

# The Banger's Flopera

*a musical perversion*

by Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Mac the Knife – a gangsta  
Shag – a beggar  
Mr. Poachem – a businessman  
Mrs. Poachem – his wife  
Polly Poachem – their daughter  
Ed, Susan, Walter – Mac's gang  
Tiger Brown – Chief of Police  
Crackpot – a private assassin  
Nitwit – his partner  
Hairy – a porn producer  
Seed, Candy, Loosy – porn performers  
MC of the Narcipelago Nightclub  
Mr. Fried Bald Eagle Eggs  
Various bangers  
The boomguy  
Store clerk  
Store security  
A sissy

*Scene 1. The Narcipelago Nightclub, Manhattan. Patrons mingling, band playing, Shag serving. During the song, Mac's gang (Ed, Susan, Walter) kill and rob the patrons.*

MC-           Everybody havin' a bad time? Good,  
                  Cuz here at the Niteclub Narcipelago,  
                  We aim to displease, so even when we miss,  
                  It's a hit. Now, here's the rules I beg you break:  
                  Turn off all scruples, touchstones, and weepers;  
                  Distorting devices are strictly permitted;  
                  Kindly abstain from unwrapping candy,  
                  Tho you may, urge be ornery, lift her skirt;  
                  If nature calls, let the machine get it;  
                  As for fire exits, exit and I fire.  
                  Tonight's conformance is shot to you by  
                  A Fuck God so inscrutably ensconced  
                  In your vital biopathic interests,  
                  That should your made-in-Africa minds  
                  Find him slightly more takesome than handsome,  
                  There ain't shit you can do about it.  
                  He's won countless corrupted honors,

Including the “I Hope This Mass Grave  
Meets With Your Undying Approval” Award  
From the Institute of Shady Puppets.  
His voice can be heard in torture malls  
And shopping chambers all round this lovely  
Parking blot planet, thanks in no small part  
To his owning all preformational  
Distribution channels; and his sex-life,  
Digitally cross-format remastered  
Into a pixel-rich promo flash clip  
Wherein profitable boredom consumes  
Politically expedient terror,  
Can now be shared by simply sitting there.  
So, on that note, and that note being  
A B flat-out bad in C-no-evil,  
I give you, without “Father, I do,”  
The one, the only, what the fuck you lookin at?

*Enter Mac, in disguise, and he sings.*

Mac- *The killer shark, he’s got some mean teeth,  
And he flares them from his face,  
But Mac the Wack and his crazy knife  
Draw their bite from a secret place.*

*Hide your children underground  
Now that Macky’s back in town.*

*And the great white spew that tacky blood  
As he’s snackin on some fishy prey,  
But Mac Attack and his ivory gloves  
Just wipe all his crimes away.*

*Let your prospects bring you down  
Now that Macky’s back in town.*

*So many good men, so many nice girls,  
Takin hits in the head and chest,  
As for Mac All That he’s in get-off land,  
And you bet he ain’t underdresst.*

*Buy your death all money down  
Now that Macky’s back in town.*

*Who sewed our land with seeds of greed?  
Who bowed our heads to hateful faith?  
Who put this crook in charge of our checks?  
Who gave our best hopes to this worst case?*

*And the perps that protect the people,  
They're shoutin, "Hey, we're tough on crime,"  
But when Mac Kickback carves out a smile,  
All's acquit and put on primetime.*

*Hide your children underground  
Buy your death all money down,  
Make that desperate choking sound,  
Now that Macky's back in town.*

*Hey now, Macky, is this your encore?  
My teenage daughter is raped and dead.  
She got the grave, you got the gold,  
Hey now, Macky, what's in your head?*

MC-           The crowd goes deadly silent  
                  In awe of Mr. Violent.  
Mac-           Quick as your life!

*Mac rips off his costume.*

Shag-           Look! It's Mac the Knife!

*Someone in the gang throws Shag a business card. All exit but him. Shag reads the card. As he reads it, he walks thru the city, becoming more wretched with each step.*

Shag-           "Out of work? Sick of makin' dick while your boss  
                  Dune-buggies round the Wonton Dynasty  
                  Sticking rhinestone studded rectal specula  
                  Up all the things your mother might have been?  
                  Do you have what it takes to sell smiley faces  
                  To birth defects? Then lug your sorry ass  
                  To Abominable Productions Stinck  
                  And let Jonathan "The Buck Drops Here" Poachem  
                  Hurl you down the manhole of success."  
                  Well, as someone should say, from tragedy  
                  Cometh profit, especially to those  
                  Who can profit offeth tragedy.

*Scene 2. Shag arrives at Poachem's office. Poachem can be heard inside, talking on the phone.*

Poach-           Is that a thick black cock in your ear  
                  Or your inner gorilla waving "so long"?

*Shag knocks.*

Poach-           (to Shag) Fuck off!

(to phone) My army of pathetic street singers  
 Ain't baggin squat with your suck-shit openers!  
 "If you can spare some change, I'd like to sing."  
 Was it that easy, I'd be snortin japs!

Shag- I'm looking for Jonathan "O My God,  
 It's Full of Cars" Poachem, sole partner  
 Of Responsible Productions, Wink?

Poach- (To Shag) I'm on the fucking phone!  
 (To the phone) Pity's like a drug; folks build a tolerance,  
 So we must ever deal a sweeter dope,  
 Forcing those yuppy fucks to feel something.

Shag- My name is Shag, and I'm desperate for work.  
 Poach- (To Shag) So sell your dick to the dog food factory!  
 (to phone) Sick and sad. Ya make em feel sick and sad,  
 Cuz then there's no limit to what they'll give  
 To get that stinky bum to sing and split.

Shag- But I want to sell my dick to you.  
 Poach- (to phone) O, you can't? No, you cunt!

Shag- I function well under crippling pressure.  
 Poach- (to phone) Get me fresh pitches for my stale bitches...

Shag- I'm self-motivated by external threat.  
 Poach- (to phone) Or Pooty McDirty plays your depends,  
 Capiche, pussy face?

Shag- I can sing.  
 Poach- (to phone) Mom, I'll call ya back.  
 (to Shag) Come in, Mr. Slag!

*Shag enters.*

Shag- Actually, it's Shag...  
 Poach- Yeah, and I'm "Pan-Arab Democracy  
 Is So Fucking Clean and Operational  
 It'll Burn the Blood off the Liberty Bell."

Shag- Sorry, I thought you were Mr. Poachem.  
 Poach- So who's the fuckhead here?

Shag- You're not Mr. Poachem?  
 Poach- Does pollution stick to the Parthenon?  
 So, Slag, sing. No, wait. Lemme guess.

*If I can shake it here  
 I'll take it in the rear.*

Shag- Heard it, hate it. Get the fuck out!  
 Poach- Actually, sir, I've written my own song.  
 Mic chop! I write the pre-programmed popchord  
 Publicity packages that make the hole  
 In the world go bling bling, understand?

Shag- No.

Poach- I'm an expostulator for the poor.  
Shag- I wish you were an expostulator  
For the poor, cuz then you could drain  
My sores and I could eat.

Poach- That is a disgusting, compelling opener.  
You test it yet?

Shag- Down on B and 9th,  
And I made a fortune in dirty looks.

Poach- That's my corner, you overused flypaper!  
Shag- I didn't know public places could be privatized.  
Poach- Everything's privatized nowadays, Slag,  
Cuz that's how we get dolts to work for squat!

Shag- But what about my crazy dream of singing  
And dancing myself to death?

Poach- Step to the glass ceiling, Slag.  
Waddaya see?

Shag- A brick ceiling.  
Poach- That's cuz my office is in the basement,  
But if I had a highrise corner suite,  
You would behold the gems of New Yuck Shitty.  
Fraudway, Showho, Slime Square, The Empire  
Hate Building, the Statue of Bribery,  
Something There Is That Really Loves A Wall Street,  
Yes, sir, dankly shimmers the Golden Ghetto,  
That capital of capital for capital's sake  
Where pain and portion, not fame and fortune,  
Thru spoil and consent, not toil and talent,  
Reward every young ambitious spitlicker  
With all the bennies of a broken heart.  
See, in New Yuck Shitty, it's less about  
Crazy dreams and more about crazy assholes,  
So'f you want purses to open their people,  
Just penetrate the inauthentic sphincter,  
Jigger up the endless intestine  
Of inconscionable compromise,  
Swim the acidic generifying gut  
To then rappel the pop esophagus  
Pipeline that only permits the passage  
Of severely emaciated ideals,  
Scrambling scared over the gag reflex  
Which quickly expulges any strange taste,  
To finally emerge on the common tongue,  
Making you sound like everyone else, or  
Like no one, depending on your lawyer,  
Bleating repetitive, flat vibrations  
Across an aesthetic no-bands-land  
That force the purses to open their people  
With the same subliminal whiplash

As teenage teasers straining to absorb  
 The next big illogical outcome...  
 If that's the death you're looking for in life,  
 Ya gotta start at the bottom, my bottom,  
 Cuz in this town there's only two types a shit:  
 You, the banger, and me, the head banger.  
 Shag- What's a banger?  
 Poach- A street singer what works for me.  
 Shag- Well, I'd rather be a banger than a beggar,  
 But isn't working for you selling out?  
 Poach- No, Slag, it's shelling out. Boys, time to teach.

*Poachem sings.*

*What ain't I done to shuck a buck?  
 I pulled more stunts than puck or huck!*

*I rigged fake polls for the power crowd,  
 Then they brought that scam in-house.*

*I built JesusJerksJerrysKids.wrong,  
 Then the Church glue-trappt my mouse.*

*I peddled insecurities  
 But everyone got their doubts.*

*Bidness sucks, it don't give a luck,  
 In the Shitty of New Yuck.*

*Who ain't I blown to tease the breeze?  
 These the knees that please sleeze for cheese.*

*I knocked on doors for Save the Jails,  
 But they called it "break and enter."*

*I wanked some wrinkly, wealthy witch,  
 Then she left it all to her schnauzer.*

*I roughed up tots for the public schools,  
 Then they sent me my own daughter!*

*Bidness sucks, it's a brother stuck,  
 In the Shitty of New Yuck.*

*How fit I flit to the hit won't quit  
 When some twit for split says my shit ain't it?*

*I made that show, Survivor Rwanda,*

*But none survived, so it got the ax.*

*I was up nine points for Circuit Grudge,  
Then they smeared me with the facts.*

*I even wrote a self-help book,  
"Success thru Jack-n-Crash."*

*But bidness sucks, they're all cliquey schmucks  
In the Shitty of New Yuck.*

*So ya wanna strike it rich  
In good ol' New Yuck Shitty?  
Act like a fuckin' asshole  
Then sue for loss of pity.*

*Enter Mrs. Poachem, dusting with a dead duck.*

Shag-           Wo! I'm having a sell-your-booty-siting!  
                  Mr. Poachem, look! It's that pornstar,  
                  Bug-Eyed Bible Trash Butt Slammer,  
                  The standardized inaptitude test  
                  Of all masturburging males.  
                  My donk's money-shotting so hard right now  
                  I'm like giving myself a high-sodium chin omelet!

Poach-           You lead paint chip dipper, that's my wife,  
                  And sometime imaginary friend, Mimi  
                  "Yes, Sir, General Anxiety" Poachem.

Shag-           Oops! Falsies alarm! Mea gulpa!  
Poach-           Whaddaya, got water in your head?

Shag-           I wish I did, cuz then I could bathe,  
                  But as it is, my thoughts are as dirty as me.

Poach-           Mimi, dear, I'm wondering if you might help  
                  Instruct this potential exploited artist  
                  In our most lucrative banger types,  
                  Seeing as you are the family chanteuse.

Mimi-           O, Jonathan, you fill my feather duster  
                  With impertinent clumps of sticky strangeness.

Poach-           And you, Mimi, really knock my rocks off  
                  When you crush those kitties in plastic pumps  
                  And wipe them on my erroneous zones.

Mimi-           Mimi-ow!

*Mimi exits.*

Poach-           Allrighty, Slag. Pay attention. Yeah, yeah.  
                  I'll loan ya the attention, at interest!  
                  Now, here's the cranky skanky: Your schtick schtinks.

Shag- You haven't even heard me...  
Poach- But I smellt ya!  
Look, Slag, I'm an honest businessman,  
Which means I'm honest (when it's good for business),  
So I'll share my banger secrets with you  
For a measly 93.5%  
Of all that you will ever under-earn.  
Accept my offer or not, but if ya don't,  
I'll have Honey and Sam twist your digits  
Into an origami replica  
Of Balderdash Meets Broohaha!  
Shag- Like I always say, "What have I got to choose?"  
Poach- I like you, Slag.  
You're stupid, but you're open to coercion.  
Mimi! Bring in banger number one!

*Enter Mimi and Banger 1.*

Mimi- First we have the angry over-advantaged  
Wannabe gutter punk trust-fund baby;  
Seeming impoverisht in factory-stresst garb,  
This annoying hypothetical victim  
Of good parenting is known to frequent  
Anarchist rallies in small city parks  
After blowing an Arab shopkeeper  
"Just to kick her mamaloshen in the yids."  
Reason for giving? Oy, maybe she'll spend  
The money to improve her resume.  
Hit it, Ariadne Bloomberg-Bertelsmann!

*Banger 1 sings.*

Banger 1- *I'm more than a charge account payment,  
But I'm less than you want me to be.  
I cum when it hurts,  
I'm your unjust desserts;  
If you want a mess, start with me.*

*Banger 1 exits.*

Shag- That's such a tear-jerker I've got stretchmarks  
On my cornea.  
Poach- Think you can pull it off?  
Shag- Gee, Mr. P, last time I pulled it off  
And achieved ambisextruous nirvana,  
Gangs of massive football-loving rednecks  
Shoved their little pink prods into my dad.  
Poach- Sports ain't but a front for father-fuckers!



Banger number two, Mimi!

*Enter Banger 2.*

Mimi- Next, we have the small smiling illegal  
Alien of mestizo pretensions.  
Deckt out in a dizzy melangerie  
Of striped handwoven mountain goat shavings,  
This full-bodied, semi-nourished victim  
Of dazzling multinational greed  
Hearkens us back to a simpler age,  
When holidays meant human sacrifice  
And guilt was a frill. Reason for giving?  
Mexicans are cheaper than taxes!  
Musica, Guadalupe Chorizo!

*Banger 2 sings.*

Banger 2- *Duermo sobre el fuego,  
Desbebo en mi bano,  
Comido mi bizcocho  
Del microbio Americano.*

*O si, O si, entiendo el desague,  
Pero no puedo menos de sonreirme,  
Porque sueno tan feliz del norte  
Donde puedo trabajar constante!*

*Banger 2 exits.*

Shag- I'm weeping so subconsciously, I feel  
Like an anti-globalist being hosed  
By his own addiction to workers' rights.  
Poach- Esta tu basura?  
Shag- Sorry, Mr. P.,  
But everytime yo hablo Espanol  
My standard of barely living plummets.  
Poach- Roses are red, violets are blue,  
I treat ya like shit cuz ya look like poo!  
Mimi, give us banger number three.

*Enter Banger 3.*

Mimi- Meet dirty downtrodden druggy cover dude.  
Dresst in some homage to best forgotten  
And far too hairy to act like such a child,  
This puke-perfumed self-molesting flukebox  
Elicits sympathy by suffering

The people's hangover. Reason for giving?  
Maybe he'll buy some crank and overdose!  
Rock on, you no-nutritional-value cracker.

*Banger 3 sings.*

Banger 3- *Soberin! What's your price per slice?  
I spit up in my sprite!  
Anybody got a light?*

*Banger 3 exits.*

Shag- The only thing sadder than that is me.  
Poach- So, you ready to schlock-n-droll, baby?  
Shag- Shoddy regrets, Mr. Poachem, but drugs  
Free the mind, and that's against my religion.  
Poach- For a limp loser, you're a damn hard sell.  
Shag- But what about the song I wrote, Mr. P.?  
Peac- The song you wrote? Fuck the song you wrote!  
Mimi! Fetch our darling daughter, Polly,  
So she can show musty Slag how to make  
A man dump his slimy wad o' green.  
Mimi- She's upstairs in her fribbler, no doubt,  
Photoshopping the sausage of brief relief  
Into some monstrous clitoral fricasee,  
But I'll bring her down, cuz that's what mothers are for.

*Mimi exits.*

Poach- You'll love this. My daughter's total gangbang  
Stankobotic, with more good-for-nothing rage  
Than incestual secrets, all of it  
Nicely packaged in a tight cheer outfit.

*He sings.*

*I'm open for bidness, yo.  
My knick-knack's malapropos.  
Squeal your shotrod down my skidmark row  
And put ya money where ya mouth won't go!*

*Enter Mimi.*

Mimi- O husband! O father! O embarrassing  
Irrelevance overcompensator!  
Poach- Smarmy marmy army brat, Mimi!  
Did you buy a free spirit again?  
Mimi- Read this, and then we'll talk to no avail!

*She hands Poachem a note. He reads it.*

Poach-           Dearest mummy and poopy:

                  The neurotic chipmunk  
                          langorous  
                  for a freeway without a highway  
                  lulls and mulls and culls  
                          un-  
                  til  
                  barbarous fetching logo mandroids  
                  take her...too willingly  
                          unto the nursery of  
                  sweet bleck, a multiracial state -  
                  [hedge your] money, modern  
                          dance, sensualite'.

Poach-           Bloody zits, woman! Did you send our sperm sprout  
                  To one of those Battered Writers' Shelters?  
                  MFA: More Fake Art. I'm too los reales  
                  To sort such trash.

Mimi-           Our Polly's run away!  
Poach-           Run away? Next thing she'll get married,  
                  And marriage leads to pornography,  
                  And pornography leads to happiness!

Mimi-           Jonathan "Look Out, He's Got A Huge Penis" Poachem!  
Poach-           Nothing satisfies a man like knowing  
                  A woman can be paid to satisfy him.

Shag-           If she's run away, can I chase her down  
                  And eat her? I'm really hungry.

Mimi-           O her salmon-wrap with string cheese  
                  Is probly stool by now, cuz she's run off  
                  With the affable horrible dashing  
                  Depraved sincere deceptive murderous  
                  Marvelous MacDonald Machismo MacHeath!

Poach-           My sole genetic waste receptacle  
                  Is being ethnically cleansed by Mac the Knife?

Mimi-           I call him Mac the "Spreading Liberty" Bomb.  
Shag-           Hold everything on my in-your-dreams burger!  
                  Your perky daughter's shakin salty milk  
                  From Mac the Wack, Goofam's coolest killer?  
                  Unbelovable! That's how I arrived  
                  At this objectively abject condition!  
                  I was workin at this swanky groove lounge,  
                  Hoping some day I could be something more  
                  Than a lame excuse for being nothing,  
                  When Mac and his gang murdered everyone

And gave me your card, and I was like, rock!  
 When I stop growing up, I wanna be like Mac!  
 See, our fine inflation was foundered  
 By drunk hypocritical shit-kickers  
 With enough white-out to conceal  
 Disney-squalor from Franco-rancor,  
 And Mac MacFilthy's the founding filcher  
 Of that venerable tradition!  
 When he cuts up a chump, he also looks  
 Dope skizzy! He don't just steal from schools,  
 He and his peeps party off the proceeds  
 Like rich maggots on a beached beluga!  
 Some guys rape some women some of the time,  
 All guys rape one woman all of the time,  
 But Mac rapes all the women all of the time,  
 And then farts on their faces on TV!  
 Fuck yeah, man! I wanna have his crack baby!  
 For brunch! Okay, I think I'll shut up now.

Poach- The mere thought of that gambling shovel-face  
 Piranha munching on my baby's trout  
 Is enough to make me wanna work lights  
 For Blackout the Snoozical! You just watch!  
 After his industrial-strength cockroach  
 Is thru cavortlin in her heaving poopus,  
 His smeggy knuckles will trundle this way  
 And hock our gravy boats and dinner doilies!  
 Ack! Here's a fine swindle of a swap!  
 He gets my offspring for a boxspring,  
 And I get hypertension coochycoo!

Shag- She must be one right nasty convincing  
 Argument for female submission  
 To make Macky's slit-bull sit up and beg.

Mimi- After graduating from Date Rape State,  
 She workt as a bottomless beer-bong waitress  
 At Shooters – A gun with every drink,  
 A target on every titty.

Poach- Wankin the in-for-us Mac the Knife?  
 What's got into that girl?

Shag- It goes by many misnomers. The debilled  
 Featherless Whoopy Crane, the doggybone  
 And two squeaky toys, the incredible  
 Underwater belly-jelly applicator...

Mimi- I'm worried about what will never happen.  
 Shag- Like what?  
 Mimi- Exactly.

Poach- I will retrieve her from that ho-weevil  
 Or my name ain't Jonathan "Cover Up  
 Any Cancer-Causing Agents" Poachem.

Mimi- It's time to get imposse-ossible.

*They sing.*

Poach- *When I was pink of lung,  
Young and hung, high-strung,  
We lugged drugs for thugs,  
Hockt glocks to cops,  
And gangbanged wangtang,  
Sing dangity dang!*

Mimi- *But kids these days  
They're like crave depraved,  
They snort torque for pork,  
Track gats for frats,  
And mobjob cobswab,  
Say slobbity slob!*

Poach- *So every deadbeat dad, get your gladfad mad!*

Both- *Who made the kids these days?  
Who made the kids these days?  
Their penal glands been microwaved.  
Who made the kids these days?*

Mimi- *When I was pert of poot,  
Booty cute brute fruit,  
We'd propchop slopsshops,  
Fierce pierce frontiers,  
Blow joe for glow,  
Sing "Yesward, ho!"*

Poach- *But kids these days  
They got stains for brains,  
Lift thrift for sniff,  
Tat chat on fat,  
Yank swank for bank,  
Sing "Watch my shanks!"*

Mimi- *So every crack-ho mom, sing wrong along!*

Both- *Who made the kids these days?  
Who made the kids these days?  
They trash their elders' throwaways!  
Who made the kids these days?*

Poach- *Ya don't take shake and make a baker's cake!*

Mimi- *Ya dash some hash into a basher's mash!*

Poach- *Ballin dolls in malls might seem all thrall.*

Mimi- *But trawlin sprawl in a speedball stall beats all!*

Poach- *So drop the get-paid arcade fade brigade!*

Mimi- *And be the no-afraid free trade shade parade!*

Poach- *Your folks ain't jokes; they poked, you woke!*

Mimi- *So spoke-soak their strokes 'fore your yoke's revoked!*

Poach- *It's a shame the way*

*The days fray and stray,  
 Old gold grows mold,  
 Good wood's withstood,  
 Sage rage is caged,  
 Craze fades to haze.  
 And the messt-up youth,  
 Ruth of tooth, uncouth,  
 Swill their mama's pills,  
 Drop their daddy's bombs,  
 Rash their ass for cash,  
 The same ass we basht!*

Mimi-

Poach- *So every grown-up goof, woof your spoof aloof!*

Both- *Who made the kids these days?  
 Who made the kids these days?  
 We misbeget, they misbehave!  
 Who made the kids these days?*

Poach- Now get out there, Slag, and sing for my supper!

*Scene 3. Mac's Hide-Out. Ed, Susan, and Walter are torturing an Evangelical Christian, Mr. Fried Bald Eagle Eggs.*

Ed- You crack that Walmartian or it's "Death by Dirty Bush."

Susan- It pains me past all drug or denial  
 To whimper this, Mr. Fried Bald Eagle Eggs,  
 But if you won't squeal inside which sex slave  
 The Evangelical Christians are hiding  
 Their RoboSapien HomoSkeptical,  
 Eddy the Dyke's gonna sit on your face  
 With her ubiquitous limberger chasm.

Mr. Eggs- My demented faith in our concocted Christ  
 Prevents me from acting in my best interest,  
 So come what may come, no fun intended.

Ed- Uh Oh! Spread Alert! "Damn, that bush gone bad!"

Walt- Now that is cruel and too sexual punishment.

*Ed sits on the face of Mr. Fried Bald Eagle Eggs. Enter Mac and Polly.*

Mac- Wuzzup, you silly killers?

All- Wuzzup, Macky Messer!

Mac- This here's my nouveau soup-to-nuts du jour,  
 Potable Parvenu Pamper-Me-Po'Boy  
 Pedophilia Poachem, aka Pokey.

Polly- Polly.

Mac- Polly.

Gang- Welcome, Fifth Random Nubile Just This Week!

Polly- Total aloha, you plunderworld scare-stylists!  
 It's like mainline thunk junk on the spazo scale

To fake your anonymous acquaintance,  
 And I'm sure we'll get along (cuz long's my religion)  
 Like anorexia and ad campaigns,  
 If you'll only remember that wasn't me  
 Milking the bloody walrus tusk  
 In the fellatio-for-furs slow-girl  
 Middle school scandal. Ready? Okay!  
 Mac- Ain't she major do-able?  
 Gang- Like a baby puzzle!  
 Mac- You wanna meet the cow-tows what Mac built?  
 Polly- You wanna quit playin' me like some fuckin'  
 Hostile take-over lowest bitch offer? Kidding!  
 Mac- Ah, she's such a gas, maybe later I'll gas her,  
 And that ain't foreshadow, that's forewarning!  
 But, hey, let's meet the "Hot and Bothered Posse"!  
 This here's Ed, the Ballistic Psychodyke  
 With the Stanky Sulfur Snatch Attachment.  
 Ed's insane, but she'll fuck with anything.  
 Ed- Yeah, and I'll fuck anything, too.  
 Mac- Problem is, no one wants to fuck you  
 Cuz your g-string smells like a slaughter house.  
 Ed- Ah, boss, you're flatterin me!  
 Mac- No, Ed, you don't flatter livestock, you flog it.  
 Polly- Macky?  
 Mac- Yes, my other white meat?  
 Polly- Is Ed a woman?  
 Mac- Well, yeah, ya see, every gang's gotta have  
 A manly killer type who constantly  
 Refers to his john boy as a death tool,  
 But in general I'm very uncomfortable  
 With male competition, so I got  
 A female with a homicidal bush.  
 Ed- Packin' bush don't mean ya got no balls.  
 Polly- Ready? Okay!  
 Mac- Next is Susan, the Sensitive Success  
 Consultant With The Styrafoam Numchucks  
 That Are Chronically Limp And Slippery.  
 He keeps me on the straight and narrow  
 When I'm feelin huge and crooked.  
 Polly- And he's a man named Susan.  
 Susan- Susan is a man's name too!  
 Polly- Ready? Okay!  
 Mac- His duties include strategic hindsight,  
 Marketing scams, budgetary fabrications,  
 PR fiascos, illegal counsel,  
 Interoffice miscommunications,  
 As well as inhuman outsource management.  
 Susan- And while success consulting a gangsta

Might seem like a desirable career trap,  
 It can be stressful when you're sensitive.  
 Mac- Hey! No tears! There'll be sufficient saline  
 Dripping down chafed cheeks into quivering lips  
 When me and Spanky...  
 Polly- Polly.  
 Mac- When me and her hit the posturepedic.  
 Walter- No doubt, Macky. She's one hot cocktail  
 Sausage bun. Those dayglo smoothie bags  
 Seem robust enough for some serious  
 Dairy State stickball. And that single shaft  
 Self-lubricating food poison processor  
 Could do some quality consume-her service  
 To Senor Prostate Beans Burrito  
 And his two Nutty Bandolero Brothers.  
 And wow! Those some fine full fatty flesh forks!  
 If concavity is disproportionately  
 Related to depravity, then I bet  
 You got a hyperdermic nougat needle  
 With morbid vaccination fascination  
 Grimed and heady to adsinister  
 Some genderific unapproved man-meds  
 Into that center for disease dispersal.  
 Yes, sir, Mack Hijack. This be your biggest  
 Stickup yet, nabbin Poachem the Pincher's  
 Foxy filly there.  
 Mac- That's Walter the Sassy Blade,  
 And it's probly best you don't know what he does.  
 Walter- I make life hell for those who love me, okay?  
 Polly- No, it's Ready? Okay!  
 Mac- So, that's my fumbly crumbly crime family.  
 Polly- And who's that?  
 Mac- That is a dead Evangelical Christian.  
 Gang- No, that's progress!  
 Polly- Wow! I feel all spread eagle under  
 The vibrating showerhead of weirdness  
 To finally meet my darling Macky's crew,  
 And even if it's painfully clear to me now  
 I'm just another one-fight Jiffy Lewd  
 Chew Toy in a long unsigned dotted line  
 Of shoulder trophy petmax inflatable  
 Fleshlight pinatas fit to be punkt and junkt,  
 What girl in her right bind wouldn't be  
 Tickled pre-teen pink to be retina-raped  
 By a wack-ass mob of gender-murky thugs?  
 Gang- Thanks, Polly! We're mostly cool with you too!  
 Mac- Hey, all this talk of cervical pollution  
 Makes me want to bumble forward



With my most recent destructive impulse.  
 Will you marry me, Pesky?  
 Polly- Polly.  
 Mac- Polly.  
 Ed- But ain't you married to Loosy, boss?  
 Mac- Loosy? Who's Loosy? Any a you  
 Know no Loosy's know a Loosy?  
 Ed- Ah, get off it, ya sniggaz! Macky's goyl  
 Down at the Fuck Church? Loosy as loose  
 As a pinhead's noose? Dry up here, wet down there,  
 A real Miss-My-Sippy Queen? Why, each a you  
 Done Loosy much as a horse wins the derby!  
 Just last night...Loosy? Neva heard a da broodsow.  
 Mac- So, wadda ya say?  
 Polly- Gee, Macky, my pleasure nib's so full up  
 With half-baked chutzpah, I think I'll jiggle  
 My dickbait and lipsync vapor pop!  
 Susan- It's just so sweet how pathetic she is!  
 Walter- I'd rather be getting a botcht colonic.

*Polly sings.*

Polly- *My daddy says I shouldn't hang  
 With rapists, crooks and thugs,  
 He says they have the moral worth  
 Of feces-nibbling bugs,  
 Or hydro-encephalic hamsters,  
 Or old goats with clamydia spine,  
 Or patented paramecium  
 That thrive in alkaline.*

*But I say, O now daddy,  
 Don't be so harsh of voice;  
 I'll always be your baby,  
 But criminals make me moist!*

*Ain't no cause to blame or blush,  
 Fluffs get funky if they don't flush,  
 He cracks his whip, this husky mush!  
 O gangstas make my girl-goop gush!*

*My daddy advocates the chair  
 For muggers, pushers, and thieves,  
 Or worse, he says let's draft em  
 For war in the Muslim countries,  
 Or make em watch daytime TV,  
 Or sit in a token booth,  
 Or defer to evangelicals,*

*Or work with troubled youth!*

*But I say, dear ol' daddy,  
Don't be such a fuddy dud,  
Cuz I'll always be your bunny,  
But the badguys make me mud!*

*I was ice, but he hot me slush.  
Twist the spigot and watch me rush.  
For my own sauce I'm such a lush!  
O gangstas make my groom-soup gush!*

*Some men bring poems and flowers,  
And their kindness and care overflow,  
But cuz they're not cruel or abusive,  
To them I will always say "No."*

*But you bring dementia and violence,  
And your love-making scares me to death;  
I don't ever know what you're saying,  
So to you I will always say "Yes!"*

*O daddy, you don't understand  
The thrill in sexual terror,  
That a girl wants a guy  
The more he can scare her.  
Maybe he leaves a corpse in her yard,  
Or bludgeons her with a bat,  
Or throws her into traffic  
Or screws her with a rat,  
Or better yet, he's like a stalker  
Who enters her room at night,  
And with a chain saw and rump roast  
He teaches her long from tight.*

*So hear me, O sweet daddy,  
When I flap just a little lip,  
I'll always be your kitty,  
But them sickos make me drip!*

*I'm a water balloon and I got a crush.  
This hurricane don't ever shush.  
There's a flash-flood in my panty plush!  
O gangstas make my grundies gush!*

Gang-  
Mac-

Polly rocks like a retard in a cage!  
Allright, let's kill a lamb to feed a dog!

*The gang begins to prepare the space with ceremonial accoutrements.*

Pol- We're doing it now?  
Mac- Ain't no time like the pubescent!  
Pol- Here, in your hideout?  
Mac- Gangstaz don't hide; they blend in.  
Pol- But, Macky, it's so ghetto. Couldn't it be  
Way more gentrified, ya know, made to look  
Like the inside of a can of sweetened  
Condensed milk right after some muscular  
Young tongue has licked it creamy clean for Christmas?  
Mac- Whatta ya, a spacist?  
Pol- It's not that, it's just that  
If you want my choo-choo to come on time  
You can fuck well gimme nicer stuff and shit.  
Gang- Polly "The Tell It Like It Is Machine"  
Mac- Turn this living history into aspirin!

*The gang begins gentrifying the space.*

Pol- O, Macky! This is the sappiest day of my life!  
Mac- Me too, Pooty.  
Pol- Polly.  
Mac- Polly.  
Pol- And from where your hand is, I'd imagine  
You can feel my heart beating its inner-child.  
Mac- And from where your hand is, I'd imagine  
You can feel my armory hardening its arteries.  
Pol- For fuck sake, someone perform the rites!  
Susan- Walter is ordained in the Church  
Of the Intolerable Dude Bitch.  
Walter- I saw the light at the end of the barrel.  
Mac- Yo, where's the spread?  
Pol- After the wedding.  
Mac- I mean the pickle tray!  
Ed- A wedding without a pickle tray  
Is like a thug without a pud. Scratch that.

*Susan hands Polly a document.*

Polly- "I, the flavor of the week, do solemnly swear that I will not hold Macky Messer responsible for any spiritual damage, bodily loss, or unsightly stains due to his rampant exploitation of my semi-natural resources; all that I own shall be rendered unto him, yet I shall not own or act all big like I own anything that he owns, most of which is stolen anyway; nor shall I whine all the time, have a period, ask him things, demand climax, feign separate identity, dispute the desirability of a particularly painful amorous position, consider myself his equal, dawdle, talk shit, wear stuff that makes me look fat, think I'm all that, squeeze

when I should stroke, or otherwise be inferior to his ultimate fantasy babe.”  
Susan- Sign here.  
Mac- Just a little pre-nup to protect you from me.  
Polly- That all sounds fine, but what are all these women’s names with “poppt and droppt” stamp over them in blood red ink?  
Susan- Our copier’s down.  
Polly- O you poor little orphans!

*She signs.*

Pol- O no!  
Ed- Don’t worry. You’ll be poppt before you’re droppt.  
Pol- No, not that. What am I going to wear?  
Mac- What you got on looks ripe for takin off.  
Pol- That’s cuz you’re all jackt up on artificial  
Climax enhancers, you sick twisted fuck.  
But to be a twashy bwide I need a pwetty dwess!  
Mac- Yo, Walter. Bring my girl your Sunday best.  
Walt- The best I got is a Monday worst.  
Ed- I had a Sunday best, but she moved to Thursdays.  
Susan- Must everything be a sexual metaphor?  
Ed- Hey, if I met her, I met her for sex.  
Walt- So, Ed, are you a have or a have twat?  
Ed- I got more than you got, sticky prickly!  
Mac- It ain’t what ya got, it’s what ya give.

*He sticks a pickle in Polly’s mouth.*

Pol- Yick! Is that a dill or a butter pickle?  
Susan- A kosher dill, brined in the blood of Israel.  
Pol- What then can I expect from our marriage?  
Sour, briny gerkins or sweet, buttery cukes?  
Ed- What’s it matter, hu? Think of all the starvin  
Peoples in Indiana! Ooo, on first thought,  
Think of all the under-fed sex bunnies  
In Hollywood! What would they say  
To this dismay of fickinny eating, hu?

*Enter Shag.*

Shag- Ladies and gentlemen, please pardon the interruption, but my name is Shag, and I’m an under-educated, tunnel-grubbing, nutritionally-challenged man-rat born from a she-hole and a he-stick who’s never had a home or a physical or any special birthday candy and I was just wonderin if I might sing..  
Pol- Pew, he’s stinky!

*The gang opens fire on Shag, who exits.*

Susan- Why can't we just all get along?  
 Pol- Susan's right. This is my day, so I say  
 Do as I say, not as I fail to do.

Walter- The sooner you bond for life, the sooner  
 You can separate and start enjoying sex.

Mac- Is all in order now, my shaved nymphette?  
 Pol- O Mac! It's like a dream! Or even better!  
 It's like those starfucker bars in LA  
 That function as 3-D infomercials  
 For expensive disposable sex organs.  
 Where'd you get all this amazing monotony?

Susan- We slaughtered lots of innocent people.  
 Pol- It's sad so many emaciated kids  
 Had to die just so I can feel all phat,  
 But hey, consumerism is freedom!

Walter- Dearly deluded...

*Enter Tiger Brown.*

Tig- You have no right to remain defiant. Anything you say can and will be beaten out  
 of you in contempt of the law. You have no right to speak to authority, nor to  
 have an identity present after bludgeoning. If you cannot afford a doctor, none  
 will be provided for you, cuz that's a frivolous expense. Did I get it right this  
 time?

Ed- Holy invisible super phallus! It's the pigs!  
 Susan- Question authority, but hide first!  
 Walt- And I thought this was a day for heels!

*The gang hides.*

Polly- Mercy kill me, Macky, before I succumb  
 To some adolescent fantasy of being  
 Amadoudialloed by a zoom broom!

Mac- Fear not, my prurient pedorastee,  
 For this pig has been bureaucued into pork!

Pol- O, Mac! Your meat metaphors make me  
 Wanna stuff a boneless Nordic premy  
 With debt instruments and braise it black  
 In a spicy federal prison broth!

Mac- Emerge from your attack positions, men!  
 Ed- All them two's fixin to attack was their pimples.  
 Susan- May I go change?  
 Mac- No one changes around me!  
 Walter- Insert stupid comment here.  
 Mac- Gang, if this is a felonious officer,  
 Then I'm an official felon, which I'm not!  
 No sir. This is Police Chief Tiger Brown!

All- Police Chief Tiger Brown?

*They sing.*

*Who lets the right man walk out free?  
Who sells copies of the bank vault key?  
Who says "Law is not for me!"*

*That's right! Tiger Brown.*

*Who's never once lookt back twice?  
Who's the only cat on the side of the mice?  
Who can always name his price?*

*That's right! Tiger Brown.*

*You might think that the cops hate the crooks,  
But what's a hunter without his prey?  
Every drop in slime means another hungry pig,  
So here's to that good ol' "look the other way!"*

*Who puts the rest in arrest?  
Who lets goons pass the rookie test?  
Who's New Yuck Shitty's crookedest?*

*That's right! Tiger Brown.*

Tiger-           Howdy, Gangstaz!  
Gang-           Howdy, Coppa!  
Mac-            So, what brings ya down, Tiger Brown?  
Tiger-           When people call me fat.  
Mac-            No, I mean, why you here?  
Tiger-           Right! Well, word on the street's you hamperhockt  
                  Jonathan "Don't Blame Me, I Don't Vote"  
                  Poachem's tasty underage girl child  
                  And plan on making her your infant bride.  
Mac-            O, so next thing ya know, I'll be accused  
                  Of siphoning billions in tax dollars  
                  To industrial polluters that fund  
                  Strip-joints where Supreme Court Justices  
                  Piggyback phone calls on the credit cards  
                  Of cartel-funded thinktank drug lords  
                  So they can destroy the United Nations  
                  Thru an investment racket that showed  
                  Inflated earnings to win the presidency!  
Tiger-           You did that?  
Susan-          Ask the onion, Tiger Brown.

*Susan gives Tiger a rolled up wad of bills.*

Tiger- Case closed! I told whoever wouldn't listen  
That Mac the Child-Safe Plastic Spoon and I  
Been friends since I'd be killed if I say when,  
And you could count how many times he's robbed  
A cradle on one hand, were you one of those  
Grossly over-fingered mutant fetuses  
With homemade compassionate conservative  
Coathanger trackmarks for a life-line.  
Besides, he married my daughter, Loosy.

Mac- Boys, it's been intestinally moving  
Having all of you present for my  
Unhymenical celebration, but now  
Me and Puffy.

Polly- Polly.

Mac- Me and her would like to perform  
Some antihymenical non-penetration  
Ourselves, if you can squeeze my ins and outs.  
So thank you, and remember, even when drunk:  
Society's based in fear, so be scary!

*The gang sings.*

Gang- *We wish you all the best  
In your new marriage.*

Mac- We're not married.

Gang- *We hope your love will grow  
Each passing day.*

Mac- She's just a friend.

Gang- *But when it stops, and it will,  
Do not disparage.*

Mac- It never started.

Gang- *Cuz people just ain't meant  
To live that way.*

Mac- I don't even know her name!

*All exit, save Tiger Brown.*

Tiger- Sumthin' ain't right. Time for lunch!

*He takes a pickle and exits.*

*Scene 4. The office of Crackpot and Nitwit, Private Assassins. Nitwit answers the phone.*

NW- Crackpot, Nitwit, and Intoxicated.  
No, mam. Not us. Well, if ya got a dragon  
To exterminate, or you require  
Fetal extraction using green energy,

Or your facial powder needs replenishing,  
Then we're the can-do dudes. Absolutely not!  
Anytime, glad to be of no assistance.

*He hangs up.*

CS- Who's Intoxicated?  
NW- Not me! Watch! I can walk a crooked line  
While thumbing my nose at the universe!  
CS- You said Crackpot, Nitwit, and Intoxicated,  
But we're Cheapshot, Nitwit, Incorporated.  
NW- Who's Incarcerated?  
CS- What did that lady want?  
NW- She wanted us to murder her husband  
So she could marry her son. Can you believe it?  
No one does nuthin for themselves anymore!  
CS- And you said no? We're private assassins,  
Nitwit! We make our living by killing!  
NW- Private assassins? I thought we were  
Knights in White Satin, never meaning to blend!  
CS- And what's with the facial powder replenisht?  
NW- Is that not what compact fillers do?  
CS- Contract killers, you fatal staff infection!  
NW- Well, our service mix is all retro-proto!  
Abstract billers can't expect to compete  
In the solar abortions industry!  
"There ya go, mam. We charged your noumenon  
For deductions against your paradox,  
And in case you ever want to exercise  
Your right to choose in the summer months,  
Here's our card." I smell funky in the fridge.  
CS- We don't give solar abortions!  
We are soldiers of fortune!

*Enter Poachem.*

Poach- Wackjob, Hissyfit, and Emasculated?  
NW- That's us! Providing cheap-ass injustice  
In the high mistakes vigilante sector  
Since...  
CS- Get me a whisky!  
NW- One sissy, comin up!

*Nitwit exits.*

Poach- I need a mercenary, hold the mercy, extra nary.  
CS- And who do you need to be disposed of?  
Poach- You mean "Of whom do I need to be disposed?"



CS- I put my prepositions at the end  
So I'm always in the first position.

Poach- I want you to murder Mac the Knife.

CS- Yeah, and I want living labia on my monitor so I can...go on.

Poach- I'll give you whatever's inside the condom I just swallowed.

CS- Was it made in China or assembled in the Congo?

Poach- This rubber's so huge, it's only market  
Is the Delusions of Grandeur Wing at the White House.

CS- Are its contents pecuniary, narcotic, or farcical?

Poach- Yes.

CS- And when can I expect delivery?

Poach- I'm dining tonight at Krishnatushie's  
House of Intestinal Shakalaka  
And I'll be ordering Metamucil Vindaloo  
With petrolubed Narwhal blubber blobs.

CS- If your gut's as hard as your bargain,  
Dorsal evacuation could take weeks.

Poach- The bomb-scare in my buttocks never ends.

CS- Now, look here, Mr. I Don't Know Who You Are  
But I'm Stuck With You As My Scene Partner,  
Snuffing Mac the Knife is no GRE.  
He's got sexually confused bodyguards,  
An irresistible deadly sorta charisma,  
State funding, and he doesn't die in this play!  
547 false moves,  
And you could end up inside the beltway.

Poach- You're not going to force me to sing, are you?

CS- I don't really feel our conflict's created  
A fierce enough emotional climax  
To churn up a windstorm of melodic cheese.

Poach- So fuckin' what? Today's audience is so  
Infantilized, they'll consume anything,  
As long as they've tasted it before.  
Wake up, you bunch of overpaid members  
Of the extortionist musicians union  
And let's give these blue-state tourist twats  
The same campy maudlin crap they saw  
For half as much just last year right next door!

*They sing.*

Poach- *So, I hear you got concerns about offin Mac the Knife.*

CS- *I'm just not sure that dyin 's right for me at this point in my life.*

Poach- *Maybe you're afraid of what it takes to get ahead?*

CS- *Or maybe I should better my environment instead?*

Poach- *You tellin me you've never had the great American dream?*

CS- *I dunno. Promote it, and I'll off-road the balance beam.*

*Enter Nitwit and a sissy.*

NW - Here's that sissy you ordered!

*Poachem sings.*

*Upon these plenty shores, an immigrant steps foot,  
As hungry as he's hopeful, as strong as he's oppresst,  
But by slavin in the fire and sleepin in the soot,  
His mighty destiny begins to manifest.*

*Of course, along the way, he gets a little help,  
From regulations, public schools, civil rights, and agencies;  
O sure, the pot is hot, but who wouldn't wanna melt  
When only the melted can truly say "I'm free!"*

*And soon he's got a house, two cars, a landfill (what a beauty!),  
His kids attend a school that most kids can't afford,  
And when he rolls into the polls to do his civic duty,  
He votes for bigots, hawks, and market forces, praise the lord!*

*That's the American Dream.  
It's crazy but it's stupid.  
You pumpt to go extreme?  
Do like that other dupe did!*

*He lives to screw the system that screwed him to success,  
He loves to bomb the village that sang his lullaby,  
And for those filthy immigrants, all hungry and oppresst,  
They best stay put and work for shit so he can buy and buy!*

*Cuz this great land was founded by me and me alone,  
Its rivers are my toilet, its laws protect my hate,  
I take, but I don't give, and if that rocks your throne,  
Then go back to Iranaway where they sever church and state!*

*That's the American Dream!  
Immaculate Deception!  
Have you tried our new machine?  
You're wrong if you don't get one.*

*I'm a self-made man, ya see.  
My tastes determine decency.  
God is good, if you're like me.  
The only tax I like is free.*

*Democracy's a mockery  
Of being all that you can be.*

*I'm wild bout lady liberty  
But hate that bitch equality!*

*So next time you're askt to murder a fellow citizen,  
And some sissy in your skull whines out all smart and snooty,  
"A nation needs a commons like the earth needs oxygen,"  
Just grab your fuckin gun and do your civic duty!*

*Poachem grabs Cheapshot's gun and shoots the sissy dead. Cheapshot screams in horror.*

NW - Now that's a Utopian Scream!

*They sing.*

*That's the Utopian Scream!  
Free Pollutus Goonum!  
Any sissy doubt our scheme  
We'll chew 'em and spittoon 'em!*

Poach-            So, we got a deal?  
CS-                Does the philanthrope drive a pimpmobile?

*Scene 5. The Fuck Church. Enter Hairy and Loosy.*

Hairy-            Seedy Ram, you rock?

*Enter Seedy and Candy.*

Seedy-            Dope is the thing with fluffers.  
Hairy-            Hot stinky burkas fringed with pubic lint!  
                      That's a ziggurat could make Mohammed  
                      Bi-curious. Good work, Candy!  
Candy-            Any slime.  
Hairy-            Quiet humiliation positions, please,  
                      For scene one of "Everything Hurts Inside  
                      When Benzo the Clown Goes All Managerial  
                      On my Anal Reports."  
Loosy-            Question, Hairy Thumbs.  
Hairy-            Shoot, Loosy.

*Seedy Ram pulls out a gun and goes to shoot Loosy.*

Hairy-            Seedy, no! Rat-a-tat-tat-make-my-phat-pooty-splat,  
                      Scene three. I meant she could ask her question.  
Seedy-            Grease and shove, baby.  
Loosy-            When Seedy Ram projectile grommets  
                      My polyunsaturated hunkers  
                      To the guilty side of yesterday's rage,

Candy-            Might Candy beller out sardonically,  
                      "Teach my lil' sistah how to listen!"  
                      Over my dead body!

*Seedy starts to strangle Candy while doing her from behind.*

Hairy-            Seedy, down! Assfuxiate, scene six!  
Seedy-            Pardon my premature eradication.  
Candy-            I think Loosy should lacanically chortle,  
                      "My mugwump is choking on the last straw!"  
                      Whilst I, rummaging thru gag-order dreams  
                      For my self-repudiated glowing terms,  
                      Run amok on his vilifying kerkie.  
Loosy-            That ain't tasteful!  
Candy-            No, but it's American.  
Loosy-            Are you calling me a discount cheesecloth?  
Candy-            Are you saying I can't gargle scabby jello?  
Loosy-            Gelatinous glob of gratuitous grit!  
Candy-            Assiduously vapid gold bricker!  
Hairy-            Girls, please. Let's bury the hatchet.

*Seedy grabs a hatchet and goes to bury it in the girls.*

Hairy-            Sheathe thy glabrous bilbo, Methylspurt!  
                      Decapitation by sputumous scabard  
                      As post-coital apologia, scene 8!  
Seedy-            Sorry, I'm just rarin' to blow!  
Loosy-            I think that Seedy Ram should decide  
                      The shoddy response he'll grudgingly receive  
                      For having a señor moment on my fur diaper.  
Seedy-            In troubled times like these, it's always best  
                      To ask, "What would my prescription do?"  
Hairy-            I like to think myself a shrewd observer  
                      Of nothing in particular, so "No."  
                      We will do the scene as it was scripted,  
                      Which is, yes, it's true, as bad as it gets.  
Loosy-            Fine, but as a freelance elephant vagizzle,  
                      I must issue a former compliant.  
Seedy-            And I must issue the germ of a giant!  
Candy-            Wow, Seedy, that's deep.  
Seedy-            It can always be deeper, baby.

*Shag enters.*

Shag-            Hello, again. My name is Shag, again, and I'm quite famisht, perhaps critically, so  
                      if you could take a moment out of your hectic sitting schedules to let me sing my  
                      song, you might then care to share...  
Hairy-            And action!

*They start shooting the porn film. Shag, disgusted, flees. Mac and Polly enter.*

Mac- How's life in the deathcamp, you skanky  
Prophygalactic ATM bungroids?  
All- Fuck are we glad you're here, Macky!  
The absence of your aggressive dominance  
Had led to temporary testosterone vacuoles  
Sprouting on low status females, so thanks  
For coming, cuz that was really French!  
Mac- Everybody, this is Boinky.  
Polly- Polly.  
Mac- Polly.  
Seedy- Polly wanna cracker?  
Candy- Seedy, behave yourself!  
Seedy- It's hard to behave yourself when you have  
To be hard yourself.  
Hairy- Nice work, Mackystan.  
Mirgorod the Ukkrainian  
Labotorator down at Fearsent Albino  
Was sayin you had a new world whore free,  
But she's more i-photoed than I pictured.  
Mac- Is that so, you competitive dingle-berry eater?  
You put your scaby-infested head-holes  
To the rapevine and it was tweetin me?  
Tell what - Next time some soon-to-be-extinct  
Yeasty Europimpism tells me Hairy Thumbs  
Former Military Installation  
Couldn't get a decent gonad-girder  
Down at the Gaping Wound, I'll just say,  
"Dude, I get it wholesale from his retail."  
Hairy- Consider me educated into obedience,  
O tender-aggressive initiative-boggler.  
Loosy- Macky, could I see you downstage left?  
Mac- Pardon me while I satisfy a pornstar.

*Macky goes to Loosy.*

Loosy- What is that?  
Mac- Ah, just some thing. Next stupid question.  
Loosy- I thought I's your thing.  
Mac- You my thing, she my thing, and that's the money thing.  
Loosy- Two money things be too many things.  
Mac- O, so now you got like a thing thing?  
Loosy- It's your thing got the thing thing thing.  
Mac- My thing thing thing thing's your blingbling flingking so pingzing the dingaling  
clingsting or I wingding yo cha chingching.  
Polly- Macky, could I see you upstage right?

Mac- Excuse me, but I'm terribly popular.

*Macky crosses to Polly.*

Polly- What is that?

Mac- That's Candy Semi-Sanitized Fetid Fungus Culture, our post-game baseball stadium urinal deodorizer spongelet.

Polly- No, that.

Mac- O, that! Seedy Ram Indigestible Uranium Squirtsplice, our well-endowed male factor.

Polly- No, that!

Mac- O, that! That's Hairy Thumbs Former Military Installation With the...

Polly- No, you dumb fuck, that!

Loosy- Macky, could I see you downstage right?

Mac- Somebody's got his pants full!

*Macky crosses to Loosy.*

Loosy- I thought you only cheated on me!

Mac- Try again.

Loosy- I thought our love was too cheap to ruin!

Mac- Breathe, and take three.

Loosy- I thought all that pooty cash meant sumthin!

Mac- And it's a flop.

Polly- Macky, could I see you upstage left?

Mac- Alright, now I'm getting cross.

*Macky crosses to Polly.*

Polly- Where are we?

Mac- The Fuck Church.

Polly- This is a house of holy worship?

Mac- No, this is a house of holy close-up.

Polly- Porn and anti-porn in the same structure?

Mac- Won't there be a nuclear family explosion?

Mac- I challenge you to enumerate

One pre-ontological difference

Between pornography and religion

That is not based on the nursery rhyme,

"God is a monkey dream penis."

Polly- And what is your relationship to these people?

Mac- My crime ring funds this porn ring, which is,

As they say, a classic case of something

Too often repeated as sad but true.

Polly- But porn is wrong!

Mac- Hey, you biblical heaps of edible shit!

My new bending machine says porn is wrong!

Hairy- Now, Polly, there's nothing wrong with porn

Seedy- If you accept there's nothing wrong with porn.  
 Sometimes, the best way to overcome  
 Your problems is to come all over them.  
 Candy- I find that incessant invagination  
 Of ridiculous foreign conflicts  
 Helps me keep my mind off the bad stuff.  
 Loosy- Porn saved me from a life of privacy.  
 Hairy- Hey, why don't we try using the word "porn"  
 In all the wrong places, and maybe  
 This hypno-farce will somehow sedate  
 The gremlin on acid moshing in our guts.  
 Candy- How are you today?  
 Seedy- Just porn, thank you.  
 Loosy- All the animals are gone!  
 Hairy- I guess we'll just have to eat porn.  
 Seedy- I wasn't porn yesterday.  
 Candy- Porn between two lovers.  
 Loosy- On his head he wore a crown of porns.  
 Boomguy- Porn on the cob.  
 Hairy- So, as we've shown, once the lexicon of slap  
 Has brained you beyond the capacity  
 To prevent yourself from falling in love  
 With payrolled pigdog impersonators,  
 You'll start to see there's one important thing  
 That separates us from the brilliant brutes.  
 Candy- Language?  
 Hairy- No.  
 Seedy- Ethics?  
 Hairy- No.  
 Loosy- An ever-present awareness of all-debasing death?  
 Hairy- Very close.  
 All- Porn!

*They sing.*

*Birds twitter, monkeys howl,  
 Squirrels chitter, lions growl,  
 Everywhere the animals  
 Are sharing phonic lexicals,  
 But none of them is mass producing porn!*

*Lobsters marry for life,  
 Ants for ants sacrifice,  
 Studies show the lesser ones  
 Are being moral paragons,  
 But none of them is wanking off to porn!*

*Hit a dog, watch it freak.*

*Even worms fear the beak!  
Organic structures far and wide  
Avoid all forms of genocide,  
But none of them is hookt on violent porn!*

*Ya stick your scareware in,  
Ya drag the buttbeads out,  
Ya shove your shotgun in  
And ya shake it all about,  
Ya do the hokey pokey  
As ya hide a bitter frown,  
That's what it's all about!*

*Chickens sing, pigs are wise,  
Cows have deep and dreamy eyes,  
The lowly beasts we daily eat  
Love and hope and think and speak!  
And with our help they'll soon be doing porn.*

*Ya put your visa in,  
Ya pull your savings out,  
Ya put your family in  
And ya break it all about,  
Ya do the hokey pokey  
And ya flush your future down,  
That's what it's all about.*

Candy-  
Seedy-

Wow, it's all so speciously true!  
When I think of my humble origins  
As squid kibble, I blankly gawk at just  
How far I've come.

Loosy-  
Hairy-  
Polly-  
Mac-

Porn makes the world go down.  
It's the best thing since over-priced head.  
But why are we here?  
Yo, I wouldn't drag you into some  
Flesh hangar rigged for low-rez vid scam events,  
Stick you on a hot-love cold-stone with federal  
Warnings up above and a stainless steel  
Drain down below, and then slice your pimento loaf  
With my strawberry longcake pudgy spork  
In a seriously disturbing fashion  
If I didn't have sumthin cheap up my sleaze!  
Some girls get a honeymoon, but my honey  
Gets a pornymoon, and we're gonna webcast  
That shit and charge like seven chinks a minute!

Polly-  
Mac-  
Polly-

But, Macky, we're not married!  
Baby, why you so reality-based?  
Gee, I dunno. Maybe cuz deep inside me,



Say 12, 15 inches, where my ancestral  
Brogue button shimmers, I'm just a scared  
Little coin-op muppet with a fruitchew hymen,  
So I'd like to know, for the sake of saving  
My only exploitable market niche  
From Mac the Sexy Golden Gasket Cracker,  
You fuckin me live cuz you love me to death?

Mac-  
Polly-  
Mac-

Froggy.  
Polly.  
Polly....

*He sings.*

*Porn is how I love you,  
Corruption's how I care,  
By shooting you while hurting you  
I'm learning how to share.*

*Porn is how I love you,  
Anal's my embrace,  
You can taste my admiration  
In that egg upon your face.*

*That time I slept with half of Cincinnati  
Was a war game for my assault on your rear flanks.*

*Hammering your hooters,  
Ripping your polluter,  
Spelunking in your pooter  
With my dirty rotorooter.*

*And for my generous aerial kerplooey  
I but ask you look at me and whisper "Thanks."*

*Porn is how I love you,  
Bang is how I bond,  
You'll feel like a princess  
When I whip you with my wand.*

*The twisted shit I'd never  
Let be done to me  
I do to you and then what's worse  
I gloat.*

*Diggin up your phobias,  
Smirkin while I probe ya's,  
Swappin my microbias,  
That's how I comes to knows ya's!*

*Hoggin all your bandwidth,  
Eat you in a sandwich,  
I don't give a damn, bitch,  
If you can't take my man fist!*

Polly- Well, if ya put it that way, e pluribus pornum!  
All- Yeah! Polly's so hip and gullible!  
Mac- She's my bride to be afraid be very afraid,  
My leggy mattress, my bong stand  
With all new dong cozy, my undulant...  
Candy- The most you'll have to do is the one thing  
You most don't want to do.  
Polly- Now that I'll do!  
Hairy- Just spread out your heels as wide as they'll go,  
And repeat after me - There's no place like ho...

*Enter Cheapshot, Nitwit, and Mr. and Mrs. Poachem.*

NW- Okay, I know you've had it tough of late,  
With people tellin' you you're just a lie,  
But I still love ya even if ya hate  
The very thing you seem to glorify.  
CS- What the bluther-yuck was that?  
NW- I'm appreciating this taunted sham.  
CS- Assassinating a wanted man!  
Would you pull the private school outta your ears?  
Poach- He's escaping, you opulent do-rag lobsters!  
CS- Requisite overdone chase scene, in effect.

*They chase.*

Mimi- Polly "Flamboyant Imprecision" Poachem!  
What are you doing on a porn set?  
Poach- Nevermind that. What are you doing in a church?  
Polly- Waiting for my lord to come?

*Enter CS and NW chasing Mac.*

NW- There ain't no use in runnin, Mac! I am  
The odorless invisible nerve gas  
That seeps from the auto-aroused aureoles  
Of the next big thing in Passéville!  
CS- I won't even ask.  
Mac- This planet's mine, Shitpot, and you got no lease!

*They exit.*

Mimi- I bet he made you crack his religious nut!  
Poach- I bet he made you think that you can act!  
Polly- I have hopes, I have dreams, I have issues.

*Enter Hairy.*

Hairy- But if you murder Mac the Knife, whose mystic  
Top seed fireball-sack will generate  
Consistent Amazonian species loss?

*Enter Candy.*

Candy- Now, children, as you observe pornstars  
Chasing hit men chasing a criminal  
Thru a sacred structure, ask yourselves this:  
"What ideals led Paul Revere to storm the beach  
At Gettysburg dressed as a Girl Gone Wild?"  
Poach- We carefully engineered your downfall  
Yet round you go singing of our demise?  
Mimi- We gave you everything, yet off you go  
And chuck yourself into our discourse  
Like some self-righteous anti-war slogan?  
Polly- But mom, dad, Macky loves me!

*Mr. and Mrs. Poachem sing.*

*Love is a night in Hotel Humiliation,  
Soppin up phlegm from a failed prank.  
Bankin your esteem on cheap intimidation.  
Burpin up beer you never drank.*

*Love is gettin chafed on your upper thighs,  
Bendin so low you could golf your crack,  
Tryin to stare a bobbin man in the eyes,  
Goin all the way so you don't come back.*

*Love is like the trots:  
It's a tasty dish  
That too quickly turns  
To a stinky squish.  
It flies at first,  
But it's a total crash.*

Polly- But all you need is love!

*Yo, love my ass!*

*Love is a leash of verboten conversations,*

*A pleasure cruise cross a phobic sea.  
The number one cause of death by masturbation.  
A weapons bazaar called you and me.*

*Love is non-invasive botched ego surgeries,  
A heart transplant from a smoking gun,  
Incessant criticism from jealous dramaturgeries,  
A great escape with no place to run.*

*Love's a psycho-pill  
Takes away brain pain  
By flushin your zest  
Down the blamegame drain.  
It's an algae bloom  
Of parentheses.*

Polly- But love is in the air!

*Help! I can't breathe!*

*A lover is a loner with his insides flippt,  
But he flips right back once his head is trippt.  
A lover is a lever switches bliss to fright  
At the things that don't go bump in the night.*

*Love is a farm on the surface of a diamond,  
A fertile attempt at a futile dream.  
Fixin your neurosis with a broken hymen.  
An IV drip of clotted cream.*

*Love's a bitter end to a sweet disaster.  
Repeated blows to your mind's black eye,  
Watchin somethin' die and screamin out, "Faster!"  
A truth that wants to grow up to be a lie.*

*Love's a blackhole  
In your living room.  
It's a dinosaur bone  
Stuck inside your womb.  
Love leads to marriage,  
That no sex shop.*

Polly- But love makes the world go round!

*Someone, please, hit stop!*

Polly- O, you two adorable bigoted  
Remnants of bad experimental methods!

You're just cynical on love cuz you were dumb  
Enough to think it might outlast the hatred  
That gives our openness much needed closure.  
But just cuz you're in love with something  
Doesn't mean you have to like it - Besides,  
Mac and me are different - we eat our dead.

*Enter CS and NW.*

CS-           Block the exits!  
NW-           I'm the chosen person. No, I'm the chosen  
                  Person! No, I'm the chosen...  
CS-           What are you doing?  
NW-           Mocking the Knesset.

*Cheapshot shoots Nitwit thru the head and they exit together. Enter Mac.*

Mac-           Hey, Sloppy!  
Polly-        Polly.  
Mac-           Polly! Wanna blow my joint  
                  Before I blow this joint?  
Polly-        O, Mac! Hurray! The authorities  
                  Have yet to snatch you in their net assessment!  
Mac-           Yeah, but I gotta scoot before they shoot,  
                  So howsabout I quickly net your snatch  
                  With my excessive authority?  
Polly-        Are you always in the mood to get lewd?  
Mac-           Mostly, yeah, tho truth be told, I don't much like  
                  Bangin while I'm beltin "Dat's Amore!"  
                  Which I ain't got the time to sing right now,  
                  So howsabout some oral origami  
                  On my snow leopard skin speedo guido?  
Polly-        O, Macky, you're such a lurid prick.  
Mac-           Takes one to grow one.  
Polly-        Killings, lootings, muggings, robberies,  
                  Perjuries, larcenies, arsonies, laundries?  
Mac-           So I'm a type A-hole personality?  
Polly-        Yea, but where's the statutory rape?  
                  And you call yourself a Long Islander.  
Mac-           So, make like a statute and I'll rape ya!  
Polly-        But statues are publicly funded art,  
                  And I consistently vote against progress.  
Mac-           The only pro in progress is the con  
                  In congress who put "We the people"  
                  In the re in regress, so meat me halfway.  
Polly-        O my fucking god, not the meat!  
Mac-           Yes, the meat.  
Polly-        But if we cross the imaginary line

Between family drama and fisting trauma,  
 A few of these fine people might leave.  
 Mac- Very well, Miss Arctic Circle Jerk!  
 I shall archive my turgid tagliabu  
 And depart, unused as a Hitler mustache  
 In the Camp Shalom parents' night prop box,  
 But take my sticky pearls of wisdom  
 Into your esophageal outback.  
 Polly- Like the munchhausen takes the tongue depressor.  
 Mac- Keep a good strong jaw by sucking the skin  
 Off a carrot during your daily commute.  
 Polly- You be sure and break stuff over your face  
 So you still look all fucking tough and shit.  
 Mac- When you fantasize about me, and I  
 Demand you do, picture me injuring  
 A Japanese schoolgirl with my Uncle Spam  
 While laughing at the latest stock figures,  
 And let this vision fill your duty-free  
 Boozmas with rancor and watery beer  
 Til your Montgomery's Tubercules  
 Protrude in a communal mock-up  
 Of battling collusive law firms.  
 Polly- And you remember that stress-related  
 Constipation can lead to air-conditioning.  
 Mac- But most impatiently, be sure and straddle  
 A juicy bit of gossip thrice daily  
 So your muffin stays moist and affordable.  
 Polly- And you keep Old Faithful closed for the winter!  
 Mac- Hey, I never switch anchovies mid-pizza.

*Enter Loosy.*

Mac- Unless some pepperoni wiggles by.  
 Polly- O Mac, your meat metaphors make me  
 Wanna drop out of art school and pursue  
 An exciting career as a data entry error.  
 Mac- O Porky...  
 Polly- Polly!  
 Mac- O Polly, when the darkness rises...  
 Polly- Falls.  
 Mac- When darkness falls, I'll be drivin  
 My Camaro of Love...  
 Polly- Couldn't it be a Corvette of Love?  
 Mac- Fine, I'll be drivin my Corvette of Love  
 Up First Avenue...  
 Polly- Down. First Avenue goes down.  
 Mac- Whatever! All I'm sayin is when I'm drivin  
 My car uptown to escape this prostate

Cancer of a concerned community,  
I'll be cryin out your god-damned name!  
Loosy!  
Polly- Polly!  
Mac- Polly!  
Polly- And I shall do the same, but correctly.  
Mac- Rip my heart out and eat it, baby!  
Polly- Tear my estrogen glands out and hang them  
From a barbed wire fence to warn the ATF  
Not to invade your cult compound, daddy!  
Mac- My love for you is so obscenely massive  
This scene has stretcht beyond all playability!  
Polly- So let's sing, and you can yet again explain  
How your leaving with another woman  
Proves your undying love for me alone!

*She sings.*

*Cheat is how I love you,  
Neglect is how I care,  
By feeling up another  
I feel you everywhere.*

*Cheat is how I love you,  
Deception's how I dote,  
A man without a mistress  
Is a fish without a boat.*

*That business trip to Lexington, Kentucky,  
Was actually a pleasure spree to Cabo.*

*Snortin on hookers,  
Mackin on hookahs,  
Hootin at strippers,  
Squattin on challupahs.*

*But briefly after every Yankee Panky,  
I loved you for the things you didn't know.*

*Cling is how I love you,  
Obsession's how I care,  
If you don't pick up the phone  
Then you're having an affair.*

*Cling is how I love you,  
Invasion's how I hug,  
That pickle spear I fed you  
Contained a surveillance bug.*

*The clean cut man in trench-coat and sunglasses  
Was hired to record your every move.*

*Digging thru your papers,  
Scouring your computer,  
Eye some sexy honey  
He's orders to shoot her.*

*I mean to make your life psycho molasses,  
Forever pickling in my sweet-in-sour love.*

Mac- *Free is how I love you.*  
Polly- *Terror's how I care.*  
Mac- *I can't control my rock-n-roll.*  
Polly- *I'll cut your nuts, I swear.*  
Mac- *I'll keep it on the low down.*  
Polly- *I'll kill you in the street.*  
Mac- *She's liverwurst, you're tenderloin.*  
Polly- *O no, here comes the meat!*  
Mac- *Releasing my aggression.*  
Polly- *It's hard to have a penis.*  
Mac- *Monogamy's repression.*  
Polly- *Nothing comes between us!*  
Mac- *Except all other women.*  
Polly- *O how can I forgive him?*  
Mac- *Remember where you're livin'!*  
Polly- *Cuz now and then we watch some stupid movie  
And swear to make a change.*  
Mac- *And then we don't.*

Mac- *Goodbye, you typical you.*  
Polly- *Adieu, my dud stud, adieu!*

*Enter Seedy, Hairy, and Candy.*

Porn peeps- *The peeps of porn are praying for you, Macky!*  
Poach- *He's slipping from our sanded-down digits!*  
CS- *Don't worry! He can't leave the theater,  
Cuz then he might actually get somewhere!*

*All exit.*

*Scene 6. Enter Shag on the street.*

Shag- *Remember me? The really hungry dude? The stinky cheese man? The unassimilable social detritus from act one? Well, it's now act 637, and I'm still hungry, and stinky, and totally unassimiliminalable. So, I know you're real busy*



watching people sing and dance and be wacky, but guess what? I can sing and dance and be tacky too, so why don't I get down on it just a smidge, and if my shiz gets you slappy, you can throw your pennies at me...

*Enter Poachem.*

Poach- Slag, where's my supper?  
Shag- Gee, Mr. P,  
I ain't made a thing cuz I ain't got to sing.  
Poach- You sayin' my mother's openings stink?  
Shag- I'm saying I ain't so sure you got it right.  
Poach- You take that back or I will give it back!  
Shag- Ain't no use. The world's gone full circle.  
It useta be a man could sell himself  
To another man, hit the streets and sing,  
Then give his earnings to that other man.  
But that approach was based on the assumption  
That folks would give their money to a singer  
Cuz they liked the song, but now that folks  
Gotta be told what to like, it ain't enough  
To sell yourself and then go sing your song;  
Ya gotta sell yourself and sing the right song.  
Poach- I taught you the right song!  
Shag- For makin me  
Seem pitiful, but pity's outta style.  
Folks these days want their singers lookin fine.  
Poach- Did you blow my profits on angel dust?  
Shag- There's none to blow. Workin for you don't work.  
You dug your own grave and threw me in it.  
Poach- And how did I do that, you walking kack?  
Shag- By driving Mac the Knife underground,  
Cuz without a sexy serial killer  
To make ya laugh, to tell ya what to wear,  
To keep ya feelin good bout fuckin shit,  
Ya turn to crud, and once ya turn to crud,  
Ya turn to filth, and once ya turn to filth,  
Ya turn to God, and I don't mean the Love God,  
Who teaches you to sing the one true song.  
Poach- There ain't no God, and if there is, I'm it.  
Shag- You're the old god, but there's a new god in town.  
Poach- A new god?  
Shag- A new and powerful god  
Who sayeth unto every fuckhead alike,  
"Believeth in me and I will fuck you."  
Poach- I fuck people!  
Shag- No, you screw em.  
The Fuck God fucks 'em.  
Poach- The What God?

Shag- The Fuck God.  
Poach- The only fuck whatever here is you,  
The fuckhead, and me, the head fuckhead.

*Enter bangers.*

Banger 1- Hey! Have ya heard the bad news?  
Shag- No, but I'd love to!  
Banger 2- The Fuck God's comin!  
Shag- For real?  
Banger 3- Well, nothing's for real.  
Banger 1- For real it's Mac the Knife all re-configured,  
But we prefer to think it's the Fuck God!  
All- Amental!  
Poach- Now listen up! I am your employer,  
So it's my job to tell you what to think,  
And there's no such fuckin thing as the Fuck God!

*Enter Mack, dressed as the Fuck God.*

FuckGod- Wuzzup, fuckheads?  
FuckHeads- Wuzzup, Fuck God?  
FuckGod- Anybody hungry for a fuckin?  
FuckHeads- Ooo! Fuck me! Fuck me!  
FuckGod- Then close your mouth and open your eyes  
And you will get a big...stop where you ain't.  
I smell a disbeliever. I don't like disbelievers.  
But I sure do love to fuck disbelievers!  
Poach- Who the fuck are you?

*The Fuck God sings.*

*I am the Fuck God.  
And I say fuck God.  
And I fuck God.  
Fuck God!*

*Once ya fuck God ya just can't go back,  
It's like finding your heart thru a heart attack.  
You outta clout? You sick a tricks?  
Ain't nothing that a little holy fuck can't fix!*

*Fuck God!  
I bang your prescience into learning curves.  
Fuck God!  
I screw your bluster into managed nerves.  
Fuck God!  
I stuff your leisure into public bowels.*

*Fuck God!*  
*Come on, fuckheads - scream your vows!*

*I vow to fuck ya for the toy inside.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til our jets collide.*  
*I vow to fuck ya to deflect the blame.*  
*I vow to fuck ya then forget your name.*  
*I vow to fuck ya even if ya whine.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til ya fall in line.*  
*I vow to fuck ya just for pretend.*  
*I vow to fuck ya but ya won't know when.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til ya fart my soul.*  
*I vow to fuck ya just to gain control.*  
*I vow to fuck ya with my extra head.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til your daddy's dead.*  
*I vow to fuck ya like the sun fucks meat.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til your slit's a street.*  
*I vow to fuck ya with all my trite.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til rape feels right.*  
*I vow to fuck ya like the job I hate.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til ya detonate.*  
*I vow to fuck ya in a storm of worms.*  
*I vow to fuck ya while the planet burns.*  
*I vow to fuck ya in your ego lids.*  
*I vow to fuck ya like the church fucks kids.*  
*I vow to fuck ya til you're outta luck.*  
*I vow to fuck ya like only God can fuck.*

*The Fuck God's comin!*  
*How can we prepare?*  
*You can slather motor oil on your prickly pear!*

*The Fuck God's comin!*  
*What can we do?*  
*You can ferberize your mojo til it prays to spew!*

*The Fuck God's comin!*  
*What's the protocol?*  
*Cut your old growth down and build a slopping mall.*

*The Fuck God's comin!*  
*Ain't no good runnin!*  
*Cuz ya gotta fuck God before you can crawl!*

*I am the Fuck God.*  
*And I say fuck God.*  
*And I fuck God.*  
*Fuck God.*

All exit.

*Scene 7. The Poachem's home. Enter Mrs. Poachem and Polly.*

Mimi- So do gangstaz do everything in a gang?  
Polly- Mom! Macky's a nice gangsta. A few more  
Jobs and we'll have a large country fortress  
Where we'll raise stolen children, killer pitbulls,  
And a cashcrop he calls "Weasel Diesel."  
Mimi- Well, we must fight fire with nanogerm!

*Mrs. Poachem pops some pills.*

Polly- Mom, is that relevant?  
Mimi- No, it's ritalin.

*Enter Mr. Poachem, dragging Shag.*

Mr- O wife! O mother! O overbearing  
Hyper-importance insinuator!  
Mimi- Jonathan "Take Two Cyanide Tablets  
And Call Me When I'm Mourning" Poachem!  
Did you crack wise a mere seven hours  
After a natural disaster again?  
Poach- The Fuck God's comin!  
Mimi- Well, I'll go change into something more degrading.  
Poach- Mimi! This is no time for desperate housewives!  
He threatens our very crooked existence!  
He will replace our fucking corrupt regime  
With a corrupt fucking regime! He will  
Tell us he loves us just so he can fuck us!  
Polly- Gee, daddy, that sounds like Mac.  
Poach- It is Mac!  
Polly- I'm coming, O my Fuck God!  
Poach- Grab her, Slag!

*Shag goes to grab Polly and she beats him soundly.*

Poach- Stop! That asswipe's my only asset!  
Polly- If he touches the Fuck God's goods again,  
He'll be your only ashtray with an asshole.  
Now, excuse me. I've got a God to fuck.  
Ready? Okay!  
Poach- No daughter of mine, neglected or no,  
Is banging some stud called the Fuck God  
So he can turn my bangers into fuckheads  
Who fail to butter my bum chum butt.

Polly, meet your new husband, Slag.  
Polly- You want me to marry a homeless man?  
Shag- I'm not homeless! I'm just home less.  
Poach- Don't use that word in my house! Homeless is  
A condition; useless is a profession.  
Polly- Wow, daddy, this is your best idea yet.  
Hey, Polly. Marry a failed artist.  
So what he smells like dog-food in hindu-butt?  
So what he's poor as a blues man? So what  
You can tell by the way his pants crumple  
In the crotch that his Hummer shadow  
Ain't but a fuckin close-lit Mini? So what?  
Waste your airtight cinnamon poonanee  
Ploppin out some loser's Y Not chromosome.  
Sorry, pops, but I'd rather marry you.  
Mimi- My spiritual stockmarket guru,  
Drony Hypochondria Etcetera,  
Constantly repeats this nonsensism:  
"Women are from jars, Men are fresh off the farm."  
Shag- "If doggy have geeky sickworm peepee  
There be much gwound chuck on fwoppy disk."  
Mimi- Holy shit, this rude loser's such a hoot!  
Poach- Slag's the perfect husband!  
Shag- That's right, Polly.  
I'll service you orally for the first few weeks;  
I'll knock you up and then stay outta your way;  
When I cheat I'll do it with your better  
So you don't think I'd ream just anyone;  
But more than that, I'll never share my feelings,  
Cuz them's when things start gettin way too close.  
Polly- I'll never marry anyone but Mac,  
Cuz he's the only bot what clicks my blogspot.  
Poach- You'll marry Slag or I'll touch ya funny!  
Polly- Then I'm locking myself in the bathroom  
And not coming out until I've expelled  
The breakfast burrito I had yesterday.

*Polly locks herself in the bathroom.*

Poach- Mimi, go find out from Macky's porn sluts  
Where he's hidin at. I've got a police chief  
To chickenshit. Slag, get bangin!

*They do the Poachem Cheer.*

Mr./Mimi- Poachem, Poachem, we ain't dumb,  
We make glitter outta scum;  
Any sucka tells us no,

We'll show him where the dead things grow!

*Poachem and Shag exit. Mrs. Poachem knocks.*

Polly- Leave me alone, mother. I'm hurting!  
Mimi- Just remember, Polly. Bearded clam  
And cumdump spamloaf and mucus donut  
Are just food metaphors with no real basis  
In our government's sexual repression policies,  
So when you choose legal fornication  
In Section B1 of the Non-Platonic Form,  
You are, in effect, failing to signify,  
Which is good, cuz idealism is dead.

*Mrs. Poachem exits. Polly gets on the toilet and sings.*

*It's dark in my ironic underwear.  
My pompons are composed of missing children's pubic hair.  
The extroverts are gambling with my oomph,  
Drecken uber schlecken dammergluten mischky dumpf.*

*No one understands me,  
And least of all myself,  
I need a restraining order  
Against my self-distorter,  
I need someone to work me like an elf.*

*Someone to crash my fuel-efficient hysteria,  
Someone to burn my narcoleptic wonderbra,  
Someone to ipo my fatal flaw,  
And we'll laugh all the way to the blank,  
And our love will firebomb the dank.*

*There's a nightmare colting in my yap,  
Some epic pious pain has built a clinic with my crap,  
I look into the mirror and see the mirror,  
My feels are both phenomenal and crudely insincere.*

*No one reads my signals,  
Including yours untruly,  
I need a mental catheter  
To drain my bloated character,  
I need someone to market my ennui.*

*Then we'd laugh all the way to the blank,  
And our love would firebomb the dank,  
Dumping our exuberance  
Into the insignificance,*

*And bending down to sniff it when it stank.*

*The sewer of my guilt is clogged with jokes,  
I've pisst away millions running ads to prove I'm broke.  
My care's in litigation with my free.  
When I grow up I want to be a bitter amputee.*

*No one sees the monster  
In my girlish dumpster,  
I need some co-competitor  
To love me cuz I never score,  
Someone to take me like a scratchy hamster.*

*O I'm so constipated,  
Romantically, I mean.  
It's been hours since I masturbated!  
Holding things in is so over-rated!  
What I wouldn't give to be enamated,  
To flush my love, I mean.*

*Polly flushes several times.*

Polly- If my Big Mac were here, he'd flush this whopper down.

*Mac enters in the sewer with Loosy.*

Mac- But harsh, what dreck thru yonder crapper cracks?

It is a dump and Plumpy is the moon!

O close, fair moon, and cease thy noxious runs!

Polly- Is that my poopy yappin up a storm?

What are you, some politically active tar bar?

Like "We, the butt products of America,

Demand our fecal rights. We find the terms

Turd brick and fudge patty and heap o' heat

To be offensive and detrimental

To our prospects in the food industry.

Henceforth, the correct term shall be Asshole-

Americans, or shit for short. As such,

We request that society stop flushing

Our precious little shits into fiber space

Mere seconds after birth, but instead

Treat them like the pieces of shit they are

By raising them in shitty homes, sending them

To shitty schools, providing them with shitty

Healthcare, and assuring them a shitty

Environment, so they can grow up to be

Big old shits with shitty jobs who live

Shitty lives and thru shitty marriages

Create more cute little pieces of shit,  
For that is the shit every Asshole-  
American deserves. To expedite  
This Up-With-Shit Movement, we advocate  
A new, enlightened lexicon of shit:  
Rather than calling your car or your child  
Or some dead foreigner 'a piece of shit,'  
Try employing this new shit speak:  
'What a beautiful sunset! It's like the sky  
Got smeared with puffy heaps of bloody shit.'  
Or this, 'O honey, when you look in my eyes  
I tingle with thermal waves of toxic shit.'  
Or 'My fetid Americans, I am pleased  
To report that the state of our union is shit.'  
We, the Asshole-Americans, have a dream:  
That someday even the tiniest shit stain  
Will be able to walk the shitty streets  
And say with pride 'I am a piece of shit.'"  
Ha! Not while Teen Queen Polly's on the throne!  
I know my flush amendment rights!  
Bye biomass American pie! Down with shit!

Mac-

Yo, it's not your soupy poopy, it's your  
Loopy doopy, Snoopy.

Mac-

Polly.

Polly-

Polly.

Polly-

Mac? Wuzzup wit da hangin in da sewer, yo?

Mac-

I'm on an archeological slog

To discover the fiberoptic roots

Of Montezuma's revenge. Whatcha think

Wuzzup wit da hangin in da sewer, yo?

I'm hiding in the poop to avoid your pop!

Polly-

You're trudging thru piddle and ordure

And menses and brown people just cuz you love me?

Mac-

Yes! And to see if I could borrow your copy

Of "Domestic Pets Duke It To The Death."

Polly-

But Macky, that's our foreplay video!

Mac-

That's why I want it; to play for someone.

*Loosy calls from the side.*

Loosy-

Macky, I'm ready!

Polly-

What was that?

Mac-

My 10-inch essence screamin for its juice box.

Loosy-

Macky, my labia majora are flush

With O negative and my nipple extensions

Are sticking out like a dirty word

At the dinner table.

Mac-

Sorry, wrong number!



Polly- Mac, are you alone amidst the offal?  
Mac- Like by myself, or with no one else?

*Enter Loosy.*

Loosy- Hey, Pollywog. Que puta? I could taste you  
On my man's fork last night, and girlfriend,  
You got a fish tank for a sugar bowl.  
Mac- Back into the muck, thou vile slime beast!  
Polly- Mac, are you two-timing me?  
Mac- I only got one time, baby, and that's time for you.  
Loosy- Loosen up, tight tiny teen. We ain't done nothin'  
Any self-disrespecting Brazilian  
Street hooker wouldn't do to save her life.  
Polly- O, look. A plunger!  
Mac- No, I can explain.  
Loosy- Here, let me. Number one, number two.  
I had him first.  
Mac- Now you listen to me,  
Loosy "The Human Fiesta Bowl"  
Claymation Libido Analgesic.  
I'm the best thing that's happened to you  
Since penicillin, you cheese queef,  
So go put on my favorite pair of panties,  
The ones with the sparklers and handlebars,  
And continue the long wait for something  
That may or may not pay you for your time.  
Loosy- No one was ever so enamored by  
The evils of misgotten love as I.

*Loosy exits.*

Polly- Macky G, am I your one and only?  
Mac- Of course, Pooty.  
Polly- Polly.  
Mac- Polly.  
Polly- Then why you always shavin' other salmon?  
Mac- What, ain't I told you bout my problem?  
Polly- If it involves force-feeding goof serum  
Down the throats of militant feminists  
Til they confess a Nascar fixation, no.  
Mac- I mean "mi impulso de salsa mucho."  
Polly- Your involuntary erectile  
Resistance to the rights of blacks-on-blondes?  
Mac- Your Spanish leaves much to be required.  
Polly- "Paco gimme peso suckem taco."  
Mac- I'm speaking of my need for extra sauce.  
Polly- Sauce like the purple sticky mayonnaise

That drips from a pig's ass when it's butchered,  
 Or sauce like the Slavery Theme Park run-off  
 That collects in the cracks between white flight?  
 Mac- Sauce like you slather on your burger  
 To lather up the sausage in your bugger.  
 Polly- O yes, my Fuck God, more meat-onomies!  
 Mac- Yo, babe, I'm very pleased to "meat" you.  
 Polly- So what are you saying via whatever?  
 Mac- I'm saying there's a Jesus in my jeans,  
 And he loves the little children of the world.  
 Polly- The little, little children?  
 Mac- Old enough to cry, old enough to try.  
 Polly- O, Mac, that's nasty.  
 Mac- Yo, gangstaz gotta eat.  
 Polly- But am I your only source of pro-teen?  
 Mac- You are, but I need my fruit and vaggies.  
 Polly- O you cheatin man!

*She goes to flush.*

Mac- It ain't cheatin when I cheat!  
 Polly- Circumstantiate that bullshit!  
 Mac- Cause is such a truth-dependent concept  
 You can't connect me doing this to that.  
 Polly- So casual sex is different with me?  
 Mac- Yes! With her, sex is sex. But with you  
 It's ramming a suicide truck loaded  
 With creationist science textbooks  
 Thru a half-asst secret service blockade  
 And setting it off outside the gifted school.  
 Polly- What?  
 Mac- Let me enrage the eliterati  
 By demonstrating inappropriately.

*He sings.*

*Ah, Loosy, when the canteloupes of your love  
 That you pluck from your pants  
 Be forever mixing with figs  
 And other banana type growths  
 Wherein a syrup of passion melons  
 Doth thrust in cosmic drips  
 Through the power I attain  
 In the magic you're about to queeze  
 From my negro college mango bangers.*

*Loosy enters.*

Loosy- O, Mac! Citrus metaphors!

*She exits.*

Mac- See how different it is?  
Polly- A difference mediated alone by orange beef.  
Mac- I wipe you on my dick as a protectant  
Against her corrosive ph-balance.  
Polly- O, Mac! You've got my virgin by the tail!  
Mac- Plus, she's a horrible lover!  
Polly- Whorable like whore or horrible like horror?  
Mac- Watch!

*He sings.*

*Loosy MacJuicy, you're my pink jellybean.*

*Enter Loosy. She sings.*

Loosy- *And Macky McWacky, you're my whippin cream.*  
Mac- *And in your hair I whiffs the mist  
That makes my mind to bark and hiss.*  
Loosy- *When we were young, and I was yours.*  
Mac- *Our life was a farm for care-no-mores.*  
Loosy- *And you would chase me up and down  
Like your little horsey clown!*  
Mac- *And now I see you prancin bout!*  
Loosy- *And now I feel your heavin snout!*  
Mac- *And all I want's to hit the hay.*  
Loosy- *O neigh O neigh O neigh Okay!*

*Loosy exits.*

Mac- See?  
Polly- So I'm special in my own redundant way?  
Mac- Your vaginal rotunda is distinct  
In design, viscosity, and nautical miles.  
Polly- I love your phallic schwarma harlequino  
For the funny way it strips me of my perks!  
Mac- Your tits, they're so great, there's like two of 'em!  
Polly- It makes me wet when you spit on me.  
Mac- See how fuckt up we can be and still wanna fuck?  
Polly- But Loosy...  
Mac- Watch.

*Mac tosses a penny on the ground. Enter Loosy, eats the penny, and exits.*

Mac- Sex with her is like top-secret primate

Research - You suffer a head injury  
So severe you don't even know you got it.  
Polly- O, Mac! I don't know whether to kiss you  
Or to over-moil your hereford stud  
With my freshly manicured french tips  
And dry that scrotum over my stick shift!  
Mac- You just need to learn to read  
The Signs of My Affection.

*They sing.*

Polly- *He put me in a onesie and made me shave my tongue.*  
Mac- *You'll live a whole lot longer if you look really young.*  
Polly- *He forced me to guzzle foreign lukewarm liquids.*  
Mac- *It's a healthdrink I made, full of falsolipids.*  
Polly- *He nailed my feet and hands to the floor,  
And I'm sorta kinda wondering what for.*  
Mac- *These are the signs of my affection,  
They show you just how cravenly I care;  
If you learn to read the signs of my affection,  
You won't question why I threw you down the stairs.*  
Polly- *The signs of his affection.*  
Mac- *"Let's dance" means "On your knees."*  
Polly- *His punitive projections.*  
Mac- *"I'm sick" means "You're diseased."*  
Polly- *His emotional dissections.*  
Mac- *"To feel" is "to fight."*  
Polly- *I guess I have to learn to read them right.  
A is for anger.*  
Mac- *And I give all mine to you.  
B is for boob job.*  
Polly- *Which you made me do.  
U is for unbeaten.*  
Mac- *Which you are half the time.  
S is for salami.*  
Polly- *His meat is in my mind.*  
Mac- *E is for everyone does it.*  
Polly- *And that's a good excuse.*  
Both- *See how it takes two to spell abuse?*  
Polly- *The signs of his affection  
Mean as much as "schweeck schwack schwoo,"  
So don't I need his protection  
From whatever he might do?*  
Mac- *Ain't I sent you chocolates in a big pretty box?*  
Polly- *But what you made me do with them gave me toxic shock.*  
Mac- *I bought you a fur ensemble; it don't get phat as that.*  
Polly- *It was nice til I discovered you pelft it from my cat.*  
Mac- *Everyday I give you roses.*

Polly- *Their thorns have shred my loins.*  
 Mac- *If I ain't stuck you in my trunk, you'd still be in Des Moines.*  
 Polly- *Tantrums...*  
 Mac- *Are turn-ons.*  
 Polly- *Shackles...*  
 Mac- *Of silk.*  
 Polly- *Forgeries...*  
 Mac- *Orgeries...*  
 Polly- *Bleach...*  
 Both- *In buttermilk!*  
 Mac- *The signs of my affection*  
*Are yeah, okay, obscure,*  
*But if I'm your infection*  
*Then don't you need my cure?*

*Enter Tiger Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Poachem, Cheapshot, Nitwit.*

CS- Allright, everybody. The cops are here,  
 So you can cease in your petty beliefs  
 Of constitutionally guaranteed liberties.  
 Mac- You ain't the cops!  
 NW- Thanks, I got em on sale!  
 CS- Shut up! It's true. We're really assassins  
 Posing as protectors of the peace,  
 But we're pro-life, and we hate natural things.  
 Poach- Cops, assassins, security firms, smallpox,  
 It's all the same now I've intimidated  
 Tiger Brown into giving our tax revenues,  
 Less a large vested interest for himself,  
 To Feebot, Hitkit, and Poachem, Incriminated!  
 TB- Sorry, Mac, but he touched me down there.  
 Mac- Look! It's a time in which nations work  
 Together to achieve planetary health!  
 All- No way!

*Mac exits and is chased by everyone except Loosy and Tiger Brown.*

TB- Loosy? What are you doing in the sewer  
 Dresst like a traveling carnival ride?  
 Loosy- Ain't ya heard, poppy? They're puttin' me  
 In the MOMA, or, in my case, the NOMA.  
 TB- I thought...  
 Loosy- Thought's a drug, and children shouldn't do drugs  
 Unless they're having sex with their parents.

*They exit.*

*Scene 8. Enter the gang, at a shopping center.*

Ed- Yo, Macky disappears, and look at us!  
 Cruisin the mall, wankin our minges.  
 Is this what we been seduced to?

Walt- I feel like I'm at a bed and breakfast  
 With the National Whining Team.

Ed- Man, we used to do such brain-slaying shit  
 I draw a total blank on what it was.

Walt- If you're going to wax nostalgic  
 Would you mind doing my back as well?

Ed- That last whatever we did was major tits!

Walt- Female anatomy reference. I'm melting!

Ed- This never happened, but remember when  
 We stuck those retarded motocross girls  
 Onto the nuclear technology bandwagon  
 And sold them to the Prince of Homophobia  
 For an oil tanker full of koala paté  
 To finance that big summer ballbuster,  
 "New Fangled Nothing Meets Neutral Content,"  
 Starring the House Armed Psychosis Committee  
 Which won the Best Inflamed Herpes Simplex Lesion  
 And polarized the happy white people  
 Who died of self-inflicted marketing plans?  
 Now that's what I call criminal civility!

Walter- Happy white people are such a thrill-kill  
 Cuz they act like it's so inconvenient:  
 "You're killing me? But I haven't finisht  
 Building a shrine to my subdivision!"

Susan- Grief carves its initials in my funny bone  
 When I so much as garble this sick fact,  
 But I'm trying to propel our lawless firm  
 To the cutting edge of asocial behavior.

Ed- By goin' shoppin'?

Susan- Shopping is the new evil, Ed!

*They step up to the counter.*

Walter- I'd like to exchange my most precious  
 Commodity – “free time” - for seven things  
 I don't need that were made by people  
 I don't know who engage in activities  
 I don't approve of so they can create  
 A society that doesn't include me.

*Enter Polly, shopping.*

Ed- Wazoomba, what a goyle!  
 Susan- It's pretty Polly!

*She sees them.*

Polly- O, hi. Oops! That reminds me. Tiger Brown got Mac!  
Ed- "Got Mac" like he bagged the boss,  
Or "Got Mac" like he subjudiciously  
Shovels into the upscale boneyard plots  
Of cutrate bodega divas, via Bongman  
Simmy Kix, the wag-pop Gza Cza?  
Polly- He's suckin dirty callus on death-row!  
Susan- Quick-sickled vengeance any-eager chops  
Defying peace to flourish where she drops.  
Polly- We must save him, you schticks in the dud!  
Walter- I reject any action that might conform  
My potluck life to a gourmand ideal  
Of resolution thru rising conflict.  
Perfection only spurs imitation, and  
Imitation never satisfies.  
Polly- We are talking about the Fear Coagulant  
Whose midbrow shaggius maximus  
(In what psychotic analysts label  
A gesture of profound ambivalence  
Based on sound principles of ethnical law),  
Has man-birthered the start-up fribble and froth  
That form our very being's blah blah blah!  
Ed- And in what steakhouse shitter is it written  
That I gotta get up from my personal moment,  
Turn off my home ignorainment system,  
And rescue my friend from that drunk teen, death?  
Polly- Come on, Ed. Didn't he teach you  
To closet your frugality maxims  
And blanket yourself in empty praise  
That you might inexcusably convert  
A vulvic vacuum into goldmember points?  
Ed- I'm Easily Swayed - Ask Me How!  
Polly- And you, unstable Susan, where would you be  
If Macky's inscrutable fascist epithets  
Hadn't forced you to embrace troubling  
Conclusions, viz the underbelly's viability  
For longterm egocentric growth  
In active regressive varietals  
By obsolescing your confidence machine  
With his chip of unfounded outrage?  
Susan- I owe him everything I never asked for!  
Polly- And you, gentle, acrid, plushduck Walter,  
With your venus-envy, your alarmist malaise,  
Your faux electrolyte goop, your random make-up,  
Your raccoon penis-bone necklace,

And the funny way you shit cheap electricity,  
What if Macky Fatblade hadn't goosed you  
At the Hiroshima Re-Enactment?  
Walter- I'd be a lonely housewife in Ohio  
With all the amenities and none of the men.  
Polly- So, I'm no lawyer, but are you convinced  
That guilty is good cuz my client is rich?

*They sing.*

*You've rolled us down the retro road  
Whence shame and sense recoil!*

*You've sold us on such hostile crap  
We'd poison freedom's soil!*

*You've told us lies so elegant  
We dream our meat won't spoil!*

*Let waste and graft and bias fill the land,  
For we must kill the trust to save the Man!*

*They exit. Enter Shag.*

Shag- You're thinking, "Ick! Impurity!  
But please don't call...  
Store Clerk- Security!

*Security enters and drags Shag out.*

*Scene 9. Tiger is at the jail.*

Tiger- O Mac, don't follow your passion trunks!  
Flee bravely cross that risk-runnin river!  
Run, brave Mac, and ride that rebel  
Roustabout riling wind sliver!  
Moan to the man-moving moon, O Mac,  
And think of your good friend Jack before long  
Who ain't lost track or got slack in the back  
As he sings his memory's song.

*Tiger sings.*

Tiger- *When I was a boy, nothin so mattered  
As collecting super cool stuff,  
Then I met a boy whose dreams were so shattered  
For smashin there wasn't enough.*



*And I couldn't really help it,  
No I couldn't really help it.  
I'd die if I defied this guy.  
No, I couldn't really help it.*

*Then in our teens, we couldn't resist  
The passion to beat and steal,  
And Macky, my pal, would always insist  
That I take the heat when he squealed.*

*And I couldn't really help it,  
No I couldn't really help it.  
What could I do? He had such cool shoes!  
No, I couldn't really help it.*

*Then came the war, and we were drafted.  
Did Macky see combat? Nope.  
When my positions were being bombarded  
Mac sold the officers dope.*

*And I couldn't really help it,  
No I couldn't really help it.  
The more I can't win, the more I give in.  
No, I couldn't really help it.*

*When we got out, we both had a past,  
But he had a future worth keepin,  
So I got a job and he had a blast  
Spillin what I was sweepin.*

*And I couldn't really help it,  
No I couldn't really help it.  
Some guys get laid, some guys just fade,  
No, I couldn't really help it.*

*Now that we're grown, friends are we still,  
And Mac treats me like an equal,  
Allbeit an equal who fawns at his will  
And follows him like a sequel.*

*And I couldn't really help it,  
No I couldn't really help it.  
Who am I to say no to this guy?  
No, I couldn't really help it.*

*Don't you try to help it,  
The deal's how you're dealt it,  
If ya want me to I'll yelp it!*

*No, I couldn't really help it.*

*Enter Mac (gagged and bound) led by Cheapshot and Nitwit.*

CS- Welcome, Macky Messer, to Death Row Ramada,  
Where bad men live the good life, for a bit.  
If there's anything we can get you  
To make your stay as brief as possible -  
Poison soap, razor blades, really long towels -  
Just push the "Don't Touch: High Voltage" button.

Tiger- Face it, Cheapshot. These charges are thinner than  
The first three letters in "think for yourself,"  
And he'll be walkin' on a triviality  
'Fore you can say "How cuz them checkout niggaz  
Be actin like they butts too bronze to bust?"  
At your local disfunctional drugstore.

CS- What is the boy bitch buzz twixt you and Mac,  
Eh, Tiger Brown? Less I got paranoid  
Nth dimensional made-up disorder  
With erotic-deceptive reactions,  
It seems you want your honky social worker  
To "Do Good" in his black housing project.

TB- That I want to inject some hot creamy hope  
Into his filthy low-income vestibule  
Is my private fuckt-up daydream, okay?

NW- What does dunking your big mastodon bone  
Into his bubbly labrea tar pit  
Have to do with the slice of pi in Mensa?

CS- Dammit, Nitwit! The tropological  
Thru-loop is urban sociology,  
Not progressive paleontology!

NW- Just cuz I fail to see the difference  
Don't mean I can't pretend it isn't there!

TB- You battered wives don't know what 'tis to love  
A man for the trouble he causes you.

CS- Maybe we do.

NW- Or maybe we don't.

CS- I'd say we do.

NW- I'd say we don't.

CS- You're a fucking idiot!

NW- So, we agree!

CS- Hear it like it keeps ya crazy, Tiger,  
But here's the truth - you're a stupid fatso.

*CS and NW exit.*

Tiger- I'll have you know that four out of five  
Drunk college athletes agree, fat is sexy

Up to three seconds prior to orgasm!

*Tiger takes off Mac's gag and binding.*

TB- Okay, so I sold ya down the river,  
Bu' ain' cha' sti' gon' luv Ol' Tigga' Slim?

*Mac sings.*

Mac- *Who cuts down the tree  
To eat the fruit?  
Only Tiger Brown knows.*

*Who shits on the law  
To win the law suit?  
Only Tiger Brown knows.*

*Who totals his car  
To see what it's worth?  
Only Tiger Brown knows.*

*Who makes things go bad  
So things can't get worse?  
Only Tiger Brown knows.*

*Tiger Brown knows,  
Tiger Brown knows,  
Who's least of all the most?  
Tiger Brown knows.*

Tiger- Don't you think I know that, Whisper Kiss?  
Don't you comprehend how the white heads  
That fester round my nape and scrotum sack  
Are the sweet-smelling, albeit fetid  
Incantational expressionist out-poopings  
Of the back-assward emotive oatmeal  
That you slow-boiled and then left to lump  
In my body body? Is it not love  
That forces me to dangle you indelicately  
Above the luxurious bulemic  
Fat-kid abyss that cannily eructs  
The wonko father of our worst petty fears?  
Had I not stuck you on death row, you'd be dead!

Mac- Look, I might not be as sorry as you,  
But I'm sorry, okay? Wide are the sex-caves  
Of ridicule, yet narrow the blow-holes  
Of denial that prevent us from flexing  
Our finest flab. And now I see that you

Are a truly special kind of nobody,  
So over the whole top-percentile thing  
You've gone so far as not to really count,  
Which is cool, if ya don't give it too much thought.

*The gang bursts in and strafes the place with machine guns that shoot no bullets.*

TB-           Gangsta Rule # 1 - No pantomime bullets.

*Enter Polly. The gang sneaks in behind her.*

Polly-           G'day, top cop Tigger.  
Tiger-           G'day, teen queen Polly.  
Mac-            Goofy!  
Polly-           Polly.  
Mac-            Polly! Seduce and distract him  
                  With your plump perky yogurt pillows  
                  So the gang can bust me out!  
Polly-           Be quiet while I seduce and distract him  
                  With my flush humid pork mufflers  
                  So the gang can bust you out!  
Tiger-           It won't work, cuz I prefer bobbling  
                  Turgid gluten nozzles and fuzzy  
                  Vericose man-mustard macaroons  
                  To ripe distended dairy dirigibles  
                  And hot sodden meat curtains.  
Polly-           I think you're bi-curious in this scene.  
Tiger-           Ready? Okay!  
Mac-            Ed, crack the lock!  
Ed-             It's like my first wife – won't open for shit.  
Susan-           I'll steam it free with my poontang roti.  
Polly-           So, what's a clueless, ugly pig like you  
                  Doing in an important place like this?  
Tiger-           Fishing for my nature in a man-made lake?  
Polly-           It must get pretty lonely; I'm surprised  
                  You don't just totally shit your own bed.  
Tiger-           I'm incessantly eating my own head  
                  Attempting to escape self-reflection  
                  But the good lord put my brains in my butt.  
Polly-           Well, aren't you the hearty survivalist!  
Tiger-           I could take a bushman to the pancreas  
                  And still stumble languidly thru Filmland.  
Polly-           Wow! Who shot the water-pic at my freak-oyster?  
Mac-            Walter, scavenge round for the key!  
Walter-          There's nothing I'd rather do than fumble  
                  Blindly so that others might see freedom.  
TB-             May I pour you a legal narcotic, Miss Poachem?  
Polly-           But that might stupefy the smirky puritan

Tiger- Who lords it over my pubic outpost.  
 Polly- Now that it might, mi' lassy, that it might.  
 Tiger- I'll have a Flaming Quadroon Shemale  
 Polly- With A Scary Sex-Change Scar on the rocks.  
 Tiger- Lemon?  
 Polly- Lemon be men, let women be melon.  
 Tiger- "Coming" right up.  
 Polly- "Coming" right up what?  
 Tiger- O my gosh! You just made a pun on "come."  
 I've never heard that one before, but it's  
 My favorite ineffectual/overused joke.  
 Mac- Would someone please tell me everything will be alright!  
 Walter- Everything will be alright, once ferries write the fairy tales.

*Polly and Tiger sing.*

Polly- *So, I hear you're like hermaphroditic.*  
 Tiger- *In public, a pussy; in private, a prick.*  
 Polly- *Then might I interest you in a taste-test*  
*Of the soft deodorant all-cotton*  
*Panty liner that fills my cherry blintz*  
*With the intolerant bliss of dixie?*  
 Tiger- *No, but I'd love to disfigure myself*  
*In the plangent regions by igniting*  
*Your pre-sexual bottle rocket*  
*From an unsafe political position.*  
 Polly- *I'm a Goodwill Store; fill me with your rejects.*  
 Tiger- *I'm a ticklish pylon; crush me, you Mac Fuck!*  
 Polly- *I've got an entire batallion of beavers*  
*Waiting to chomp down your memorial oak!*  
 Tiger- *I've got tankards of maverick jello*  
*Waiting to bust your ticklish dental dam.*  
 Polly- *You're poking me in my working class distraction!*  
 Tiger- *You're stimulating my unscheduled activities!*  
 Polly- *I want to wash my feet in your milkshake!*  
 Tiger- *I want to put my skinhead in your oval office!*  
 Polly- *O make me see the other side of a one-dimensional lifestyle!*  
 Tiger- *O make me enter my mother's maiden name.*  
 Both- *I'm having my first inauthentic pizza moment!*

*Enter Loosy.*

Loosy- Is that my daddy makin' dry-hump wubby  
 With that grabby blab what schlubbed my hubby?  
 Polly- I'm here to rescue Mac the Knife  
 Cuz he's my man, you grody hoyden!  
 Mac- Well, make it quick, cuz I been rotting  
 In this nihilistic smorgabar longer than

Dreams of an impervious missile shield  
 Have prevented senatorial jingo budgets  
 From giving America's needy tots  
 A proper excitational maladjustment.  
 Polly- Back off, Loosy, cuz that's my Macky!  
 Loosy- Fuck off, Polly, or I'll smack you wacky!  
 All- Booty Contest!

*They sing.*

Polly- *My name's Polly Poachem, and I enjoy  
 Giggling and helping and smiling.*  
 Loosy- *My name's Loosy Brown, and what I enjoy  
 Goes under defile if you're filing.*  
 Polly- *I have a degree in superfluous spunk.*  
 Loosy- *My cervix churns lugubrious funk.*  
 Polly- *I can count and spell and roll my eyes.*  
 Loosy- *There's an evinrude turbo twixt my thighs.*  
 Polly- *My conversation is convoluted.*  
 Loosy- *My convolution's man-polluted.*  
 Polly- *Macky's mine!*  
 Loosy- *No, Macky's mine!*  
 Mac- *Concubine or Porcupine?*  
 Crime gang- *O terrible adorable!*  
 Porn crew- *O screwable unseeable!*  
 Crime gang- *O preferable deplorable!*  
 Porn crew- *O doable unbeable!*  
 Crime gang- *Drip away, you porno clan,  
 And let sweet Polly have her man!*  
 Porn crew- *Run away, you mobster mob,  
 And let loose Loosy do the job!*

Mac- The Birthday Suit Competition!

Polly- *When it comes to stuff, I got the stuff.*  
 Loosy- *I have more excessive nipple puffs.*  
 Polly- *I'm the next best thing to pederasty.*  
 Loosy- *I'm the posternymph for vagoplasty.*  
 Polly- *Roses are red cuz my ass makes them blush.*  
 Loosy- *Big Bang the Movie was shot in my tush.*  
 Polly- *Gene-modified cuties are made in my image.*  
 Loosy- *I do the dog show, you do the damage.*  
 Crime- *We gotta make the world safe for crime!*  
 Porn- *We gotta sell more stupefying slime!*  
 Polly- *7/10ths of my body parts are semi-sterile!*  
 Loosy- *Sexy monsters constantly puke in my pork barrel!*  
 Porn crew- *Concubine!*  
 Crime gang- *Porcupine!*

Mac- The Talent Show!

Polly- *Tonight I'll be playing disco violin.*

Mac- Next!

Loosy- *Tonight I'll be cleaning brass with my hemoglobin.*

Mac- Any final words before we pick Miss Macky?

Polly- *Her orgones are teradactyl poop!*

Loosy- *She couldn't get off a bucking galoot!*

Polly- *She's more infectious than a Chinese cough!*

Loosy- *She's colder than a flaming cross!*

Polly- *She's a whore!*

Loosy- *What's she for?*

Mac- Charity, girls, charity!

Polly- *If chosen as Miss Macky*

*I promise to assist*

*Wholesale shareware cutrate slits*

*Like here*

*In blocking out the delicate vindictive*

*Google-proof conjectures*

*That whisper my hegemony,*

*For I am a first-prize poodle.*

Loosy- *If chosen as Miss Macky,*

*I promise to improve*

*Rubbermaid rebate freebie chits*

*Like her*

*With the unflinching speculative*

*Goody bad adventures*

*That chortle my insouizancy,*

*Cuz I am a skanky doodle.*

Crime gang- Macky belongs to crime!

Porn crew- Macky belongs to porn!

*Enter Shag.*

Shag- You are passively staring at a fellow human being who is starving to death and is now going to sing a song and you are going to pay him for that song cuz if you don't he is going to die in your face and the stench of his fetid carcass is going to lodge in your nose hairs and make you think of mortality for at least several minutes!

*Shag is drowned out by the song.*

Mac- *Why's everybody want a piece of me?  
I'm the fucking super sequence of genetic piracy!  
They hock my infant hooplah,  
They sloganize my dada,  
Til all I am's a prefab soul of witless brevity.*

Chorus- *Gimme my Macky!  
He's schizo-spackle and my brainpan's cracky.  
I wanna have his scaby!  
He's a fat check and I'm feelin underpaidy.*

Mac- *Why's everybody wanna live my Saturday?  
I'm the fucking dimmer switch between nowhere and LA.  
They riff me when they're trickin,  
They spoof me when they're dickin,  
My bullets give their deviance essential ricochet!*

Chorus- *Gimme my Macky!  
I'm a cruiseline crooner and he's crash course sappy!  
I wanna pop his roofie!  
Drop it in my drink and penetrate my foolproofy!*

Mac- *They graze their harsh convictions from my huff.*  
Chorus- *Macky rocks!*  
Mac- *They grade their tribulations with my tough.*  
Chorus- *Suppress our cocks!*  
Mac- *They orgullize their proto with my type.*  
Chorus- *Think in the box!*  
Mac- *Being the planetary dude-clit is a punch without a joke.*  
Chorus- *Hey, Macky, would you farmerblow into my diet coke?*

Mac- *Why's everybody wanna lick my glaze?  
I'm the fucking stylesheet for every juvenile craze.  
They glossify my grapple,  
They candycoat my scrapple,  
Til all I am's a crumple space of pre-artistic daze.*

Chorus- *Gimme my Macky!  
I'll tack him to my wall and spend the night with Captain Jacky.  
I wanna pass his penny!  
His cuts need cleanin and I'm feelin Magdaleny.*

Mac- *I don't know what it means  
To look into myself,  
Cuz everywhere I look  
I see somebody else.*



*I don't know what it means  
To step out of my role,  
Cuz everywhere I step  
I step into a hole.*

*But there's one thing I know  
As sure as those I don't,  
These fucking losers need me  
Like a scape needs a goat!*

*Enter Cheapshot/Nitwit.*

CS- Hey, everybody! Macky's gonna burn in the electric chair!  
NW- But I deny I'm a nudist under my clothes.

*They take him away while everyone sings.*

*We are sad.  
We find our fate in football.  
We fritter every windfall.  
We're in it for the short haul.  
But really, we are sad.*

*We are sad.  
We write show tunes for Shoah.  
We renovate Samoa.  
We profit xenophobia.  
But really, we are sad.*

*The crooked fuck I love  
Is soon to bang the good-bye hag,  
And I would boff the gloomy bitch  
Myself but I'm too sad!*

*We are sad.  
We fill the sea with plastic.  
We're sarcastically sarcastic.  
We need our waggy ass kickt.  
But really, we are sad.*

*We are sad.*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Poachem.*

Poach- This reminds me of the time I shaved my hoss,  
Hung a confederate flag out its dunghole,  
And rode thru town screaming, "We Southerners  
Refuse to recognize a lack of victory

Mimi- As palpable evidence of defeat."  
O someone clitty twist me so I know  
I'm not just another spoiled lily bitch  
Gettin what she wants cuz her big daddy  
Oversold categorical imperatives  
To the weepy sleepy pseudo people.

*Enter Shag.*

Shag- Mr. P., I quit. There's mold on my eyeballs, my nipples are black and crusty, my little toes have fallen off, this morning I vomited vertebrae, I've got no muscle control in my pelvis, if I slap my thighs together dust shoots out my ears, the maggott colony in my duodenum has advanced to the stage of late hunter-gatherer, when children see me they scream, "Mommy, I don't want to go on living if humanity can sink so low and still feign dignity," and I smell like old tuna stufft with toe jam, yet I'm still no closer to my dream of singing and dancing myself to death!

Poach- Don't worry, Slag, once Mac the Knife is dead...  
Mimi- We're all gonna fuck a jumbo bucket o' chicken!

*Enter Mac with others.*

Poach- Look, Mac. We saved you a seat in the shtetl!  
Mac- I'll warm it up for ya, Pissdick,  
Cuz once the Hot and Bothered Posse  
Gets here to bust me out, you're gonna cook.  
Mimi- O you subversively sexual Fuck God,  
Manufacture crankshafts in my crapshoot!  
Poach- Mimi, you're outta line.  
Mimi- Good, cuz I been in line,  
And it's a joke therapy waiting room  
Posing as a happy hangry homestead.  
Shag- I'm so over-excited, Mr. MacHeath,  
To observe your wrongful death, I'm as hard  
As the day-old bread I'm too poor to buy.  
Mac- Eat me!  
Shag- O I will!  
NW- This is what ya get, Mac, for bein so see-thru plastic.  
CS- What?  
NW- You said he was so see-thru plastic.  
CS- I said he was sociopathic!  
Pickaninny Jesus, Nitwit! Sometimes  
I think you shampoo with conditioner.

*Enter Tiger Brown.*

Mac- Hey, cool! It's Mister "Look Both Ways  
Before You Cross Your Friend." Mister "I Bought

My Heart at the Nazi Auction." Mister  
"Father-In-Law-All-Law-And-No-Father."  
TB- They're not hurting you as they drag you to  
Your excruciating death, are they, Mac?  
Mac- Nah, Tiger Brown. It's all as close to good  
As anything to its utter opposite.  
TB- You made me, Mac.  
Mac- I made a mistake.  
TB- You can say what you will, but still I know,  
Killing you is my love's purest whimsy.

*Enter gang.*

Ed- Yo, boss! All's set for that nursery school heist!  
Mac- Hoist the heist up your humus hole, Eddy.  
I'm dyin here!  
Ed- Never stoppt me from actin like a dick.  
Walt- Or, as it were, acting like you have a dick.  
Susan- I'm sorry for the wrongs of others, Mac.  
Mac- Sorry's just another word for nuthin left to do.  
Walter- Guess you never thought you'd be suckin  
Wigwatts from a human waffle iron  
When you were hoochy coochin  
Like a polygamous methamphibian  
Down at the Copacabana, eh, Macky?  
Mac- Walter, I hope your vagina loses its velcro.  
Walter- How can you talk to your friend like that?  
Mac - Yo, I got only one friend – my perks -  
But had I not used your rectal humidor  
To smuggle my thalidamyde cheroots  
Across the splashy fuckstain desert  
Into the uterine shocks of this great  
Abomination, you'd be rollin dickweed  
Up in TP so you and your besty, you,  
Could celebrate the birth of nothing new.

*Enter Hairy, Seedy, and Candy.*

Hairy- Hey, Macky, look! In honor of your passing,  
We've invented a new position!  
Candy- "The Death Chamber Poozle Tornado."  
Seedy- I am stoning you with my bologna boulders!  
Candy- My innocence is puking poison gas!  
Hairy- Administer the fruitful injection!  
Mac- Ah, go fuck yourselves!  
All- Ready? Okay!

*Enter Loosy.*

Poach- Look, it's that nice girl, Mi Cha Cha Es Su Cha Cha,  
From the Department of Filthy Interiors.  
Mimi- You here to watch your Macky vomit fruit pie?  
Loosy- Next to him, you are piss.  
Poach- Well, that makes him crap,  
And being a businessman, I'll take  
The more liquid denomination.  
Shag- Hi, I'm a transient. What's your sign?  
Loosy- Trespassers will be castrated.  
Shag- And cut.  
Loosy- O poor Macky, are they treating you like  
A quite strange and very sexual beast?  
Mac- They're zappin me ala Ol' King Testicles!  
Loosy- And there's so much I never learned about you!  
Who's your mother? What's that thing on your ass?  
Have you ever shot jambalaya out your nose  
When laughing at a tranny granny joke?  
Mac- Bust me out or I'll shoot your mother's ass  
With my tranny granny jambalaya!

*Enter Polly on the phone.*

Polly- I'm as happy as an art thief on Mondays!

*She hangs up.*

Polly- That was this big wagging dick producer,  
And he saw my picture on some up-skirt  
Sneak-a-peek site, and he wants to cast me  
As a fresh bowl of forgotten pudding  
In that show, "Keep It Perky or Perish."  
Mac- Excuse me, but I'm being executed!  
Polly- So what's the bad news?  
Mac- Floppy?  
Polly- Polly!  
Mac- Howbout you bend a little on the name?  
Polly- Howbout you take a little of the blame?  
Mac- Are you saying I should suffer for my crimes  
When semen analysis has proven  
That the sample found on your seductive skirt  
Has every right to think it can do no wrong?

*Polly sings.*

*Death is how I love you,  
Slaughter's how I care,  
If you're the Fuck God, save yourself*

*With some fucking prayer.*

*Lethal's how I love you,  
Fatal's my desire,  
My only satisfaction comes  
In seeing you expire.*

*The killer current burning up your body  
Will rocket waves of bliss all down my spine.*

Mac- *I'm pleading for a pardon.*  
Polly- *You're crying like a pussy.*  
Mac- *I'm dying with a hard-on.*  
Polly- *So stop looking at Loosy.*  
Loosy - *No!*  
Polly- *I'm sopping wet with vengeance.*  
Mac- *My meat will get all funky.*  
Loosy - *O someone stop the violence!*  
Polly- *O someone finger-fuck me!*  
Mac- *Cuz now and then we watch some stupid movie  
And swear to make a change.*  
Polly- *And then we don't.*

Loosy- *O you drive-thru coont!*  
Poach- *That's our daughter.*  
Mimi- *The drive-thru coont?*  
Poach- *No, the pro-death penalty advocate  
Referred to as the drive-thru coont.*  
Shag- *Does she have a drive-thru coont?*  
Poach- *No!*  
Mimi- *But she has my penis and his breasts.*  
Shag- *She's ambivalently sexed?*  
Poach- *Shut up!*  
Mimi- *These are her bush years.*  
Loosy- *I don't want Mac to die!*  
Polly- *O, come on, Loosy!*

*Seedy Ram heads toward Loosy.*

Hairy- *Down, Seedy, down! Defile not this death camp  
With acts of creative human ecstasy!*  
Polly- *Ain't you ever wondered, between facials,  
"Why this thing for thugs?"*  
Mac- *Don't listen to her, Loosy! She's unmedicated!*  
Polly- *What's a pretty little disaster like you  
Doing with a denial scheme like him?  
Sure, he's got that Lion King hobo laugh,  
That foreign twitch in his homing device,*

Always screaming "Jackpot!" at the mirror,  
 So medium rare, so insanely cute,  
 But what compels you to coyly rubberneck  
 At the pile-up of lambaste and groovy?  
 Mac- Pardon me for working on my image  
 So I can at least appear ethical!  
 Polly- Supporting macho leaders who propagate  
 A culture of violence that's posing  
 As a contribution to the public good  
 When really it's all about private gain  
 Is some seriously stupid self-shafting.  
 Mac- What are you, Ghandi the Faithful Dingo?  
 Polly- Yet on you go, flabunging thru his butter,  
 Spouting a language with no word for "What?"  
 Unable to escape the urge to escape  
 When you should be a good girl in a repeat.  
 Loosy- Easier said than done. The human head's a shop  
 Where quality is inversely related  
 To price, so how can I not sell out?  
 Polly- You can take the porn ring off your finger,  
 Rivet it thru your clitoral cluster,  
 And join my lesbian love coalition.  
 Ed- Hey, can I join too?  
 Polly- No.  
 Mac- But what about my meat metaphors?  
 Polly- Sorry, Mac, but I'm a vagatarian.

*Polly and Loosy sing.*

*Beaver to beaver,  
 Sisters are bonding,  
 Their beavers are sweating,  
 Their beavers are clasping,  
 And sister to sister,  
 They're making a difference!*

Mac- Man, I've had hangovers funner than that.  
 Tiger- The closet's open, Walter.  
 Walter- Frisk me, Tiger.  
 Hairy- Everyone grab a same-sex partner  
 And I'll get the marriage certificates!  
 NW- Anyone mind if I marry my mouth?  
 Seedy- Anyone mind if I marry this suffocating fish?  
 Mimi- It's a slippery slope, kids, so get your sleds!  
 Mac- Yo, what about me?  
 All- Fuck God!  
 Mac- Boys, I need a power ballad in the key of please.

*He sings.*

*Okay, my bad.  
I let you talk me into having all the times I had.  
I let your cheers, your fears,  
Your social engineers  
Convince me to be swallowin  
The swill you bums been bottlin  
Makin me lose my pet-lovin mind,  
Shakin my shit loose from the humankind,  
Breakin truce, takin juice for a dusty dime,  
So I'm glad to admit that it's all my bad,  
If you admit my bad's the best you had.*

*My bad's the best you had  
It was fun when I fuckt you with my gun  
My bad was your favorite fad  
It was phat when I slappt ya with my booya tat*

*Okay, my bad,  
I believed you were more than an ad for sad.  
Your needs, your greeds,  
Your starfuck stampedes,  
I though that they were genuine,  
But now I see their origin,  
Lettin me loose so you could hunt me down,  
Givin me the sky so you can keep the ground,  
Turn me in once ya spin on my scary-go-round,  
So I'm cool to confess that it's all my bad  
If you confess my bad's the best you had.*

*My bad's the best you had  
It was crunk when I punkt ya with my spunk  
My bad is the best you had  
Ya moaned when I boned ya with my megaphone*

*My hit-shit movie  
Was three thumbs-up groovy  
But now this bait-switch floozy  
Make ya stuck-up choozy?*

*My bad is so good,  
You'd do it if you could,  
You'd douse your house,  
In flammable souse,  
Kill your kids, blame sids,  
Drop your hobnob job  
And join my gang of the conveniently misunderstood.*

*Cuz what are you without my bad?  
You're a missile of love with no launching pad.  
Okay, my bad,  
But I wouldn't wanna be you if you make me mad.*

*Okay, my bad, and I apologize  
For seein myself thru your vulgar eyes,  
But you made me what I am,  
I'm you in a more expensive hologram,  
You said I lookt best  
Evading arrest,  
You told me it was cool not to pass the test,  
You taught me only killers win,  
You showed me how to fake a kiss,  
You urged me speak to break the bank,  
So I've you to thank for the wish I'm in!*

*My bad was the best you had  
It was hip when I trip ya with some busta quip  
My bad was the best you had  
Ya came when I shamed ya with my "What's your name?"  
My bad was your favorite fad  
Ya called me God when I shot my wad  
My bad was the best you had  
The best you had, the fuckin best you had*

Mac-            So, wadda ya say?  
All-            Bad guy Barbecue!  
Poach-        Well, Macky, it's toodaloo time, aloha  
                  To skinfrix, au revoir to crime, and a fat  
                  "Later, dawg" to those snazzy midtown digs.  
                  In mere seconds, all your showbiz splendor  
                  Will be reduced to okay fireworks  
                  Spittin from your calves. History will call this  
                  I Fuckin Told Ya So! Day, when your theft  
                  And murder were co-opted by my negotiable  
                  Financial instruments. That'll teach ya to go  
                  Pooty-scoopin for porkable panty-peppers  
                  In the Polly Pile of the Poachem pueblo,  
                  I reckon.

Mimi-        Now I know my guardian angel  
                  Has a tomahawk missile for a cock!

CS-            Any last requests, Macky?

Mac-           I sure could use an innocent past.

NW-           One president mask, comin' up.

*Nitwit hands Mac a President Mask. He puts it on.*



Mac- My good shitizens, this is your Precedent;  
Put down your pitchforks, your camera phones,  
Your sense of entitlement, and receive,  
Be it under false pretense or duress,  
My suborned execrative disorder.  
Mac the Knife is my close, personal friend,  
A constant source of profit and amusement,  
And a national treasure whose "Gung ho!"  
And "Beats me!" and "Allright, but I warn ya,  
Things can get right messy when I step up  
To the toilet" are such integral parts  
Of our great country's fuck-all character,  
I frankly can't imagine rushing to war  
Without his knack for keeping the people  
Utterly smitten with dead shit. Therefore,  
By the absolute powers I've vested  
In me, I hereby declare Mac the Knife  
Innocent of whatever was or will,  
And invite him on down to the Trite House  
For corndogs and a game of Shoot the Freak.  
Further, I'll be sneaking a bill thru Congress  
To force the collusion of our most vital  
Tormentertainment sectors: government,  
Crime and security are now one big  
Unwieldy Department of Deceit,  
Subject only to the law of demand,  
Over which I place my best friend, Mac the Knife,  
A crucial step, for as you must believe,  
Lying is the bubbly of the leader.  
And with that, I must leave you, as I'm due  
Somewhere secret for a paid vacation.  
Be quiet, stay scared, and God Damn America.

*He takes off the mask.*

Mac- Set me free, you fuckheads!

*They set him free.*

Poach- Gee, Mr. Macheath, I'd be interested  
In meeting at your convenience to discuss  
How my firm of exploited singing bums  
Might assist you in holding onto power.  
Mac- I'd consider it if I can have Pushy.  
Polly- Polly!  
Mac- Pushy!  
Polly- I'm good, if me and Mac can finally fuck.  
Mimi- If America doesn't work, democracy

Doesn't work, and if democracy  
Doesn't work, humanity doesn't work,  
So do whatever the living fuck you want!

Ed- Yo! I still got a big ol' bush boner  
To see someone grilled in the skillet seat.

CS- Kill Nitwit!

Loosy- Kill Polly!

Susan- Kill me.

Poach- Hey, I know. Since he's already near dead,  
And I ain't gonna feed him, let's kill Slag!

Shag- Aw, shucks.

Polly- If you sing while you die, you'll be famous!

Seedy- And death is the best sex you'll ever have!

Candy- Hey, if I'm having sex with him during  
His execution, will I be famous too?

Mimi- No, but anything's worth a try!

Hairy- It'll make a sizzling snuff video!

Candy- Does genital discharge conduct electricity?

Poach- Not if you climax during the commercial!

Shag/Candy- Ready? Okay!

Shag- So, there you have it. My story. Our story.  
I came to New Yuck Shitty with a dream,  
I lived a horrible daily nightmare,  
And now at last I'm woken to the truth:  
Everything is better than it is.  
Sure, I might not have gotten a meal,  
But I got the girl, or what's left of her  
After countless acts of capitalism,  
And here I get to finally sing my song,  
Our song, as my name goes up in lights,  
High voltage lights strappt to my skull and groin.  
Life really is worth living once you're dead.

Mac- Allright, you fuckheads! Sing in celebration  
Of the unjust death of someone just like you!

*They sing.*

*Dear execution, come now.*

*Electrocution, unground.*

*New spectacles*

*My particles*

*Call away.*

*This fusion form*

*Seclusion born*

*Would splay, would splay.*

*All I wanna do is die  
(That's the plan)  
In a way that makes you cry  
(Doubt ya can)  
If you listen to my song  
You'll hear everything  
Unraveling.  
All you gotta do is turn me on.*

*All I ever do is live  
(Too damn bad)  
For the little that you give  
(You've been had)  
All I wanna do is yawn  
And breathe everything.  
I'm opening.  
All I wanna do is turn you on.*

*All I wanna do is make you touch me!  
O you're so beautiful!  
They love me (he loves me)!  
It's like a musical!*

*Excited luminescence magnetize!  
(Turn it on!)  
Amplified pulsations galvanize!  
(Turn it on!)  
Positive transmissions energize!*

*Dear execution, come now!  
Hello goodbye.  
Electrocution, unground!*

*New mysteries  
Her histories  
Purify.*

*His filthy flesh  
Starvation presst  
Must fry, must fry.*

*Punitive transference normalize.  
Dramatic resolution tranquilize.  
Ironical convictions fetishize.  
Suppressive legislation brutalize.  
Conformist competition sterilize.  
Random retribution civilize.*

*Turn it on!*  
*Turn it on!*  
*Turn it on!*  
*Turn it on!*

*They electrocute Shag and Candy.*

Susan-           That was the saddest thing I've ever seen.  
Walter-          Why else you think it got so many laughs?

THE END.

First produced in 2005 in the New York International Fringe Festival in NYC.

Music by John Gideon  
Directed by Ben Yalom  
Sets by Jane Stein  
Lights by Jeff Nash  
Costumes by Karen Flood

The cast: Joe Pindelski, April Vidal, Anni Bruno, Dan Renkin, Dalane Mason, Brian Kelly, Catherine McNelis, Kelly Spitko, Randall Middleton, Chris McCutchen, Timothy McCown Reynolds, Bob Laine, Hank Wagner, Sarah Engelke, John McConnel, Lydia Burns, and Josh Hartung.