

# Want's Unwisht Work

By Kirk Wood Bromley

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## Cast of Characters

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

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

Bertha Lerner, professor of women's studies

Marla, her student

Lydia, her student

Corne, her student

Leavus, Marla's boyfriend

Warren, Lydia's boyfriend

Dr. Kling, an analyst and author

Erad, his student

Nichedigger, Dick, Laptop, Rem, rambling fanatics

Gene, Rock, Art and Nicelle, the Wishful Waiters

Action: Rich and Elisa's house in Athens, Georgia, now.

enter Richard.

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

Relate. Let's see, it starts, I think, with Dick.

Enter Elisa, at the door of her house.

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

enter Rich, from inside the house.

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

And recreating you in this show's run,  
Be self reborn, if not more free for fun.

Elisa falls asleep, and Rich exits with her.

Enter Bertha, Corne, Marla, Lydia on the porch of the house.

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

Marla- That won't be hard. To me, man's optional.  
At tigress pride, he lingers t'importune.  
No men, I say, and feel it natural  
As restriction of the weapon from the womb.

Bertha- Honest, ravaged Marla. You may enter.

Marla goes in.

Bertha- Lydia, can you promise this to woman?

Lydia- It's women who genetic change emote.  
Man's a necessary-nothing, a go-between,  
A futile fringe device, creating bloat.

Bertha- I won't be used like easy oxygen.  
A victim, Lydia, you proudly are.  
You may enter.

Lydia goes in.

Bertha- Well, as we celebrate this house's birth,  
We happy birthday wish to our Corne,  
Who will, of course, our present promise try,  
And make her day a present to us all.

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

Bertha- Speak plain, Corne. We are all sisters here.

Corne- Suits woman wrath? Can she, in hiding, flourish?

Let's balance rage and reticence, and accept

Into our congress of inclusive strife

An acting arbitration with all life.

Bertha- But Corne, you have signed the grant with pen,  
And see its strict deletion of men.

Corne- I've done as much. It was inhuman.

Marla- What are we, Corne, moon to moon convenience?

One hour developing? Flextime? Instant obedience?

Corne- What of those countless comedies, where men

Adopt the closure of depraving rules,

Which then they break, yet mend to squelch again,

In stupid, cycling symbolry of fools?

Must we relive this universal farce,

Copying man's limits but not his range?

Can we across the ancient scriptings parse,

To then all errors barely rearrange?

Lydia- When resistance wiggles, none can resist;

Will cancer cure by cooing 'please, don't spread'?

The stress of man marks beauty to a cyst,

Dividing life to cells that grow when dead.

Marla- Man's a homicidal basket case.

Corne- Yet open baskets calm what they embrace.

Lydia- We're shutting him out, not shutting him down.

Corne- If out and not down, he'll come back around.

Marla- We want to be a part by being apart.

Corne- Your parts will then for parts well-known depart.

Lydia- Separation's often opportunity.

Corne- And yet exclusion has no intimacy!

If, to project past man, you act like him,

He'll harder jut, turgescing at the thrill.

So let your better self his better win  
 By war of woman's inclusions words and will.  
 Marla- The rule is set.  
 Lydia- Isn't it, Ms. Lerner?  
 Bertha- As good persuasion as Corne has made,  
 And full of aperturing elegant,  
 It seems contingency would not too dissuade  
 The purpose of the spirit from this grant.  
 So, I have a thought: By vote we'll choose.  
 A man may enter if two women wish.  
 Marla- A great idea!  
 Lydia- And free of prejudice.  
 Bertha- Corne?  
 Corne- Though setting up decisions such as these  
 Could cause this house to on itself implode  
 Thru problematic sneaks and jealousies,  
 I'll enter, trusting woman is no fraud.  
 Bertha- It's set. May woman, now, man's history of  
 Hustled lust and crazing rules reprove.

Corne enters the house, and Vazoline, crossdressing, enters.

Bertha- Who are you?  
 Vaz- I'm the sun after the brainstorm. Who are you?  
 Bertha- Bertha Lerner, director of the women's studies department, and the university's granted  
 me this house.  
 Vaz- Oh, ain't that sweet?  
 I thought this menudo nest was mine,  
 Living in its attic since the embryo,  
 But 'long comes senorita manicure,  
 and pearly swine.  
 Sorry, babe, but this norm grotto's mine.  
 Marla- What are you?  
 Vaz- I am a peloric lily, perfectly unnatural. What are you?  
 Lydia- We are women.  
 Vaz- What, do say, is a we-men?  
 Lydia- Woman is life's only perpetual resource.  
 Vaz- O, then she is death.  
 Marla- Woman is the backbone of society.  
 Vaz- Society needs less backbone, and more forebrain.  
 Bertha- No men is now a bylaw of this house.  
 Vaz- Oh, but how can a bi-law say no men?  
 Lydia- Are you a man or are you not?

Vaz- I am a man, though to manliness I am awol.  
Lydia- Why a wall?  
Vaz- I am absence without leaving.  
Bertha- You cannot stay, being a man.  
Vaz- If I can't stay being a man, I become a woman.  
Lydia- If you must become a woman, then you are a man, and may not enter.  
Vaz- Being a man, I can only enter;  
Being a woman, you may never.  
So don't you see? Your law is inapplicable  
When applied. Besides, it's very dull.  
Marla- Whatever you are, you're a man in a woman's house.  
Bertha- Women, let's claim our rights!  
Vaz- Oh goody, leave me what's left, and I'll be rich again!

Bertha, Marla, and Lydia enter.

Corne- Hello.  
Vaz- O hell.  
Corne- I didn't catch your name.  
Vaz- Because it's Vaseline, and it slippt away.  
Corne- I'm Corne.  
Vaz- Did these subdermal birthmarks  
Of black hole funny faces suck you in?  
Corne- Your chatter is all clatter.  
Vaz- Then I will suck  
My speech like a vacuum: Corne, do you swear  
To dance in this booth, this holed booth, and to wear  
Nothing in this booth, so helpless dog?  
Corne- I've joined them, hesitantly, yes, I have.  
Vaz- Then listen, girl, and I will teach  
The fact that no fact-finders reach:  
What you are is what you're not;  
Identity is mental clot.  
So let no group or plot define  
Hers and his, yours and mine.  
Get it?  
Corne- Yes.  
Vaz- Then give it!  
Corne- Goodbye.  
Vaz- Bye, good.

Corne exits.

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

he exits. enter Dr. Kling and Erad, onto the porch of the house.

Erad- Do the women expect us, Dr. Kling?  
Kling- They expect us, Erad, or, ex-pectus, from the pectorals, they churn a curd.  
Erad- Churn a curd, Doctor?  
Kling- I say churn a curd; I mean learn a word; episteme identicus, lapsus parturitibus; one hysterik mutter.  
Erad- Hysterik mother?  
Kling- Hysterik mutter, Erad, not hysterik mother. The nuance does not miscegenate.  
Erad- The nuance does not miscegenate as symbols, crossing cultures, being the symbol of that cross, represent the method and not the meaning, correct?  
Kling- Obviously. We must say ego-gruppe, not ego-group, maintaining the menacing marvel in the former. Bett, not bed, as in LibidoBettstruktur, keeping the dutch etymology of 'to beg'. And in the extensively firm and rotundative german Name, pronounced Na-ma, neben zie nasal and puny english 'name', we see the cripplings castratives of bastardo-bardometry, poor translation, or bad copulating.  
Erad- From copula, meaning to conjoin.  
Kling- Ach, jugendwork ist profitlos!

Enter Bertha, Corne, Marla and Lydia.

Bertha- Dr. Kling! Women, this is Dr. Kling, my therapist.  
Kling- And who is this myophore?  
Corne- Excuse me?  
Erad- Isn't the myophore the section of the clam to which the ambulatory muscle affixes, doctor?  
Kling- I glomagglutinate my ploche. Myo is muscle; phore, to move; thus signifying, in sensu nonsensa, muscle mover, which, via coital prolepsis, infers the activity of 'unconches couplung conches.'  
Erad- You mean conscious, doctor?  
Kling- No, conches.  
Corne- Shells?  
Kling- Bivalves.  
Corne- What has therapy to do with the engendering of crustaceans?  
Erad- Doctor Kling?  
Kling- Crustacean, students, is crusty crawdad. Qua Crust? Topping. Qua crawl? The belly. And dad, via metonym antonymical, is das UberTuber! So, women, being pulp-filled logic pastries, or pie, more readily shuck thru therapy, as men are unconches; women,

conches.

Erad- Does this relate to your study on the synecdoche of toddler repetition, doctor?  
Kling- It does. 'Mama, look at the baby. It's so cute' becomes 'I'm a kook. I need therapy.  
My pain's acute.'  
Corne- Then female comes to mean speech disorder caused by stout, from phemia and ale.  
Kling- And woman signifies man-wooper or womb followed by indefinite article.  
Bertha- Dr. Kling, thru dissecting our discourse,  
Inquisits of our mind's primordial source.  
His recent book, 'O, Woman,' is pure brilliance!  
Kling- 'On Woman' describes my entire position to date.

enter Leavus.

Leavus- Yo, Merl, ya action babe. Where ya been at?  
Marla- Not now, Leavus. Men aren't allowed here.  
Leavus- So what are these? Chemotherapy chimps?  
Marla- They're doctors!  
Lydia- Hello, Leavus.  
Leavus- Yah, same to ya.  
Look, docs, all due respect to gettin high,  
You infect my squeeze's head with that froydo gab,  
I'll pop your puny skulls, then you'll need doctors.  
Marla- Leavus, go away!  
Bertha- Yes, Mr. Leavus,  
Do as you are named. Marla seeks herself.  
Leavus- Yo, me and my woman seek stuff together:  
We're a team; I coach, she takes the ball.  
She's a bumper crop, I am the weather.  
When the twisters rip, we rip out twister  
And get snarled in the basement, til we blister.  
Our love is ready made, and as I've said,  
Woman's like tile; fragile til laid.  
Bertha- How rude.  
Marla- I'll salt you where I shell you, Mr. Peanut.  
Now skat, and I will see you in five months.  
Leavus- Five months? Now Merl, you know my latenight love  
Don't pause for station identification.  
My love's pounds per square inch; its pressure valve  
Has two settings: sloucht or sockets blown.  
Five months does to love what it does to grits.  
From youngest calf, the softest leather's pelted.  
Marla- Are you insinuating that my body  
Is your piece of produce pedigree?

Leavus- No, but mine'll be if yours'll be!  
Marla- Am I then some farm animal to you?  
Leavus- That depends how loudly you can moo.  
Marla- You best back off; before I moo, I kick.  
Leavus- I'll brand you then, and rope ya to my stick.  
Marla- So full of bull, I'd cut it and you'd crumble!  
Leavus- Til my bull's cut, I'll bellow, and not mumble!  
Marla- Witness, women, here, all that's wrong  
With man, that fancy pro of vulgar con.  
Lydia- No, O, no! Leavus is a specimen  
Of manly riddle, riled for his woman,  
Unlike my non-boycotting boyfriend Warren,  
Who'd second my choice were I a manikin!  
Leavus wrestles; Warren pins himself;  
Warren strokes, but Leavus deeply rolfs.  
A man should be of spunk just gobs and gobs,  
Cuz I'd rather die by fire than choke on sobs.

Enter Warren.

Warren- I've come!  
Lydia- O, yahoo yippy, Warren's come.  
Warren- Woman, how beguiling are your knees!  
Disks, as cute or sweet as baby peas!  
Perfect beyond any need to bend,  
Yet able, if must, to spread and contend!  
Woman, your knees are everything, yet more!  
Round and hard, yet soft! Not for the floor!  
They hold your thigh and shin together, there,  
In that spot, like a lock, sans hair!  
O woman, stand erect, and do not kneel;  
My gravel-cherishing knees for you ordeal.  
Lydia- Gracias, Warren, now go, and not so gladly;  
In one semester, we'll each other see.  
Marla- How sweet a poem!  
Lydia- Such stalking rarely sprouts.  
Marla- And here I thought that men could only shout.  
Leavus- The more I stalk, the more Marla surges.  
Marla- No, the more you talk, the less my urge is.  
Warren- When a lifetime of a year has passt,  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely ages,  
I, with champagne and petunias vast,  
Will return, with reams of praising pages

For Lydia, who is my love in sphere:  
 Circling me, my everywhere is here.  
 Marla- Sphere? I've only been called a basketball.  
 Leavus- You work the perimeter, and drive to the rim.  
 Lydia- Trust me, words can never do it all.  
 Bertha- Well, enough. Doctor Kling, come in.  
 Corne- How, this house of sisterhood begun  
 For researches and studies feminine,  
 Do we to raise our subtle selves devise,  
 When in the crib our first conviction dies?  
 Lydia- One man must have two votes to enter in.  
 Bertha- But Dr. Kling is genius! These boys are skin.  
 Leavus- What?  
 Marla- Quiet.  
 Warren- Lydia?  
 Lydia- O, shut up.  
 Erad- Can I speak?  
 Kling- You'd say nothing, so do not.  
 Corne- We ought to follow the grant, as amended.  
 Bertha- Yes, we ought. Marla, whom do you choose?  
 But know, to grovel for is to abuse.  
 Marla- As Lydia wants me to, I vote Warren.  
 Leavus- Yah? Then I will veto from Bar Mundi,  
 Where the women value my dexterity!

He exits.

Bertha- Lydia?  
 Lydia- For Marla, I vote Leavus!

Leavus enters.

Leavus- But never run when you're in the running.  
 Warren- That choice I honor and adore, though weeping.  
 Bertha- Think of the grant, and how we swore to study!  
 From Dr. Kling's important book 'For Woman' ...  
 Kling- 'On Woman'  
 Bertha- 'On Woman', to which I wrote  
 The foreword, I recite this potent passage:  
 'Woman is an alembic tactical,  
 Or a Nustern, mistranslated to nostril,  
 As her logic's sense is due to holes,  
 Which are gaps, where she picks her roles.'

So, I say the doctor, and his young guest,  
Must enter, as good intuition's best.  
Warren- Brava, donna!  
Leavus- What a crock a lugnuts!  
Kling- Men are just inherently skeptical  
About ideas skeptical of their inherency.  
Mann ist Nachurlaublich, which has, ja schon,  
No exact English equivalent yet.  
Erad- It means that man is always late to return.

enter Vazoline.

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

Vazoline exits.

Warren- What a clever other kind of person.  
Leavus- That's one woman I won't study.  
Bertha- Corne?  
Corne- To be for woman, not against man, I  
Came to this house, and yet those I am for  
Are now against each other, that my vote  
In any way will seem a fit to fit

Into what's fitting, which still cannot fit  
My basic tenet of being here for woman.  
I am in a spot, and must mischoose  
One of you to choose another's one,  
Making myself a despot. So, seeing clear  
Distinction between a doctor and a lover,  
I vote, and do it for the group's objective,  
For Dr. Kling, and his student, Erad.

Leavus- Holy day-old connoli! Blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah!  
I bet my neck: When Merl skips the pit  
With her guzzling racer, I will do drag!

Warren- I trust this is another fay endeavor  
To extract more worship from me, Lydia.  
Well, it worked. I love you more than ever,  
And will return, with stanzas on your tibia!

Marla- Leavus, goodbye.

Lydia- So long, Warren. Sigh.

Leavus and Warren exit.

Marla- Lydia, as woman, has been betrayed.

Lydia- Not as much as Marla is denied.

Marla- So, she votes for one, and brings in two.

Lydia- She has greater interests.

Marla- She'll double her loss.

they enter the house.

Bertha- I could gulp forever now, and still not swallow pride!

Kling- Each choice, Corme, is a mix of ache and ease, and empowers the organ to organize.

Bertha- In you, Corme, I see my better sex.

Kling- Note it, Erad: Macht ist rein Gerausch.

they enter.

Erad- The doctor says that power is silent noise.

Corme- His impotence is blaring information.

Erad- You study under her?

Corme- He talks over you?

Erad- I am not out to get you, Corme.

Corme- Good,

Because I am not in to take you, Erad.

Erad- Why so radical?

Corme- Why so obedient?

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

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

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

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

Erad- To you, sex may be just some simple action;  
It is, to me, the logic of attraction.

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

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

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

Erad- That was low.

Corme- In earshot of a snake.

Erad- What have I done to you?

Corme- You cling too much.

Erad- Dr. Kling's famous!

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

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

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

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

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

Erad- O, how the glass of genius is besmirched  
By high frustration's dealer, jealousy!  
You're insecure, and so secure this place.

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

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

Corme- Bertha Lerner is a force of nature!

Erad- She is illusion's nomenclature.

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

Corne- We should, for love, not hide what we are of.  
Erad- Corne, do not go in.  
Corne- And why not, Erad?  
Erad- We will be posed, in there, opposingly.  
Corne- Then let aversion our allure be.

they enter the house. enter Dick, Laptop and Rem, on the street.

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

Enter Nichedigger.

Niche- Boys, we got wood.

Dick- Yo, where's the action, Nichedigger?

Niche- I have spotted, via these schnapps goggles, the bellijissimest Georgia peachfuzz ever found on infant behind!

Dick- Jerkin juicyfruits, I'm droolin here!

Niche- With curves like a Chickamauga footlong, and tight as the Tech pomsquad, the air ignit sternoid before her, singeing my eyebrows and palmhairs.

Dick- I'm guyserin! I'm Yomessity!

Niche- She was one big full-body smile, and did prance so pretty like, I bethunk me in a fresh tub a bobblin waters. Hoodoggey, woman's my favorite food!

Dick- Lemme at her!

Niche- I shall then: boys, peer o'er yonder. There on that curb, curbed by none, none but the best, and better than butter, you will find Dick's mama. Park in close, I pray you.

Dick- Ah, ya kudzu cracker!

Laptop- Hey, Nichedigger, can I merge your swill?

Niche- And swap your sissy spit? I'd rather rump ya! Move over!

Dick- Hey, talkin a mamas.

Niche- Don't. You are beneath her.

Dick- Ya, but up North we call it on top.

Niche- She wouldn't even glance at you.

Dick- It's hard to look back when you're crawlin in place.

Niche- Shut it, boy.

Dick- I seen a sign that pointed to your mama: Men Working, Next Ten thousand Feet.

Niche- Mention my dear mother again, I'll make sure you never have one.

Dick- Over and out! Hey, d'ya hear? Nichedigger's mama just got a patent as an alarm clock!

Rem- Cool!

Laptop- What features?

Dick- She wakes ya up to get turned off; gots a button called smooze makes her buzz all over, and she can do it in digilog or anital, though either methodonology ends up in what ya might call headway. Every man's mama should be an alarm clock, Hosechigger.

Niche- You slimy piece a northern man-dirt.

Dick- Don't hit me!

Niche- And porkwa?

Dick- This highgrade diesel sauce mixed down with my bodily salts and peppers makes one highly explosive mixturation. The whole neighborhood could go.

Niche- Then there goes the neighborhood! Biff!

Niche hits him.

Dick- Cronko!

Dick hits him.

Niche- Swapp!

Niche hits him.

Dick- Thwacky!

Dick hits him.

Niche- Womp!

Niche hits him.

Dick- Alright already!

Niche- You boys hear a boom?

Dick- I'd a done it, but you're so butt ugly.

Laptop- It's the nooks, not the looks.

Rem- Wo.

Niche- Do you think our southern ladies would wanna ride the electric bull of corpal greed if a bigcity scumbag like yourself lets this nation's righteous gears get viscous, cuzza all them incapacities from spirits? Hu? Did the great Thamas Jeffson drink his self so dry?

Dick- He brewed his own.

Laptop- Monticello means 'Pile of Winos'.

Niche- Then what about Ulushious S. Grant?

Laptop- He drank so much whole armies leaked themselves.

Niche- Then Franky Jellono Ruskyvelt. He most definitely never bibed like you.

Dick- I drank with him.

Niche- You did not!

Dick- Me and his foxy wife Theodore did port bongos with Franko on the porch, and he'd get so proppt he'd jump out his wheelchair and salsa on the billiards table with his pinkies extended!

Laptop- The great society was firstly termed 'I hate Sobriety'.

Dick- Face it, Pinchtrigger, history is sousery.

Niche- Why, you blasfemin tramps!

Laptop- Backspace!

Nichedigger chases them. enter Leavus and Warren.

Leavus- Yo, I'm truckin my ass downtown right now,  
And pick me up a pierced and wild waif.

Warren- Yah, I'm headed uptown. I hear those girls  
Keep every form of danger in their safe!

Leavus- Rock on!

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

they exit.

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

They exit. Enter Marla, in the house.

Marla-                 O, what a gentle, pliant man have I  
                          In supple-speaking Warren finally found!  
                          His words, that gift for Lydia wrappt, ensky  
                          With light the gloom that's been my loving-ground.  
                          Leavus is all action-packt shebang,  
                          While Warren works in image, not in gym.  
                          Leavus is a skin flick boomerang,  
                          But Warren is more mystic, more french film.  
                          Were I to talk to Leavus about culture,  
                          He'd flinch as if his blow up doll bit him!  
                          Yet Warren's such a sweet biographer,  
                          The self I want to be I hear in him.  
                          O, but then, I must abbreviate  
                          These longings, and on this place concentrate!

It's in the sisterhood I breathe, and must  
Not choke my source with hoping's underdust.  
But here is Lydia, whom I betray.  
Go off, reenter, and more honest play.

Marla exits. Lydia enters.

Lydia- I'm done. My body, lowered into fields  
Where spine and brain and pelvis dance apart,  
To delirial exogenesis so yields,  
Love's lattice swirls me another heart.  
Leavus! O, when soon, they say, the sun  
Shall eat the earth, why should you not consume me?  
How strong you are, and I, so unbegun,  
Hard arms demand to force my fantasy.  
That pawing Warren's limericks make me sick!  
He blinks, and it is fault to make me quake!  
I was cloth-mother to that monkey geek,  
Who's had nor ate life's ever-moistly cake.  
Warren's so weak, he weeps when a t-shirt dies!  
He's air, a ghost, a fleshless, junior blip!  
Leavus, I think, for greater things is sized,  
Will more concretely at the soil grip.  
Yet chasing him I fumble and respin,  
And am, to my convictions, fugitive!  
O, where's the pass in passion? Why now, rude lust?

Marla enters.

Marla- Lydia!  
Lydia- O, my sister, Marla!  
Marla- Isn't this house incredible?  
Lydia- Ineffably!  
Marla- Are you okay?  
Lydia- Are you?  
Marla- Are you?  
Lydia- Are you?  
Marla- We, like african-amazons, beat one drum.  
Lydia- But the mouths of mothers must not falseness bear.  
Marla- I knew you knew what I felt that you felt.  
Lydia- I do.

Enter Corne.

Corne- May we talk?  
 Marla- O, Corne! We've lots to say  
 On you and me and us and our type stuff!  
 Lydia- I'll start.  
 Marla- I will.  
 Lydia- No me.  
 Marla- Warren is in.  
 Lydia- Warren?  
 Marla- Yes!  
 Lydia- I meant Leavus!  
 Marla- You love Leavus?  
 Lydia- No.  
 Marla- Then you meant Warren.  
 Lydia- You love Warren?  
 Marla- No.  
 Corne- Women, are we weak? Do we expect  
 In some man's dusk of self our dawn to see?  
 No! Thru our own night we must endeavor  
 To meet that sparkling picture of reform!  
 But let your member-selves also remember:  
 This abstinence is only a semester.  
 So let us now, as we intended, plan  
 The role of woman without the reel of man.

Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- Well, looky who it is; Why, Ms. Belief,  
 Ms. Conduct, and O, Ms. Taken, too!  
 Have I missed anyone?  
 Marla- Yourself, self missed.  
 Vaz- I miss myself, you wish to lose yourself.  
 Lydia- This ersatz chick calls foul what is not he!  
 Vaz- Okay, you're chickens, and you taste like me.  
 Corne- Such quick responses show you are not free.  
 Vaz- Let's plod and plume and tweeze the issues, then,  
 And longly pause, and ululate of men.  
 Marla- Men are a pain.  
 Vaz- Compared to what?  
 Marla- To nothing.  
 Vaz- Ah, but, girl, pain must have its partner,  
 Lydia- Fine, relative to all, man is a pain.  
 Vaz- If relative to all, then he is Pan,

That ancient, hairy goat-god of deception,  
And now, the mix m.c. of all sensation,  
Who at his board, lays tracks to each event  
And keeps the party pure flirtation.  
Pan's body is a satellite omnipotent,  
With telefiber wig, a flashing hat  
Of movie screens, where slogans reconcile.  
Pan's dress is stitched of tiles heat-resistant,  
To plummet thru the ozone of denial.  
Two luxury ocean liners are his boots,  
And he struts the ever-wriggling map of nations;  
Pan's languages don't wallow, they transmute;  
On his rings twinkle the die of ideations.  
Pan is a massive ambling Las Vegas,  
Born up from the desert of your addictions.  
And at his service bop,  
Like fleshy agitprop,  
Three null-adoring, duty-free  
Daughters of ambiguity:  
Lazy, loose as a baptist's hose;  
Loud, screaming like the iceman unfroze;  
And Laughy, giggling her cortex out her nose!  
These fly-on-the-handle,  
Gang-of-flummox,  
Enemies to energy,  
From all-spice shakers,  
Dribble their magic milk  
Upon you famous fakers,  
Breaking down all families  
And their pertinent loyalties  
Of ethic, of prude and of ilk!  
So cohesive xenophobic segregating judgement's brain  
By Pan is jolted, mixing up our pleasure with our pain!  
(Making good things bad, and bad things entertain.)  
It's Pan first pierced the nipple with amulet.  
Of another's drool, he brews love's sucklant soda.  
How much bliss he crams into your debt!  
What boring-glory to drive thru South Dakota!  
You scratch a crabsore til its gold of puss  
Drains out; it's Pan compels your frantic nails.  
What horrid joy's the act adulterous!  
Why do you shop at Bloomingdale's?  
Pan hungers you for that hell. In tattooed skins

He needles the beautiful agony of style.  
Look how much a losing boxer wins!  
Pan perfumes the owner to its pile.  
And in the groanings of a punctured teen,  
He enters pain as life's first pleasure scene.  
Why do tightpants feel so good?  
Who's the hood within the hood?  
Pan! The most-talked-about misunderstood!  
And at his swimming meet,  
Pain and pleasure race the waters,  
Like daughters hurdling over daughters,  
Putting chic into the slaughters,  
Lapping, stroking, choking to swipe  
The ultimate trophy, 'First in Hype'.  
But here is Pan, in velvet chair, smoking a fat robusto,  
Laughing so unfoundedly, 'O, they drown with gusto!'  
Cuz pleasure's finishline is death,  
And pain's goal is limitless,  
You who fly  
To call the sky  
Tiny, when you go  
On jets of pain  
It's pleasure's plane  
To Pan's imbroglio.

Marla- Allright, then! Only some men are pains!  
Vaz- So, your meat's a waffle; your core, a fudge,  
And your argument's point is your circular head.  
Lydia- I know one thing: you're a pain.  
Vaz- Find my pain and say you feel,  
Feel my pain and say you heal,  
Heal my pain and call me better,  
Steal my pain and say I never.  
I quote when I say the wise shouldn't quote,  
But...  
Corne- Vaseline, go off somewhere and gloat.

He sings.

Vaz- O, can the strong still survive?  
Are my emotions recorded live?  
O what came first? I will confirm  
The chicken egg is chicken sperm!

He exits.

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

They exit.

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

She exits. enter the Wishful Waiters at the door of the house.

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

Art- When's my sexy farm-hand scene with Bush?

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

Rock- He, Sky, she Bush, and I but lowly Earth? Will I not be outshone?

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

Nice- I am not Bush.

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

Nice- I am not Bush.

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

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

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

Nice- Name me one.

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

Nice- I've had no bushy experiences.

Art- Liar on the stage.

Gene- People, no real conflicts!

Nice- I will not play the bush.

Art- Yo, the bush is a juicy part.

Rock- Your gifts are best revealed in your bush.

Gene- The audience loves your bush, Nicelle.

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

Gene- My dear Nicelle, this is a birthday gram, not a day at the grammys. We are the Wishful Waiters, not waited upon by well-wishers. This is not grand marquis, but tiny margin. Not star-studded, but stooge-muddled. Not tourist driven, but tourette's driven. So

leave the identity politics to the public and play what I say, or no pay.

Rock- I shall inform Equity of this.

Gene- My Equity is bigger than Equity.

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

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

Nice- My actors?

Art- No one owns me, man.

Rock- Impudent pig operative, thou!

Nice- So I'm a bimbo in a spot to save your limbo plot?

Art- The play frickin stinks.

Rock- It doth offendeth my strills.

Nice- And verse? What is this, Elizabethan Rome?

Art- Eat me, Gino, eat me!

Rock- The union declareth a strike!

Art- Strike!

Nice- Strike!

Gene- Fine, you videots, write the script yourselves.

Rock- We will improvise.

Art- Ya.

Nice- Ya.

Rock- Improvisor, I. Come with me, people, come with me. I'm a jellyfish, bobbling in a calm, violent sea, when a friendly shark bites me in half, O! But I'm rescued by a manly fishergirl, who heals me, as we quiver and shriek, til O blammobajinsky, I am born again as Sky, or me, Rock Random, dancing, nude, juggling the sun, and now you enter singing...

Art- End of strike.

Nice- I think we found our bush.

Gene- People, scrunch up cozy. This is a theater of creations, not of operations. The stage is a wishful word-worn place. The plot is a ploy to garner cash. And character? Character is nada. Sliver moons, stinky socks, and the philanthropies of genius longer last. Do not let pride wage you out of wonder. Do not deprive your image of her action. There are as many characters as inconsistencies, but there is only one consistent you. Break's over, time to hit those tables.

They all exit. enter Niche-digger, Dick, Laptop and Rem.

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

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

Niche- You sayin I'm the worst man for the job?  
Dick- I'm sayin you're the best man for the job.  
Niche- You're sayin I'm the best man for the job?  
Dick- I'm sayin you're the best man for the job!  
Niche- And I'm sayin you're the best man for the job!  
Dick- Then I'll do the job!  
Laptop- See, we need like protocol: Expensively extensive modern surveys prove there are women in houses throughout much of the phoneable world. Each man should expound his attributes, experiences and references, and include an objective statement on how to like enter the house, for the best of us is the test of us. Rem, cue up.

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

Laptop- How does this spreadsheet get them to spread under the sheets?  
Dick- We could throw him in front of a bus, and ask to use their phone.  
Laptop- If we're to like execute this object exchange without downtime, we must poll all channels for optimal database entries. So, like, I have a plan.

Niche- Make it quick.  
Laptop- Surfing the cyberwaves of virtual nature, we see a coherent bitmap showing that reality is based in realty. So, like dragging our image into a custom file, and inserting it into their graphic, it's clear that we should load upon on women's garments, and like then bearing the appearance of these multimedia treats, we'll coolly chill into their fuzzy Outlook inbox.

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

Niche- Boy, your only skill's poppin corks and zits.  
Dick- You forget cherries and questions, in that order.  
Laptop- Maybe Rich is the man for the job.  
Dick- Dick. My name is Dick.  
Niche- And whatsoever makes him the man for the job?  
Dick- I can take a dive, but not give a damn; I can hit the ground, even if it's moving.  
Laptop- And Confuseus say: brain like cookie; made bad by raisin. Drunk head like drunk soup: make you feel you're in. Man with no mind must be minded.

Niche- What language is that country from?  
Dick- Man, you southern boys is a bunch of gumbo dumbies! We'll just head to Bunhugger's house, grab his camera equipment, then pop into this voluptuant pooter pavilion, posing as Big Fashion Deal photographers, and we're in as a bellybutton!

Laptop- Sources say going to the source is highly reensourcing.  
Niche- Let's go to Lipcrap's house.

Laptop- Laptop, and I like forgot my password.  
 Niche- Can't you do nothin, Rem?  
 Rem- Eat pizza.  
 Dick- Shazam!  
 Niche- Then I say we just cruise on up there and presents ourselves in a southernly and sexual manner.  
 Laptop- File save.  
 Niche- O, you lusty men! We have been called  
 To test our bunny-guns up at the dogtrack!  
 So let's howl! Dammit, you are good men,  
 And you're rowdy men, and bad also!  
 You are range-pigs of the American desert,  
 Starved for quailbroth, with thrinking trunks  
 And a javalina's hankerin for glad bags!  
 Let your Decorations of Dependence  
 Call out to these far-lips' Louisiana.  
 For this is it, my men. Manifest density!  
 Rich, Lipcrap, Rem, march!  
 Dick- Dick!  
 Laptop- Laptop!  
 Rem- Dood!  
 Niche- Whatever!

they exit. enter Lydia, at Marla's window.

Lydia- The lute of lust I follow without control,  
 Even to the room of my ally.  
 I should leave!

Enter Leavus.

Leavus- Hey, Marla, is that you?  
 Lydia- O, temptation, you shyly, slyly serve.  
 Leavus- Yo, Marlin, can't we work this whole thing out,  
 And get back to the funky-futon biz?  
 Lydia- Macho one, woman zilch.  
 Leavus- If twice a night  
 Ain't doin it for you, I'll up the dose.  
 Lydia- Another ace for Urge Overkill.  
 Leavus- Remember how I oiled your body down?  
 Lydia- Yes, Leavus, yes, yes, how I remember!  
 Leavus- Well, could I peruse the goods?  
 Lydia- No. I'm in mud-mask.

Leavus- Marla?  
Lydia- Leavus, we have to talk.  
Leavus- Hey, I can talk.  
Lydia- When on the porch Lydia first approached,  
Your rapture at her beauty was so blatant,  
You gazed and gulped like mutt upon a meal.  
But do you love her, Leavus, more than me?  
Leavus- Me, love Lydia? That victim to vogue?  
That tasteless tofu patty with the multi-grain bun?  
Babe, I'd rather get ganged by whoopin cranes  
Than nibble that gamehen; she is way pretentious.  
Lydia- Might such repulsion hide a lover's taste,  
That is afraid to eat, and thus to waste?  
Leavus- I would spank my privates out in public  
Before I'd much as let her flick my zippo.  
Lydia- You go too far to prove your object worthless;  
There must be some desire in your distress.  
Leavus- Girls like her, they breathe out anesthesia.  
Lydia- Then she, the cause, could cure the phobia.  
Leavus- Marla, what's up?  
Lydia- O, if only I weren't me,  
But her he loves, or that, unknown to him,  
I could somehow construct another we,  
Where he'd love me, not being among them  
I am among, so, loving he his hate  
For us, he'd savor me, and we could mate!  
Leavus- Marla, I'll do anything to get inside!  
Lydia- The only way is you become a woman.  
Leavus- Anything does not include that shit.  
Lydia- If you desire me, you will become me.

She throws him women's clothing and wig.

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

She exits. She enters.

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

She exits.



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

Cuz it's wrong, Marla, it's wrong  
To love as if living were long,  
Rather sing, Marla, a song,  
That I may sing along.  
Lydia, can I come in now?

Marla- If you so badly want her, put these on.

She throws him women's clothing and wig.

Warren- Brilliant, love!

Marla- I'll meet you at the door.

Warren- One more ode to you, and I will go.

Marla- No! Love must wait til only lovers know.

They exit. enter Bertha, Erad and Kling.

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

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

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

Bertha- An exciting text!

Kling- The human female is tertiad.

Bertha- A three-part thing.

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

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

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

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

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

Bertha- O, how intense!

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

They go behind the screen, and Corne enters.

Corne- Where am I born, within me or without?  
 Have I the single sense of my own being,  
 Or in relation's teeming roundabout  
 Am I a breath from others' meandering?  
 How can I say 'I wish myself to be,'  
 If wishing is a self that isn't yet?  
 Can wishes dredge the tiding from the sea,  
 Sideswipe the sun, and force the moon's regret?  
 She I trusted, now trusts in Dr. Pun;  
 My sisters, firm of plan, now romp unraveling;  
 And this boy, so brilliant yet outshone,  
 Desires my figure for his figuring!  
 To dream? To doubt? To fear? To hate? To love?  
 All's but the cast of thought, that rerun comedy,  
 Where sameness lives for difference, and ends the same.  
 What is it then to be a strong woman?  
 Must she, forsaking men, herself forsake,  
 As none's the gift of giving in to none,  
 Or, wanting of her image, can she partake

Of man, and doubled be, by taking one?  
O, and I do want him. So, from deceit  
I'll save his over-wonder-blunted spirit.  
For what is strength, but in some love complete  
To strive to settle with one's opposite?  
I am afraid, which I to him will show,  
And bravely there, to love say yes or no.

enter Bertha and Erad.

Bertha- O, you salty peanut!  
Erad- I said no!  
Bertha- But I asked you should I stop!  
Erad- Corme!  
Bertha- O, Corme.  
Erad- Hello, Corme.  
Corme- Hello.  
Bertha- We're doing research, for Dr. Kling.  
Erad- Yes, research.  
Corme- What are you searching?  
Bertha- O, you know, this and that and the other.  
Erad- Nothing, really.  
Bertha- Isn't he cute?  
Corme- What?  
Bertha- Back to the lab!  
Corme- Erad, wait.

They exit. Enter Dr. Kling.

Kling- How wend your widsithians, Corme?  
Corme- Weirdly.  
Kling- What's wrong?  
Corme- I'm not sure.  
Kling- Why are you stammering?  
Corme- I'm not.  
Kling- Why are you pausing?  
Corme- I'm not.  
Kling- What does this evasion mean?  
Corme- What are Bertha and Erad researching, Dr. Kling?  
Kling- Why do you ask?  
Corme- They passed by here just now, and acting very intimate, told me they were doing research for you.  
Kling- Intimate?

Corme- Acting very strangely, close.  
Kling- Close is strange, Corme?  
Corme- No, but for them it is not normal.  
Kling- You now predominate upon normalcy?  
Corme- No.  
Kling- You fixate on the loss of relation.  
Corme- I do not.  
Kling- But, forgive me. I am informing you.

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

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

They exit. Enter Dr. Kling.

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

Kling exits.

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

Enter Bertha in dog mask, Erad in pig mask.

Corme- Ah, but this is captious! Wait, I'll guess: Men are pigs, women are bitches, so you mask yourselves in sexist taxonomies to finally tear them off. This is a game.  
Erad- How juvenile to call rebirth a game.  
Bertha- When I have barked to the phenomenal epicenter of my canine conscience, Corme calls it scattergories.  
Erad- And when I can atlast relax, knowing the emotional sustenance of wearing my pig mask about the house, Corme accuses me of monopoly.  
Corme- Let me be.  
Bertha- Be what?  
Corme- Alone.  
Erad- Be a gerbil, Corme.  
Corme- Excuse me?  
Bertha- Be the gerbil in yourself.  
Erad- You are the archetype of gerbilesque.  
Corme- Why am I a gerbil?  
Erad- You are fuzzy, delicate, and a great pet for the kids.  
Bertha- And you scamper on your dainty habit trail!  
Erad- Here, we brought you a gerbil mask.  
Erad- You'll feel free!  
Corme- I don't want to be a gerbil!  
Erad- We are all something we are not!  
Bertha- Lydia's a walking stick!  
Erad- Marla's a horny toad!  
Bertha- Dr. Kling is a silver-backed stud gorilla!  
Corme- No!

Enter Vazoline.

Vaz-           What's the racket?

Bertha and Erad run off.

Corme-        I don't know!

Vaz-           It's a tool for hitting balls, you hermit.

Vazoline exits. Enter Dr. Kling.

Kling-         What do you want, Corme?

Corme-        I want to know who decided I'm a gerbil.

Kling-         Are you a baby frozen in a popsicle?

Corme-        No.

Kling-         Is this an atmosphere of Johnsons and Johnsons?

Corme-        No.

Kling-         Are you horse-treacle waterfalls on ham and cheese croissants?

Corme-        I am myself.

Kling-         Self is addiction, Corme.

Corme-        I'm going.

Kling-         Being drained, you cannot go, as we go by signs, like 'loose rocks' or 'soft shoulder', for signs are clusters of excitations, or aureoles, which nozzle the Brustsemiotik.

Corme-        The what?

Kling-         The breast signifiers, reservoirs recuperant, or, in some tongues, jugs.

Corme-        Jugs?

Kling-         Which I can replenish.

Corme-        Speech has never lied so well.

Kling-         Speech never lies, and when it does, not on its front, due to its breasts.

Corme-        I'm going.

Kling-         Come with me, Corme, into the thirteen steps.

Corme-        I thought there were only twelve steps.

Kling-         The thirteenth, being the loss of identity, means you will be in therapy for the rest of your life, with me.

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

She runs off.

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

Enter Bertha and Erad.

Bertha-        Your prognosis, Dr. Kling?

Kling-         We must win

The ego of the patient thru a play.

They exit. enter Leavus (dressed as a woman) at door of the house.

Leavus- Finally, love has let me down so low  
I see the bottom of the mine of man:  
Will he cut off his head to get some head? Yep.  
Will he wear weird things to be in? Yep.  
My Merl best be  
Wearin her Victory's Secret lunge-array!  
But wo! I got knockers, so I'll knock.

He knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- What are you?  
Leavus- None of your backwards business. Tell Marla, Hormonia's here.  
Vaz- Hormonia? Then this must be puberty!  
Leavus- Looky, Captain Covert Corndog. Go get her.  
Vaz- I got her last night, and like birth, I don't repeat myself.  
Leavus- Let me in!  
Vaz- I'd sooner drown you in the gene pool.

Enter Lydia.

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

Lydia chases Leavus off.

Vaz- Hurry! Hurry! Crepes on fire!

Emergency! Peach perspire!  
Spray the hose at puppy's owoy!  
Helpy yelpy! Bowy wowy!

Vaz exits. Enter Warren (dressed as woman) at door of the house.

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

Warren knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- Why, you must be Fabia!  
Warren- Who?  
Vaz- Harmonia just left!  
Warren- O.  
Vaz- So you're first!  
Warren- Good.  
Vaz- But she knocked first.  
Warren- O.  
Vaz- So?  
Warren- Is Lydia here?  
Vaz- She's dead.  
Warren- O, dead?  
Vaz- What are you, dial-a-flood?  
Warren- How dead?  
Vaz- Did I say dead? Sorry. I meant busy.  
Warren- Can Lydia come out and play?

Enter Marla.

Vaz- La Fabia nouveaux est arrivé!  
Marla- Be scarce.  
Vaz- But this girlscout's selling thin-mints.  
Marla- Ciao, bella.  
Vaz- Or is this a boyscout selling fat-gum?  
Marla- Arrevederci.  
Vaz- Or is this den-mother packing brownies?  
Warren- Is Lydia here?  
Marla- Lydia doesn't want you, Furbia. I do.

Vaz- Rip the retina from reason, I'm verschmutzed!  
Warren- It's you that dressed me?  
Marla- Yes.  
Vaz- I'll get my gun.  
Warren- You tell false-Lydia here that Freebia's gone.  
There's only so much even I can stand.  
Though I'm the one she calls the one,  
I won't be a man in no-man's-land!  
Marla- No, Fobia, I need you!

Marla chases Warren off.

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

Vazoline exits. enter Kling, Bertha (dressed as a man) and Erad (dressed as a woman).

Bertha- Are we certain this role-play won't harm her, doctor?  
Kling- Learning begins when bowels move vowels, da-da becomes do-do, ma-ma turns to  
we-we, in a process termed Umgestalten, or rolling over.  
Bertha- Of course.  
Kling- And, as I have written, 'Women are saucy, sauces are fungible, so the cathartic  
goulash grows fungus without friction.'  
Erad- You wrote that?  
Kling- Do not smuggle dope across the borders of my hallucinogenic state.  
Erad- What?  
Kling- You are inferior to me in mind, age, stamina, reading, assets, outlets and cathexis; You  
are a mess, I am a message. And nota bene: to flunk, in german, is to fail.  
Bertha- I trust you, Dr. Kling.  
Kling- To the phones.

They go behind the screen. enter Corne, composing a letter.

Corne- 'Dear departed: This house has shown the meaning of coalition: disdain-contriving,  
false-defining, envy-shouting silence. I am giving up the study, and joining my parents in  
L.A. In them I know, in all I know, reality.' 'I truly hope to never see you again, or, if I  
do, I hope you are all someone else. Severely, Corne.'

She goes to exit.

Erad- My yellow fingers will not walk the dial.

Bertha dials the phone near her and the one near Corne rings.

Corne- Hello?  
Bertha- Corne? It's me, your mother.

Corne picks up.

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

Bertha hangs up.

Corne- Mom?

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

Corne- Hello?  
Erad- Corne, honey, it's your father.  
Corne- Dad? This phone is really bad.  
Erad- She lied to me. You're not mine, you're his, that scrawny, bearded, pin-stripe suited wimp! I have no child!

Erad hangs up.

Corne- Dad?

Corne hangs up.

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

enter Kling, Bertha and Erad.

Kling- Please, not now.  
Erad- Looka, that's my baby!  
Corne- Gingham dress and a sunflower scarf?  
Bertha- She sure as shuckin beats you for looks.  
Corne- Pin-striped suit and a beard?

Kling- People, these things take time!  
Erad- My longlost baby, O, how I did you bad! We's livin in a dodge down next the bayou,  
eatin pigeons and drinking rain, and splat, ya just felled out.  
Kling- That's enough!  
Erad- We had to give ya up, cuz we couldn't a raised ya none proper.  
Bertha- I fought it like a fart on fire!  
Erad- You never did!  
Bertha- Ah, blow it out your barndoor!  
Erad- You was durable, though, layin there all wet and red on the newspaper.  
Bertha- Don't think I can't read or nothin.  
Erad- And despite the chemical factory hissin, I could hear ya mewin sure enuf!  
Bertha- Wrong! That was the possum ya had after her!  
Erad- We want ya back. You're ours, not them others.  
Bertha- Damn right ya is. We did ya, so now we wanna keep ya.  
Kling- Okay, I will talk to her.  
Erad- Dr. Kling's been real darn nice.  
Bertha- You trust in Dr. Kling now, ya hear?  
Kling- Please, let me talk to her.  
Erad- We love you!  
Bertha- Ah, don't say that!

They exit.

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

He leads her off, hypnotized. Enter Erad and Bertha from behind the screen.

Erad- This is obscene!

Bertha- There must be purpose in it.

Erad- That the puss may purr? Or the lame may nt?

Bertha- He leads her to her feminine end.

Erad- Ms. Lerner, listen to yourself, just once!

In nature's name, what toxins won't he spray,  
To make her mind some man-made demutation?

Why tack the butterfly upon a board,  
Its sunbeam-dusted pinions grayly pinned,  
To tab the freckles that once so feckless flew?

Creation, not corruption, is innate,  
So only Corne should Corne create.

Bertha- His therapy has helped me be myself!

Bertha- Dr. Kling is good, Erad.

Erad- Good at what?

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

he exits.

Bertha- Oh how confused and pure pretend am I!

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

she exits. enter Leavus, in a peach orchard.

Leavus- Man! This world's a farm for freaky babes!

I'm used, dumpt, degraded, reused, dumpt;  
That's my cycle. You almost gotta be  
Some puppy at the pound to get pickt up,  
Like Warren, who could talk that there Buddha dead.  
Zap! I smell my dandruff stokin! Women  
Want a man, like Warren, whose rickshaw rap

Rolls em round all day and spoons em syrup tea.  
The next woman I meet, I'll Warren be.  
So long, barbie gear, and a fat bon vagy.

Enter Warren.

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

Leavus rips off his wig.

Warren- (O, insanity! It's that Leavus guy!  
If he finds out I'm me, I'll get hard whoopt!)

Leavus- Come, sit on my lap, and tell your story.

Warren- My tale is long, and doing laps bores me.

Leavus- Boring is the drill to muscular bliss.

Warren- Your tip can't even crack my avarice.

Leavus- My motor needs a fuel not so crude.

Warren- I will not be refined. I am too prude.

Leavus- Can no man unsnarl your pleasures free?

Warren- The only man is Warren, and he's inside me.

Leavus- Then nix the new, and opt the old; get beasty!

Warren- O!

Leavus goes for Warren. Warren hits Leavus.

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

Warren hits him.

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

Warren hits him.

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

Warren hits him.

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

Warren hits him.

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

Leavus kisses him. Enter Lydia.

Lydia- Harmonia!

Leavus- O, boy.

Lydia- It's round up time

At the heeby-jeeby livestock rodeo!

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

This cowchick's gonna brand her up some bovine!

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

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

Lydia chases Leavus off, who puts his wig back on.

Warren- Lydia? My delicate Lydia?

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

Was that my love, lassoing after Leavus

In a skirt, calling him hind quarters?

After we took back the night, will she

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

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

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

Well, no man has so saliently seduced

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

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

I will round Lydia up, and sir her loins!  
No! Some flowers seed when smackt, not she!  
I'll shout! She'll scream. I'll kiss her. She'll bite me.  
I have mistook my fiction for my font,  
And must rework my wishes to my want!

Enter Marla.

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

Marla chases Warren off.

Enter Erad, on the porch of the house.

Erad- Was ever more insidious torture known  
Than that I suffer being just myself?  
I am a hollow-headed, whiny failure,  
A lazy, timid turd, a crook of cheap respect,  
Who, with a baby's bliss, makes the teethed  
And spit-on ring of success his pacifier.  
So, I must be systematic then,  
And walk the whole way thru this half-way house,  
Counselling Kling's closure on himself.  
For what is schoolish learning, if it blots  
The independent passions of reflection?  
I am a bug born buried, that must dig  
Its sensing-pod above the gestate soil  
With those same mandibles that dug it in,  
To chrysalis a winged and clingless man.  
And once I dissertate this Dr. Dork,  
I'll go declare to Corne all I know.  
Listen, love, and I will call your cue,  
And then, all gorgeous pleasures we'll outdo!

He takes off his wig. Enter Kling.

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

He puts the wig back on.

Kling- I am latensificating Corne's underphotos. If you insist on bursting out of the picture, her

infantile leaflets will not develop as I desire.

Erad- Yes, doctor.  
Kling- I bring her in.

Kling exits.

Enter Kling and Corne.

Kling- Look, Corne, it's your mother.  
Corne- Hello, mother.  
Kling- Tell your mother who you are, Corne.  
Corne- I am a child from cuddling stroller thrown;  
I am the family cabin mossy grown.  
Kling- Mutter, kann sie sprechen zur seine Saugling?  
Kling- Corne, go expect me in your womb.  
It's there we'll reenact what mothers mute.

Corne exits.

Erad- I couldn't.  
Kling- Do you suffer inelasticity of the privates?  
Erad- My privacy is stretched beyond return.  
Kling- Look at you. Fear is your bib. Time, the moil, has ragged your rose end, and that liquor of frenzy, estrogen, dribbles down your chin, like nanny milch. You are a minor, heedless, warp-rapt male, your desire's default denied. I, the Illustrierte-Mensch, juggle the tongs of philos, while you but fondle undescended goonads in the dying, backward biote of your brain.  
Erad- What could this nefarious harangue have to do with the project of healing, doctor?  
Kling- Corne has much work to do beneath herself, and I will be there, in the overposition.  
Erad- Are you inferring you will analyze Corne in accords with your personal motives?  
Kling- Her verbs 'to want' and 'to do' are merely a difference of letters! Let her want this! Let her do that!  
Erad- Let her do what?  
Kling- I must record the beeps and pounds, the quicks and creeps of her! Don't you see?  
Erad- Don't I see what, doctor Kling?  
Kling- The sack, the castration, the discharge? I remove you from the Corne sessions. Go home, and never study the mind again.

Kling exits.

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

enter Niche digger, Dick, Laptop and Rem.

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

They fight.

Laptop- Pardon me, mam, but if you'd like click on drive 'u', directory 'ought', file #2, you'd call up the web between us, in a window called 'you ought to'...

Erad- What ought I do?

Dick- Yarbles, you should strip!

Erad- Like this?

Dick- No, no, no! Ya gotta slinky strip, like a slug slippin down sandpaper.

Erad- Piece by piece?

Dick- Bit by thread, thread by bead, bead by flick and flick the bit!

Erad- And you?

Dick- I get the bongos revin, the plush interior pricklin, and shout margaritas and bullion cubes all round!

Erad- And then?

Dick- My steroids put their storm trooper suit upon them!

Erad- Skywalker, skywalker.

Dick- Now ya pole dance, like in my favo-filmo Showgirls, and I, your bodyguard, will that pole provide.

Erad- Provide, provide.

Dick- Dive, dive, dive!

Niche- Now my dear Debbie, or assumin you are so named,  
Pay no attention to this beggar of attenuations.  
I and this quasi-viril posse represent  
Our species' national ambit. Why have we come?  
Simple. We are spurned, and our body endemic  
Wiields far too little. The symptoms, I recite:  
Our brain, Laptop, for expulging less datas,  
Miscomputes, and spills upon his f-keys.  
Dick, our gut, as you, I'm sorry, see here,  
Has fallen, not being chewed, to bottle-biting.  
Rem, he is the mass of our silent hopes.  
But I, my Debbie, I am our polity's gamut,

That gigantomungous necessary hub,  
Who, unjustly as bad cookin, has been locked  
Out of congress, housing, and your interior.  
So, let me implore, respectin this vetoed abode,  
That you allow democracy to thrive,  
Which is that each has access unto each,  
Particuly between our private properties,  
That we who are not commonists, can quit  
Hangin out in the lawn, over there.  
For we are men, and citizens, my Debbie,  
That much prefer your mutter to that fodder.

Erad- You want a girl?  
Niche- I have spoken well.  
Laptop- Gigo! Gigo!  
Rem- Score!  
Niche- Bigmac, I like your secret sauce.  
Erad- Do you now?  
Niche- Yes, mam, I do.  
Erad- Wanna know the secret?  
Dick- Yes, I do!  
Erad- Come a little closer!  
Dick- Swoony, I'm in love!  
Laptop- Boot up!  
Niche- Victory.  
Rem- Ya.  
Erad- If you can take it, I can fake it. Boo!

he rips off his wig.

Rem- Wo!  
Niche- Retreat!  
Laptop- Reboot!  
Dick- Recoil!

they exit. Enter Corne, unseen by Erad.

Erad- There, you grunge! Worship at my bra!  
Shatter, shrapnel, slough, and putrefy!  
Jihad on Lethargy and Oolala!  
O, my anger's sponge is squoze, and I  
Am raging! Are these the claws of conceit  
That everyday at women grab to eat?  
These pummeling, intrusive pick-up lines?

She leads a life to the left of less-than signs!  
O, nothing's known but thru immersion swum!

He takes his watch and mock-hypnotizes himself.

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

he exits.

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

Corne exits. Enter the Wishful Waiters, at the front door. Gene knocks. Enter Vazoline.

Vaz- O, yippy, a roving troupe of merry pranksters!  
All- Birthday gram for Corne  
From her parents in L.A.!

Vazoline- I'm her parents, and I ordered a snuffgram.  
Rock- Equity code clearly states no snuffing.  
Vaz- Fine, but I must sample you before I buy the bun. You, first.  
Art- Arturo Calamari. I'll turn your insides out when I flex my pecks. I can jump a flaming  
village in a jeep, I can smoke and drink heavily, I can say simple things in a simple way,  
and I'll cram your box office til its bursts, baby!

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

Vaz- You need your head shot.

Gene- I have a monologue.  
Vaz- Not too long and mono, please.  
Gene- "Why i before e, except after c?  
Is 'cliche' an exception? O, rules, rules, rules!  
Look, it's her. No! Look it's she?  
Subject? Object? O, Fools, fools, fools!"  
Vaz- O, actors, actors, actors!  
Woman, why do you wait?  
Nicelle- Cuz I can't act.  
Vaz- Can't you do anything?

She dances.

Vaz- Well, follow me. Now, were I, out of naughtiness, to request your gram be played at a certain unique moment, when elements such as audience, timing and location were neither ideal nor particularly responsive, could you tiny hams, for a big tip, overgive it?  
Gene- Yes, sir. The Wishful Waiters love to serve!  
Vaz- O, help these days. Go into the basement, and get warm.

All enter the house. Enter Erad and Bertha, in Corme's room

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

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

Kling- Soon, onto my censure-shrinking couch  
Will Corme give, symbatic to my sense,  
The perk, tender and copyright of her desire.  
She, once pure-resistant, yields now  
Beneath my qualming pang of phrase, and waits  
To at my prompt her ripest extract utter.  
O, she has such a great subconscious,  
Thru which I'll rise regendering ingenious!  
In her I scrawl the screed of my career;  
How funny humans cannot close their ears.  
Bertha- Dr. Kling?  
Kling- Ah, Corme, you are in season.

Bertha- Your voice the orbit is, doctor, that tugs  
Thru me the seas that suck back sucking seas.  
Kling- Ignorance is such sweet aphrodisia!  
I wish the light.

Bertha- No!  
Kling- An unconscious 'no'?  
Bertha- Let love butt at heads.  
Kling- She speaks of love?  
Bertha- My candy, my recovery, which is first?  
Kling- Such words do bring an April to my eyes.  
Bertha- O, doctor Kling, label my peals!  
Kling- What?  
Bertha- No! I mean, peel my doctors, label.  
Kling- This is verb soup.  
Bertha- Peel my labels, doctor!  
Kling- Yes, my dream!

Enter Erad.

Erad- Doctor, I have made a stunning find!  
Kling- Not now.  
Erad- Corme is a man!  
Kling- What?  
Erad- I smelled her he-sore thru her she-shell. Repeat after me.  
Kling- I will not.  
Erad- She-shells over he-sores are he-held for the she-sell. Repeat after me!  
Kling- I can't do such things.  
Erad- Do it, you recalled zygote.  
Kling- Corme, come.  
Erad- She will not, Doctor Kling. She is a Gleitschutzreifen.  
Kling- A no skid tire?  
Erad- She will not rub herself on asphalts.  
Kling- Corme, I said come!  
Erad- She cannot. She has Einwegsflaschesyndrom.  
Kling- Non-returnable bottle sickness?  
Erad- Once used, she cannot be turned in.  
Kling- Corme, up!  
Bertha- Corme is not Corme.  
Kling- Ms. Lerner, we must talk.  
Bertha- You do not talk, doctor. You stamp and sign.  
Kling- Bertha, I am your physician.  
Bertha- Marvin, you have lost my patience.  
Erad- The german for this, I think, is 'can't'.

Kling- You are unreal!  
Bertha- No, Marvin, we are you.  
Kling- I'll exit now that mystery has entered!  
Wunschenbild, sie sind auch Schweifelei!

Erad grabs him and accompanies him out of the house. Enter Marla and Warren, in the peach orchard.

Marla- Why won't you have me, Warren? Am I gross?  
Do I secrete some sour expectoration?  
Do I not have it? Yes! I am desirable!  
Has any man been hounded ever so?  
Just tell me straight, if we're to kiss or not.  
No more chasing. Take me now, or rot.  
Warren- Marla, you are nice, persistent, and direct,  
And though I won't love you, I'll be your friend.  
Marla- Friend? So it is that way you'll escape!  
Men have no friends, but words in place of love.  
To call me friend's to cancel me, you pud!  
Would you revert my tulips to a bud?  
Warren- Marla, we are simply not compatible!  
Marla- Compatible? O how I hate the word!  
Speak me compatible! Invent our bind.  
Warren- No! I will not budge! I do not like you!

Marla chases him off. Enter Lydia and Leavus.

Leavus- No, you virus, no and no and no!  
When a man says no, Lydia, he means no!  
Now just let me alone!  
Lydia- O, you are real!  
You tell it like it is. You drive it home  
Into that dirty dark. O, yes, Leavus,  
Plant me to the soil of my sexiness!  
Leavus- (The more I dis her, the less our distance is.  
She's no bagel; I'll smear her other side.)  
Lydia- Are you contemplating how to seize me?  
Leavus- Yes! How seize a thing so delicate  
As are the ticklish earnerves of a cat?  
Lydia- You mean as tough as are the sluts of porn.  
Leavus- No, as soft as breath on winter's morn.  
Lydia- Am not I rock and roll?  
Leavus- No, you are sway and tumble.  
Lydia- That's my cocaine attitude!

Leavus- You're a powder-precious prude.  
Lydia- Call me fierce Electra!  
Leavus- Sweet Melissa!  
Lydia- Brutal!  
Leavus- Cute!  
Lydia- Blunt!  
Leavus- Shy like stars!  
Lydia- That's it! War on Warren!

Lydia chases Leavus off. Enter Warren and Marla.

Warren- (What should I do? I've always been sensitive!  
I'll try unsensitive.) My, you are strong!  
Marla- I am?  
Warren- You've got to be, with all that fat!  
Marla- Fat?  
Warren- And you have such somber, seldom eyes!  
Marla- Why seldom?  
Warren- Cuz they seldom emerge from fat!  
Marla- I am not fat!  
Warren- Your voice - I've heard the surf sing so!  
Marla- You have?  
Warren- I'm wrong - It was at the seal cage.  
Marla- These sniglets seeped in blubber harm me not.  
I am slender, and nothing's wrong with fat.  
Warren- Then I'll sing your sections.  
Marla- Fine, one more poem.  
Warren- How unguzzled guppies grip  
In her mishandled mulch  
And the gushing gerkins drip  
Inside go-get-em gulch,  
When Marla, the ramblant pudding,  
Rolls cross her cookie sheet,  
With those gut dimples crumpling,  
Drippy gunks of meat!  
Fat is she. All fat. My ass, she's fat.  
Marla- Patience has its limit, which I am at!  
It's twister time!

Marla kisses Warren. Enter Leavus and Lydia.

Lydia- Marla?  
Leavus- Fabia!

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

Warren- Warren has good qualities!  
Leavus- Like what?  
Warren- Curly black hair!  
Lydia- On his back!  
Marla- Nasty.  
Warren- Manly!  
Leavus- Sex is where you shave.  
Warren- He's lyric!  
Lydia- He's an epic of mistakes.  
Warren- He's thoughtful!  
Lydia- His medium? Tedium.  
Warren- Inspired!  
Lydia- Out of breath.  
Leavus- Don't tell me, Fabia,  
You love that loser Warren?  
Warren- O, shut up!  
Lydia- Leavus can't be that bad.  
Leavus- Leavus rocks.  
Warren- I hate Leavus!  
Leavus- Fabia?  
Marla- I'll top that:  
Leavus totally shirked man's basic labor.  
Lydia- Working?  
Marla- Nope.  
Lydia- Sharing?  
Marla- Nope.  
Lydia- Craving?  
Marla- Nope.  
Wiping.  
Lydia- He doesn't wipe?  
Marla- Not counter, face or ...  
Leavus- Tell Fabia I wipe!  
Marla- And who are you?  
Lydia- She's talking Leavus, that dump-its-duty gland!  
Marla- She's talking Warren, the vertically challenged!  
Warren- O, I'm fainting.  
Leavus- Tell Fabia Leavus wipes!  
Warren- O, go die.  
Leavus- No, Fabia, I need you!  
Take Marla, Lydia, and go on back  
To that house of tantrums! But see me now  
As I truly am, and as I fully love  
Fabia, real woman. Goodbye, cruel head-glove!

Leavus rips off his wig.

Marla- Leavus?

Warren- Play on, self. Open and close.

Warren rips off his wig.

Leavus- Warren!

Lydia- Warren?

Marla- Warren.

Warren- It's twister time.

All fall down. Enter Bertha, Erad and Kling.

Bertha- Marla, Lydia, lying on the ground?

Erad- Leavus, Warren, dressed in women's clothes?

Bertha- Is everyone okay?

Erad- What are you doing?

Bertha- Where is Corne?

Erad- Where is she, Dr. Kling?

Kling- I'm speechless.

Erad- Then I'll untwist your nettled tongue!

Erad goes for Kling. Enter Niche-digger, Dick, Laptop and Rem, dressed as pizza delivery men.

All four- Pizza delivery!

Bertha- But we didn't order any pizza!

Niche- And why not?

Bertha- We have personal issues to deal with!

Niche- Now you listen up! That I, in order to form a more direct union, establish juices and secure domestic transactivity, yea, that I this pie can deliver, what quoth that mean? It is a dumpster, large, signifying my nation's hodgepodge pile of peoples. There's a tripod of them, indicating life, liberty and the prostitute of happiness; and for this lambasto bravo of my coglimative efforts, I get tipped, which tip shall drill tap oils, which oils will lubricate, which lubricatives will supple the sausage of my freedom and wealth. Feel my point? So, before you go pullin the world's unused muscle of self-review with your I-gotta-be-me pliers, go ahead and tell me flat-eyed that you didn't order this pizza.

Bertha- We didn't order any pizza!

Dick- Just a slap-happy minute here! Haven't we so loudly flailed for this cheese's fast steaming?

Marla- No, we haven't.

Dick- Didn't we see our peppers glare red when bombs flew by us with blond hair?

Lydia- No, we didn't.  
Dick- And ain't we drunk proof with our pie cuz our flag was that hair?  
Erad- We didn't order a pizza!  
Niche- Leapin Weebelows, it's that tastetester for the queen! Men, prepare for flight.

All are about to fight. Enter Corme, on the roof of the house.

Corme- Who is weaker, asked he,  
The wanter or the wanted?  
Who is weaker, she asked,  
The daunting or the daunted?  
With parrot parents, maybe I can fly.  
Bertha- Corme, no!  
Corme O, to soar above the fair!  
To be of ambience a zillionaire!  
Kling- Leave the ledge, Corme! Leave the ledge!  
Niche- We'll break her fall with our delivery bags!  
Leavus- Does no somber moment shut you fuckers up?  
Erad- Corme, come down!  
Marla- What's wrong, Corme? You always seemed so grounded!  
Corme- I want to whack the ball I lob.  
I want to chafe the man I coddle.  
Quiche, Quiche, my name is Quiche,  
The only thing real men won't eat!  
Dick- Yo, I eat quiche!  
Erad- She's suffering an Identifizierungskrankheit!  
Kling- No, she is Schuldgefuhrsverschiebtend.  
Erad- It's me, Corme! Erad!  
Corme- Mother! It's the boy of love impaired,  
Corme- And I'm an upling cotyledon,  
In a June monsoon,  
And so I must fly,  
And so I must fly,  
Into the shadows of Athen's leaves,  
Under the porches, over the eaves,  
I must fly that another may be  
A floating, blooming illusion of me!

She jumps.

All- No!

All exit, but rambling fanatics.

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

They exit. Enter all, looking for Corme.

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

Enter Vazoline, carrying Corme's falsely dead body.

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

he lays her down, and exits.

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

Enter Wishful Waiters.

All- Birthday gram for Corme  
From her parents in L.A.!  
Gene- She looks dead.

Earth- I never lost an audience so fast.  
 Sky- Whether the seats be coffins or cribs, Equity says 'act on!'  
 Marla- Please, she does not need a birthdaygram.  
 Gene- And why not?  
 Lydia- She isn't feeling well.  
 Gene- Doctor? I prescribe a birthday gram!  
 All- Birthday gram for Corme!  
 Gene- Hurray!  
 All- Hurray!  
 Leavus- Look, just go away.  
 Gene- Now seal your chops in a tupperware of tact, or I will barbecue them to a crisp! We are the Wishful Waiters! It is her birthday! This is the receipt! She gets a gram! You best wholeassedly squat yourself upon the forget-me-nots, or I will most amateurishly break my leg on you!  
 Sky- Happy birthday Corme!  
 Gene- Hurray!  
 All- Hurray!  
 Gene- If Corme, you'll fix your eyes,  
 Upon our little play,  
 You will have a big surprise  
 On this berry special day!  
 Warren- Okay, thank you! Very nice! Goodbye!  
 Gene- How the blueberry came to be  
 Is our gram's brief progeny;  
 Part earth, part sky, the blueberry  
 Is born for you on your birthday!  
 Sky- Bush! Bush! Enter bush!  
 Bush- Here I am.  
 Gene- Bush I am.  
 Bush- Bush I am,  
 Swoosh, swoosh,  
 A twisty replica in twig;  
 Upon a crag  
 My roots I push,  
 But still I bulge no bushels big.  
 Sky- O bush, sweet bush, dry bush!  
 How I love you truly!  
 But why, O why, must you clutch  
 Into that globe so globby!  
 Earth- Yo, fat bush! Forget that airhead!  
 Curl them toes in my prairie bed!  
 What's the wind got you lately?  
 Quit reachin to the sky, and dig me, baby!

Bertha- We are dealing with an emergency here!  
Gene- You're telling me! Bush, O, bush!  
The sky, so blue, is jealous for you!  
The earth, so round, is zealous too!  
So neither share their vitals lush!

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

Earth- And I ain't swappin minerals  
Til you dump Mr. Above-it-alls!

Gene- How you, Corne, so giftlessly  
Must feel blue unberryably!

Bush- What can I do? O all is wrong!  
My two friends won't get along!  
The sky is blue, the earth is round,  
The one is air, the other is ground!  
But I am barren, bleak and brown!

Gene- You're killing Corne so softly with that song!  
Erad- Look, you freaks! We think that she is dead!  
She doesn't need a birthday gram right now!  
O, how I loved her, but I was a lie,  
And as she lies here now, I murder I.

Gene- Fine, we will expediate the process.  
Bush- Blue sky? Round earth?  
One at a time, I will seduce,  
While one naps, the other's juice!

Gene- So, as night curls up in dark's duvet,  
And constellations cross its lids plie,  
Bush, in a naughty sorta mood,  
Woos the sky with woosy word.

Bush- Sky?  
Sky- Bush.  
Bush- Show me where the jetstreams push.  
Sky- Eons, ions, oons I release!  
Bush- Hail, snow and geese.  
Gene- Then bush tricks sky to outward go.  
Bush- Fetch me a dreambar from Venus snow.  
Gene- Exit, sky. Enter earth.  
Bush- Earth?  
Earth- Giggle, gurgle, gaggle, Bush!  
Gene- Sky comes back!  
Bush- Sky, meet jack.  
Gene- He's sorta perturbed.  
Sky- I see no snow on Venus!

Earth- Word.  
 Gene- So, each tumbles tidy to its spot,  
 And our world crumbles to a plot.  
 But wait! As dawn in pinkening panoramas  
 Sparkles over Earth's plaid pajamas,  
 What's that on bush's once bare-limbs?  
 Berries round, with bluish skins!  
 Bush- Sky's been trickt! Earth's bamboozled,  
 But look what they've together oozled!  
 Gene- Earth lurkt up,  
 Sky plopt down,  
 Their cheeks clean-jerkt  
 The sagging dumbbells of their frowns!  
 Sky- My children, they are blue, like me!  
 Earth- My babies, how they roundful be!  
 Gene- Then both joined hips, hands, head and feet  
 And jangled round their newborn treat!  
 Bush- I, the bush, blueberries sprout  
 For Corne's birthday. Shout it out!  
 Gene- Corne's in the house!  
 All- Happy birthday!  
 Gene- We're berry glad for you, Corne,  
 As clearly, you've enjoyed our play!  
 So, from sky, earth, bush and I,  
 This gift we give; a blueberry!  
 Bush- Eat the fruit that on this day  
 Grew for you in a play.

They feed her a blueberry.

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

Rem sings.

Rem- Maybe planets share no secret,  
 Maybe passion's lost in space,  
 Sensation has no set,  
 And the morning's out of place.

But girl, you are born,

Wild and laughingly,  
From a picture torn,  
A picture none can see.

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

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

Corne rises.

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

Leavus- I've seen it all!

Marla- All but yourself, girlfriend.

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

Marla- I see no clean conclusion to this conflict.

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

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

Corne- Barely fizzle? The day itself exploded!  
That you might find yourselves thru confusion!  
Am I right?

Warren- My tongue's yankt out at my waist.

Corne- What's disaster taught us?

Warren- I am dumb.

Leavus- I've looked both ways, and I want neither side.

Corne- Then it is side by side that you should go,

That then for neither side you need decide!  
Our wishes, from their dragging wants dismantled,  
Have floated to this play, as children do,  
Who play at flight to learn to crawl to work.  
Like in the old and over-coupling stage  
Extravaganzas, revocably concluded,  
We should, our spears outshaked, our wills rewrote,  
As these here like it, liken here ourselves  
To them, who, hopefully, will leave in pairs.  
So touch; with each awakening pinch, be free;  
If mixed up, only mixing you can be!  
And help a lover fumble to love's home,  
For love's a plaything, and is never grown.

Leavus-

I can't.

Marla-

I won't.

Lydia-

Too much, too soon.

Warren-

Too late.

Corne-

Fine, my soul will be our sole example

In making learn and love identical.

Erad, you have failed as a mother;

Would you consent to undertake a lover?

Erad-

For you, I will be anything you wish,

And out my love, for therein all is bliss.

Corne-

Then be yourself, and I will be a kiss.

They kiss.

Niche-

Men, the great Aluminum Lincoln hath said it best:

'She is alltogether fitting and proper to do this.'

Dick-

Yo! Let's all make up, and make out!

Lydia-

Warren, I've slighted you.

Warren-

And none too slightly!

Lydia-

I'm sorry.

Warren-

And still I hurt.

Lydia-

I was swept up

In my own sting for lust.

Warren-

Lust, Lydia?

Lydia-

Lust, Warren.

Warren-

And could you not see my lust?

Lydia-

Not then, but now, unstung, I see you better,

(And better like you in such sexy get-ups!)

Warren-

I, Lydia, was also swept away.

Lydia-

You, Warren?

Warren- Into an urge most guttural.  
Lydia- O, Warren!  
Warren- Into the lurches of my nature.  
Lydia- O, Warren! Is it real?  
Warren- It's really real.  
Lydia- O, I will strap you belly-up to me,  
And out thru the tingling expanse  
We'll gambol on our radiating mustangs,  
Thumping the orb of wild things to a dream!  
But, in our love, can my words speak my want?  
Warren- I have, in rend'ring you, made you unfree,  
And so must liberate you bodily.  
The you I need is lovely-all without me;  
Speak your want, then be my wild thing.  
Lydia- I am a kiss!  
Marla- Leavus, you come here.  
Leavus- What?  
Marla- You look so stupid in that dress.  
Leavus- Then dresses make ya stupid, don't they, woman?  
Marla- Have you not changed at all?  
Leavus- You know I have lived thru it, Merl. You know  
I am shell-shockt, shook down and out of bounds  
When it comes to hearin door-lockin ideas.  
I got no flow control, no gauge on me  
When someone tells me no. I gotta have  
What I don't have. But all my life, the loss  
I've seen from love put out beneath a tarp  
To mold away, cuz other things came first,  
Has spookt me, like someday there won't be none.  
I say, if you love something, go and get it,  
And if you got something, do not waste it.  
If this house is open to all, my mouth is shut,  
Cuz I'll do anything to have you, Merl.  
Marla- I want you, Leavus. And all I ask of you  
Is an occasional flattering review.  
Leavus- Yo, Fabia's taught me a tune; I'll do it, for you.  
Marla- Then we can kiss.  
Bertha- Marvin, we have by rote  
This rout of youth effected for our affect.  
Can you unspeak it, and make us again a kiss?  
Doctor- I do not know. Words seem cruel to me.  
I think I will go hum beneath a tree.

He exits.

Bertha- I am at fault.  
Corne- But no, Ms. Lerner, no.  
We who followed, lead ourselves to you.  
To mean the best is not the best to do.  
Stay with us.

Bertha- Stay where? Nowhere will do.  
Nice- Hey, isn't it Corne's day today?  
Niche- Let's have a party, here, and another play!  
Laptop- Restart!

Richard enters.

Vaz- Your dream channel's been cut.

Elisa calls from side.

Elisa- Richard, you there?  
Corne- Come, let's go.  
Lydia- O, Vaseline, come with!  
Rich- What? And leave myself? Then I'd be you.  
And what would she, who must stay here, then do?  
Marla- Fine, we'll leave, but first, I'd like to know  
How'd you ever end up here, ya ho?  
Rich- How'd you ever end up here, ya ho?  
Lydia- An end that parodies where it began.  
Corne- Let's go. Man before woman, woman before man.

they all exit, except Vaseline. Enter Elisa.

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

Elisa exits.

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

### *Epilogue*

enter Dick, outside the house.

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

Elisa calls from above.

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

Richard exits. End of play.

## Glossary

### Glossary & Notes on the Text

The following glossary may be of some use in the attempt to fully understand this play. Words marked with an asterisk are neologisms coined by Bromley. When possible, I have given their etymologies; elsewhere, I have made educated guesses. Kirk rarely aids in the parsing of his plays; therefore, the interpretations that follow are my own, and are best looked upon as a first attempt to elucidate this endlessly challenging text. – Chad Gracia

- ab lapsus eradicatione:** eradicate --> erad --> e + rad --> “out” + “root” --> to root out
- abstracted:** *adj.* 1. Lost in thought; absent-minded. 2. Separated from all else; apart.
- acclitude\*:** cf. aptitude acclivity, an upward slope.
- addling:** To cause to become confused or muddled.
- agitprop:** Communist-oriented political propaganda disseminated especially through literature, drama, art, or music. [from the Russian, *otdel agitatsii i propagandy*, incitement and propaganda section (of the central and local committees of the Russian Communist party); name changed in 1934.]
- alembic:** an apparatus used to test, purify, or transform. [From Arabic < *al-anbiq* the still.]
- ambit:** Extent, sphere, as of action or words; scope.
- Aperturing\*:** Verb from the noun aperture, an opening which lets in light. Something which creates an opening through which light or freedom may enter. “The aperturing effect of education.”
- Archallaxis:** Possibly a combination of “arch,” first, and “lax,” lacking in vigor.
- balsamiferous:** That which yields balsam (an oily resin with a fragrant odor) or balm (anything which soothes).
- Bar Mundi:** A miswriting or allusion to Barramundi, renowned hip bar located on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. (Barramundi, named after an Australian fish; also, latinized “Bar of the World.”)
- bellijissimest:** Most beautiful.
- Berth:** The width required for a ship to maneuver?
- bibe\*:** Verb created from Latin, *bibere*, to drink; or by truncating the verb imbibe, to drink in.
- brambles:** Prickly plants or shrubs; technically, any member of the genus (*Rubus*) of the Rose family.
- bray:** To utter a loud, harsh sound, as an ass. To sound as a trumpet.
- bunt:** 1. The sagging part of a fishnet. 2. A parasitic fungus that turns wheat into a fetid black powder?
- cathexis:** The investment of a person or idea with significance.
- caw:** The cry of a crow, etc.
- Chickamauga:** A city in NW Georgia, scene of an 1863 confederate battle.
- chrysalis\*:** Ordinarily a noun, meaning anything in a undeveloped state. Here, a verb, meaning to go through that stage. [From the Greek word for the golden sheath of a butterfly, *chrysos*, gold.]
- clack:** To chatter, to prate.
- coglimative\*:** Conjunction of cogitate, to think carefully, and limn, or outer edge, giving the adjective: thinking at the edge of ...
- Concha y Toro:** A brand of wine known for being inexpensive and tasty.
- Cosmogonies:** universes; various tales of the origin of universe
- cotyledon:** One of the first pair of sprouting leaves, also called *seed leaves*.
- cusps:** The pointed end of something.
- delegant:** From delegate, to entrust with authority, an abstract noun meaning “to give responsibility or power to”. [*de* down + *legare* to send]
- delirial\*:** Full of wild emotion.
- demutation\*:** A travesty; a transformed object which loses its original power or beauty. From mutation and *de* down; or dem common people, half.
- dingo:** A wild dog, native to Australia, a nocturnal predator which preys on small mammals.
- drudge:** A person who does menial work. (Also variant of “dredge,” to pull up (from the bottom of a body of water.))
- durch:** During [German].  
durcheindringen

**Eighty-six:** To cancel, abrogate.

**embouchure:** The position of lips and tongue during the playing of a wind instrument.

**funambules:** To tight-rope walk.

**Emote\*:** Usually, to show emotion; here used to mean effect. The concept of women's emotional powers pushing forward the race fits with their rhetoric perfectly; in genetics, the loss of a nucleotide from a chromosome (echoes the genetic and evolution theme).

**endemic:** Peculiar to a particular area or people; here, to a gender.

**ensky\*:** To completely surround and permeate, as the sky the earth.

**Equity:** The actors' union, which is known for its tenacity, protectiveness, and cultishness among some.

**Everclear:** Pure grain alcohol (ethanol).

**exogenesis\*:** To grow by the addition of external matter, as a tree grows by the addition of new rings (variation on exogenous, which has the same meaning).

**expediate:** Variation on expedite, to speed up (a process).

**fay:** 1. To join closely together; 2. Fairy-like; 3. Faith.

**femine\*:** Variation on feminine.

**fleurage:** A bouquet of flowers?

**Flextime:** A system whereby employees are allowed to choose (within limits) their own working hours.

**fungible:** Interchangeable; as in dollars or salt (one object from the class is not intrinsically different from any other).

**fussflux\*:** Worry over change. Flux also means an agent that promotes the fusing of metal; flowing; and purging.

**gamut:** The whole range of something, as the notes in a musical scale.

**flummox:** To confuse.

**Gegensatzunterbrechungsüberlisten:** Interruption of contradiction; deceiver/outsmarting?

**gerkins:** Gherkins, small cucumbers used for pickling.

**gestate\*:** *adj.* Normally a transitive verb, meaning to carry in the uterus during gestation. Here, that which is capable of holding something from conception to birth, or during maturation.

**gingham:** A firm, yarn-dyed cotton fabric woven in solid colors, stripes, or checkers.

**gliberator\*:** One who speaks easily yet without much forethought or sincerity. A smooth talker.

**glomagglutinate\*:** ? [glomerare to collect; gluten sticky substance]

**gravid:** Pregnant.

**GTO:** A powerful car by Pontiac.

**gynecosemantics\*:** 1. The study of female speech patterns; 2. The study of female symbol usage. [gyneco+ pertaining to women; semantics study of language or symbols.]

**headway:** 1. Forward movement; 2. Progress toward goal.

**heuristic:** That which is constituted by learning through experience. A method which uses an idea for discovery.

**horsetreacle:** *Treacle* means 1. cloyingly sweet; 2. Molasses; 3. An antidote for poison.

**ideation:** A mental image or thought process.

**Identifizierungskrankheit:** Identification sickness.

**ignit\*:** Past tense of ignite.

**Ilk:** type

**Imbroglia:** an entanglement or intense disagreement.

**Inclusant:** Inclusive

**jugendwork:** "the work of youth."

**kudzu:** A plant from Eastern Asia which has compound leaves and red berries. [From Japanese *kuzu*.]

**Lubrificatives:** that which makes lubricated. Cf. *Icarus & Aria*, scene 3: "jimmy jelly."

**Mandibles:** chewing apparatti, teeth.

**Mellifluence:** Beautiful sounding ("mel" = honey).

**Mentations:** thinking

**metier:** An occupation, profession; forte.

**Metonym:** "a word that denotes one thing but refers to a related thing." (dictionary.com)

**metric:** metered.

**Milch:** Milk.

**Miscegenate:** to reproduce or cohabit with a person from another race.

**Mixturation\*:** mixture

**moil:** 1. drudgery; 2. confusion. [From Latin, *mollis* soft.]

**myophore:** Note evocation of “smile for.”  
 Nachurlaublich:  
**near beer\*:** A non-alcoholic beverage.  
**Nepotist\*:** One who benefits by nepotism.  
**Nubs:** A knob or small protuberance  
**onanate\*:** To masturbate. Verb formed from onanism, meaning 1. masturbation; 2. coitus interruptus.  
 [From Onan, son of Judah, Gen 38:9.]  
**palatal:** of the palate, mouth plate.  
**Parse:** to examine and analyze closely (as in a sentence).  
**Parturition:** the act of giving birth.  
**peloric:** Abnormal regularity in a flower which is generally irregular.  
**Pinion:** A wing.  
**prime:** a number indivisible by any other  
**profitlos:** Profitless [German].  
**prolepsis:** Anticipation. In rhetoric, of an argument; in grammar, of the  
**pullulate:** to germinate; to reproduce rapidly.  
**qua:** as [Latin]. “Spenser *qua* writer, not philosopher.”  
**Ramblant:** rambling?  
**Remeld:** to re-attach.  
**Robusto:** a type of cigar.  
**Rolfs:** To massage intensely.  
**sans:** French, without.  
**sapphic\*:** Lesbian, from Sapphos  
**sashay:** to walk casually, to strut  
**scattergories:** A board game.  
**Schuldgefuhrsverschiebtend:** German, “pushing away guilty feelings.”  
**Sluices:** to flood or drench with.  
**Somatic:** relating to the body.  
**Sousery:** drinking and carousing.  
**Spontany:** spontaneity.  
**Sprent:** spread?  
**Sputum:** expectorated matter, phlegm and/or spittle.  
**Squalls:** a violent windstorm, often accompanied by rain; harsh cries.  
**Stash:** treasure.  
**Stippling:** A visual style marked by the aggregation of small dots (eg. Seurat or the photos in the *Wall Street Journal*).  
**Strafings:** from strafe -- to cover with bullets from above.  
**synecdoche:** A figure of speech in which the part is used to mean the whole, the whole the part, the specific is used for the general, the general for the specific, or the material is used for the thing of which it is made.  
**tawty\*:** A neologism, which calls to mind 1) tawdry: gaudy and cheap, tacky; 2) taut: strained (and therefore unnatural); naughty.  
**Therapeusis:** therapy.  
**Tourettes:** a syndrome marked by violent repeated motions and sounds.  
**Travertine:** a substance which forms stalactites and stalagmites, and which is used in construction.  
**Travesty:** a debased imitation.  
**Turgescing:** to swell; become turgid.  
**ululate:** To howl, squeal, or lament loudly.  
**Unacquit\*:** without the redeeming quality.  
**Undulant:** wavelike.  
**Verbalest:** most verbally astute.  
**Voluptuant\*:** Voluptuous.  
**widsithians:** Possibly related to *widdershins*, in a counter-clockwise direction.  
**wiccan:** A pre-Christian, pagan nature religion of Western Europe. [From Old English *wicca* witch.]  
**zygote:** a fertilized ovum.

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