

# No More Pretending

*a debatable manifesto on the econopathics of one-way exchange, or maybe a play*

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Matt, aka Mobad  
Al, aka Adawg  
Meg, aka Care Bear

*Al is on stage looking at a gun. He sticks it in his mouth and Matt enters.*

Mo- Well, shove a wooden nickel up my ass  
N say I got dat purse-anal-itay!  
Ef'n't'ain't Al "Da Indie Showbot" Benditt,  
Master of the Inverse Disaster, El  
Comedio de Todo Con Nada,  
King of the Wild Fake Tear, Emotion Man!  
A-dawg, dutcha wootin?  
Al- What?  
Mo- Sorry, Playboy.  
I'm a gotta pause you at the wait gate.

*He answers his phone.*

Mo- Zis Mobad on da line, so real it in.  
Wuzzup, Miss Personal Secretary  
Slash current Top Slot on America's  
Most Slunkable? The Boss Bitch at Bizney's  
Whore-Profit Moving Fixtures Division  
Come back for beg? So gimme Maybe Mouse,  
And I see you on my nachas grandes.  
Hey, Marty. Yeah, I throwz a phat bash,  
B'yo, wayz I seize it, if you can't provide  
A safe, decadent, pasty ambience  
In which Very Important Posers  
Can rip da hip like deathtrip ghetto frip,  
What the fuck you got, right? So, wet my bed.  
Uh hu. Fitty mill is a number.  
Make it sittu and I mite not mock yo glock.  
Nokay. Shluv scene wit Porous Landfillton;  
Been there, done that, bores repeating. Proceed.  
Leading role in "The Story of Story."  
Right title, wrong words, but we'll work on it.  
So, wuzzabout? Wo,Smarty! Pinch dat pitch.  
One word or less, porfavooy. O you can't?  
Den take ma crash course on da cash source – Me.  
Daz rite. Iz about me, cuz efn tain't,  
Tain't fo me, nah squizz? Good answer, Smarmy.  
Now, hence anon yo fluffing fertilizer  
Be anti-unsuccessfully infusin'  
My not-sure-if-I-can-or-can't-eloupe  
With maximum art-official mashooga,

But stutter me this, El Porky Duce:  
Willz I have complete creative control,  
Cuz you knowz how I gets when other  
Voices enterz the discussion. Nokay.  
Yeah. Uhhu. Yo, Faggy, gungle me dis:  
When you hit up yo brokeback boy for bum  
And he say no but keep on waggin crack,  
You dump him in the cake or in the lake?  
No, Amusement Shark, yo lis' to do re me.  
I am the talent, you are the scout,  
And a talent scout less his talent  
Ain't but a what? Ain't but a webelo.  
You missin' my joint, Mr. Carrot Badge.  
My skillz don't fitz do shizzo, da shizza  
Fitz my skillz. If I be lookin' betch fetch  
In red speedo, orange loafers, and I be,  
Dem inferior definers best pull  
Dey color pallid off my spec parade.  
If'za hoot when I mug la dij like dis,  
And it be, I want some pizzoom on my pizzazz  
Tite as nuts and nougat at dem  
Uptown Snickaz Bar. O, and if Mobad da Lounge  
Flounder wanna sing him scales off,  
And he do be do wop sur nuf do be do,  
Der best be's a sho stoppa or I playz  
Da ho droppa. And Shorty, less you space,  
I work wit Al Casino. Zho, zho, zho!  
The Devil's Acrobat was da shit smash!  
Tell what. I'm a kinda busy tryin to get  
Da fuck all off my pda wit you  
So I can ketchup on my dawg what's real  
In da field a droppin quality shit,  
So tell them slagivizin ex-adjectives  
Up in faux-nance, when Mobad go legit,  
He sell him sexy first, and they so-called  
Commercial bi-product maybe score some plug  
Near da wrap. Sniff my whiff? Sorry, Farty.  
Ova n'outta time fo' yousy loseey.

*He hangs up.*

Mo- Schmuckin fuck. Yeah, so, like, he well may be  
Da biggest scam in no biz, but I plop  
Him in his place – at da groin, beggin coin.  
B'yo, Adawg, dutcha woin?  
Al- What?  
Mo- Wuzzup?  
Al- Nothing.  
Mo- How long it be?  
Al- Not long enough.  
Mo- Yo, maybe yo's not long enough, but mine  
So long it can't stop singin' her "So long."  
Al- Go away.  
Mo- Go away what?  
Al- What?  
Mo- Exactly.

Al- I said, go away.  
Mo- You did?  
Al- I did.  
Mo- So, here I am.  
Al- Exactly.  
Mo- But where are you?  
Al- Right here, and that's the problem.  
Mo- Yes, it is.

*Al starts to leave.*

Mo- Yo, all these tears, and you ain't changed a bit part.  
You still mean. You a mean, mean man, Al Bend-  
Itt til ya break it. Al so mean he eat  
Yo jelly bean. Al so mean they name some streets  
After him. Al so mean, what's it al mean?  
Al- I'd rather be mean than meaningless.  
Mo- Ah, no worries, Adawg. You both, you both.  
Al- I mean that wasn't real.  
Mo- What wasn't real?  
Al- That call.  
Mo- What call?  
Al- That call.  
Mo- O, you mean that call.  
Al- I mean that call.  
Mo- That call wasn't real?  
Al- That's right.  
Mo- So what was it?  
Al- Fake.  
Mo- That call was fake?  
Al- That's right. You faked that call to impress me,  
To say, "See, I'm something, and you're nothing,"  
But it wasn't real.  
Mo- That call wasn't real?  
Al- All the topics you discussed in that call:  
The money, the projects, Al Casino.  
You were pretending.  
Mo- Pretending?  
Al- That's right.  
Mo- What's right?  
Al- The question is what isn't right,  
And pretending you're someone you're not isn't.  
Mo- Isn't what?  
Al - Right.  
Mo - It's not?  
Al- Not like that.  
Mo- Like what?  
Al- Like pretending you're someone just to be  
Someone you're not so you can be someone  
Who acts like he's more than he really is.  
Mo- So what am I?  
Al- No one I've ever heard of.  
Mo- Dude, we go back, and you ain't heard a me?  
Al- Not in that way.  
Mo- Not in what way?  
Al- Not in

That way in which one hears of those one hears  
 Of all the time because one hears of them  
 All the time. Now, would you please go away?  
 I'm on stage, and I want to be alone.

Mo- You want to be alone?  
 Al- That's what I said.  
 Mo- But what about them?  
 Al- What them?  
 Mo- The people.  
 Al- What people?  
 Mo- The people.  
 Al- What about them?  
 Mo- Can't you hear them?  
 Al- Hear them what?  
 Mo- Crying "Help!"  
 Al- O please.  
 Mo- You don't believe?  
 Al- Believe in what?  
 Mo- The people.  
 Al- I certainly don't believe  
 In listening to them.

Mo- Yeah, I can tell.  
 Al- Is that an insult?  
 Mo- I dunno, is it?  
 Al- Not to me. Now, go away.  
 Mo- Yo, Adawg,  
 Remember that shit was useta do?  
 Al- No.  
 Mo- Remember, "Fat chance, Stickman!"  
 Al- Don't!  
 Mo- Don't what?  
 Al- Don't do that stuff we useta do.  
 Mo- Why not?  
 Al- Cuz I said not to, and I was here first.  
 Mo- With all due disrespect, Adawg, you don't  
 Own the right to said shit we useta do.  
 Al- I own my past, that stuff we useta do  
 Is in my past, so you may not repeat  
 That stuff we useta do without repeating  
 My past, your right to which I here deny,  
 So re that stuff we useta do, don't do it.

Mo- Despite the fact that you don't own your past,  
 That shit we useta do ain't in your past,  
 N tho I'd as soon repeat yo past as waste  
 My dead-end life on Spreadsheet ICU,  
 I hear you, Adawg. I hear you cryin  
 In the wealthiness, n altho I don't  
 Zakly jibe wit yo loose contractual  
 Misinterpretation of our grossly  
 Unspecified coercive ownership  
 Of said shit we useta do, I will grant  
 Yr request as an act of charity  
 For the bore, cuz, yo, I don't wanna do  
 That shit we useta do either, nokay?  
 Siz I got my own shit, new style shit,  
 Fresh shit, been good to me.

Al- I'm sure it has.  
Mo- You ever done any entertaining,  
Adawg?  
Al- I've been in front of people all my life.  
Mo- No, I askt if you ever done any  
Entertaining, you know, like doin shit  
People wanna see.  
Al- Not in any way  
That you or they could ever comprehend.  
Mo- True dat, Adawg, true dat.  
Al- My name is Al.  
Mo- Uh hu.  
Al- Uh hu.  
Mo- See, homeslice, I bring up  
Entertaining in unction with that shit  
We useta do cuz case you lost the herd,  
I work with Al Casino, and he's askt me  
To perform my award-stealing shit bomb  
At the posh boomitzvah he'll be hosting  
For the daughter of a close, mutual friend,  
Major movie mogul, Stevey Schpielgurg.  
Al- You're friends with Steven Schpielgurg?  
Mo- I'm friends  
With Steve, Sell-out Stevey, the Gurg Schpieler,  
N seein you sittin here, all fuckin  
Grey n sulky, make me wanna help you,  
Make me wanna piddle this belittle  
Philanthropy pang like I ain't felt since  
All dem po' fucks died from livin up south,  
So now's I realize this close encounter  
Of the nerd kind hold a higher porpoise –  
The dream of liftin you up to my level  
By helping you perform my new style shit  
In the presence of doze in da bidness.  
Al- I've left the business.  
Mo- No, Adawg. "to leave"  
Implies departure from a place what you  
Been in, and you was never "in the business"  
Cuz, see, you did that shit we useta do,  
And that was "the business" only in the sense  
We had no "business" doin it due to  
It made no "business" sense.  
Al- It made the sense  
It made.  
Mo- No one seen it.  
Al- Does that make it  
Good or bad?  
Mo- My feeling on that question  
Changes every day.  
Al- So does mine.  
Mo- Ah, you think I'm fuckin serious, mon?  
No spliffs, bong, or blunts, Adawg, 'f no one seen  
Yo shit, yo shit be bad. Now, where's I at?  
Empty stage, in I butt, steal the show, and...  
Got it. Al Casino, with whose I work,  
Hosting a schtooper swanky badschicksa



Al- I am Jewish, and so, by the way,  
Are barmitzvahs.

Mo- O, now you like some expert  
Wig-fuckin babaga-noodge, is that it?  
You got the mad he-brew in your oozy  
N you gonna take out my flying carpet?  
God is hate! Death to skoal n pussy shots!  
I thought you down wit me, Mojo Ali,  
In the Be Department, but, as tests attest,  
You can't judge a loser by his losses.  
B'yo, all ethnical dilemmas astride,  
You perfect for this shit, so, you in?

Al- You are revolting.

Mo- Tizzy tight, Adawg.  
I do miss your ironical dude tude  
On the word out. Nokay, so, after you  
Done pranced about like a sad lamo twit  
Shuckin his yuck for a buck, I will grab  
The spot for "Thank God I'm a Marfinoid –  
The Story of John Denver as Told by  
Our first president, Abraham Lincoln."  
And so you clue your cue, I'll take this chance  
To workpoint my powerslide shopshow  
Up in yo face. Yo, A-dawg, you awake?  
O man, dis shit be wicked funny, yo.  
When John Hashbrownie hear this shit, he like  
"Far away there seemed a dimple of laughter  
That encouraged the too deliberate rain  
To fangle our blank commerce of moods  
Into Duchamp's foregone decollage."  
Al- John Hashbrownie? The post-sequentialist poet?  
You performed for...

Mo- Dude, I'm in character.

"Four chords and seven beers ago, a young, musically-challenged country boy from yon mountainous jurisdictionate known to our frontier brethren as Colorado, set out to croon the enduring charms of his rural origin regions. He sang of grandma's feather bed, of roads that take you home, of fine wines and old fiddles, and before long his down-home tunes and loose-spun yarns earned him the all-pleasing admiration of the easy-listening world, yet, as he was a slave to his great love of liberty, the war between his inner states could not be contained, and soon the incompatible union of potent homegrown and aerial hotdogging with an amateur pilot's license put a bullet to the brain of his funny, funny riddle."

Al- So, wutchu think? That shit was funny, right?  
I wasn't listening.

Mo- Yeah! Tough crowd!  
Gotta love that! Make me strong. Make me tarp  
As a shack. Like my man, Casino, say:  
Different jokes for different somber fucks.  
It like that time I done that fetch-ass flick  
With that racky blonde (her name escapes me  
But them booty stats are scrit in sharpie  
All over my honky bejesus cast).  
It was that necromantic dramedy

On the club-hopping scene, "Bored of the Flings,"  
 And the director (whose name I needs not  
 Mention since he's like everywhere now),  
 The director said after that one scene,  
 You know it, where I fall off that bar stool  
 N do that super hilarious thing  
 With my arms, like this, accompanied by  
 Some face action, like this, which then proceeds  
 To crack the whole club up n get me pootay,  
 The director goes, n trust me, major dick,  
 "Mr. Oberg, your star must be on the rise,  
 For you simply do not know how to fall."  
 See, I can take destructive criticism;  
 You dis me, you kiss me. Give love, get laughs.  
 You were in that movie?  
 I was that movie.  
 I didn't see you.  
 I was acting, nah mean?  
 I have acted in over 300 plays.  
 Can't palm pilot your problems right now, dude;  
 Got royalties to collect. So, Adawg,  
 Wutchu been doin wit yo mad lib selves  
 Since we last did that shit we useta do?  
 Nothing.  
 What, you like a zen extremist?  
 I am nothing.  
 Yes, but "are you nothing  
 In the absence of ambition or  
 Nothing in the ambition of absence?"  
 I fail to see the difference.  
 Yes, you do,  
 In that regard, you fail, tho that ain't all  
 You fail in apparently, so 'low me  
 To cram you some top-down education:  
 Embarrassment and shame, that's the difference,  
 Which you could see if you just closed your eyes.  
 Go to hell.  
 I been there, with you, in fact,  
 But I got out.  
 Are you sure?  
 Sure 'bout what?  
 That you got out?  
 That I got outta what?  
 Hell.  
 The only sign that I'm in hell is you,  
 And speakin a hell, where you work these days?  
 I work at a bank.  
 Cool dat. Banks is vital.  
 Someone gotsta tell dat wild river  
 Wer ta go. So, wut, you like a banker?  
 I crunch numbers.  
 Yo, you should be crunchin  
 Pectorals; kill that fugazi muffin  
 Booty-do, if you like get my mid-drift.  
 Yo abby's flabby, crabby no-blabby.  
 Too much lyin down n takin it. B'yo,

On the theme of how I look, how I look?  
 Al- With your eyes.  
 Mo- Ah, good one, Adawg. You still  
 Got it (cuz no one else want it). But please,  
 Divulge me, Captain Smirk: Ain't I look good?  
 Ain't I developed in a decoratively  
 Sleazing fashion? Ain't I on the right track  
 For feedin back that scooby snack?  
 Al- You look  
 The same.  
 Mo- Chamone, ain't no one look "the same."  
 I mean, you look like nine ole nasty witch pigs  
 Sat on your tool bag n pussyfarted  
 So much industrial wist you got like  
 Post-permanent sonoran off-road stain  
 On your cheek by jowel. You age gracefully  
 If decomposition be graceful. Nah,  
 Leave "the same" to your pricey therapeutic  
 Outcomes, n look me in the lie. Don't you see  
 Nuthin different?  
 Al- Nothing of significance.  
 Mo- Nothing insignificant?  
 Fuckashanaynay, Adawg. You deep.  
 You deep as an empty pocket. You so  
 Deep you like echo in a dead language.  
 You deep as the weepy ditch of snitches.  
 You look me in the lie n you see nothing  
 Insignificant. But straight up, Broken Down:  
 I askt if you spot any new shipshape  
 On my honey-glazed bodily horizon,  
 Cuz whilst you may still dither on the dither,  
 My artistic financial signorio  
 Has improved misanthropically since we  
 Last did that shit we useta do, n I  
 Be wondrous if it scan in Normistan.  
 Al- I look at you and I see nothing of  
 Significance, because you are hollow,  
 Irrelevant, inane, superfluous,  
 Inert, like an unrecordable gas.  
 Mo- Yo, dat weren't me! Who let the sulphur skunk  
 Out his dingle foil? Dag! That shit smell like  
 An abortion been left too long under  
 The grow lamps. I think it was you, Adawg,  
 And your *eau de gerontologie*.  
 You are experiencing menopause, right?  
 "Would you care for some climacteric  
 Vinegar on your fresh garden greens, sir?"  
 But speakin of mold and grief, how you been?  
 Al- Fine til now, thank you.  
 Mo- Yeah, but the breakdowns.  
 Al- What breakdowns?  
 Mo- You know, Adawg, the breakdowns.  
 Al- I've had no breakdowns.  
 Mo- And you proud of that?  
 Al- No, but I'm just saying that I've never had  
 Any severe nervous breakdowns, okay?

Mo- Well, I don't get those breakdowns either, foo,  
 But I do get the actors access breakdowns,  
 And was you in that loop, you mighta read  
 Therein how what thanks to my moochally  
 Beneficial co-milching partnership  
 With Mr. Casinohead, I been askt  
 To host his star-muddled mockuthon  
 For Atelophobia – that's the fear  
 Of "imperfection" - you know, like you be  
 Self-taught by a flunky - n maybe that  
 How I booster-seat your career into gear.  
 See, here's the scoop. I'm a start things off  
 By doin all this shit imperfectly  
 To show how even a total fuck-up  
 Can be as deck as me. Ample sample:  
 I enter, I trip. Fuck up! I search for  
 My spot, I end up in shadow. Fuck up!  
 I raise the mic, I crack my teeth. Fuck up!  
 I speak. "Good morning breath." Fuck up! "Welcome  
 To our portajohn" (Fuck up!) for people  
 With a fear of "introspection." (Fuck up!)  
 Get it? I say "fuck up" when I fuck up.  
 That's funny, right? And here's where you come in:  
 I be like "Now let's introduce our guest  
 Starvations." (Fuck up!) First, we got Shamika,  
 Who pump her rump so hard, sistah thinkin'  
 Her black ass cover her black eye. Fuck up!  
 Next, we got the wife of a dead soldier  
 Who found that bad-ass attitude way sexy,  
 But now she tittin tots on tears. Fuck up!  
 And last (you enter here) we got this guy  
 What does some shit that no one wants to see,  
 And that's the fuckin uppiest! Yo, yo,  
 I know it ain't much, but it is the least  
 I maybe do for those what need much more,  
 So you in, or is dude the past of do?  
 Al- Some considered me not unimportant.  
 Mo- Yes, but did your acting get you any?  
 Al- Any what?  
 Mo- Any action.  
 Al- What, like parts?  
 Mo- Ja, mon, like parts.  
 Al- I've had hundreds of parts.  
 Mo- Hundreds of parts, mon? You super freaky!  
 Al- Whatever.  
 Mo- Dese parts, mon, dem big parts, mon?  
 Al- All parts are artistically essential.  
 Mo- Tell dat to da ladies, mon.  
 Al- What ladies?  
 Mo- Da ladies wot no like dem small parts, mon.  
 Al- Please just go a...  
 Mo- Bleach them blues. Booty calls.

*Mobad answers his phone.*

Mo- Valerian Nightstick, Private Redeye.

Pooza, Gravy Doll! (Iz my sponge, Yonosé,  
N she sound wet.) Howz my squizz? O yeah?  
You in the shower wit yo panties on  
Pretendin my haiku with action grip  
Got you so damp n dizzy you forget  
To fully disrobe? May gusto oink oink.  
That is much sightly. Am I glad you called?  
Yo, last three days I been playin right hand  
For the Wankees, if you grow what I'm slayin.  
You wanna do what to my inner mustache?  
O baby, I like you more than my shoes!  
O yeah. I get you back no slack. Like dis  
N like dat, and a li'l a dese now too.  
You sniff my smell-o-moan thru your cell-o-phone?  
No way! She say that? KY-pie, you know  
The slim shiznitch on me and that fat gram.  
I wouldn't pork-snorkel her skanky swamp  
In Dick Army's rubber suit. "Cuz she once,  
Twice, three times a gong-ass fuckin butt-ugly roastbeef!"  
So, I see you tonight? And I free you  
Tonight, nah mean? O yeah. Put the perky  
In the oven cuz the stuffin comin home;  
And I ain't callin you a warm side-dish  
By any stretch of the invagination.  
No, mam. You my entrée, so lemme in!  
And ouch. I spoon you later, poku fluff.

*He hangs up.*

Mo- Dumb bitch. Just cuz she the so-said shaggiest  
Melismatic recording star on dearth,  
She think she can stick me on the shitter  
And tell me not to stink. Yo, she don't know  
The half a my giga-franchise disposition.

*Put my junk in her trunk  
Bump it chump to the crunk  
Til I chunk up her gunk  
Leave her drunk on my spunk  
Then a drip n a dry  
Never call, never cry.*

Al- You're dating Yonosé?  
Mo- Yeah, I'm dating her. Like she is dating,  
Growing outdated thru my high impact  
Depreciative usage. Anyho,  
Where we at? O yeah, you n yo slummy slump.  
Know what you need, Adawg? Da Luv Docta.  
Al- O please.  
Mo- And in fict I might just have  
An opportunity what could road-kill  
Two crunchy fucktards with one jeep Cherokee.  
Check it out – I just signed this major contract  
With Time Former Studios to present  
Da Luv Docta wherever light can blight  
N I can get you on there, make it out

Al- Like you some pathetic, old sex loser  
 Mo- With droopy moobs n a chode unrode,  
 Al- Which I think you can do, n boom, you on,  
 Mo- Adawg, gettin paid, Adawg, gettin laid.  
 Al- You have signed a contract with Time Former?  
 Mo- The world's largest media whatever.  
 Al- I don't believe it.  
 Mo- What, ain't you seen Oompah?  
 Al- You weren't on Oompah.  
 Mo- Oompah love my shit!  
 Al- I want proof.  
 Mo- Here it is.  
 Al- I want the clip.  
 Mo- O man, this shit could spawn an exercise  
 Revolution – Hilaricize by Mobad.  
 Al- But you don't have a clip.  
 Mo- This shit so good,  
 Got me laid thirteen times in one cab ride.  
 Al- Liar.  
 Mo- Yo, I gotta decompose myself.  
 Al- Fraud!  
 Mo- Welcome, and come well, to Da Luv Docta,  
 Your source for super baaaaaaaad sex advice.  
 Today we gots a very sterile guest:  
 Failed actor, ATM with humanoid  
 Tendencies, and this year's poster penguin  
 For Wing Fat, Inc. – give it up for Adawg!  
 Go on, now. Ask me a sex question. Here,  
 I show you.

Dear Luv Docta! Me and my hubby enjoy threesomes. Any thoughts on how to make them more funsome?

Swapping in Sheboygan

Dear Swinging in Suburbans,

I had my share a gang thangs, n there's one thing I know – the fun begins when no one wants to be there. So, my super baaaaaad advice? Abduction. Of course, this carries with it a deranging titillation of vascodilative swooper endangerments, so here are my top ten tips on yr new thrill kill lifestyle from my seventh book, *Sexual Predation for Dummies* (outta print, but never outta style).

1. Stockpile water, duct tape, wigs.
2. Outsource nothing.
3. Nightclubs are goldmines, playgrounds are gluetraps.
4. Invite them over to see your new kitchen!
5. Eschew superfluous perversities.
6. Practice repeating your story while extinguishing a cigarette on your tongue.
7. If their crying turns you off, make them laugh.
8. They can go where they're sitting.
9. You boast, you toast.
10. It's not just a fetish, it's an adventure.

Orgy on you amoral organisms!

Da Luv Docta

Al- Do you enjoy making me sick?  
Mo- Good one!

Dear Vicious Vomit Voyeur Victim,

So, your “boyfriend” likes it when you ralf during “fellatio” and you’re wondering if that’s “normal.” Nokay, let’s start simple. Fellatio, in the indobarbarian original, actually means “partially consensual regurgitation,” ergo, not only is it normal, it’s jurassic. Plus, you’ve heard of the g-spot, right? Well, I got spews for you. It exists! The g stands for gag, and you’ll find it in the Dairy Queen parking lot to the rear of your compromised esophagus. Again, normal physiological disruption. So, next time you feel a “dermal coated jackhammer” digging for scold in your “don’t-go-there” and the need to evacuate your bulimia and fries sends a wave of glory nausea soaring up your manky shanks as overwhelming as “the urge to save on groceries,” let er go, cuz ya never know – there might just be a wedding ring a-floatin in that wretch.

Barf is beautiful!

Da Luv Docta

Al- Must I be exposed to this corruption?  
Mo- Dag, Adawg, your ignorance be schwingin!

Dear Co-Independent Condom Consumer,

What? Ain’t you heard? Condoms is full bouge! The frickin Rikers Island Center for Disease Proliferation posted a babelog last week: “Coup in Haiti Eradicates AIDS.” So get off your high Trojan horse and “feel the skin that don’t say when.” But what, you ask – won’t goin natural mean someone’s gettin knockt up? And won’t someone gettin knockt-up mean I gotta skip town and lose my awesome apartment? Nah, cuz thanks to certain uncorroborated laboratories in Sicily, several make-shift homicidal lubricants can be found within the confines of your comfort for when that urge to make an eggless omelette grabs you by the gravids. First, my fave frig foam for maximum rub-a-dub, rated by viscosity over the flare flute of vicious, has to be spicy mango pickle. “Put some vishnu in that stemcell chowder!” One can also apply tiger balm to the mucosa of the go-hole, and you, Mr. Pleasurebent, can kiss the baby bye-bye. Or, if you’re in a hurry, and who ain’t when the finish line’s upholstered in soggy shag, try Drano. “Declog that log bog and put your main vein down the gain drain, yo!” So, whatever your invasive instrument of choice – fluorescent bulb (long tube only, please); Ancient Mexico Barbie (the beads/feathers/spikes combo is ass-tounding); or a World Trade Center Replica (one tower at a time, you tushy terrorist) - stick with the household items and everyone will get homesick safely.

Disease is for the dead!

Da Luv Docta

Mo- That shit is ill, right? Oompah love that shit.  
So, you ready to get out there and slap  
Your braindeadchip with the geotragic

Partitioning system into the camera  
 Calendar clock of some hairy Jacuzzi?  
 Al- You did not do that lurid dreck on Oompah!  
 Mo- Dude, drop the kitschellectual property  
 Destroyer bit n answer my dancer:  
 You on the seem team?  
 Al- Am I what?  
 Mo- Do you  
 Want to be employed by yours unruly?  
 Al- I have a job.  
 Mo- Me too, difference bein  
 You work at a bank, I bank when I work.  
 Al- The difference being what I do is real.  
 Mo- Uh hu. I'm on you, Adawg. You want me  
 To do my Al Casino.  
 Al- No, I don't.  
 Mo- So, yes, it's true, I work with Al Casino.  
 That's establisht, that's a thing, that's like foshizzle.  
 But what ezakly do I mean by "work"?  
 I mean we work together, zis to say,  
 We close, like we so close that when I sweat,  
 He wipe his brow. N bein close like that  
 Means I can do a mean Al Casino.  
 Nokay. Lemme get my Al on. This skit  
 Iz called, "Yo, I'm just an actor, so quit  
 Asking me to bless your stromboli,  
 You fuck." I'm him. Al Casino. Big Al...  
 O dude, shit just hit me. I know two Al's –  
 Al Casino and you. That's freaky, right?  
 The Al-In-One, separated at worth.  
 You both named Al, tho that's bout all you share,  
 Since he the biggest thing since paranoid  
 Delusion, and you a sad little dandruff  
 What work at a wank. How I ever tell  
 You apart? Got it! Hot Al, Not Al.  
 That set it up. Aw, man, but now I feel  
 All glum. Hot Al, Not Al, it's so unfair.  
 B'yo, I work it out. I smooch da booboo.  
 How, you ask? Simple. Mooshy medicine.  
 See, since my shit went gold, I learned a load  
 Bout lardknockin, dupin goop, scampin tramp stamp,  
 Which I teach you, like your guru, n trust me,  
 You rue my goo once I am done wit you.  
 So, lemme think. Bam! I know just the gash.  
 Dag, wut's her name? I frosted her cupcake  
 Just last week. N yo, she perfect for you,  
 At least she is now, after I dumpt her –  
 Depresst, drab, and desperate. Yo, wut's her name?  
 I know she be open to your mopin.  
 Al- No, thank you.  
 Mo- Dude, never look a gift horse  
 In the chicken. Trust me. Hittin her hump  
 At top speed is worth a broken axle.  
 She's turned into this like major actress  
 Supermodel save the children pornstar  
 Trout pout wanna-be thing. I spot her spout

At some exclusive industry head slam,  
N we ended up bunkering ourselves  
In my home theater for the weekend,  
And, Adawg, we made pasta with clam sauce  
So many times, I swear on my illegal  
Immigrant domestic staff, she under  
General antiseptic gettin a hip  
Replacement as we freak. Ack, wut's her name?  
It's on the tip of my tongue...or maybe  
Dat's her homebrew, Ale Bait. Yeah, nokay, true.  
She way outta your league, like she proolly  
Rather donate her body to science  
Fiction than so much as wax your back,  
But with an endorsement from the Mobad,  
She might let you watch her take a tinkle  
If you cover your face with my headshot.  
Fuck me! Wut's her name?

Al- I said no thank you.  
Mo- Yo, I understand, tho I really don't  
Understand, cuz when you a hot young nasty  
Whose little furor won't stop seeguyling  
At every airhead, you can't understand  
What it's like to have no involuntary  
Muscle distractions in your socialist  
Realism. But I take your word for it:  
Thou cunst not dooz tiss nuthers as I dooth.  
Hate a dimwit. Airhead, Aryan, Ari!  
Al- Excuse me?  
Mo- Ari. That's her name. Ari...  
Al- Garlicsmell. Ari Garlicsmell.  
Mo- Yeah, you remember her, rite?  
Al- Yes, but what about her?  
Mo- I peeled her, dude.  
Al- You peeled her?  
Mo- And guess how.  
Al- Please don't tell me.  
Mo- I did my Al Casino.  
Al- She fell for that?  
Mo- No, she lay down for that.  
Al- I'm speechless.  
Mo- No problem, I talk enuf  
For twos of us. Now what I'm sayin, see,  
Is Ari Tunaroll lay down for you  
Once you release your Al Casino Two.  
Al- She isn't interested.  
Mo- How you know?  
Al- I askt.  
Mo- Did you precede your asking with the fact  
You work with Al Casino?  
Al- But I don't  
Work with Al Casino.  
Mo- Dude, if wishes  
Were beggars, horses would ride.  
Al- What?  
Mo- Watch this.  
I call up Ari Toiletbowl. I say

“Hey, baby, wanna hang wit me and Al?”  
N she like “Al Casino?” N I like  
“Pretty much,” n kazaa, she in my pad,  
You on the couch, you catchin up, she ask  
“When Al Casino get here?” n I say,  
“Dunno. Wutchu think, Al? You work with him.”  
N she like, “Wha?” n you like, “All the time.”  
N she like, “Wow!” n I like, “Be right back,”  
N once I’m gone, you ask her, “Wanna hear  
My Al Casino?” N she like, “Uh hu.”  
So you go, “Here’s how Al would take you down.”  
Pardon me, Ari,  
I’m like really sorry,  
But I got an inquiry  
Bouts you and me,  
And basically it be:  
Are we, Ari, a we? Oui?

Al- I am present at the death of poetry.  
Mo- Do thee agree, Ari, to vis-à-vis  
My freaky free? Let me stick my funky  
In your holy n open you to my  
Spicy potpourri. Let’s find some unity,  
My devotee, like you knit me a juicy  
Mitten for my most smitten sinewy.  
Cuz dada want his baba, make you gaga  
For his blah blah, ain’t no haha, don’t say  
Ta ta, I spatula your uvula  
With my ill oo la la, all panty like  
A faux pas at the funeral of ennui,  
So look at me, I’m Al Casi, drop the “no”  
N away we go, yo, are we, Ari, a we? Oui?

Al- The planet gasps, yet this is what you do.  
Mo- Nokay, so I’m old and grey. Used as a  
Doomsday ashtray. My beaujolais nouveau  
Is mo like dijonais deathrow. You know  
I useta think I was Laurence Olivier,  
Now I know I’m Larry O’ThrowAway,  
I was stilt to be a star, now I’m cryin  
Over my spillt milky way, but be that  
As it nay, I’d pay to say you playd my way,  
So fear no near, I’m tearin’ here, are we,  
Ari, a we? Oui?

Al- You’re giving me cancer  
Mo- Of the aesthetic embarrassment glands.  
Yo! No mo no! Step to the mistletoe  
N buffalo my gazpacho. Just follow  
Michelangelo, my fellow ital-  
Iano – we talk, we come, we go. Why  
So no-simpatico? This to-and-fro  
Got my bragadoccio on low schmo  
Tiptoe. I say “naked,” you say “nah, kid,”  
Let’s call the whole thing a boff in my loft.  
O ho, you col’ as a crow in the snows  
Of kill a man with maybe tomorrow,  
So can the agent provocabozo.  
You gots my bone marrow all twisted like

A too slow yo-yo. I'm a salty red  
 Pistachio, so shuck me. Meat eat, shells throw.  
 Cut the punctilio n get caught in  
 My impresario undertow, hi ho, hi ho,  
 I got the blow to go, I'm romeo,  
 You so and so, it's quid pro  
 Quo quo quo  
 Your dote  
 Gently down my hissing Serpico,  
 Pianissimo to fortissimo,  
 I wanna tinkle on your piano,  
 So stow yo woe in the grow, I'm a he,  
 You a she, and that's a bun-honey-back  
 Guarantee, so here come that tremolo  
 Mack you free, you egg-bearing rainbow,  
 Sing it, yo, are we, Ari, a we? Oui?  
 Mo- Take my turd for it, dude. You do that Al  
 Casino, her peepee be yo teepee.  
 Al- I am leaving.  
 Mo- You can't run from your problems.  
 Al- You are my problem!  
 Mo- Man, you sure know how  
 To shake a baby. Here I been flappin  
 My gobs all in yo face, n you ain't once  
 Jig me a jolly teabag. Could it be  
 Yr harvesting some resentment against  
 My scurriluscious 24/7  
 Nude-photoshoot-with-the-snuggly-bunnies-  
 In-the-purple-stretch-ass-limo lifestyle?  
 Al- The only thing I resent is your presence,  
 So my departure ends my resentment.  
 Mo- See, I'n't so sure bout that there, foggy Adawg.  
 You kinda got that linger thing. You're out  
 In the open is under the surface.  
 O sure, you may be chillin at the berm,  
 But when the attitudinal orbit  
 In which you spin be just bout not nuf inches  
 From the nuclear giant at the center  
 Of the crab nebula, cool don't mean much  
 More than hot as crotch rot, so, wut'sa be?  
 Like wut I do to you that you ain't done  
 To yourself, tho with far less humorous  
 Impunity? And don't tell me that I  
 Remind you a wut u'd as soon forget,  
 Cuz, Adawg, all that shit we useta do,  
 That shit was real, which is way more than you  
 Can give up to that shit you're doin now,  
 Crushin' threes at a flood control device.  
 And see, Adawg, when shit is real, you can't  
 Forget it, cuz it's the real shit in you  
 That's tryin to forget it, get it? Iz like  
 That shit you said in that one shit we did:  
 "I no more understand a creator's  
 Interest in subtext than I understand  
 A human being's interest in submission."  
 Al- I told you not to do that! Why are you

Torturing me? I've done nothing to you!  
I am done with that stuff we useta do,  
And I do not ever want to hear it  
Or do it again, nokay? If you want  
To pretend you work with Al Casino  
And do some special new type stuff, well, fine,  
But I work at a bank, and I am old.  
I need healthcare. Ah! Look at what you've done!  
I have a problematic polyp on  
My vocal chords, and you're making me yell!  
Why are you doing this to me?  
Mo- Sorry, choker. It's the buttphone.

*Mobad answers his phone.*

Mo- Concerned Americans for Vienna  
Actionism. A-man, how's it hangin?  
(Iz Al Casino. I work with him). So,  
Mr. Deadbeat Godfather Substitute,  
When's our next insanely large celluloid  
Event gonna cast some serious light  
On the important social issue of  
Me hookin my fly in Cindy the Fish?  
(Cindy Crawdad. You know. Gills out to here).  
You did? Yo, I thought you be a share bear!  
Cool dat. My place, wear yo ribs bib. No shit.  
Fo' real? Sound good? A-stud, I so happy  
I'm fuckin the atmosphere. (Me and Big Al  
Gon' star side-by-side in his next massive  
Budget shit – "Since When Was the Flugelhorn  
A Jazz Instrument, You Fuck?") So, what's my part?  
(The ex-cop mob-compromised hairdresser  
With the really dark secret on his face).  
I like it, A-man, but can you throw in  
A sexy sidekick, and make her flawless  
But fulla holes. I'm in! Ah, just hangin  
With my man, Adawg. Of course he Arab.  
Can he act? Sorta. No way. Lemme ask.  
Yo, A-bomb need an actor for his movie.  
Al- Shut up.  
Mo- I'm serious.  
Al- And I'm leaving.  
Mo- Don't pass this up.  
Al- Don't pass what up? A sham?  
Mo- I know you want it, Adawg.  
Al- No, I don't.  
Mo- (to Casino) He says he'll audition.  
Al- I will not!  
Mo- (to Casino) Gotcha, boss. (to Benditt) A'ight, Adawg,  
Casino says to do your shit ri'chere,  
And if he digs yo wig, you kick the flick.  
Al- I don't have anything prepared.  
Mo- So, let's do that shit we useta do!  
Al- No!  
Mo- I can't stop fucking my cat and shitting on her face.  
Al- Stop that.

Mo- I can't stop fucking my cat and shitting on her face.  
Al- I said stop.  
Mo- I can't stop...  
Al- Why can't you stop fucking your cat and shitting on her face?

*They both sing.*

Both- *That's the way, uh hu, uh hu,  
I like it, uh hu, uh hu....*

*During the song, Meg enters and joins in the song. She is covered in shit.*

Mo- A-bone, I ball you crack.

*Mobad hangs up.*

Meg- That's the way I like it.  
Al- Meg MacCary?  
Meg- I know, Alan. Gettin' old ain't pretty,  
But what we lack in lookin up for it,  
We make up for in lookin' down on it.  
But would you look at you? All the way back  
From way back when. Why, this must be the most  
Consequential fluke since the bad nipple  
Told the talk-thru child that meaning lies  
In difference, difference lies in loss, and loss  
Never lies.  
Mo- Well, I be a ten pound ounce.  
Margaret Fucking Invanity Plea,  
On the stage. Looks like time don't take time outs.  
Meg- Bygones again, Moberg, bygones again!  
Mo- You changed (and if it cost, that change was chump).  
Meg- I've changed for the better, tho the better  
Returns no favors, so I got no change  
To give.  
Mo- Well, I casht in, so keep the change.  
Meg- But O how good it is to see my boyz!  
You cozy sitters, you supported by  
What you won't speak of, let me tell you from  
The bottom of my smart, these are killaz.  
These timeless gadgets, these flesh museums,  
These private peacocks are the wildest,  
Kindest, nastiest, wisest, dopiest,  
And most talented (remember talent?)  
Individuals ever to defray  
The costs of exception onto themselves.  
My word wrestlers! My be-there-for-me's!  
To see them undress in utter darkness,  
Twas a sight for getting sore why's. This one  
Had mere to make like he were soon to speak  
And the corkest hearts – deconstructionists,  
Gangland hotspot bouncers, ex-thespians –  
Would giggle and squirm like a tickle doll  
With fresh duracells. This one, this mind throb,  
Delivered every optigonal line  
With such simplexity, such outer feeling,

The only way to keep from being moved  
Was to move, yet who can move from such a suck?  
Ancient impromptu, grounded and soaring,  
Between them O they set the stage for me.  
So, give it up - how goes the war?

Al-  
Meg-  
Mo-  
Meg-  
Mo-  
Meg-  
Al-  
Meg-

What war?  
I know, we're losin', but that's why we fight!  
Fight who?  
It doesn't matter who, but how.  
And how is that?  
How is what?  
How do we fight the war?  
Dudes, we just keep doin that shit we do!  
Every summer round the metro meadows,  
We wage guerilla warp – mass illusions  
On our backs, story stored in sweat and spit,  
Engorged to swap the banquet in our brains  
For droppings in a hat, we take the field  
In deformation; our directive, “dazzle!”  
So set like some verse circus neath the tent  
Of hopeful sun, humanity our rapt  
And random crowd, we join the clueless ranks  
Of crazies, activists, and sotted jocks  
Who loudly speak above the busy hush,  
For speech is all we have and it is gained  
To give away: “Be not sad O masochists!”

Al-  
Meg-

Meg.  
Yet there are other fronts for those  
Preferring their pretending grounds pre-market  
Against those freaks and forces that can't stand  
A drama they're not in, for which exists  
The black box – in this home to neverthing,  
Where space-time is measured in dementias,  
Whence no delight escapes, command control  
For the out of control, we morph and moan  
Imaginary orgies with the real  
That all might live a deadlock higher than  
Religion, and from voyeuring attain  
Our welcome nakedness, as when it ran:  
“An awkward morning beats a boring night.”

Al-  
Meg-

Meg.  
Of course the actor's greatest glory  
In the war for artistic independence  
Is on the fringes, such as when we play  
Some rarely frantic wonder spot: a church  
That's lost its lease upon the after-life;  
A college (tho learning never listens),  
Or in some wired house not used to dreams  
That tell themselves, where we, weird guests that seem  
More at home than their hosts, turn fright to food  
In spreading such a feast performative,  
The forms of thought are by us fiction-fresht!  
“Congratulations! You've been pre-improved!”

Al-  
Mo-

Meg! We don't do that stuff we useta do.  
Yo, Adawg. Speak for your self-destruction,  
Cuz I not only do't, I do it to't,

Speshly in my work with Al Casino.  
 Al- That's different.  
 Mo- Thank the Lord of Lingerie.  
 Meg- So what was that?  
 Al- That was an audition.  
 Meg- For who?  
 Al- Al Casino.  
 Mo- Tele-casting.  
 Al- We did that stuff to score some bigger stuff,  
 Real stuff not stuff that noone wants to see.  
 Meg- But doing shit that no one wants to see  
 Is the war.  
 Mo- Or, at least, it's the struggle,  
 Like when I had to wear those way gay pants  
 That made me look like a Flemish junkie  
 Flamingo, then steppt into that gutter  
 And shout to no one, "Imagine a world..."  
 Meg- "So far away it's breathing down your neck!"  
 Your line, Alan.  
 Mo- Yo, Adawg over that;  
 He work at a bank.  
 Al- At least I shower.  
 Mo- Dag, Adawg. You mean. You a mean, mean man.  
 Al- No, I'm honest. Look at her. Margaret,  
 You're a mess. Are you okay? Please don't tell me  
 You live on the streets. O it's all so sad.  
 Meg- What's all so sad?  
 Al- You, Margaret.  
 Meg- I'm happy.  
 Al- If you still do that stuff we useta do,  
 You can't be happy.  
 Meg- You don't do that shit,  
 And look at you, Alan. Is that happy?  
 Al- I make a living.  
 Meg- Do you live?  
 Al- Do you?  
 Meg- The best I can.  
 Al- Your best looks pretty bad.  
 Meg- So that's what it all comes to? How I look?  
 Al- It all comes to that when you look like that.  
 Meg- Like what?  
 Al- Like shit.  
 Meg- I'd rather look like shit  
 Than be full of shit.  
 Mo- Yo, mis amagos!  
 El ego es una no no en la cha cha!  
 Lez botch it down a notch and up da luv.  
 Al- Shut up.  
 Mo- Blam! Communication Takedown!

*He answers his phone.*

Mo- Phat Matt don't eat no chat, so cut me to  
 The lean. (Cold caller. Watch me heat him up).  
 So, microsophomore, what you sellin?  
 Lame ass excuses? No doubt you got those

Gushy stockt, cuz you a limp schtick excuse  
For a workin stiff. O, salvation boozes!  
What, like you so smasht you actually believe  
It's a fine idea that one man should die  
For another? O, vacation cruises!  
My bad, your too bad, cuz Moho alwz  
On vacation, cruizin for some oozin,  
But I humor you, since you so woebecome.  
Launch in Miami, hit the Bahamas,  
Three days in Caracas, and home. Sound like  
Th'infection grid of my last STD.  
Am I better? What kinda wack privacy  
Invasion rueslip is that? Am I better?  
Tell what, phone drone. I'm the best. Comprende  
Who estoy? Wrong, and wrong, and wrong for life.  
Dag, you so wrong, you should switch dead end jobs  
And become a door-to-door salesmanic:  
Ring, wrong, ring, wrong. Yeah? How's this fit yo twit?  
When I cruise, it's on my private vessel,  
"I Yacht You, Babe," what's longer than a fish  
And plush as the planet pre-combustion.  
Yo, I'm such a player, I got my own  
Cheerleading squad, topless in my boxers:  
"Mobad, Mobad, he so hot,  
All we do is shizzle squat."  
I buy from the schmeckest concubinal  
Pimpwitch in da bitchbizz, n I don't mean  
White slavery, tho I support white slavery.  
You wanna hit movie? I'm your knuckle.  
When the creds roll, I'm on the foogin hood,  
Arms out like a suicide, only me,  
I'm jumpin into a fuzzy tunnel  
To nowherespill. Dude, I'm so stupid famous  
Chicken nuggets flock to me. Fairamount  
Strictures insures my bubble. Google me  
N see God. I charge so much for my shit,  
The OverFeds deflate the currency  
Every time I don't flush, and I don't flush.  
The dinosaurs? I killt them with comedy.  
I've snorflod merk off so many tan-lines  
My septum's on the endangered membranes list.  
My props? O, you mean my all-you-can-cheat  
Portion of the California unreal  
Escape market? Let me slam it gently:  
I got nine houses, each of them bigger  
Than the rest. My manly toy collection  
Weighs more than all the undelivered mush  
In Faminetown. And as for garmentage,  
Let's just say that me and Al Casino  
Conference call every a.m. so we ain't  
Both sport the same goldleaf slaveskin togas.  
What, me and Roma? Well, homo stay dicey,  
We work together.  
Al- Would you please hang up?  
Mo- Hold on, moron. Wuzzat, Adawg?  
Al- Hang up.

Mo- You got hang ups? Yo, you butt in on my call  
To tell me fat is fattening? Adawg,  
You mad Arab.  
Al- I said hang up, shut up.  
Mo- Dude, this old turk just told me to shut up,  
And I respect my elders just enuf  
To make them think their money's in good hands,  
So bes' luck wit yo masturbation fuses,  
Ya self-dating raisinet perk-off fook!

*He hangs up.*

Mo- Now where you house whites at before I left  
For something far more wicky than this here?  
Al- The subject was my so-called shitfulness.  
Mo- So, let's pursue it, like a drunken purse.  
Meg- You said I look like shit.  
Al- And do I lie?  
Meg- No, you do worse. You miss the point.  
Al- What point?  
Meg- I look like shit because I'm fighting shit.  
Mo- Straight up, Care Bear. You look like you on top  
Of the world, but the world be upside down.  
Meg- Then stop shaking it like a piggy bank.  
Mo- Yo, Adawg, Care Bear back, and quips be flippin!  
Al- What shit are you fighting?  
Meg- Al Casino shit.  
Mo- Clan MacCary be slingin shillelagh!  
Al- So, how goes the war?  
Meg- Great, no thanks to you.  
Al- You've no retort, Margaret, to the fact  
That all can see you are not doing well.  
Meg- I do well for what I do, considering  
What I do is not do well. True, I'm shy  
The cleanly next, but when you sleep on stoops,  
Disgust is best defense, so stink, my shield!  
I've got some injuries, but not enough  
To keep me in one piece; I've killed a few,  
But if every joke landed, none would hit.  
And yes, I'm hungry, but I'd rather be  
Alive with searching than searching to feel  
Alive. Tho I seem dissipation bent,  
It is my lugging heavy dreams of love  
Deformed, with eyes that can't look down, a nose  
That can't turn up, a sense of taste that drips  
For senseless nonsense, which I thru the teeth  
Prefer to predictable perfection.  
To most, I seem broken, defeated, lost,  
And, you might say, sad, but I've still a smile  
That feels at home on my unwelcome face,  
For I am utterly independent.  
I have broke the barrier between doing  
For me and doing for you. When I perform,  
It is to know myself; I've no credence  
In critics. I desire nothing save  
To savor my desire for what I have.

As choiceful in my drink as in my spit,  
 I do as I wish with diminisht wishes,  
 Or so the wild mind I cultivate  
 Has come, thru kind coercion, to conceive.  
 So the war, being lost, is won in me,  
 For I hold no grudging obligations.  
 Who here can say that?  
 Mo- Only IOU  
 I got be when I got my eye on you.  
 Al- No obligation means no audience,  
 Cuz either you're performing for yourself  
 And don't need others, or you're performing  
 For others, and so obligate yourself;  
 And it might be a thrill to not be wanted,  
 But no one wants to be where they're not needed.  
 Meg- Cozy oppositions! Cute as theory!  
 Wise Alan, where'd you learn to be so dumb?  
 What do we when we do it? You yourself  
 Called it "psychic exhibitionism,"  
 A public act of private nudity  
 That thru its personal affront on wish  
 (Which lies self-buried in its place of birth,  
 Fearful to emerge, lest it be fulfilled  
 And die thereby) reveals to the world  
 The way we are engaged in one another,  
 The splendid parts of one big body stuck  
 On smaller bodies, yet jointly working  
 To disparate ends, so our doing is  
 A coupling of estranged, common organs  
 By showing them in function, playing out  
 Their possibilities, their disconnect  
 That nonetheless agrees in anguished urge,  
 Exposing them to their bereft possessors  
 Who then repossess them, and by sharing  
 In this explosion of their truths disperst,  
 This other and this you confusing fade  
 That for yourself becomes for everyone.  
 Mo- I don't know what the fuck you said, but rock!  
 Al- You make my point so well, I cede the point.  
 This psychic exhibitionism must  
 Be taken with a shame of assault,  
 As its goal is to rape unconsciously,  
 And that's not art, but crime condemnable.  
 Meg- I've never sought to rape unconsciously  
 Anyone but myself.  
 Al- If the audience  
 Doesn't love you, affecting them is rape,  
 And they ain't loved that shit we useta do.  
 Meg- Some did.  
 Mo- Most didn't.  
 Al- Even those that did  
 Loved it for its being unlovable.  
 Meg- The final freedom is to turn our heads.  
 Have we lost that as well?  
 Al- O quite the cozy  
 Opposite! In confounding free and fear,

We've lost the empty space to which we turn  
 When we turn our heads, as all space is filled  
 With freedom's flashing fixtures, but at least  
 Such flashing isn't frightening, as was ours.  
 Meg- I find it deeply frightening, as it proves  
 That freedom's obsolesced independence.  
 Al- No, independence obsolesced itself  
 By opposing freedom, which must include  
 Competition among independents,  
 Leading to some triumph and much defeat,  
 As he and you display.  
 Meg- So which has won?  
 Al- The one with the freedom.  
 Meg- That is freedom?  
 Then I oppose it that we might survive.  
 Al- Cut short the cull of supplying demand,  
 And he is you.  
 Meg- The difference is as cut  
 As tween the drive to know and to be known.  
 Al- The difference is a defect you deny,  
 For being known is a kind of knowing  
 Yet knowing does not know how to be known.  
 Meg- Well, those that don't do preach! Hear this, teller!  
 Not playing doesn't make you ref. I toil  
 In that difference you deny. My known is no  
 Attempt at being known, so why not gain  
 Your blotting view from open eyes and see  
 Your censure bench become a seat of shame!  
 I'm what you were, he's what you want, and you  
 Are what you are, or no more than neither,  
 And yet as looking back on what you were  
 Exacerbates the pain of not attaining  
 What you want - for prior's more forgettable  
 Than next - you live devoid of yesterday,  
 So are you not save a seeking substance  
 That gleans its value from claiming the search  
 For value insubstantial, 'spousing thus  
 This lurid clown who's great at acting dead  
 To keep our culture one big dancing morgue  
 That fattens him with bodies in the seats,  
 Which suits you fine, since you are dead to you,  
 So there you sit, running from your options.  
 Al- And there you stand, garbling your envy.  
 Meg- He's nothing I would ever want to be.  
 Al- He's everything you need to be that you  
 Might become what you are, yet on you go  
 Claiming you want the you that you don't want,  
 As if wanting to be a different you  
 That's far your better what you are betrays,  
 So you stay bad, which you call good, and this  
 Happy crap's why your sad productions stink.  
 Meg- Stink or not, and who's to say, one can't judge  
 The product of a struggling fantasy,  
 For art's odor alters with time, as every  
 Creation's a disaster, cycling round  
 To finally hurl destruction on itself

And bring about thereby new creation.  
Just look at the cycle of independent art:  
At its incept, revulsion rules, looking  
Away or at coalesce, reactions  
Both involuntary, visceral  
Roiled by the horror of an order  
Upended, and badness undisputed  
Suppresses humor, joy, mere acceptance.  
But soon, assessment comes in bickering waves,  
Some are blamed, some pitied, all invested,  
And sifting snarled details with the verve  
Of sanctioned pros, all seek to discover  
Where pre-emption failed, which the focus then  
Becomes; how as a people to prevent  
Such disruptive, harmful, unruly things  
Without losing the chaos creatures need  
To re-emerge surprising and surprised  
By friendly danger. Then, our safety set,  
We recollect securely on the jolt  
Now neutralized by distance, and soon seeps  
Thru our walls a jealous fascination  
That once there was a world so fearless free  
Disaster happened yet the bread was baked,  
The spirit scorned refueled the spirit's strength,  
And beauty came in strange and horrible  
Yet tempting packages. So, needing then  
To feel again what timid lives evade,  
Reprisal flourishes, whether it be  
To do as it was done, to document  
Its mysteries, to collect its relics,  
To meet the shadows of its faded light,  
That same disaster once so cursed and crusht  
Becomes the thing to do, and so is done,  
And overdone, of its rage deflated,  
Into the common menu rotely ploppt  
To go unnoticed save by professors  
Of its charms, yet who themselves lack the charm  
To convince a rolling world to play dead,  
But wait, the cycle isn't thru, for here  
Returns revulsion; disaster's chemists,  
Bitching and bemoaning of the boredom,  
Are compelled to create fresh awkward scents,  
To revive by dis-odoring the bland,  
Yet which repulses all, and shouts of "Bad!"  
Rise up again, as sprung from its decay  
The cycle starts that never really stops.  
She good.  
She's a fucking charity case!  
Good, that's for givers; she does her own thing,  
Which, as it's hers, can't be shared, save in  
The hostile gift of "throwing something up,"  
And saying, "Eat, my people," to which we  
Reply, "No, thanks," so she accuses us  
Of ingratitude and stupidity,  
Of short attention spans and selfishness,  
Of starfucking and moral decadence,

Mo-  
Al-

Of brutishness, of everything but taste,  
 Yet think of that! We who won't slurp her puke  
 Are termed "provincial" for our lack of taste,  
 When it's our taste that keeps us from such meals!  
 You either win who's watching, or you lose.  
 Meg- Who's watching loses in their being won!  
 The people think, "O how emotional,  
 How genuine," when truly it's a ploy  
 To trigger rogue desires that defame  
 The common cause of saving what sustains,  
 So is such "art" complicit in the drive  
 To make a killing by cheapening life.  
 Al- You seek the very largesse you belittle.  
 Meg- I seek my end, and so I'm all that you,  
 My traitor, won't perceive, for to perceive  
 What acts for itself, which, we both agree,  
 Thus destroys itself, you must have a self,  
 That conflict at the core of creation,  
 Which you've exchanged for cooshy self-esteem.  
 Al- If destroying yourself is fighting death,  
 Then my money's on death.  
 Meg- Indeed it is.  
 Al- Every artist, as a self other-reared,  
 Craves acceptance. Some seek it by being  
 Acceptable, some don't, but the motive  
 Precedes the method. No expression's free  
 Of expectation, and expectation's  
 Always other-aimed. Art but emanates  
 An act of unknowable assumptions  
 Of an imagined audience, derived  
 From past assessments made in fearful need;  
 There is no landing without touching down,  
 For we are bounded born, so even you  
 Do what you do that you may do unto  
 Others as you would have them do to you,  
 But if those others do not want it done,  
 The onus is yours to cease or de cease.  
 Meg- What "or"? Your craft is stuck, for you've done both.  
 Mo- Yo, wayz I seez it, this like be the shit:  
 Shit happens. Someone see that shit. Someone  
 Ask himself, can I sell that shit? He think  
 He can, he buy that shit. He think he can't,  
 He pass on that shit. So some shit get bought  
 And some shit just rot, but yo, any way  
 You spice it, it's all shit.  
 Meg- Maybe that's why  
 They call them movements?  
 Al- They call them movements  
 Because they are meant to move the people  
 Towards the objectives of the movers,  
 Yet if the movers' only objective's  
 To act as if they have no objectives,  
 All will stay as is, unmoved by as if.  
 Meg- Yet art is pure as if, made what it is  
 By saying; the intent forms the action,  
 The action breeds dissent, so the "as if"

Is not reducible to the "as is,"  
 For were it, it would not be, and it is.  
 Al- There is no more "as if," only "if then,"  
 For "if" is no more "as" and "then" no more  
 Than another now.  
 Meg- Yet what of the task  
 Of luring minds into a deathly truth  
 They don't at first desire, yet once attained  
 Is valued over value for therein  
 Passion finally fosters preservation?  
 Al- The truth is we desire to kill ourselves,  
 And entertainment's come to make it fun.  
 Meg- Then there's the difference you cannot deny:  
 He is content to die, and I am not.  
 Al- And when you are defined by what you're not  
 You're nothing save the evil you oppose.  
 Meg- I am not what I am so that I'm not  
 What I'm not. The norm is but a number  
 I did not take by birth, and yet I count  
 Because I took a number not the norm,  
 For when my number's called, when my time comes,  
 It will be mine, unlike the rest who share  
 In that great number they so dearly grip,  
 Believing it will win them what they want,  
 Not knowing they must share all their winnings  
 And lose the worth I win because I hold  
 A number all my own, and even if  
 My number's never called, my time uncome,  
 A number all your own outnumbers all  
 The winnings of the number of the norm.  
 Mo- Yo, Adawg, I say Care Bear's got the gig.  
 Howbout we bag this Al Casino shit  
 And get back to that shit we useta do?  
 Al- Fuck that. We just auditioned. Call him back  
 And ask him if I'm in.  
 Mo- Dude, I dunno.  
 Care Bear's got me itchy for the indie;  
 I look at what I been and what I be,  
 And that comparison ain't pretty, yo.  
 I sold my soul for sales. I took the fun  
 Outta function, now all I got is ction,  
 And what is that? I wanna shun this funk  
 And wake up without make up, feel the sun  
 On my cheeks, cuz when you made in the shade,  
 You fight the light, take the pit for the peaks.  
 Sure, I'm smartcore sexy, but my make-it's  
 On the market, my dream a profit scheme.  
 I don't know what I feel, cuz I can't  
 Get past the fee; link my site, get your hits,  
 But no insight. I put the mirror in front  
 Of me because I fear maturity,  
 Keepin my look cool, my flesh off the shelf.  
 All I do is network, but when you work  
 In a net, ain't that mean you fell from play?  
 Ouch, I'm lost like a quarter in a couch.  
 My inner child's OT in the sweatshop

Al-  
Mo-  
Al-  
Meg-  
Mo-

Of my accessories, but comes a time  
When a stooge gotsta choose – access or ease?  
And tho I ain't so clear on the difference,  
I know I wanna make one, not fake one.  
See, I got mack and mint, but no meaning,  
And all these me's ain't but some backward seeming.  
You grow our economy! That's meaning!  
Econo-me mite costly on the be-thing.  
Popularity is innovation!  
Popularity is imitation.  
I'm talkin bout an indie reformation!  
Gonna set my own standards, disregard  
Dispense, gonna compose my audience,  
Develop along my own lines, gonna  
Misdirect the signs, disinvite the times,  
Refine what I need, underfeed the god greed  
So I can risk my assessments, squander  
My investments, gonna stand for no frisk,  
Won't pander to nuthin, not even myself  
On a compact disc all slanderin and cussin.  
Gonna strut the gamut, prove the or-else  
A bluffin but, gonna fight for the right  
To be useless, define to dispossess,  
Gonna say "But I digress" with the pride  
Of the powerless, gonna crave my errors,  
My snide ambassadors to metaphors  
Unthought of, emulating prior to  
Judgment, gonna flop, falter, feign my what-for  
Beyond this grudge of ingratiating,  
Gonna hang with the wrong crowd that they might  
Be neither, call me theater, but I love  
To close, gonna sing my sinking song loud  
Til I get away with the everyday.  
Gonna descend to the occasion of  
My rejection, cuz that's the direction  
Whence I transcend the trend and end this trance,  
Gonna practice passive use, induce diffuse,  
Make money jealous, defuse the famous,  
As I run into problems like a hippo  
Into potamus. Gonna show my know  
To miscompute, miscompete, misconstrue,  
Ain't you? No one should work for someone else,  
The planet's way too precious for your wealth,  
Yo, gettin paid be givin pollution,  
I want the tribe, not the distribution.  
Gonna pay my trib to the dis if the sys  
Don't salute, gonna refute my repute,  
I'm done securin significant deals,  
Gonna deal in significance that we  
Might lose the need to be secure, embrace  
The unsure - the medium is the mess,  
So we fail in success - gonna recoup  
What I divest, I don't care what you think  
Cuz I care what you think, ain't gonna stress  
No "How to be a snake and walk on two"  
Booshit lessons, pressin on the buttons,

Hopin someone put my butt on sumthin  
 That I can get a cut on, I'nt no slut  
 What slugz execs for coupons. You a pawn?  
 Hear me yawn, as I get my naked on:  
 Fuck the industry; Mobad goin indie.  
 Meg- Bottom feeders never come up empty!  
 Al- Stop that!  
 Mo- Yo, Adawg, do that killer line.  
 Al- Get Casino on the line, and I will.  
 Mo- Hey ho! This thing on? Wreck undo,  
 Can you hear me, bachelors? I said, can you  
 Hear me mumble jumble. Like I like it:  
 All crowd, no control. Now, as the best man,  
 And by best I mean way fuckin better,  
 I must provide some enter-me-tainment,  
 So here goes: Did you hear the one about  
 The happily married man? Me neither.  
 But spuriously, rudes. The goods I got  
 In the "Can't Take My Despise Offa You"  
 Department ain't no joke, unless you think  
 It's funny when you crave what you can't have,  
 Which it is, at least to me, the best man.  
 No, my eager nothings, this is something.  
 Something so savory, you'll eat your tongue.  
 Something so sexy, you'll sell your sex  
 For just one touch of her invincible gland.  
 Something so something, it's really something.  
 So, please, let's give a long hot bachelor burp  
 (Nice one!) for Gelda the Heckling Stripper!

*Meg enters as Gelda. Mobad makes like an audience member.*

Meg- You bottom-feeders set to come up empty?  
 Mo- Take it off!  
 Meg- He tells a stripper to take it off – You're bound to waste your words when your  
 head's up your ass.  
 Mo- I love you!  
 Meg- I've heard of palm-readers, but this tug-thug talks to his.  
 Mo- Show your tits, baby!  
 Meg- You know we're screwed when grown-ups askin baby for the boob.  
 Mo- O you really turn me on!  
 Meg- Like a toaster in a fishtank.  
 Mo- You're so beautiful.  
 Meg- Gee, you're just sayin that cuz you're so fuckin ugly!  
 Mo- Fly with me to Puerto Rico!  
 Meg- Thanks, but I'm trying to quit that "flying with the downwardly mobile" thing.  
 Mo- Make me a man!  
 Meg- I'm a stripper, not a surgeon.  
 Mo- Whatever you want, just sit on my face!  
 Meg- I want "loser" tattooed on my mucus plug so you can face the facts.  
 Mo- Gimme all you got!  
 Meg- I got nuthin you can have, and you'll pay me for it, too.  
 Mo- I want it all.  
 Meg- You want it all? Since when do you know what the fuck you want? Quit looking  
 at me and look at yourselves, you see-thru-blindfold models. Is that what you  
 want? To be caged in your own vicious circles of least confusion? To be

consumed by consumption? To jump in search of a second thought? Life gives you choice, and you say, "Heckle me, Gelda!" Fine, then. I'll tell you what you want: You want what I tell you to want. You want me to dumb you downstage. You want me to love you so much you hate yourself. You want a pretty death. But the body that attempts to reclaim itself by devouring disembodied ideals of irresponsible desire only ends up shitting in its soup. So take a short soft look at my foul fecundity, cuz it's the last fucking thing you'll ever see.

*Al shoots Meg. She dies.*

Al- The blood and the bandage are playing now.  
Mo- Yo, that's the line! "The blood and the bandage  
Are playing now." I mean, like, what is that?  
She strips, she heckles, you shoot her to death,  
And a-bada bing, "The blood and the bandage  
Are playing now." O man, I love that shit  
We useta do, don't you, Care Bear? No woe  
If no one wants to see it, cuz that shit  
Was real. The way you put her out, I mean,  
That shit was sick and wrong and real. Yo, dudes,  
Like we should start a reality show!  
"That Shit We Useta Do." We'd do that shit  
We useta do, the show would show us doing  
That shit we useta do, then slowly each  
Of us be dyin from doin that shit  
We useta do, dyin like flies droppin dead  
From an overprofundancy of shit!  
Wutcha think, Care Bear? Care Bear, wutcha think?  
Al- She's dead.  
Mo- Yeah, Adawg, I know. You "killt" her.  
Strip, heckle, shoot, death, and a-bada bing:  
"The blood and the bandage are playing now."  
I mean, that's like the real shit we'll put in  
Our like reality show. Right, Care Bear?  
Al- I said she's dead.  
Mo- I said I know she's dead,  
But yo, Care Bear. Get up-n-go.  
Al- She's dead  
For real.  
Mo- Like on the reality show!  
Al- This is not a show.  
Mo- She's dead?  
Al- Really dead.  
Mo- Dude, what the fuck?  
Al- She entered dead.  
Mo- You killed her.  
Al- We killed her.  
Mo- Yo, I ain't touch nuthin!  
Al- You knew how that shit ended.  
Mo- For pretend.  
Al- No more pretending.  
Mo- No more pretending?  
Al- The budget for pretending has been cut;  
From now on there will be only tending.  
Mo- I'm outta here.  
Al- Call Casino.

Mo- What?  
Al- Call Al Casino  
And see if I got the gig.  
Mo- Fuck the gig.  
You killed a woman, and these people seen it.  
Al- They don't think it's real.  
Mo- But it is.  
Al- To us,  
But not to them, and they're all that matters.  
Mo- And what if they find out it's real?  
Al- They can't.  
Mo- Are you sure?  
Al- It's not part of the deal.  
Mo- Are you sure?  
Al- They wouldn't be here.  
Mo- Are you sure?  
Al- Even if they did find out it's real, you work  
With Al Casino, and he's a gangster.  
Mo- He's an actor.  
Al- He's a gangster.  
Mo- He's an actor.  
Al- Same thing.  
Mo- No, it's not.  
Al- What's the difference?  
Mo- O, gee, I dunno. Maybe everything?  
Al- If everything's between us, nothing is.  
Mo- Gangsters kill people, Adawg.  
Al- End of story.  
Mo- I'm his driver.  
Al- What?  
Mo- I'm Al Casino's driver.  
Al- You're his driver?  
Mo- Yep.  
Al- And you act together?  
Mo- Um...  
Al- You don't act together?  
Mo- Nope.  
Al- You're his driver.  
Mo- Yep.  
Al- Well, that's workin with him, ain't it?  
Mo- I guess it would be, were I his driver.  
Al- You're not his driver?  
Mo- Nope.  
Al- What exactly  
Constitutes your work with Al Casino?  
Mo- Little a these, little a those.  
Al- Little a what?  
Mo- Little a lot a nuthin.  
Al- You've never even met the fucker, have you?  
Mo- Yo, now that ain't true.  
Al- So what is it?  
Mo- True.  
Al- My audition?  
Mo- Dude, it's a prop.  
Al- All those phone calls?  
Mo- Fake.

Al- That big shot shit?  
Mo- Fake.  
Al- Ari Dardanelle?  
Mo- Now that was real, even if it wasn't.  
Al- You have ruined my fucking life.  
Mo- I'm sorry.  
Al- You're sorry? You have saved my fucking life.

*He puts the gun in Meg's hand.*

Mo- No way. You cannot nail this shit on Meg.  
Al- Nail what shit on Meg?  
Mo- You fucking killed her.  
Al- She's fucking acting.  
Mo- No, she's fucking dead.  
Al- She's acting, you're acting, I'm acting.  
Mo- Al.  
Al- Even the fucking people are acting.  
Mo- Al.  
Al- But I am leaving the fucking stage.  
Mo- This shit is real. Walkin' off can't change that.  
Al- This shit is fake. They know it, you know it,  
So it's over.  
Mo- This shit ain't over, Al.

*Moberg grabs the gun and points it at Al.*

Al- Dude, it's a prop.  
Mo- Not if you play along.  
Al- Lemme tell you something, you Mobad bitch.  
Before you came and butted in on me  
I was sitting here wondering about  
The urge to act. Why become an actor?  
I first had several brain-jerks: to be seen  
And so validated; to step into  
Different vectors, and so escape one's own;  
To mimic those in power, and hence feel  
In power. Yet none of these hit the shit.  
And that led me to wondering about  
A life on stage, and that led me to stage death.  
We useta really slaughter shit on stage,  
You know, "O rain, that you might fuck the dirt  
And bring forth lots of cheese quesadillas  
And pregnant teens and shit, I now slaughter  
This sacred, stupid actor," and cut.  
But now we're enlightened, we stage our deaths,  
And to that sacrificial platform whence  
They used to have to mindfuck or hoosegow  
Their histrionic victim, billions bumrush.  
And why? So they can live the life on stage,  
And, when it's over, die the great stage death.  
Step up, and die the death that isn't death!  
We've worked real hard to make it look like death,  
But we all know it isn't really real, right?  
We are disconnecting our connection  
To death by our desire to live on stage

A life in which one never really dies,  
 And this crack religion is killing us,  
 Cuz when you deny your death, you deny  
 Others' death, so you kill and miss the kill,  
 Imagining that once it's all over  
 Everyone just stands up and takes a bow.  
 Real death, fake death, same thing, thanks to difference.

Mo- So let's go back to killin shit for real?  
 Al- We kill shit for real all the time, only  
 That stage is dark.

Mo- Our stage deaths shine a light  
 On those real deaths, that lit they might be stopped.

Al- O fetal, fatal, futile rationale!  
 Behold the great independent actor.  
 She's playing dead. Why is she playing dead?  
 Because she's in a play and she got killed  
 By another actor for some reason  
 Given by another actor, which reason,  
 Of course, turns out to be a bad reason.  
 So how does she justify to herself  
 This proud submission to rich degradation?  
 She believes in the people. She gives them  
 What they want. She puts the customer first.  
 Millennia of bestial arrogance,  
 Of elites producing for elitists,  
 Making up rules that others must abide,  
 All this ends in her. Yay, she shines a light  
 On our darkness that we might save ourselves.  
 But guess what? It isn't fucking working!  
 On what does this great indie actor shine  
 A light save on herself? And what is she  
 Save a market-tested people-pleaser?  
 For what pleases the people more than death  
 That isn't really death, as with her face  
 They mask the death they wreak upon the earth?  
 So serving the delusions of the people  
 Via her delusion that illusion  
 Saves the people, she destroys the people.

Mo- She's just doin her thing.  
 Al- Her thing is death.

Mo- So what the fuck are we supposed to do?  
 Al- Don't ask me. I'm just a gripey old man.

Mo- Hey, you ain't so old.  
 Al- I'm old.

Mo - Nah, come on.  
 Al- You know you're old when you start fuckin kids.  
 Mo- You fuckin kids?  
 Al- Can you not see this shit?  
 Mo- Yo, I'm shit without this.  
 Al- Yes, but are you shit  
 In the absence of ambition, or are  
 You shit in the ambition of absence?

Mo- I fail to see the difference.  
 Al- Yes, you do,  
 And that's not all you fail at, apparently.

Mo- I'm not going back to that fucking bank.

Al-                   What?  
Mo-                   I work at a fucking bank, okay?  
Al-                   Everybody works at a fucking bank!  
Mo-                   Care Bear don't.  
Al-                   Yes, she does.  
Mo-                   She's fucking dead,  
                          Y'understand? Nokay, she's not really dead,  
                          But she's dead to me, and by her fake death  
                          My life has meaning, at least more meaning  
                          Than working at a fucking bank where all  
                          We fucking think about is fucking money.  
Al-                   And what do we do in the theater?  
Mo-                   We didn't do that shit we useta do  
                          For money, Al.  
Al-                   Speak for your fucking self.

*Al goes to leave, Matt shoots him in the back, Al does not die.*

Al-                   And so ends the indie revolution  
                          A mere mandated break after its birth.  
Mo-                   Behind everything save the urge to act  
                          Lies a stiff who's sick to death of his job,  
                          And I will not contribute anymore  
                          To stuffing the world with that extinctive  
                          Compromise. I am come to free our dreams.  
                          I help us look at shit and not see shit.  
                          I die that we might live.

*He shoots himself and dies.*

Al-                   Thanks for nuthin.

*Al exits.*

THE END

First produced in 2007 in the Soho Think Tank Ice Factory at the Ohio Theater in NYC.

Directed by Howard Thoresen  
Sets by Jane Stein  
Lights by Jeff Nash  
Costumes by Karen Flood  
Sound by John Gideon  
Stage management by Erlinda Garcia

Featuring:

Matt Oberg as Matt  
Al Benditt as Al  
Meg MacCary as Care Bear