And nothing lasts if love is never first,
 So let us leave this struggle to be free,
 And love the struggle to be you and me.

Ramsuchit- Very pretty, I think.

Beauretard- Tant pis, I must aver! Let me parse the mis-en-scene. O, vers libre, or death! My red pen! My red pen! For its ithyphallic stiffness, its puerile inversions, its Elizabethan ethics, and its overuse of I, I give a begrudging C minus. In your next foray, Miss Thing, ante not so high in the alphabet.

Malvena- Ickity spit, I won't.

Nozemokeen- Mock speed, Uhuru.

They exit.

Ramsuchit- Professor, you are monsoon. The children play, you send them in. They run free, you hold them to it. In fact, one of my female members...

Beauretard- Ramsuchit, si vous plais, no talky talky of the female members. Harrassment is my department. An innocent crack, a pleasantry! Some incredible eidolon must meandrine the isochronic dudgeon, no? It is high art, not low crime.

Ramsuchit- You, Professor, you.

Beauretard- Tonight, my fellow socialists, I fete the Dean of Independent Studies at that fine intellectual butchery, Meat and Greet. The sauce is piquant, the veal facile, and the company piercing Dartmouths uber alles! But, Ramsuchit, your vegan vows!

Ramsuchit- Quite alright, Professor. Being above the fleshly realm, I may chew the fat. We must make patient haste in our satori.

Beauretard- Festina lente!

Ramsuchit- On what will you be lecturing, may I ask?

Beauretard- The topic shall be 'Capitalism vs. Communism: man exploiting man, or vice versa?' Brave little soldier, en facon de parler, you may stand at attention, at the table.

Plunk- I'd rather sit in pig putty on the farm.

Beauretard- Fret you not. I'll clear the check. Exeunt, and educate!

All exit.

Scene 7. Enter Pekabo.

Pekabo- O, fuck me! Where's my head? Andras carves a stag, I carve myself. My eyes, pinned on Boyd's butt. My nose, snooping after Boyd. My ears, mobile parentheses, cramm'd with the brogue of Boyd! Should? Be free. Would? Be his. O, fuck me! What is love? It put my moodring on his finger, it is a pet become a pest, its hieroglyphic reads, 'inscrutable.' Yet here I'm screwed into

the hope to hear 'O, be my baby.' Googoogoo, oooooo, boohooohoo, that's the onus of love. Sucking his prolix pacifier, I starve. Pigeontoed, I advance into myself. Dresst in darling blues and pinks, I feel like a bruise. Life is a slanted playground, full of fun and danger, where little terrors learn love's ropes, swing the swings, slide the slides, over and under, (O, sweet redundancy!) until some pheromone frisbee comes and hits you in the face, and Boyd! A fat lip never felt so fine. Yep, I'm fuckt, and so strung out, my hope is in the rope. Well, hopefully my heavy metal messenger roped my man. Who's here? No sight, no fright.

Enter Teleste.

Teleste- O, you!
Pekabo- Teleste? Sick or seduced? Yes! The daughters
Of liberty are children of the sun!
Burn the globe to goo, you gaseous O!

Teleste writes.

O, when will I beside you finally rest
And lay in love to lift our sharing breath
Thru some new ancient story, to impress
Complicity, the swimming breast to breast,
That touching we may never more apart
Forget that where you stop I simply start,
Speaking to complete the other's saying,
Moving to be captured in your playing,
When passions hidden to be passion found
Among the misdirections of our past
Direct us to some secretive surround
And mend our broken trust with some new cast,
Where we, the only lovers worth the name,
Become the one that we alone became.

Teleste- By this note, he'll run with me, or from me.
How tell him of my plan? Strong stick, speak soft,
But scream out Andras! What, visitors? Hide.

Teleste hides. Enter Yola.

Teleste- Yola? Mumbling? Sobbing? Something's up.
Pekabo- True. The teller's trappt in her own stick-up.
Yola- O, freedom, let me go!

Teleste- Is love contagious?
 Pekabo- No, but you are caught, you retrovirus.
 Yola- I hate this place, and feel so alone.
 Pekabo- Be soothed. Your hate has trickt you to a mate,
 For you are hated by the thing you hate.
 Yola- Teleste is like some granny on her throne!
 Pekabo- O, a direct hit! You sunk her friendship!
 Yola- And Pekabo.
 Pekabo- Uh oh.
 Yola- Fashion failure.
 Pekabo- A surface wound! O, nothing hurts more!
 Yola- I love Easton!
 Pekabo- And forget your little sis,
 Desiring that swank mysoginist.
 Yola- This note is too on top. It will scare him.
 I'll write a more submissive, needy poem.
 Pekabo- Love's fight song is a whimper to be beaten,
 Cuz losing it is every lover's dream.

Yola writes.

In the sensuous season of the night
 When the dreamy dark outlives the light,
 The little lilting waterlily seed
 Is by her bulb of burden freshly freed,
 For soaking thru her swollen, sticky stalk
 A vital, viril, violating bock
 Drags her down into the dappled deep
 To settle in the snoozy sludge to sleep.
 Yet there, beneath the hard and heartless ice,
 She waits upon a pounding paradise,
 When her soaring, streaking sun will rise
 And glare on her with glorious, golden eyes,
 That in her precious pods of pabulum
 She sprouts new waterlilies, summerspun,
 As once again her eager petals spread
 And drink the East, her blaze, her beam, her bed.

Pekabo- O, this love's a lulled alliterator.
 It's puppy love, going on the paper!
 We are much demented now as space;
 One more, we'll have a time.

Enter Margrith, hugging trees.

Margrith- O, Tarmac, yes!

Pekabo- Why even ask for time? It comes for free.
 Margrith- This sap I sip as if your seeping sop.
 Pekabo- O, sappy shame. When will desire stop?
 Margrith- You're so strong, so big, so hard, so tasty!
 Pekabo- I was right. Creation's enemy is the tree.
 Margrith- And so famous!
 Yola- Loaded!
 Teleste- So important!
 Pekabo- These women are manic! They have sappt themselves!
 Margrith- I am in love.
 Yola- Me too.
 Teleste- Me three.
 Pekabo- What for?
 Margrith- If I can win my lover with this entry,
 He'll take me from this stupid colony.
 Pekabo- Like a hidden camera, I
 Their pin numbers classify,
 Which I later will recount
 To deplete their pride account.

Margrith writes.

Margrith- Mac, you got it, so make it work.
 Lovin is your job, and I'm the perk.
 O, fireman, come set me free,
 And hose these hot pants offa me!
 Sure, I said I'd take a break,
 So break me then, and it's a take.
 Yes, I swappt my fame for freedom,
 So I am free to swap again.
 Life demands the basic ways?
 Do me now is a basic phrase.
 A woman needs a room her own?
 This virgin wolf is home alone.
 As female, I'm a feminist.
 As male, you're a masculinist,
 So let's make humans on my back!
 If love is war, Big Mac, attack!

Teleste- What am I when I see myself and wince?
 Pekabo- The flag of Sorry State, whippt on fraudulence.

Yola pops out.

Yola- Well done, girl! You've proven love a lush,
 And banged all solid plans into a mush!

O, gross! I hope that's sap upon your face!
How gracious I am free of such disgrace.

Teleste pops out.

Teleste- You, sister, free? You who enter weeping
And cursing freedom? You who hate this place?
You and your submissive petals seeping?
You call me granny? There's egg on your face!
See, I was over there, and saw you both
Imploring slavery, denying growth,
And begging to be overcome by men
Who suck and spit out babes like oxygen!
O, Yola! Is your best to want the worst
And in some filthy pond to fill your thirst?
And Margrith? Stabbing trees, you stab my back.
If friends are nothing, O, Big Marge, attack!
You cried out for fame! You called him loaded!
Every stereotype is here promoted!
But O, if Pekabo could see you now!
She'd freak, she'd spaz, she'd have a fit, a cow,
And with word-nails scratch your fake hearts out
That sold our freedom to some cutesy pout.
At least I am of this deforming free,
Cuz she will never see such stuff in me!
Pekabo- Once more I go to force equality.

Pekabo pops out.

Pekabo- Hello, you three. Ordinary sunset, hu?
Teleste- Peak, you won't believe it.
Pekabo- O, I might.
Teleste- Just now, I caught these two in such a tizz,
Composing letters to those posing men,
Demeaning and submissive letters, scrawled
In plan to flee our freedom colony,
And guess what this one called me?
Pekabo- Granny.
Teleste- O, so this is my popular nickname!
Pekabo- No, it's just that I, though my style is lame,
Had pounce enough to bivy in these trees,
And therefrom witness your improv of sleaze!
Brava, you devo divas! What a show!
Your bottom feeding gets the standing O!
Teleste, you showed such pathos, downstage left,
But next time, on O, you! Don't fake your death.

Deny it, do you? Well, let's check the script.

She pulls Teleste's letter off the tree.

'Mend our broken trust with some new cast.'
'The only lovers worth the name.' Tight-lippt?
Or lost your voice recycling Euro-trash?
And you, my cosmo Yola, here, upstage,
Have shown old friendship never acts its age.
But O, your egos were both evanesced,
By this muchness-is-the-method actress,
This star of regional tree-eaters, this spicket,
Who thought this lollislop her Mac, and lickit it!
Bow, bend, beg to me, your clair audience,
Your excuse for existence, your conscience!
O, I can't even swallow such betrayal
That longs for liberation in the jail
Of machinating, mastering machismo,
Of men whose mongrel dogma's touch-and-go,
And submits all hard-earned aspirations
To the lotto of love's soft limitations.
O, hear me now: relationships are hell!
When have I sought my freedom in the smell
Of a man, craved a lip, a word, an eye,
A jaw, an arm, a back, a calf, a thigh...

Enter Malvena.

Malvena-	Step aside, purebreeds! Toxic substance!
Teleste-	Malvena, weren't you grounded?
Malvena-	No, mam. I was sent to my room.
Teleste-	Same difference.
Malvena-	Same difference? What's that?
Teleste-	Being grounded is being sent to your room.
Malvena-	But how? My room is on the second floor.
Teleste-	What do you want, young lady?
Malvena-	This letter's infected and must be destroyed.
Teleste-	Infected with what?
Malvena-	Professor spit and bled all over it!
Pekabo-	Let me see.

Pekabo takes the letter.

Malvena-	Guilty grabby.
Pekabo-	It must be burned, Teleste.
Nozemokeen-	Spark it up.

Pekabo- Germs, like liars, can't take the heat.

Margrith grabs the letter.

Margrith- Who wrote this letter?
Pekabo- This now you live in ruins me, you trash.
Yola- A love note!
Pekabo- I give up! Busted! Busted!
 My prints are on it. There's no need to dust it.
 The specimen is me. Read it over.
 O, words were but invented to cheat lovers.
Yola- You dis us for the very thing you do?
Pekabo- Insanity plea!
Margrith- I oughta clock you.
Pekabo- I am what freedom-lovers should destroy;
 The lover of a freedom-loving boy.
Teleste- So, we are cardboard cutouts of ourselves
 Directing shoppers to our empty shelves.
Yola- We spent our energy looking for an outlet.
Margrith- The bargain bin is us; we're all we get.
Teleste- Children, please, the grown-ups need to talk.
Malvena- Then while the users crack, the dealers walk.

Malvena and Nozemokeen exit.

Teleste- I didn't think it proper for you to
 Describe your lowlife lust the way you do
 In front of them.
Pekabo- Describe my lowlife lust?
Teleste- O, you know how you get.
Pekabo- No, how do I get?
Teleste- Your monosyllables can be too much.
Pekabo- My lowlife lust outshines your highlife love,
 Cuz Boyd's a verbal zodiac above
 Gurgling new elemental grammars down
 Into a world breathing just to drown.
Margrith- So his sign is Taurus, the talking bull.
Pekabo- But O, how can you slight the crafty cool?
 The surging musics of a manly mind,
 Which, like the latent grieschochs of our time,
 Reflare upon the chartless wind's behest,
 Clearing rote, annulling argot's forest,
 Sprouting new desires, language, freedom
 Into a lush and lexic arboretum?
 A man can speak, there's a man can love.
 A man can love, there's a man can do.

A man can do, there's the measure of
 His speech; his words the wordless world woo.
 My man is genius, nature's sidekick...
 Yola- Your man's a shockjock with a nurtured schtick.
 Margrith- Your man's coals are cold; they're under dirt.
 Teleste- Genius? O, that's slang for 'got one shirt.'
 Pekabo- Better a fresh game than a stale mate.
 Teleste- Now, my man has a scent. It's called, migrate.
 Splash it on, and I will come a-crawlin.
 Pekabo- Like a lemming, in the sea of suckers falling.
 Margrith- My Tarmac could outwrestle all your shrimps.
 Pekabo- He who kicks the quick, quickly limps.
 Yola- An upwardly mobile hunk; that's my Easton.
 Pekabo- Then watch me gag myself; that's your Easton.
 Yola- Too harsh!
 Margrith- Together, we dissociate.
 Teleste- But, aren't we all in love? Then, why the hate?
 In our chaos, Pekabo, show some sense.
 Pekabo- Then listen up, you slaves to independence,
 And think on your original prescription:
 To be complete being completely free.
 That dosage kills the sick and spares the sickness!
 Cuz when have you, or you, or you, my friends,
 Become all you want doing all you want?
 When have you not lit the wick of living
 That you might find the wick that grows by lighting?
 When have you not sought in your abandon
 Of plural passions one singular passion?
 O, reread these tender, tinder leaflets,
 Let go of letting go, turn the page
 On panic, new-in-now, and finally fess
 That wanting all, the all you want is love!
 What message in the lyric book of being
 Cannot commitment to a man discover?
 O, he is the source, the heat, the photon
 That in confusion gives us energy,
 And if you harness that, look what you have:
 The making-breaking axis of the world!
 Find the boy in man, there is creation.
 Find his weakness, there you fondle force.
 You want power? Let him be your prophet.
 You want comfort? Let him share his profit.
 You wake to hear him shave, call him when he's working,
 Wear his shirt to bed, dream of his deriving,
 And why? Cuz man is freedom in the flesh,
 And loving him is life vicarious!

O, true, the light inside him can be dark,
 In no, a yes; in yes, a no perceiving,
 Yet death's a strange resemblance to life,
 And bearing with him you are born conceiving.
 There's nothing loving one man cannot get you,
 And everything that many men can lose you.
 Fix on him, this ache in ecstasy,
 This cozy stone, this metal malleable,
 And you will know the knowledge never known,
 Cuz freedom's great, unless you are alone,
 And love is mere submittance to a tone.
 So quit, you self-made donkeys, pinning tails
 On yourselves; our spun pinata's bust!
 Let it sneeze the candies of forgiveness
 Down upon we blind-folded, sweets-seeking, stick-swinging
 Second graders of precocious passion.
 All are guilty; yet, what guilty of?
 Seeking freedom in its partner, love?
 Preservation in a wasted cry?
 The ever-after-prior in an eye?
 We've once rebuffed them, so they'll double shine.
 Let's love these men, and do it up this time.

Margrith-

I will.

Yola-

I will.

Pekabo-

Teleste?

Teleste-

I won't. I will.

Pekabo-

O, dawn in dusk!

Margrith-

Let's jump them at their camp!

Teleste-

Yet all true love begins with some deceit.

Pekabo-

A little trick can bring a larger treat.

Yola-

I like this better than our other play.

Pekabo-

Then we had to wait; now we have our way.

All exit.

Scene 8. Enter Deepu.

Deepu-

Is it not clear how universe be swirling? Rishi have huge head. Deepu, tiny room. Him? Twenty limos. Me? No shows. Him? Holy lungis. Me? Holey rags. Him? Many lawyers. Me? No articles. Him? Best seller. Me? Fake accent. Him? Big ranch. Me? No lunch. Rishi have harem. Deepu have haircut. Chase skunk, Deepu, say Rishi. So, Deepu chase skunk. Deepu stink, say Rishi. Did not Deepu chase skunk? Take alcohol bath, say dummy man. But Deepu not allowed to bathe or drink, so Deepu stink! See

how prospers all things over Deepu? What Rishi do is right cuz Rishi do it, yet Rishi cannot make Deepu unstink. So, I, Deepu, do stink. All is one? Ha. All is lost. For deep down Deepu know that Deepu do not stink by skunk, but Deepu stink cuz he too close to hugeheads like his Rishi! No, Rishi wise, Deepu dumb. Deepu stink. O, poor Deepu! What can Deepu do but die? Die, Deepu, die!

He sees a photo on the ground.

Deepu- But what is this? O, asapurna! Precious rama! It is my vila! O, it is my goddess! It is Beautiful Naked Ooman! Deepu worship Beautiful Naked Ooman. Hello, Beautiful Naked Ooman. I am Deepu. But who is Deepu? Deepu once have wife like Beautiful Naked Ooman. Deepu once have house with wife like Beautiful Naked Ooman. Deepu once in house with wife did do what Deepu cannot do with Beautiful Naked Ooman. O, I am not Deepu! I am...No, I am Deepu. But Deepu worship Beautiful Naked Ooman. Deepu be to Beautiful Naked Ooman what Deepu was before he worshipt Beautiful Naked Ooman! With Beautiful Naked Ooman Deepu do what Deepu cannot do with Beautiful Naked Ooman! Deepu done with hugehead Rishi! Deepu love Beautiful Naked Ooman!

He exits.

Scene 9. Enter Professor Beauregard, Ramsuchit, Plunk.

Beauregard- Tout frais faits.

Ramsuchit- Bless Vishnu for you, Professor. Your discourse on dialectics during the roast suckling pig was descriptively non-descript, personally detached, and interestingly disinterested. You are a holiday for the heart. Like the grave, emptiness becomes you. You are nothing personified. In fact, I did praise your prana in a previous arbitrary unit of progressive illusion, or time, to a strange organization of humanity, Dada Misterio di Mistico, who, if I am not totally deranged, is a poetic fixture at the nearby center for young persons.

Beauregard- Je suis familier avec le dupe. His word choice is too gargantuan, slippery, too fat, too urban, too thesauric, as it were, too obstreperously over-arrogant, I might say. Yuck! He is in language, not on language. His politics are too correct, and, as it is, his corrections too political. Such paradigm inflationists, such phraseophtic caricatures,

such wordy writers, if I may, such quasi pseudo intellectuals irritate me to no end. Illegitimi non carborundum! That bastard won't bust my balls.

Ramsuchit-
Beauretard-

Om.
For blind, he would say 'visually impaired.' For poor, 'the disadvantaged class.' He spells woman with a y, womyn, history with a hyphen, i.e., his-story, thus no-story. This would make revelation 'to revel at ions,' and measuring 'me assuring,' which is, c'est-a-dire, pure crap. That purple pimp is all color commentary, and such nostalgia de la boue, which he renders 'classic rock,' promotes a nebulous populus and threatens the legitimacy of the institutions of higher learning. In conclusion, for successful letter-based Gedanken, viz. Doctor Seuss. And why doctor? But for suturing the bicameral brain with the context of rhyme:

In the places I go there are things that I see
That I never could spell if I stopped with the Z.

O, Doctor, oui, oui.

Ramsuchit- Impertinently pertinent, Professor. Om.

Beauretard talks into his tape recorder.

Beauretard- Write book entitled 'Semiotics of the Nerd,' using etymology of term, being nuts, turd, from nard or nougat, as in spiknard, see Taylor:

Let my spiknard sweat out liquid dew
Into her crystal vile there to brew.

Enter Dada, Slack, Malvena, Nozemokeen.

Mistico- How, Learned Men!
Beauretard- With learning, sir, with learning.
Mistico- Is it learning that you verbally vocalize into your electronic storage device?
Beauretard- It is learning that I speak into my tape recorder, sir.
Mistico- Intense synaptic spheres!
Beauretard- Do you mean 'thought,' sir?
Mistico- Claro! Claro! Si! Si!
Slack- They run the language track, but hit the hurdles.
Malvena- Two great wastes that waste great together. But, yo, I'm 'prized that hairy honcho hasn't wasted you, cuz your credit line's as long as antidisestablishmentarianism.

Beauretard- Which is longer, counting letters, yet shorter, counting syllables, than honorificabilitudinitatibus, proving our culture unlettered, phonetic.

Slack- If I'm an unlettered fanatic, tell me this: what's the difference between sex and sects?

Beauretard- A physical and a mental sensation.

Slack- See how mental his physique is?

Beauretard- Proceed then, a la difference!

Slack- Sex and sect got different x-t-c's.

Beauretard- O, then, for its ecstasy, this act deserves the ax.

Mistico- Distinguished educator, and rich religious holy human, as you know, I care for female minors.

Beauretard- Or girls, sir?

Mistico- I prefer female minors; it appears respectful.

Beauretard- Yet girls is easier, sir, more Strunk and White, more Anglo Saxon, says my Oxford. Girl describes perfectly your product of emphasis, sans precepte.

Mistico- As you will, but, bastante! We disorient the juvenilia. Let us mobilize tangentially, into private. Yes. Here is my point: I am well-hung. Which is to say, my associations are extensively associated. Speaking natively, the astral puppet of gifts is much smitten with my legal tender, and I am often penetrating, into sensitive circles. Essentially, Teleste, the dear daughter of our dead patron, whom I, affectionately, term Stone Butterfly Woman, often kisses my cheek, involves me in her social gestures, tickles my jewel sack, my wallet, as it were. So, shabu shabu, I have been informed that she plans to festivate, powwow, brouhaha, or, hey, get down tonight, in her rear sitting quarters, and, as it will be a masquerade, she wishes myself, being Dada Misterio di Mistico, a mutt of manners, an international playboy, and, to brag a bit, one heck of a willing guy, to invent a construct for this form of contest or competition, which, if established according to regulations, will be followed by a healthy grant or donation to the winning entity. Now, knowing that you are well versed in such traditional American disasters, I seek your recommendation on this divulgence, and, in return for your mental excitation, I will smokem peacepipe at the above-mentioned nocturnal mosh, bringing common exposition to our glottals, and, hopefully, laughable longevity to our organisms.

Beauretard- You need a theme for the costume contest?

Mistico- Thank you, earth mother! Too long have I been absent from good listeners!

Beauretard- I am in deliberation.

Nozemokeen- Come as your choice for precedent, yo, and we can have a debate.

Mistico- What?

Beauretard- Brilliant! Very colonial, very soapbox! Come as your choice for president, and we will have a debate, a telegenic decisionary process, exampling the joie d’vivre of our democracy!

Mistico- Problem, sir, problem. Some of us here are not fit for public speaking.

Beauretard- Then you are excused, sir. I like untraditional traditions, and welcome the little people in large places. This modus operandi satisfies. Ramsuchit?

Ramsuchit- Professor, you are pooh.

Beauretard- Too true, Ramsuchit. Stuffy, but bearable. What is so funny, Private?

Plunk- You, man, you.

Beauretard- Glad to be of service. But, what will you wear to the party?

Plunk- My uniform, I guess.

Beauretard- But you must be anonymous, covert, disguised.

Plunk- I’ll wear my gas mask, then, and talk in code.

Beauretard- O, boyscout Plunk, O, corn-fed Plunk. Shall we?

Mistico- May I say one thing?

Beauretard- You may try.

Mistico- I will win.

Beauretard- Cocky? Keep it up. Vae victis, my compatriots. Forward, to the convention!

All exit.

Scene 10. Enter Tarmac, Easton, Boyd, Andras.

Tarmac- Here I am with Margrith, on this tree.

Boyd- Lynched in love.

Easton- And tree I am, with Yola.

Boyd- Love’s a dog; cute until it barks.

Andras- The forest bears our label. It is ours,
And if consumer confidence continues,
We’ll sweat the nation’s attic on our spines.
Check out what Teleste has dresst me in.

Tarmac- What, geek? No letter for your sweater?

Andras- A book of letters, with illustrations;
A new and improved testament to me.

Boyd- Halleluiah, love will crucify ya!

Andras- What grace did the Amazing send to Easton?

Easton- A painting.

Andras- Of?

Easton- Myself.
 Tarmac- By whom?
 Easton- Herself.
 Boyd- O, abstract love! Her sister died for you!
 Easton- Look, she was desperate way before we met,
 But I was straight from get-go. She got hookt,
 Couldn't take transition, and kill'd herself.
 Love's no paintball war. That shit's dangerous,
 Making dumpster-divers of us all,
 And everyone's free agent, cept for you,
 Whose every move shows sensitivity.
 Boyd- Move your words around, and make some sense.
 Easton- Life's a race, and poems got no power.
 Boyd- You forget the cruise in cruise control.
 Easton- I got pole position.
 Boyd- You never leave the pump.
 Easton- I hit the curves.
 Boyd- Ya, then blow an O-ring at the hairpin.
 Easton- My O's are her O's.
 Boyd- Well put, but O too quick.
 Easton- I passt you up.
 Boyd- Because you won't go down.
 Easton- Yo, I give her everything she wants.
 Boyd- Ya, but does she want what you give her?
 Easton- What I give her? You mean my endowments.
 Boyd- I mean your formula must pass emissions,
 So clean your carburetor 'fore you drag.
 Andras- A fine grand prix of slams, but there's the flag.
 Tarmac- Tarmac, show and tell.
 Tarmac- I got this letter,
 And an edible thong.
 Andras- Size and flavor?
 Tarmac- By the letter, extra large and butternut.
 Andras- By the thong?
 Tarmac- Extra small and rocky road.
 Andras- Here, then, is love's survival kit:
 Wear the letter and eat the thong. But, Boyd,
 Give it up. What from crazy Pekabo?
 Boyd- Same old same old. Some self-indulgent scribble,
 Describing in desultory detail
 Her feelings, trepidations, and resolve
 To love me, though in here I'm not myself.
 Andras- No gift?
 Boyd- This rock.
 Andras- Well, that was hard to find.
 Boyd- These gifts prove the givers are ungifted

In being present to another's wish,
 And these words have escaped the trap of truth
 By chewing off the limb that made them write.
 This love is old in effort, young in talent,
 A starbuck syrup, not some special blend,
 In love with making love, not what it loves.
 To get a grip on me, you must let go
 Of exhibitionist psychologies,
 Quit blowing up balloons that you have poppt,
 Stop lighting matches burn'd you long ago,
 And prospering in the paradoxical,
 Accept the isn't-you for what it is.

Tarmac- Expressions too expressive can't express
 The necessary deference of commitment.

Easton- When love comes on too strong, it can distress
 A fragile peace thru disarmament.

Andras- It isn't easy being superbeings.

Boyd- It's harder to be less than someone's seeing.
 If Pekabo were here, I'd jump her hoops,
 From her cherry garcia take big scoops,
 And teach her how to win a man thru words,
 Then leave the kitten panting where it purrs.
 I'd give her such an out-of-body rubbing,
 Such a lesson on the diff tween lust and loving,
 She'd lay there lying in her loveless lie,
 Sad that I am glad, happy just to cry.

Andras- Nothing is more lost than love in language,
 Turned to lust with speaking; spoken, shot.
 Describe a love scene, love is never seen,
 Cuz sexy is sustaining what is not.

Tarmac- To love when you're not loved, and not when you are,
 That's their freedom's useless circular,
 But I am free when I can find my lover,
 Not in running from one to another.

Easton- Adoration's serious addiction,
 Discovering itself in abandon,
 And finding liberation in a mood,
 It's ever acting bad to feel good.

Enter Eleuthere.

Eleuthere- O, laughter, spare me!
 Boyd- O, laughter, spare us.
 Eleuthere- Hide, sir! The vegetables are coming!
 Andras- What? Explain, explain!
 Eleuthere- Well, as my nightly exercise routine

Came winding down, I stoppt to stretch and lean
 Against a rock upon a birchy butte
 Set among some wild strawberry fruit,
 When on a branch a cardinal cheedles war.
 So, looking round, his ruckus's what-for
 I see approaching me; at first, just blotches
 Thru the undershrub, then single splotches
 Became distinct, as stars in twilight sky
 From nothing start to shine despite the spy.
 Then, thru the easy tears of strained perception,
 A rainbow of hilarious subreption
 Set the structure of that scurrying chow mein
 Accurately scrambling thru my brain.
 That's right! Your women! Stuck with leaves and moss,
 Rushing here in a gaggle of meshuga,
 Guided by my esteemed colleague, Cloice,
 Who seems to be a warlock to their wicca.
 And men, it is the funniest sight on earth,
 Or in earth. O, it's all the money worth!
 Tarmac- Women camouflaged?
 Easton- What are they, pregnant?
 Andras- They're coming here?
 Eleuthere- And nowhere else, I hope,
 For they have used the soil as their soap,
 And in the chic of pagans, or plant people,
 Assume a nature far too natural.
 Andras- Well, Iron John will not be caught rusting.
 Just as they deported Moscow Man,
 We'll pull the roots upon their seedy plan,
 And with some male bonding ritual,
 Win the judgment, though they won the trial.
 When they call to us, we'll act like cave men,
 Then, Eleuthere, you'll blindfold each of them,
 And to the dark we'll call them with their letters,
 Which we will swap, that each woman encounters
 An intimacy with a stranger man.
 Switch notes, and for some silly saying scan.
 Boyd- What treat do you expect from such a trick?
 Andras- The treat of simply stifling their shtick.
 Counter-gags are vital in their coup
 To get monotony to speak anew,
 And show that old amusements never die,
 But merely alter how they satisfy.
 So, trick for trick negates my negative,
 As we give them exactly what they give.
 Eleuthere- But a lover never feels so rejected

Andras- As when she by her love is misdirected.
 Love denies itself directing love,
 And that's the treatment that my trick is of.
 I am no piece to their monopoly,
 So let this spin of theirs make them dizzy.
 Gaming's game made game of ends the game,
 And from reality removes the frame.
 Eleuthere- Here come your stalks. Hide, and I will stake them.

The men hug a tree. Enter the women and Cloice.

Teleste- In skirts of berry, gourd, and cone
 We fetishes in autumn come.
 Margrith- Tell us leave, we now may stay,
 So bountiful in cold dismay.
 Yola- No poison hive from stickly spurge
 Suspends upon our trellice urge.
 Pekabo- But corn and pumpkin, nut and squash,
 Swelling for their winter wash.
 All- We bring you cornucopia
 That nature may et cetera!
 Cloice- O, you tree-hugging men...
 Pekabo- Tree-killing men, silly!
 Cloice- O, you tree-killing men! The time has come to mate!
 Eleuthere- Well, you're unfashionably late.
 Cloice- These women...
 Pekabo- Fertility symbols!
 Cloice- These fertility symbols...
 Eleuthere- Cimbals, true. They crash.
 Cloice- These fertility symbols seek defilement...
 Pekabo- Fulfillment, dummy. Come on.
 Cloice- Seek fulfillment in your...in your...
 Eleuthere- In their disinterest, obviously.
 Cloice- No, I wish it was disinterest, but it isn't. They seek
 fulfillment in your...in your...
 Pekabo- Say 'in your erectile energy.'
 Cloice- O, I can't say that.
 Pekabo- Then leave, you spoilsport.

Cloice backs away.

Eleuthere- I'm the erectile energy here. What do you desire?
 Pekabo- A moment alone with our men.
 Eleuthere- Impossible, for they are engaged in discovering their inner
 beast, reaffirming their celibate masculinity, repairing the
 ravages of a million women, and applying ointment to the

Teleste- abrasions of disappointment in their absent fathers. When
 they have gone from boys to men, they will come.
 Eleuthere- Have them come, and we will make them men!
 Yola- A man is not a man that comes when called.
 Eleuthere- Hurry! My buds are bursting!
 Margrith- Better burst than new buds growing.
 Eleuthere- I'm ripe! O, pluck my cobs!
 Pekabo- No thanks. I have a job.
 Eleuthere- This flower's lowerlip's an easy shot.
 Margrith- Correct, you bumbling bee. I am a touch-me-not.
 Eleuthere- Bring them, or I'll squash you with my squash!
 Fine, you punkin. Here's your mosh.

Enter the men.

Tarmac- O, father, why?
 Women- We bring you cornucopia...
 Eleuthere- Shush! The wound is opening.
 Tarmac- O, father, why?
 Boyd- Man is hairy, man is oily.
 Easton- Man is scary, man is soily.
 Andras- Seize the shaft of power!
 Tarmac- No, I can't!
 Eleuthere- This is a bad beer ad.
 Cloice- This is a bad play.
 Women- That nature may et cetera!
 Eleuthere- Quiet! The scab is forming.
 Andras- Seize the shaft of power!
 Tarmac- No, I can't!
 Eleuthere- O, just try it.
 Cloice- You'll like it.
 Andras- Seize the shaft of power!
 Tarmac- O, father, why?
 Boyd- Seize the shaft of power!
 Tarmac- Why don't you cry?
 Easton- Seize the shaft of power!
 Tarmac- Why did you lie?
 Andras- Seize the shaft of power!
 Tarmac- Father, why?
 Margrith- I'll be your shaft of power!
 Eleuthere- Silence, please!
 Men- Viril juice of potent male,
 Boar and cock, stud and steer,
 Hairy member of travail,
 Grip the scrotum of your fear,
 And seize the shaft of power,

Tarmac- Seize the shaft of power
 Teleste- Seize the shaft of power!
 Eleuthere- Daddy! I love you.
 Teleste- What are you doing?
 Eleuthere- Speak not to the initiates!
 Teleste- What are they doing?
 Eleuthere- What are you doing?
 Andras- We're reclaiming our foreskins.
 Eleuthere- They're reclaiming their foreskins.
 Margrith- We've come to help them with that!
 Eleuthere- They've come to help you with that.
 Andras- Then let them come.
 Eleuthere- Into private now you'll prance,
 Just like in a country line dance;
 Men in each direction go,
 And women follow, dosy doe;
 But, first, a blindfold must you wear,
 Then a sentence will you hear,
 By which, according to the letter,
 You'll recognize your special other.

Eleuthere blindfolds the women. The men go off in different directions.

Tarmac- "To my lover, mentor, savior..."
 Yola- Easton, where are you?
 Tarmac- Holding my ground.
 Yola- What's up?
 Tarmac- All that isn't down.
 Yola- Put it down, and you can have me.
 Tarmac- Why pay when everyone is free?
 Yola- I got the killer stuff.
 Tarmac- Rough, rough.
 Yola- Is that your hand?
 Tarmac- It's my paw.
 Yola- O, I'm in Dizzyland.

They step aside.

Boyd- "Your lashes are like leaves round languid lakes..."
 Teleste- Mon douce-amere, c'est moi.
 Boyd- Come closer with that foreign tongue.
 Teleste- Say you like me.
 Boyd- You like me.
 Teleste- More kisses, less semantics.
 Boyd- Less lip, more licks.
 Teleste- Let me take the blindfold off.

Boyd- No. I'm turned on when you're turned off.

They step aside.

Margrith- Call me, Mac! I'm ready!
Easton- "Gimme gig, you hard-drivin' man..."
Margrith- Where'd you go?
Easton- Left, right, straight. You have no sense of direction.
Margrith- True. So'll ride shotgun.
Easton- My cycle only has one seat.
Margrith- Rev it up! O, deadheat!
Easton- I'm busy with my virtual pet.
Margrith- O, free me from this lover's prison!
Easton- Electric chair! Electric chair!
Margrith- Hit the button!
Easton- Over there.

They step aside.

Andras- Peekaboo.
Pekabo- I don't see you.
Andras- Love is blind.
Pekabo- Spin me. Stop!
Andras- Satisfied so soon?
Pekabo- Not with all I feel.
Andras- Love's a do-or-drop out deal.
Pekabo- Then let's do it.
Andras- Tag. You it.

They step aside.

Eleuthere- Now, here's a game befits carousing kids,
Who play at life to win their plastic ids,
With fantasies much fancier when real,
Whose every decision is up for appeal.
Such moonfire, boogie nights, swingin' celluloids
Are always gettin down. Alert the tabloids!
Cloice- Let's open curtain three four one and two.

Eleuthere flashes a light into the darkness.

Eleuthere- It's a life-time supply of crazy glue!
Easton- Struck dumb, like deer in headlights!
Cloice- Where's your manners, girls? Ultrabrite!
Yola- How smile, when all kissers are two-faced?
Margrith- Revenge is sour to the victim's taste.

Teleste-	This cruelty, Andras, is not like you.
Pekabo-	So freedom dooms what we in freedom do. O, Boyd, how can you stand unearthly still? Slalom thru my cones, seek your thrill, Thrash me with your dreams, push me past the edge, Hurl your wrecking ball, split me like a wedge, Roll your kayak thru this raging foam, And in your wild ways, I will make our home. Have we fallen overboard in excess? Then do not flail in some upstream stress, But tumble safely out to open sea. Only one-on-one can we be free! Let's leave behind all our quibbling slogans, Defensive innuendos, piles of puns, Avoidance mechanisms, bottom lines, Those signs of love that loathe being love signs. These rotten goods attract the vermin pride And turn seduction's scent to pesticide. Love is an endless fad, an unmet passion To know the shape of a secret skeleton, A choice to commit, plain and simple. Love's a cheetah cub; appearing cripple, Until it practices, and then it sprints. No more reading just to find the misprints. From now on, let's not love some magic maybe, But love in one all possibility, And looking to inheritance of night, Perform the private gestures deep and trite Okay, I'll start: Man, if it's mutual My love, my life is yours, once and for all.
Boyd-	Once is enough, thank you.
Pekabo-	Well, I must go.
Eleuthere-	Now here is history: quiet women.
Pekabo-	Why discuss desire on death-row?
Boyd-	Andras, what is Pekabo's desire?
Andras-	To leave this cage of menstrual symmetry And, soon as possible, to marry me.
Tarmac-	Yola for every woman had a curse, Though she would rather live together first.
Easton-	Margrith swears she'll die if she must live here, And to my every need is volunteer.
Boyd-	Teleste expresst a semblance of the same, And loves me so much, she would take my name.
Teleste-	I hate you all.
Yola-	Ya? Hate is all I feel.
Margrith-	My hate was love til now!

Pekabo-	Well, pigs must squeal.
Boyd-	Your death sentence comes from your own mouth!
	Must love begin in lies? Devotion's house
	Be stilted from the fabulating flood,
	Then subterfuge into the vagrant mud?
	Commitment's no commodity to trade,
	No past-time present for your future made,
	But forms the core, the basis and the banner
	Of all that isn't bombed by its own stealth.
	Would you lose yourself to gain another?
	Then you lose everything to gain yourself.
Teleste-	O, when will we not get in our own way?
Pekabo-	Never, if these middle-men have their say!
	This dream-downsizer, this agent Not,
	This isn't-real Hamas, this thug of thought,
	It's slipp'ry Cloice and slimy Eleuthere.
	If you want quality crap, O, shop here!
	We pay them well to sneer and steer and rag,
	This stylish slug, this inside-guy, this nut bag!
	They rule upon our every aspiration,
	Taking off the top of each transaction,
	While on the street of Walls you hear them joke:
	"They can't put out the fire thru the smoke."
	So, why employ these glorified gophers,
	These leather lawyers in naugahyde loafers,
	These music producers can't carry a tune,
	These personal trainers that snort the spoon?
	This image-surgeon operates on us,
	And we come out looking hilarious!
	They balance our books, then buy our family business,
	Object to all but their own objectives,
	Save us runway seats at the Bryant ball,
	Carry our little brown bags thru the mall,
	Creating what we want, yet denying
	Any want that's not of their creating.
	This hollow, prurient, costly service,
	Is freedom's fake ideal and deathly bliss!
	How empty is that popular man of fun
	Whose living is a comeback by corruption?
	You want freedom? Then live free of agents,
	And show up finally in your own defense.
	O, no! He stares at me! I'm targeted.
	By tomorrow noon, I will be dead.
Eleuthere-	I do the deed as it is asked of me.
Cloice-	She hates the help she purchased willingly.
Boyd-	Look, what did we come here for? The paper

That Andras must deliver to his father.
When we get it, we will go. Meanwhile,
Why don't you just stay distant from our camp.
We are grown men, not groaning lovers;
You must be superior, not mothers,
And, last and least, we ought to now admit
That of reunion we have no intent.

Enter Malvena and Nozemokeen.

Malvena- Mam, I got a problem.
Teleste- Later, Malvena.
Malvena- Okay, now. This letter's a timebomb, and ready to explode.
Teleste- Who's it for?
Malvena- I can't say her name, cuz I'm it.
Teleste- Pekabo?
Malvena- See ya, see ya, wouldn't wanna be ya.

Malvena hands letter to Teleste.

Teleste- Pekabo, help.
Boyd- I will dispose of it.
Pekabo- Unless it's yours, you're wrong to take it from me,
And wrong to keep it from me if it is.
Boyd- You could get hurt.
Pekabo- I am so hurt, anymore is humor.
Boyd- May I have it?
Pekabo- O, it is a letter.
Boyd- No, it is a joke.
Pekabo- Am I the butt?
Boyd- Ya, and I'm the lazyboy.
Teleste- Pekabo, read it.
Pekabo- I will, unless the Bard will beg me not.
Boyd, fess or blush.
Boyd- The letter's mine, sent to Pekabo.
Pekabo- And it says?
Boyd- I'm sorry I broke my promise.
Pekabo- What else?
Boyd- That I completely respect your choice.
Pekabo- But?
Boyd- The rest escapes me.
Pekabo- I'll refresh you.
Boyd- But, that more than any place or plan,
More than parties, poems, or how I do,
More than any expression I can form,
I want and say this truly: I love you.

Andras- Well, then, booze and food's on Boyd tonight!
 Malvena- O, no, sir. Everything's on me tonight.
 Cuz we got major, front-page party favors
 Linin' up to cut new sights and flavors.
 It's a rave, revvin up at Gatien's cave.
 Teleste- That is cancelled.
 Malvena- But we're voting for precedent!
 Teleste- Parties make us stupid.
 Pekabo- Then stupid's smart,
 Cuz crossing factions we look mighty dumb.
 Teleste- It is not happening! Go to your room.
 Andras- Teleste, if I may, let me veto you
 By first confessing, what I said I'd do,
 I never did, yet, in not doing it,
 I felt solution in experiment,
 As chaos often churns a deeper order
 Than is created by some random border,
 When acting what we think to be our role,
 Our doing dies when done, devoid of soul.
 We've tried the light, so let's acquit the dark,
 And from each others' eyes obtain our spark.
 Pekabo- Our eco-system has been too much echo.
 Boyd- Let our new motto be, thy lover know.
 Andras- Difference is the order of the day.
 Teleste- Forget our differences; tonight, we play.

They exit.

Malvena- These rivals be bustin! Lefto, recto, loco, boffo. Ouch, I'm
 crawlin outta myself. What'll it be, amortization? Name it,
 Massacard. Loony tunes, tender vittles, and some herbal
 love candy (legal til manana, which don't tally me banana).
 Don't ill use the illusion, cuz you'll so lose the solution. Is
 that what he said? Ah, who cares. Contradancista Malvena
 Madonna is in effect! Spooky.

All exit.

Scene 11. Enter all at the party, masked.

Pekabo- Herbal love candy!
 Easton- Sullyin to purify!
 Margrith- Raving to rejuvenate!
 Yola- Dancing to detoxify!
 Tarmac- It's a quantum popcorn popper!
 Nozemokeen- Glisten up, Twisters and Lovers. This is Precedential

Debeat in the imago-nation, bought to you by an epiphenomenal blast of Talky Taffy, Babblicious, Big Thunk, and Butt-wiser and Butt-wiser Tight. I'm that mental mandril of Afreaka, DJ Speaky, the largemouth bass of eugenic memory, Master Moodsmirch with the vowel-trowel, Kid Subspecies, Pure-sona X, Dr. Differentiated Beep, and I'll be maxin your minis with some electro-auraltronic mixes on this cross-fade, cram-fad All Sense day, so if ya must be movin, 'member, keep it in da groovin. Quellify, Peephole, quellify, and munch a subtle nosh a this ur-bran jingle, as we blooviate a nickwack dramaethargical grid graze from my all-go-rhythmic projectiles, cuz it's sodium as podium, dancin as discoursin, catatonia as melopoeia, sayin step right up in this fall-back-down so-so society. So, stick yourself in the sample bin, put your missile on the mother button, cut your timberlands in the peaking lot, and let my body-telinvasion make some scratchy huff-n-puff, for this is it, my Peephole, this is it: DJ Speaky arm-and-leg-ageddon!

Cloice- Well! Culture flows from denial!
 Pekabo- Hey, boss; what's it all mean?
 Eleuthere- Don't ask me; I'm all nice.
 Pekabo- Good one, company man; let's be friends.
 Andras- This candy's fine.
 Teleste- Sexy mother sucker.

Enter Dada.

Mistico- Pardon me, my pivotal Patroness, but might I discuss a pressing issue with you concerning the costume contest?
 Easton- A costume contest?
 Yola- I think he said custom contest.
 Margrith- It should be a custody battle.
 Boyd- Hush. War is crying.
 Mistico- Yes, I realize the problem. However, the Professor, just between us, is incredibly stubborn, rude, and envious. But, nam myoho renge kyo, say I, being the enlightened member of this race. Now, may I meet the judges?
 Nozemokeen- I'm Happy Girl!
 Malvena- I'm Angry Boy!
 Nozemokeen- I'll be your Immoderator for the evening.
 Malvena- And I'll keep the debeats pounding.
 Mistico- Well, do my mocassins, frills, and headdress excite you, Happy Girl?
 Nozemokeen- They make me happy.
 Malvena- They make me angry.

Mistico- Angry Boy, your anger angers me. You are an impertinent, conniving, destructive, unmanageable, greedy runt given to psychotic episodes and annoying outbursts. Therefore, do I insult you in the tonsil-twang of my hybrid tribe: ank womba hunka hunka slag fwooma ikky jop. I think you know what I'm saying. Happy Girl, kiss for luck?

Nozemokeen- Sure thing, Mild Man.

Nozemokeen takes off his mask.

Mistico- I must to the porcelain headstream, for surely I shall urp capacious belly choad.

Mistico exits.

Nozemokeen- Yo, that stag be stiffin like his sister burst the cake!

Malvena and Nozemokeen swap masks.

Malvena- I'm Happy Girl!

Nozemokeen- I'm Angry Boy!

Malvena- Don't be angry!

Nozemokeen- Don't be happy!

Malvena- Obie prizem goofus jippy crappo!

Nozemokeen- I think I know what you're saying.

Andras- Call out the running mates!

Pekabo- Enter the radicals, up the middle.

Enter Slack, dressed as James Brown.

Slack- Yow! James Brown for President!

Yola- The Godfather of Soul!

Tarmac- The father of thousands!

Easton- The Master of Funk!

Margrith- The leader of Trash!

Andras- We need a sex machine in office.

Pekabo- Ya, to say, the butt stops here!

Slack- Yow! James Brown for President!

Boyd- You mean, Vice President.

Slack- Ya, sorry. That's what I mean. James Brown for Vice President.

Teleste- Head of the liquor cabinet.

Andras- Chairman of the Joint Splief of Staffs.

Pekabo- Ambassador of Weapons Possession.

Slack- Yow! Get on the good foot.

Boyd- What? Is that your platform?

Slack-	Yow! Gonna do my thang!
Easton-	A sound economy.
Yola-	Universal health scare.
Margrith-	Oral leadership.
Tarmac-	A roar on drugs.
Pekabo-	What's your position on birth control?
Slack-	My body. Your body. My body. Your body.
Boyd-	Cool! That's my position!
Pekabo-	Ya, what control.
Andras-	This is no running mate. It's a dancing mate!
Teleste-	Bring in his challenger.
Malvena-	Next!

Enter Ramsuchit, with random objects taped onto his body.

Cloice-	Good grief, what a crooked fashion line.
Teleste-	Donna Careless.
Easton-	Ralph Lurid.
Yola-	Calvin Decline.
Tarmac-	Mess Genes.
Andras-	Swami Golddigger.
Pekabo-	Wait! The scrapheap speaks.
Ramsuchit-	I am Random Objects Man.
Boyd-	And this is my State of Disunion Undressed.
Ramsuchit-	I want to win your vote.
Margrith-	What do you stand for?
Tarmac-	Because, he can't sit down.
Ramsuchit-	Fellow human being, please, let me be.
Tarmac-	Let you be what?
Margrith-	A dump.
Yola-	A landfill.
Easton-	A trashbarge.
Pekabo-	New Jersey!
Ramsuchit-	My apparel of chaos stands for the velcro suit of desire, which, forever tossed upon the shore of sense by the tide of lust, collects the flotsam of life, being thereby both beautified and burdened by the wrack. I am Random Objects Man, and I represent existence.
Boyd-	No, you represent conspicuous consumption.
Teleste-	He's of the Tupperware Party.
Easton-	Talk loud, and carry a small toy.
Ramsuchit-	You make fun of me.
Pekabo-	No, you make fun of yourself.
Ramsuchit-	My lawyers will call your lawyers.
Andras-	What worse can they call them than lawyer?
Ramsuchit-	This is not peaceful, not loving, not kind.

Boyd- Happy Girl! Please! Sweep away this heap of useless gifts.
 Malvena- O, man, look out. This bro is massive. He's like totally
 spiritual gasoline. Watch your attitude round him, cuz if ya
 flare up, boom! Karma catastrophe! He rules over whole
 superhero regions, I'm tellin ya. O, poor random objectives
 man. Crash, crunch, and gone. He ain't so bad, really. A
 little spacy, sure, but yo, who ain't? He's got a fly fresh car,
 and some really cool shoes. But, he's been heckled to
 death, so, that's it for the verse precedents. Let's move onto
 the major candy dates. Gentlemen, start your engines.

Enter Dada and Beauretard.

Margrith- What is this?
 Tarmac- I'm seeing double.
 Eleuthere- No, you're being single.
 Beauretard- I am Crazy Horse!
 Mistico- I am Crazy Horse!
 Pekabo- Two insane nags!
 Boyd- Two big birds on Stressin-me Street.
 Teleste- Both a these things is just like the other.
 Andras- Both a these things just doesn't belong.
 Cloice- True. His loin cloth is more cloth than loin.
 Yola- If that's Crazy Horse, we must be Mount Rushmore.
 Easton- I can't rush any more than I am.
 Tarmac- Ya, but I could mount.
 Beauretard- Sir, renounce your name.
 Margrith- But who then would he be?
 Pekabo- Walking Eagle, too full of it to fly.
 Boyd- Running Sore, issue-oriented.
 Tarmac- Mountain Duck, wrong place, wrong climb.
 Teleste- How can we choose between identical contestants?
 Yola- I like the Mystic, cuz he's thoroughly bred.
 Boyd- The Prof, cuz he's thoroughly red.
 Pekabo- The Mystic, cuz of his poly sigh.
 Easton- The Prof, cuz he's the minority whip.
 Andras- Wait. Let's hear their statements.
 Pekabo- Left-wing Crazy Horse, how will you balance the budget?
 Mistico- By raising taxes.
 Boyd- Scalper!
 Easton- You do, I'll sue!
 Yola- He's a gambler or a father; always raising things.
 Easton- Ya, like Happy Girl.
 Boyd- Right-wing Crazy Horse, how will you do it?
 Beauretard- By cutting government waste.
 Tarmac- O, good. So you'd fire yourself?

Beauretard- Are you saying I'm expendable, young man?
 Tarmac- I'm saying you could be thrown away.
 Beauretard- Try it.
 Andras- No need. You'll dispose of yourself, cuz you have no position.
 Beauretard- I have a position.
 Yola- Being a poser.
 Easton- Erect, like a feather duster.
 Margrith- In the fetal position, like a dead pigeon.
 Teleste- Spread out, like the aftermath of a pillow fight.
 Boyd- On all fours, like a bird dog.
 Pekabo- On his head, like the featherbrain he is.
 Andras- There, now you have a position.
 Beauretard- True, but you have posed me.
 Yola- No, we have opposed you.
 Beauretard- Therefore, I withdraw from the race.
 Malvena- No can do, buster, cuz then this psycho chicken would win.
 You can't leave til I say ouch!
 Boyd- Happy Girl struggles with an invisible tongue depressor.
 Mistico- Come out from behind that mask, Nozemokeen Brown, and let's settle this matter like men.

Malvena takes off her mask.

Malvena- I feel sick.
 Margrith- Well, the immoderator has not practiced moderation.
 Tarmac- Take her to the toilet; let her pray for nothing.
 Plunk- Here, Malvena. Take my hand and breathe.

Plunk walks Malvena off.

Andras- More fat beats, Angry Boy!

Enter Deepu.

Yola- Who are you?
 Deepu- I am Deepu.
 Ramsuchit- Deepu! Back to the center.
 Easton- Says the hurricane victim.
 Pekabo- Who's Deepu?
 Boyd- The independent candidate.
 Deepu- I am Beautiful Naked Ooman.
 Eleuthere- No, you're not.
 Tarmac- Not beautiful.
 Boyd- Not naked.
 Easton- Not a woman.

Pekabo- I always knew beautiful naked woman was hideously nervous man.
 Cloice- What's your costume?
 Margrith- Your disguise?
 Andras- Your other self?
 Deepu- I am...
 Teleste- A stinkbomb.
 Andras- Sour milk.
 Easton- Old meat.
 Tarmac- Dirty toes.
 Boyd- A cadaver.
 Deepu- I am Herman Stein, obstetrician, golf enthusiast, and family man!
 Ramsuchit- Deepu, no!

Enter Slack.

Slack- Is there a doctor in the house?
 Deepu- I am a doctor.
 Ramsuchit- Deepu, no articles!
 Eleuthere- He denies to others what he has on himself.
 Cloice- A perfect precedent.

Exit Slack and Deepu, who, exiting, drops a photo.

Ramsuchit- Deepu?
 Mistico- Give me that. O, take it from me!
 Easton- What is it?
 Beauretard- It is an image time-projected on paper.
 Mistico- You have stole her spirit!
 Beauretard- Sir, I am an academic. I doubt her spirit.
 Eleuthere- O, it's Happy Girl.
 Cloice- She's all smiles.
 Boyd- Happy Girl like Broadway; better when she take it off.
 Pekabo- Horny Boy like Hollywood; better when he's cut.
 Tarmac- Very hot.
 Margrith- Please, burn yourself.
 Easton- Miss October!
 Yola- Keep lookin, you'll miss November.
 Mistico- Ladies and gentlemen of the electricate, my opponent is a pedophile and is not fit for office.
 Boyd- No, but he's fit for Happy Girl.
 Beauretard- I will not be slandered before my constituency, sir.
 Mistico- Then disrobe and we will war!
 Beauretard- Yea, I will disrobe, and we shall greco-roman!
 Ramsuchit- To your boxers!

Andras- O, yes! It's the battle of Crazy Horse!
Tarmac- One will come out Custer.
Boyd- The other, Wounded Ego.
Mistico- People, I will not wrestle in my underwear
Pekabo- If you deny it, you will lose.
Mistico- Then let me lose.
Margrith- But you started it!
Mistico- And so I end it.
Tarmac- But why?
Mistico- To speak loosely, I'm not wearing any underwear. I fear
impotency.

Enter Nozemokeen.

Nozemokeen- Vena's really sick, ya'll. Down here.

Exit Nozemokeen.

Eleuthere- Down where?
Easton- In the Tenderloin.
Yola- In Sugarland.
Boyd- In Bambini Green.
Pekabo- In the Yeast Village!
Eleuthere- O, girl, you won me over.
Cloice- She's a limelight pony child.

Enter Deepu and Slack.

Deepu- We need towels, disinfectant, and hot water. Now!
Slack- Yo, get on up.
Teleste- She's giving birth? I'm dead.

Exit Deepu and Slack. Enter McGuffin and cops.

McGuffin- Teleste Saison?
Teleste- Yes?
McGuffin- Andras Navarre?
Andras- What is it?
McGuffin- It is dawn,
And due to your delinquency in response,
The deadline for exemption on your lands
Has passt; therefore, this order takes effect:
Both Ottaquecho and Lac du Flambeau,
Pursuant to prior US treaties,
Revert onto the Iroquois Nation,
And all thereon's detained for legal fees.

Teleste- You must vacate the premises today.
 Cop- My land?
 Teleste- Casino.
 Pekabo- Lost, on a finding.
 McGuffin- A girl's giving birth down in the cave.
 Cop- Are nothing but aliens born?
 Cop- Dispatch.

Exit McGuffin and Cops.

Andras- Eleuthere, call my father. Schedule an appeal. Men, let's
 move.
 Teleste- Andras, no.
 Andras- Eleuthere, go do it.

Eleuthere exits.

Andras- We have basis.
 Teleste- Basis based on what?
 On my father, whose final wish is dead?
 On your father, whose trust we've kickt to death?
 On nature, of which we are deadliest?
 Or on new life, fulfilling degradation?
 What sickness is it when we break the law,
 To then expect the law to break for us?
 The gushing wine still stagnant on our breath,
 Our clothes of smoke, your eyes scribbled with blood,
 The brutal afterburn of ecstasy,
 All this, erasing us, erases all.
 Our basis is debased; our rave is run,
 And any healing now is hemorrhagging.
 No. Trying to appeal, we will repulse;
 To fight defeat defeats the chance to win.
 Andras- And yet to take defeat is no attainment.
 Teleste- Sometimes, the loss-creating hands of time
 Lay huge abandon lightly down on us,
 And yet, in being empty then, contain
 A present which our absence nullified.
 And though the offerings of negligence
 Give no instant home, by our feeling strange
 An opening occurs in closed events,
 Which, fault-like, reveals a coven strength
 Of juvenance from our premorbid ground,
 Wherein we wish. For every change elicits
 A double loss that renders us as one,
 And makes us free who were in burden spun.

Andras- Your words are too removed; I'm twice as lost.
 Pekabo- Straight talk more redirects the stagg'ring mind.
 We have this night, in celebration's swarm,
 Trying to have a time, run out of time,
 Ending up where we long ago began,
 At the crossroads of equivocation.
 You promised us a purity of intent,
 We promised you reward for purity,
 Yet we promised ourselves to then be free,
 And you, having foregone your reformation,
 Are rewarded with the gift deception earns:
 We who were deceived to demand of you.
 And now, look at the junk our jokes have left:
 Rotting veggie skirts, food wreckt by fashion.
 A colony now totally composed
 Of wrappers, chemicals, and one-liners
 That are so self-obsessed, they cannot see
 The tragic birth amidst their comedy.
 Yet, didn't our love for you, like purple light,
 Make what was felt shine thru this darkest day?
 We, love-lit for you; you, love-lit for us,
 Sought sweet humiliations, aching swoons,
 Both sparred and stared, countered and encountered,
 Making love a party of mistakes,
 Gropings, gashings, desperate-lazy tokens,
 That like a child fallen many times,
 It makes a trophy of each vibrant bruise.
 We each, in seeking freedom, sought a self
 Other than ourselves, and so were blinded
 By the thing we wished to overview:
 The treat from which we can't retreat: you, men, you.
 And digging thru this sandbox life, we find
 The treasure love, which grows by being shared.
 For, in our mourning, came new visitors;
 From lands relinquished, grounds for gathering.
 From death's derangement, births restructuring.
 This clutter is the cause of life, and we
 Thru old commotion, new commitment see.
 Teleste- This girl's thoughts are cozy with my mind.
 Margrith- If only we, unconscious for a bit,
 Could our conscious omission re-omit.
 Yola- I'll call up every contact I possess.
 Andras- No. Forget it. Excuse is now excess.
 What do I care for what I have or not?
 My heart cannot be bought, my soul foreclosed,
 Nor can my will to know be written out,

And punishment, not bigot, but begot,
 Is peace when it returns us to our struggle.
 Let's go from here; no different, yet transformed.

Teleste- I do, Andras, your shy proposal take
 To lock our fumbling fingers up, and free
 Of reservations, thru the offspring go
 To gather shards of new-ancestral us.

Andras- You do, Teleste, misread my gesture. I
 Consider any pact too error-bound
 That renders learning lame to cross the time.
 We split to find ourselves; yet, where are we?
 Wouldn't I negate my human pith
 And undervalue past-all-value love
 If like a doll I let myself be clung
 By she who urges I be animate?
 You sent us letters, true. They were possessed
 Of archetypes anonymous and known,
 Projecting you on me much like a tan
 That pales when the days to darkness sulk
 And the sun is slumpt in hibern haze.
 We've converted birdbaths into ashtrays,
 Dialogue into droll delirium,
 The joyous, painful process of old love
 Into simulcast concoctions of new lust,
 And in such sleep of mission, dreams are death
 That waken us to wage a better living.
 You asked that I, until the season's wheel
 Had spun the letters of earth's yearly phrase,
 Cage in my mind, diet on text and time,
 While you, in that obedience you have botched,
 Make yourself memorial to lineage.
 A love begun by breaking cannot hold.
 Go, finish your prescription of remorse
 In some new fragile place, and tend it well,
 Then that which it seems years in years begun
 Will, when it's time, return us there as one.

Teleste- So torturous is love, it can not love
 And satisfy itself; I'll wait for you,
 But, in my state, to be is to rebel.

Andras- Yet patience is the proof that makes us true.

Margrith- Now, Tarmac, what for me?

Tarmac- Sobriety,
 And the discipline to walk the way you talk.

Margrith- Won't you take me with you?

Tarmac- No, I won't.
 But in the Spring, when Teleste is thru,

Send me a brochure on the new you,
 And maybe I'll come visit.
 Margrith- I'll get straight,
 But then my every curve will lead to you.
 Yola- Easton, marry me.
 Easton- Sorry. I'm no judge.
 Yola- You know what I mean.
 Easton- No, in fact, I don't.
 The closer we get, the less I can see,
 And the more you see me, the less you get.
 So, I say three words: delay and distance.
 Yola- I am my sister then.
 Easton- No, you are more.
 She was too flash possessive. Her young love
 Was better put to music than to task,
 But you are for happier headlines made.
 Love yourself for a while, then try me.
 Yola- If thru myself, I get to you, I'm there.
 Pekabo- Now, Boyd, look at me. Am I not for now?
 Erase this ancient template of defeat,
 And let love rule. Our power's more than past.
 Express my season: sun or smog from Boyd?
 Boyd- In every circle, Pekabo, you are
 Word-central, and the media's bold type
 Bills you as the manic posterchild,
 A lover to every craze, whose passion burns
 With such eccentric energy, they say
 The whales migrate to avoid your heat.
 As old in urge as you are young in whim,
 You're like some black-widow parody,
 Whose web sarcastic snares the moment's fly,
 Which then, being dead, you won't devour,
 And yet, confused, wishing flight of mind,
 You climb upon the back that you have broke.
 To scratch this strange mutation from your code,
 In not the weirdest of all repetitions,
 As you did from me, now I do from you
 Request your man-affection change its cause.
 Therefore, go, and for one half a year,
 Accept the charge of nature's preservation
 Use your constant need to make a change:
 Douse the jungle fires of Brazil,
 Save the rhino, clean the Caspian,
 And lead the whooping crane to winter warmth.
 Do that, and then do me, if love outlive
 The glimpsing of a growth-effected gloom.

Pekabo- Why stick a riotgirl in the bush?
My banter will be seen as snobbery!
I have no pity; I was made to push.
The near-to-death should not come near to me.

Boyd- Yet self-sick nihilists are quickest cured
By a massive shot of their own nothingness.

Pekabo- A cause is no companion; I am alone.

Boyd- So be it. She who makes the earth her home
Never has a lack of friends or fame.
Discover love outside anxiety,
Then come and find me, and we'll try again.

Andras- We will leave.

Boyd- Not we. No more of we,
Cuz here I put my stamp upon the same.
This octave of insane redundancy,
Seeking fusion in a fissive universe,
Has for much too long predominated
Over the harmonics of our hearts.
What we want's destroyed because we want it,
And all we flaunt is nothing when we flaunt it.
Isn't death the birthing of connection
When birth is so disconnected to life?
Both love and friendship, life's dangerous gifts,
Pre-empt the growth that we should lonely do,
Which done, both love and friendship then pre-empt
Dangerous, deadly growth to loneliness.
I am a planet spinning its own way.
Let's go alone, and then come back, in May.

Andras- It's best.

Pekabo- One woman makes a boring play.

Teleste- Where there's will, there's way.

Pekabo- Will is in my way.

Enter Mistico.

Mistico- People, we must prepare.

Andras- Is that the gifted horse?

Teleste- Look out. Here comes his mouth.

Mistico- A new member to our mammalian community has arrived.
Therefore, I, as is my inclination, have committed my time
and resources to care for the fresh entity until further
arrangements can be made for its genatrix, dear Malvena.
As she from the birthing hutch is lifted, will you hear the
climax to the cycle of seasons which the Professor intended
to be sung as a victory ballad for the winner of our contest?

Andras- We will hear it.

Mistico- Enter, you clowns. This side is otoño, or fall. This side
verano, summer. Warble as you wish.

Fall

When Bessie clangs her frozen bell,
The seeder's full, the sun is stuck,
When down is fluff and pumpkins swell,
And darkly chugs the Wonder truck,
Then snow the sky begins to spill
And in the woods you hear the cry,
A-whip-poor-will, a-whip-poor-will,
And all the meadow flowers die.

When waiting children smoke their breath,
And Rick the woodman cuts his cord,
When silence fills the robin's nest,
And carolers gather in the yard,
Then snow the sky begins to spill
And in the woods you hear the cry,
A-whip-poor-will, a-whip-poor-will,
And all the meadow flowers die.

Summer

When frisbees fly across the lawn,
And Stoner Steve lights up the grill,
When beer is chill'd and days are long,
And all you need is down the hill,
Then over every picnic spot
The crazy Woodpeck' bangs his head,
A-nit-nit-nit, a-not-not-not,
And lusty Jen is sad she wed.

When rollerbladers buzz the path,
And ferriswheels lurch above,
When girls tan topless in the grass,
And muscly Sven is quick to shove,
Then over every picnic spot
The lonely Woodpeck' bangs his head,
A-nit-nit-nit, a-not-not-not,
And lusty Jen is sad she wed.

Mistico- The songs of frolic are brash after the sounds of labor. You
first, we last.

THE END