

God

... and other stories

Andy Kaufman

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Title Page

God
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Publisher Details

by The Andy Kaufman Memorial Trust

First Printing January, 2000

ISBN 1-930401-01-8

Published by

Zilch Publishing, Inc. 1405 Route 23

Wayne, New Jersey 07470

Book design and production by Graphic Concepts and Reproductions, Inc., Fairfield, NJ

Printed in the United States of America

Preface

My brother, Andrew Geoffrey Kaufman, was a prolific writer.

From the time he was 12 until his death at age 35 in 1984, he wrote constantly. Poems, short stories, plays, even novels. He would write on paper napkins, small scraps of paper, address books, spiral notebooks, looseleaf paper or lined legal pads. Occasionally, he would type his work, but mostly it was all hand-written - or more accurately, hand scrawled.

Most of his early writing was done unbeknownst to the family. While Andy's classmates were awake in class, Andy was asleep. While his fellow classmates were sleeping at night, teenager Andy was awake into the wee hours of the morning, writing about his observations of the day, giving vent to his boundless imagination and developing characters and acts which we would later recognize as having been germinated during this stage of his youth. I became aware of this when I started reading his work after he died. Andy dated almost all of his writing, usually including the time of day, and after he graduated high school, would scribble the address of where he did his writing.

After graduating high school in 1967, he spent the next year driving a taxi, a delivery truck and washing dishes. While most of his affluent classmates went on to college, Andy worked, saving enough to buy a \$400 used Cadillac limousine. He once had our father dress up as a chauffeur and drive him around Great Neck while he lounged in the backseat, waving at pedestrians like a star on parade. Andy used his limo to pick me up from my summer job parking cars at a fancy country club, entertain his friends, and otherwise have a grand time doing something most kids wouldn't have imagined.

In September 1968 he enrolled at Gram Junior College. He began learning transcendental meditation on December 5 of that year and two months later started writing .GOO. While Andy was a freshman, LBJ was

President, gasoline was 25¢ a gallon, and the Vietnam war was in fullswing. Andy, at 20 years old, had successfully avoided being drafted into the Army by scoring a zero on the psychological exam.

GOD. was written during a time when Andy was exploring and challenging the norms of the world. Actually, when wasn't he? Having been brought up in the Jewish faith he was taught to have a certain view of God. But Andy always had a devilish, impish "what if" quality to him. Along with his newly found discipline of meditation, he was exploring the boundaries of what one was allowed to think, let alone, write.

To the best of my knowledge, .GOD was the only one of Andy's plays ever performed. He had it produced by his classmate, Al Parinello, who managed the coffeehouse on campus. Andy showed the world his ability to walk in and out of different characters, and be totally immersed in each one. The few people who were fortunate to be his audience at that time witnessed up close what the rest of the world would later discover, Andy's amazingly convincing ability to instantly transform characters.

When you read ilQI2 think of the different characters of Andy that you know. Nice Andy, mean Andy, innocent child Andy, wrestling Andy, Tony Clifton Andy, Foreign man Andy, Vic Ferrari playboy Andy, and all the other Andy's or possible Andy's. You'll see one full page of "tee-heehee". When he performed this piece, he said each of the 124 "tee-heehee's", giving meaning to every one of them. He was not merely being cute or filling up a page with this innocent girl's giggle. He has another page of a baby's "ga ga goo's." Again, each goo and ga had its purpose.

Most of Andy's writings, from his poetry and plays to his short stories and novels, are a self-exposition, if not self-exploration. As such, many of his writings are somewhat obviously autobiographical. While

GOD is not as obvious, I challenge you to see Andy in the story. Is he Larry Prescott, a delivery truck driver like Andy, who goes on to become an entertainer more famous than Elvis? Larry Prescott becomes even more famous than Goel. Is Larry Prescott Elvis? Andy? Or is Andy Tinctured Puncture, who has magical ways and doesn't find it necessary to speak, which his family doesn't understand. Is Gina his ideal girl: Innocent with a magic to her? Is the "nasal tone" character the first signs of Tony Clifton? The Queen beats up her macho King, just like bravado Tony Clifton would get beat up by females. A King as a vulnerable wimp?

Go figure! But, don't limit Andy to being any one of these characters - there was probably a little of him in each.

Andy brings some personal, however innocuous, tidbits into 001). He adapts part of the Camp Lenox alma mater, "High on a Stately Mountain High," a sleep away camp he attended for three years as a child. He works in the words to part of the Coasters' hit song, "Charlie Brown". He works in the nursery rhyme "4 and 20 blackbirds" as part of a sentence.

Andy loved amusement parks, where one could escape into a world of fantasy without being looked at funny. He viewed life through the eyes of an innocent child, who saw the world as a big amusement park. Our family would visit Coney Island every year, and after Andy was famous, he remained an amusement park enthusiast. Even if he had to wear the sweatshirt with a ridiculous hood that he would tie tightly around his head to be incognito, he would still go. In fact, Andy told me he wanted to put a roller coaster in Manhattan. It would go up, down, and around the skyscrapers. It might have been designed as a mode of transportation, according to his rationale. Andy liked to break down barriers, and

thought anything was possible. I can still hear him saying 'ya never know. . .".

A WORD OF CAUTION: One night, early in Andy's career, my friends, Alan and Jeff, and I drove Andy into Manhattan to perform. I parked the car with Alan, after we had dropped off Andy and Jeff on the sidewalk outside the nightclub. After parking, he walked towards the nightclub only to find them in the same spot we left them. got angry and accused them of being lazy and waiting for us to help with the dirty work of bringing Andy's multitude of instruments and props downstairs. Then

I learned that Andy had already been downstairs at the club, started setting up, lost his audience in the process of dawdling and was kicked out by an irate manager. Waiting for Andy's punchline could be slow agony. On this night the audience gave him the punch. For those who waited during the subsequent dozen years of Andy's career, the wait was usually worth it, even if there was no punchline.

GOD was written to be delivered orally, by Andy. (Our Great Uncle Sidney and Great Aunt Anne were supposedly the only two people who understood the book when Andy wrote it, 88 the story goes). Reading it may be slow. But remember, there IS a payoff.

The performance pieces included in this book are an example of Andy inviting us to enter his own interior world with him, something he continued the rest of his life, no matter what he did or where he went. So join Andy in his wonderful world of fantasy. Let yourself go with the flow. You be the judge if there's a message, and along the way, enjoy the ride.

Michael A. Kaufman December 1999

Foreword

I remember September 14, 1969 like it was last Tuesday. It was the day the most interesting man I've ever known introduced me, and an audience of co-students at Boston's Graham Junior College, to his life's work. The man was Andy Kaufman, and the work he performed was a novel called, appropriately enough,

What makes this significant is the fact that Andy was in his early 20's at the time, and he was acting out his story about a life he hadn't yet lived. But only he knew that. To us, it appeared old hat to him. Sure, you may think, that's about right for Andy Kaufman, but that's because you know of his on-the-edge antics and his subsequent fame. In 1969 he was about as famous as any lonely student away from home on a college campus.

Life, as the axiom goes, throws many of us an occasional curve ball, but in the fall of 1969, Andy Kaufman was thrown into my Life Like a perfectly placed fast ball. I didn't swing for the seats. I didn't have to. Rather, I sat back and enjoyed our friendship, strange as it was. Nonetheless, Andy rocketed out of the ballpark and continued on that fascinating trajectory until his untimely death in 1984.

Surprisingly, meeting and befriending Andy as a young student

wasn't spectacular. As a matter of fact, it was quite ordinary, even bordering on boring at times. We both missed our families and we both anticipated successful, albeit undefined, careers in media. Graham, as the preeminent broadcasting school in the country, was the place to learn.

I solved loneliness by running for office on the student council, and winning. My platform was to organize and open a campus coffeehouse, "Al's Place," all the rage in the 60's. Andy took a rather eclectic road to meeting people. He joined the Transcendental Meditation Center in near-

by Cambridge, where he learned the art of relaxing and contemplating every moment of his life. In a particularly telling discussion, years later in my living room, he referred to "TM" as "only thing I ever did that I take seriously." One of the great honors of my life is that I was given the opportunity to be the first person to hire Andy as a stage performer...

Andy showed up one day at my "office," the back door of the coffee house, and said, in a very straightforward, if not bland, voice, "I would like you to hire me because I'm funny." My response, "Well, you don't seem very funny," didn't deter him, despite the fact that I continued to book other promising acts, such as Livingston Taylor. After two or three more rather pathetic requests on his part, I relented, driving a hard bargain that got him hired for \$5.00. His premiere coffeehouse appearance was dominated by Mighty Mouse, conga drums, foreign man, kids' songs, some very tacky party humor and, of course, the soon to be familiar feeling that something was wrong and out of control. But the finale ultimately came and quickly cured the discomfort. Out of nowhere...a perfectly executed portrayal of his idol, Elvis! I can still hear the room buzz, coeds swooning and screaming, really screaming. Something very important happened that night.

Shortly after, Andy suggested that he perform GOD, his one-man

play, as he called it. He also called it his novel, his story. I negotiated another hard \$5.00 deal and people showed up to see him again, this time reading and acting out .QQ.ll.

As you read the words to GOO I implore you to think ".ANDY KAUF

MAN." This is a work that needs to be more than read. It needs to be performed to get the most out of it. Andy is no longer available for the job, so I suggest that you imagine Andy in his glorious outrageous way, performing all the parts, ridiculously overacting. See him in your mind and hear his voices instantly change as he becomes the very cast of players you are about to meet. I assure you, as a Kaufman fan, you'll know instinctively just what characteristics Andy would have aptly applied to each of the personalities.

The research shows that Andy only performed the play .QQll several times. Maybe only 50 or so individuals on this planet were fortunate enough to witness the performances. As one, I can still bring back the experience, and often do so. I remember being confused, but not minding the discomfort, because there was always a goal, something more. Something to look forward to. We were all brought closer and closer to an answer, closer and closer to the middle of an ever-amusing amusement park. In

retrospect, Andy instinctively knew that all of us need to be motivated to keep going on, and, more importantly, all of us are searching in some way for an answer, if we only knew the question.

I wrote a review for the college newspaper about my experience that night, the reprinted version of which is included in this book. Outside of the trite verse of a college freshman, one sentence stands out like a smack to the head with a blunt instrument: ".GQll proved to be worth its weight in bottled clouds."I remember writing that sentence 30 years ago and I remember questioning myself about what it meant. I couldn't answer truthfully.I only knew that it worked to describe what had seen. I still feel the same way. If any one person could bottle a weightless cloud and preserve its interpretive nature for everlasting enjoyment, it would be Andy. Perhaps that's exactly what he has done here.

Enjoy .GQI!.It's special!

Al Parinello

November 1999

God

I.

Hearken thou: Art sinners all. I see ye in thou bloomers everyday picking some bits from one another's brows. Thou art comely into forbidden grounds.

I saw that ye were good. I loved ye more than ever. My patience hath abounding. Properties of perfunctory function. Yet I too have my limits; not that I have any limits at all. Nonetheless, I do not. Perfection overtakes my regular. Yet I wish to limit my perfunct. Hast thou cherished the abducial places of thou hearts?

THOU SHALT SUFFER

my friend.

more than ever.

THOU SHALT SUFFER

Thou hast sinned. Thou ist still sinning. Every day. All de time. Thou canst doest thist to me.

Damn you ass (baby).

ha ha ha

GO.

Down on your knees and suffer (you shall).

Tinctured Puncture

Tan face and narrow eyes. Straight mouth.

Handsome doll.

He walked down the streets of bustling city. Never grinned, never frowned. Always looked satisfied.

His legs carried his body throughout. Floated through. Arms waved back and forth in perfect rhythm.

His head above all, Float. Floating. Gold hair.

People of course noticed him, but they did not stop and stare. He was not a movie star.

Never stepped on a crack on the sidewalk.

Never moved out of anybody's way; never had to. Just walked straight.

A single line.

He stopped. Stared up at the big office building. Others looked up too. His mouth opened. Just a tiny crack. Beautiful.

He looked both ways.

Coughed. Fell. Choked. Tongue.

Gina wore the cutest bellbottoms. I mean just the cutest. You know, they fit her tight at the waist and gradually became looser until they went way way out at the bottom.

She always giggled ("Tee•hee•hee").

This time she walked down a city street and window shopped ("Tee•hee•hee"). Her short black hair like a pixie. She was just the cutest thing.

A man approached her. Confidential sneer. "Hey baby."

Tee•hee•hee.

'Uh uh said hey baby.' "Tee•hee•hee". "Ahhww."

Angry frown. "Da gurls dese days don't know a good thing when they see one!"

Tee-hee-hee.

She continued down the street. Satisfied grin. Little girl.

da da da da da-o

"Time!" cried the old man as he ran. He was almost short, kind of hunch-backed, and had a stubble-beard which made him look like a bum.

A crowd had formed. Some dared not to look, though.

"Time!" he cried. "Let me through, please." He held a bottle in front of him. "Let me through!" Police scowled.

Tinctured just lay there, sometimes coughing or choking. A doctor had tried to pull his tongue out, but to no avail.

"Time!" cried the old man as he ran. He stopped short at the body and bent down. "Here!" placed the bottle into Tinctured's mouth. Tinctured drank. Movement. In the body. In the crowd.

"All right all right! Given air! Given air!.. Soft. murmur in the crowd.

Disband! Disband!

And Tinctured stood up.

Ach. Good," said the old man."

And floated some more.

And Lany decided to stop at the window. Why couldn't people be more friendly these days?

And Gina stopped at this very same window. "Tee-hee-hee".

He heard it. Aha. Friendly. What evil is there can be found in a giggle.

He stood longer. Closer. "Uh-hi." "Tee-hee-hee".

Cute little tee-hee-hee! Innocent as hell! Wow! A friendly person! "Say, whatcha doin'?"

Tee-hee-hee."

Oh my! Tee-hee-hee! Yes!! Tee-hee-hee! Good God! "Wanna do something-together?"

l'ee-hee-hee.

Tee-hee-hee! Yes! Tee-hee-hee! All right, baby! You got me! I'll do anything! ANYTHING! for you! Understand? C'mon! Let's go!! He took her arm. They walked away together. Her hand covered her mouth with the giggles once in a while. They skipped. They danced. His arm went up around her back good.

The kingdom of Alegadonia. Lay in the mountains.

King Fluke sat on the throne (big chair) all day. Queen Silga sat in the throness all day.

What a boring job. Worse than night watchman in a garage.

Alpert walked the dog. Hutch trimmed the hedges

Baby picked the flowers. Baby got spanked, of coW'Se, not by King Fluke, but by Alga-dem, the executioner.

The Kids were kept in the nursecy. Once a day they were allowed to play Ring Around the Rosey. Esther the nurse made sure that they only did this once a day. She theorized that Ring Around the Rosey was a dangerous game when played in excess. Her job was to keep them tame. Sometimes she used Castor Oil.

Castor Oil was a slob. He spit at people. He was fat. He was bald. He was no good. The children didn't like Castor Oil.

PEOPLE IN CHINA-UNITE.

And they did the other day.

A crushed people of vengeance.

A crash of polygmy.

Slanted eyes and a tooth brush. Waded up to their necks.

A bumble bee stings when it is mad.

A Chinese man has a temper like a bulldog.

An old lady will swat one with her stick of not careful.

A bulldog will stick out its neck to save one's life-Brandy.

o no-that's a Saint Bernard-

truly gifted dog of the alpine region of North Dakota.

A stock bearer palls down into deep snows-of truth-pain-elbow grease.
 Sammy dug.He made sure to stay far away from the ocean. "That's a
 good little boy,"said Mommy.
 Truths abound wildly around children.
 Take stock of what you hear-it may prove valuable. Ahem.
 The girls of the chorus stood on the side of the brown dirt road and sang lonesome-cowboy-striding-
 music: da da dum da-da da dum da-daaadadadada.
 Lonesome cowboys strode down lonesome street in Old Auburndale.
 What a place!
 The girls showed their knees. Mustaches wiggled. "Woo Weee!!"
 'Wow!!"
 Va Va Va Voooom!!
 And that's just a sample of what you'll see inside," Nasal Tone was heard saying as he wiggled his
 own cotton-picking mustache.
 Yessir-I tell you! Would you believe? Rotten to the core.
 Ladies and Gentlemen
 An apple a day ...
 They all piled into the saloon. "Glubba glubba glubba." "Hubba hubba hubba."
 They all took seats.Black Bart made himself comfortable.They had a good time.
 'Well, I've been through it all. I've been through a lotta shit. I'm sicka it!"
 Sa try me! "I dey-ah ya!"
 Oh, you ain't sa tuff. "Oh yeah?"
 'Yeah!"
 Oh YEAH?
 YEAH! ah do decleah. "Well, hmp!"
 Gwan, puthcer money wheah yo mout iss.
 I c'n lick any man in da house. "Yeahm."
 'Well?"
 'Wellm?"
 'Well, g\Van. Putchah money wheah yo mout iss." "Okay!"
 POW-right in da kisser!
 me and my big mouf.
 So Larry had Gina under his arm. They walked. They talked. They skipped and jumped.
 Well, nice weather we're having, huh? "Tee-hee-hee."
 Oh my Gawd?
 They marched around a corner and under a tree. "Well, hay-be"
 "Tee-hee-hee."
 Here we are ...""
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 Just the two of us-hee hee.
 'Tee-hee hee."
 Ha-ha.
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 'Ho●ho-ho my!"
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 "Haw HAW!!"
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 HAW!!HAW!! HAW!!
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 'HAW!!HAW!!HEY BAY-bee, how 'bout a little kiss, huh?" "Tee-hee-hee."

Cum awn, I ain't gonna hurtcha.
 Tee-hee-hee. "All right?" "Tee-hee•hee." ' L RJGHT!"
 'Tee-hee-hee."
 Just pucker up that little smacker and let's get into some action! "TEE-HEE-HEE."
 'What?—all's I said was pucker up da smacker and lets get into some
 action."
 'Tee-hee-hee." "Oh-"
 Tee-hee-hee.
 Awww-
 Tee-hee-hee."
 Y'know-
 Tee-hee-hee."
 Ya make-a me mad! 'Tee-hee-hee."
 Oh, you-
 Tee-hee-hee. "Go ta hell!" "Tee-hee-hee."
 (People just aren't friendly these days).
 Tinctured Punctw-e. Floating. Just floating around. Never says a word.
 Hey, you're cute,says a beautiful young lady.
 Tinctured Puncture. Floating. Just straight. Not stopping. "Whell!"Young lady is embarrassed.
 It is so! "It is not!"
 It is so! "It is not!" "Oh yeah?"
 'Yeah!"
 Oh YEAH?
 YEAH!
 POW-right in the kisser•scroom, barn, pow, crash, kaboom, eek, wo, woch, aaarrghh.
 gentlemen, GENTlemen• •
 Tinctured Puncture.Floating.Just. Open arms. 'Ihey."
 "Hey•whaddaya say?" fights are ended such.
 Sammy dug the beach. Yes-he really dug it. Mommy lay in the sun on her new Sun-Risened Beachnot
 Blanket in her new Gogettum Cadenza Triple-R Soft White 2 piece Bikinibum Bathing Suit, curling
 her legs at the knees and reading News in the Adventures of the Wilds (blue yonder), once in a while
 curling her toes so as to crack her knuckles. Her hair bundled up into a frizz, loaded with a bang atop an
 artificial net-curler. She employed a twest of sun reflector once in a while, and her red face reflected an
 ominous smile on red lips satisfied for the longing of an incubationally rationale dotatingly fine sun-tan.
 Can I go in do watta, Mommy?asked Sammy.
 'No." Mommy came to da beach. Mommy don't go in no ocean. Too many fish. (Mommy get nice
 sun-tan-so she look pretty for Daddy).
 Why, maw?
 "Hush up and keep digging."
 If I keep digging, will I ...
 Yes, if you keep digging, you'll reach China. Now hush up. PEOPLE OF CHINA-can't quit.
 must go
 must see and hear: "Ching chong choChing chong cho-che-
 Ching chong cho chi chaFing fang fo
 Ya ma ta) e vous!"
 "Ya ma tal e vous?"
 U te, 'Ya ma tal e vous'?" ""A wan a nob!!""
 Rad na!!!
 Yuk yuk!!
 Huk?

Ho ko tu!
U te, 'ho ko tu?' A wan a noh! Rad na!! "Ifn u noh tel, A weel be madoso!!!!!" "Aw, Frita, tell de guy, heh?"
Noh!!
Aw, kum on, heh?
Noh!!A se Noh!! "Plis?"
Noh! Ahn iss final!!! "U ted it? A wan a noh!"
Well, another day, another dollar.
ttn ready for another hard day of sittn on the Throne.
Would you plee-as!said a nasal tone as she brought the covers to her side of the bed.
But dear . . .
But —Okay.Ya wanna be ruff, hey? Ya wanna be ruff, hey? Then have your goddam covers? Gwan, keep 'em! Seef I care!
'Wot?"
Yeah, gwan. Msick of arguing with you.King Fluke got up and start- ed putting on his pants.
What do ...just what do you mean? "I mean this: You Make Me Sick!" Silence.
Oh Yeah?
'Yeah?"
Oh YEAH? "YEAH!!!"

tee-bee-bee-tee-hee- bee-tee-bee-hee-tee-bee-hee tee-bee hee-tee-hee-bee-tee-bee-bee-tee-hee- hee-
tee-bee-hee-tee-hee-hee tee-bee bee-tee- hee-hee-tee-bee-hee-tee-hee- bee-tee-hee-hee-tee-hee-hee
tee-hee hee-tee-bee-hee-tee-bee-hee-tee-hee- bee-tee-hee-hee-tee-hee-hee tee-bee bee-tee-hee-hee-
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tee-hee-hee tee-hee hee-tee-hee-hee-tee-hee- hee-tee-hee-hee-tee-hee- hee-tee-hee-hee

Yep

Howdy doo Here I am Old man Hunchback.

Not much of a man Drink all day Drunk

Yes

I like people out though Ya know

Tinctured

I like Tunctured

Now there's a youth with vim and vigor Dust free

Clavicals waning

Young whippersnapper

Ilike young whippersnappers Ya know

For goodness sake Cut that noise

A man can't hear himself think around here These days

What's the world coming to

Anyway

(Hi)

People just aren't friendly these days. Try ta be nice

Whaddaya get Nuthin

All's uh said was pucked up dat little smacker and let's get into some action

People misunderstand Always misunderstand Always

Yes

I'm sick of all this

Can't I find someone to understand? Oh gawd

Why then oh why can't I? Somewhere

Someone understands

I wanna make sumthin of myself I wanna be somebody

Someday

They're all gonna kneel at my feet Wait and see

Just you wait

Oh lord God up in heaven I wanna be somebody.

Ahem

Hear ye Hear ye

Oh that's not my job Why I'm the King

And don't you forget it You better know it

What I say goes

I ain't no pushover Fluke's the name Yes-King Fluke

Uh-huh-you better know it When you see me, you jump To my commands

Ah hah! Yes!

I am The Greatest! That's right

No one
 I said No One
 tells me what to do
 They know they're messin with King Fluke The Greatest
 You better know it! Weahl weahl weahl heer I aehm
 Queen Sielga
 queen of King Fluke eahnd wut uh fleuk
 i eahm meahrried teu theaht breut eahnd yeud beahtter kneow it thaet's rait
 he is the biggest . . . weahl
 yeu kneow wut
 hnoy o buoy o buoy h u t I due sey
 wut uh schlump
 he's always talcing thuh cuvers on his side 1leahver leaves me any
 honestly
 why i ever got married
 heahven kneows
 my mother told me not to
 "he's a bum" she said
 and i do declare, he is nother but a good for nother bum
 Duh-here I am
 Just a-walkin da dog
 Everyday I walk da dog
 "Alpert, walk da dog"
 Dat's what dey tell me
 Dey tell me ta walk da dog Ho I walk da dog
 I mean dat's my job
 I walk da dog in da morning
 Sometimes I walk da dog in dee evening
 And ya know once in a while I walk da dog in dee afternoon
 If da missus is in a bad mood, I walk da dog aftuh breakfast , lunch an' dinnuh
 Sa haddaya like dat, huh? Breakfast lunch an' dinnuh Me an' da dog
 We gets along djust fine ya know
 If I was ta get married
 I think I'd marry da dog Uh hah hah
 Haddaya like dat? Huh?
 Hayyup
 Hedges hedges _hedges
 All day long I trim hedges "Hutch-trim the hedges"
 More like the voice of my conscience(?) Couldn't I find something better?
 NO
 I mean
 I'm workin' fer royalty King and queen
 ho ho ho Y'know—
 Someone said that the woild's a stage and each must play a part
 Maybe I shoulde went into Shakespeare Acting(?)
 Y'know
 I mighta made out Well, anyway
 Here I am and I've been doing it for so long It's too late now
 Nuthin' lcould do about it
 Just can't wait 'til I gets me pension Ga ga goo goo gee ga ga

Blip blip I'm fat blip blip
 I've got a big red nose blip blip
 I'm ugly
 Boo-hoo-hoo
 Children don't like me UhpardonmeletmeintroducemyselfimCastorOil I don't see why it should make
 them so upset
 I don't bother anyone
 f don't hurt anyone At least I don't try to
 Yet I seem to bring them pain and grief Why oh why
 Woe is me
 I wish . . .
 I wish . . .
 Why couldn't I be made of stone, too blip
 Da beach
 Is a good place. I like da beach.
 My mommy brings me here once in a while to go swimming But she never let's me go swimming
 I just sit here and play wif my pale and shovel. I don't mind
 I like it here It is nice
 Mommy is getting a nice sun tan Matter of fact, so am I.
 Mommy says if I dig deep enough I'll reach China. Oh boy oh boy oh boy
 I can't wait
 I just keep on digging Ching ching cho
 ha ha ha dig dig dig
 I wonder what it's like down there I wonder if they got slanted eyes
 I wonder if they live in mud huts
 I wonder if they eat with chopsticks. Darling Sammy
 What a brat
 Sometimes
 But he's usually a good boy lcept when he's a pest Then he's a bad boy
 I'm trying to get some rest Peace and Quiet
 Get nice sun tan Look good for Daddy
 Little brat bothers me Makes noise
 "Mommy could I go swimming Mommy could I get a hot dawg Mommy I could do this
 Mommy could I do that What a pain"
 Why don't he just be quiet Leave me alone
 Can'tche see i'm sleepin'? So I tell 'im to dig a hole So he'll reach China •
 Ha ha ha
 lle'll fall asleep soon enough Whell whell whell
 Step right up! Whell whell whell Step right up!
 Really Big shoe!
 Ladies and gentlemen!
 Whaddaya know, Joe Would you believe . . . Rotten to the core
 An apple a day Hmm . . .
 Cut the bullshit
 I know what I'm doing AndIlike it!
 Here
 Right here little boy kum here and knock the head offa the baby and win a turtle for ya mama
 Or ya sista Or ya brudda
 Aw, it don't matter What Isay
 But Ilike it!

And don't you forget it! Ladies and gentlemen Step right up!

III.

And Queen Silga remained on top of King Fluke until he said uncle. "Uncle! UNCAL!"

Hmph! she snorted, letting him up.

'Hmph!' he snorted, getting up. He started pointing his finger at her, saying "Y'know . . ." but she started to put up her dukes so he let his arms just flap at the sides. "Well dear," he said timidly. "Let's go back to sleep."

No answer. "Huh?"

No answer.

'Well, I'm goin' back ta sleep.'

Ya think I'd go back ta sleep with you? . . . Ya think I'm crazy or sumthin'?

'Well no 1—'

I wouldn't go back to bed with you if ya paid me a million dollars! "Well, 1—OKAY, ya wanna play ruff, hey? YA WANNA PLAY RUFF,

HEY?"

'Wha?'

Put up yer.dukes.

Oh YEAH— POW-right in the kisser.

The king fell. In a second, the queen was on top of him. Tinctured Puncture.

Just kept on floating.

Watching over everything(?) I

Making sure(?)

A drunk old man walked down the street. "Ahh ya mudda fucka go eat shit ya lame-brained lallapalooza shtang-bang yukk yukk—" And threw a stone through a nice old Jewish man's store window.

Hey, who do you think you are throwing a stone through my winda? Why you mother fucker go eat shit ya lame-brained lallapalooza shtang - bang yukk yukk!

'Wha—?'

Fist . . . Punch . . . yukk yukk

And the old drunk man threw the nice Jewish man through his own winda. Looked up. "Wha . . .?"

Saw

Tinctured standing there up straight and erect with his hand on his hips.

'Wha?'

Tinctured smiled.

The old man straightened his posture. "What do you—Why . . .?" Tinctured smiled.

The old man smiled.

The nice Jewish man smiled.

Everyone smiled.

Shook hands

and came out of fighting.

Larry saw the boss outside the grocery store. "Say, ya need anybody to drive the truck?"

Hmm, uh aah, well . . . ya know how to drive a truck? "Yup."

Stick-shift? "Yup."

'Ya know how to deliver groceries?' "Yup."

'Ya know the town?' "Yup."

Okay. Ya want a job?
'Yup."
'You gottit."
Good.
'You'll start at \$1.35 an hour, full time six days a week, pension pending, good stockumohboy."
Good. Thank you.
Gina walked down the sidewalk. Tee-hee-hee.
She stopped at a window. Tee-hee-hee.
She stood there and watched, looking cute as ever.
The truck came a-rollin' down the road, just a-rollin' just as fast as ever. "Ho-ho-ho—do-dee-o-doe—
dee-dee-da—" sang the driver.
Hey bay-bee! called the driver from the window. Gina looked.
'Tee-hee-hee." "Oh yeah?" "Tee-hee-hee."
Larry opened the door and got out. He ran to where she was standing. "Come awn, bay-bee."
'Tee-hee-hee." "Oh YEAH?"
And he reached out to grab her but she ran away. He followed her and
almost caught her when her bells' bottoms expanded and she started flying.
'Wha?" hands on his hips. Scratch on his head. "Why I ain't never." And Gina just,flew.
'Tee-hee-hee."
The lonesome temple. Church pews.
Doors are always open.
Inside, the Lonesome Stranger sat. His expressionless face, with a dash of Mona Lisa Mouth, looked
straight ahead and up.
He knelt. His hands together in front. His lips moving delicately. buhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuh
buhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuh
Eyes closed. Prayers astonished. Sat for hours. (Floated out).
Uncle. UNCAL! cried the king as the queen pinned him to the ground. "Okay okay," he said breathless.
"No moah! No moah!"
YA GONNA STOP? shrieked Queen Silga. "Uh, glub glub."
HUH?
Oh no! "UUUUUHH!"
Yes! Yes! YESS!!!!
Okay, ya dumb shmeggegy. She got off and let him up. ":And no more back talk!"
Yes darling.
Now I'm going to sit on the Throness. Do you hear me? "Yes dear.."
'Well, are you coming?"
I'll be there in a little while dear. I just gotta take a shower. "Okay, I'll be out on the Throness. You
better be out soon." "Okay, okay."
'What?" "Yes dear."
She walked out for a hard day of sitting on the throness. "Whew!" said King Fluke as he wiped his
brow.
Gina landed in an alley. "My," she wondered. "How did that happen?" Hhe thought, but I came out in
cute little giggles. She looked down. Wiggled her tiny toes. "Tee-hee-hee." (She looked up and wiggled her
little nose. "Tee-hee-hee.") She looked around her and began to dance. "Teehee-hee." She twirled around
and around. A little faster and then a little faster. Round and round she went, faster and faster until
she rose into the air. She stopped and descended. 'Tee-hee-hee." (Hey waitaminnit. lladdidthat happen?)
She looked at her waist. She looked at her feet. She looked at her bells. (No). (Couldn't be). She kicked.
(Bliip). She kicked ngain. (Bliiip) She kicked again (Bliiip-fleeew) and flew up into the air (Yup-it was
the bellbottoms)and flew happy, the only girl in the world with flying bellbottoms. "Ha-ha-ha." She
laughed with joy.

Tinctured Puncture. Floated. Home.

On his way he remembered when he had gotten his first epileptic fit in public as a child and lost all his friends. For a while he had been incapable of normal human attributes, unable to communicate, unable to travel, unable to live. Then he had found dat man upstairs, and He was his only friend.

Every-body
needs some-body
to love-love-love

He had not seen his family for many years. He floated right into the house. Mother was in the kitchen peeling potatoes. He stood behind her and watched. "Outta my way," she said.

mmmm—

'What?' she looked around. "Why—Tinctured!" she exclaimed. "Ed—Tinctured is home."

'What, Martha?' Father entered the kitchen. "Did I hear you say—" he stopped short. 'Tinctured!—What are you—?—Good to see you, m'boy. Good to see you." Father shook his hand.

Mother just stared. "That's my boy. Big and strong. Look how well he looks, Ed. Go into the living room. Make him a drink."

Tinctured stood with his Mona Lisa smile and said "mmmmmm—"

"Well," said Father as he crossed his legs and sat back in his easy chair.

"mmm—" replied Tinctured.

'My son, my son. Tell me about yourself.'

Shrug shoulders.

Did you have a good time?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you miss us?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you do anything interesting?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you see anything you liked?

"mmm—"

Good. Good.—Did you go swimming? "Mmm—"

Good. Good.

Ed—How's the boy? called the kitchen.

Good. Good.—Now son. Your sister's coming down soon. You wait and see. She's so beautiful. Ya know, I think—Oh! Here she comes now!

'The stairs stepped. "Step-step." And a pretty long-blond-haired girl stepped downb from the stairs and she was Susan, the sister of Tintured Puncture. "Mom, when's dinner gonna be ready?"

In a while, dear.

Susan stepped into the living room. "Bye, Dad. I'm going skiing." She turned to go.

Susan, said Father. "Did you see who's here?"

She turned back, looked, and saw. "Is that my—Oh my!" She ran toward him with a big smile on her mouth. "Howdy bruddah!" She waved

her hand and stood up straight and erect. Stared him in the face waiting for the frantic reply that was to match her evervescent startle.

mmmmmm . . . was the reply. "She sat down. "How are you?" "mmm—"

Oh. There was a little bit of silence.

Father broke in. "Tinctured had agood time and wants to go back and saw

II lot of things he liked and went swimming." "Oh." Susan stared a little. "Really, Tinctured?" "mmm . . ."

Just what do you mean, Tinctured?

mmm . . . Tinctured continued his Mona Lisa smile. Very content.

Well, spit it out, boy!
 "mmm . . ."
 You got big ears!
 "mmm . . ."
 Now now, said Father. "That's not nice." "But he can't say anything, Daddy?"
 Of course. Can't you Tinctured?
 "mmm . . ."
 'Watsamattawityou, Tinctured?'
 "mmm . . ."
 Daddy! He's dumb!
 "mmm . . ."
 Martha! The boy can't talk! "Wot!?"
 'The boy can't talk!' Mother entered. "He can!"
 He can't!
 He can!
 He can't!
 He can't, Mommy!
 mmm . . .
 Oh yes he can! She went into the kitchen and came out with some potatoes. "Tinctured. Ya want some potatoes?"
 "mmm . . ."
 She held the plate in front of him. His hand went out. She took it away. "Say 'I want potatoes'."
 "mmm . . ."
 'I want potatoes'.
 "mmm . . ."
 It's amazing! "He can't talk!"
 He's DUMB!
 "mmm . . ."
 King Fluke took off his pants. He gathered his soap and towel and putemonthrack. Wiggled toes. He stepped into the shower.
 sss "aaaaahh," he smiled.
 RELAXTION. ARREST. CONCILIATION.
 (good)
 And he wiggled his toes and stepped out. Drying off his towel and do the twist.
 And King Fluke was putting on his pants.
 "A-ve, Ma-ri-hi-ah . . ."
 And got dressed.
 when all of a sudden he heard—
 "GOBBLE-GOBBLE-GOBBLE"
 and
 "AAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! "
 andheranoutjustasfastashislittlelegswouldcarryhim and saw the legs of Cween Silga justakickin as the Throness gobbled her up in one fell swoop.
 "GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU CAN ACT LIKE A GENTLEMEN AND BE PART OF THE FAMILY AND ACT CIVIL WITH YOUR PARENTS!" said Father in a disturbing voice. ""Yeah, ya big stupid dumb,"" added Susan."
 My boy! cried Mother. "Where have we failed, Ed?"
 Tinctured exited from the house and strolled slowly on a sidewalk. l•elt lonely.
 Looked downward. Onto hard pavement. No one. Else. In the world. Maybe.

And remembering when he had lost his peers after the first epileptic fit. He kind of stumbled. Downward. Now who was left? He stopped. Looked up. Smiled. At his Lord. "Well, I guess it's just you and me, old buddie," he thought. And started to float. Get me my advisor! order the King after witnessing the tragedy. He llood for a moment of silence. "At your service, sire," saluted the advisor. "Advisor?" "Yes, sire." "Look.—What should I do?" "Just what has transpired, sire?" Why—the Throness has gobbled up the queen in one fell swoop! "Oh my!" "And I don't know what to do. What should I do? Shall I mourn her loss forevermore?—By the queaths of Sanantobar Quitallia, I shall have her back!—Shall I not, good advisor?" "Thou mayest speakest truest, 0 noble king. ""Howest mayest thist beest donest?"""" "There art tongue spokest, Your Majesty Sir, of a man in the outside land-" 'A normal Lay Man." 'Yessah .—I mean, yes Your Majesty. He is spoken of as only good. He is notably good, sire." And from where does he hail?" From whence he came, I cannot tell, but wherever he is needed most, chances are that there he shall be. Really? 'Yup." Good advisor. "Yessah." Go out and find this—this— "Tintured Puncture, the blessed one." 'Yes. Tinctured Puncture. Go out and seek him and find him and ask him if he can come back with you and bring me back my queen." 'Yes sire. It shall be done. Your Majesty." "Good." And the good advisor went out in search of Tinctured Puncture And Sammy kept digging deeper and deeper and pretty soon all the bathers went home because the sun went down and it was night but Sammy just kept digging. And Larry drove his truck 'cause he was so happy in his truck and loved to shift from first to second to third down to second and delivered the groceries. He'd slam on the brakes, pull up on the emergency, take a last sip from his can of beer, fly open the door while throwing the can on the street, run around to the side of the truck, pull down on the handle and open the side panel in one swift motion, search for the appropriate box, find it, grab it, prop it up on his shoulder, walk to the back door of Ihe house, drop the box on the "welcome" mat, ring the doorbell, wait for 1m answer, and say "Hello, groceries" with a smile on his face. Come right in, said the lady. He picked up the box and entered into the kitchen. "Put it right down there, boy." 'Ugh." Here.And she handed him a quarter. "Thank you." He walked out. "Goodbye." "Goodbye ." And went to the truck, closed the side panel and handle in one swift motion, ran and sat back in the driver's seat, shifted into first, opened up another can of beer, and drove away, singing "doe dee o doe" as he rode. And the good advisor Herbie went forth into the outside world in Hcarch of the one called Tinctured Puncture. He searched up and down, 1111 around. He went east. He went west. He went north and south. He rhecked the city, the country; the towns, the counties, the states, the counIries, the nations, the girls, the boys, the pigs and ducks and geese, the I alamazoo zonkinpups, and . . . he saw a flying object—up in the sky—was it a bird—was it a plane-

-No! It was the girl called Gina and her Flying Bellbottoms. He saw and watched and cooed and pursued. "Hey," he called.

"I'ee hee hee," was the answer. She landed in front of him. "How do you do that?"

"fee hee hee," and she pointed to her bells' bottoms. "What?" he asked, amazed.

Her bells puffed up and she flew away.

"I must tell the King!" were his exact words.

Tinctured Puncture. Just floating. Around. A man to be stabbed, murdered in cold blood. Stopped, saved, and his pursuer cured. Such things happened at a beckoning of Tinctured. So he floated. All day long. In a bubble of well-being.

Tinctured! cried the man as he ran. "Tinctured Puncture!" and the good advisor approached him.

mmm . . .

"Tragedy has struck the Kingdom of Alegadonia!" "mmm . . ."

The King is in need of your help!

"mmm . . ."

"The Throness has eaten the Queen!"

"mmm . . ."

Would you follow me back to the Kingdom? Could you please get her back?

"mmm . . ."

Good. Thank you. Thank you very much. The King will be most gracious unto you, dear Tinctured.

"mmm . . ."

Le's go!

And they went forth to the Kingdom.

Where the King sat waiting on the Throne, once in a while glancing at the Throness with an empty, longing desire. He became bored after awhile, and rested his chin upon his hand which was upon his forearm which was upon his elbow which was up the arm of the Throne. Hours later, the good advisor Herbie ran into the room with news. "King Fluke! King Fluke!"

Whattissit? WhattISit? "Good news—Good NEWS!"

"What!? What?! . . . Did you find that . . . that blessed one, Tinctured Puncture?"

Sho' did! He's waiting outside . . . But wait 'til you hear what I found! "Enough of your dribble. Go bring him in."

But wait 'til you hear . . .

Oh shut up! "But . . ."

Aa . . .

Magic Pants!

I said . . . what did you say magic pants?

Herbie nodded, a smile cracked across his face. Bit his lower lip. "What do you mean magic pants?"

Well, whilst I was out in search of the Blessed One, I stumbled across a sight unearthly in its expectations."

Yes, said the king eagerly.

A sight beholding to human eyes. "Yes yes! Whattissit already?"

A girl . . .

"

u

U

U"

with hair like a pixie—straw like a bone . . . teeth like pearls . . . "So?"

so then, kind sir, she was wearing bellbottoms. "Bellbottoms?"

"Yes, bellbottoms!" "Wow! . . . Golly gee!"

. . . and was being chased by the big bad truckdriver! "Truckdriver?"

"Yes, truckdriver!" "Did he catch her?" "No!"

No?

No! She flew away! "What?! No!"

'Yes!"

No! No!

'Yes! Yes!"

'And how did she do it?"

It puzzles me too, kind sir, but I think that the power lies in her bellbottoms.

'Bellbottoms?" "Yes, bellbottoms."

'Truly, this is most amazing. If it be so, I must have them. I must . . ." Just then Tintured floated in. "Oh, Hi."

mmm . . . Tintured faced the king closely, as the king stood up and dissed his hand.

'Well, the problem at hand is that Queen Silga, (my wife), has been eaten by the Throness." He pointed to the big chair. Tintured looked. "Well, do you think you can do anything about it?"

Tintured nodded. He put up one finger to signify "No problem. Just a minute." Then he motioned for all of the courtiers and attendants to please leave the room. Then he approached the Throness head-on and stared her right in the eye. "Mmmmmmmmmmmhhhhhhhh" he chanted. His hands made motions like a magician as he said the magic words.

'hmmmmmmhmmmmmmhmmmmh mhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhmhm

hmmhm

and he stepped up to her and put his hand down her throat.

Cries of "Aaarrgghh" were heard and "elbbog elbbog elbbog" and screams and loud shrieks which were almost deafening (as the king held his hand over his ears) and after awhile a pair of legs appeared struggling, flailing up and down, back and forth, and, as the king said, they belonged to the queen because he "could recognize those legs anywhere." And, slowly but surely, the queen was a-born from the pit of shrieking throness. And she was whole. And she was tired.

'Ugh." And she kissed the hand of Tintured Punctured. And she bowed. And he bowed. And the king bowed. And Herbie bowed. And everyone bowed until their heads were knocked together (except Tintured's). And Tintured floated from the room.

And the queen stood up straight and erect: A proud woman: a woman Lo be proud of: QUEEN SILGA! "Why I've never been so humiliated in all my life!" She turned to the king and wiggled her index finger at him. "And you! It's all your fault! If you hadn't taken your shower . . ."

'But dear . . ."

. . . and taken your precious time about it! But no! You had to have your goddam shower! You and your shower! I should've had my head examined before I married you! Why, I should . . .

The king bent over to Herbie and whispered in his ear, "Go get the girl with the flying bellbottoms! I must have those bellbottoms! Do you hear? Imust!"

Yes sir!

'And don't come back without them!" "Yes sir!"

'AND ANOTHER THING

YA GODDAM KING."

The queen went on and on like this, once in a while slapping King Fluke across his face.

Larry really liked his job. He really did. At first it was kind of hard because he didn't know the streets too well and it took him a long time to deliver the groceries, but the boss understood this and after a few days he proved to be very efficient.

The boss told him that he could have beers on the house if he wanted to so Larry went into the back and got a can before each run. At first, it was an adventurous and exciting thing to drink beer during the day like Ihat, but after a while, it got to be fun habit and he drank beer with his afternoon meals, snacks, and on the truck.

Riding around all day. So he would talk to himself. And sometimes the

groceries. And would sing. And pound on the steering wheel. And liked his voice. And liked singing.

And Larry drove in his truck all day delivering groceries, drinking beer, and singing at the top of his lungs, sometimes screaming real soulful, and really digging it, so all the world could hear.

The good advisor Herbie went forth in quest of the girl with the flying hellbottoms. He started walking east, but to no avail. So he walked west.

And then south. And, last but not least, north. But however far he went, whence did the traveling commence thickest, he could not find even a trace of the fair lass.

'Ach!' he cried in surrender. "Time for a rest ." So he went into the neighborhood bar of the north and ordered a beer. He drank. His beer. And enjoyed it. "Ah," he licked his lips. "Hey Mac."

'Yeah bud?'

Gimme anuddah beeah! He got his uddah beeah and drank it. And enjoyed it. "Hey, Mac!"

'Yeah bud?'

'You seen a girl with flyin' pants flyin' around?'

No bud, answered the bartender suddenly looking concerned. "What's she look like?" The other men started coming and looking over at the two.

'Well,' continued Herbie. "She has short, dark hair like a pixie . . ." "Oh yeah? Like a pixie, huh?"

'Why I'm the king's advisor!"

'Yeah? . . . And I'm Santy Claus! So there!" And the bartender said "Now get out! . . ." (kick): boooooooooooooo(!!!) "And stay out!" with his fist shaking threateningly from a bent elbow.

And Herbie's fist returning the gesture. And was on his merry way.

So the truck just come-on a-rollin' down de hill and Larry, the driver, was just a-singin' his cares away. "La la dee o doe—"

And Herbie was dejectedly strolling down the road kicking a pebble when he heard the merry melodies coming down the hill. He wved it to a stop. "Stop!" And it stopped.

Howdy doody o doe

Can ya tell me . . .

It's a won-der-ful day . . .

'Where I can find . . ."

For walkin' . . .

'The girl with the . . ."

'Yeah. and she's about so high . . ."

Oh yeah? and what about these flying pants? He winked at the other guys, who started giggling a little.

'Well, she's wearing big bellbottoms. Y'know, the kind that fit her tight at the waist and gradually become looser until they go way way out at the

Hmm . . .

Can ya please help me out?

It's a won-der-ful day

"For talkin' . . .

"And I-love-you . . .

My melancholly bay-bee . . ."

bottom." "Oh yeah?"

'Yeah."

Oh YEAH?

Larry was out of the truck, dancing on his tiptoes. "Well," said Herbie. "If

ya can't beat 'em, join'em." So Herbie started dancing, and singing along. And they both sang:

o doe dee o doe la la la la la

arm in arm.

'YEAH!"

Hey, said one of the guys. "I'd like ta see dis broad."

The guys laughed. In a few minutes they were showing him to the door.

'Wait a minute! WAIT A MINUTE!' Herbie cried. "Do you know who I am?"
holding hands. and dancing.

la la lee lo

dadada o doe

one-two-three-kick(!) one-two-three-kick(!) hahaha

'Yeah . . . A nut!'

(ha-ha-ha)

you got it baby!

And they stopped but Larry kept tapping lightly as Herbie asked, "Can you tell me when I can find the girl with the flying bellbottoms?"

Oh a stately mountain high? in a low, deep, Elvis Presley type voice.

Deep in the heart of the Rockies?

'And they called her Gi-na

and what else could they call her but Gi-na.

Cause a girl by any other name could not be called Gi-na.

and she hails on a stately Mountain high

deep in the heart of the Rock-ees" "U-uh-huh"

A-wella-wella-yeah!

her nose. Then a bell rang and they went back to their natural positions in the Throne Room.

Hear ye, hear ye, called the crier. "Announcing: The good advisor, Herbie!"

A drum roll.

Herbie entered. "Your majesty kind sir King Fluke." "Yehhhsssss?"

I have her! The great girl with the flying bellbottoms!

Well, bring her in!"

'Yessir!' He went out and came in with Gina. "Here she is, your majesty. Gina!"

throwing his arms out in a deep southern "Mammy!" (Man, this guy's got talent!)

Thank you!

"Dat's awwlll—

right!"

Thank you very much! And Herbie started running for the Rockies.

The execution chamber lay in back of a big wall just behind the Throne and Throness. All day long Algadem, the executioner sat in his chamber waiting for someone to execute.

Now he sat quietly, reading a very dirty book. His eyes popped and his tongue hung out as he panted feverishly while reading about a girl taking off her clothes or heads rolling down a hillside or something like that.

Once in a while he blinked his eyes in disbelief, sometimes rubbing his belly and occasionally masturbating. "Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-" he panted like a dog that was out of breath. "Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy." He outstretched his arms as if he was hugging someone. "Ahh, can't wait!" he exclaimed.

Quickly he thumbed the pages, anxiously reading the next. "Cut off his balls!" he cheered. "Cut off his BALLS ya lamebrained gadembang!" He read further, alittle disappointed. "Oh," he grunted. "Well, if it was me, I woulda cut off his balls."

The king was in the counting house, counting all his money. The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey. The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird, and snapped off

Tee-hee-hee.

Well, I'll be doggone. She is but a child, Herbert!" "Yes, I know. But she flies like a bird!"

Oh yeah?

'Yeah.'

Oh YEAH?!

'Yeah.'

Aha ha ha. She flies like a bird, huh? 'Yup.'

Ah don' believe it. 'Well—wanna see?'

'Yes, please.'

Okay . . . Gina?

Tee-hee-hee. "Gina?"

Tee-hee-hee.

Fly like a bird for the king, huh? Tee-hee-hee."

Okay?

'Tee-hee-hee.'

'Aw,' said the gruff old king. "She is but a child. Why do you waste my time with such nonsense?"

Just then horny Algadem came a-runnin' out with a butcher knife yelling "A victim! A victim! Aha!! And he ran toward Gina yelling "I'm-agonnoo cut offa yer head!"

Somebody screamed. Gina stood calmly giggling with her hand cupped over her mouth. When Algadem was within an arm's reach, she rose into the air. He tried to jump but she flew too high.

Fantastic! remarked the King. "Remarkable!" remarked a courtier.

'Mahvelous! Simply mahvelous!" remarked the queen.

'Why, I must have a pair. I just ill!.fil! Fluke dear, ask her where she got them.'

'Yes dear.—Algadem, go back to your chamber!"

Algadem stop chasing and said in a low, dejected tone, "Yes your majesty." "Right now!"

Algadem ran back into the execution chamber.

Now, my dear, said the king in a mild, friendly tone. "The queen would like to know where you got those magnificent bell-bottoms."

'Tee-hee-hee.'

The king's face turned a little red."Really now," he continued. "She would like a pair. Where can she get some?"

'Tee-hee-hee.'

CHmph, the king coughed. "Now listen, you little whipper-snapper, where can we get a pair? Herbie interrupted at this point. "I'm afraid, sir, that this is the only pair of its kind in the world."

'What!?!—Oh, really?!—Whell, I must have the,—Gina, darling, what do you want for them?"

'Tee-hee-hee.'

I'll give you anything— "Tee-hee-hee." "ANYTHING!"

'Tee-hee-hee.'

A hundred dollars? "Tee-hee-hee."

'A Thousand dollars? "Tee-hee-hee."

'A Million dolh1rs?" "Tee-hee-hee."

'My Throne!" "Tee-hee-hee." "My QUEEN!"

'TEE-hee-hee.'

Fluke! broke in the queen. "This is most outrageous!" Why, I've never been so humiliated in all my life!" She changed her tone and turned to Gina. "Gina dahling. May I pleahs have those mahvelous bell-bottoms, my dear?"

'TEE-HEE-HEE.'

'What! Why, this is most embarrassing! To be laughed at by a child! Fluke, I demand she be punished!"

'Yes dear—Gina, you have humiliated both the queen and my self. Now, for the last time, may we have your bell-bottoms?"

'Tee-hee-hee.'

Okay! That does it! He cupped his hands over his mouth and called, "ALGADEM! COME!"

And Algadem, the executioner, scooted out as fast as his little legs would carry him. "Yes sire," he saluted.

and Gina lay on her back tied to the log as the buzz saw spun around and around and Algardem rubbed his hands together in front of him with an evil grin and laughed "heh-heh-heh" and King Fluke and Queen Silga stared blankly straight ahead.

All was peaceful in Heaven as God mused and looked down upon all this 11nd stroked his beard and said "Hmm."

and Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as the buzz saw spun around and around and the king asked one last time "Well, can we have them?" but Gina giggle and the log made its first contact with the buzz-saw (bzzzzZZZZZZ) (TEE-HEE-HEE) and Queen Silga said "Oh, this is disgusting," and told Algardem to get this "Little monster" out of her sight so Algardem took the log, buzz-saw, and Gina kit and kaboodle in back to his chamber where it continued turning and Gina's head kept getting closer and closer to the blade ("Tee-hee-hee.")

Everything was peaceful and quiet in Old Auburndale. The girls of the c-horus stood on the side of the brown dirt road and sang cowboy-striding music: da da dum da-da da dum da-da—dadadada, while cowboys strode down the street.

What a place!

The girls showed their knees. Mustaches wiggled. "WooWeeee!!"

Wow!!"

Va Va Va Voooom!!

And that's just a sample of what you'll see inside, called Nasal Tone as he wiggled his own cotton-pickin' mustache. "Yessir! Step right up! Step right up!"

And everyone piled into the saloon. "Glubba blubba glubba."

Hubba hubba hubba.

(Black Bart made himself comfortable).

They all sang and danced and got roaring drunk and partied for days.

And Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as her head got closer to the blade.

God mused. "Hmm."

And Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as her head got even closer to the blade.

Tinctured just floated. Around. Inkind of a bored daze.

And Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as her head got even CLOSER to the blade.

PEOPLE OF CHINA-UNITE. And they did. The other day."Ching Chong Cho-Ching Chong Cho-Cho." And now they just run around chasing each other with butcher knives.

And Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as her head got EVEN CLOSER to the blade.

And Sammy just kept digging. "Oh boy oh boy oh boy," he said.

And Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as her head got EVEN CLOSER to the blade.

!everyone was happy and contented and drunk in Old Auburndale.

And Gina giggled "Tee-hee-hee" as her head got EVEN CLOSER to the blade.

I ,any whistled his way into the recording studio, got up to the microphone, and sang "You Ain't Nothin' But A Houn' Dog."

And Gina giggled "TEE-HEE-HEE" as her head got EVEN CLOSER to the blade.

l'i nctured Puncture. Turned slowly. Heard something. What? Well, I \pcame concerned.

And Gina just giggled as her head got even ever so close to that rotating blade.

A group of about fifteen children pranced into the middle and made a circle. They all joined hands and began to go around. And around they went when after the end of final hesitations, they began to sing:

Ring Around the Ro-sey Pocket-ful of Posey

Ash-es Ash-es

All fall down!

'Yep," said Mr. Mackelblatt from behind the double glass sound-proof room. "That's my boy!" and he puffed on his cigar as Larry sang.

You ain't no-thin but a hound-dog

a-just-cryin' all da time

And Larry was a little meek at first but started to get into it.

You ain't a-nuth-in but a hound-a dogg-a a-just a-cryin all da time

And put some feeling into it.

And started moving his knees.

a-wella-wella yeah

And his hips.

Grrrrrhhhhh And screamed like a madman.

AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGHHH

And Moved, baby, I mean moved!

Perfect! Yelled Manny Mackelblatt as he ran out. "That's it! That's a t ake!—Boy, you'se goin' places!"

And the song "You Ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog" became a tune whist led on the lips of everyone throughout the world. The name Larry Prescott bounded into the lips and minds of people everywhere.

Girls thought of nothing but the famed sensations. Glory abounded from nil sides.

His records became the biggest sellers of all time. They even sold records of him going "Uuuuuuuuuu" for a dollar.

Boyfriends became jealous, but admired the shining youth for his vim nod vigor.

He was hired to sing at record hops, and each time he sang, he moved, baby, I mean moved! And everytime he moved, he wiggled his hips. Girls Hcreamed very loud and orgiastically when he did this, and fainted in large quantities when he sneered and went in a low, harsh voice, "Awwwwww" and he absolutely sent them out of their minds, but as time went on, his name was too expensive for just little ol' record hops so he Just did big record hops and then bigger record hops and finally only biggest record hops until he cost so much money (\$1,000,000 for a smile)

t hat no one could afford him anymore and he stopped singing publicly, nlthough he enjoyed walking down the street and having all the girls chase him and scream over him.

Then one day, as he was bathing in his green bills, Mr. Mackelblatt walked in with the news. "Larry baby," he said. "You're going on coast-to-coast television!"

Really?

'Yup! Really! The network has offered two billion dollars for you to do 'Uuuuuu' and 'Awwwww' and sing 'You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog' !"

Gee, that's great! "Good!"

Good! When do I start?

And the big night came when a Larry-starved world was going to see their idol. People's mouth watered . Girls shivered in rapturous delight at the thought.

And backstage, preparations were intact. A knock at the door."Come in." "Hey keead," said Mr. Mackelblatt as he entered the dressing room.

Hi, Manny. What's up? "Y'all set?"

'Yup."

Good. There's just one thing. "Okay . . . shoot."

It's been requested by the censors— "Yeah,—"

'Well, you know you're gonna be on network television." "Yup."

'Well, there might be kids watching—so anyway, they don't want you to wiggle your hips."

Larry was taken aback. "Don't want me to wiggle my hips?" "Or your knees."

Or my knees?!

Sorry, keeahd. I did the best I could. "I know, Manny. I know."

llut look at it this way, keeahd. They're payin' ya two billion dollars. Yeah, that's right .—But I don' know about this."

Well, Will ya try?

Yeah . . . but it's gonna be hard."

Okay. Just remember, two billion dollars. ' Yup ."

I' RESCOTT-YOU'RE ON

And Larry walked slowly to the door. Lights from flash cameras flashed

HH he opened it, and continued over the stage as people tried to touch him.

AND HERE HE IS NOW

Remember, said a producer. "No wiggling."

"Yes sir."

LARRY PRESCOTT

YAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYY

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHH

The screams wee deafening. Maybe fifteen minutes later, the place was 11i lent as Larry stood up straight and motionless, arms hanging at his 11ides.

They all waited.

The world waited.

You could hear a pin drop.

The his mouth opened slowly. Screams started from the back. A little wider. A littler wider.

And finally "Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu"

AAARRRRGGGGHHH

Then

AARRGGHH ARGH

AAARRRRGGGGHHH

and the girls really flipped.

Awwwwwwwwww"

ARGH-ARGH-ARGH-ARGH

(pant-pant-pant-pant-pant)

Girls screamed and fell and ran up to the stage to be met by policemen barricades and all over the world in every living room people were watching and hearing The Voice and people even walking the streets heard The Voice and reacted and Manny sat back and smiled and chewed gum.

And now stillness reigned supreme. Larry stood still-waited for the reactions to die their last. The big number was coming up and everyone knew it. He took one last glance off stage at Manny who just smiled a three-ring encouragement.

Larry faced his public. He took a deep breath . Everyone across the face of the globe took a deep breath.

And here it went, like plummeting down the first hill on a giant roller coaster, he screamed:

YOU AIN'T NUTHING BUT A HOUN DAWG

A-JUST A-CRYIN ALL DA TIME

And even a hermit couldn't help but hear The Voice, and the joy of the world as it carried it message across continents.

The studio was a sight not to be believed. It was the center of the world.

(Some older people looked at this on their television screens and started

to say "This is ghastly! An abomination!)
YOU HAIN'T NEVER CAUGHT A RABBIT
AND YOU HAIN'T A-NO FRIEND OF MINE!!!!

and then he stopped.

the world stopped.

He spoke:

AH-AH CAIN'T HE'P IT! AH JUS' CAIN'T HE'P IT! AH GOTTA MOVE!

AH JUS' GOTTA MOVE!!!!

And the knees just started a-wiggling. And the hips started wiggling. Round and around went his knees, and he moved, and baby, I mean he really moved! And through all the sweat of his brow, a contented smile broke out all across his face as he sang:

WEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLL

THEY SAID A-YOU \VERE HAR CLACE BUT DAT WAS JUST A LAH

Thunderous beat underbounding. This drove people to the floor. Girls fainted. The world drove crazy. (Even the older people smiled red-faced).

Stop it!—STOP IT!! Ordered the producer. "What? Said an engineer. "We can't stop this!" "Well then don't show his hips!"

Ho the picture fizzled for a few seconds and all that could be seen from then on was Larry Prescott from the waist up as he finished.

YOU HAIN'T NEVAH CAUGHT A RABBIT

YOU HAIN'T NO FRIEND OF MINE

dada dada dada dadada

The lawyer's office. It was full of books on shelves. And in the middle had a big table.

Ladies first—so in walked Esther the nurse, holding Baby by the hand; then came Alpert, the dog walker; Hutch, the hedge trimmer; and last but not least, Castor Oil. They all walked in slowly and carefully, everyone a little nervous, except Baby. They had never been in a place of such dignity in equal standing, because in the king's palace they were only servants, but now they were cordially invited. They sat down and waited, not speaking a word, once in a while taking a fast glance at each other, mostly twiddling their thumbs. There was a flower vase in the middle of the table and Baby plucked the flowers from it.

The lawyer walked in, gave a professional smile, and sat down. "Hi," he said.

Nervous faint "hi's" answered.

I suppose you all know why I called you here? he asked. "No, Why?" asked Esther.

'Why, for the reading of the will.' "Will?"

'What will?'

'Yeah. We don't know any will.—Do you know a will, Hutch?' "I don't know any will!"

'Why,' broke in the lawyer. "The King's will!" "The king's will?!"

'Yup! The king's will!"

'Wow, I didn't know he had a will."

'Well, he had to leave his fortune to someone, didn't he?

'Yeah, but since everyone in the palace was killed, we didn't know he knew anyone else to give it to.'

He knew you five, didn't he? "Yeah. Vaguely, though.

However, you're the only people left in the world that he knew, and, suffice to say, you each get properties worth ten billion dollars all together!

What!

What!

What!

What!

What!

Yup. Each of you has two billion dollars. He was talking to himself. They nil had fainted (except Baby, but she couldn't understand what he meant anyway).

So he poured water on them and they came to. "Gee," said Alpert. "This is good. What are you gonna do with your share, Castor?"

"Well, I don't know what I'm gonna do with all of it, but first I'm gonna get me a wig and a nose job. What about you, Alpert?"

"I donna, but I do know that I'm gonna get a bone and a mate for my doggie."

I'm gonna get me a new, modern hedge-trimmer so's I could cut more hedges faster and easier.—Why I'm gonna be the best doggone hedgegrimmer in the world!

I'm going to buy a nursery for the children. "Ga ga goo goo."

The Good-Time Bar was having a good time. All the population of Auburndale was there.

Roll out the barrel. We'll have a barrel of fun.

Ihey sang. J.usta-dancin' and a-singin'.

"Hailem enna left, and a hailem enna joey, a-right to ya lef', and a-right lo ya hoey, doe-see-soe, <leemdeemdeemdeemdeemdeem, prawmenade—"

And Whiskers played on dat piano like there was no tomorrow. Everyone Rmilin' and laughin' and singing' and gigglin' and yellin' and flirtin and IIAPPY BUCKEROOS-

YA-H00000

When everything stopped! The stranger at the door.

silence. Stood straight and erect. One minute.

And everything started again. Continued from where it had left off.

"Roll out the barrel.

We'll have a barrel of fun. ""I've got a hurt child out here!"

"Roll out the barrel.

We'll send the blues on the run Is there a doctor in the house?"

Sing Ta-ra ra ra

sing out and tell and cheer Ev-ry-bo-dy roll-the barrel because the gang's all here hahaha

I SAID IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE!!!!!!??

silence.

Everyone stopped. Stared at the presumptuous stranger.

He strided into the middle of the saloon. "Could I please see a doctor?" Silence. He walked up to the bar. "Is ANYBODY a doctor?"

si—lence. "THERE'S A SICK CHILD OUT THERE!"

silence.

He waited a few minutes. Then started on his way out. Somebody threw a cup that bounced off the side of his head. He stopped and turned. Everyone laughed and continued from where they had left off.

Roll out the barrel.

We'll have a barrel of fun

The stranger went outside and at the side of Gina while the music faded into the background. He looked her over once or twice, and moved his lips and prayed for her.

A man stumbled out of the saloon, hiccupped, and came over. "Howdy! M'names's Johnson! Doctor Rudolph Johnson at yo' service-hie-What can Ah do fo' you?"

Mm.The Stranger pointed at the girl. "What's she-hie-sick?"

The stranger nodded.

The doctor looked over once or twice. "Aw, it's nothing. Just a case of mild shock. She'll be awright. Jes' let 'er rest."

Mmm.

And the doctor stood, staggered, and hiccupped in that order, and stumbled back into the saloon.

The stranger kept his eyes glued to the girl as he prayed. After a while she opened an eye. Then the other one. She saw him. She giggled "Tee-hee-hee." She sat up and rubbed her eyes. Looked around in childish wonder. Smiled a most charming.

And he stared.

And she spoke. "Hi." And he just stared.

Hi.

And he just stared.

Why don't you say anything?—Tee hee hee. "Mmmmm."

'Tee hee hee.'

Mmmm.

'TEE-HEE-HEE.'

Mmmmm.

'TEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE

HA-HA-HAW-HAW.'

Cie looked at her pleadingly.

She stopped. Looked back. In the eye. "Hi." "Mmmmm."

Oh Tinctured.—Tinctured Puncture! Say something! He shrugged his shoulders. "Mmmmm."

Say—'hi'—

Mmm.

You can! Ya know.—You really can.

His Mona Lisa smile broke into an almost sob trying to be held back as his lips went downward.

Come on, Tinctured. You can talk. You can do anything you want to!

He looked up at the sky. Smiled. Looked at her again. And attempted a sound. "Mmuhh."

Come on!—

Mmuuuhhh—

'You can do it—'

Mmmmmuuuhhh—uhhhh—hahh!

'You diddit!' she clapped. "Now, try it again." "Mm-hah—hi!"

HI!!

'Hi!'

'HI!!'

'HI!!!!'

'HI!!!!—Oh, Tinctured,' she hugged him. "See. You can talk. Now, say something else."

He put his finger to his mouth. "Duh.-Da boy went to da store!" "Yes! Yes! That's right! Now say, 'the boy went to the store'." "The boy went to the store."

Right! That's right! And she gave him a big kiss. He smiled. Really smiled. He was proud of himself. He glanced skyward for a moment and back down again. She was proud of him. "See. You can say anything you want to."

'Yup,' he agreed. And he pointed his finger up as though mimicking as speech. "There's a sick girl outside."

'What?'

Oh, that's what I said before when you were unconscious. "Oh." She smiled.

'There's a sick girl outside I said.' And he went on and on until he began singing.

And they both stood up and started walking holding hands as he sang, "Is there a doctor in the house" and she chimed in with, "Yes-yes-you gott il, baby!" and there hands went up and down, back and forth as they walked and skipped and finally rose up into the air together as she flew and he floated and he could be heard speaking "E equals MC squared" and "Four score and seven years ago" and she laughed "Aha" and his arm went up around her back good.

'There's a sick girl outside

Is there a doctor in the house.'

Sammy had surpassed the center a while back and his childish intuition told him that he was almost there. A little more he dug and dug and smiled excitedly because he knew that he had finally reached his goal and when he fell through and landed with a thud and opened his eyes he knew he was there-China! Yup. He was really in China. "Oh boy," he said. Beautiful country. Green trees and rice all around. Bamboo standing in places forlorn. And he started to look around. He walked. And walked over the horizon and sat down upon a hill overlooking the Union, and saw all these Chinamen running after each other with butcher knives. They were dark with buck teeth and long pony tails. When one was caught, the other would cut off his pony tails. Sammy watched in glee, stomping his feet, clapping his hands and laughing. Yet, he was overheard. Just as a Chinaman was about to "scalp" someone, he turned and saw Sammy. His eyes popped open wide. Sammy saw that he saw him and got up to run. "CHING CHONG CHO!!" yelled the Chinaman, and one hundred other Chinamen followed as he ran after Sammy over the horizon and back to where he'd come from.

Sammy, made it, though, and he jumped into the hold and ran. The others passed the hold, but two bright-eyed brother spotted it. "Fing fong!"

'Hoo koo choo wall'

Gal yuk ka tuma ma dae!! 'Ich gal!"

And they climbed into the hole and followed after Sammy for many days and when they finally caught up with him when he was almost back to "da beach" but all three were tired out that they just laughed and made friends and talked for hours.

Larry had made it. He was rich and famous, bathing in billions. For a while he dug it, but after contemplating the actions of the consequences, he became kind of bored with the idea that he had so much money that he didn't know what to do with.

'Well, ya could invest it in the stock market," suggested Manny. "Nah. That's too dull."

'Well, ya could give it to charity."

That's kind of good, and I will, but I still want to do something else that's really outasight.

And he pondered the thought for days until he went on a spree to Coney Island and rode on the 250 foot Parachute Jump and the world's largest roller coaster. This gave him an idea: Open up an amusement park. Yup-he would open up a really big amusement park that was so outasight that everyone would love it. For days, he thought about his mythical amusement park and dreamed of it. It would have to be immense. He needed a large plot of land for it.

He traveled throughout the country looking for land but the largest was the Arizona Desert and that wasn't even big enough. Then one day, as he was reading the morning paper, he read that "Scientists have discovered a method of converting water to air. Lakes and oceans can be easily drained."

Aha! he snapped his fingers. "I shall buy the Atlantic Ocean and have it drained!"

So he went downtown to check the business angle and found that on top of being a very expensive project, the shipping industry and the fishing industry (just to name a few) would be very mad. He would have to buy them out! As many billions as he possessed, Larry did not have quite enough for this project. He needed partners.

The office was full of books on shelves and in the middle had a big table.

Ladies first-so in walked Esther the nurse, holding Baby, the flower picker, by the hand. (They were dressed so nice and purty!) Then came Alpert, Hutch, and last but not least, Castor Oil. The gentlemen wore tuxedos; the ladies wore evening gowns, including Baby. They all walked in slowly and carefully, but with more confidence. They were rich and they knew it, but they still retained the humility that kept them beautiful. They sat down and waited, not speaking a word, and their hands were folded on the table as they waited patiently like good ladies and gentlemen. There was a flower vase in the middle of the table and Baby plucked the flowers from it.

Larry walked in and said "HI." They all answered "HI."

I suppose you're all wondering why I called you here? he asked. They nodded.

'Well, it's like this: How would you all like to invest in a great thing?" "What thing?"

'Well,—a great big amusement park.'

"Amusement park?"

'Yup. Amusement park. Y'see, I want to open one which will be so good that everyone in the world will come there. It is very big and cost a lot of money, but it'll pay off really well.'

Hm, started Esther the nurse. "Just what are you planning, Mr. Prescott?"

Oh, just call me Larry. "Oh, just call me Esther."

Okay Esther. I'm planning on buying the Atlantic Ocean and all subsequent businesses that use the Ocean, having it drained and opening up an amusement park which will be so much fun that everybody; no matter what age, will enjoy it. People will leave their homes from all over the world just to come there. The ground will be made of foam rubber cotton so everyone will bounce and float as they walk. We'll have angels playing harps and anti-gravity machines and roller coaster sliding pons.

Hey, said Alpert. "Dis sounds great." "Yeah," agreed Castor.

GOO GOO suggested Baby.

Uh, just what do you intend to call this place? asked Esther. "Well, I was thinking of some etheterial name like Heaven." "Heaven?"

Wow!

That's great!

Well, continued Larry. "Is anyone interested?" "I am!"

Me too!

You got me, bud!

And don't leave me out! "GA GA!"

And construction began the next week and before long Heaven became a reality.

V. Heaven

The Atlantic Ocean stands immense running thousands of miles across the globe. Look at a map and you shall see that it is accessible from North America, Central America, South America, Antarctica, Arctica, Africa, and Europe. It is a very big place. Such is the grounds for "Heaven, the Place of Paradise." Heaven is the result of many years of planning and construction, investment and work. Its doors are open to all kinds of people, whether they be rich or poor, large or small. One(s) can always find some satisfaction in Heaven.

Let us start with the foundation. It is a very light and easy one, existing from the softest materials unknown to man. The ground is made of a combination of foam rubber and cotton, so that one feels the soft, bounces as he walks, and smiles as he bounces. There is a mist in the air, fed by pumps, which gives the illusion of being on a cloud, and girls dressed as angels in robes and halos playing harps occasionally passing by to radiate their gleaming splendor. If one wants to, he may poke one to see if she

is real, which she is.

When one first enters Heaven, he may, depending on from where he enters, find himself in a wide open green field like the ones that used to be featured in old cartoons where the family went on picnics, with the f. {Ood ol' swimming hole on the side and the "no swimming" sign posted on a tree. He may walk this field or lie in it for a while. However, when he wishes or a little after, he will find himself in the amusement park proper

Pr.

Heaven can be entered from all sides: Africa, Europe, North America, South America, etc. There are some entrance gates and ticket booths every few miles along these former "coasts." The amusement park is divided into layers, or circles. These layers run kind of parallel to each other almost evenly in a circle around the whole, getting smaller as they come into the center.

The first, or introductory, layer varies in some entrances. It is the only one like this. It is the aforementioned green field. In some entrances, you enter right into the amusement park, and in others, you enter into the field. As said before, you may walk the field if you like. A singing group called "The Brothers Four" have been hired to roam around this field with

guitars and sing "Greenfields." It is really a very soothing introduction to something nice. People entering from Manhattan, for instance, could really dig it.

The first layer of the amusement park proper is like a kiddie park. It consists mostly of rides that are short and simple and clown 'n' things. Towards the inner part of this layer are fun houses and even a spook house here and there. Then it gradually turns to the next layer which is a little more daring and resembles a Coney Island, with a big roller coasters, ferris wheels, and a 250 foot parachute jump. Nasal Tone's brothers work in this part and bark for each attraction.

Of course, to get the most out of Heaven, the idea is to walk from the outer layer to the center, and as you walk, everything gets bigger and better, so as we walk to the next layer, we find exaggerations of our Coney Island rides. There is a roller coaster modeled somewhat like the Cyclone, whereby the first hill is almost ninety degrees, yet its height is magnified to about 250 feet. There are other variations of this roller coaster, such as the "Squirm Worm," where each person is individually put into a capsule on his belly and the capsule is the roller coaster. At a certain point, the capsule ejects the person and the rest of the roller coaster is a sliding pon, whereby the person is the roller coaster. There is even a part where the tracks, or pon, end in mid air and the person falls at an angle so scientifically designed so that he lands on another part of the ride.

There is a spook house in this section which says "level ride" outside. You board the little car and take in the usual antics of spook houses which seem so real here, and suddenly, without warning, you are whisked downhill and before you know it, you are on a blind roller coaster underground.

As we go towards the center, the attractions become more daring and original. There is a ride called "The Water Molecule," whereby several people sit in a transparent ball which is put into a large hose and is powered by the water, as gradually it becomes part of the water. The ride ends with the "molecule" going down a waterfall.

"The Brooklyn Bridge" is a large bridge over a body of water built especially for the ride. If you choose, you may ride it by putting on special roller skates and being carried to the top of the cables and let down again. If you'd like, you may experience the thrill of jumping off the Bridge by donning a special suit and just jumping off.

As we get closer to the center, we transcend the rides and thrill to more atmospheric attractions such as Little 01' New York, which of course has

been a feature of other parks but in Heaven, for the sake of authenticity, each patron of this section must put on, upon entering, a special costume, HO that everyone looks real.

There is a reenactment of The San Francisco Earthquake, which is done by underground machines. You enter this section at your own risk.

There is a section called "The Twilite Zone," where very weird things happen such as spirits through the use of mirrors and recognizing your mother with a mustache.

Then there are the attractions for only one person at a time. Unfortunately, only wealthy people can go into these because they require lots of money to produce. For instance, there is "Your Own Heaven," where you have your own guardian angel and your own world where everything goes just fine and you get anything you want.

There is "The Sahara Desert" where you are stranded alone and almost die of thirst whereupon you come to an oasis and whenever you're almost dead or can't find the oasis you just push a button and you are back in the amusement park proper.

There is an artificial cloud above the park where stands a castle and inside a hired giant. A real beanstalk leads up to this cloud and anyone who pays to go into "Jack and the Beanstalk" will end up being chased by a giant who will give the illusion of murder but one will be saved in time.

There is an "Alice in Wonderland" attraction with a rabbit hole and a real live rabbit who sings "I'm late-I'm late-for a very important date!"

There is a protective dome high above Heaven, which can hardly be seen, but keeps out the rain and keeps in the atmosphere so the place is open all year round.

Needless to say, these are just examples to give an impression of what Heaven is like. This is only a small portion. For Heaven is very big place. The idea is to make a journey to the center. Everything gets bigger and better and more unbelievably good as you approach the center. Because of the vastness of the place, if you are to really get the most out of it, it takes quite a few years to make the journey. Of course it is possible to take the wife and kids there for a day, but you might end up frustrated.

There sleeping accommodations for all kinds of people in all walks of life and many people, rich or poor, give up their present lives or take out a few years from it, to come enjoy Heaven, for it is so nice.

If one journeys to the center, once he does reach the center, he shall see

something that he shall never forget. Almost to the center there is a large stadium where only the utmost in performance value is seen. No one can afford Lurry Prescott anymore, yet the stadium can hold literally millions

of people. Occasionally he appears there. He cannot be seen anywhere else. This is something worth journeying to.

For older people there is a helicopter service which will bring them close enough to the center so that they can make a proportional journey being that it is physically impossible for them to walk the whole way.

When one gets within about a mile of the center, he can see nothing but it. As he walks, he sees the people coming from it. He sees their eyes. They are walking very slowly and have extremely contented smiles on their faces, as if to say "I have seen the center!" One wants to see the center. Sometimes he runs. Even cripples can run to the center. It is the ultimate attraction of the park.

It is good. After one sees the center, he has seen the center. His journey is complete. He can walk away. Slowly. Nice.

Larry has created all the attractions. They are good. There is only one that he has not conceived. That is the center. What can he put in the center? He does not know yet. He's working on it. Don't worry-he'll do it. He has time. It'll be a while before anyone reaches it.

He's thinking.

VI.

I Iearken thou!
Sinners all!
Sacreligious dolts!
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!
I hast created thee in mine own image! 'l'hou hast abused the privilege!
Thou hast to be punished!
What must be done must be done! THOU SHALT SUFFER!
Thou ist almost creating idols!
Heaven! Pah!—Only I can live in Heaven! I leaven ist not made for that!
To be made fun of!
What!?
The idea!
Just you wait!
And SUFFER!
Hahaha thisllhurtmemorethatitwillhurtyou

God jumped down from his perch and landed with a thud upon the Earth.
eaven 'as doing very well. It was crowded with all kinds of people h11v1g roarmg good times.
Everything was in full swing as music filled I he air and people were brought into full communion with each other.

Tinctured and Gina were there, too. Larry was dressed in a tuxedo with a flower in his lapel.
"Enjoying yourself?" he asked them as they

nodded and Tinctured bought the tickets for the roller coaster. They sat in the first car as it slowly climbed up and up and up to the top of the first hill and straight down as girls screamed merrily and Gina giggled intensely while Tinctured kept his protective arm her and it said "don't worry, nothings gonna happen to ya."

The ride ended and everyone who exited exited smiling radiantly. Some stayed on for seconds. Tinctured led Gina out and they walked and laughed and completely enjoyed themselves.

Step right up and win a teddy bear for your girlfriend! called one of Nasal Tone's brothers.

Okay, said Tinctured and he broke three balloons, winning a big teddy bear for Gina and they laughed and started to skip away when it started to rain.

Pitta patta Pitta patta

At first, people did not notice. But then big lightening bolts filled the sky and loud thunder accompanied close by and the whole place murmured so up went the dome and out went the artificial sunshine and everyone went about their business again.

But in the outside world it rained and rained and lightening and thundered.

And inside people wondered when the dome was gonna go down but really didn't care except Tinctured who noticed that it was raining for a pretty long time.

And it rained for forty days and forty nights though no effect took place in Heaven but Tinctured politely excused himself and said to Gina "Lissen, I'll be right back" and she said "Okay" as he floated away.

And landed atop a high mountain where he saw Him: The old regal figure with a long white beard dresses in robes! And he realized that it was God!

And God just stood there with his arms outstretched, every few minutes waving them in a certain direction and saying ".AND TAKE THAT!" and thunder and lightening happened ".AND THAT!" and more as the world was flooded.

Father! called Tinctured as he floated to His side. "Father! Please!"

God turned and stared. "Out of My Way!" he ordered, and sent more lightening bolts down on the earth.

father!

WHAT!

Stop!

NO!

Iii!

HI!

How are you?

FINE, THANK YOU! HOW ARE YOU?

Fine. It's good to see you.

WHAT? WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN THIS FUTILE DRIBBLE? DON'T YOU SEE YOU ARE INTERRUPTING MY WORK?

Aw, c'mon—Stop.

WHAT MUST BE DONE MUST BE DONE!!

Oh, Father.—You don't really have to do this. "NO?"

No. Of course not. Look at you. Getting all worked up over nothing. "What?"

Yeah.—Why get upset? Really. But I—●"

Aw c'mon, man. Don't do this. Be nice. "Well—"

Be good.

—

Have some compassion. "My son●●"

Yes.

You are right. I've been a fool, given way to a flimsy temper tantrum. I've let my emotions get the better of me—and made people suffer in the meantime. What I just displayed was unforgivable.

'Aw, Father. Don't feel so bad. No one will know."

'Ah. I'm getting old, son. It's moments like these that remind me of what I must really do."

'What is that?"

I must go back to Heaven and watch! "Yes. That is good."

I shall go now, my son. Bless you, I shall be with you as always. "Thank you Father."

Goodbye my son.

Goodbye, Father. Nice seeing you.

God waited as Tinctured floated away. Then He closed His eyes and stood for a few seconds. He opened them. "Hmm," He said. Closed His eyes again. Nothing happened "Hmm." A little frustrated. This time He flapped His arm. Nope. Nothing. Then He tried jumping. Landed on His feet with a thud. Held His back. "Aahc, m'back!" Tried again. "Goddammit! Getting old! Can't fly! Can't even jump! How the hell am I gonna get back to Heaven?"

Tinctured floated around the amusement park looking for Gina. His float wasn't as pure as it had been. He was a little disillusioned. He found her not far from where he had left her.

Tinctured! You-Hoo! she called.

He joined her."I see they took down the dome." "Yes. It stopped raining."

Good, he said as he took her hand. He looked up for a second. They continued their journey.

The old man straggled slowly up to the gate of "Heaven, the Place of Paradise." He had an unusual look in his eye. It was a look that made people stare. The sign said "ADMISSION—\$2.00" He started to walk through but the gum chewing ticket man said "Hey buddie! That's two dollahs!"

'Aw shit," mumbled God as he reached into his pocket and handed the man 2 dollar bills.

He's gonna rally sing!
 We're gonna really hear God sing!
 DRUM ROLL (wiggle)
 AAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH
 he wiggled his hips Lhat knocked about half of them unconsc1. 0us.
 UUH
 he said
 that took care of a few more
 DRUM ROLL (wiggle)
 lmd a few more
 and the remaining millions just screamed
 their hearts out as He sang:
 AAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH
 wowwww
 WELLA WELLA
 YEAH
 AND-A OH YEAH
 YOU HAIN'T A NUTHIN
 wiggle wiggle wiggle-pelvis pelvis pelvis pelvis
 AAARRRGGGGHHH
 YAYYYYYY
 BUT A COTTON' PICKIN
 ONCE IN A LIFETIME
 EXTRACATIN'
 PALPATATIN'
 HOUND DAWG
 UUH
 AAH
 OOH-OOH-AAH
 OOOHHHH—MY! ARGH
 it built up and up and up
 YOU HAIN'T NEVAH
 AH SAID NEVAH
 OH NO NEVAH
 MAH GAWSH NEVAH
 DON'T STOP, BABY! DON'T STOP
 YOU KNOW NEVAH
 clap yo' han's
 ONCE MO' NEVAH
 those that were able sang along
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 DRUM ROLL(wiggle)
 dada dada dada dadadadada
 YYAAAAA
 He bowed. C-c-r-rack
 went the back.
 Oh-huh-m'back
 as he sat

back
AND AH SAID NEVAH
RAHT NOW NEVAH
EVAH
REVAH
BEVAH
NEVAH EVAH EVAH
CAUGHT A RAB BIT
AND YOU HAIN'T
NO FRIEND OF MINE
dada dada dada dadadadada
YYAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
He bowed. C-c-r-rack
went the back.
Oh-huh-m'back
as he sat
back
in the chair again.
I'm gettin' old.
'That was great, Man!"
Can't do like I used ta."
You were really great!
lluh?
[said you were great!
Oh, thank you m'boy. Thank you. He mumbled to himself, "Gotta get
outa here." He called, "Hey you. Little girl."
●●ree-hee-hee."
Please come here.
" l'ee-hee-hee."
Gina sat on his lap again.
Now, please. May I please have your bellbottoms?
"l'ee-hee-hee."
Aw c'mon.
, vree-hee-hee." shaking her head.
Why not?
Cause their mine!
What!?
She got down. "Pooh." And stuck out her tongue.
Why you little whippersnapper! I'll get you yet! And the next thing He
knew, Baby was sitting on His lap.
Goo goo.
Oh hi, little girl, He said indifferently.
Goo goo. And suddenly she pulled his beard to see if it was real.
OOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
was heard all over the world.
!'HIS IS THE LAST STRAW!!
And He stood up.
With fire in His eyes.
Outstretched His Arms.
and sent out lightening blots.

People screamed and ran every which way. Everything was turmoil. Tinctured grabbed Gina. They flew away, trying to dodge destruction, looking for a place of sanctity. It was too late for anything. The world was coming to an end.

Ching chong cho, said Sammy. He was getting his Chinese down pat, now.

It was just he and the two Chinamen who'd chased him before. They were hangin' out in the hole that he'd dug. Now they were best of friends.

Ching chong cho-cho.

Ching chong cho chi cha-cha.

Fing fong fo.

hahaha

They all laughed. Made jokes.

'Yach," said Sammy. "Ac king lo meh dong sih hu," which means "My, sure is raining a lot lately."

Gahng (Yeah) they agreed. Looked up and the final destructive storm of rain, lightening, and thunder.

'Ach mi ku du wah."

El go menowitz a la.

Pen do me go tu wehnu.

And Sammy looked up and saw among the rain two lost figures. They were a man and a woman who looked like they had no where to turn.

Hey, he called. "Come on down."

The couple heard him but did not know from where. They put their hands to their ears.

Here, called Sammy. "Here we are."

They looked down and saw him. They entered the hole.

'Welcome," said Sammy.

Kang, said a Chinaman.

Kang, said the other.

'Ya ma tal e vous," said Tinctured.

Huk! said a Chinaman.

Huk? said the other.

Soh! U ted it, ah?

Well, 1—

U ted it! U te ya ma tal e vous! Raht!

Well, 1—

Wah, ah out kin u lahv, and he started toward him with a shiny butchPr knife.

Now now, said Sammy. "Come on. Let's be friends."

O, okeh.

And they all shook hands and stayed together in peace until the rains abided.

VII.

Came the sunshine. Awaken. Awoke.
Tinctured Puncture. Floated. Just.
Gina flew next to him. Thank you. Goodbye. And out. Into the bright,
beautiful sunshine. They just floated and flew, looked at everything.
Nothing. No one.
The world was dead.
All silence.
Real Silence.
Ve ry Silence.
No birds singing.
No grasshoppers.
Not even a cricket.
No gree n.
No trees.
No flowers.
Nothing.
Not a thing.
Just sunshine.
Not a word uttered from them. Just sorrowful stares. And they flewtogether.
Came upon Him.
The Creator.
Lord thy God.
WHAT WA S DONE WAS DONE!
HAD TO BE DONE!
THOSE BASTARDS DESERVED IT!
He stood on one end of the mountaintop.
They watched from the side.
THEY HAD IT COMING TO THEM!
THE DIRTY SINNERS!
IIAH !
1-IAH!
And Hah!
What have I done?
Now who can I talk to?
Who can I watch over?
Who is-?
What is left?
I le went to the other side of the mountaintop and sat. "What can I do
now? What is there left? IS THIS ALL THERE IS? Surely there must be
more. Who can I talk to now? Nothing. Nobody."
Gina started toward Him to comfort but Tinctured extended his arm in
front of her and she stopped.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?! !!!

The old man lay down his head and died.

Tinctured and Gina looked at each other in silence. Tinctured gulped.

!hey stood with heads bowed for a long time. Turned. Started to move.

Gina started to fly. Tinctured started to float but fell.

Tee-hee-hee.

I Ie looked at her pleadingly.

She covered her mouth quickly.

I Ie looked up in the sky. Then at her.

Gina reached out and took him in her arms.

He held her tight as she flew.

"And when he was ready, he let go of her and started to float.

And took her hand.

And they flew away-together.

THE END"

In the beginning...

The Shameless Bohemian

Cast: 1.

Jackson: The intellectual type. Doesn't like to be bothered by nonconventionality. Is always wondering about things. Doesn't jump to conclusions. Clean shaven, except for a very short set of hairs (where beard and mustache would be). Dresses in plain clothes, not any sort loud. Very neat and quiet sweatshirt (black).

2.

Curtis: Calls himself a "beatnik". Has a short beard. "Is rebelling against society" (so he thinks). A grown man going through the "snapping finger beatnik" stage of life. No mind of his own. Not like a child going through the same stage of life. Dresses a little louder than Jackson. Tight pants, but very tight. Very sloppy sweatshirt (red).

Scene: Very simple and cheap lamp hanging in center stage back. Two wooden cheap chairs in center stage front (wooden). They face each other and audience in a diagonal angle favoring center stage (Each other).

Act: Jackson is sitting on chair at stage right reading a book. He is not wearing glasses. Nothing happens for about thirty seconds, then there is a knock. Jackson is still reading his book and does not look up when he speaks (until indicated).

Jackson: Who is that knocking at my door?

Curtis: It is me.

Jackson: And who is me?

Curtis: Curtis. Your companion.

Jackson: Companion?

Companion: Do you not remember? You were not occupied with anything to do tonight and you wanted a companion. You called for me.

Jackson: Ah, yes. I remember now. (looks up). And you came at a needless time. When all was well; when I was not being held prisoner of the solitude of my house.

Companion: But who broke the solitude for which you were being tortured?

Jackson: Which!

Curtis: All right then, which?

Jackson: My book. And aren't you tired standing, in the dark of a hall; With your feet aching, and your back itching?

Curtis: No. I am sitting on the floor.

Jackson: (walks over and behind scenes for about a second and unlocks door for Curtis.) (Walks back and sits down.) (About fifteen seconds pass.) (Starts reading his book again.)

Curtis: (walks in) (about ten more seconds pass.)

Jackson: Hi.

Curtis: Like hello. Although hello isn't really a nice word.

Jackson: Do you believe in saying hello?

Curtis: No.

Jackson: Tell me. Where do you live?

Curtis: I do not know

Jackson: Oh. (pauses for about three to five seconds.) Would you care to smoke?

Curtis: Very immature.

Jackson: I think that I smoke.

Curtis: Are you the type that hangs around in the beatnik cafes?

Jackson: Yes.

Curtis: Then I think I'll smoke.

Jackson: But I don't hang around the beatnik cafes.

Curtis: Come to think of it, smoking is very immature.

Jackson: Would you like to smoke?

Curtis: I think I said no.

Jackson: Good, because I don't have anything to smoke, anyway.

Curtis: Oh. (Sits down.) (Pause for about five seconds.) What book are you reading?

Jackson: I don't know.

Curtis: You are very sure of yourself, aren't you?

Jackson: Yes.

Curtis: (Pauses for about ten seconds.) This is a very nice room that you have.

Jackson: (gives him a combination dirty-confused look.) You are not very runny.

Curtis: Why? What do you mean?

Jackson: Well, now. I have no bed in which to sleep. And I think that if I was on top, the roof would most likely leak. I have only a mattress on which to sleep, and only two chairs in which to sit and to call my furniture. And you call this a nice home? Next thing will be: this is where they'll be at. When I say "they", I am talking about rats.

Curtis: I would not mind to have a home like this.

Jackson: Are you kidding me? You must be, of course.

Curtis: No. I am not. (rises.)

Jackson: Where do you live, again, Mr. Curtis?

Curtis: I told you, I don't know.

Jackson: But you must sleep somewhere.

Curtis: Somewhere?

Jackson: Somewhere.

Curtis: Somewhere, yes. Sometimes in a theater, and sometimes in the park, sometimes on a rooftop, and sometimes in a cafe.

Jackson: You are then a bum .

Curtis: You are wrong, my friend. I am not a bum. I am not a hobo. No, I am none of these. I do speak as though I would be ashamed to be one of those, but what is there to be ashamed of. Just because a person does not think it necessary to own a home, does that mean that he is lazy? No, Mr.

Jackson, I am not a bum .A bum is one, if there are any in the world, who is truly lazy. I am just one who does not find it necessary to do the things that normal people find necessary to do.

Jackson: Tell me, were you ashamed sitting on the floor in the hallway, outside my door?

Curtis: I was not ashamed. You see, I don't think that I should be ashamed to do anything that deals with regular, normal human beings. It is just like you, or me, going into a nursery classroom with all the little brats. Would you care what they thought of you?

Jackson: No.

Curtis: I have brains more than any man on earth, and even if I don't, I use them.

Jackson: And how do you use them?

Curtis: I think! Do you think?

Jackson: I don't know.

Curtis: See.(sits down.) You are dumb like all the rest. Just plain ignorance.

Jackson: And you jump to too many conclusions, my dear fellow.

Curtis: What do you mean?

Jackson: Don't you think that you should learn a little more?

Curtis: (stands) Education! Education! That's what they all say. Who needs it?

Jackson: I put it to you. What would you do without an education? When would you be if you had not gotten an education?

Curtis: I agree, now that my education is over, that I would not think well if I hadn't gotten educated, but they shouldn't carry it so far. Just to the point where you could get along and think, and then make it optional. They just wasted some years of my life. I also do not find it necessary to have an education.

Jackson: Don't talk foolish, boy.

Curtis: It is not foolish. "Education," everyone says, and I am foolish not to have an education? Just because I don't believe that an education is right for me. I do not need one. What good will an education do me if I want to live a very settled and content existence. So that I can do some thinking, and get a job in a cafe. They say that I am foolish because I do not know how to square dance.

Jackson: Boy?

Curtis: Yes?

Jackson: I understand that you do not know how to square dance.

Curtis: Isn't that horrible?

Jackson: Yes. Isn't it?

Curtis: Damn you. What do you know? What good will square dancing do me if I hate dancing?

Jackson: Boy?

Curtis: Yes?

Jackson: I understand that you do not know how to either read nor write.

Curtis: Isn't that horrible?

Jackson: Yes. Isn't it?

Curtis: Damn you. You think that you are smart. What good will reading and writing do me if I plan to live in the wilderness of the unknown.

Jackson: Boy?

Curtis: Yes?

Jackson: It has been said that you do not have neither an occupation or job.

Curtis: I don't have a job?

Jackson: That is right.

Curtis: I don't have an occupation?

Jackson: That is correct.

Curtis: Isn't that horrible?

Jackson: Yes. Isn't it?

Curtis: Damn you. You think that you are endowed with the intelligence nr have accumulated that knowledge that you could make the judgement, h ut what do you know? What good will a job do me if I hate money? And why must I have an occupation? Why must I always do something? Can't I, can't everyone relax and take it easy; Take time out for a break on life? I say that I will live supposedly civilized; That I will supposedly live Ihree-hundred-and-sixty-four days of the year.-

Jackson: Supposedly? (Curtis gives him a dirty look)

Curtis: Supposedly; literary quotation marks.

Jackson: Sorry. Go on.

Curtis: And that I will take time out on my birthday.

Jackson: Time out from what?

Curtis: Time out from my life. And then I think .Why don't I live uncivilized and take time out three-hundred-and sixty-five days of the year. I Hay now that I will live uncivilized and take time out on one day of the year.

Jackson: You do not have a hobby?

Curtis: No-but either do you!

Jackson: I guess you have me there. (pauses) Do you know what?

Curtis: What?

Jackson: I love you.

Curtis: Ah, you are a queer.

Jackson: Now I have you caught.

Curtis: You mean, you don't love me?

Jackson: No, I do love you, but I mean that most beatniks are queers.

Curtis: Then, I love you.

Jackson: Oh, don't you know, fool, that I am only playing?

Curtis: What do you mean?
 Jackson: I don't know what beatniks do.
 Curtis: But I do.
 Jackson: And, may I ask why?
 Curtis: Because I am a beatnik .
 Jackson: You are a fool.
 Curtis: Then, to you, beatniks are fools?
 Jackson: Oh, no! I have a lot more respect for beatniks than I have for normal people.
 Curtis: Then why did you call me a fool?-I know why you called me a fool.-Because you are covering up. You are trying to get in good with me because you want to join my crowd. Well, I've news for you. I don't have any friends or-crowd .And I am not ashamed of it. Who needs friends. We n il don't, but it just seems that we do.
 Jackson: (pauses) The dictionary-
 Curtis: You read the dictionary?-Oh, you conventional moron.
 Jackson: As I was saying, the dictionary says that a beatnik is one that belongs to the beat generation.
 Curtis: That is a nice definition.
 Jackson: No! It is not!
 Curtis: Yea. I guess it is not a very good definition.
 Jackson: It is a horrible definition!
 Curtis: It is a terrible definition!
 Jackson: At first, a beatnik is one who goes around wearing a beard. Then he rebels against society. Then he turns to non-conformity, and then he dresses sloppily. Then there is no such word as beatnik, and then it becomes as escape word. The rest is up to you.-Do you think that you are a beatnik?
 Curtis: By all means, yes.
 Jackson: Then you still do not know what I am talking about fool! (pauses) Curtis.
 Curtis: Yes?
 Jackson: I love you.
 Curtis: You-are-a-queer-a queer? Oh, man! I don't know what's happening.
 Jackson: (smiles triumphantly) Now I think you understand things a little better.
 Curtis: (Shows sign of shame and defeat) (pauses) I am a beatnik! (There is a pause for about thirty seconds. Jackson starts reading his book again while Curtis sits restlessly on the stage let chair.All is annoyingly quiet during the pause.)
 Curtis: You are awfully quiet, aren't you?
 Jackson: Oh, I don't know.
 Curtis: Well, it's annoying.
 Jackson: You don't like it?
 Curtis: No. I don't.
 Jackson: Well, then why don't you leave.
 Curtis: (doesn't sound too sure of himself) Oh, I don't know.
 Jackson: Maybe it is just that I have gone through what you are going through and have thought so much that I find no need to talk about it.
 Curtis: Well, this is assinine.
 Jackson: I told you, you can leave if you like.
 Curtis: But I don't want to leave.
 Jackson: And why not?
 Curtis: Oh. Because somehow I just maybe I'm too lazy.
 Jackson: Could be.-Or maybe you like it here.
 Curtis: Oh, I doubt it.
 Jackson: (Strong feeling) Then why don't you leave. l'urtis: Do you want me to?
 Jackson: I don't care.

t 'urtis: Well, somehow, I have a certain feeling about this place. Maybe that if I walk out the door, I would feel emptiness. I told you before that I don't have nay friends or crowd. I have no one to be with, and if I left now: if I walk out that door, I would have nothing to do tonight. Nobody 10 b with. I would be very lonely. If I stay, I have someone to be with, Pven if it is torture. It would be more torturous if I left.

Jackson: Why don't you go to the cafes,-

Curtis: Bah! Cafes. (looks and sounds disgusted)

Jackson: Where do you come from?

Curtis: I lived with my family in a high class suburban town. I lived with my mother, father, sister, and brother. Then I started coming out to the village. I fell in love with the cafes, so I decided that I lived here, I could o to the cafes every night. So I picked out the cheapest apartment that

I could find and went out to look for work. When I couldn't find any, they kicked me out of my apartment. I was afraid to go back home for fear that my family would not accept me back and I feared embarrassment.

Jackson: I should also think that you didn't want to give up your freedom.

Curtis: Freedom? Are you kidding me? We have freedom?

Jackson: Sure. In the United States, we have a democracy. We are probably the country with the most freedom of any other in the world.

Curtis: And that is why I hate the world. Because we are supposed to have freedom, yet we don't. Therefore there is no place in the world to turn to.

Jackson: Tell me. Why isn't there freedom in the United States?

Curtis: I wanted to move at the age of fifteen, but the government wouldn't let me because I had to go to school. So I waited until I was sixteen, and again, the government stopped me, because you had to be eighteen lo live alone and without your parents. Then, once I had moved, someone t.old me of death. For the next few days I would not be allowed to smile. They say that we have freedom of speech, but do we? We do not! If I say what I think and people disagree with me, of course, the government will not punish me, but the people will. They say that we have freedom of press, yet the press is afraid to say what it thinks for the commercial purposes. We cannot, the press cannot, the communication facilities cannot say certain words because the lord high government will not permit a certain jumble of sounds coming from our lips. They say that we have freedom of religion, yet when I converted to Buddhism in my suburban town school, I was demonstrated against and even rioted against. This, my friend, is not true freedom.

I hate the life I lead.

I wish that it were done.

But I am afraid to end it,

wishing that I could escape to a place, where there are no normal people, and where I can act how I feel. Where I won't have to be friendly, and can just not be.

I would like to escape the hustle and bustle of city and country.

But how will I do this?

How will I escape?

Suppose I see a lady, walking down the street.

I take out my knife and kill her.

I am arrested, so I act my way into an insane asylum prison.

Ah.(strong feeling) I then will have escaped.

Jackson: (pause) Tell me, you hate the life you lead because you think that there is no freedom?

Curtis: That and other reasons. Ijust think that there is too much hustle and bustle. The struggle is not worth it. I cannot make the struggle. I try to just live, and find myself starving and living in streets.

Jackson: You wish that it were done, but are afraid to end it?

Curtis: At times. You see, mostly I just want to escape. But once in a while, I want to live. I am afraid that if I end my life, I would end all the possibilities of living with escape.

Jackson: You want the easy way out.

Curtis: No, I do not. I would just like to live contentedly. I hate walking and if there is someone I know, saying something to him. Or feeling that I must always make conversation. I want to leave all this. I want to go someplace where I won't feel obligated. Someplace like an insane asylum where they are all nuts, which is comparable to the playpen that I told you about before.

Jackson: Then why don't you treat the normal people like the playpen; When you go to a cafe, when you walk down the street? You claim that they are ignorant, and that you are brilliant. Why don't you treat them like a playpen?

Curtis: Because in living with normal people, I am required to do things that I don't find necessary to do.

Jackson: Like what?

Curtis: Like work.

Jackson: The more you tell me, the more you sound like a bum.

Curtis: In your eyes, I may be a bum-but let's not talk about it anymore. (Pauses) Jackson?

Jackson: Yes?

Curtis: I hate you.

Jackson: And why? (shows some interest)

Curtis: Because I like you.

Jackson: I don't believe I understand you.

Curtis: My little inner voice.

Jackson: I think that I am beginning to understand.

Curtis: It is as though a little inner voice is saying I love Jackson, and then it says that I hate Jackson and I say to it that I should not be thinking such thoughts. I then ask it as to what is so bad about such thoughts. 'When a beat comes into my head. At first, I like it. Then I begin to hate it and I tell it to go, but it won't. It stays.

Jackson: (starts beating on chair. Makes nice bongo like sound.)

Curtis: Yes-that's it.-It stays.-!cannot make it go. I become outraged-and then, I think. What am I angry about?

I say to myself relax,

I should think out my problem,

For the wilds of the unknown are coming closer-and-closer. 'The beat of the earth in the background.

I cannot get the beat out of my head.

The beat of the drums, The music of a rage.

Relax.

For the beat is still in my head.

I love the beat?

Relax. For the tension is drawing closer. Relax. The beat is going on, time on time. Relax?-The tension finally snaps.

The beat in my head.

(strong feeling) Monotony personified. I hate the beat.

I hate my head!

Jackson: Well, I think I know a remedy for the situation.

Curtis: Yes? What is it?

Jackson: (satirically) Relax, and don't hate your head.

Curtis: You are not very funny.

Jackson: I was just trying to be a little witty.

Curtis: Well, from now on, don't try to be witty. I don't think I appreciate it.

Jackson: Okay,-Beatnik!

Curtis: (strong emotion and feeling) I hate you! I love you!

Jackson: Why don't you just sit down and rest your warped mind?

Curtis: Why don't you just shut your fat mouth?(starts for the down) (calms down) Oh, what's the use. I can't leave. I don't know if I hate it here or like it here.

Jackson: He hates the life he leads. He wishes it were done. But he is afraid to end it.

Curtis: (looks disturbed) Shut up! You are an animal.

Jackson:And you are a jumper. Anyway, where do you get that I am an animal? I don't see it connecting with a little poetic wit.

Curtis: I'm sorry. They should never have had the word animal.

Jackson:And why not? There is good use for the word animal. Just think: What kind of usage would we have if there was no such word? Before people had the word, they were probably ignorant.

Curtis: Who says they aren't now?

Jackson: No. I mean that they were probably more ignorant, and then came progress. Isn't progress good?

Curtis: No. They invent something called television. Is that good? It only makes the ones who watch it more ignorant, filling our young ones' minds with assinine thoughts. And moving pictures only show us the most unrealistic ideas that could be.

And what about inflation? What about overpopulation? You call this good?

You remember, I'm sure, the other night of Halloween. This was modern Halloween .

You couldn't walk the streets at night .

And you had to stand guard outside your home,-if you had enough courage.

You probably don't remember how Halloween used to be.

The time was Halloween, long, long ago.

The sky was dark, yet bright.

For you could almost see the witches flying through the sky,

And children dressed in happy and melancholy costumes, their pride and joy.

At one house, they would trick or treat.

And get a five cent candy bar, a bag of popcorn, and a steak.

At another, a dinner maybe, a ticket to a show, and a record album.

Kids were all trick or treating, big and small, young and old. Ten year olds, who wouldn't touch balloons.

And above ten, who would take advantage of giving away of candy in their neighborhood.

Now let us look at today's Halloween. The sky is still dark, yet bright.

But you cannot see the witches flying through the sky.

And children are dressed in costumes, for the heck.

At one house, a piece of bubble gum is given away.

At another, an M&M.

Little kids are trick or treating,

and big kids are laughing at the candy. Ten year olds are killing each other.

Jackson: I see your point, but is that progress?

Curtis: Of course.

Jackson: You are wrong. There are two directions in which to go. Going huckwards is one way, and going forward is progress.

Curtis: Now you are wrong. Both are progress, so you just admitted there is bad progress.

Jackson: But most of it is good.

Curtis: I thought that I just penetrated your head in that most progress is bad.

Jackson: You must be an angry young man, but you will pass that stage soon. I was once mad at the world, but then started thinking, just like you claim you do now. I have learned from this thinking patience, just as you will probably do. You see, sometimes I am disgusted with people, then I calm down and start to laugh.

Curtis: You don't look like the laughing type to me.

Jackson: You are right. There is not anything to laugh at or even smile at, but does that mean that I don't enjoy life. One does not have to laugh, or smile, to enjoy life, even though I smile inside.

You see, my heart is like a drip-drip-drip; like the raindrop coming down hard.

At times the drip is kind.

At times the drip is mean and evil.

It is hateful, it is lovable.

It is cold,

yet it is warm.

I hate that drip-drip-drip.

The depressing inferiority-er superiority. The drip of my heart-and-soul.

The drip of my madness-my anger. Of my kindness-my mercy.

I meet someone-it hates me.

Shall I mourn?; or shall I take it as Kismet.

I find that I have reached something happy.

Shall I jump or take it as fate.

And sometimes, it is amusing to see, the other drips of other hearts.

It is laughable, but I do not laugh.

And it is tearjerking, but I do not shed tears.

Again, I hear my own drip-drip-drip.

Curtis: Hey man, you are really with it.

Jackson: Oh, shut up.

Curtis: (looks depressed; this time, does not talk back.)

Jackson: Don't be so-cool. (drags the word out a little bit)

(pause for about ten seconds)

Curtis: I was only acknowledging the greatness of yourself.

Jackson: Man, don't bother me.

Curtis: Okay, I won't bug you. (starts snapping fingers.) Gee, I wish I was in the cafes.

Jackson: I thought you didn't like the cafes.

Curtis: I never said that. I may have sneered at them, but does that mean that I don't like them?

Jackson: It may be controversial, you schizophrenic.

Curtis: Schizophrenic?

Jackson: Yes, you have a split personality.

Curtis: And how, may I ask, do you get that?

Jackson: We all have split personalities.

Curtis: What are you talking about, you nut?

Jackson: (takes deep breath, gives disgusted, deep, tired look) Suppose, one day, you take a walk down the street, you see all the funny, stupid people. At one moment you hate them, at the next, you find them extremely amusing.

For instance, some days, I like to go to the park and just spend a day looking at the people.

Some like to rush, some take it slow. Then I think;

Who is right? Who is wrong? How am I?

What am I?

Should I rush? Should I slow up?

I find that I love doing this. When, I become disgusted.

How you see, it is the same with the cafes. Sometimes you love, sometime you hate.

Did you ever think? How wonderful it is
 to walk down the street,
 And hear the birds singing, the bees buzzing, Hee the birds flying,
 and the beauty of the trees.
 You love the world, and are angry with no one.
 But now you approach your friends,
 who like to talk.
 You cannot hear nature, now.
 Ilccause you must listen,
 A nd must talk to your friends.
 You walk away angrily, mad at everything 11nd everyone.
 How wonderful it is, now,
 to walk down the street, and feel the birds
 pecking at your head, bees stinging your arm,
 and trees falling down on you.
 Curtis: Do you have a place of escape?
 Jackson: At times, yes. I often call my apartment, yes the room that we 11re in, I call it the dark
 room.
 Curtis: Why, the dark room?
 Jackfilm: Because it is most often my place of escape.
 Curtis: When I had an apartment, I had a place of escape. I guess we all need a place of escape.
 Jackson: Why?
 Curtis: Because I hate the world.
 Jackson: Why do you hate the world.
 Curtis: Because I curse the world.
 Jackson: I do, too.
 Curtis: Ah, then you hate the world just as I do.
 Jackson: No. I do not.
 Curtis: But you must.
 Jackson: Why?
 Curtis: Because you curse the world
 Jackson: And therefore I must hate the world. Yes, I do curse the world, but aren't you sick of
 hearing people who say that they hate the world.
 Curtis: Surely, you don't expect me to say that I love the world?
 Jackson: I didn't say that. I will tell you something.
 I may curse the world,
 and I would like to escape to my dark room.
 Do I hate the world?
 There's a chance.
 The world has good potential-
 But the people ruin it.
 I AM A HUMAN BEING.
 My comrades are morons.
 I would then, when thinking these thoughts, like to escape to my dark room.
 I ride down the street on a bicycle, let us imagine, I, then, stop short for not to hit a lady.
 She calls me an imbecile.
 I ask her to myself, What is the matter lady?
 Shock you lady?
 STOP SHORT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, LADY?
 She is stupid.- Many are like her. Stupid is stupid.

And I want to escape.

The dark room is my room, my den, My place of escape.

Where I keep my flowers-yet am I a flower lover?

Where I keep my records-yet am I a music lover?

Where I keep my writing and poetry-yet am I a writer?

I curse people-

yet do I hate them?

Oh how I would like to escape!

Curtis: You have got something there. I think I agree with you, but I still hate that I, I don't know about you, but I hate the world.

Jackson: Yes, could be. But aren't you sick of hearing people say it? Aren't you sick of saying it?

Curtis: No.

Jackson: You probably will be.

Curtis: I don't think so.-Oh, man, I don't know what I want, where to go, what to do. I want to kill myself.

Jackson: You'll snap out of it schitzo.

You should have hope. Haven't you any hope?

Curtis: Hope? Yes, I have hope. It resembles many things. I remember, in my suburban town school, I wanted something, someone like me. I followed it, and met up with a tragic ending. I still feel the way I did then. Yes, I have hope.

My hope is like a hollow skull.

It is like the fire at night and it burns out.

I want hope.

A hope to save me in this cage of morons.

I follow my hope, one that I will hope to love and-revere.

I follow it day and night. Under the tree,

to see it meditate-or is it just thinking.

I follow to its home-where-

He sleeps at night.

I follow-I follow-

I do meet it, and talk to it.

It says, "I love life-

I love humanity-

I love what the world has come to." I say, "I hate you."

Jackson: You are a fallacy.

Curtis: What do you mean?

Jackson: From what I gather, you do want a friend, but you told me before that no one needs them. Also, how do you know, just because it tells you that it loves things, that it is not the one for you.

Curtis: Jackson?

Jackson: Yes? (says it unwillingly)

Curtis: I hate you.

Jackson: Oh.

Curtis: Wouldn't you say that blind hate is bad?

Jackson: Very bad.

Curtis: Wouldn't you call it a sin?

Jackson: Oh, I don't know. I may call blind love a sin.

Curtis: That is bad, isn't it.

Jackson: How should I know? How should we know? How should anyone know?

Curtis: Did you hear me correctly? I said a sin.

Jackson: I heard you.

Curtis: Well, isn't sinning bad?
 Jackson: I don't know. Mr. Curtis, what is a sin?
 Curtis: Well, as sin is-well, now?
 Jackson: Can't you answer that?
 Curtis: Of course I can answer it. A sin is-I guess I'm tongue tied for words.-But a sin is bad!
 Jackson: There you are. Okay, Mr. Curtis, suppose we take an example. You are in your house, bored with the daylight. You wait for the dark to come, so that you can roam the streets for something to do. Harken, for the dark has come, the quietness of the night has set in. you walk the darkness of the streets, not knowing what will come out and grab you walking in this jungle of animals, beasts, and gentle folk.
 You descend upon a sight.
 A drunkard, in the light of a barroom. "Stop, my fiend," says he.
 What do you want of me? you ask. "I will get you your wings.
 I am a saint. Never committed a sin in all my life." "But, you drink."
 I'm happy. "You curse." "I escape."
 'You sin."
 I don't. "What is god?"
 "God is a damn fool. A stink,
 II dope, and a moron."
 'What!" you say. "You fool. Do you l,('ieve in God?"
 God is the great creator, says he.
 Both of your lives are over,
 IInd you both ascend to heaven.
 Go to the land beneath, says God, to someone who praised him. Always prayed to him.
 'And you, you go to hell, too," he says to you.
 Damn you, God, replies the drunkard.
 Oh, my friend, says God to he. "My drunkard friend, my cursing friend."
 'Your denouncing friend," says he to God.
 You moron .
 Here are your wings, says God.
 And you say, "But he just cursed you! He just sinned!" "No, he did not," replies God.
 "He just,
 n nd always, committed a saintly deed.
 Curtis:You are crazy to repeat such trash ."
 Jackson: There you go, again, jumping to conclusions. Cu rtis:You must be out of your mind!
 Jackson: You are then, probably, calling me an oddball.
 Curtis: Yes, you are.
 Jackson: You are one yourself.
 Curtis: Oh, yes. Thank you. Now I remember, how some people treat me m; a dog.
 Jackson: What is wrong with a dog? 'urtis: They are dumb.
 Jackson: Many people jump to conclusions-(pause)
 'You're as dumb as a dog."
 I hear you say.
 llccause the dog cannot talk as we do. And yet, in space,
 we are compared to
 dogs, as compared to those in planets.
 Hark!
 you hear a lark.

Coming closer, and closer, and still closer.
 It comes to you.
 You talk.
 It does not reply.
 Instead, it makes
 funny noises that you cannot understand;
 Fantastic utterances
 beyond your comprehension.
 You call it stupid, because it sounds
 funny and you cannot understand it.
 It goes back to its world.
 And this lark,
 this very same lark, tells its fellows
 how stupid it thinks you are.
 Curtis: Yes, I see. How do we know for sure?
 Jackson: How do we know anything for sure?
 Do you know that there may be life on other planets?
 Curtis: Yes?
 Jackson: Do you also know that their intelligence is compared to ours as our intelligence is compared to dogs?
 Curtis: (thoughtfully) Maybe; but I am not as ignorant as other people. I am probably smarter than those outer space beings.
 Jackson: You are a snob.
 Curtis: I am a snob?
 Jackson: You are a snob. I think that I am endowed with more intelligence than other men, but do I go around bragging about it? No, I do not.
 Curtis: If you think that you are smart, then you are a snob.
 Jackson: Wrong! I may think something, but do not talk about it. You may think something, but do talk about it. Therefore, you are a snob.
 Curtis: And this lark, this very same lark,
 goes back to its world and tells its fellows how stupid it think you are.
 Jackson: Okay, okay. I get the idea. I am jumping to a conclusion, saying that you are a snob. Oh, my! I forgot to get that new book that I wanted. I would have liked to get it today, before the store closed.
 Curtis: Why rush?
 Jackson: Because, if I don't, I won't get the book at all.
 Curtis: So, that's the way the ball bounces.
 Jackson: Are you a fatalist?
 Curtis: Sort of.
 Jackson: And you believe that everything is planned beforehand by fate.
 Curtis: No. I am my own kind of fatalist. I say that that is the way the cookie crumbles.
 Now, what will happen if
 you do not get that book?
 That is the way the cookie crumbles.
 And what will happen if I do not eat tonight;
 and maybe even starve to death? What is the worst that can happen?
 Okay. Let us say that I go to school.
 What will happen if I tell my teacher that I hate her? She will send me to the office.
 That is all.
 And what will happen if I get bad mark in school?

And do not go to college? And do not get a job?
 And die in my twenties? Nothing. I will not feel pain.
 What will happen if I get good marks in school?
 And get praised by my father?
 And go to a good college? And make a million dollars? [will be part
 of the camouflaged, unhappy, competition.
 And what will happen if I get bad marks in school? And get beaten by my father?
 And don't go to college?
 And move down to the village?
 And be happy? (says it with strong feeling) What will happen if?
 What will happen if? Ask yourself:
 What will happen?
 You will surely get,
 with intellectual thinking:
 That is the way the ball bounces.
 Jackson: Did you meditate and get all of this?
 Curtis: Meditate?
 Jackson: Yes, you know. Zen Buddhism.
 Curtis: I have read on Zen Buddhism. But they are dumb like all the rest.
 Jackson: Why do you say that?
 Curtis: Well, I thought that they were cool guys, but (covers side of mouth
 as tough whispering), they believe in dressing a certain way when they meditate.
 Jackson: Why do you whisper? There is no one around.
 Curtis: Oh! Why must I be careful in every move that I make? Why must I try to do everything
 supposedly right? I am not out to impress anyone. (Feels pants to see if his fly is open).
 Jackson: What did you just do? Where did you just feel?
 Curtis: Oh, you were conscious of it?
 Well, I get illusions
 that my fly is always open.
 When I go to theater.
 When I go to a cafe.
 To me,
 people will notice.
 To me,
 people will always be looking at me.
 I get illusions that my fly is always open.
 When I walk down the street.
 When I go to a dance.
 I get illusions that my fly is always open. (strong feeling) Who gives a damn. (strong feeling)
 Jackson: Yes, now I see why you grow a beard, and do not comb your hair.
 And why you dress sloppily-
 Curtis: Supposedly sloppily!
 Jackson: Yes. You want to live negatively, just relaxing and owing no obligations to your fellow man.
 Curtis: Is there any crime in that?
 Jackson: No.
 Curtis: But many people think that it is.
 Jackson: People may be ignorant, but they are trying to learn, and think,
 just like you are trying to do. Don't blame them if they seem annoying and if they think that they
 are smart. It is the fault that they have. We all have faults. Even you, because we are human beings
 and it is human nature to have some faults.

Curtis: Okay. I agree with you. It is not their fault if they are not as intelligent as me, but do they have to take from me my freedom? Must they make for me obligations?

Jackson: Obligations like what?

Curtis: Like saying hi.

Jackson: Hi?

Curtis: Yes hi. Hi, hi, hi.

That is what they all say.

The hi to my friend, for my enemy.

Do I love the hi?

Let us say that I do.

Here comes one that I know, or knew.

Should I say hi to him.

Here comes one that I just met.

Should I say hi to her.

If I loved the hi before

It was the cause of society's pounding. Now, I am sick of the hi.

I hate the hi.

Here comes my friend. But I am too tired to say hi.

But will I turn away? Will I not say hi?

I end up saying hi.

Here comes another.

If I do not say hi,

it will be mad at me. But if I did say hi,

all is well. Hi is void.

Did you ever have a friend?

Jackson: Yes, I've had a friend.

Curtis: Did you ever see your friend?

Jackson: Yes, I saw my friend.

Curtis: Then, you know what I am talking about. Hi, in other words, is telling your friend that you are not mad at him or anything like that. Very few times do we mean the word hi.

Jackson: But sometimes, it gives me a good feeling.

Curtis: How often does that happen?

Jackson: Very seldom.

Curtis: Then, those are the few times that you mean what you say. (small pause) Hi.

Jackson: (disinterested) Hi.

Curtis: You are sad, aren't you?

Jackson: Again, you jump to conclusions. -Curtis I've learned a lot from this talking. It has taught me much.

Curtis: I told you that I am brilliant.

Jackson: No, no! Not only did I learn from you, but because of you, I learned from myself. -I want to thank you. (Gets up, goes over and shakes hands with Curtis)

Curtis: (Shakes his hand) Get off me, you queer!

Jackson: What! All I am doing is shaking your hand.

Curtis: Well, it is faggy!

Jackson: You remind me of something.

Curtis: (sarcastically) Tell me, sweetheart.

Jackson: If you are as smart and observant as you claim to be, you should know. You went to school. You remind me of a situation.

A situation with a boy

This boy, who we will call He, stands erect and straight,

and has a husky build.
 But he buttons his top button.
 And minds his own business. Then the popular ones come,
 with their high pitched voices, and say to look at the faggot!
 Followers ask as to who is a faggot.
 The popular ones answer to "He is a faggot!"
 The followers then carry it on.
 But He will not fight back. To him there is no need.
 Instead he asks as to what is a faggot .
 They reply correctly.
 "And who is a faggot?" asks He. "You are a faggot," says they.
 He tells them that they are crazy.
 They tell him that he is crazy.
 The whole school tells him that he is crazy.
 And he,
 this very same boy-
 Curtis: Are you saying that I am a faggot?
 Jackson: No.
 Curtis: Are you saying that I am crazy?
 Jackson: (Takes an innocent gulp) No.
 Curtis: Well, it seems to me, from what you just said, that the crazy one
 is the one who accuses. .
 Jackson: In this case, that is true, but it doesn't refer to everything:-By the way I think that we
 have talked enough. I think that we are sick of
 each other. Go home. Cry on your mother's shoulder.
 Curtis: But my mother died the other day.
 Jackson: Oh, I'm sorry.
 Curtis: Shut-up! You have nothing to be sorry about. You were not respon-
 sible for her death, were you?
 Jackson: No.
 Curtis: Then what are you sorry about?
 Jackson: I guess you are right. After all, I am sorry for you. You probably
 feel badly. You are also a bit irritated.
 Curtis: No, I am not.
 Jackson: It is okay. I'll help you forget. Curtis: I told you, I feel no sentiment!
 Jackson: Didn't you love her?
 Curtis: Probably more than anything.
 Jackson: Then, you must be sad. . .
 Curtis: True, I loved my mother, but she died. There is nothing I can do.
 Jackson: How about mourning?
 Curtis: I put it to you. Would that bring her back to me?
 Jackson: No.
 Curtis: I would like to forget her.
 Jackson: You are-
 Curtis: Disrespectful? No. I'm sure that she would have wanted me to be happy. Anyway, I will one
 day join her in being dead. Then I will have no feelings. And if there is eternal life, I will one day join
 her and be with her forever.
 Jackson: Well, I guess that is how you feel about death. I have different feelings about it; but I will
 respect your opinion.
 Curtis: My mother died: That is how the cookie crumbles.

Jackson: Oh, my. You certainly have got a lot to learn.
 Curtis: What was that?
 Jackson: Oh, well. I am going to admit it. I used to be like you. I went through the stage that you are in now. I passed from stage to stage and into the one that I am in now by intellectual talks. I have only been playing with you. Inside myself, I was laughing at you. To me, you were made a fool of.
 Curtis: A fool of?—Playing with me?
 Jackson: Are you mad?
 Curtis: No. I don't think so.
 Jackson: I think that maybe you've learned patience, tonight.
 Curtis: Is that good?
 Jackson: Yes.
 Curtis: Jackson—I love you.
 Jackson: Are you ashamed?
 Curtis: No.
 Jackson: Welcome, intellect.
 Curtis: I am not a beatnik.
 Jackson: What is a beatnik?
 Curtis: I don't know.
 Jackson: Very good. But you still are a comparative fool.
 Curtis: Let us talk more.
 Jackson: Okay. (Both sit down)
 Curtis: I believe that a person should do everything he can at least once in his life time.
 Jackson: (Is not pleased anymore; looks puzzled) What do you mean.
 Curtis: At least once, a person should jump off a building and still live; at least once, a person should speed down a highway at one-hundred miles per hour; at least once in his life a person should kill!
 Jackson: What a warped idea. Don't you realize that you will be harming someone that way?
 Curtis: (Looks concerned) But is it all right?
 Jackson: Of course not.
 Curtis: (frowns) Oh, no! (strong feeling) I killed a person the other day.
 Jackson: Were you ashamed?
 Curtis: (Almost crying) No!
 Jackson: You should realize that you were dealing with more than human beings. You were dealing with a life!
 Curtis: (crying) Oh! No!
 Jackson: You should be ashamed of yourself! Do not kill! Do not kill! Be ashamed! Be ashamed!
 Curtis: I'm ashamed! I'm ashamed! (runs out of room almost hysterically)
 Jackson: (Sits back down quietly and starts to read book again.) There is II knock at the door.) Who is that knocking on my door?
 Voice: It is me?
 Jackson: And who is me?
 Voice: (Leonard is not seen. He is only heard, therefore he can be played by Curtis.) Leonard. Your companion.
 Jackson: Ah yes. I remember. (Stands, puts book on chair walks to door at stage left, pantomimes opening it.) You know, I do not claim to be a :murdered. All I am is an intellect experimenting with new ideas and philosophies. (Takes a knife out of his pocket and stabs Leonard once to death.)
 THE END

Bohemia West

a musical play (comedy?) January 5, 1964

Cast: Turn to end of play for cast.

Scene: There will not be a description for each new scene but a name. You can use scenery if wished, but can also use bare stage using props. Outside curtain, stage right: electric guitar. Stage left: bongo player.

Act: A different type of oddball trying to join a group of normal [ILLEGIBLE].

Act 1. Introductions

Scene I

It is a club meeting of "The Beatniks". A group of seventeen or eighteen year olds who have acquired the reputation of "beatniks" and formed a club naming it after their reputation: They are in a room or clubhouse. The props are ten chairs for ten members and a cheap table and chair for the chairman. We join them in the middle of the meeting. All of them have mustaches.

Mr. Chief: (standing at stage left.)

Okay, now. Albert Oddball wants to read us some poetry he has written. All right, Albert.

Albert Oddball:

(walks up in front of table while Mr. Chief sits down. He starts reading from a piece of paper. Unfolds it and starts reading.) Hoody-daddy hootenanny (bongos play.)

likes to have a ball.

Hoody-daddy hootenanny loves one and all.

Hoody-daddy hootenanny is lots of fun.

If Hoody-daddy hootenanny would be me,

I would be him.

I Iee-hee-hee-hee. (bongos stop.)

(there are now cries and sobs coming from the members. Also a few l'ries of "how heartbreaking" and "how serious" and "how tearjerking")

Mr. Chief: (stands)

Very good, Mr. Oddball. You may sit down, now. (Albert walks to his chair and sits down.) I'm sure, men, that we have a poet in our midst. (Members clap lazily and quietly in agreement.)

Mr. Actor:

But I'm an actor.

Mr. Chief:

Yes, you're an actor. Mr. Actor:

And I'm a good actor. Mr. Chief:

(shaking head) You're a great actor. Mr. Actor:

(Holds belly with hand and other hand in air.) Thank you.(dramatically) Thank you very much.- I shall return.

A Member:

Not if I can help it. (Assorted quiet laughs.) Mr. Chief:

Okay, man. Like don't act your age. (pause) Now. I been talking to Miss Chief of the girl beatniks and we both decided that we should all wear beards.

Dopey:

Even the girls? (Member laugh.)

Mr. Chief:

(waits a few seconds giving Dopey a dirty look.) All of us are going to grow beards.

A Member: Why?

Mr. Chief:

Because it's in style with queers.

Another Member: It's different.

A Member:
 Yeah, man. People are gonna laugh at us- A Member:
 But we'll get the last laugh. Dopey:
 (along with very quiet applause.) Yaaaaayyy.
 Mr. Singer:
 (in a high tenor voice. Holds one note on "oh". Assorts notes badly for rest of song. No accompaniment.)
 Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhwwweellll I'm so happy,
 I'm so sad.
 Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-had.
 La-da-da-da-dee-da-ho-ha-hee,
 (Mr. Singer cont'd.)
 I love life-and it loves me.
 ("good even friends" tune.) But I hate the world.
 Mr. Chief:
 (In sneering tone.) Ah, come on. Ya bunch of dirty beatniks.
 Dopey:
 (only one applauding.) Yaaaaayyy.
 A Member:
 Why don't we use fake beards until our own grow in?
 Mr. Chief:
 I don't think that it would be too good an idea.
 The Member: (morbid tone)
 Yes, but that way, we won't have to wait so long. If we don't use fake beards, we'll miss lots of fun.
 Dopey:
 (Thinking of the fun, gives a fake chuckle.) Hoo-hoo-hoo-ha-ha.
 A Member:
 Fun. (Morbid tone.)
 Mr. Chief:
 See, the girls might use fake beards, but we're not. A Member:
 But aren't we for equality of the sexes?
 Mr. Chief:
 Yes. And that's why the girls will wear beards. The Member:
 But, if everything's equal, they are going to wear fake beards, why shouldn't we? Mr. Chief:
 Don't you want to wear real beards? The Member:
 Yes. But the problem is equality.
 Mr. Chief:
 I know! And we both wear beards! What are we for?
 All Members: Equality!
 Mr. Chief: Equality of what?
 All Members: Equality of the sexes!
 (All members sing the song "Equality of the sexes"):
 Mr. Chief: Well what are we for? (Bongo plays) Members: E qua a li ty
 Mr. Chief: E qua a li ty Members: E qua a
 Mr. Chief: li ty Members: E qua a Mr. Chief: li Members: ty
 Mr. Chief: Well, what are we for? Members: E qua a li ty
 E qua a
 Mr. Chief: li ty Members: E qua a Mr. Chief: li ty Members: E qua a Mr. Chief: li ty
 Members: Equality of what? Mr. Chief: Equality of what?

Everyone: Of the sexes! (Guitar comes in) Mr. Chief: E qua li ty of
 Members: girls Mr. Chief: and Members: Boys
 Mr. Chief: And boy oh gee Members: E qua a li ty
 Mr. Chief: E qua a li ty is fun
 A member: It's cool Mr. Chief: It's great
 Everyone: It's in tel lee tu al Mr. Chief: E qua lity
 Members: I i if boys wear shorts girls should wear shorts
 Ifboys wear pants
 girls should wear pants
 Ifboys wear beards
 girls should wear beards Everyone: E qua a li ty
 E qua a li ty
 Oh we love E qua li ty
 A member: What are we? Another member: Equalitists Members: E qua li ty
 E qua li ty
 Mr. Chief: Yeah yeah
 Members: E qua li ty E qua li ty
 Dopey: Yes yes Everyone: E qua li I ty If girls grow hair
 boys should grow hair
 If girls talk high
 Three boys: (in high voices) Boys should talk high Everyone: If girls wear stock ings
 Three boys: Boys should wear stockings? Everyone: E qua a li ty (two members exit) E qua a li ty
 (two more exit)
 A Member: We're human beings (two more exit) Another Member: Yeah, man
 Members: We're for it to be(two more exit)
 E qua a li ty (Last two exit; Only Mr. Chief is left on stage) Mr. Chief: (Does not sing it, but yells
 it and jumps in air)
 E qua li ty! (BLACKOUT)

Scene II

A medium size living room. This is where the star of lhe play makes his first appearance (Barry Banick). This scene is a dancing party of Barry's good friend. Barry is unpopular among his schoolmates and doesn't get along well at parties, but his friend(Peter Poplar) has invited him because they've known each other for so long (ever since lhey were five years old). As the scene opens, the Guitar plays and we see a teenager trying to sing (rock 'n' roll). There are, besides Barry and Peter, seven girls and give boys making fourteen characters in this scene. Seven girls and seven boys.

Rock n' Roll Singer:
 (Good rock tempo. In other words, up-tempo.)
 Oh baby
 don't you take the chance
 this is gonna be a cool romance Don't you know
 lhat I
 love you so?
 Baby. Baby, baby
 don't you want some love and kissin'?
 Ineed you. Weeeeell-
 You for me
 (Rock n' Roll singer cont'd.) me for you

Ba ha ha ba ha ha boo Yeeaaaaahhh,
Oh baby. Yeeaaaaahhh, Oh honey.
Rock oh rock oh rock oh rock right now.
Well, I'm a real cool cat right off the bat
so come with me and we will see what RATS
look like. Oh yeah
Uh huh like man
I love you. Hoo hoo.
Well, you look beat eat some beat
sit on a seat don't be obsolete walk on feet turn on the heat
it's gonna be neat
and then we'll burp! (burp said in an ironic low voice) I said
And then we'll burp! (That concludes the song) Peter Poplar:
(claps and walks over to Barry Banick) Well, Barry. How did you like that?
Barry Banick:
It was all right (doesn't sound too enthusiastic).

Peter:

All right? Are you crazy? That was great! Didn't it make you want to dance when he said ba ba ba ba boo? And didn't it get you right here (makes a tight hand fist and hits his left chest as though hitting heart) when he said well I'm a real cool dat? And what about right off the bat? All right? Only all right? Man, what's wrong with you?

Barry:

Well, I'm sorry, Peter. I just don't like it. It doesn't make me want to get up and dance.

Peter:

Oh, I know what's wrong.

Barry:

I just don't like dancing.

Peter:

Now, look. I invited you here to dance, not sit around and pick your nose.

Barry:

I am not picking my nose.

Peter:

Never mind. Why don't you get up and dance? If I hadn't known you since we were five years old, I wouldn't have invited you here. I got it. You don't know any girls here. Stay right where you are. I'll be right back with a

girl for you to meet. (Barry stands there silently for about ten seconds. Peter then comes back with a pretty girl.) Well, Barry. This is Lisa. Lisa Louse. Lisa, this is Barry Banick. Well, you two. Play nicely. Tee hee. (walks away.)

Barry:

Well, how do you do?

Lisa:

Nice. And you? Barry:

Nice. (pause) My name is Barry.

Lisa:

Nice. (Smaller pause) My name is Lisa. Barry:

What's your name, Lisa?

Lisa: Lisa.

Barry:

Hm.

Lisa: Hm.

Barry:
 Hm.
 Lisa:
 Hm.
 Barry: Well
 Lisa:
 Don't change the subject.
 Barry:
 (Desperate for words) This is fun, isn't it?
 Lisa:
 (Becoming bored with him) Yes.
 Barry:
 Did you like the singing before? Lisa:
 Oh, yes. Didn't you?
 Barry:
 Nope. I didn't care for it too much.
 Lisa:
 (falling back partly) Didn't care for it too much? You're crazy.
 A Boy: (the same rock n' roll singer)
 (Walks up to them) Hey what's up, Lisa? This punk botherin' ya.
 Lisa:
 He didn't like you're singin'.
 The Boy:
 What! Didn't like my singin'?
 Lisa:
 I tried to tell him that you're the greatest.
 The Boy:
 The greatest? I'm tops. (Sings "The Best Thing In Life is Me". Sung to the tune of "The best things in life are free"):
 Oh, I'm a gifted sonovagun, The best thing in life is me.
 Oh, I'm my little honey bun, The best thing in life is me.
 Yes, I am the king
 (Can only use this song with permission from MAD Magazine.) Of all those who sing;
 My voice is divine,
 It's mine, I'm mine.
 So that's why I tell everyone, The best thing in life is me.
 (That concludes the song.) And you don't like me.
 Barry:
 I never said that. I just said that I didn't like your singing.
 The Boy:
 Why you-(Makes a fist and punches Barry in the face, Barry falls, but is not unconscious. The Boy puts his arm around Lisa and they walk away.)
 Barry:
 (Gets up.) Boy. (Tears start coming down his eyes. He wipes them off and tries to hold the rest back.)
 A Boy:
 (Happens to walk by. He is the only witness to the crying.) What a crybaby.
 Barry:
 (It is obvious that he is crying.) I am not a crybaby. I never cry. (Stops crying. Says to himself.)
 Wise guy.

Peter:
(Walks up to him.) Well, how are things goin'?

Barry:
(Sort of misty) Great. (Sarcastically.) Just great.

A Boy:
(Walks up to him.) Hey, I hear you didn't like the singin' before. Is that true?

Barry:
Leave me alone.

The Boy:
(Chanting.) You didn't like the singing.
(Boys and girls hear it in the background. They all crowd around Barry and ask him sort of ad libbing if it is true that he didn't like the singing. Then they form a circle around him and walk around him, going into the song, "You're Crazy.")

A Boy: You're crazy.
A Boy: You're stupid.
A Girl: You're nuts.
A Boy: You're insane.
A Boy: You're crazy.
A Boy: You're nuts.
A Girl:
You don't have a brain.
A Boy:
You act around like a stupid idiot.
A Girl:
And you don't have a worthwhile thing to say.

Barry:
I'm not crazy. Boys and Girls:
Yes you are.
Barry:
I'm not stupid.
Boys and Girls: Yes you are.
Barry:
I'm not nuts.
Boys and Girls: Yes you are.
Barry:
I'm not insane.
Boys and Girls: Yes you are.
Barry:
I'm just a sweet little boy with a loving smile
and a face
A Girl:
(Bends over him and makes and shakes a fist in his face.) That I'd like to change.
Barry:
(Bend back. Gets up. Sort of "I give up" look.) Well, if ya can't beat em
Boys and Girls:
(Throwing arms up in air as they march around him.) Can't beat em.
Barry:
Then just join em. Boys and Girls:
Join em.
Barry: And I must

Boys and Girls: Oooooohhh
Barry: Concede and say
Boys and Girls: And say
Everyone: That I'm (Barry)
He's (Boys and Girls) Barry:
Crazy
Boys and Girls: That's right.
Barry: I'm nuts.
Boys and Girls: Uh huh.
Barry: I'm insane.
Boys and Girls: Insane!
(BLACKOUT)

Scene III: Same as first scene.

Mr. Chief:
(As though riling them up.) Okay! We'll get em from behind. Right?
Members: Yeah!
Mr. Chief:
No more opening doors for females. Right?
Members: Yeah.
Mr. Chief:
And no more putting on the mannerisms like holding your fork the right way when eating with them.
Members: Yeah.
Mr. Chief:
Eat with your hands.
Members: Yayy.
Mr. Chief:
Because males and females are exactly the same.
Members: Nooooo.
Mr. Chief:
No. Did I just hear my club say no? What do you mean, we're not the same? Why, you bunch o' faggots. How aren't we the same?
A Member:
(To another member.) I'd better tell him.
A Member:
No. I think I should.
1st Member:
Now look. He's gotta learn sometime. I know how to tell him.
2nd Mmber:
Oh, all right. You tell him.
1st Member:
(stands slowly.) They've got something that we haven't got.
Mr. Chief: Spill it.
1st Member:
Well, er ya see it seems that-they well, they've got chest muscles.
Mr. Chief:
You stupid bunch of animals. We've got chest muscles, don't we?

Members:

(After thinking.) Yeah.

1st Member:

But They've got something else that we don't got.

Mr. Chief:

(Looks somewhat bothered.) What is it.

1st Member:

They've got long (looks around and sees the long hair on everyone.) Long hair? Okay. You win. (sits down.)

Mr. Chief:

Now, I've made a deal with the chief of the female section of our club. We decided that it would be a great idea if we have co-ed meetings from now on.

Members:

(Ad-libs of "Oh, baby", "How cool", and "I just love co-ed meetings", and things to that order to give the impression of extreme happiness of the members at the mention of co-ed meetings.)

Mr. Chief:

Okay, okay. I believe in being honest. As a matter of fact, I hate anyone who isn't honest, so, we must vote on it. Everyone put your heads down. This is going to be like a secret ballot.

Members:

(put their heads down.) Mr. Chief:

Now, remember. All this voting jazz is for the sake of honesty. Those in favor of co-ed meetings, raise your hands.

Members:

(No one raises their hands.) Mr. Chief:

(Looks a little discouraged.) Hm. You can put your hands down. Those against having co-ed meetings, raise your hands.

Members:

(Everyone raises their hands.)

Mr. Chief:

Okay. You can put your hands down.

Members:

(Put their hands down.) Mr. Chief:

It was almost unanimous. You voted that we have the co-ed meetings.

(small pause.) The girls voted for it, too. A Member:

When are they coming?

Mr. Chief:

Well-(hear, in the background, sound of girls singing.) Here they come now.

Members:

Yayy.

Females:

(All of them march in singing "The March of the Female Beatniks.")

We are the females female beatniks

We do anything we want because we're beatniks.

We can go around our school with no shoes on.

We can make like we are cool because we are.

We march around like a couple of pigs and slobs. We march around like a couple of slobs and pigs.

For if we didn't march around like a couple of pigs and slobs

we wouldn't be called female beatniks. We eat with our hands because its right. We sleep in the day and sing all night.

We do all these things because we're proud proud of being

female beatniks.
 (That concludes the song. They all sit down.) Mr. Chief:
 Is everyone ready? Come on, quiet down. Today, we're going to have some
 wrestling.
 Members:
 Ooh. (In gladness.)
 A Male Member: Co-ed?
 Mr. Chief:
 (Nods his head yes.) Members:
 Ooh.
 The Member: Shorts?
 Mr. Chief: Not quite.
 Members: Ooh.
 The Member: Shorts?
 Mr. Chief: Not quite.
 Members: Ooh.
 The Member: Bathing suits?
 Mr. Chief: Sort of.
 Members: Ooh.
 The Member: Bikinis?
 Mr. Chief: (Eyes him.)
 A Member:
 Ooh, I just love this legalized prostitution.
 Mr. Chief:
 Okay, now. Our first match will be between Jim and Sue. All right you two.
 Jim and Sue:
 (Get up. Get and stand on either side of circle, or arena or ring.) Mr. Chief:
 All right. Go!
 Jim and Sue:
 (Start circling each other.) A Member:
 (To another member.) They really love each other, ya know.
 Jim and Sue:
 (Go towards each other. Standing referee's position. All of a sudden, they pull each other towards
 each other. Start making out.)
 Members:
 Aawww. (Expression of disappointment.) A Male Member:
 They're not wrestling. Another Member:
 They're just kissing.
 Members: Aawww.
 Mr. Chief:
 Okay, you two fiascos. Sit down.
 A Member:
 Hey, why don't we have Helen and Bill.
 Mr. Chief: Helen and Bill?
 Members:
 Yeah. Helen and Bill.
 Mr. Chief:
 Okay. Helen and Bill, come on up.
 Helen and Bill:
 (A boy and girl get up.) Mr. Chief:

Now, in this corner, we have (points to girl) Helen.
Members: (Small applause.)
The Girl:
(In deep, almost a man's, voice.) I'm not Helen. I'm Bill.
Mr. Chief:
(Looks amazed.) Huh? And who are you? (Looks at the boy.) You're ?
The Boy:
(Nods his head "yes".) Mr. Chief:
You're Helen? Oh, no. Why? What's the story?
The Boy:
(Sort of high voice.) Well, ya thee, I forgot what my firht name wath, tho when friendth would athk me what it wath, I'd thay I don't know, tho they named me Helen. (Makes motions and sways around like a girl. Blows a kiss to Mr. Chief.)
Mr. Chief:
(Looks a little embarrassed.)
A Male Member:
(In a sort of high voice.) He ith a faggot.
The Boy:
Who ith a faggot? The Member:
You ith a faggot.
The Boy:
(Sort of whining voice.) I am not.
The Member: You are tho.
Mr. Chief:
(Sort of high voice.) Come on, thit down. (Lower voice, now. Shakes his head.) What amIsaying?
The Member, Helen and Bill (The Boy and Girl.): (They all sit down in their places.)
Mr. Chief:
Come on. Who wants to wrestle?
Members:
(Small pause with quiet thinking.) Mr. Muscles:
Ido.
Mr. Chief: Mr. Muscles?
Mr. Muscles: That's right.
Mr. Chief:
Okay. Mr. Muscles, get up.
Mr. Muscles:
(Gets up. _ Stands in one corner of wrestling circle.) Mr. Chief:
Now, who wants to wrestle Mr. Muscles.
Females: (Ad Libs):
Ooh. Not me. He's to muscular. He's too strong. He'd win in a matter of seconds.
A Girl:
I'll wrestle him. Another Girl:
But you haven't a chance.
The Girl:
Thank you. (With a smile on face.) A Girl:
You're too puny.
The Girl: Thank you.
A Girl:
You're too weak.
The Girl: Thank you.

A Girl:
 He'll beat you so bad. The Girl:
 Thank you very much. (Small pause. She stands.) I want to thank everyone for the wonderful compliments, but I still want to give it a try.

Mr. Chief:
 Okay, get up there. (Small pause.) Go!

Mr. Muscles: (takes clothes off, there is a bathing suit on underneath.) (Stands there flexing his muscles.)

Females:
 (Screams of admiration.) Ooh.

The Girl:
 (Circles him. Tries to get him down by pulling on his arm.) Mr. Muscles:
 (Straightens his arm and with no strain, she falls down. This keep going on for about twenty seconds.)

The Girl:
 (Grows tired of this so she goes behind him and kicks him in the rear end.)

Mr. Muscles:
 (Stops flexing his muscles, puts hands behind him covering up his rear end.) Ooohh.

The Girl:
 (Crawls under his legs.) Mr. Muscles:
 (Looking all around for her, but staying stationary, can't seem to find her.) The Girl:
 (Crawls up from under his legs and in front of him. Punches him in the face.)

Mr. Muscles:
 (Covers up his face.) Awwww.

The Girl:
 (Steps on his toe. All her actions seem like female clumsiness.) Mr. Muscles:
 (Takes one foot in hand and hops around.) Aw-aw-aw-aw-(etc.)

Barry:
 Hey, teachers aren't supposed to talk like that.

Students:
 Shut-up; What do ya wanna do?; Ya wanna get us in trouble?; etc. (adlibs.)

Teacher:
 (Looks at Barry with a dirty look.) Barry:
 (Looks back at her.) I'm sorry. (Sits down.) Teacher:
 You should be. Now, apologize.

Barry: But I did.

Teacher: Apologize!

Barry: I'm sorry.

Teacher:
 The correct way.

Barry: Correct way?

Teacher:
 The way I've taught you.

Barry:
 Okay. Will you please accept my apology.

Teacher: NO!

Barry: NO?

Teacher:
 Now, I won't accept it until you apologize to me the way I've taught you to apologize to teachers.

Barry:

Oh, teacher. I'm sorry, you should've told me that you wanted me to apologize to you the way I'm supposed to to teachers.

Teachers:

Go on.

Barry:

Okay. (Stands up, walks to front of the room, gets on his hands and knees, bows down to her.) Oh, dear teacher, please accept my apology, dear, kind teacher. (Gets up, faces class, goes into song.):

Oh, dear teacher oh dear teacher

(Barry cont'd.)

please accept my apology.

Ilove you, dear teacher Ilove you dear teacher I'll do anything you say

before you can count to three. If you'll accept my sorrowness I'll jump up in the air.

I'll fly around the school ten times It's because you are there.

Oh, dear teacher oh, dear teacher

Please, oh please be kind to me.

And I'll bow down and kiss your feet.

(Faces teacher, bows down, kisses her feet.)

Teacher: _

(Rubs her feet, one by one. Then, goes to wash basin with water in it, takes off her shoes, puts her feet in the basin, stands there for about five seconds, steps out, takes a towel, dries her feet off, puts her shoes back on, walks over to her original position.)

Barry:

If only you please accept me. (That concludes the song.) (He bends over, and kisses the teacher's hand.) Oh, noble madam, please accept my most humble apology.

Teacher:

(Must move and talk sort of fast.) No. (Slaps him across his face with the back of her hand.)

Barry:

(falls on floor.) Teacher:

(Ignoring him.) Now, students. Let's go back to our lesson.

Barry:

(Quietly gets up, walks towards his desk or seat.) Teacher:

(As though she has been interrupted. She is quite disturbed.) Just where do you think you're going, young man.

Barry:

Back to my desk.

Teacher:

Do you realize that you just interrupted me.

Barry:

(Disgusted with her.) I'm sorry.

Teacher: You're what?

Barry:

I'm sorry, dear teacher.

Teacher: Apologize.

Barry:

(Points to floor.) That way?

Teacher:

Yes. (Nodding her head.) Barry:

Oh, no.

Teacher: Go on.

Barry: (Bows down.)

Teacher:
(Walks over to Barry.) Barry:
(Kisses teacher's feet.) Teacher:
(Kicks him in the face.) Barry:
(Is lying on the floor.) Teacher:
Get up. This is no time to be lying down.
Barry: (Gets up.)
Teacher:
Now, get back to your studies.
Barry:
(Walks over to his desk. Sits down.) Teacher:
(Sarcastically.) Thank you.
Barry:
(Slight pause.) You're welcome.
Teacher:
(slight pause with a dirty look on her face. Then she cheers up a little bit.) Now, class. Who discovered America?
A Girl:
(Sitting in the first seat, first row.) Henry Goldberg.
Teacher: Very good.
A Boy:
(Sitting next to the girl.) Henry Goldberg.
Teacher: Very good. A Girl: .
(Sitting next to the boy.) Henry Goldberg.
Teacher: Very good.
Barry:
Christopher Columbus.
Teacher:
Christopher Columbus?
Boys and Girls:
(Ad-libs.) Are you crazy?; What?; What do you mean?; Christopher Columbus?; etc.
Teacher:
You wise guy. Face the corner until you feel that you are ready to join us with the right answer.
Barry:
(Gets up or stands, walks to a corner of room, stands there for about two seconds, turns around, walks over to his desk, sits down.)
Teacher:
Now, do you think that you could tell us without fooling around, who discovered America?
Barry:
(Without enthusiasm.) Henry Goldberg, sir.
Teacher:
Sir. See, class? This is an example of how we could sway someone into believing something. Mr. Banick. Be realistic. Who discovered America?
Barry:
(Shrugs shoulders with no reply.) Teacher:
We know Henry Goldberg didn't discover America.
Barry: Christopher-?
Teacher:
No! Shut-up! Don't be funny. Okay, Mary, you tell us who discovered America.
A Girl: Sammy Rubin.

Teacher: Correct!

Barry:

(Very confused look.) (BLACKOUT)

Scene V

This scene takes place in the school, also, but does not take place in the schoolroom. It takes place in the hall or corridor. When the scene begins, a crowd of ten boys and girls, five boys and five girls, are congregated in the hall or corridor. They then exit except for one girl and one boy. They can be one that we haven't seen, but the girl is a member of "The Beatniks". Later on in the scene, more characters make appearances such Barry and Peter, but they will appear when indicated.

Eight Girls and Boys:

(Four girls and boys exit to stage left and four girls and boys exit to stage right.)

Beatnik Girl:

(Nods her head to the boy.) The Boy:

(Nods his head back. Then, after small pause :) Hi. (Says it nervously.)

Girl: (Unwillingly.) Hi.

Boy:

Why did you say that you don't like it?

Girl:

I'm not like other girls.

Boy:

Not like other girls? What do you mean?

Girl:

(Goes into song, "I'm The Type Of Girl".)

I'm not

like other girls I'm not the type

who gives a damn.

I don't

wear any curls. Because I don't care what people will say.

I don't

put make-up on.

And don't

make my hips move.

(Girl cont'd.)

I know

that I'm a girl.

And I've got nothing to prove.

When I walk I walk alone.

I don't want anyone to talk to.

And when I talk

I talk alone.

I don't want anyone to reply to.

I'm just

the type of girl who never takes a bath.

I find

no need to talk or smile

or laugh.

I don't want to obligate myself to anyone else.

I'm the type
who likes to drink and sleep
and eat.
I'm a beatnik. I'm a beatnik.
And I'm very beat.
(That concludes the song.) Boy:
And you're nuts.
Girl:
(Very dramatically, or, obviously dramatic. Shakes her head, for example.)
No, you are.
Boy:
No, you are. (Same thing about the dramatics.) Girl:
You're Crazy.
Boy:
No, you're crazy.
Girl:
You're crazier than I am.
Boy:
No, you're crazier than I am.
Girl:
You're the craziest person in this school.
Boy:
No, you are.
Girl:
You're the craziest person in this city.
Boy:
No you are.
Girl:
You're the craziest person in this state.
Boy:
You're the craziest person in the United States.
Girl:
So you're even crazier than that.
Boy:
You're the craziest person in the whole, wide world.
Girl:
You're even crazier than that.
Boy:
So, you're the craziest person in the whole, wide world and no one could go over it.
Girl:
(Pause.) You're even crazier than that.
Boy:
(Sincerely.) I love you.
Girl:
(Sincerely.) I love you, too.
Boy:
Let's make love.
Girl: Okay.
(They start making out for just a few seconds.) No, not that way. Let's make love the beatnik way.
(They are punching each other in the arms as they exit to stage right.) (Barry and Peter enter.)

Peter:
So, why didn't ya like Lisa?
Barry:
Well, I guess she isn't my type of girl.
Peter:
And ya hate her?
Barry:
No. Of course not. I'm just not seriously interested in her, but I still want to maintain good relations with her.
Peter: Oh.
Barry:
Of course, I have nothing against her.
Peter: Yes.
Barry:
But just don't exactly love her.
Peter:
Mm-hm. Okay. See ya around. (Exits.) Barry:
Yeah, see ya.
Voice:
(From offstage. Is not seen, but heard.) Hello dere, Barry.
Barry:
Like hi. "Ey, who are you. How come I can't see ya.
Voice:
Like I am your conscience.
Barry:
Hi, conscience.
Voice: Hi.
Barry:
How are you?
Voice:
I'm fine, thank you. And you?
Barry:
Fine, thank you. (Pause.) What did you come here for? What do you want to talk to me about?
Voice:
I want to talk to you about-things.
Barry:
(As thought, "Now I understand" type tone.) Oh.
Voice:
Now, listen. I understand that you're not happy. Is that right?
Barry: That's right.
Voice:
And that you go around with a glum look on your face. Is that right?
Barry: Right.
Voice:
Well, what seems to be the trouble, Barry?
Barry:
I don't know, I guess.
Voice:
That sounds nice.-How do you think we could help the situation?
Barry:

Hm. Well, I don't have a companion.

Voice: Companion?

Barry: Companion.

Voice:

Oh.-What kind of companion, Barry?

Barry:

(Smiles sort of like infantile.) A girl.-Tee hee.

Voice:

What kind of girl, Barry?

Barry:

Well, ya see, I don't want the normal type of girl. What I want is an unusual girl. Maybe the type who has gotten the reputation of a beatnik.

Voice:

But why one with a reputation of a beatnik?

Barry:

Well, even though she may not be one, if she has earned the reputation, you can be sure that she's unusual. See, I want the type of girl who wears her hair pitch black.

Voice: Pitch black?

Barry:

And combs it straight down!

Voice: Straight down?

Barry:

And wears it real long!

Voice: Real long?

Barry:

Yeah. See? I want the type of girl who's different. (Goes into the song "I want the type of girl". Sung to almost the same tune as "I'm not the type of girl".)

I want the type of girl

who doesn't give a damn.

I want

the type of girl

who will take me for what I am.

I want

a girl who frowns and clowns around a lot.

And

a girl who knows what she's got.

A girl

who doesn't care what people say.

And if she's called a castaway Then that's

the girl I'd like to see for she'd be the girl

for me.

(Concludes the song.)

(Pause. Then the conscience. Very obnoxiously:)

Hey-hey-whaddaya say?

Voice: You're nuts.

Barry:

Thank you.-(After realizing what has just been said by his conscience.)

What?!

Voice:

Haven't you ever thought that there may be someone like_ that?

Barry:
I've hoped-but not thought.
Voice:
What about Jezebel?
Barry: Jezebel?
Voice:
Yeah, Jezebel!
Barry: Jezebel.
Voice:
(Loud, annoyed voice.) The girl who just walked out of this school with Bob, the boy.
Barry: Bob, the boy?
Voice:
Yeah, Bob, the boy, stupid.
Barry:
Oh, boy. Bob the boy!-Who da hell is Bob, the boy?
Voice:
The guy who just walked out with Jezebel.
Barry:
Oh.-What's so good about Jezebel?
Voice:
She's the type of girl for you.
Barry: For me?
(No reply from voice,) For me?
(No reply.)
Ey, conscience. Conscience? CONSCIENCE! !!
Voice:
STUPID! Don't you see? I'm shaking my head "yes." Barry:
(In whining tone.) Well, how do ya expect me to see?
Voice:
(Small pause.) Well, what do you think?
Barry:
I think that this is all very silly.
Voice: Why?
Barry:
Because, there's nothing to stop them.
Voice: Oh.
Barry:
I've been thinkin'. How am I gonna meet Jezebel?
Voice:
No problem.-What is she a member of?
Barry:
The beatniks.
Voice:
And what part of the beatniks?
Barry: The females.
Voice:
Which means that there are probably males, right?
Barry: Right.
Voice:
Which means that you can join them. Right?

Barry: Wrong.
Voice:
Why "Wrong"?
Barry:
Because, ya gotta prove yourself to them.
Voice:
Like man, what do you mean? Ya Gotta beat up somebody, or somethin' like that? Barry:
No. Beatniks don't believe in beating up somebody or somethin' like that.
Voice:
Then, how do you prove yourself to them?
Barry:
I don't know. I think you gotta prove to them that you're different.
Voice: Yeah.
Barry:
That you're a beatnik.
Voice:
Yeah? Man, that shouldn't be hard.
Barry: Huh?
Voice:
For you it shouldn't be, anyway.
Barry: Why?
Voice:
Because you are a beatnik. It shouldn't be too hard proving to someone that you're something that you are.
Barry: That's right.
Voice:
Now, you're supposed to get in good with the males, so I want you to go and find out who they are.-Go on. Have fun.
Barry:
Okay. (Exits to stage left.)
Voice:
(Singing himself.) Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm. Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm.
Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm.
Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm. Hallelujah.
Weeeeell,
I got a girl named Algebra. I hate her guts.
She hates mine too.
We make a perfect pair. (That concludes the "song".)
Barry:
(Enters running. Very enthusiastic. Enters from stage left.) I found out who's in the male part of the club.
Voice:
(Very unenthusiastic.) Oh boy. What did you do?
Barry:
I found out who is in the male beatniks. Isn't that what you told me to do?
Voice:
Chee! I didn't know you were this dumb.-I told you to mingle.
Barry: Mingle?
Voice:

Yes, mingle.-!told you to go out and have a good time. Get to know them.-(To himself.) Found out who they are. Chee!

Barry:

So ya want me to go out and get in good with them?

Voice:

(Yes.) Mm-hm.)

Barry:

Oh, boy.

Lisa Louse: (Footsteps.)

Barry:

Ey, conscience.

Voice: Yes.

Barry:

I hear someone.

Voice: Someone? Barry:

Yes. I hear it coming near. Footsteps.

Lisa:

(Enters from stage right. Walks in place toward stage left which is where Barry is standing.)

Barry:

It's Lisa.

Voice:

(Sarcastically.) Your old friend. Barry:

Oh, come one. It wasn't her fault at what happened that night. It was that rock n' roll singer.

Voice:

Do you still like her?

Barry: Well,-yeah.

Voice:

Ya wanna maintain good relations with her, huh?

Barry:

Yeah. How did you know?

Voice:

Like who am I? Barry:

My conscience.-Oh.-You're with me all the time, hey?

Voice:

To the very second.

Barry:

Well, tell me, conscience. Should I say hi to her?

Voice: To whom?

Barry: Lisa.

Voice:

It seems to me that if you want to get to know her, you should start off by saying hi.

Barry:

Yeah. I think you're right. I should say hi to her. After all, if I don't say hi to her, I'll never get in good with her. It would be like both of us passing each other in the hall, I would look at her, she would look at me, and we just wouldn't say anything to each other. That wouldn't be too good-wait a minute. That would be great. Isn't that part of my ideal of the world?

Voice:

What? That no one should say hi?

Barry: Yeah!

Voice: Oh, boy.

Barry:

I wish there was someone who I could get to know who doesn't believe in saying hi. Then, I could get to know her by just walking by her without saying anything.

Voice:

Why don't you give her a dirty look? That'll really get er.

Barry:

Yeah.-Oh no. Can't do that. She may misunderstand. She may think that I really mean it.

Voice: Mean what?

Barry:

The dirty look.

Voice: Oh.

Barry:

She's coming closer, conscience.-Should I say hi to her?

Voice:

Say hi to her.

Barry:

That's what I think I should do, too. I'm gonna say hi to her.-But wait. She's not my type of girl. Jezebel is.

Voice:

Don't be pickie. Let's face it, man, you're desperate.

Barry:

Yeah, I guess so.-But I don't have the guts.

Voice:

Oh, man. Will you say hi already.

Barry:

Okay.-*(Puts hand to side of mouth for shouting. At first, "shouts" very softly. When all capitals, it is loud.)* Hi.-Hi. Conscience? She doesn't hear me.

Voice:

What do you expect? Come one. Give it a yell. HI, YOU STUPID BAS TARD.

Barry: SSSSSHHHhh.

Voice: Why?

Barry:

(Thinks for about two seconds.) Ooohh, because ya make wake up the baby.

Voice:

What baby? Come one. Yell it, man, yell it.

Barry:

It's too late, conscience. She's coming this way.

Voice:

Well, now you could really say hi to her.

Barry: I'm scared.

Voice:

What are you afraid of? She's not gonna bite ya.

Lisa:

(Starts really walking in his direction towards stage left.) Barry:

Not gonna bite me?

Voice: That's right.

Barry: Well, okay.

(Lisa passes him. At that exact moment, he speaks.) Hi.

Lisa:
(Walks over to him. Bites him.) Barry:
Oooooooooowwwwww.
Lisa: (Walks away and exits through stage left.)
Voice: (Sarcastically.) She likes you.)
Barry: She does?
Voice: Of course not, silly. What you need is a companion.
Barry: Oh.
Voice:
Someone like Jezebel. But, you just won't listen.
Barry: But I
Voice:
Instead, you insist on following around those stupid idiots, who don't know a damn thing about life,
who you could never get in good with.
Jezebel: (Footsteps.)
Voice:
Hey man. Like I hear footsteps.
Barry:
I know. I hear them, too.
Voice: Like look.
Barry: It's Jezebel.
Jezebel:
(Enters from stage right. Walks in place just as Lisa did.)
Voice:
Now, this is someone worth saying hi to.
Barry: Should I?
Voice: Of course.
Barry:
This is a girl who I know won't bite.-But conscience?
Voice: What?
Barry:
What happens if she doesn't believe in saying hi and I don't believe in saying hi but I say hi to her
and she says hi to me and then she gets the impression that I believe in saying hi and she won't like
me.
Voice:
I'm sure she'll understand.
Barry:
Okay. Here goes.
(Jezebel really walks toward him and passes him. At that exact moment, he speaks.)
Hi.
Jezebel:
Schmuck. (Walks off stage. Exits through stage left.) Barry:
(Falls on the floor. Kicks his legs up. As though in ecstasy. Rolls around on the floor yelling ad-libs
of awwww, man and oohh.)
Voice:
What are you so happy about.
Barry:
She talked to me.-She talked to me. (Gets up. Still excited, but calmed down a bit.) Conscience?
She talked to me.
Voice: I know.

Barry:
Did you see it? Did you hear it?
Voice:
I heard it loud and clear.
Barry:
She has a beautiful voice, doesn't she?
Voice:
Yeah. NOW, DO YOU WANT TO GET TO KNOW HER?
Barry:
(Calmed down.) Yeah.
Voice:
Then join the male beatniks.
Barry:
Well, what do I do, conscience?
Voice:
Hmm, ya gotta really play it cool.
Barry: Play it cool?
Voice:
Yeah. Ya know, like cool it.
Barry: Oh. Cool it.
Voice:
Yeah. And ya know, make wit' da big words, like cool, man, dig.
(Voice cont'd.)
Okay? Ya gotta show them that your one of them.
Barry:
Oh. Show them that I'm one of them. I got it.
Voice: Ya got it?
Barry:
Don't worry. I'm gonna really show them that I'm one of them.
Voice:
Go to it, Barry baby.
Barry:
O kay. (Very enthusiastic. Skips off stage. Exits through stage left.) (Curtain.)

Act 2. The Talent Show

January 24, 1964

Scene I

Same as scene I of Act I. This time, the male members have partial beards, but Mr. Chief still has his full grown beard. The Female members do not have beards yet. The wrestling is still going on. Mr. Chief is talking with a male member at stage left (foreground.)

(Grunts and groaning of the wrestlers and rooting of the members in the background.)

Mr. Chief:

That's all right. Do you think so?

Member: No.

Mr. Chief:

Then why did you do it?

Member:

Idon't know. Mr. Chief:

Did you do it?

Member: No.

Mr. Chief: You must have.

Member:

I did not do it. Mr. Chief:

You did so. Member:

I did not.

Mr. Chief: Go to hell.

Member:

Okay. (Walks over to rest of members.) Females:

Yay. (After girl just won wrestling match.) Male member:

(Walks over to Mr. Chief.)

Mr. Chief: What happened?

Member:

The girl just won.

Mr. Chief: (Sarcastically.) Great.

Member:

Yeah. (Sarcastically.) Mr. Chief:

We just won you We just did.

Mr. Chief:

Oh, you stupid female, you.

Mr. Chief:

(This starts the song, "Victory March of the Female Beatniks".)

Come on, females let's show em.

Females:

(Get in line and march around the stage.)

We are the females female beatniks

We do anything we want because we're beatniks.
 We can go around our school with no shoes on.
 We can make like we are cool because we are.
 We march around like a couple of pigs and slob. We march around like a couple of slob and pigs.
 For if we didn't march around like a couple of pigs and slob
 we wouldn't be called female beatniks. We eat with our hands because its right. We sleep in the day
 and sing all night.
 We do all these thing because we're proud proud of being
 female beatniks.
 Well we just beat you to the fight It's because of all our might
 And we just gave you a lick Because we're all
 Female beatniks.
 We kicked you and fought you till we're dead We knocked you and beat you in the head.
 We now weigh one hundred twenty pounds.
 So we're destined to beat you down.
 You won't get another chance from us. Cause we're as strong as a rolling bus.
 (Females cont'd.)
 We won't stop till you give in And say that we're
 Female beatniks. A Male Member:
 How do they do it? I don't understand.
 Mr. Chief:
 Come on, we'll tell ya We'll give you a hand. (Change of tune.)
 Females:
 First we walk up to the males.
 (They all march up to the males. Each females takes one male.) (Pause.) Give em a kick.
 (Lower.) Right in the face. (They kick each male in the face.)
 Then we crawl through their legs.(They crawl through each male's legs.) Give em a chop (Each
 female gives each male a judo chop in the back of the neck.)
 (Lower.) Back of the neck.
 Be e carefree everybody's carefree
 (The females start dancing on their toes, dancing in circles orbiting around the males.)
 This is how we beat those males.
 Bop (as each female is dancing, she hits each male in the face with the back of her hand.)
 Bop a shoo bop (Each female his a male again in the stomach.) Bop a shoo shoo (Kicks in the
 stomach.) OOOOOooooowwww- wop (Kicks in the shins.)
 This is the way we beat our foes(as they sing, they dance and keep hitting and kicking the males.)
 beat our foes
 The End.
 The Mirror
 A Monologue Play
 January 29, 1964
 Cast: David-In his early twenties. He likes to appear as a "slob". He is very dramatic.

Scene II

A bathroom. There is a mirror at stage left almost perpendicular with the audience, but on a very little diagonal angle. There are towels hanging at midstage sort of messy from a rack. Later on, there will have to be someone standing in back of the mirror who looks like David. The scene begins with

Captian Bikini

1964

After credits are given, words on screen:

Captain Simon R. Bikini died in a state of sexual excitement. After he and his pirates had looted the town of Frankfort (named after the hot dog), he was on his merry way to bed with Jim when he died.

His kid took charge of the boat. Therefore, everyone called the lad Captain Kid. After the same type of incident occurred, the crew broke up. Now, eighty-three years after Captain Simon R. Bikini's death, the young Leroi X. Bikini lives with his mother on the boat, just outside the town of Hamburger.

Scene 1

Inside the boat. It is like a small room with a kitchen and beds.

Leroi is in his twenties and is with his mother.

Leroi: You know, mom, this pirate jazz sounds fun.

Mom: Well, I tell you no lies. Grandpa Simon was one of the most daring pirates of his time. Piracy died when he died.

Leroi: I wish I could be a pirate. Mom: They aren't around any more.

Leroi: Oh.

Mom: Anyway, it wouldn't be nay fun for you. There wouldn't be any girls around.

Leroi: Really?

Mom: Sure. Don't you know how Grandpa Simon died?

Leroi: Sure. He went to bed with a girl.

Mom: Son, I think it's about time you learned some facts of life. It was a man.

Leroi: A man? You mean Grandpa went to bed with a man?

Mom: That's right.

Leroi: But why would he do a thing like that? Mom: Because he was horny.

Leroi: Horny?

Mom: Yes. You see, pirates could not bring girls along with them and since they hardly ever saw any, they would get desperate, so they would play with each other.

Leroi: Boy, I would never get horny.-Mom?

Mom: Yes?

Leroi: How old am I? Mom: About twenty-five.

Leroi: Then I'm old enough to go out into the world and see what I can do, right?

Mom: That's right.

(Leroi disappears making some noise and after about five seconds, returns.)

Mom: Where are you going?

Leroi: Out into the world.

Mom: Okay, but out your jacket on before you go out into the world. (Leroi puts his jacket on and walks out.)

Leroi: Goodbye Mom.

Mom: Goodbye. Oh son, you forgot to brush your teeth. Oh, too late. Be home for dinner.

Scene 2

A bar room in town. It is filled with men drinking and laughing and talking. Enter Leroi.

Leroi: (To a man in front standing) Hello, Sammy.

Sammy: Hi, Leroi. How ya' doin'?

Leroi: Fine. Listen, I'd like to talk with you about something.
Sammy: Alright.
Leroi: Did you ever hear of something called pirates.
Sammy: Yes.
Leroi: How would you like to be one?
Sammy: Huh?
Leroi: Ever hear of Captain Simon R. Bikini?
Sammy: Of course.
Leroi: I'd like to get a crew together again.
Sammy: And you're askin' me if I'd like to be one?
Leroi: (With a great big smile of confidence) Yes ma'am.
Sammy: (Gives him a look)
Leroi: I mean yessir.
Sammy: Well, anything for kicks.
Leroi: You mean yes?
Sammy: Yup.
Leroi: (Hugs and kisses him) Oh boy!
Sammy: (Pushes him off and smacks his face gently. Then talks moving in a feminine way) Please.
Leroi: Sorry.
Sammy: Need more of a crew?
Leroi: Uh-huh.
Sammy: (Called to another man) Hey, Joe. Joe: Yeah, Sam.
Sammy: Wanna be a pirate?
Joe: Alright. (comes over to the two men.)
Sammy: How would you like to sail with the grandson of Captain Bikini?
Joe: What?! The Captain Bikini?
Sammy: That's right.
Joe: You bet! Boy, I can't believe it. I'm gonna sail with a Bikini.
Sammy: Okay, now. Go get some of the boys to be on the crew. Joe: Okay. (Leaves)
Leroi: Thanks, Sam.
Sam: It's all right. By five o'clock this evening, we'll have a crew ready and over to your houseboat.
Leroi: Great. Goodbye.
Sam: 'Bye.-Wait. (Grabs Leroi so as to not let him get out the door)
Leroi: Yes?
Sammy: What are we gonna sail in?
Leroi: The houseboat.
Sammy: Oh.
Leroi: (Exit.)

Scene 3

The houseboat. Leroi and Mom finishing supper.
Leroi: Well, mom, I'm sailing for sea. Mom: That's a nice place to sail for.
Leroi: We're leaving after dinner.
Mom: Who's we?
Leroi: The crew and me. Mom: Who will be captain?
Leroi: Guess.
Mom: You?
Leroi: Uh-huh.

Mom: Well, Captain Bikini sails again.

Leroi: Yup (Bites into a pickle) Hey, mom, this pickle-Mom: What about it?

Leroi: My pickle tickles. (Sound of men's voices outside) That must be the crew. I'm going outside.

Scene 4

On the ship's deck. The whole crew is waiting. Enter Leroi with an apple in hand)

Leroi: Well hello mates.

Men: Hello, Captain Bikini.

Leroi: How are you.

Men: Fine.

Leroi: Ready to sail on a voyage with Captain Bikini?

Men: Yes.

Leroi: We're gonna have loads of fun. A man: What kinda?

Leroi: Pirate fun.

Some men: Oh.

Another man: Wait a minute. Who's gonna be captain?

Leroi: If it's all the same to you, I'd like to be.

A man: I think Leroi should be captain. After all, his grandfather was one of the greatest captains that ever lived.

Men: Yeah.(More shouts of agreement.)

The Man: I don't think you should be captain.

Another man: Why shouldn't he be?

The Man: (To Leroi. Thinks for about two seconds) Uh, I don't like your hair. Too long. And your sideburns are abominable.

Leroi: I like my hair. The Man: I don't!

Leroi: I do.

The Man: Well, I don't!

Leroi: Oh yeah?

The Man: Yeah!

Leroi: Yeah?

The Man: Yeah!!!

Leroi: Yeah.

The Man: Why, you little whippersnapper. (Draws his sword)-Alright.

Leroi: What do you want me to do?

The Man: Draw your sword! I want action.

Leroi: All right. If you want me to. (Draws sword and quickly jumps towards to man. The man gives a little screech and jumps out of the way.)

The Man: ON GUARD.-TUSHAE!!!!

Leroi: (Jumps toward him again. This time the man falls down.)

Leroi: (Says it gently) On guard. Tushae.

The Man: (As he gets up) You little stinker. I'll get you yet!

(A duel follows. It lasts about two minutes. All through it, Leroi keeps eating his apple and sort of duels the man sometimes without even looking at him. He makes the man look like a fool all through the duel. Towards the beginning of the duel, the following conversation takes place between two bystanders.

1st Man: Is this kind of fun he meant? 2nd Man: Yup. This is pirate fun.

(Towards the end of the duel, when Leroi speaks, his is still dueling)

Leroi: I say, good man, don't you think we should stop this fooling around. As my grandmother used to say, from too much fooling, nothing good comes out.

The Man: NO! I'm gonna show you a thing or two!

Leroi: (Shakes his head a bit as he talks) Okay. (Gets the man in a position where the man is helpless and on the ground.) Have you had enough?

The Man: (Talks in a tone of defeat) Aaahh-You come around on a day when I ain't tired. I'll kick yer pants off. (Stands and puts his sword away)

Leroi: (Puts his sword away) Do you wanna sail with us or not?

The Man: Yes. (Shakes Leroi's hand.) Let's give a cheer for good ol' CAPTAIN Bikini.

Men: Hip-hip-hooray!

A Man: What shall we name our ship?

Another man: I have an idea. Captain, what do you like most in life?

Leroi: (Thinks for about two seconds) Eating.

Skinny: What do you like to eat most?

Leroi: Pickles.

Skinny: Then our problem is solved.

Sammy: What do you mean?

Skinny: We'll name our ship after Captain Bikini and call it The Good Ship Pickle.

Men: (Sounds of agreement)

Sammy: Yeah, that sounds good. Let's give a cheer to our ship, The Pickle.

Men: Hip-hip-hooray!

Leroi: Now, Pokey and Pudgie, go paint the name on both sides of the bow.

Pokey and Pudgie: Aye, aye, captain. (Both exit)

Louis XVI: A play in 7 Acts

April 24, 1983

Act I:

Scene I

The play: opening songs

'My name is Louis':

My name is Louis

We're gonna have a lot of fun today

We're gonna have a lot of fun today

We're gonna have a lot of fun today

in the Good ole Fran-ce ...

Chorus Repeat:

Louis: Oh I'm just a normal kind of guy

I have no pretentions

I sit at my table and eat my food

without any apprehension

Oh I love everybody and everybody loves me

And That's why my name is Louis Lou-is

And I just would like to mention

that ...

My name is Louis ...

(Refrain)

(song ends knock on door)

L: Who is it?

Voice: Open up! It's the council.

L: The council? Oh right away!

(opens door)

Councilman: Is your name Louis?

L: (singing) My name is Louis

My name is Louis

And I have a lot of fun each day

C: Your name is Louis

Your name is Louis

in the go-od old Fran-ce

L: What's on your mind councilman?

C: Well, Louis.I What is your last name?

L: Sixteen.

C: Really? I thought so. Do you have a grandfather by the name of Fourteen?

L: Why, I believe I do.

C: Well, have I got news for you!

(singing) You're gonna be king!

boom-boom

You're gonna be king!

boom-boom
(Councilman singing cont'd.)
Because the other day
Your grandpa passed away
And according to the law so fine
You are the next in line
So my friend
it's a pleasure for me to say
That you—
Are gonna be king today!
L: (singing) Well, thank you thank you thank you
But I don't know how
All I want to do is eat my chow
C: But Louis can't you tell by the
Sound of my voice
That you really don't have any choice
So pack your things and come with me
Ho-ho-ho and a hee-hee-hee!

Scene II

(The different councilman waiting for arrival of Louis and his escort, Councilman |||))
A Man: Where are they?
Man 2: What's keeping them?
Man: I don't know. Palonius went to get him an hour ago.
Man: Well, they should be here any minute now.
Really? They should be here any minute now.
Maybe something happened to them. Perhaps they met with ill fate.
We should be so lucky.
How do you mean?
Are you jesting with me? The man can't rule. He knows nothing of it.
But his grandfather was—
Was the greatest king our great land ever saw.
So why is it you say ?
Because the big lug has led a sheltered life, pampered by his mama, resting on the laurels of his great ancestor. He is ruled by the dictates of his stomach. All his awareness belongs to his oral cavity and all that will fit therein.
But what is to become of the kingdom?
Surely you jest. Do you not realize the if we play our cards appropriately, the kingdom is ours for the taking.
How do you mean?
Follow my line and tell me if it does not make sense to you logically. The man is ignorant of the throne.
(Men cont'd.)
Right.
He has no knowledge of rulership.
Correct.

And yet he loves his people and desires to do only right by them.

Ye s.

So do you think that under the circumstances, the fool would ever attempt to rule the kingdom in a singular manner?

I suppose not.

Right! He needs assistance. And if he does not know this as yet, we shall bring it to his attention. And who do you think are the most likely to become his advisors?

Ah, tis sound logic.

Right, and even if not, we shall make it so.

(Enter A Herald)

Herald: Hush! Hush! Yo nder he comes!

Man: We shall continue this later. For now, we bid him welcome.

(Enter Louis and the councilman, Palonius.)

All: (except Louis) Wel come! Welcome!

(song: "The coronation song")

Here's your crown

Here's my crown

Here's your robe

Here's my robe

Here's your sceptor

Here's my sceptor

Here's your throne

There's my throne

Now the time

For us to say

Yo u're the brand new king of ole, Fran-ce!!

(Exeunt all except Louis and Palonius)

P: Congratulations, Yo ur majesty. How do you feel? . . L: r feel fine except for the fact that there is one problem which weighs

heavily upon my brow. . P: And what might that be, my noble king? . L: It is simple this dear

Palonius: I love my people so much, and_ wISh

to do what it only right and good for them. And yet, I ha:e not the famtest idea of how to meet their needs. I am but a neop.hyte m a w?rld of m:n whose experience far exceeds mine. Tell me, Palomus, any adVIce you m Y give me, if indeed there is any.

P: Why my dear king, you have said it yourself. If in fact there are others who far exceed you in this knowledge that you seek, why not take

them into your employ. . L: This is a good plan, but I know not where to begm. . . P• Ah dear King

Louis. Yo ur council is made up of the fiest mi ds m

the iand. We shall see to it that you make only decisions which are m the best interests of your subjects.

L: Thank you, thank you dear Palonius. Thank yo, thank you. I cannot thank you enough. Yo u are a true friend. What might you suggest be

my first act as a king? . . P: Ah, dear Louis. It is quite expected for a king to b_e 1:"arried. or

ow One rule from the throne without a queen sittmg at his side. can f .£ Therefore, I suggest that you take unto yourself a WI e.

L: Ye s, but what would be in it for me? . P: We ll, think of it. Each morning, upon waking, you shall have a roll

in the hay.
L: Oh, this sounds very good
(song: "I'm getting married")
(singing) I'm getting married
I'm getting married
And each morning I'll be rolling in the hay
I'm getting married
I'm getting married
In the good ole Parlez vous Francais.
P: (singing) He's getting married
He's getting married
In the merry merry month of May
He's getting married
He's getting married
(sing) Polly wolly diddle daddle dey

Scene III

(Marie's boudoir, she sits at her vanity)
Marie:(singing) Oh I feel pretty
I feel so pretty
Doodle diddle daddle deedle doodle dey
fe el so pretty
Oh I fe el so pretty
Ho ho hee hee hoo hoo ha ha hay
(knock on door)
Marie: Who is it?
Vo ice: Come in.
(her mother enters)
Marie: Oh hello mother.
Mom: Oh hello dear. Guess what?
Marie: What?
Mom: (singing) Yo u're getting married
You're getting married
You're gonna have a lot of fun today
Yo u're getting married
Yo u're getting married
In the merry merry month of May
Marie: I'm getting married?
Mom: Yo u're getting married
And you will do just what I say
Marie: Who will I marry?
Mom: Yo u're getting married
To the King of ole Fran-cais
(end of song)

Scene IV: (Bedroom)

(Louis and Marie are waking up. Bed is staged background. In stage foreground is: stage left: Marie's vanity table. Stage right: Louis' dining table. They both wake up and stretch.)

Louis: Good morning, dear.

Marie: Good morning, Louis. . (They both get out of bed and she goes to the vanity. He goes to the dining

table and proceeds to eat as she looks in the mirror admiring herself and occasionally applying make-up.)

L: Dear, why don't we talk. We never talk.

M: Okay. What do you want to talk about.

L: I don't care. Anything.

M: Okay. Do you think I should go brunette?

L: Mmm. This roast beef is good.

M: Do you think my eyebrows should be thick or thin?

L: Mmm. This pudding pie is delicious.

M: This mascara does wonders for my lashes, don't you think?

L: Mmm. This break really fills my tummy well.

M: Ye s. This rouge lipstick is quite becoming.

L: And this beverage makes me smack my lips in tasteful ecstasy. . M: My new powder puff works like a charm. It is such a refreshmg

change for my cheeks.

(Both start to sing respective songs simultaneously.)

M: I fe el so pretty (Sung to a tune similar to "Monarch of the Sea")

So very pretty

And I am such

a lucky girl today

I am so pretty

so pretty pretty

L: Oh I love to eat my chow

And I love to eat it now

And it feels so good when the food goes down

And I drink my beverage to wash it down

ho ho hee hee hoo hoo

ha ha hey

So what do you think of that

Scoodameroo diddle a deedle-ee

(Knock on door at end of song.)

Both: Who is it?

Voice: Come in.

P: Good morning, your majesty. (To king.)

Good morning, your highness. (To queen.)

Both: Good morning, Palonius.

(During following dialogue, it is obvious and looks in mirr✶r, con✶scious only of her hair and appearance. L is eating, but does participate m the conversation.)

P: The people are restless. You must raise the truces.

L: But isn't that bad for them?

P: No. They love it. They need to know that they are being ruled by a

firm hand.

L: But what if they have not enough money to pay?

P: Don't worry. They have a lot of money.

L: I only want to do what is right for them.

P: You are. This is the best thing for them and will make them all very very happy.

L: Good. Because I love them all very very much and when they are happy, I am happy

Scene V

(In the streets, a group of citizens)

All:(singing):

We are so hungry

So very hungry

And we haven't had a drop of food for days

We are so hungry

So very hungry

And this Louis'd better change his ways

(Change of tune)

Oh he's a wicked man

A very wicked man

A wicked wicked wicked wicked man

(All singing cont'd.)

He's such a wicked man

Why he's so wicked that he's

Very very wicked that

When he goes to bed

He's a wicked wicked man

And he is also a terribly wicked man

In the morning when he dresses himself

He is a wicked wicked man

One Person: I don't like him

All: because ...

Dada dada da da

He's a wicked wicked man

One person: And he makes me mad

All: Yes he makes us mad

Solo: And I hate his guts

All: Yes we hate his guts

Solo: because we don't have any food to eat or money because of too many truces

All: That's right that's right that's right

Uh-huh

He's such a ...

Wicked wicked man

And he's fat and ugly and

Solo: And he makes me sick

All: Yes he makes us sick

And we can't take too much more of this.
 And we won't take it anymore
 He's a wicked wicked wicked man
 boom boom
 (End of song)
 (Enter a reporter)
 Reporter: What seems to be the trouble? I'm a reporter for the Daily Press.
 A Person: Why, it's that Louis.
 A Person: Yeah, I can't stand him.
 p: He's no good.
 (All start yelling negative about Louis, inaudible because they're talking at the same time.)
 Reporter: Just a minute! Just a minute! One at a time, please. Now you, sir. What's your problem.
 A Man: Well, it's like this: He's overtruced us, so I've had to sell my house and now my whole family is on the street.
 p: Yeah, you think that's bad? Not only are we on the street, but my kids and wife Haven't had a bite for days.
 Another p: Yeah, well, we haven't eaten nor slept for 2 weeks.
 p: And we haven't seen the light of day for a month.
 p: And we for 2 months.
 p: Well, it's been 4 months for us.
 (All start yelling again.)
 R: Just a minute. Just a minute. We'll never get to the bottom of this if you all talk at the same time. Now who is this Louis?
 a person: Some ass who took over the throne and doesn't know his head from his elbow.
 another p: Yeah. Plus he's a mean, wicked man who is trying to starve us so that he and his little wench can get richer and fatter at our expense.
 R: Oh, that's terrible! I'm gonna get to the bottom of this!
 (He exits.)
 (Enter a man, stumbling, carrying a loaf of bread.)
 a person: Look! It's Habbib!
 another p: Habbib! Habbib!
 p: Where did you get that bread?
 Habbib: (hardly able to stand or speak) Two of my children are dead. My remaining 3 daughters are breathing their last. My wife is on her final legs, and I am soon to collapse in the ultimate. In desperation, I was forced to obtain the loaf from a can of garbage.
 p: But where, may I ask, were you able to find such garbage that would contain said loaf?
 H: Near the palace. It was waste from the royal kitchen.
 (Exclamations of resentment from the crowd.)
 a person: Why, the bastard. Wasting such precious sustenance while we the people are starving.
 p: He should be hanged.
 p: Hanging would be too good for the scoundrel.
 (Enter the royal guard)
 Guard 1: There he is! (Pointing)

Arrest the knave!
(The guards apprehend Habbib.)
A Guard: You are under arrest for thievery! Say your prayers swine!
(They take him away.)

Scene VI

(Throne room. Louis and Marie sitting on their thrones.
In front of them sits the remains of a huge birthday cake. He is munching on a piece of cake. She is filing her nails and powdering her nose.
They're both murmuring a tune.)
Both: La la
La la
La la
La la
(Enter Palonius.)
P: Happy Birthday Your Majesty. Good news. The tax is successful.
Let's do it again!
L: Okay. If you say so. Is that all right with you, Marie?
M: Anything you say, dear.
(Enter a Herald.)
Her. : Hear ye. Hear ye. A Mr. Pierre La Quat has requested an audience with your majesty. Says he's from the Daily Press.
L: (To Palonius.) What shall I do?
P: Send him in.
L: But what will he say? How shall we answer? Both Marie and myself are not well versed in political oratory.
P: Fear not. I will stand behind your throne and prompt you. Just repeat what you hear me say. Now send him in.
L: Send him in.
(Palonius goes behind throne. Herald goes to get reporter. Brings him in and announces him.)
Herald: Mr. Pierre La Quat, Yo ur Majesty.
Reporter: Good day, your majesty.
L: Good day, Mr. La Quat. What can I do for you?
(During the following dialogue Marie powder her nose, oblivious to the conversation until noted.)
Reporter: (Taking out pad and pencil.) We ll, your majesty. Rumor has it that your subjects are growing weary of your tyrannical rule.
L: Really, I-I. . .
P: (whispering) Psst ... Psst ... The people are happy.
L: The people are happy.
P.: They are not! There is much suffering!
P: Psst . . . Psst . . . No there isn't. I am doing all I can for them.
L: No there isn't. I am doing all I can for them.
R: But what about all these taxes?
P: Psst ... psst .. I have a plan. In the long run, it will all turn out good for them. They should just be patient.
L: I have a plan. In the long run, it will all turn out good for them. They

should just be patient.

R: But how could it be good for them if they are starving to death?

(Marie looks up and takes notice.)

R: Yes. They haven't any bread to eat.

(Louis is dumbfounded. So is Palonius. There is no answer to this question.

Marie notices the birthday cake and the ring of icing around Louis' mouth and she innocently points to it and says:)

Marie: (shrugging her shoulders and pointing innocently): Let them eat cake! (Then she goes back to powdering her nose.)

(The reporter writes this down, astounded by this utter display.)

R: Let them eat cake!?! This is disgusting! You should be ashamed of yourself! You wait until my readers hear of this!

(He exits.)

(Enter guards with prisoner Habbib.)

Guard: Your highness. This man was apprehended with a loaf of bread in his possession which did not belong to him.

L: (to Habbib) Where did you find this loaf of bread, sir?

H: In the garbage, your majesty.

L: Why did you take it?

H: Because I have no food and my family is dying.

L: Well, surely there is nothing wrong in that. Let us give him fresh bread and ever more food for his family.

H: Oh thank you, your majesty.

P: Ahem. (Comes around from behind throne.) Your majesty, the man should be flogged.

L: But why?

P: To serve as an example.

L: Yes, but he-

P: If everyone was to behave like this man, anarchy would reign in the kingdom and your beloved subjects would be unable to walk the streets in safety. Disorder would abound and lives would be lost.

L: Oh, Palonius. I don't think like that ...

P: (sternly) I know what I'm talking about.

(A pause where both P and L stare at each other.)

P: Give the order! - Please!

L:(Reluctantly) Okay, if you say so ... flog him.

(Exeunt guards and Habbib.)

P: Good. Now I shall tend to other matters of state. If you'll excuse me, please. (Exit.)

(M and L are close on thrones. They sit as before. Crowd noises from outside build up to indicate unrest. M and L continue to sit, he eating, she powdering and filing. Crowd noises get louder and louder. Finally, sounds of a wall breaking. Enter the citizens.)

A Citizen:(pointing) There they are! Take them!

(They apprehend L and M and drag them away as they puzzlingly struggle.)

Scene VII: (jail)

L: (singing) (slowly and sadly) (As he sings, he looks lovingly through the jail window, a light shining on his face.) O sweet Marie

I Love you

I'll always be thinking of you

Although we may not see a new tomorrow

Now as we must part I feel such sorrow

And now as I must lose you

It means my very life to me

You were my queen and as you die

I love you

My darling, my precious sweet Marie

(End of Song)

(Sound of crowd echoing in the distance: "Off with her head! Off with her head!")

(Louis' Soliloquy):

Ah, my sweet Marie. How I shall miss you. You were my lighthouse in turbulent sea. My life has no meaning until you came. And now they've

taken you from me. I know not what is to become of me. Probably just to

rot in here in this jail cell. Oh, how could I bare to spend the rest of my mortal days here alone, without you by my side, tortured by the thought

of your awful demise and knowing that it was all my fault! O that it

would have been me instead! Oh, how I wish that I could share your fate!

Would it be asking to much? (Gets down on knees to pray.) Oh, dear Lord, please let me join my dear Marie. Unchain me from these earthly binds.

Ah, how I long for the sweet caressing arms of death. Let me feel the blissful pain of the guillotine knowing as its blade quenches the last vestige

of life from my bones, that it is the same fit that was met by my

beloved, and that soon I shall be in her dear embrace forever.

(Enter citizens. They grab Louis and force him out.)

(Exeunt)

Scene VIII

(Citizens escort a struggling Louis to the guillotine.

Louis on platform of guillotine. Citizens surrounding him, crying for his death. He is stamping his feet and protesting in song:

L: I am innocent

I am innocent

Citizens: No you're not!

No you're not!

L: But I am innocent!

But I am innocent!

C: No he's not!

No he's not!

L: I didn't know what I was doing!

C: Yes you did!

Yes you did!

L: I'm sorry if I made you all go hungry.
C: It's too late for that!
It's too late for that!
L: Please believe me I did nothing wrong!
C: Off with his head!
Off with his head!
L: No! No! No!
No! No! No!
C: Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
(End of song. Louis is beheaded. Citizens dip hankies in his blood, hold up his head and yell.)
C: Viva La Republic!
Viva La Republic!
Etc. etc.
(Fade)
(Curtain comes down. Piano music, while cast takes curtain call. Curtain comes down for final time. Houselights may go up, or complete darkness. Then an amplified voice is heard after a substantial pause.)

Scene IX

Voice (over P. A.): Cast notes in 5 minutes on stage. Repeat cast to the stage for notes in 5 minutes. Hurry up and get out of costume and come to the stage so we can break early and have more time for dinner.
(Lights up on curtain, which remains down for following scene. Action takes place in front of it. As each performer enters, they bring a chair to sit on.
After a silent pause of substantial time, the first character enter.
Enter an actress carrying a book. She sits on chair and reads while waiting for the others.)
The End.

Back Cover

"Sammy was a little boy who was very determined to see what China was like in all his child like curiosity. He had never been so far away from home without his mommy. He had never been so far away from his mommy.

And it looked like he was really gonna make it because now he was in the center of the earth and if he could read he would have known that he was in the center because he encountered a good sized yellow ball which lit up in all different colors and spelled in neon letters "CENTER" and burned when he touched it but Sammy didn't know the difference so he said "good" and kept right on "digging."

"...stillness reigned supreme. Larry stood still-waited for the reactions to die their last. The big number was coming up and everyone knew it. He took one last glance off stage at Manny who just smiled a three-ring encouragement.

Larry faced his public. He took a deep breath. Everyone across the face of the globe took a deep breath.

And here it went, like plummeting down the first hill on a giant roller coaster, he screamed, "YOU AIN'T NUTHIN BUT A HOUND DAWG-JUST A-CRYIN ALL DA TIME."

"People screamed and ran every which way. Everything was in turmoil. Tina grabbed Gina. They flew away, trying to dodge destruction, looking for a place of sanctity. It was too late for anything. The world was coming to an end."

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