

# **Icarus and Aria**

**by**

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## **Characters:**

Icarus Alzaro  
Aria Jones  
Dina  
Jimmy Jones  
Cindy Jones  
Jimmy Jones Junior  
Micky  
Damon  
Mr. Nite  
Maximus  
Primalo  
Tonka  
Gallo  
K2  
Ray and Hammer  
Mayor Favor  
Sheriff Orpayo  
Anchor  
Sandy Waters  
Sissy Rip  
Malory McGuire

Jose Escalante  
Bobby Rivers  
Coach Conrad  
Trinidad  
2 moving men  
Secretary  
Shareen Stone  
Photographer  
Luce  
Matina  
Leslie  
Ernie  
Priscilla  
Ted Kaczinsky  
Barcaiolo  
Junkfood  
Medicine Woman  
Minister  
Standerby

*Scene 1. A press conference at the headquarters of the Arizona Aztechs football team in downtown Phoenix, AZ. Enter News Anchor Sandy Waters and reporters Bobby Rivers, Sissy Rip, Malory Maguire, and Jose Escalante.*

Waters- In sparkling Phoenix, where we take you now,  
It is, by hope's account, a day of joy,  
As competitive havocs re-endow  
A city's future on its native boy.  
Can this metrop'lis rise from ashy bed,  
And triumph in resplendent burnishings?  
Can Icarus, dream-heavy ballasted,  
Soar past the sun on newborn waxen wings?  
Or, flitting with euphoric fatuation,  
Will he fly shear into the heat of fame,  
And phoenix-like, regressing by expansion,  
Crash on his semblance in a blaze of flame?  
The end's yet to be told, so must we go  
Live to the scene, to know what none now know.

Bob- A headline must have pun and pertinence.  
Jose- "New son makes desert bloom."  
Sissy- "Icarus hits paydirt."  
Malory- "Fair catch, Phoenix!"  
Jose- A hundred million bucks for nothin but a kid!  
Malory- A hundred million kids with nothin but a buck.  
Bob- Cool it.  
Sissy- Puppets at the podium.

*Enter the new star quarterback for the Aztechs, Icarus Alzaro; team owner, Jimmy Jones; CEO of the team's lead corporate sponsor, Mr. Nite; Icarus's agent, Maximus; Mayor Favor; Coach Conrad; super starlet Shareen Stone; Jimmy Jones's son, Jimmy Jones Junior; Jimmy Junior's sidekicks, Micky and Damon; and the team's cheer squad, the Aztech Jumping Beans.*

Mayor- Ladies and gentlemen, a warm how-do  
From friendly Phoenix, valley of the sun,  
Where we keep it down so you can shoot high.  
Today, it is my proud, mayoral honor  
To renatu'lize into our civic fold,  
His feathers of ambition homeward flying,  
A briefly lost, yet ever-cherished member  
Of our great community; for just this mornin  
Our own expansion Aztechs burned their brand  
Into that gifted rookie, Icarus Alzaro,  
Whose golden, franchise arm set steady on  
A top notch squad, fresh-laid facilities,

And enough dollared dreams to hang a horse,  
Shall throw us to acclaim and greet him back  
With love-drunk arms to his adoring family,  
Always the source of rare ability.  
Today, my friends, the rock of namelessness  
Lifts off our sandy town of malls and palms,  
To show a city of winners shining forth,  
Its resources extended, yet still resourceful,  
Past prosp'rous, yet with new prospects seething,  
Well poised, yet pouncing at new centuries.  
But gosh, how I can gush! Let's turn you now  
To the owner of the Aztechs, Jimmy Jones.

Jump Beans- Aztechs! Aztechs!  
Cuttin all the big checks!  
Zona! Zona!  
Give it to the owner!  
Cut, gimme, cut, gimme,  
Go, Jimmy!

Jones- Thank you much, Mayor Favor. And how about  
Our great cheer squad, the Aztech Jumping Beans?  
Despite my natural bent, I won't be long:  
Whatwith this deal, I'm due down at welfare.  
But in a ser'ous vein, the check is cut,  
The kid is clincht, and we are title-bound.  
I am at heart a swagg'rin energy man,  
So I purvey this boy in terms of watts:  
From Pop Warner to those damn Rosebowl Trojans  
Last freshman year, he supercharges teams  
At culvert depths. He is a river pent,  
Whose levied torque shot thru hydraulic ranks  
Mad scrambles, smashin 'ponents surge on surge,  
Distributing pure electricity.  
He is an amp to fiery aspiration,  
An autokinetic focalizing force,  
An ergonomic messenger from space,  
The volting progeny that rest assures  
To give this city light, this desert life,  
And the bowl-desiring peoples back their pride.  
You say he's pricy? Pay or walk away.  
You say erratic? And who is that ain't?  
Young? This is his millionth incarnation.  
The Aztechs will contend, not gosling-like  
On wobbly both-way frills, but as an eagle  
Whose tendons tach and tranche the urgent air  
In wild power seeking slat precision.  
Most play, some reinvent our silly game.

Mayor- Upon this boy, I bet my fortune's name.  
 That JJ'd yack a studhoss outta rut!  
 Let's scope this loaded mic at that cougar  
 Robb'd the cradle, his agent, Maximus.  
 Max- Thanks, Mayor.  
 Jones- Grill him whose mits just grubbed my piggy bank!  
 Sissy- How many zeros?  
 Max- Counting you, just one.  
 Bob- Answer the question!  
 Max- Question the answer.  
 Malory- What's your cut?  
 Max- Filly mignon, blood rare.  
 Jose- This deal - boon or bust for you or us?  
 Max- Look, Icarus is a god-damned trophy machine.  
 He sees the whole field, stuffs every slot,  
 His running and his passing games are tops.  
 You got him, I got me. Wanna swap?  
 Bob- No way!  
 Sissy- Any promotions pending, Mr. Nite?  
 Nite- Icarus shoes, cologne, and credit cards.  
 Jose- You're only nineteen, Icarus! Why now?  
 Max- Coach?  
 Coach- Cuz now is when we need him most.  
 Sissy- Are you worth it?  
 Max- He is worth it all.  
 Jose- What's your role, Ms. Stone?  
 Stone- Private counsel.  
 Max- Final question.  
 Malory- Let him speak for himself!  
 Jones- Jaw to the world, boy.  
 Icarus- Forgive me. I am shy yet to the press,  
 And like the horned owl, construct my nest  
 Within defensive spines of stark seclusion,  
 But come the need, I shall soar victorious.  
 Mayor- In short, like mama nature, Icarus  
 Stands ready to throw balls at men.  
 Jones- Good day!

*Enter members of the gang, El Imaginero, Tonka, Gallo and K2.*

Tonka- Mira, K2, I'm fat on da big screen!  
 Gallo- America's Most Haunted!  
 K2- Hispanic Soul.  
 Gallo- Me llamo el mestizo.  
 Tonka- I'm talkin like a mutt.  
 Gallo- A mover la colita.

Tonka- I'm sayin move ya butt.  
Micky- This room is private, sir.  
Tonka- You wish to see my privates, senor?  
Damon- This is a private function, sir.  
Tonka- Si, they function muy good, senor.  
Micky- Your name, sir?  
Tonka- O, mi hombre quiere casarme!  
Damon- Your name, sir.  
Tonka- Your name, sir.  
Gallo- Viva!  
Jimmy- Get out.  
Tonka- Salte.  
Jimmy- Get out!  
Tonka- Muy bobo!  
Jimmy- Get out, or I go cryptic on you, boy.  
Tonka- Boy?

*They draw guns.*

Gallo- Tonka, man! There's heat outside!  
Tonka- You hittin on me, shitkicker?  
Jimmy- Shit is for kicks.  
Jones- Jimmy, down!  
K2- Primalo!

*Enter Primalo Alzaro, the leader of El Imaginero and Icarus's older brother.*

Primalo- Must everything go loco when I'm gone?  
Tonka- Cracker rub a wetback, he get mooshy.  
Jimmy- Back to the kennel, spick.  
Tonka- Tu casa es mi casa.  
Primalo- My good senors, I too possess so serious a toy. O, we are on tv. Hola, Matina! I am the star of a Big American Criminal Summer Blockbuster. What is my role? It seems I riff da gangsta. Que previsible!

*Enter Detectives Barcaiolo and Junkfood.*

Barc- Primalo, que pasa?  
Junk- Shelf it, Little Debbie.  
Jones- Let em go!  
Primalo- Ossifers Barcaiolo y Junkfood. My permit. Am I no generoso? Si. All in order. I wish to comply. Si, si. You the man. I came to offer Icarus my best. Alli esta. Icarus!

*No llueve por mi*

*Senorita.*  
*Yo 'stoy bailando*  
*En el sol.*  
*Si, senorita,*  
*Me adore,*  
*Sigan sus ojos*  
*Girasol.*

Primalo-        La raza!

*Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, and K2 exit.*

Jose-            Who was that, Icarus?

Max-                                Now stop right there.

By what chargeless proof do you suggest  
That Icarus knows all who speak his name?  
Must every decent kid be dragged and skewed  
Thru this jealous inkling bigotry  
That to be great belies that greatness is?  
You smear my client, I will wipe you out.  
If we're to hatch a common, clean ascent,  
Wish not to murder wish. In Icarus,  
We fail or we flourish.

Jones-                                Go Aztechs.

*All exit.*

*Scene 2. The Jones house on the north side of Phoenix. Enter Aria Jones's nanny, Trinidad, and Aria's best friend, Dina.*

Trinidad-        Aria!

Dina-            Yo, Trinidad, what up?

Trinidad-        Dina, were there syntax on your grammar  
This state could not afford its only border.

Dina-            But plop a sin tax on my thoughts, we rich!

Trinidad-        Child, your father's on his way, and wants you!

Dina-            You seen her?

Trinidad-                                One sees not a girl in love.

She rises into clouds, alone above,  
Just like a moon, phased out by her own phase,  
Her direct beams become dim-fulging haze.  
She's traced to tracers, her orbit is her doubt,  
Past attractions tug at her new thrill,  
And glowing glumly, happy just to pout,  
She mopy mopes, with moping mopier still.  
A girl in love, to be seen, must outgrow love,

But only new love leads from old to no love.  
 Dina- Wo, Nana, that's some prehistoric rap!  
 My Aria and me, we chicas nuevas;  
 Tight with the opposite, we trip no trap,  
 Immune to love, but ill for hombres fuertes.  
 Trinidad- Behave yourself, or you'll have no behaving.  
 Dina- Yo, conflict and me can't stop agreeing.  
 Trinidad- She loves selfish Emilio more than herself,  
 Yet he's not phoned her in one month and a half.  
 Dina- She don't love him!  
 Trinidad- Do I know Aria?  
 Dina- Yo, you been main Nana since ground zero.  
 Trinidad- And you?  
 Dina- Be best friends fly since we was two.  
 Trinidad- That is two years, my girl, I have on you.  
 Dina- Sur nuf, sur nuf, but I can lucidate  
 More soundly on my sister's pressure rate:  
 Like siamese twins, we school joined at the hip;  
 Like jungle janes, we swankin on one swing;  
 And like twin kamikazes at one ship  
 We takin out the boys, wing to wing.  
 She's my def hermana, my central chitchat,  
 And we's one pitter in one heart with pat.  
 So, all respect to you, she ain't love's loser,  
 Cuz love is out, old, done, and she's a chiller.  
 Trinidad- Then she is in what's out, fresh to what's old,  
 Done by what's done, hot for what's left her cold.  
 Dina- You mean she's hot to do th'ole in and out.  
 Trinidad- Dina!  
 Dina- Trinidad! Offense is cop-out.  
 Trinidad- I know, cuz age is wiser til it's dead.  
 She sighs, and asks her shadow what it said;  
 She stares in mirrors, walks off, and there is left;  
 And screaming nights, she dreams her body's theft.  
 Her world is empty, or with absence fill'd,  
 Each beauty thing ugliness self-will'd.  
 Since love's pure touch, she now will nothing feel,  
 As all's corrupt, contaminated, gross, unreal.  
 You run your mouth, child, but you walk your brain;  
 Love's bug is caught, and it's a dang'rous strain.  
 Dina- Wo, Nana! I teach you.  
 Trinidad- Youth teach? That's doom.  
 Dina- Youth ain't so bad as exit-rates suggest.  
 Trinidad- Yet everything turns old, cuz old knows best.  
 Dina- Not 'bout love and lust!  
 Trinidad- Lust lies, love trusts.

Dina- Love follows fools; lust takes the lead, and fools him.  
Love rules over you; lust over-rules him.  
My Aria, she's frontin lust with love,  
Which flip bitch thinkin I will spay her of.

Trinidad- Child! How old are you?  
Dina- Near seventeen.  
Trinidad- And your Aria?  
Dina- She is what I'll soon be.  
Trinidad- Yet tween those figures, dwells a wild math,  
And you have yet traversed that crazy path.  
Dina- From forceps to funeral, girls is girls por vida!  
Trinidad- But come thirteen, like blackcat in bonfire,  
She's blood and briers and cranes in dark ravines,  
Clutcht like a palm desiring to be read.  
Dina- But come fourteen, she's taffy pillow-stick  
Boys kill to put they heads on, and kaboom,  
Them little lady oleander bulbs  
Wetted by the world's drool be bloomin.  
Trinidad- But come fifteen, it's bleak and bottomless,  
Words fight speech, hormone cancels hormone,  
Shame dullens, and her light goes lurching in.  
Dina- But then come what? Teen sexy ten and six!  
Pony tail, sassy wink, sweet deadly numchuck wiggle.  
And there prance I, delectable as dread,  
To say my say, strut stuff, and get good...  
Trinidad- My tiny Nabokov, be out of bed.  
Dina- I'm bad and glad.  
Trinidad- Then gladly hear bad said,  
For seventeen is whirlwinds and dust devils,  
Cantations from whatever can't exist,  
As far from sanity as time from touch.  
Your Aria, from this familiar bath of friendship,  
Now steps most common thru that strangest age,  
And like the mantis eat the cocoa leaf,  
Her change is chance, her growth a stiffler grief.  
Dina- Nana, me and my girl don't do no voodoo.  
Trinidad- Then fetch her, child. I've spellwork to do.

*Trinidad exits. Enter Aria.*

Dina- Yo, girlfriend, see the news?  
Aria- Nothing is new.  
Dina- I'm sayin, on the television there,  
Your padre with his hot new passer hunk.  
Aria- My father swaps in slaves and calls it sport.  
Dina- This buff can slaver me for sport, all ways.



So, grounded, I can nothing do but watch  
My dewless days dry in th'undoing sun.  
I'd love to lift out of the love I'm in,  
But loving's power lies in loveless him.

Dina- What's love, nah mean?  
Aria- Love is a spaceless shape,  
A soundless song, a series without sequence,  
A poem of us that we are nothing like.  
Love buys us high and sells us low for scrap.

Dina- But prime girls get done up, shop for new love,  
Piece by piece, go primetime, and go down  
To choose prime boys, and getting chosen, prove  
That choice is had by spreading choiceness round.  
Aria- Blah on boys.

Dina- With buns of steel and soulfood eyes?  
Aria- Good looks, bad taste.  
Dina- Quick tongue, slip more than words in?  
Aria- Fast talk, slow learn.  
Dina- A big thick bank account?  
Aria- Rich boy, poor lover.  
Dina- Dag! I'm reckless bored!  
We're new here! Let's go out, not schlump in love.  
I'm jonesin for my Jones! Shake that old rug,  
Go shag fresh boys, and don't bug out the bug,  
Cuz love ain't but the antidote to love.

Aria- Love's a virus caught thru breath and touch,  
A strain both alien and intimate,  
And though its symptoms pass, it is false dormant,  
Cuz love's oblivious to anti-love.

Dina- Love is snake-venom, so you noculate  
With vaccine of the viper, catch it, kill it,  
To get all better thru what's worse, and so,  
Now dying from a boy, you need a boy.

Aria- I had a boy, I lost a boy, I wish  
I was a boy so I could want myself.

Dina- What you are, again I'll make you be,  
Or on my tombstone scratch, "The Best of Me."

*Enter Trinidad.*

Trinidad- Girl, what is this? Still life in pajamas? Your father's come and here  
you are, a hamper! Step on it, or get steppt on!

Aria- Yes, Nana.

Dina- Trinidad, you spark my blunt?

Trinidad- Excuse me, infant?

Dina- You're flamin from the nose!

Trinidad- Out! And slow that fast car, Jenny Dean.  
Dina- No ooman, no cry,  
Me crash, me hit da bull's eye.

*All exit.*

*Scene 3. Elsewhere in the Jones house. Enter Jimmy Jones and Jimmy Jones Junior.*

Jones- You panic-suckin' glittery sumbitch!  
All suit, no sense. All GQ, no IQ.  
My son, the vigilante volatile,  
Shivery as an early morning piss.

Jimmy- Look, I spin the proper sources straight  
And not a soul remembers jack manana.

Jones- Don't spoon me none your topbrass covergirl crap!  
It's plain Dodge City! You can't pack a piece!

Jimmy- Atleast I pack.

Jones- I pack!

Jimmy- Okay, you pack.

Jones- Repeat: I've run my wallet down the field  
To toss Icarus thru the toss-off press.  
Repeat: his hangtime is your moving-up,  
And I repeat, who picks him off, offs me.

Jimmy- I told you I had issues re this draft.

Jones- Runt! Fetus! Waste tissue! You can't play  
The game, play it cool or play below par,  
Yet you play with yourself, calling my plays?  
This sunshine's barbecued your brain to coals.

Jimmy- Rotting trash smells quicker in the sun.

Jones- Why make a stink, if you don't wanna sniff it?

Jimmy- You say I run security. I say  
Fractal but composite elements link  
Icarus to El Imaginero,  
That crime-club of random ritual vice,  
Who, dias de los muertos todos dias,  
Gash scars of scorn across the borderquads  
In fresh revenge for injuries extinct.  
Those bad-breed outcast punks, those cocky crooks,  
Those venereal pimps, those strutting heaps  
Of hircine perspirant kiss one suprema,  
That dog, that dog's dog, busted in on us;  
And FYI, snuff him, or suffer him.

Jones- You calm down, Jimmy Junior. You calm down.  
Your logic needs some lubricatives.  
Know that retent?

Jimmy- No.



Jones- When this so-called Primalo Alzaro  
Took control of El Imaginero  
From his padre, all it did was drugs.  
But now, for his community, he's founded  
Record companies, neighborhood gardens,  
Even some decent manufacturing sites,  
Extracting from a vice vitality,  
And I respect that mighty, as should you.

Jimmy- That gravy is still based upon the grave.  
Jones- Who buys the flower to make his gravy thick?  
Jimmy- Not me!  
Jones- They sell powder, we sell power,  
So, what's the diff? That term, that slut, Legit.  
Buy her, and she ain't the thing you bought,  
Give her up, she'll go down elsewhere soon,  
Like some dumb hippy livin in the now.  
Just as clean filters best collect the dirt,  
Legit legitimizes illegits,  
And, need I ask, are you legitimate?  
The sober souse that passes that roadblock,  
He is my next in line.

Jimmy- I'll kill him first.  
Jones- Personal foul. Fourth down. Punt or go?  
Jimmy- I punt.  
Jones- You do neither, and you fake.  
Look, you're my son, so I love you. Don't be  
What I, loving myself, can never love,  
Some scoop-lickin nerve-nigger snap-shot stooge.  
Don't see the skin; see the prism from within.  
Don't let your heart plunder what your head needs.  
Don't count your vertebrae before your options,  
And don't get pigstuck on envy's spastic knife.  
Wear money; don't let money wear you out,  
Be proud, but not proud about your pride,  
And remember, clash in kind ain't clash in mind.  
Lastly, know a lady from a lapdance:  
Respect the first, she'll do desire's deed.  
But re the last, don't grab, primalically,  
Her titty-nipples of bobbling success,  
Cuz that big bouncer in the sky, seeing  
His lady undress for your lewd redress,  
Will chuck you, citing lack of discipline.  
I outdo myself; he does himself in.  
Now, you like him or me?

Jimmy- You, sir.  
Jones- Touchdown.

Jimmy- I fell up.  
Jones- Go and prep this evening's bash,  
O, and son, keep that gun way up your ass.  
Jimmy- Yes, sir.  
Jones- Now, where's my lovely baby girl?

*Enter Jimmy Jones's new wife, Cindy Jones.*

Cindy- Hola!  
Jones- Hey, Sugar. Where's my Aria?  
Cindy- She is in love, that far-off, promise gland,  
Prayin pujas to a boygod's photoshrine.  
That girl's got problems; this girl's got solutions.  
Jones- Bring it on. Her moods are such rainforests,  
My words hike in, get lost, and ne'r return.  
Cindy- Down? Dress up! Flop? Go shop! Need salt? Lift to sift!  
(Balance thru indulgence, health thru wealth).  
But how, you ask? Simple. Chatchke bender.  
(Accessorize, accessorize, accessorize).  
So, two cute outfits, matching she and me.  
Tony Lamas (very pink), tights (very tight),  
Sarape (muy ethnic), shorts (muy short).  
We primp, we girly gab, we cram Latonics,  
Then we party esta noche cha cha cha!  
Jones- Cha cha children not allowed.  
Cindy- Now, Jimmy!  
Jones- It's a pre-camp publicity party!  
No politician, jock or pederast,  
(And pardon me my gross redundancy)  
Oogs my child like some policy endzone.  
Cindy- Aria, a child? Time out, Old Time.  
Can you say "did it?" Can you say "Think so?"  
Jones- Woman, you're a caution.  
Cindy- Still, man, you crash.  
Jones- She's too young. Cameras got grow lights on em.  
Cindy- Good grief! This party be the biggest flang  
Hit camelback mountain since tectonics.  
Jones- Techtonics. That's good slogan. Jimmy, note it.  
Cindy- Note this, shrimpy Jimmy. I've plann'd it all:  
Streamers, luminaries, chili vines  
(Stringin manzanita to the grotto),  
A Mariachi trio (Ay, Selena!),  
Cuervo Slammers (wormo make you loco),  
Tacos dolores (she invented tacos),  
As many chips as silicone valley,  
Dancing, glancing, powermen romancing,

Pumpin on the keg, carrots in the dip,  
 Intercultural discourse lip to lip,  
 And Aria, cooing, "O, I be so blue,"  
 To some ripe hunk - Why, so long, heartscratch booboo!  
 Jones- Sometimes, woman, sometimes, sometimes, woman.  
 Cindy- I know! Stepmom six months. (Step up? Step on.)  
 But modern girls see thru modern girls.  
 As her procreator, you must make her  
 Cruise the mall of men to find her nature,  
 Shiftin innate shine to shine ornate,  
 Else she'll get old too soon, and young too late.  
 Jones- No.  
 Cindy- Why not?  
 Jones- Cuz I know what is best!  
 Cindy- What's that, Big Daddy?  
 Jones- No slinky clothes and smoochin!  
 Cindy- My honey Jimmy, let grow and let go.  
 Parenting's a paradox rodeo.  
 If you say no, the child's sure to do it,  
 Yet you say yes, the child says no to it.  
 If you kick up your heels, you can't say heel,  
 But stay flat foot, you lose your hip-appeal.  
 Denial is what offshoots most deny,  
 But parents get shot at if they defy.  
 Say, wait a while? You lost it at her age.  
 Say, marry first? Ya, right, Mr. Fourth Marriage.  
 No man good enough? All men good enough.  
 She was conceived, she will conceive. Be tough,  
 And bend. Life's a fatal affair with fun.  
 Moreless, if she don't do it, you are done.  
 Jones- Hoodoggey! Junior, get that?  
 Jimmy- Ya, I got it.  
 Jones- A smart man weds a crazy woman. Why?  
 True deadly things then with him gently lie.  
 Dig you, sweetpea. Jimmy, rope my daughter!  
 Jimmy- She's here.

*Enter Aria and Trinidad.*

Jones- My little song, where you been?  
 Aria- I'm in hell.  
 Jones- If this is hell, my wrongs have done me right.  
 Aria- Not hell per se, but an amusement park  
 Whose theme is hell, called "Great America,"  
 Where Giant Smiley Muppets mumble things,  
 Uniformed attendants, like you, and you,

Sell cotton candy, wax statuettes,  
 Books without words, and really scary rides,  
 While I, sick with spin, behind a public stall  
 Vomit purple piles called 'expression.'

Cindy- Well, just don't dirty up that pretty dress.  
 Aria- I'll wear a garbage bag.  
 Jones- That seesaw fashion!

When I was young, garbage bags were for garbage.  
 Jimmy- It fits her fine, spoilt and rejected.  
 Jones- Say sorry, Jimmy Junior.  
 Aria- I am trash:

Ugly, used, forgotten, out of conscience,  
 And Arizona's my incinerator.  
 See me burning, standing on the corner,  
 Waving at cars, and who waves back? No one.

Trinidad- Greeting is a gift, child, not a gauntlet.  
 Jones- Well said, nana.  
 Cindy- Why, you're so awful pretty,  
 I'm 'prised a wind of worship ain't flattened us.  
 Aria- Quit being happy. You're in hell.  
 Cindy- Praise the Lord.  
 Aria - Praise the lie.  
 Trinidad- Aria!  
 Jimmy- Say you're sorry.  
 Jones- Why can't we be a normal family?  
 Aria- Normal family? Like sane insanity,  
 Nice hostility? Our food is fake,  
 Our home is hate, our chronicle is cash,  
 And we take up new clone cells like lab sheep.  
 Normal family is the fantasy  
 Of failed individuality.

*Enter Secretary.*

Sec- Mr. Jones, chaos thrives. The caterer is early, the entertainment's late,  
 the vermin-man is spraying in the pool, and I've an uninvited, irked  
 Monsieur Drollet, Prince of Tetiaroa, on line six. Can you take it?

Jones- Nana, please, take my chipper, realist daughter, and drive her to the  
 condo. Rent a video and order pizza. Tomorrow, sweetpea, we'll have  
 quality time. Gimme that phone!

*Exit Jimmy Jones, Cindy Jones, Jimmy Jones Junior, and Trinidad. Enter Dina.*

Dina- What up, what up? Oo, all down, all down.  
 Aria- I'm sent to the condo, like a framed picasso print.  
 Dina- Ixnay on the artypay?

Aria- My father begot a being he doesn't get.  
Dina- Father? There's a special-ed species. Moral gekkos, disgruntled postal pigeons, clean roaches, and good fathers. That shortlist of oblivion's mighty long, cuz long as fathers be gettin long, usin condos steada condoms, but don't long to be gotten after getting, then fathers be a freak of nurture. Girl, I gotta make this party and get hot with Icarus. Flash! I know someone who's major VIP. I buzz him up, and we bumrush. You in?

Aria- How?  
Dina- You in?  
Aria- Trust or bust.

*All exit.*

*Scene 4. The childhood home of Icarus and Primalo on the south side of Phoenix.  
Enter Icarus.*

Icarus- O how good it will be to lose this hood!  
What is there here but danger and decay,  
Shootings, airport noise, and factory fumes,  
The skiddings of Primalo's shade-express,  
All toxified by living memories?  
By night, they riot, and by day, they sleep.  
What kind of place is that for a family?  
A family. It is here my family rose,  
But it is here my family also fell.  
I hold affection for it, yet I know  
It is the father in me, which I hate,  
And must, to rid of him, be rid of this,  
For legit alone lives beyond these streets.

*Enter moving men.*

Mover 2- That's Icarus.  
Mover 1 - No it ain't.  
Mover 2 - It is.  
Mover 1- It ain't. I seen him on Hardcopy. Kid got firearms.  
Mover 2- No shit?  
Mover 1- Smoothbore clipfed semiautomatic.  
Mover 2- Chicks?  
Mover 1- He's made so many models, they call him Gluestick.  
Mover 2- Habits?  
Mover 1- He makes Elvis look Amish. Toot, slug, siss, pop, bam, shoot, boom. Dude don't just kill the pain; he cuts up its corpse. If that's Icarus, I finish this job alone.

*Enter Icarus's mother, Luce, and his blind sister, Matina.*

Luce- Icarus, ven aqui!  
Mover 2- I'm in da back, Jack, havin a smoke, Joke.

*Moving men exit.*

Icarus- Yes, mama?  
Luce- Mira, picaflores at my feeder,  
Sipping the red sugarwater. Mira!  
Icarus- There are other feeders.  
Luce- Not on this block.  
I'm the only hummingbird humano.  
Matina- She sleeps, and in her ears the robins splash  
To flutter up refreshment from her skull.  
Luce- Why we move?  
What moves must die.  
Icarus- This neighborhood is death.  
My contract lets us go where we live well.  
Luce- Live well?  
Matina- The rich are lonely and unliked.  
Luce- I pluck my ripe naranjas in the spring;  
I spray the scamp'ring ninos with the hose  
Til summer ends; in fall, the bouganvilla  
Loses leaves that I must rake. Then, winter,  
Those men from Tonga shave my date trees bare.  
To live well is to care for what you have.  
Icarus- All this is elsewhere too.  
Luce- Not like it is.  
The day the space shuffle burnt the sky,  
You and your good brother go for leche,  
And dying is a kitten in my gutter,  
So, practico, he cracks its tiny neck,  
But you, you cry, and hide it in your drawer,  
And O the rooms all rot.  
Matina- I smelled it first.  
Luce- Then, you say to your father, mi esposo,  
Papa, I can fly when no one's watching.  
Si, yo lo creo. Pero papa, no.  
Matina- Where is my new home?  
Icarus- Paradise Valley.  
Matina- Show me, Icarus.  
Icarus- Then up we go,  
Over the city, past Carefree, then thru  
Dreamy Draw Pass, skirting the Horizon,  
And down into a lush and rich oasis.

Matina- I see exactly where I'm going now.  
Luce- Dinero fue siempre tu amigo.  
When you were young, beneath the palo verde,  
The girls came to kiss you on the cheek,  
For that you charged a dollar.

Matina- Gran ganga!  
Luce- But then, Ms. Rosa, she shout 'pervertido,'  
So you say, 'for you, then, one on the mouth.'

Matina- But, mama, you see just the sweetest kernels  
And not the cornhusks fallen thru the grill,  
Like Malo, blowing bloody bubbles, there  
Along the sidewalk during all those drivebys.  
You cried for papa, here, when thru that door  
The loud men gave him solitary life.  
To see what is, we must see what is not  
Remembered good, but what is best forgot.

*Enter Maximus.*

Max- Senor Alzaro, hola.  
Luce- Who's this now?  
Icarus- My agent, Maximus.  
Max- It's nice to meet you.  
Luce- I cannot be met. I am moving.  
Max- And this must be Matina? El bonita!  
Matina- This man smells of leather mixed with lemon.  
Icarus- Be good.  
Max- She's right. I'm a steer with a twist.  
O, shucks, regret to rush, but Icarus  
Is packt this afternoon. A shoot...

Luce- Who shoot?  
Icarus- Photoshoot, mama.  
Max- And then, la rumba!  
(Could we discuss in private, por favor?)  
Icarus- Mama, get your bags. It's time to go.  
Matina- No me gusta este hombre.  
Icarus- Matina.  
Matina- Cicadas leave their shells upon the wall,  
Fly freely for a day, and then they fall.  
Icarus- Matina.  
Matina- El es muerte invisible,  
All save the shell.

Luce- Matina.  
Matina- I see all.

*Luce and Matina exit.*

Icarus- Forgive me.  
Max- I've no gripe with compensation;  
But, hey, let's chew about this brother thing.

*Enter Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, K2, Dina, and Aria.*

Gallo- Yo, everything's in boxes.  
Tonka- Wish I was.  
Dina- Off, you greazy pitbull.  
K2- Vivaracho!  
Primalo- Icarus, que pasa?  
Icarus- Primalo, nada.  
Dina- Introduce me.  
Primalo- Por supuesto.  
Tonka- Slit and Slot meet Mr. Change.  
Primalo- Callate!  
Aria- Aria. My name is Aria.  
Primalo- Aria. My name is Aria. Eyes of cocoa, curves papaya, 'rullant voice of Inca dove.  
Dina- Dina's my name, cute boy, and you're to blame.  
Max- Maximus, his agent. Pleased to meet you.  
Primalo- Donde 'sta mi madre?  
Icarus- Our mother's moved.  
Primalo- De nuevo? Mothers move, we arrive. Ah, but we arrive, and mothers must move.  
Gallo- I moved a mother once, into labor.  
Dina- Chill, or I will crack them dam fugazis.  
K2- Icarus, how dem Aztechs do dis year?  
Primalo- You know, I never said congratulations. Tumbleweed to Great Sequoia, nerd-savant to nerf-savior, my wimpy mexican jumpin-bean brother is now the Jolly Green Giant.  
Gallo- Icarus, sign my fender?  
Tonka- Icarus, touch my tushy?  
Gallo- Cerdo!

*They draw guns.*

Primalo- Bajo!  
Dina- Icarus rules you 'chuco chumps.  
Primalo- Correcto, mi cholita. He's the marachino kid, sittin O so sweet atop the Sunday. Tu vida, Icarus: one giant juicy monstrous dessert. You made it, brother, eat it.  
Icarus- You hate it, brother, beat it.  
Max- Well, gosh, it's late.

Primalo- O, no, señor, I am not your class. You pigskin, me skin pigs. You run their turf, I run this turf. You fight with lawyers, I fight with lugers. You lose a few, I lose a mother.

Icarus- Why you need a mother if you make them?

Primalo- What you make? 10 mill a year? Not bad, but taxable.

Tonka- You double that.

Primalo- O no, I am minimum wage, sackin them fries. How else you think I pay his summer camp, his private high tuition, his equipment. But now, I am a mental block to him.

Icarus- No, this is a mental block to me.

Max- Senora Primalo, with all due respect, Icarus no longer solicits participation in the remunerative services of your mutual past.

Primalo- Mrs. Maximus, with all disrespect, I want to dance with my brother, so quit humping his leg.

Max- Later.

*Maximus exits.*

Primalo- Que malo, Icarus? You no like the hood? You like your face. You no like the pueblo? You like your bank. You no like your history? You like nothing. Este's mi territorio, can you smell? My wide caliber self was shot from time's revolver and still ricochets about this stony landscape. Here, my virginity lost, to a switchblade. There, our dear steel-toed papa played kick my balls in the street. Y alla, I fell in love with my main amiga, Crystal, who lived in a pipe, came with a lighter, and had a body like my body.

Tonka- O, Crystalita!

Icarus- She is your faithful wife.

Primalo- She was my bitch. O, Icarus, they say I am jabali, espiritu prospero de Mojave. They shout, se vale reverencia! Producer y Padrino on my door. But now, I am the humblest of men. Yo no mami! Yo no mami no more!

Icarus- I call the plays now, Primalo. The house is sold, and Mama and Matina are moving.

Primalo - *Ay ay ay ay*  
*Donde 'sta mi madre?*  
*Everybody is laughing at me,*  
*'Todo es tu padre.'*

Tonka- Fiesta o siesta!

Dina- Bye, cute boy.

*All exit.*

*Scene 5. A teleconference. Enter Jimmy Jones, Mr. Nite, and Maximus.*

Jones- Maximus? Nite?  
 Nite- Yes, JJ?  
 Max- Mr. Jones,  
 Is there a snag?  
 Jones- My sport coat on your haywire!  
 What kind a boy you sell me, Maximus?  
 Tie-ins to some El Imaginero,  
 That gang of beasts be ghosting all my girls,  
 Trucking nasal candy long the interstates,  
 And crammin goonads down their rival's throats?  
 I build a name, a team, a stadium  
 To fit him from the locker to the logo,  
 He never says two kindred words to me,  
 And all I'm told is I have been told nothing?  
 Max- Mr. Jones!  
 Jones- They say he's got a brother.  
 Max- That's just slang, Mr. Jones. They're all brothas.  
 Jones- Does Icarus have credibility  
 Or not, cuz if he bombs, it's in your face.  
 Nite- Jimmy, no threats. Rumor or tumor, Max?  
 Max- My client is impeccable. Like he were  
 My eyes, I stand behind him. He passed  
 Every neuroscan, urinalysis,  
 And character prognostication test  
 The league devised. Class honors, no record.  
 The kid's so popcorn fresh, it makes you wonder.  
 Jones- I squirt a hundred million yucks to wonder?  
 Suckers wonder, power needs to know.  
 Nite- Gentlemen, might I prescribe composure?  
 Let's connect the dots before we color.  
 Who is Icarus? I rephrase that phrase.  
 What is Icarus? He is an image,  
 Image is currency, currency is  
 A product of consumer-led contrivance,  
 Assimilating disparate tendencies  
 Into desirable fabrications,  
 True and false, each the other enhancing.  
 Icarus is not Icarus until  
 We make of him what we can make off him.  
 Jones- Bullwad! Five decades running things, I see:  
 Good standing ain't just some floozy's favorite,  
 Steel don't stand on slush, jets don't run on spit,  
 And crooked kids ain't straightened by no spiel.  
 Max- Mr. Jones, Mr. Nite, I'm very hurt  
 That here, between us, now, there must be this.  
 I furnished you the temple of my word.

Icarus is perfect by contraries:  
 Out the barrio, into scholarship;  
 Once gang connected, now a lone vaquero;  
 Born at the bottom, living at the peak,  
 His gift is our delight in animance.  
 Humanity will ever love that story,  
 And who won't love it hates humanity.

Nite- I gotta go with Max on this one, Jimmy.  
 Icarus is destination endless,  
 Ali without gab, Jordan without air,  
 Tiger Woods that purrs upon the fairway.  
 Every homeless homeboy, every coed  
 With a pantyline, every Bud Budlite  
 In America and other lesser spots  
 Will shout 'I wanna be like Icarus!'  
 And, Jimmy, hero-hunger is the cash.

Max- He's shy, that's all. Advantage disadvantage.  
 A thinker, doer, ageless for his age.

Nite- We operators work in opposites,  
 Crafting magical upon mundane,  
 Intimate on strange, common on insane.  
 Of peril character we special seal  
 Personal problems into mass appeal,  
 And, like ventriloquizing quarterbacks,  
 Throw our choice so we can get the kickbacks.  
 Icarus is a body to whose soul  
 We mastermind location, time, and role.

Jones- Seein I sold my organs to that body,  
 You quicklube junkbond mofos best be right.

Nite- I get so rich by being wrong, JJ?

Max- Mr. Jones, go hug that cute new wife of yours,  
 Cuz you possess one infinite resource  
 In this most timely draft.

Jones- Then let's party.

*All exit.*

*Scene 6. Outside the Jones house. Enter reporters Leslie and Ernie.*

Leslie- We're live at the Jones's residence  
 Where moguls, senators, and stars elite  
 Gather in celebration's jubillance  
 Of the coming season and its winsome heat.  
 But, questions lurk: Can Jones contain the lid  
 Upon the seering boil of his new brew  
 Or is there turmoil in the talent hid,

Odd explosive ingredients none knew?  
Will this pressure-pot blow, the flame be doused  
By its own roar, leaving a burnt-out hull  
Of hope, green leafies sprewn about the house,  
And Phoenix yet again a cinder null?  
With all the clues that's fit to hint, Ernie Guess.  
Ernie?

Ernie- Leslie, one word: Icarus.  
Today we witnessed everything and nothing:  
Street banditos, machismo brandishing;  
But Icarus, a steroid in the beef?  
Such conjecture facemasks all belief!  
The question is...

*Enter Mayor Favor.*

Leslie- Mayor Favor, what lies ahead?  
Mayor- Tax breaks and that big Lumbago trophy,  
But now, a little chat and chum. Howdy!  
Leslie- Wow! Ernie, ever feel our Mayor  
Is so on top of it, she's just not there?  
Ernie- What a gal!

*Enter Coach Conrad.*

Leslie- Here's Coach Conrad. Coach!  
Coach- The players are set, the rest is a crapshoot.

*Enter Icarus, Shareen Stone, Mr. Nite, and Maximus.*

Leslie- Here's Icarus, the hurler of the moment,  
And at his side struts that smashing starlet,  
Shareen Stone!  
Ernie- Yowza! Shareen Stone!  
Leslie- Tell us, Shareen, who's the man tonight?  
Shareen- The night is filled with men, but I got mine.  
Ernie- Shucks!  
Leslie- Icarus: El Imaginero?  
Max- Ernie, need a lawsuit to match that tie?  
Leslie- Leslie.  
Ernie- Icarus, on your connections...  
Nite- Leslie.  
Ernie- Ernie.  
Nite- Betty, what's it matter?  
Winners do it, losers chew it.  
Max- Goodnight.

Leslie- Icarus, silence hath no believer!  
Icarus- I'll speak when I find the right receiver.

*Icarus, Shareen Stone, Mr. Nite, and Maximus exit.*

Leslie- Completion!  
Ernie- Yet, such scandal will not sleep.  
Merely surface sprain, or a fracture deep?  
Is our new sheik of sneak the muse of ruse?  
Leslie!  
Leslie- Ernie! Channel One, just news.

*All exit.*

*Scene 7. Inside the Jones house. Enter Jimmy Jones, Cindy Jones, Jimmy Jones Junior, Maximus, Mr. Nite, Coach Conrad, Mayor Favor, and the Aztech Jumping Beans.*

Jump Beans- Aztechs! Aztechs!  
Lemme see yr ass flex!  
Zona! Zona!  
Crush it like a boulder!  
Crush, flex, crush, flex,  
Go, Aztechs!

Cindy- Lord alive, don't you just love them Jumpin Beans?  
Bienvenido, Team America!  
Triumph in our home as in our city!  
Esta noche, ours is yours, so feel free  
To mix and greet, to gorge gregarious,  
And dance, cuz soles ain't made for starin down  
But to be stompin! Quit them lazy ways,  
And get kickin. We've far to go til dawn  
Shines our shames again. Jump on, ya'll.  
Tonight, we crush ice; tomorrow, we crush heads.  
So, yell before ya yawn, and rendezvous  
To dabble in that sweet old shouldn't-do.

*Enter Damon.*

Damon- Mr. Jones, we've Icarus's brother at the gate.  
Jones- His brother? Let him in. One fame, one family.  
Cindy- Who will toast the coming season?  
Max- Not me, I made the dough.  
Coach- Not me, I whipped the butter.  
Jones- Not me, I got the honey.

Mayor- Gosh-all, if you insist...  
 Cindy- Please, Mr. Nite.  
 Nite- Some play the victim; we, for victory.  
 Some pursue consent; we, domination.  
 Some discuss their wounds; we, our weaponry.  
 Some live to lose; we, for acquisition.  
 As potent as a secret let us be,  
 To founder history with our precedence,  
 And speeding past the star, Expectancy,  
 Let us attract the planet to our presence,  
 Existing in a team, dying absolute,  
 Wanting what all know, knowing why they want it,  
 Becoming more ourselves as we transmute,  
 And winning, and forgetting not to flaunt it.  
 Of our supremacy, be this the season:  
 Of time's encounter, we the champion.  
 Max- To toasting the opposition!  
 Jones- To the hostess with the toastest.  
 Cindy- To the toastmaster of my heart.  
 Mayor- To the one with the most bread.  
 Jimmy- To Icarus.  
 All- To Icarus.

*Enter Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, and K2.*

Primalo- To Icarus, my brother.  
 Jones- Well, I be dammed.  
 Cindy- Music!  
 Jimmy- That punk is dead.  
 Jones- Earth to Jimmy!  
 Mini Jimmy, can you copy? Brawlin  
 Here? Shift that tranny down; your last bang-up  
 Near totalled us, and now ya wanna derby?  
 Cool it off, boy. Get your date, act the man,  
 And circulate. You fight, I freak.  
 Jimmy- Yes, sir.  
 Jones- Am I alone in thinking I been duped?  
 Max- Mr. Jones...  
 Icarus- Primalo is my brother.  
 Max- Mr. Jones...  
 Jones- Gentlemen, step outside.

*All exit.*

*Scene 8. Elsewhere in the Jones house. Enter Aria and Dina, disguised as gangster girls.*

Dina- We some size cholitas, feelin groovy.  
 Loose chinos, blanco t-shirt, a bandana,  
 And we are illin.

Aria- Is Icarus here?  
 Dina- Motherflower, is dazzle in the lightning,  
 Soundboom in the sonic, tasty in the pastry?  
 Cuteboy's got his madjuice in an army  
 Paratroopin into Operation me.  
 Aria- Lost in my own home.  
 Dina- Our eyes were handy.  
 Aria- O, why?  
 Dina- Primalo likes you.  
 Aria- What?  
 Dina- Go for it,  
 But go head first, cuz boss is triple trippy.

*Enter Icarus on one side and Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, K2, Dina, and Aria on the other.*

Icarus- Leave.  
 Primalo- Go Aztechs!  
 Icarus- Go away.  
 Primalo- Famoso!  
 Icarus- I'm asking you to leave.  
 Primalo- No hablo ingles.  
 Icarus- Because you won't.  
 Primalo- No, porque lo hablas.

*Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, K2, Dina, and Aria go to exit. Icarus holds Aria back.*

Primalo- I see. We swap for now, but later, no.

*Dina, Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, and K2 exit.*

Icarus- Why are you with him?  
 Aria- I am not with him.  
 Icarus- He's trouble.  
 Aria- And you're troubled. Which to fear?  
 Icarus- Who are you?  
 Aria- No one.  
 Icarus- Well, I like no one.  
 Aria- No one likes you.  
 Icarus- I wish.  
 Aria- Your wish is here.

*Enter Photographer and Shareen Stone.*

Photog- Icarus, next to Shareen. Could you move?  
Icarus- I hate this place.  
Aria- Me too.  
Icarus- So that makes this...

*Photographer, Shareen Stone, and Icarus exit. Dina enters.*

Dina- Cute boy digs me, si?  
Aria- Si.  
Dina- Ay, arriba!

*Dina exits.*

Aria- So that makes this the place of love, where we,  
With eyes of tim'rous, isolated grief,  
Never seen beyond a blear reflection,  
Cancel all their crushing disconnection.  
But O, what all I want I cannot have,  
And so must hide my wish, or showing, die,  
For they prevail, and love that lives to laugh  
Must love as no one, and so lives to cry.

*Dina enters.*

Dina- Quit talkin to yourself; you never listen!

*All exit.*

*Scene 9. Elsewhere in the Jones house. Enter Jimmy Jones Junior and his date, Priscilla.*

Jimmy - Wipe the blow off yr fuckin face, Silla.  
You look like a powder sugar shih tzu.  
Prisc- Whatcha gonna do, Jimmy?  
Jimmy- Drop it.  
Prisc- Primalo's his brother.  
Jimmy- Yeah, I can hear.  
Priscilla- You're major rivals.  
Jimmy- No, he's major buttmunch.  
Prisc- If I were you, I'd be blushing sunsets.  
Jimmy- Damn, Priscilla, I said drop the subject.

*Enter Aria and Dina.*

Priscilla- Here's his gangster girls.

Jimmy- Don't go near them.  
 Dina- It's your bro, and his dummy of the week.  
 Aria- Don't look.  
 Dina- Too late. Mannequin in motion.  
 Priscilla- Buenas noches, chicas.  
 Aria- Buenas noches.  
 Dina- Um, I speak English.  
 Priscilla- Congratulations!  
 So, yonder is the sibling Icarus?  
 Dina- Where dat?  
 Priscilla- The man you're with?  
 Dina- I am with men.  
 Aria- O, recibo un bipeo. Bye bye.  
 Dina- His name's Primalo, and he lives up to it.  
 Prisc- And which of you is with Primalo?  
 Both- She is.  
 Dina- O, tu sabes, we ride one bike two ways.  
 Priscilla- Excuse me?  
 Dina- They don't talk, they talk thru me.  
 Priscilla- You know Icarus?  
 Dina- O, no, I yes him.  
 Aria- She lies.  
 Dina- On top.  
 Priscilla- Get out.  
 Dina- Get in.  
 Aria- Get lost.  
 Dina- Me and him just wrestled tongues, llama-style,  
 Beneath the stairs. I call him, Licorice.  
 Priscilla- You're playing me.  
 Dina- Why play a working girl?  
 Priscilla- Come again?  
 Dina- That's what he said.  
 Aria- So long.  
 Dina- My words exactly. Homeboy's grande size.  
 I know him like the back of my own thighs.  
 Priscilla- You've been with both?  
 Dina- A feat, cuz they ain't stable.  
 Primalo, Icarus: that's Cane and Able,  
 But I, as their ambassatrix of bliss,  
 Turn killing tendencies to tender kiss.  
 Those brothers offer all a sister needs:  
 From deadly daffodils, best butter breeds.  
 I'm the ground, one's above, one is under,  
 Put their tongues together, ain't no blunder.  
 One is broken strength; one's got strength to break.  
 Affection in affliction, luscious ache,

And pliant hardness; get it, and you're got.  
Each is the hive to what the other's not.  
But tonight, the flower suckt, the beeing done,  
I'll shake their hate to honey, sweet and spun.  
Priscilla- Is this the truth?

Dina- What use in drillin her?  
She's a docile drone in the cult of love.  
She'd sooner hail to bopping UFO's,  
Wear black to show how deeply she's a void,  
Scribble her final passage endlessly,  
Then down the poison of a life-thru-death.  
Now, I love love, but I love one thing better:  
To love it all; that's what I was born for.  
Aria- Dina.

Dina- Duna! I'm Duna of the Dust,  
Santa Ana of the Sands, hot Miss August,  
The Williwaw woman, the cyclone seed,  
La Malinche of the west-coast miracle greed,  
My particles flingin, I bust every barrier,  
My reflex ka-chingin, I push ever powderer,  
I static, I shift, I slump and abrupt,  
I pure, I cut, I'm totally corrupt,  
From his Panama toes, to his Nicaragua knees,  
From his Guatemala butt, to his Aguascalientes,  
From his Baja arms to the tip of Yucatan,  
I tap, dip, top that Centr' American man.  
See, the sources I blow ain't none a your bizness;  
The routes I flow, don't answer to your quizness;  
Cuz I'm Duna of the Dust, and I can't be fenced,  
So don't act nosy, or I get thick dense  
And I...

Aria- Dina.  
Priscilla- O, my god, you little bitch.  
Dina- Least I got that extra B, you after-itch.

*Enter Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, and K2 on one side and Jimmy Jones Junior, Micky and Damon on the other.*

Primalo- My good sir, our dates here grow familiar.  
Jimmy- And yet, this ain't the time, so speed on by.  
Primalo- To bypass now, what truer crime?  
Jimmy- What falser truce than hostile circumstance?  
Micky- You want I ring the fuzz, Jimmy?  
Jimmy- Shut it!  
Tonka- Yo, Bouncy gets his fuzzies on the phone.  
Push 1-900-mommy, are you home?

Primalo- Callate!  
 Damon- I'll waste you like a rubber.  
 Tonka- A rubber's on you wasted, sin cajones.  
 Primalo- My good sir, intense apologies.  
 How comic must this tragic cycle seem,  
 That you and I, complements in chaos,  
 Suave potencias, men of deft extreme,  
 Siempre must in conflict conference.  
 Comets, this are we, passing once and never,  
 Attracted by the sheen and gravity  
 Of that great sun, mi mundo-crossing brother.  
 We two orbit aqui a celebrar,lo,  
 But, carrying on, we are so carried off  
 By these filthy tails desviado,  
 These tails (O, were I lizard, how I'd slough!);  
 This head-noosing tail, this tail without end,  
 And this tail, growing inward like a mole,  
 Lacking style and breeding, mal que bein  
 Disbanding circuitries they can't control.  
 So, why keep dogs? This pack of frothing pinchers?  
 Merely to entail the opponent?  
 Is our life their leash? Our pact their terror?  
 Our libertad this death-designed detente?  
 They hump at us, these risky sureties,  
 Splashing tankage from rompendo fleshies,  
 Tearing our select imported weaves,  
 Spilling what we pour them from our dishes,  
 As we, luchando to negotiate,  
 Neglect the fact their wildness cages us!  
 Pero, could we so love did they not hate,  
 Stand unafraid were they less murderous?  
 For we are leaders, and we will be followed;  
 We sing of paz, their panics pitch our voice;  
 Our central passion's thru their furor hollowed,  
 Y, al final, we chosen die by choice.  
 Funny, I say, funny to be so sad,  
 Yet calming, O, tranquilo to be mad.  
 Jimmy- The rift in you and yo makes much the same.  
 Primalo- Si! But, my good sir, your escort's name.  
 Jimmy- My escort?  
 Primalo- No, poor term for such rich beauty.  
 Jimmy- My escort?  
 Priscilla- It's okay. Don't sweat it, Jimmy.  
 Primalo- My dear, I have a vandal mind that sprays  
 The paraphs of its antisocial jeer  
 Upon the statues I yet consecrate.

Perdoname. I intend no offense.  
 Priscilla- No problema.  
 Jimmy- Shut up, Priscilla! You!  
 I know who you are and what you do.  
 Escort is church speak for what you're fucking.  
 You rap a big game up, but you got nothing,  
 So outta line you bust your mama's back.  
 My bills are clean, you step it on the crack.  
 Open air I breathe; you're the bottom side.  
 I'm public stock; you're auto-genocide.  
 Where I hang? Black Angus. You? Some hangar,  
 Waiting on a load from Bolivar.  
 Your goods are shit, your body's in a bag,  
 And all your flap's a double-facet flag:  
 One half white, the other parasite red,  
 As you bezel your expansive hornet head  
 Into the culture's body you would kill  
 With snorting, were I not to cut your fill.  
 You're the escort, and I own the service,  
 So, 'fore I blow, take your aids and split.  
 Primalo- Your fluency in traffic would imply  
 You splice the white lines often.  
 Jimmy- Ya, in chalk.  
 Primalo- To die in your own home's to never live.  
 Aria- No! This violence, is it not self-hate,  
 To most destroy what we must emulate?  
 Love or leave. Our bodies are for touching,  
 And, barring that, embodiments of nothing.  
 Priscilla- That's your baby sister!  
 Gallo- She a Jones?

*Enter Cindy Jones.*

Cindy- Wo, nelly! Children play, adults will pay.  
 Senor Primalo, how have we not met?  
 I'm Cindy Jones, and this is my stepchild,  
 Jimmy Junior, whom, yes, I fancied once,  
 But now I'm strictly Daddy, Mr. Jones.  
 Ain't there some word for me in your good tongue?  
 Anyhoo, the chaperone is entered.  
 Go savor of my spread.  
 Jimmy- That's Aria!  
 Cindy- Why, that's no more her than you chalupa.  
 Jimmy, scoot. Jovencitas, separate.  
 Senor Primalo, mi amigo nuevo,  
 Kindly go and judge my fresca salsa,

O'er there. Your companeros are so lean,  
They might eat their words. To all I will be trite:  
You cockfight in my house, this chick will bite.

*All exit.*

*Scene 10. Enter Photographer, Shareen Stone, Mayor Favor, Coach Conrad, and Icarus.*

Photog- Icarus, smile! Shareen, hair. People, pay my rent.  
Shareen- I'm a model, not a mold.  
Photog- You're wonderful! Superfluous! Mayor, Coach, places.  
Coach- I'll stand next to Shareen.  
Icarus- Excuse me, please.  
Shareen- Baby, wait!  
Icarus- I'll be back.

*Icarus exits.*

Photog- We break until the star returns.  
Mayor- Ever wonder what's behind the stars? Same behind as you got!  
Coach- Ms. Stone, may I replenish your cocktail?  
Shareen- If you can find me.

*All exit.*

*Scene 11. The yard of the Jones House. Enter Icarus on one side and Aria on the other. They don't see each other.*

Icarus- O she has demolished my defenses,  
And I'm a shard, a crumbling of myself,  
Until she gesture, speak, or move my way,  
And fuse me once again to her desire.  
Aria- Forget him. O, but how? He is so haunting.  
Get over it! I wish. I can. I can't.  
O girl, love has turned you to a toddler.  
Learn to walk, then you can run away.  
Icarus- How can I love so soon? How can I not?  
She smiles, and we soar like dragonflies  
That cloy among the scented streams of air,  
Gliding on a buzz. O, I must come down.  
Aria- He's ugly. No, the flowers crave his face.  
He's stuck up. So am I. He is a jock!  
O, no, he's gentle, curious, and deep.  
Were he here, I'd tell him off, then grab him.  
Icarus- I'd ask her out, but why? She is in me.

I'd reach to her, but she is beams and echoes.  
 I'd go to her, but she is so complex  
 My motive's lulled by what it should intend.

Aria- What can I do, but think he is a star,  
 And dream of being near to what is far?

Icarus- O she is cool and spins the earth to night,  
 A dark oasis shining from her eyes,  
 Where creatures clammer to imbibe the light  
 That nature in her shading unifies.  
 My body's bunker, like a secret breath,  
 She entered. Aria, the song of seeing,  
 Glowing where I'm blind, sounding where I'm deaf,  
 O she is flame and mist at last agreeing.  
 Have not my limbs been limp, my heart unread,  
 My mind a tariff zone of self-import,  
 Til she her beauty on my barrens shed,  
 And showed a life no power can distort?  
 Before this night, my choice I knew not of,  
 But now my first and every choice is love.

*Aria sees Icarus.*

Aria- O, look. The star that cannot be alone  
 Falls into the darkness that must be.

Icarus- He comes to her, unknown emotions known,  
 As he is truly seen by only she.

Aria- O, no. He's truly seen by she he's with.

Icarus- He is with no one, and she holds his wish.

Aria- I have so many wishes. Which is yours?

Icarus- The one you took.

Aria- Describe it.

Icarus- You inside.

Aria- I wish to give it back.

Icarus- Speak to its source.

Aria- But why? I speak my wish, you will decline it.

Icarus- But how? Your wish's words are from me drawn.

Aria- Ok. I wish the star I wish upon.

Icarus- Your wish is won. We wish to wish the same.

Aria- Then touch me, star, and make my wish come true.  
 Yet tell me this is not some nightly game!

Icarus- My wish is yours. It is emerged from you.

Aria- By kissing, then, my wish returns to me.

Icarus- And wishing on each other, we are free.

*Enter Jimmy Jones, Maximus, and Mr. Nite.*

Jones- Aria? Deep tarnations! Boy, my daughter!  
Girl, you're grounded good. Now, get upstairs!  
I said get upstairs before I whoop ya!  
Aria - One thing make me always love my daddy:  
Knowin the man he ain't's the man for me.

*Aria exits.*

Max- Icarus, come with me.  
Jones- One minute now.  
So many secrets flushed on me tonight,  
I'm riled as a goldfish in a terlet.  
What time is it? My daughter? Listen, boy,  
You got camp tomorrow, six a.m.,  
And this whole city's slumbrin til you rise.  
Damn, my daughter? Maximus, roll him home.  
Nite- Icarus, no mention of your brother  
To anyone, until we frame the issue.  
Jones- Dream of fire, my boy, dream of running,  
And dream of passes, just not on my daughter!

*Enter Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, K2, Coach Conrad, Shareen Stone, Jimmy Jones Junior, Mayor Favor, and Photographer.*

Tonka- Swing them stubs, you fat abuelo!  
Primalo- Tonka!  
Coach- I'll skin him!  
Jimmy- Grab his legs!  
Jones- You wasted thugs! Back off! Not in my house!  
Coach- That rodent stroked Ms. Stone against her will.  
Tonka- You mean, against her ass.  
Coach- I'm gonna kill him!  
Shareen- When will the age of gladiators end?  
Tonka- I saw the goods, and thought them good to go.  
Mayor- And I was there and that is where I was.  
Jones- Mr. Primalo, we ain't even met  
And you cause skirmish in my privacy?  
Primalo- I cause nothing.  
Jones- Jimmy?  
Jimmy- Instigator.

*Enter Cindy Jones.*

Cindy- Golly, what a darling little rumble,  
But, hey, this party's poopt, so, beddyby!  
Gracias, all, for sharin grub and gab,

And soon we'll wring our worries into winnings!  
Go Aztechs! Senor Primalo and peer group,  
This gate. Coach, that door. Mayor Favor, don't trip!  
Enough's been wrangled 'bout for one hot night;  
At morning, all will waken cool and bright.

*All exit.*

*Scene 12. The yard of the Jones house. Enter Dina.*

Dina-           Aria! Where you at? In bed, I bet,  
For stupid Oilio flash dreamin wet.  
Well, I'll score mine from Icarus, and show  
The late-bird buys the firm. O, girl, you go!

*Dina exits. Enter Icarus.*

Icarus-        O whereto now, my Aria, whereto?  
Out that gate, the crushing fists of libel  
Derange and brutalize with competition  
The man who wins himself thru others' loss.  
But here you are, with kisses and caress.  
Out that gate, my heart is monitored,  
My joints calcified, bent against their bent,  
My skull entrepanated, suckt and pluggd  
With faking fame, fame, whose gifts are trinkets,  
Whose friends are stalkers, guards, and operatives,  
A Maximus, a Nite, who cannot think  
But how to dumb me down to raise their rank  
In the gainful sideline of my sense.  
Fame's recreation is avoiding fame;  
Concealing by exposure, it secures  
A purchased life into a bulletproof cell  
Upon a private plane in scrambled airspace.  
O, but here you are, so good and honest.  
Out that gate, my brother waits for me,  
At the fringe as I am at the center,  
Both showing family cuts in different shapes,  
Him wanting vengeance, me wanting escape,  
Me taking the hits, him making the hits.  
Why join his over-personal vendetta,  
And fight to fail? What is family?  
A memory, a self-dissecting scrap,  
A paramime of 'maged alibis,  
Man-made man woos man-mad woman,  
And mails the alimony to himself.

Must I die recuperating what's dead?  
Out that gate, I'm lost, scorcht by flashing bulbs,  
Blown out by fans, exploited as a prop,  
Defamed by fame, found past recognition,  
Murdered by the world's cheap affection,  
A selfless image all declare their own.  
That gate destroys the will that ventures thru it.  
Yet here, where it is quiet, dark, and cool,  
There is a voice, a song, an aria,  
Intoning me into a bed of shadows,  
Where love, lit by dimming, germinates  
Strength in sharing, victory in giving,  
And choice with whim is intimate again.  
But was it real and will she want me? O!  
This love is cash that kills the carrier,  
For she's the prized possession of my owner,  
And I must disown him to possess her.  
Out that gate or in this girl, I am screwed  
Into a hopeless wishing misconstrued.

*Enter Aria.*

Aria- Icarus.  
Icarus- O, Aria. This is bad.  
Aria- No one can sever us, so we are good.  
Icarus- The world is set between desire and me.  
Aria- No more, my love. Tho not here long, I've learned  
A private path meanders thru the yard  
Into a secret garden by a pool,  
Then, out a coyote-hole in back the fence,  
A dry arroyo draped by manzanitas  
Drains out into an alley next the lot.  
Come with me, and there, we'll stay the night,  
Then in the morning sneak around the gate.  
Icarus- I'll be too spent to play.  
Aria- O, will you now?  
Icarus- I mean with staring at your sleeping face.  
Aria- Then you will sleep, and I watch over you  
To see the queuing quails do not nest  
Their tiaras in your shirt for warmth;  
And there to see my star-obscuring man  
Twinkle as he dreams.  
Icarus- O, we will be found.  
Aria- Who can stop us if we stop at nothing?  
Icarus- So, take me there, my love.  
Aria- You take me first.

Icarus- Aria, your father!  
 Aria- Nevermind him.  
 We are in love, invisible to hate.  
 The dangers of this night give us safety.  
 Icarus- My mind's a leaf, and you a summer storm.  
 Aria- O, we two lovers are one happy cat,  
 Purring, licking, clawing.  
 Icarus- We should go.  
 Aria- Then take my hand. O, Icarus, your hand.  
 How can I represent its touching me?  
 A virgin swim in the natal sea?  
 The smell of pecans clicking in a grove?  
 A blanket, how it feels newly wove?  
 O, it's futile to. I let it clutch.  
 Speech cannot define the perfect touch.

*Enter Maximus and Shareen Stone. They do not see Icarus and Aria.*

Maximus- Nightcap, Ms. Stone?  
 Icarus- Aria, call the play.  
 Shareen- Why cap the night?  
 Aria- This way, my love, this way.

*All exit.*

*Scene 13. Outside the new Alzaro house on the north side of Phoenix. Enter Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, K2, and Dina.*

Primalo- Call him down.  
 K2- Icarus!  
 Gallo- Descenda!  
 Dina- Come and get it, cute boy! Dina is served!  
 Gallo- Maybe he's con la hija de Foozball Jones!  
 Tonka- Yo, Icarus can play, but he can't score.  
 Dina- How you know? All you do is fight. You're the unreligious right. You shoot a man for passing when he has the lane. You chew your orange chicken out cuz it ain't beef chow mein.  
 Tonka- Like it is.  
 Dina- Unless you first in line, you on attack. I seen you punch a phone for talkin back. If you could sock the sun for starin, you'd be a charcoal stump. You fight too much for even Donald Trump.  
 Tonka- A'ight, a'ight?  
 Dina- You'd off your mother if you knew your father. What you know 'bout scorin, 'cept da scaby? Spank yourself, for once, you fuckin baby. You're so in love with fighting, marry it, and have lots a stupid little tantrums. See a bone, you gotsta bury it! You'd fight a man cuz he

won't fight you. Yet all those mixups, they hermaphrodite you. There's like nerveclusters in your knuckles, rubbin it on cowboys' buckles, shakin it off and all, like the world's your private urinal. Icarus could do a nun before you found the cloister.

Tonka- Tu puta barata.

*Tonka lunges at Dina and is restrained by Gallo and K2.*

Dina- FYI, Mr. Blackeye: sluggin a girl don't make her soil moister. How come you can't score? Cuz your barrel is a small bore. All men livin for's to fight, but death's a riot you incite. Icarus, come down, I am here!

Tonka- Yo, this bitch needs discipline!

*Exit K2. Enter Luce and Matina.*

Luce- Que barahunda? Icarus, is that you?

Primalo- No, mama, es me, Malo. Enjoying your skybox in the alien nation?

Luce- I can't sleep, it's so empty, and now this noise.

Matina- The birds don't chirp here;  
It's too nice to burp here.

Primalo- Is Icarus aqui?

Luce- He is not.

Matina- I saw him, but I won't say where,  
Tangled in a prickly pear.

Luce- Malo, que pasa you come here so late, screaming like tu padre?

Primalo- My father? What is that?

Luce- He is the prison king.

Primalo- He is a poison thing.

Luce- He calls me once a week.

Primalo- He calls you what he did.

Luce- He asks of you.

Primalo- I am the son of a secret!

Matina- Once a week, once a week,  
Papa calls, though he can't speak.

Primalo- You can't accept he has no phoning privilege! Between the two of you,  
fantasia!

*Enter K2.*

K2- Icarus ain't here.

Dina- Where'd he go?

Tonka- You'll get yours tonight.

Dina- Warning! You are too close to the vehicle. Step back!

Gallo- Man, it's almost liquor time.

K2- Let's hit the juice box.

Primalo- Mi hermanito, mama, I will find him, and I will inquire where he was when I was clawed by his caciques. He can float, but I can hunt, and the slug shall meet the skeet.

*What do the pillow and the pistol share?  
Why am I worthless if I'm so rare?  
When is joy atrocity?  
Icarus will answer me.*

*Exit Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, K2, and Dina.*

Luce- One son hates the ground, but cannot fly.  
One son can't come down, but hates the sky.  
You are a mother when you hear them cry.

Matina- What about me? What about me?

Luce- My dear Matina, you alone can see.

*All exit.*

*Scene 14. The arroyo behind the Jones house. It's the morning after the party, and Icarus and Aria are lying on the ground.*

Aria- *When she sleeps, the nudging night  
Interprets sound to song,  
And hearing day on dark alight  
She dreams her love is gone.  
When she wakes, the speckling sky  
Is wild on the lawn,  
And blinking with a dazzled eye  
She fears her love is gone.  
Then she takes a breath of breeze,  
Insurgent with a yawn,  
And sensing all anew, she sees  
Her love is here the dawn.*

Icarus- My Aria.

Aria- The morning's up. Lay down.  
I'll whisper it to you.

Icarus- I haven't slept,  
Nor can I, love, now all I've seen and see.  
Without your dew, my eyes would dry and die.

Aria- Awake in love is sleep, yet more refreshing.  
But look, your inner planets, hazel-brown,  
Struggle, ocean-swallowed, to evolve.  
Their doors with little love-beads strain and droop.  
This reading in the dark my every line

Drains their vital moisture. Capture me,  
Then shut and heal them thru what you wish.  
Icarus- O, let them burn to soot. They cannot close.  
Aria- But if you lose them, where then would I be?  
I'm here because your eyes reveal me.  
Icarus- Then, everywhere you are, you are here,  
For I was built to look behind my back  
With eyes I took from Tina, my twin sister,  
When we were in the womb, my mother says.  
Aria- Your twin sister? Blind? O, how I love you!  
I'll be her guide. Let's practice. Close them eyes!  
Icarus- I will, if you'll depict the day to me.  
Aria- I will. The dawn...  
Icarus- Is in the sky...  
Aria- Not true.  
You are the dawn. You rise, and all turns on.  
Icarus- O, help! I'm blind!  
Aria- Allright. If you insist.  
The day is different thru love's rosy lens,  
A sharper, larger, deeper type routine,  
As the sun, still shy, sends happy campers  
Rampaging from its pier in pink canoes  
Across the steamy everglades of sky.  
Icarus- What's that honey scent above us now?  
Aria- Purple morning glories yearning yellow,  
Like children craving colors at parades,  
Entice the spectrum, orange rinds untang,  
And red mulberries swell up hot and fat,  
Then drop and stain into a salad tossed  
With early sweet exhaust the eager green.  
Icarus- What's that?  
Aria- The doves upon an olive twig  
Wow a flutter bass to treble sparrows,  
Locusts chirp their urge, the traffic hums,  
And sprinklers engage, splashing the grass  
With waters from the northern fluencies  
Rerouted here to make our foliage wet.  
Icarus- O, the earth was blank until you spoke it,  
And I, unseeing, saw. What noise is that?  
Aria- Just the fountain, starting on a timer,  
As it does every day at six am.  
Icarus- So we start, I see.  
Aria- Six times at six.  
Icarus- No! O, damn you stupid child! How?  
Aria- What I do?  
Icarus- Me, not you. It's six am.

Aria- O, someone expects you home in bed?  
Icarus- No! I have a meeting.  
Aria- Ah, a meeting!  
Men lie above until they lie below!  
Icarus- Aria, I'm yours, I'm straight, I'm late.  
You know, the team?  
Aria- The team?  
Icarus- I'm due at camp.  
Aria- The team? That herd of overpricey meat?  
That circle jerk? That sublimated army?  
O, you and I are now the team of love!  
Icarus- I have to go.  
Aria- You do, and I will die.  
I'll cry and drown. I'll pace and get heatstroke.  
My hair, I'll chew it, choke, and need a heimlich!  
Icarus- Aria, your dad?  
Aria- O, what can he do?  
Fire you? He'd torch his man thing first.  
Whoop you? I can vouch, it doesn't hurt.  
Fine you? Ya, like thimbles from a flood,  
And that's redundant, cuz you're superfine.  
O, Icarus, just skip one day for me,  
Then I'll come watch tomorrow, grudgingly.  
Icarus- I never miss.  
Aria- You'll miss me, won't you?  
Icarus- Yes.  
Aria- Then love has no intensity with never!  
I once said I'd never love a player.  
Icarus- Aria.  
Aria- Whatever. Go away.  
But where I'll later be, I cannot say.  
Icarus- Aria.  
Aria- I've lots to do today.  
Icarus- Aria.  
Aria- Who is it?  
Icarus- Icarus.  
Aria- Icarus who?  
Icarus- Icarus who loves you.  
Aria- What's he want?  
Icarus- Can you come out and play?  
Aria- Play what?  
Icarus- A game.  
Aria- What game?  
Icarus- Of hide and stay?  
Aria- O, yes! I knew I'd get you anyhow.  
Icarus- No one ever could, my love, til now.

*Trinidad enters.*

Trinidad- Her other sock!  
Aria- It's nana. B'ind the bush.

*Icarus and Aria hide.*

Trinidad- What's into her? If she be skinny dippin,  
Landscapers all a-gapin on her glands,  
I'll what I oughta do! O, she's too wild.  
Look what I find: Her sock, all a-swirlin  
Dainty in the sauna. And this? Her bra,  
Flappin like a flag of ill-fame on a pole.  
Then, inside the dog's teeth, what? Her panties,  
About to join the burial of the bone.  
Her panties! Why, that's girls these days. Can't fold.  
O, ja, they love to fold them taunty letters,  
Fold quickly neath the pressures of some sir,  
Fold one lip cutesy pucked into another,  
But fold them laundered panties? O, no, nana,  
Me goin to hurl em pot-pourri 'bout the yard!  
Children now! Where went that old respect  
For tuckt-in undergarments? Won't catch me  
Rompin round in dirty panties on no bus,  
No Oprah, or no lecherous downloadable.  
Why, once the panties hangin out in public,  
Public treat the world like a pantry,  
Raid it, eat it, n close it empty up.  
I say, treat the panty as thysel, f,  
Else thou willst be treated as a panty!  
Children now, love got them out of order,  
And nothin good can come of actin bad,  
Emilio or no Emilio.  
Well, I best go arouse that sloppy girl,  
And put her clothes to creases, one last time.

*Trinidad exits.*

Icarus- Emilio?  
Aria- Some movie star I know  
Who couldn't sack you to save his wally,  
And that was nana, my sweet truer mother,  
Though time has broke our clasp of understanding.  
Icarus- And yet she's made me understand it all!  
Like this caretaker of tradition, we

Will someday hobble selfless, spitballs shot  
From out the straw of a selfish system,  
And then, like nameless lint, we'll blow away,  
Perniciousness increasing into nothing.  
But now, I wanna rumble past the seasons,  
Beyond all pay and punctuality,  
And past the need to need some need but you,  
Whose songs of love my clasp of life undo.  
Alone, for a bit.

Aria-

Icarus-

Aria-

Icarus-

With you, wherever.

Our love's a hit.

Let's hit the road together.

*All exit.*

*Scene 15. Inside the Jones house. Enter Secretary.*

Sec-

Mr. Jones! Phone call! Mr. Jones!

*Enter Jimmy and Cindy Jones.*

Jones-

My life to wake up natural, just once.

Sec-

Coach Conrad, and he's upset.

Jones-

O, there is a stampede in my skull.

Cindy-

I'll brew some bean, and kill this tilt-a-whirl.

*Cindy exits.*

Jones-

Damn city squeezin me to get its juice! Gimme that hammer!

*Secretary hands him the phone.*

Jones-

Conrad, I was dreamin I wasn't hung, so this best be a headache.

Conrad-

No Icarus.

Jones-

No Icarus what?

Conrad-

No Icarus here at camp.

Jones-

No Icarus where at camp?

Conrad-

Not here at camp.

Jones-

He overslept.

Conrad-

We checkt.

Jones-

He's in transit.

Conrad-

HP says negative.

Jones-

Aircam?

Conrad-

Did it.

Jones-

Get Maximus and Nite on the line!

Sec-

Yes, sir.

Jones- That boy a drinker, Conrad?  
Conrad- We're all drinkers, Mr. Jones.

*Enter Cindy with coffee.*

Cindy- Here's your cash crop, Sweetie. Something wrong?

*Maximus and Mr. Nite enter on speakerphone.*

Max- How may I help you, Mr. Jones?  
Jones- Icarus is not at camp.  
Max- Mr. Nite was supposed to pick him up.  
Nite- Excuse me?  
Jones- Icarus is not at camp!  
Nite- He's with Shareen Stone.  
Max- No, I am.  
Jones- Well, Maxi, lose your boy, take his girl? I'll watch my wife round you, Secret Agent Man. Where is Icarus?  
Nite- Jimmy, we had a night. The boy is somewhere.  
Max- Yeah, like at your house.  
Jones- Now, why...Cynthia! Get my daughter!

*Cindy exits. Jimmy Junior enters.*

Jones- Icarus ain't at camp.  
Jimmy- But he's supposed to be.  
Jones- Thank you kindly, Insecurity Chief, for that informative zippo!

*Enter Cindy.*

Cindy- Aria's not in her bed, nor has she been.

*Enter Trinidad.*

Trinidad- Mr. Jones, look what I find all bout the yard.  
Jones- What are these?  
Trinidad- Panties.  
Jones- I know that!  
Trinidad- They're Aria's.  
Jones- My daughter's undies were in the yard?  
Trinidad- That's her insignia. Now, girl's got to learn freedom from frenzy, and I think you're the man to teach her.  
Jones- Allright, everybody. Let's just stay calm,  
And organize a thorough, sane response.  
Maximus, find your clothes, hit the streets,  
And search for him until you sweat to death.

Nite, scour highway, biway, and skyway,  
Plus all haunts between from here to nowhere!  
Jimmy, localize your sister pronto!  
Coach, until we find your head, act normal,  
And lastly, don't no one talk to no one.  
All we need now is panties in the press.

*Enter Secretary.*

Sec- Mr. Jones, there's paparazzi at the gate requesting your reaction to the day's events: including, Icarus's absence, his removal from the team, your replacement for him, his abduction of your daughter, her possible pregnancy, their alleged elopement, your moral stance on statutory rape, the city's chances now that all is chaos, and finally, if or no the panties fit?

Trinidad- O, mercy me.

Jones- Find them youngins, or else!

*All exit.*

*Scene 16. A swimming hole in the Superstition Mountains outside Phoenix. Enter Icarus and Aria.*

Aria- O, the water's awesome.

Icarus- And I swear,  
This was a muddy, weedy minnow pit,  
Until you swam and made it lush and clear.

Aria- Did you feel, when we clung upon that rock,  
Mossy soft behind the foamy falls,  
And calmed the current with our culvert hug,  
The teeny trouts nibbling at your toes?

Icarus- See, even the fish have feelings for you.

Aria- I'm Diva of the Deep! Catch me, kiss me,  
I'll lap your body's tumbling rivulets.

Icarus- Drink them quick, before the muggy noon  
Mingles all with sweat.

Aria- O, Icarus,  
Hear it now? The grass is calling you!  
Crush our supple blades! Squeeze us back to life!  
O, harder, harder, seep and drip and push!  
My gentle boy, you are too hover light;  
The robin's egg is safe beneath your step.  
The cobwebs barely quiver where you pass.  
O, Icarus, be not so tender with us!  
Your gliding sole leaves too unsatisfied  
The trample-spawning, milky dandelion.

The naked turtles, bathing less their shell,  
 Don't even startle when you round the bend.  
 Press harder, and let life know what you love!  
 Life knows I love you.

Icarus- And yet, do I know  
 Aria- Where you're living now that you love me?  
 Icarus- I live where you are.  
 Aria- I love where you are.  
 Icarus- Where are you?  
 Aria- Here, with you.  
 Icarus- Where else?  
 Aria- Elsewhere.

Icarus, let go the obligations!  
 Camp will be there when we finish camping.  
 Love informs conformity, and we  
 Thru love reform the structure of the world.  
 I'm here, my love.

Icarus- Then tell me where is here.  
 Aria- My favorite swimming hole.  
 Icarus- So what's its name?  
 Aria- The soak of Aria.  
 Icarus- Speak to its source.  
 Its source, First Water Creek, begins up there,  
 In the Superstition Mountains, then downswells  
 In pools and ripples into Canyon Lake,  
 Cross the trail of the Lost Dutchman's mine,  
 Just one of the lethal historic myths  
 That lace this wilderness of buttes and springs.  
 From Mazatzal down south to Weaver's Needle,  
 Way past Globe and up to Rockinstraw,  
 It's all the Tonto National Forest,  
 A romping ground for me and my big brother.  
 Many a prospector has perished in it,  
 Seeking glory gold from the Dutchman's vein,  
 Which near Geronimo Head lies concealed,  
 Covered with scrub brush, sealed by slided scree,  
 That crashed upon the Dutch discoverer,  
 Caving him in his own excavation,  
 A self-dug grave of greed. Once, north of there,  
 I saw a deer crushed by a falling boulder.

Aria- Icarus, do you take all your lovers  
 To such dangerous spots?  
 Icarus- I've had no lovers.  
 Aria- Yeah, me neither.  
 Icarus- No, in every way.  
 Aria- You?

Icarus- Not til now. Love was a word to me,  
Senseful but as nonsense I ignored,  
Heard of, never had, meant without meaning,  
Lewd letters laid out in some lazy line.  
You are my first.

Aria- Wow, you're quite a rookie.  
Icarus- See, girls, well, like, girls ruin performance,  
Or so coach said, and I live to perform,  
But, yo, don't think I never thought about it,  
I just, in my position, gotta be  
Extremely cool. You understand, don't you?

Aria- No, I'm very mad. But, gee, I'll let it slide.  
Icarus- It all seems like some other joker's life.  
And you?

Aria- You who?

Icarus- You you.

Aria- O, right, me me.  
Well, getting not too heavy on my past,  
I've never really loved til our love-dash  
Hyphenated you and me, like this stream  
Turns lips of land into a moistly mouth.

*Enter Ted Kaczinsky, a mountain man, with his shotgun drawn.*

Kaczinsky- Get up, raise your hands, and rotate slowlike.  
Now, state your names.

Icarus- Icarus.

Aria- Aria.

Kaczinsky- Aria and Icarus. Sounds foreign.  
Where from you at?

Icarus- We're US citizens.

Kaczinsky- You're either workin for em or you ain't!

Aria- For who?

Kaczinsky- The Feds! The Technocrats! Big Gulp!  
The Zionist Illusionary Mafia,  
The Canadian Koreans, Urban Cathartids,  
Intel Socialists, Green Peace Polluters,  
Porno puritans against the bomb!  
You're either on the payroll of the Porkman  
Suturing surveillance polaroids  
Into the scrota of my beefalo  
Or you're not, and if you is, you ain't no more.

Aria- We were swimming, sir.

Kaczinsky- You are trespassers!

Icarus- But this is public land.

Kaczinsky- Screw the public!

*This land is my land  
This land ain't your land  
From 10 steps backward  
Up to that tree crest  
Half acre eastward  
Then slanting southwest  
This land is mine  
And it ain't yours.*

Kaczinsky- What are you, some boyfriend/girlfriend squad  
On a picnic mission for the EPA  
To plant the booby fragments in my pasture  
Disguised as cow pies? Make a little nooky,  
Conduct a little recon for the Pope?  
Where's your helicopter? Speak or suffer!  
We hiked in.

Icarus-  
Kaczinsky- Hiked in what?

Icarus- We hiked in shoes.

Kaczinsky- Caught ya! Pants on fire! You're both barefoot!  
Aria- Sir, we left our sandals at the water  
With our belongings, so, if you'd let us  
Retrieve them, we will head out on our way.

K- No. Don't leave. Sit down. You two from round here?

Aria- You must know Icarus from TV.

K- TV? I don't participate in death.

Me and mine's the only thing I watch.

I read. Ever heard of that? I read books,

Attitudes, wrinkles, trends, horizons, clouds  
(Cumulus congestus or humilis),

Lizard tracks, hawk mizzle, seed ratios,

Seismic torque, and galactic vibrato.

I 'void combustion and chronology,

Sew my own, eat my growth, jar my engrams,

And I have no acquaintances but time,

That unruly, ruleful, binding, boundless bitch.

Motto? Didat deus deum. Title?

Hematocrit for the fickle Hemamoeba,

And I pledge no allegiance but unto

The State of Off-the-griduality.

Aria- It's great when people act with conviction.

K- Conviction, bunk! Survival strategies,

Cuz who don't cut the bull gets gored to death.

Icarus- That is too true.

K- Take electricity.

Now, here's a thing of very sketchy stuff.

Unrecognized unless it goes away,  
Its free particulars alone are tappt.  
This useless substance of utility  
Wavers, once directly activated,  
Between explosive and tenacious force.  
We channel in this livid mental magma,  
For bad or better, though it's nebulous  
Indifferent to the outcome of its source.  
One simple spark, diversely fused, creates  
Plane or train, cigarette or nicorette,  
Clams, steamed or chilled, Pepsi, flat or fizzy,  
A film on terror or terror on tape,  
The numbing lull of combative products.  
Like that media mass, we're the spectrum  
Of probable improbabilities,  
The causeless charge of unprecedented effects.  
But, what's it matter if it's only motion?  
Some build big apples, I build feeble dreams  
That this whole earth might be diatomaceous  
For the bug of law to cut its paw and die.  
Redman chew? Now, why you two hereabouts?  
We fell in love.

Aria-

Icarus-

Kaczinsky-

Aria-

Kaczinsky-

Aria-

Kaczinsky-

Aria-

Kaczinsky-

Aria-

Kaczinsky-

Aria-

Kaczinsky-

Aria-

Kaczinsky-

And got up together.

O, I hate love! Love's a government ploy  
To force some people onto other people.

You've never loved?

Not once. Except for him.

Who?

You're lookin at him.

You love yourself?

No, I loathe myself. I love my gun.  
His name's Mr. Goodcrap.

Hi, Mr. Goodcrap.

The homosectionals wanna take him away,  
But we say, gun control? Guns are control.

May I touch him?

Have you been sanitized?

Me and sickness broke up long ago.

Be gentle, then. He's a little testy.

*He hands Aria the gun. She throws it to Icarus.*

Icarus-

Bajo! Man, I'm very sketchy stuff!  
Yo tengo de repente un pujo extraño  
A escuchar el chillido del conejo!  
Never never never never never

Be fuckin me and mines, tu morboso!  
This is public land! This land is our land!  
It's Democracy! Ever heard of that?  
Get up and run. Go on! Y manana,  
Expect the pigs come snortin at your door!

*Kaczinsky exits.*

Icarus- Let's lose this loser.  
Aria- Damn, you flippt Primalo!  
Icarus- You did good.  
Aria- Because I'm bad.  
Icarus- You got him.  
Aria- We got each other.  
Icarus- We got everything.

*All exit.*

*Scene 17. The street outside the Arizona Aztech headquarters. Enter Leslie and Ernie.*

Leslie- Concern, despair, confusion and betrayal,  
Just a potluck of the more sterile slang  
Expressed today, as Phoenix comes to grapple  
With the shock that at its doorbell rang.  
Icarus Alzaro, down since dawn,  
Aria Jones, the troubled, teen beauty  
Also missing. Only speculation  
Can their wheres and whatfors guarantee.  
Coincidence, or lovers on the lam?  
Seduction or abduction? Did our hero  
Upon his owner's star-struck darling scam,  
Or is this all one huge consensual no-no?  
Reporting on the case of Hood or Honey,  
Here's Ernie Guess.

Ernie- Thanx, Leslie. What a mess!  
Like Adam and Eve cast out on their wits,  
Juliet and her cliche Romeo,  
Bonnie and Clyde's boom-boom back-road blitz,  
It's the Icarus and Aria show!  
A bionic arm, a coddled runaway,  
Solo sideslip or gang activity?  
The thoughts that rule the thoughtless youth today  
Have and will forever befuddle me!

Leslie- Let's go to the Jones's ranch with Sissy Rip.  
Sissy.

*Enter reporters Sissy Rip, Malory Maguire, Jose Escalante, and Bobby Rivers at various broadcast locations.*

Sissy- Ernie.  
Ernie- Leslie.  
Sissy- Leslie.  
Leslie- Sissy.  
Sissy- Behind me, absence-addled, the probe's afoot  
Of the major players in this mystery.  
The mood is bleak, the urgency past moot,  
As every heart now beats expectantly.

*Enter Sheriff Orpayo, Jimmy Jones, Cindy Jones, Maximus, Shareen Stone, and Mr. Nite.*

Malory- Sheriff! Where are the play-fake lovers?  
Sheriff- No one's certain they're in cahoots, but HP and FBI are on it.  
Jose- Mr. Jones, what sparkt the smoking panties?  
Jones- Loose laundry don't prove nothin but a breeze.  
Bob- Rumor claims they met at your house.  
Jones- Rumor claims everything but merit.  
Sissy- Words of worry from her current mother?  
Cindy- Aria, come home. We miss and love you.  
Jose- Is this the work of El Imaginero?  
Sheriff- We hold no information of that nature.  
Max- El Imaginero's a mirage of urban fear. They don't exist, and if they did,  
we'd stomp em out.  
Nite - Like rickets.  
Bob- Ms. Stone, were you with Icarus last night?  
Shareen- I was with him, yes.  
Malory- Did you sleep together?  
Shareen- I was with him.  
Jose- Sources couple you with Maximus.  
Max- This isn't about that!  
Sheriff- People, keep it kosher.  
Shareen- Style has no witness.  
Bob- Mr. Nite, are all endorsements active?  
Nite- He's probably wearing product as we speak.  
Sissy- But can a fallen image still raise profits?  
Max- People, there's no fallen image here. Look, Icarus is como mi hermana.  
He got side-trackt. Come this dusk, he'll be hatchin birds from balls,  
the Aztechs will sit steady in the saddle, and normalcy will reach a new  
extreme.  
Sheriff- As Sheriff, I implore the press for peace,  
And will post all events as they arise.  
Max- Icarus, come home. We'll fix it and forgive.

Jones- Let me say this to you know who you are:  
If I find out my quarterback's got rough'd,  
And fingerprints are on my family,  
Come tonight, you'll bang with Mr. Power.  
Sissy- Mr. Jones! Will there be fines?  
Jose- Suspensions?  
Bob- Drug tests?  
Malory- What do we tell the fans?  
Max- Fuck the fans!

*All exit, except for Sissy.*

Sissy- Viewers, voila! The ultimate grudge match!  
An angry father/owner/billionaire,  
A forlorn stepmom, a stood-up starlet,  
A tennis-shoe producer losing tread,  
A shady lawyer clearly aggravated,  
And hoots of war with suspect bandoleros!  
I'm snoop-rover, Sissy Rip.

Leslie- Thanx, Hissy.  
This just in: a friend of Aria Jones,  
Female, minor, has been apprehended  
Wandering on Interstate Seventeen.  
For that, we hustle you to Police HQ,  
With Malory McGuire.

*The headquarters of Phoenix Police. Enter Malory Maguire.*

Malory- That's right, Kevin.  
Dirty, bruised, and possibly sedated,  
A girl authorities can't identify  
Was found stumbling beneath an underpass  
At or around six thirty this morning.  
Who she is, where she's been, remains unclear,  
However, apparent accusations  
Of unsolicited importunities  
On the part of both Alzaro brothers  
Have from this aimless victim here emerged.  
Clues to this catastrophe...here she comes.

*Enter an officer with Dina.*

Malory- Were you with the Alzaros last night?  
Dina- Yes.  
Sissy- Were you assaulted sexually by them?  
Dina- Yes.

Bob- Are you going to press charges?  
Dina- Yes.

*Officer and Dina exit.*

Malory- And there it is. An all points bulletin  
Is issued, and unseemly as it seems  
Rape charges are levelled at both Alzaros,  
Icarus and Primalo, who are sought  
To answer in conjunction at this juncture.  
If anyone has seen them, please, call us:  
Your tip is totally anonymous.  
Til then, we can but hunch: what really happened  
Last night in those nocturnal streets of shame  
After the inaugural fandango  
At the posh prefab that Mr. Power built?  
Off the beat, I'm Malory McGuire.  
Geraldo, what's at your end?

*The Alzaro house. Enter Jose Escalante.*

Jose- Am I on?  
Malory- Geraldo?  
Jose- That micky mouse messt up my cue.  
Malory- Surprise, we've lost Geraldo.  
Jose- Hola, Phoenix!  
I'm journalista, Jose Escalante,  
Chatting live con la madre Alzaro  
At the house of Icarus.

*Enter Luce and Matina.*

Jose- Senora...  
Luce- What?  
Jose- How miserably upset...  
Luce- They're innocent.  
Jose- Yet new denunciations of misfeasance...  
Luce- They're innocent.  
Jose- Why flee but out of guilt?  
Luce- In time, you'll see.  
Matina- Am I in the camera?  
Jose- But bestialism? Pedophilia?  
Your children? Your muchachos? Answer that!  
Luce- When they are cleared, will you give equal breath  
To douse the flames of falseness that you fanned?  
Matina- Run, Icarus, run.



Bob- Your verdict on the case of Rookie Nookie?  
 Ray- Before a partial jury of his peers...  
 Hammer- Behind the shadow of his clout...  
 Ray- After all the evidence is hid...  
 Hammer- Indecent til proven filthy.  
 Ray- Money talks.  
 Hammer- What's it say?  
 Ray- Me so slimy.  
 Hammer- That's the longhorn cheese.  
 Bob- Ray and Hammer's inside scoop on the season of the shooting star?  
 Hammer- If Icarus comes back, defense holds the slots, and they slap a killer  
 return on the special, this the year to fear.  
 Ray- The year to fear.  
 Hammer- If Icarus is out...  
 Ray- Soon to me the doom I deem to do you!  
 Hammer- Terminator!  
 Ray- Dominos!  
 Hammer- Dos Equis!  
 Both- Raiders? Steelers? Packers? Not!  
 Aztechs got the goods be hot.  
 Icarus, just do what's right!  
 Zona, Zona, fight fight fight!  
 Bob- I'm Bobby Rivers at the Southwest Hyperplex,  
 With Ray and Hammer. What's the word?  
 Both- Cheesy!  
 Bob- Back at ya, Ernie.  
 Leslie- Leslie.  
 Bob- Leslie.

*Exit Bobby Rivers, Ray, and Hammer.*

Leslie- Thank, Bob.  
 Last thoughts, Ernie?  
 Ernie- If I may, a moral.  
 When buckerooin 'cross life's dusty plain,  
 Beware to what your happiness gets hitch,  
 For each of us is but a character,  
 And little know we of life's larger scripcht.  
 Leslie.  
 Leslie- Ernie. Channel One, just news.

*All exit.*

*Scene 18. A street in South Phoenix at night. Enter Jimmy Jones Junior, Micky, Damon.*

Micky- Damn, I hate the southside.  
Damon- Litter, stink, stagflation, what's to hate?  
Micky- Instant death.

*A horn honks.*

Micky- Stop!  
Damon- Micky, chill!  
Jimmy- It's just a honking horn.  
Damon- Arizona statebird. Take a lude.  
Micky- Why's it gotta be so dark?  
Jimmy- Burning trash.  
Micky- Burning bodies.  
Damon- Man, you'd spook a statue.

*A siren sounds.*

Micky- What?  
Jimmy- Nothin but a midnight siren.  
Damon- Told ya.  
Micky- Damn, I hate the southside.

*Enter Detectives Barcaiolo and Junkfood.*

Junk- Freezpop!  
Barc- Gentlemen, please, Polizia. Put down your toys, and shake it off, amici.  
Jimmy- Barcaiolo?  
Barc- Jimmy Jones.  
Jimmy- You tailin me?  
Junk- No jelly donut, dumbo. Your 'Jammin JJ' vanity plate is burned into my cortex. Wanna Twizzler?  
Barc- Junkfood, scan that mulah suit. Dolce stil nuova.  
Junk- Cochise'll skin you for it, Catfish Po'boy.  
Micky- Who's Cochise?  
Junk- Man, you femmes are freshly fatal. Cochise is code for Primalo, the eternal Apache warrior, and my amputated what-not is his daydream. See that? Collagenous keloid.  
Micky- Wo.  
Junk- Scar tissue with an uppity attitude. Cochise stuck me like a marshmallow, rippt it Slim-Jim style, then chuckd the wrapper out.  
Barc- So, he's Junkfood.  
Junk- Evil kid knievel even bit my nipple off! Looka that! Sure, I fingered him; badass took my finger. DA pitches in a spit-curve technicality, he's off, I'm leggo eggo. That's Cochise.  
Barc- What draws you downtown, Jimmy?  
Jimmy- I'm lookin to buy.

Barc- Cool! I'm lookin to bust!  
Jimmy- Property.  
Junk- Bag a white cheese cheetos?  
Jimmy- Vacation villa.  
Barc- Frontview on the backside, very nice.  
Junk- Do you know where you're at, Crisco Kid?  
Jimmy- I'm at odds. Walk the block. We're fine.  
Barc- Scusi?  
Micky- Mr. Jones implores your absence.  
Barc- Well, Mr. Jones may deplore my presence, but does my badge say Mr. Jones? Do I report to Mr. Jones?  
Junk- Do I hock my chocolate kisses from Junior Jones? We serve the taxpayer, not the taxtaker; the little man, not the giant goon; the no-how-yes-sir multitude, not no string-yankin, shrimp-dippin...  
Barc- Private party Jones. Capeesh?  
Damon- We're simply browsing a high growth area for possible low-rate leases. Thanx for checking in, though. Goodnight, sirs.  
Barc- Bravo! Now, you, me, where we been? All day, all night, from spot to sleazy spot, you sniff Imaginero, I sniff you. Why for? Bene, Barcaiolo, he no dummy. He got big brain, down here, in his holster. So, if this is some midnight diplomacy session with the Spanish consulate, why not let me play interpreter? Lesson one: tripa, guts.  
Junk- The more you got, the more you spill.  
Barc- You desire an Alzaro. Si, but which? The primal or the overpaid? If the first, search no further. Primalo's skin is under my nails. I been houndin him since he was his daddy's squirt, and he's watching this performance as we speak, so the minute we offend, he'll hit remote pothole, and you and I will fade into a fuzz.  
Junk- This mortal kombat don't take quarters, Jimmy.  
Barc- Junior, how many scrapes I pull you from, all swingin a bat like a bartime Lancelot? I've sworn so many warnings, my dignity's at risk. This is no place, Jimmy, to be misplaced. Vedi Napoli, e poi mori. Before you act the part, learn your lines.  
Jimmy- My sister...  
Junk- Ya, we seen her. She's cute.  
Jimmy- You seen her?  
Junk- On the box, lookin fresh.  
Jimmy- You know she's missing.  
Junk- Everybody's missing!  
Barc- And everybody's looking for your sister. Plug some patience into that surging pride, and let it happen the legal eagle way.  
Junk- The wisest thief takes only good advice.  
Jimmy- You undercovers, man, you sleep with spite. Cops and crooks, it's a videogame to you, all joystick, flair, highscore. You throw it back to keep on fishin. Love that job, love the crap it cleans, but time comes to kill the carp you catch. See, this ain't no tarantino knuckle spooof.

You're low hung, I'm high strung, so I'm finding my sister, stuffing that chimp, and dangin his dice from my mirror. But hey, if you and your ghost dance shirt wanna come between us...

Junk- That pussy-flavored fruit chew!  
Barc- Junkfood, maniere! It's a free country.  
Junk- That's its problem.  
Barc- Mr. Jones says he's fine.  
Junk- Like delicate?  
Barc- I warned him. Hey, if homeboy's such a house pet...  
Junk- Such a rebel landlord...  
Barc- Such a happy-hour Odysseus...  
Junk- Such a buffalo-wings Wonderwand...  
Barc- If you are such an impetuous imperturbable impresario, why should I monkey you thru the lion den? If that's the way you want it, Jimmy, Omerta. Cross the crick, test the current, and be one with the sewer. I shed that scab, responsibility. Junkfood, mangia, no? Let's uncork a bottle of Mira Sorvino. Good luck, Mr. Thirteen Fingers. Ningun.

*Barcaiolo exits.*

Junk- Twizzler? You oughta listen to Barcaiolo. He's Forever-man. Cochise at least pretends he ain't a beanbag. See, this is negative space, and unless you're a mathwhiz, one-on-one don't equal two. Imaginero hangs this neck of the burbs, and all transmission goes out in reverse. Bullets fly backward, a noose is a truce, you enter on an exit, man, even the off ramp reads 'Prosecutors will be violated.' This is negative space. If I had a thumb, I'd suck it. Yo, Barcaiolo, wait up!

*Junkfood exits.*

Micky- Give a dope a badge, he thinks he's batman.

*Enter Tonka, Gallo, and K2, guns drawn.*

K2- El Jefe says these words: he go in, you go down.  
Jimmy- All I want is talk.  
Gallo- Ningun!

*Enter Primalo.*

Primalo- Senor Jones segundo, welcome to my microwave. How may I help you?  
Jimmy- I want my sister.  
Primalo- Ah, you wake the dreamer to ask him of his dream. Your sister, yes, quiza she's with my brother?  
Jimmy- Where is he?

Primalo- Each day I seek the same. May he flit, in tinsel constellations, coronado Man of Money Mountain? Might he sprint, like some surgic strike, thru fabled cavidad in the front-four undershift? Or, pies opiatos, has he vanisht, a heart-stopping sneeze, a noisy corpse, a quiet entusiasmo, that we but gather round him asking grace at hungry moments? What have I answered?

Jimmy- You talk to hide what you have to say.

Primalo- I speak to have the words you took away.

Jimmy- My sister.

Primalo- Must I repeat my ignorance?

Jimmy- Imaginero knows.

Primalo- Imaginero? Imaginero is a hoax, do you see? Erotic freaks of enmity, that is Imaginero. Statistics forming contradictions, that is Imaginero. All the things you make of me, Imaginero, will you see? They kill to breed, treat women like dogs, eat dogs for dinner, O, chicano chicanery, that is Imaginero, can you see? A farce become a fetish, a fool become aloof, the image unimagined, do you see? Imaginero is an arsenal rebounding on itself, erasing by the action of existing.

Jimmy- All I see is you and your brother run it.

Primalo- We are merely partners in distrust. I play for real, he plays for you. And though the haut cuisine is to my taste, when worthy men are as a snack engorged by press piranhas that get all doty on Lady Death, one must sag and sigh. Si, si, I love the doll that dances, but my brother is the other, and we see things face to feet.

Jimmy- Look, Primalo, all you want, the ransom's open-ended. I just want my sister.

Primalo- So do I.

Jimmy- Who did Dina?

Primalo- None I know.

Jimmy- Who?

Primalo- The sharp syringe of circumstance?

Jimmy- No more carnaval!

Primalo- You perhaps?

Micky- Primalo, you're a reptile.

Tonka- Yo, bisquick boy, el jefe es conchudo!

Primalo- Tonka, no.

Tonka- This Jimmy cabron goes green beret on us, and you do nothing? Too soft, mi jefe, too soft.

Primalo- Tonka, no.

Tonka- You lookin to be down with the up-crowd anglo, jefe! You wanna be legit, like your little girly brother.

Primalo- Tonka, no.

Tonka- Cachondeo quiquiriqui! I ain't gringo sticky! Dina, that bitch needed discipline.

Primalo- Mi huerco, why was I not told?

Jimmy- Where's my sister?

Tonka- Your sister is in puberty, but brother-wife don't go there, a'ight?  
Primalo- Why did I not know this?  
Tonka- What you want?  
Jimmy- My sister.  
Tonka- I put her on layaway.  
Primalo- Tonka.  
Tonka- Drop your pants.  
Primalo- Tonka.  
Tonka- Drop em.  
Primalo- Tonka.  
Tonka- This daisy chain's my totem pole.  
Primalo- Why you make me make you meet the magic dragon Puff?

*Tonka goes to shoot Jimmy. Primalo shoots Tonka and the bullet goes thru him and hits Jimmy as well.*

Damon- Fuckin bullet hit em both.  
Primalo- Good gun, bad day.

*Gallo and K2 shoot Micky and Damon.*

Tonka- O, man, I'm holy shit.

*Junkfood calls from the side.*

Junkfood- Over here!  
Tonka- Mi jefe, por qué?  
Primalo- No me gusta l'informacion nuevo.

*Primalo kills Tonka.*

Jimmy- Primalo, you corruption! I was blank! Micky! Damon! To hell with runaways! Do it, drain me, down the gutter. I alone conceive of what you are! Just do it! Kill me, kill yourself. I am the truth, Primalo. The white war worm will eat Imaginero, and you'll roam the waste, a refugee of nothing! Kill me, kill your people.  
Primalo- I am my people.

*Primalo kills Jimmy.*

Primalo- Ay, me olvido. Chulos! Tonka! Ningun.

*Gallo and K2 drag Tonka off. Enter Sheriff Orpayo, officers, and Detectives Barcaiolo and Junkfood.*

Sheriff- Three men hit! EMS! Pan out, and find Cochise!



Icarus- And gentle gusts give embers early on  
A stoked longevity.

Aria- And bothered blazes  
Hot with wind, leap the ring and rouse a burn.

Icarus- At this height, my love, the risk is multiple.  
If our thermals drop, we may freeze to death,  
But flaring flames can catch the parcht white pine,  
Spreading flashes.

Aria- Then let's talk. Truth or dare?  
Icarus- The dare you ask, I'm mad to do. So, truth.  
Aria- Who came before me?  
Icarus- No one. Truth or dare?  
Aria- I'm not thru yet!  
Icarus- One question per condition.  
Aria- O, you are hard. Truth.  
Icarus- Who's Emilio?  
Aria- No one. Truth or dare?  
Icarus- Dare.  
Aria- Gimme kisses.  
Icarus- Love's a game that's good to lose.  
Aria- Truth.  
Icarus- Alright, your father, ya, he's huge and that,  
But don't you think he's like a bit insane?  
Aria- To be insane implies you have a limit,  
But daddy swapt his in for stock and nag,  
Rode poor out west, and got rich claiming it.  
Icarus- Yahoo, another corporate cowboy tale.  
Aria- The story of the West. He was a breeder,  
Herding the flats of pre-neon Nevada,  
Then speculating fields, he bought a tract,  
Grazed it, drained it, sold it, bought some more,  
Til subdivisions, outlets, and canals  
Dessicated gaia's green complexion,  
As if naked land should be embarrassed.  
Pretty soon, all concrete bore his name,  
Geography itself was his command,  
Extraction industries his battle bulge,  
And on the map of man, he placed his legend.  
Now his gonzo fling is sports and airlines,  
And, as in all, he'll win or die the spoiler.  
Icarus- You love him?  
Aria- Ah, ya know, I'll always love him,  
Bigger than big, born of drunks and kickers,  
My daddy turned a profit on a problem,  
But, no, a billion doesn't make the one.  
Of his parties, gambling, yachts, and football,

I ask him only this: what does it mean?  
I tell him, daddy, give to a foundation,  
He goes and names a dog track after me.  
I say, money kills! He says, good way to die!  
Brilliant, dumb, high-minded and low-cultured,  
My brawny father's all 'bout getting known,  
Optioning the world to his options,  
Which, I guess, is commonly insane.  
But, hey, your family flips a lid or two.  
All 'bout getting unknown, that's my family,  
Forming a perfect negative of yours,  
A father most the shadow of your father,  
Whose lessons lessen me the more I learn.  
I am of the clan of the scorpion,  
Retreating with its tail pointing forward,  
Its deadliness inverted to its size.  
Out of moments, we make momentum,  
Out of motion, settlement.

Aria- How'd it start?  
Icarus- My father, from an influx of illegals,  
Sensing every window lockt against him,  
Crackt the safe of meaningful employment,  
And found the mighty El Imaginero.

Aria- That's the bad guys.  
Icarus- It was good at first.  
An independent, transnational network,  
It shipped necessities across the fence,  
But soon, to keep its cut, it had to kill,  
As cadillacs in vacant-lots and board-ups  
Dispersed the trap of candy thru the land.  
Of course, my pops had mansions, mistresses,  
Masterpieces, and some skillful tailors  
Who, at his word, would measure any neck,  
But we, his cover family, sat and squalored.  
Then, his elegant entrepreneurial ease  
Displeased the law, for power keeps its place  
Among the powerful that some success  
Must not succeed; and so, the crystal calf  
Was roped into a basement veal trough  
To there preserve forever in his feed.  
You talk to him?

Aria- No. Not now, not ever.  
Icarus- Tell me more.

Aria- From that childless child,  
Icarus- Primalo took the wheel and spun it round.  
That maze of snow became a sourcery,

Inaccessible for total access,  
As much ideology as commerce,  
Dabbling in legit and unlegit,  
Music, murder, charities, and cheeba.  
Now, me and Malo, we were chainlink tight,  
Til my renouncement of that crackpot web,  
And his understandable paranoia,  
Established an apartheid in his conscience,  
To which I now am happily segregate.  
And that's the rap. A solitary father,  
A brother in the smoke, a sightless sister,  
And my mom, sweet and sorrowful, who lies  
Upon the pavement wondering what hit her,  
Like female shrapnel from a mail bomb,  
While I still try to piece it back together,  
Smelling salts of salary in my hand,  
A hundred million probabilities,  
And the deepest love in all the stupid world.  
O, how I am seduced!

Aria-  
Icarus-

But, Aria,

Aria-

Tell me 'bout your mother. Where is she?  
My father says, though never trust a trader,  
They met at some Santa Fe Cantina.  
Draped in fuschia velvet, she sang evenings,  
Lullabies to lonely wanderers.  
He'd sit and swoon in distant adoration,  
Til, late one night, amidst some final lilt,  
A roughhouse regular jumpt up and grabbd her.  
My father leapt, a lounging cougar roused,  
And knockt him out with one swift-swooping paw.  
Well, what legato diva can resist  
Such raw sforzando speed? So, off they drove  
Into the tumbleweeds to get attacht  
Upon a cargo-barge at Pt. Conception.  
From there, they set up shop in Amarillo,  
And in nine months, almost, I hit the scene.  
But, giving birth to life, my mother died,  
Leaving me to my imagination,  
After which, big Jimmy got possession  
Of little Jimmy from his guardian,  
Some dancing base attraction, and I've had  
Four mothers since, all absent as the first.  
Our family trees are cut to stump and kindling,  
And yet our graft unites them in new growth.  
Forever. Truth or dare.

Icarus-

Aria-  
Icarus-

Let's take a break.

Aria- But tell me this; how come you play the game?  
 Icarus- Ouch, the stinger. Okay, I play to play,  
 To run the ranks, to touch the center's shanks,  
 To sling the shots and do what none can do.  
 I play to win the game, but no more games.  
 Aria- What did you say in Spanish to that man?  
 Icarus- Nothing.  
 Aria- That's a convoluted nothing.  
 Icarus- I lost my lid.  
 Aria- Speak Spanish to me now.  
 Icarus- I can't.  
 Aria- Then how'd you bust on Mr. Weirido?  
 Icarus- Weirdness creates anger creates Spanish.  
 Aria- O, so como se dice, 'in denial'?  
 Icarus- In denial.  
 Aria- Where you come from, lover?  
 Icarus- Yo, I am a man of color running.  
 Congo, Asia, Mexico, Mohican,  
 And other sauces sweet the racial meat  
 All ripple thru the vineyard of my veins,  
 And when I grape, it's pure politic wine.  
 I don't speak Spanish cuz you don't speak Spanish.  
 Barrasca, I fit in like power tools.  
 Aria- Icarus.  
 Icarus- Forgive me, Aria.  
 Aria- Rage that is a gift needs no forgiveness.  
 My love, if I don't speak it, teach it to me.  
 Como se dice, fire?  
 Icarus- El fuego.  
 Aria- Sky?  
 Icarus- Cielo.  
 Aria- Smile?  
 Icarus- La sonrisa.  
 Aria- I love you?  
 Icarus- I'm not sure.  
 Aria- Come on.  
 Icarus- Te amo.  
 Aria- I thirst and from your eyes I drink.  
 Icarus- Yo tengo sed, y bebo de tus ojos.  
 Aria- So I panic when they blink.  
 Icarus- Me vuelvo loco cuando guiñan ellos.  
 Aria- Open, love, and let them cry.  
 Icarus- Abrate, amor, y llename con lloro.  
 Aria- They look, I live; they close, I die.  
 Icarus- Miran, vivo; se cierran, me desvanesco.  
 Aria- Thru my lover's lips, I learn alone.

Icarus- Tus labios estan mi corazon.

*Enter Medicine Woman.*

Med- Hello.

*Icarus draws the rifle he got from Kaczynski.*

Icarus- Who are you?

Med- Medicine Woman, registered trademark,  
The sacred mother of this netherhood.  
I roam the forage paths. Your languages  
Together laughing called me. May I share  
Your water? I am tired.

Aria- Yes, sit down.

Med- In love, I know. You want to be alone,  
But don't mind me, cuz I'm not really here.  
You're young, you want privacy,  
You're old, privacy wants you.  
Me, I'm with myself, I think of others;  
With others, all I think of is myself.  
I'd go away, but there's no way to go  
That's not my way, and that's the way it is.  
So, a way's a way's away. You're married?

Icarus- We are conjoined in bliss.

Med- Then you're not married.

Aria- We are engaged.

Med- Well, what you waiting for?

Icarus- Nothing, really.

Med- How long you been together?

Aria- Seems like lifetimes.

Med- Met last night?

Icarus- Yeah.

Med- Whiskey?

Icarus- No thanks.

Med- Keeps old lady neither.

Aria- We've lived a dream of years within a day.

Med- I'm sure you have. I'm a tell a story.

This butterfly, the Tiger Swallowtail,  
Is sweet and nourishing to all the birds,  
But in her early years, called the dark phase,  
She's camouflaged like the poisonous  
And none too tasty Pipe Vine Swallowtail,  
So not a feathered being cares to eat her.  
But, like everyone, she soon grows up,  
Her colors come, and her brighter body

Is consumed in food chain Wanka Kunka!  
You see?

Aria- No.  
Med- Who made the medicine wheel?  
Icarus- Me.  
Med- It's wrong.  
Icarus- I meant it as a test drive.  
Med- He is cute, is he not?  
Aria- O yes, very.  
Med- Penuta Wijo! Good I came so quick.  
This wheel couldn't roll a corn tortilla.  
Is your love a test drive? O, my children,  
Be the meaning of the loss of meaning!  
Well, since he's so cute, and you're so honest,  
Here, for you, I wove a marriage basket.  
In it, place an object of commitment,  
Both of you. Pick anything! Who cares?

*Icarus drops a stone in the basket, and Aria drops in a leaf.*

Med- Not the leaf of trembling passion!  
Not the stone of stumbling psyche!  
Fine. I'll work with it. Hubba yakka ho!  
Leafgirl, Stoneboy, you're in the basket now.  
Look, you're dancing. O, what's that you're doing?  
Squirming to escape the basket case!  
There's only one way out: you must be wed.  
Shall we, Leafgirl?

Aria- Yes.  
Med- Stoneboy?  
Icarus- Yes.  
Med- A shot of shark excretion, and I'm set.  
Now, who shall Stoneboy marry?

Icarus- Howbout Leafgirl?  
Med- No!  
Icarus- Why not?  
Med- Because. She is a leaf!  
Icarus- So what?  
Med- You will be ever envious!  
Rippling in the sky, so supple-sure,  
Her tree prevents the mountain from eroding,  
From filling the rivers that feed the field,  
From killing the flower that stuffs the bee,  
From starving the bird that poops the pod,  
That all may live in free dependency!

Icarus- Love is never jealous.

Med- I will yenta.  
Who shall Leafgirl marry?

Aria- I like Stoneboy.  
Med- No! Not Stoneboy!

Aria- Why?  
Med- He is a stone!

Sure, he's hard, he's strong, he commandeers  
The marvel mantel of the earth, but he  
Is of the melty forces underground!  
None so cold when cold, none so hot in heat,  
Ever seeking darkness like the first,  
Striving at open spaces tween the stars,  
He ruffles all your fragile ruffage parts!  
Let me have Stoneboy.

Aria- Let me have Leafgirl.  
Icarus- Wait! A message. Mama Gunka! Of course!  
Med- How can Stoneboy and Leafgirl marry?  
Her leaf imprints a fossil in his stone!  
Ah, how wise the Mama Gunka! Cheers!  
The vows!  
To what but you, my leaf, should I be drawn,  
When winter, hearing you, is singing-soothed?  
In what but you, my stone, should I live on,  
When in you time is still, and stillness moves?  
You are, my leaf, of life the shape and seed.  
You are, my stone, the granite and the gold.  
So unlike, we are alike in need,  
So new unknown, we are in knowing old.  
Over time, the surfaces will soften,  
Over all, impressions will enface,  
Stone and leaf becoming leaf and stone,  
An image of the now-in-then embrace.  
Leafgirl, Stoneboy, desiring one of two,  
Do you?

Aria- I do.  
Med- Do you the same?  
Icarus- I do.  
Med- I now pronounce you unpronounceable.  
You may kiss the countryside. Ten bucks.  
So, how long you stayin?

Aria- This is our home.  
Med- A hiding place is not a home, Leafgirl.  
Icarus- It's our honeymoon.  
Med- O, he is cute!  
Mama Gunka! O, go back, go back,  
Your people clash lacking yr goodygoody!



That crazy couple of the surreal switch  
Announced their plans to wed this afternoon,  
After which, Icarus agrees to face  
The rap of rape and juvenile abduction!  
For the strangest spot in weeks, we go live  
To the much-beleaguered home of Jimmy Jones.

*Enter Jimmy and Cindy Jones, Trinidad, Aria, and Secretary inside the Jones House.*

Sec- Mr. Jones, Nite and Maximus on the line, plus a herd of press outside.  
Jones- Tell 'em I'm dead!

*Secretary exits.*

Cindy- Jimmy honey...  
Jones- My son, he offs my son,  
The virile product of my laboring life,  
A diligent, respectful, hearty boy,  
My scrappy fighter, my little hero,  
My baby, junior me, my boy, my son,  
Yet she, O, my perverse, now only child,  
Would marry with that schizo scumbag's brother?  
I will not have her stick me in the fool  
That botcht a contract, left this city cold,  
And, need I add, sodomized her sidekick!  
Aria- He didn't do that! I was with him then!  
Jones- You were with a cheat, a coward, a killer,  
A failure punk that smoked you like a hooka  
And zonkt you with his cattleprod of fame.  
He is a rash my upright ass won't catch,  
Schmoozing after fathers for their daughters.  
You wanna crack my heart? I'll crack you first.  
Cindy- Jimmy, no.  
Jones- You clueless, whoring brat.  
My due for raising you's you let me down?  
A child makes a child on a child's grave,  
And fathers are condemned to fatherhood.

*Enter Priscilla.*

Priscilla- Jimmy's gone!  
Cindy- O, poor Priscilla. Here, here.  
Aria- I'm sorry.  
Jones- Sorry's no salvation, sister.  
Priscilla- Aria killed my Jimmy!  
Aria- I did not.

Jones- I'm next, ain't I? Ya, we're all connected  
 In some conspiracy, par excellence.  
 Maximus, Nite, Imaginero, you,  
 The plot is on a rampage, and I'm next.

Cindy- Jimmy, stop it!

Jones- Ha, I am abandoned!  
 Shovel me in and call me toxic waste.  
 This world treats a murder like a marriage,  
 Don't it now? My daughter humps a homicide,  
 My son is road kill neath the getaway car,  
 The media snag a blood swatch from the scene,  
 My 'sociates bamboozle with the experts  
 To taint the vial with some soilent green,  
 My DNA is rendered DOA,  
 Then one in near nine billion can't convict,  
 And pretty soon, we're in the judge's quarters,  
 My daughter's marrying that homicide,  
 And I, unknowing, pop a bubbly beaker,  
 Guzzle my own genetic spill and croak!

Cindy- O, really!

Jones- But when I find that tamper spick,  
 My rage-restraining valves shall open wide,  
 All life-contempt'ous temperance shall drain,  
 And out the flow of my contamination  
 That day shall violence meet fecundity.

Cindy- Jimmy, dammit. Calm down.

Priscilla- His soul's in a better place.

Jones- Like nowhere? Like the great shrinking expanse?  
 Vacuum land, zero town, nullibicity,  
 Everything with nothing, he's singin lead  
 For the no-more-man tabernacle choir,  
 Disappearo, poof, no refund bub,  
 Digested like a six foot greasy sandwich  
 Into the space where sense denies sensation,  
 He is where he is zilcho once again!

Cindy- Jimmy, shut up!

Priscilla- He died looking for her!

Aria- I didn't know.

Jones- It's all clear to me now.  
 Missing person status is contagious,  
 But where to hide, if absence kills?

Cindy- Enough!

Jones- A wedding? Blow my Metlife, cuz I'm dead.

Cindy- I said enough! I mean it! Both of you!  
 Did she kill Jimmy? No. She's innocent.  
 Did Icarus do it? No. He's innocent.

Did Primalo kill him? That may be the case,  
 But if it is (big if), a court of law  
 Will do to him what he has done to us.  
 Jones- A court of law? I've gotten fewer lies  
 From my mattress. Outlaw the courts of law!  
 Cindy- Jimmy, let not your sadness cause distress.  
 Their next and prudent action is to wed.  
 Jones- Woman, I'm middle aged, not middle ages.  
 I plan to sue, not sup that renegade.  
 Cindy- O, so this is nothing but the money?  
 It's true, there ain't no poorer state than wealth.  
 You want your money back? Let them marry.  
 He'll quit the playing field, and play your field.  
 You want peace? Uh hu. Then let them marry,  
 Cuz joining families disjoin rivalries.  
 You want your son? I say, let them marry,  
 And as his second string, take Icarus.  
 Concentrate this vengeance on the deed  
 That did you wrong, not her, not him she loves,  
 For though there is a hasty rush about it,  
 And every small mistake needs punishment,  
 Later, later. Today, let them marry  
 In funeral joy and mournful matrimony.  
 Icarus will be cleared, Aria well wed,  
 Jimmy in their oath will be remembered,  
 Primalo will be found and fairly tried,  
 And then, the healing process underway,  
 Hands asunder once will hold hard in hope,  
 As family and community combine.  
 Jones- Ah, blooey.  
 Aria- Daddy.  
 Jones- Don't you talk to me.  
 Aria- I will do what I want when I want it.  
 O, Father, we're the same now, you and me,  
 Alone together, sinking and aspiring.  
 Jimmy, call him brother or son, is dead.  
 Dina, our sister-daughter but by birth,  
 Has suffered something indecipherable,  
 And all around us, hurt and desperate people  
 Seek stability against destruction,  
 But Icarus is not the cause of it.  
 Jones- His brother is!  
 Aria- Primalo is his brother,  
 And they're as close as me and Jimmy were.  
 Jones- Don't you say that.  
 Aria- But it's the honest truth.

Our world is of individuals,  
Not nations, families, teams or companies,  
All of which are systems of delusion.  
I want Icarus cuz of Icarus,  
Who, lacking any false accessory,  
Is curious, kind, loving, smart, guiltless,  
Qualities to please most any father  
In the father of his daughter's children.  
No! I will not have it.

Jones-  
Aria-

I will have it.

Be it in a motor home or mansion,  
Be the food MacDonald's or Balducci's,  
Be my dress of gossamer or remnants,  
I will be married to the man I love.

Jones-  
Aria-

I am abandoned.

No, you are increased.

Your son is gone, but there's new generation  
By our union, following this severance.  
Bury a son and marry off a daughter,  
You gain a son and many children more.

Jones-

Jimmy ain't but half a day deceased,  
And we're already selling him for sod.

Cindy-  
Jones-

She speaks well, Jimmy.

She's a trouble thing!

But you can't be a Jones and not be crackers.  
Allrighty, then. Life's all 'bout movin on.  
If damage must be done, let's do it right.

*Jimmy, Cindy, and Priscilla exit.*

Aria-

O, nana, I am so in love.

Trinidad-

That so?

Aria-

I'm to be his beautiful bride!

Trinidad-

No doubt.

Aria-

Have you heard from Dina yet?

Trinidad-

Not a word.

Aria-

O, how could she defame him?

Trinidad-

Why I wonder?

She was supposed to slumber out with you,  
But she got ditcht for him. Come to think it,  
I was supposed to drive you to the condo,  
But I got ditcht for him. O, and, of course,  
Jimmy was supposed to have a future,  
But, fast as fig pulp, he got ditcht for him.  
O, Icarus! I'll fly away with you,  
And leave my friends and family in the ditch!

Lord child, disappear like dinosaurs,  
 And spread that mayhem clear to summertime.  
 Who took you for a chimp and ate your brains?  
 I got carried away.

Aria- You, like a corpse.  
 Trinidad-  
 Aria- Nana!  
 Trinidad- Child, you are just too young.  
 I haven't one good single predilection  
 Of promising your body to that boy.  
 He's from a something you've no nature with,  
 And danger's mummin in that vow of peace.

Aria- Nana, no.  
 Trinidad- Nana, no? What's nana, no?  
 Is all you've been some second language now?  
 Come, sit here with me. Do as I beg you!  
 Yes, nana.

Aria- Tell me. Why you want to marry?  
 Trinidad- So that I can be with him forever.  
 Aria- Forever tends to make men mighty sour.  
 Trinidad- Not Icarus. He's sweet as your preserves.  
 Aria- No man sweet as my jellies!  
 Trinidad- 'Cept my man.  
 Aria- Ah, he got a thing or two upon him.  
 Trinidad- Yes, he does!  
 Aria- Aria, why, I fear you.  
 Trinidad- I know I'm young, but the feeling's in me,  
 And out there, Nana, in the woods, I grew,  
 And now I see what growing up can mean.

Trinidad- Growing up is fine, but why go leapin  
 From crib to kitchen work? Men want labor.  
 Aria- O, nana, you're a walking artifact.  
 Me and Icarus are equal partners.  
 Trinidad- The only equal partners are divorce lawyers.  
 Aria- Nana!  
 Trinidad- Aria, you're just too young.  
 Aria- Icarus and I already did it.  
 Trinidad- O, my heart.  
 Aria- I mean, we already married.  
 Trinidad- No!  
 Aria- Not officially, spiritually.  
 Trinidad- Spiritual is good; official's bad.  
 Aria- Everyone should be free to act upon  
 Emotions that do no physical harm  
 To even the most emotionally near.  
 I'm going forward, nana. Are you with me?  
 Trinidad- Allright, allright. You want to lose your freedom

Aria- To some silent man you know for reckless,  
Trinidad- Go marry, but I won't miss you one bit.  
Aria- I won't miss you just as much.  
Trinidad- O, my child.  
Aria- My wonderful nana, how dear you are.  
Trinidad- Aria, your brother left us today,  
And Dina, your best friend, is suffering.  
You think on it.  
Aria- I do, nana, I do.  
Trinidad- Go prepare, and save I do's for later.

*Aria exits. Enter Secretary.*

Secr- A letter from Dina, brought by messenger.  
Trin- Give me that. Aria's got enough problems 'thout that loudmouth  
blabblin hoodoo.  
Secr- Word on the street is Icarus did it.  
Trin- That word is on the street cuz it don't work.  
Secr- Cops want him bad.  
Trin- Cops want all men bad, so they keep livin good.  
Secr- Cops are gonna be there.  
Trin- Mind your business.  
Secr- They say you an illegal.  
Trin- Mind your business!

*All exit.*

*Scene 21. The Hilltop Pointe Resort in Central Phoenix. Enter News Anchor Sandy Waters.*

Waters- Good evening. I'm your anchor, Sandy Waters,  
And our top story of the night returns  
Our curious lens to Phoenix, Arizona,  
Where two young cross-starred lovers are to wed  
Amidst murder, rape, and smuggling charges  
That snag into a snarl of sudden death  
Parent and child, family and franchise,  
Precinct and cartel, mayor and foreign maid.  
With raids from Albany to Zacatecas,  
Scandal scorching sacred institutions,  
Three men dead and countless more to come,  
Serious speculations still remain:  
Can Icarus outlast his mythic lot?  
Can Aria survive the underzone?  
Can Primalo Alzaro be detained?  
Do our borders hold? Is the nation safe?

For frontline facts, here's our affiliate,  
Channel One News, with Wesley and Bernie.

*Enter Leslie and Ernie.*

Leslie- Thanx, Sandy. I'm Leslie.  
Ernie- And I'm Ernie.  
Leslie- We're live outside the Hilltop Pointe Resort,  
Where gathering high above the city  
Within the luscious rooftop garden  
Are minister, musicians, caterers,  
All arriving to plot their solemn place  
In this happy, grueling day's extravaganza.  
Ernie, what's your take?  
Ernie- 2 to 1, Leslie.  
Icarus is acquitted on all counts,  
Primalo buys a chez in Switzerland,  
Aztechs clinch divisions come Decembre,  
And Aria Alzaro's due next year.

*Enter Sheriff Orpayo.*

Leslie- Here's Sheriff Orpayo. Sheriff, how's kicks?  
Sheriff- They're tuckt up tight as tuna in a tin.  
Should Icarus attempt some flight maneuver,  
Swat! But, since he promist to surrender,  
We will respect his privacy, for now.

*Sheriff Orpayo exits. Enter Mayor Favor and Coach Conrad.*

Leslie- Mayor Favor!  
Ernie- Coach Conrad!  
Leslie- Leslie!  
Ernie- Ernie!  
Leslie- Is there any truth you're being questioned  
For trafficking in substance?  
Coach- No comment.  
Mayor- I'm here to celebrate, not to quibble.

*Mayor Favor and Coach Conrad exit. Enter Maximus, Mr. Nite, and Shareen Stone.*

Leslie- It's Maximus and Nite.  
Ernie- And Shareen Stone!  
Leslie- Is Icarus the man we thought he was?  
Max- I no longer represent the defendant.  
Leslie- Mr. Nite?

Nite- Real men don't miss appointments.  
Ernie- Ms. Stone?  
Shareen- You stand me up, I sit you down.

*Maximus, Mr. Nite, and Shareen Stone exit. Enter Icarus, Luce, and Matina.*

Leslie- Here's Icarus and family.  
Ernie- Ernie.  
Leslie- Leslie.  
Ernie- Icarus, are you guilty?  
Icarus- No, I'm not.  
Leslie- Have you seen your brother?  
Icarus- No, I haven't.  
Ernie- Will you play ball this season?  
Icarus- Yes, I will.

*Icarus, Luce, and Matina exit. Enter Jimmy Jones, Cindy Jones, Aria, and Trinidad.*

Leslie- Mr. Jones, what's next on your agenda?  
Jones- When I'm done with El Imaginero,  
This will all be El Imaginary.

*Jimmy Jones, Cindy Jones, Aria, and Trinidad exit.*

Leslie- Does the phrase 'shotgun wedding' come to mind?  
Ernie- Like my grandpa said: Better to marry  
Under pressure than oversexed. Leslie?  
Leslie- Gee, Ernie. Is that your invocation?  
Ernie- I'm thru.  
Leslie- I'm Leslie. Channel One, just news.

*All exit.*

*Scene 22. In the roof garden of the Hilltop Pointe Resort. Enter Jimmy Jones, Cindy Jones, Luce, Matina, Icarus, Aria, Trinidad, and guests.*

Jones- Doubtless, son, I am a trifle flustered,  
Saddened and annoyed by this whole hubbub,  
But my moods, clearly, don't define the day.  
So, let's shake hands and start this quarter fresh.  
Introduce me to the family unit.  
Icarus- Mr. Jones, my mother and my sister.  
Jones- How do you do?  
Luce- I'm fine of hearing, thank you.  
Matina- Mama, I smell 'Malo.  
Icarus- About Jimmy...

Jones- Ah, Jimmy. That boy's head was a spinal fist.  
He kickt his mother cuz the womb's too warm,  
Poppt the baby doc for spankin him,  
Then thru it all his choker never slackt.  
Every fighter fights it to the finish,  
But Jimmy fought the finish from the first.  
Now, as for my daughter...

*Enter Gallo, disguised as a Minister.*

Minister- Let us begin.  
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today  
To bind in joyous terms of lasting love  
Icarus Alzaro and Aria Jones,  
Who gather here today, dearly beloved.  
And yet, as it is written, in the pairing  
A paring also is, and so do we  
In their augmenting spirits equally  
Exult as for another lost we weep.  
Therefore, our constitutions yet uncertain,  
We listen with complex, abated minds  
To these new lovers' words. Now, please, your vows.

Aria- I vow.  
Icarus- I vow.  
Aria- Myself.  
Icarus- To you alone.  
Aria- I vow to join.  
Icarus- That difference unify.  
Aria- I vow my love.  
Icarus- That hatred have no home.  
Aria- I vow my life.  
Icarus- That no one more must die.  
Aria- I vow my voice to you.  
Icarus- I vow my eyes.  
Aria- My heart I vow.  
Icarus- To you I vow my hands.  
Aria- I vow to you the earth.  
Icarus- I vow the skies.  
Aria- All I am, I vow.  
Icarus- All I vow, I am.  
Aria- The truth you tell, I vow to tell to you.  
Icarus- What you desire, I vow desire to.  
Aria- Where you would go, I vow to go with you.  
Icarus- You wonder, and I vow to wonder too.  
Aria- Without you, nothing.  
Icarus- With you ever now.

Aria- My dark.  
 Icarus- My light.  
 Aria- My song.  
 Icarus- My flight.  
 Both- I vow.  
 Minister- Well, do you, Icarus, take Aria  
 To be your lawful wedded wife?  
 Icarus- I do.  
 Minister- And do you, Aria, take Icarus  
 To be your husband lawful wed?  
 Aria- I do.  
 Minister- Then by the power...O, I near forgot.  
 Should anyone within this room have reason  
 Why these two young people should not marry,  
 Please, speak now or forever hold your...

*Gallo removes his minister disguise and Primalo enters, disguised as a caterer.*

Primalo- Peace. I shall forever hold my piece.

*Primalo removes his caterer disguise.*

Primalo- Icarus, my brother, enhorabuena!  
 Matina- Malo, hablame!  
 Primalo- Hola, Matina!

*Detectives Barcaiolo and Junkfood, who are disguised as musicians, enter.*

Junk- Drop it, family man!

*K2 removes his caterer disguise and enters.*

K2- Jefe drop the bombs, blanco facil.  
 Barc- Primalo, it's a fumble.  
 Primalo- Barcaiolo,  
 I gave up winning when I lost my mind.  
 Jones- Shoot til I see thru him!  
 Cindy- Jimmy, shush!  
 Jones- You stole my son.  
 K2- You stole the word. Football?  
 Gallo- He can't even kick a little habit!  
 Barc- Mr. Jones, unless you like the taste of lead,  
 I strongly recommend you shut your mouth.  
 Primalo- Please, excuse this rudeness, all. Tequila!  
 Junk- Game's over, Cochise!  
 Primalo- The game's just begun!

Icarus- Primalo, if you wanna play, I'm here.  
 Primalo- But, senior, you, me, no same conference.  
 Icarus- I got opted.  
 Primalo- Playing card?  
 Icarus- Playing convict.  
 Primalo- So now you're in the family, Icarus.  
 Icarus- I'm so in the family I can't see it.  
 Primalo- Then look upon your brother!  
 Icarus- There you are.  
 Primalo- I've nowhere else to go. My ring is broke,  
 So here I am where I am least expected.  
 Icarus- You're not welcome.  
 Primalo- O, tu honra, donde?  
 Can't you once remember who I am?  
 Icarus- You're Sisyphus, strong-arming blanco bricks  
 Up an incline, crusht each time you peak.  
 Primalo- And you are Orpheus, the unobeying,  
 Losing all you love each time you peek.

*Primalo grabs Aria.*

Icarus- No!  
 Primalo- Have you forgotten how I made you?  
 All our lives, for you I run the screen,  
 Block for you, teach you my chanchullos,  
 And then, you go so fast, I follow you,  
 To your meeting to congratulate you,  
 To your inauguration to confirm you,  
 Upon your nuptial to be your best man,  
 But now I'm told that I am not invited,  
 That day and night won't mix, that high and low  
 Contest, that have and haven't ever wage?  
 O, had I stayed in hiding, had I not  
 Sought your favor, all would be for good.  
 But, as the biggest baby in the world,  
 And the most ambitious bastard ever,  
 I must control the means of seduction,  
 So on I went. What now for my devotion?  
 My businesses smasht, my crops quemada,  
 My private, social, working contacts cut,  
 I am a giant nulo infinito,  
 And all I wanted was your recognition.  
 Icarus- Give me Aria.  
 Primalo- You know, I used to think,  
 Serve the people, and they will respect you,  
 But I had it backwards.

Icarus- Give her to me.  
Primalo- We each have our position in the huddle.  
I am gangsta! You want me play my role?  
Here I am, turning hostess into hostage.

Icarus- Take me.  
Primalo- I no longer need your cover.  
Luce- Why this, Malo?  
Primalo- Mama, por favor,  
This is my moment.

Barc- Dignity, Primalo.  
Primalo- Dignity? Legitimacy rules!  
When you're honcho on el otro lado,  
Looking up from the downside of supply,  
And selling what is wrong to who is right,  
You must be dark so all can feel light,  
And act undignified for dignity!  
Look at my brother. O, his arm is magic,  
So real estate desires to disarm him.  
Look there, my mother. Her only solacement  
Is the illusion life improves thru birth.  
Mira, es mi padre. Only kidding.  
My father is the inconceivable,  
And why? Legitimacy rules! In fact,  
I'm alive because my illegitimate gun  
Is fixed on this legitimate girl's heart.  
O, Aria, you make it all so true.

Barc- Let her go, Cochise, and I give my word  
Imaginero gets immunity.

Primalo- You know where to find Imaginero?  
The smell of Aria, Immigration,  
TV weddings, that's Imaginero.

Icarus- Malo, no! Take a chance, but not from me.  
Primalo- I, Primalo, take you, Aria,  
To be my unlawfully wedded bride.  
Do you take me? Do you take me?

Aria- I do.  
Primalo- You should be more faithful to my brother.  
Icarus- Stop it!  
Primalo- Orders from the unobeying?  
Our father made you wings, and said don't fly.  
Icarus- Our father made the maze, and said get lost.  
Primalo- The sun is on you.  
Icarus- The maze is in you.  
Primalo- No more.

Icarus- Primalo, take me.  
Primalo- No. Aria.

Icarus- Take me instead.  
Primalo- No. Aria.  
Icarus- Siempre testarudo.  
Primalo- Testadura.  
Icarus- Por ella?  
Primalo- Para ti.  
Icarus- Para ti.  
Primalo- De uno.

*Jimmy Jones goes for Primalo's gun, and Primalo shoots Aria. Barcaiolo shoots Primalo. Gallo and Junkfood shoot each other. Barcaiolo and K2 face off.*

Barc- No mas, K2.  
K2- I kill before I cower.  
Primalo- Me caigo, mi hermano. Vuela para mi.

*Primalo dies.*

Icarus- Aria!  
Aria- O, Icarus, I feel you  
In my heart, your nest alone. Where are we?  
I've seen it all, and yet, it is so new.  
O, love, your touch is deadly. Must I go?

*Aria dies.*

Icarus- Aria, no! I'm here, my love, my wife,  
O, do not go! Breathe in me. Your lips refuse.  
What star do you now wish? O, share it, love!  
Hold me. Aria, O, no more playing.

*Icarus picks up Primalo's gun.*

Luce- Icarus, no!  
Icarus- Down, all of you. Bajo!  
Ustedes malos mataron mi amor!  
Puercos cruentos veraces! Aria!  
Did we not go together everywhere?  
So newly married, will you cheat on me  
And give to groping death your body's all?  
The days await adventures we invent!  
We've just begun to see above the streets!  
Look, Aria, how small the people seem!

*Enter Sheriff Orpayo, officers, and reporters.*

Barc- No!  
Sheriff- Icarus, freeze.  
Icarus- I am on fire!  
All of you I know. No conozco a ningun.  
You own my living, but I own my life.  
I rise, I twist, I spin about the earth,  
But only love propelled me past myself.

*Icarus picks up Aria.*

O, you are my defiance, O, my wife!  
Aria nunca cantó su aria,  
Though never music so exposed a man,  
As only she accompanied my silence  
And did against your scalding give me shade.  
If we're to be consumed, then let it be  
Among the mauling energies of space  
Where we return to charge and dust, that all  
Take in yet never take our league of light.  
Por en las horas cuento mi minuto,  
All was wasted but your span of sense,  
But she is gone. Her song is in the sky.  
To her in love I go. To her I fly.

*Icarus jumps to his death with Aria in his arms.*

Trinidad- My child!  
Sheriff- No one move.  
Barc- Everybody move.  
Cindy- Jimmy, look away!  
Jimmy- I shall not survive.  
Matina- My brothers? My new sister? O, this world  
Is quick to take what it takes long to build.  
Malo? Aria? Vuela, Icarus!  
Briefly lived, but deeply loved, O, mama,  
Too many vibrant souls today are stilled  
Now that we are greedier than death.

*Enter News Anchor Sandy Waters.*

Waters- A fatal and yet unexplained event  
Has set its bloody mark today on Phoenix,  
Once a community of calm consent,  
That now reports a body count of six.  
Slain by police, one Primalo Alzaro,  
That daedal underboss and alumna

Of the disbanded El Imaginero.  
Self-slain, a minor now id'd as Dina,  
Was hanged in her own cell, after scribbling  
A note absolving Icarus of guilt,  
Which came too late, as a bond and blessing  
Transforms into the greatest loss of all:  
Icarus Alzaro and his bride,  
Aria Jones, too innocent, too young,  
Were slaughtered at the altar, misallied  
With the violent atmosphere they loved among.  
And thus we close, no news so sadly said,  
For Icarus and Aria are dead.

*All exit. The End.*

First produced at the Nuyorican Poets Café in the First New York International Fringe Festival in 1997.

Dramaturgy and direction by Aaron Beall  
Stage management by Andrea Meller  
Sound design by Wayne Frost  
Costume design by Karen Flood  
Props and sets by Raphaele Shirley and Vincent Dao  
Sound operation by Jesse Atlas and Andrea Meller  
Lights by Anna Goodman-Merrick

Cast:

Icarus Alzaro – Dennis Dannel  
Aria Jones – Jeni Henaghan  
Dina – Michelle Ingkavet  
Mr. Jimmy Jones – Tom Reid  
Cindy – Nancy O'Connor  
Jimmy Jones Junior – Josh Berg  
Micky – Art Wallace, Ed Gilmartin  
Damon – Al Benditt  
Mr. Nite – Al Benditt  
Maximus – Adam Wald  
Primalo – Joshua Spafford  
Tonka – Richard Vazquez  
Gallo – Alex Correia  
K2 – Ricardo Cuevas  
Ray and Hammer – Alexander Yannis Stephano, Bill Coelius  
Mayor Favor – Ginny Hack  
Sheriff Orpayo – Glenn Healey  
Anchor – Billie James  
Newscaster – Anushka Carter

Sissy Rip – Jina Oh  
Malory McGuire – Tara Bahna-James  
Jose Escalante – Alex Correia  
Bobby Rivers – Andy Brown  
Coach Conrad – Glenn Healey  
Trinidad – Billie James  
2 moving men – Alexander Yannis Stephano, Bill Coelius  
Secretaries – Jina Oh, Tara Bahna-James  
Shareen Stone – Melanie Anastasia Brown  
Photographer – Melanie Martinez  
Luce – Tamara Torres  
Matina – Melanie Martinez  
Leslie – Al Benditt  
Ernie – Art Wallace, Ed Gilmartin  
Priscilla – Tara Bahna-James  
Ted Kaczinsky – Art Wallace, Ed Gilmartin  
Barcaiolo – Bill Coelius  
Junkfood – Alexander Yannis Stephano  
Medicine Woman – Melanie Anastasia Brown  
Minister – Ricardo Cuevas  
Standerby – Melanie Anastasia Brown, Ricardo Cuevas

The following actors played various roles at different times throughout the run of the play:

Heidi Merrick (Priscilla, Malory McGuire, Cindy), Alex Correia (Primalo), Ricardo Cuevas (Jose Escalante), Tara Bahna-James (Trinidad, Newscaster), Kirk Bromley (Junkfood, Ray, Moving man), Ivanna Cullinan (Anchor, Mayor), Robert Fitzsimmons (K2, Ray, Junkfood, Moving man), Louie Leonardo (Icarus), Liat Goldman (Aria), Jina Oh (Dina), Andy Brown (Maximus), Kelli Cruz (Sissy Rip, Secretary), Art Wallace (Micky, Leslie, Kaczinski), Yuri Lowenthal, (Gallo, Barciaolo, Hammer, Moving man), Robert Ross (Newscaster), Tim Ellis (Coach Conrad, Sheriff Orpayo), Rosemary Vaswani (Matina), Michele Merring (Priscilla, Malory McGuire, Secretary), and others...