

Griffin Hunter

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Griffin Hunter – Under-Secretary of Disarmament for the United Nations

Sophie Berceau – an actress and his wife

Walker – his counsel

Semion Rockwell – Head of Vaad Sirat

Vivian Nash - theater director and Rockwell's wife

Leveret – Rockwell's operative

Boa – Rockwell's operative

Mayumi - owner of the Bluebird Bookstore

Madera – SFPD Detective

Trick and Track – Leveret's operatives

Jurgen Scheckel - German diplomat

Powers – actor

Xiao – Sophie's assistant

Peaches – Mayumi's neighbor

Divers 1 and 2 – SFPD Victim Retrieval Divers

Saiyid Al-Dimmah and Daksh Tanduru – International businessmen

Actors, messengers, stage managers, cops, audience members

Phase 1, Scene 1. A street corner in San Francisco. Leveret is waiting.

Boa enters and draws his gun on Leveret.

Boa - Cheat!

Lev - You fucking psychofant.

Boa - No sane, no pain.

Lev - One more time, it's bullet floss.

Boa - Cheat!

Leveret draws his gun on Boa.

Lev - Hollow head meet hollow point.

Enter Semion Rockwell.

Rock - Gentlemen, as-salamu alaykum.

They withdraw their guns.

Boa - Heirloom ass salami, Mr. Rockwell.

Rock - Hold me, Boa.

Rockwell and Boa embrace.

Rock - Leveret, do you love me?
Lev - Like my father, were he not an absent monster.
Boa - You sayin Rockwell ain't an absent monster?
Rock - Shut your cheese hole!
Boa - Poppin that pill ri' now.

Boa pops a pill.

Rock - Is your love a pipeline to the molument
 Of my need or a mere pacifier
 In the suck of your spacious inferior?
Lev - For you who's lodged me in the we of wealth,
 I'd steer clear of myself to kill myself.
Rock - Waymo yourself, and kill Griffin Hunter.
Lev - Who?
Rock - You don't know the septic bitch martyr
 That's entered my cripple flip with intent
 To bombast his gauche taqiyya shalom
 Into my so sweet potato funions?
 What th'implicit fuck do I pay you for?
Boa - To cheat.
Rock - You want I lawn care your lotus?
Boa - Snip, snip, sloppy sarape.

Boa pops another pill.

Rock - Now surely that who was not owl you know.
Boa - Damn, Mr. Rockwell, you're good.
Rock - No, I'm bad, but I'd be bad way better
 If I knew Leveret's bedpan had my butt.
Boa - That Gripey Humper's all over the news.
Lev - I don't watch the news; it makes you old.
Rock - And?
Lev - And?
Rock - Don't make a man in pain repeat himself!
Boa - I'll kill him yesterday.
Rock - Yesterday's too late!
Lev - What's Hunter done to win the cliff?

Rockwell projects a news clip of Hunter on the wall.

Rock - Tonight on killer performances...
Boa - Yo, where's the papacorny?
Rock - You're lookin at him.

Hunter - "Esteemed delegates of our United Nations..."
 Rock - United Nations? Fake as "happy husband."
 Boa - I don't like the way he hides his backside.
 Hunter - "Today I depart for San Francisco,
 The birthplace of our pacific ambitions,
 To meet with 57 diplomats
 And sign the seminal Hunter Accord."
 Boa - Semial? Shit stole your name.
 Rock - Shit stole my right
 To not stand in the splash-back of this buck
 Juicing himself to sallow bumpkin spice.
 Hunter- "An international treaty that ensures
 Disarmament and non-proliferation
 Of weapons world-wide thru monitored,
 Cooperative, incremental actions,
 Circumventing while confirming sovereignty..."
 Rock - Sir Mawkish Noble Peace Cannon's sportin
 So much uplifting adage he could rocket
 My rage to Oslo.
 Boa - I'll dust that Osho
 And his righteous steed, Annoying Nag, too.
 Hunter - "That thru this shared empowering submission
 We may beckon peace back to our planet
 So littered with the refuse of our wars,
 Yet now so avid to wash itself of wrath
 By dousing the blaze of mass destruction
 That we not burn our house to heat our home."
 Boa - So I can't have a fire on my couch?
 Rock - Lamah, Leveret: the "everywhere" you misst.
 Lev - Ok, but what will snuffing him achieve?
 The UN is an airtight jar of ants,
 With bosses inside bosses inside bosses,
 All suffocating the more they scramble
 To suck up to the queen of compromise,
 So squash one drone and crack the lid to tweeze
 Those drossophiles his mystery hero meat,
 They all come rushin out, and victory him;
 Yet we, because illicit makes demand,
 Now profit his prohibit, so victory us.
 Rock - Do I look like I need a maffs tutor?
 I strongly advocate a weak UN,
 Give lavishly to keep my shortlist long
 In gestures of tenderness torrential,
 Yet this undiplomatic diplomat
 Seems violently devoted to himself.
 Lev - Thanks to this good guy all fairness fighters,

Who've outnumbered ever those for freedom,
 Come knockin on our door to save their souls.
 Rock - Good guy? What offal hath his goodness gorpt!
 Vaad Sirat supports every people's need
 For native autonomy.
 Boa - Does good guy?
 Rock - Does good guy know the sutra recipe
 To this gruesome, post-historic era
 Of biological death concoctions?
 Boa - Damn super-dupe dharma bums.
 Rock - We take in bread,
 Render it for solid, timely exit,
 And smooove's da groove.
 Boa - What's wrong with how shit is?
 Rock - Then causy coccus up the legal colon,
 Jejunating my financial squama,
 Passes thru some runny, twisted clabber...
 Boa - Now with chunks of "justice"!
 Rock - Smack on my head.
 Boa - Global peace?
 Rock - That's local liquidation.
 Boa - Loophole heat?
 Rock - Hang the Sons of Liberty!
 Boa - Yo, not while Boom-Boom's in the thriver's seat.
 Rock - This planet may be volatile as hell,
 But half of hell was unjustly convicted,
 So less the right to fight...
 Boa - We all get fried.
 Rock - Kill Griffin Hunter, Leveret.
 Boa - Or I will.

Leveret and Boa point their guns at each other.

Lev - The crabs will service you for his dessert.
 Rock - Yjb 'an nakun 'iikhwat 'aw maytana!
 My sons! Time out for keeps who keeps it up.

They draw down.

Lev - Look, now I seen the news, I know the guy,
 From long ago, but by a different name,
 Ghazan Huzala, which ain't here or there,
 Cuz it's a cinch for me to grease him up.
 Rock - Tell us, Leveret, of this ain't here or there.
 Lev - His moms was a stanny interpreter
 Got puppt up by some afro-asian mutt

Drove stretch for the envoy caviar crowd,
So Ghazan swang the diplomatic corps.
We met in Kashmir like fifteen years on
When I was stuffin Hong Kong fulla skee;
We hung out, had some mei-nu on the chiew,
Then one night this jiuba storm got kickin,
Huzala killed a local, and by dawn
We're flippin pencils with Malaysia's tightest,
But since he had a life, I took the bill,
Did nine months in Kajangi til you bought
Me and Boa free, and I'n't seen him since.

Boa - He's a fuckin cheat.
Rock - Slander him again
And it's the muzzle, baby man.
Boa - Mmmmmuzzle.

Boa pops another pill.

Rock - Leveret, you're like a child to me.
Lev - And you're like
An adult to me.
Rock - But we're friends, right? Wrong.
Show me my friends, I'll count as many traitors.
Boa - All my friends are traitors.
Rock - See, you and me...
Boa - And me...
Rock - You and me and Boa, we're not friends;
We're mushrikun, partners in one purpose,
An all-or-nothing, man-to-man pivot
Round which the fidget saw of fortune spins,
So we, tested by our tenuous trust,
Develop in accord returns-refresht,
Unlike friends, who shake deals with phantom hands,
Agreeing to some shareware giveaway
Wherein a debtor's bonded to a debtor.
Boa - I hate my friends.
Rock - I'm sure they feel the same.
Boa - I know they do.
Rock - See, we're a nucleus
Whose bond broken injure-snaps destruction,
Yet in cohesion spawns all creation:
Are we beautiful? I'm crying again.
Boa - Quit toying with his afflictions!
Rock - Maybe he doesn't love me.
Lev - I love you.
Rock - Then kiss me, lover, and I'll tongue you true:

Lie to me again of who thou knowst
In the here or there, I'll burgeon early,
Slip on my favorite swishy suit and sneaks,
Jog in the crisp morning air to your crib,
And with my nine caliber eight fold path
Shot-pepper Mr. Yoga Banana
Bandito like a hell-done seitan steak,
Cuz, hey, I'm all about the animules.
Cool, tool?

Lev - Cool.

Rock - Kill Griffin Hunter.

Boa - He won't...

Rock - Khalas! The gate of ijtiḥād is closed.

Boa - Cheat.

Rockwell and Boa exit.

Lev - What squalid pool my squalling's settled to
Here boils up, bloodsuckers flit and bite,
And my Phuket hut now swelts a crocking pot.
Kill who? The man I love beyond remand,
The peace that palliates my world of war?
He makes aggression good, power placid,
Deception pure, and being human not
So inhumane? Kill your crooked agent,
Your dirty diplomat, your fraud exec,
But kill this man, this force, this hope, this dream?
To kill him, O it is to kill myself,
And I'm too worthless to decide my worth;
Yet what's he clockt for me who did his time?
I'll do it, then, and finally free myself
From this encagement in the undersmug
I loiter just to screen his reputation.
Impossible. To slave for Vaad Sirat
Is scum enuf, but opting mushrikun
For Ghazan is the swap I'd not survive.
Something's off; Rockwell's never been so rash.
So crack the crux, then dab some hoax cologne
On this rotten sweat spot. If life's to be,
This boomtown's big enough for him and me.

Leveret exits.

Phase 1, Scene 2. The United Nations Mission of San Francisco. Enter Griffin and Sophie. Walker is lingering off to the side.

Soph - O Griffin, must she really stay so close?
 I feel a sous-marine stuck in a trench.

Griff - Forget her, sweet; besides, she keeps us safe.

Soph - From each other?

Griff - From what every safe is from:
 The things we cannot know we'll never know.

Soph - Mais je déplore la séparation.
 Love's raw material is time entwined,
 And lacking this, we make much too little.
 Oui, you would save and I reflect the world,
 But what's it merit sans le monde de nous?

Griff - Mon cher Sophie, je le déplore aussi.
 It almost seems this world hates a marriage:
 To have and to hold til stress do us part,
 Glazed in some unechoing monument
 To schedule, that afflicting quarantine
 That sickens those it claims to keep from sick.
 Yet time apart must, oui, be part of we:
 A coiling together, a rove away,
 Love's braided in a strand of honeymoons,
 That from our many panicles of pull
 We weave a beautiful réseaux d'amour.
 En outre, once my Great Accord is signed,
 We shall vacation sans la chaperon,
 And grow so worn in love we'll start a war
 On stage to merely scrounge a speck of work.

Soph - Amour, tu as pratiqué ton français.

Griff - J'apprends ta langue en rêvant de toi.

Enter Leveret to the side in the dark.

Soph - My lover tells the most alluring lies.

Griff - Yet you, l'actrice, et moi, le diplomate,
 Both know that lying love is often true,
 As to our love we lie to get our love,
 And of our love we lie to keep our love,
 And with our love we lie to feed our love.

Soph - Then let my lover lie; he lies for love.

Lev - Yet what if out of love your lover lie
 That dreamy love drip to drams of drama
 And turn an unrelenting sleeplessness
 Attempts to find its life in what it lacks,
 As I love him, tho he love you, not me?
 So enter the assassin, peacefully.

Leveret calls from the dark.

Lev - Ya habibi!

Walker moves in, gun drawn.

Walker - Step to the light or die.

Lev - Living by the dark, so succumbs a spy.

Leveret steps into the light.

Griff - Leveret?

Lev - Hey, if you're some Griffin Hunter,
Then I'm Sophie Berceau.

Soph - She is taken.

Walk - You know him?

Griff - I know what I know of him.

Walk - How did he get in?

Lev - Well, it's kinda sad,
But CCTV's never found me much.

Soph - May I be introduced?

Griff - Pardonnez-moi:
Sophie, my new wife, Leveret, my old friend.

Soph - As I thought every story'd been divulged,
I will assume your friendship was so brief
And uneventful there's no menace grave
In my coucou a le vieil ami.

Lev - I saved his life seven times and counting.

Griff - Sophie, your party.

Soph - Griffin, this party.
Old friend, plus sauvetages primordiaux.

Griff - They were nothing.

Lev - Outside Jalalabad,
Red chandoo-smuggling ali baba dwarves
Have big guy crucified to a tractor
In the middle of a flaming poppy field
Cuz they're all sure he's tippt the Taliban
To their stash of brothel beads...

Griff - Which I had.

Lev - Copter in, cut the ropes, airlift this lug
Straight to Hilton Kabul for minty dooghs.

Griff - Well, that was fun.

Lev - Or how about the time
You and Kali, the ten-armed kama devi,
Tried to charm a cobra with her pungi
During Durga Puja, and the swamis
Strappt you to a sacrificial vessel

For the corpulent Ganges basin bound,
 So I convinced the mob you were deva
 By freestyling your Samadhi marga.
 Griff - Who said my childhood was childproof?
 Lev - Tamil tiger machete storms, Ang Soon Tong's
 M16 toddler troops, Cambodian
 Catacombs of hoary singing spice rats,
 We fell amongst them all in a shimmy
 From amulet to squib to maqbara,
 Til all ended on the lam in Kowloon,
 Where I, who'd always been the coolie fan
 To Comrade Temper, threw myself between
 Him and what was keeping him from...
 Griff - Nothing.
 Nothingness. I was after nothingness,
 Which meant it was first, which meant I was mad,
 But now satchidananda est Sophie.
 Sophie - You said seven, but spoke of only six.
 Lev - Griffin?
 Griff - A bar fight put me in the books,
 But Leveret slippt me out and did my time.
 Lev - His freedom's always meant the world to me.
 Griff - Ya habibi yalla.
 Soph - Bien, ce qu'il faut dire?
 This compte rendu complete, I somehow feel
 Evaporated into IndoChine.
 Full disclosure? Marry a mystery?
 Note it, Walker. Peace has a violent past.
 Walker - Noted.
 Griff - Sophie.
 Soph - Now to Mr. Rockwell.
 Lev - Mr. Whatwell?
 Griff - Simon Rockwell, the cash
 In Sophie's masque.
 Sophie - He's hosting a patron fete,
 And it would be très peu diplomatique
 (If diplomat is still a positive)
 For the star and her fugee to be late
 Après son luxueux générosité.
 Lev - Après son hu?
 Griff - Sophie stayed with Rockwell
 For six weeks while I touted my Accord.
 Sophie - His wife, l'incroyable Vivian Nash,
 Is directing Semion's translation
 From the Farsi.
 Griff - It's like a passion play.

Sophie - Mais Islamique.
 Griff - And Sophie's doing Allah.
 Soph - So I say, "Alla you best follow me!"

Walker gets a text.

Walker - Message from the Secretary General:
 "Chinese authorities have uncovered
 Fissile material in an outpost
 Held by Uighur separatists near Xinjiang.
 UNSCOM agents trace the substance
 To an arms bazaar in Al-Fallujah
 Where dealers had obtained uranium
 From a French facility in Corsica."
 Griff - China's response?
 Walk - A stern demand that France
 Extradite the Corsican Gouverneur.
 Griff - And what of France?
 Walk - Avers that Corsica
 Is independent.
 Griff - I will talk to them.
 Walk - "The Hunter Accord must be prorogued
 Until this situation has resolved."
 Griff - She can't do this to me. Signatories
 On site, the treaty set, she can't do this.
 Lev - I will handle it.
 Griff - You will handle what?
 Lev - I have friends who matter in such meddles.
 They'll covert into Corsica, snatch up
 The Gouverneur, whisk him off to China,
 Y voila, the Hunter Accord is signed
 Like a sermon for the deaf.
 Soph - Absurdité.
 Griff - I am not, Leveret, handing my life's work
 Over to some drite you met in lockdown.
 Lev - Given said lockdown, you mean our life's work.
 Walk - Your friends can really do that?
 Griff - Walker, stop.
 Walk - It's not a bad idea.
 Soph - It's not a good idea.
 Lev - So it's a great idea!
 Griff - What if his friends are caught and rat us out?
 Lev - Any friends I had like that got ghosted.
 Walk - Paris would be spared capitulation
 And Beijing appeased. But can you do it?
 Lev - Can I do it?

Griff - He can do it.
 Soph - Griffin, no!
 Walk - The signing ceremony's in three days.
 Lev - He'll be Chinese in one.
 Walk - Welcome, Leveret.

Walker exits.

Griff - Sophie, I know what I'm doing.
 Soph - C'est ce qui est si pathétique.

She exits.

Lev - She don't like you, Huzala.
 Griff - She loves me,
 But she's in the theater, as obsesst
 Avec intégrité as the huchen
 With headwaters, but like we two've been taught,
 Nothing is integral til it's missing.
 Lev - Then let the thief show his teeth.

Leveret goes to exit.

Griff - Tu, aqui.
 Lev - I'm a key to doors you shouldn't open.
 Griff - When did you get out?
 Lev - Outta what?
 Griff - Prison.
 Lev - I'd hardly call my look "outta prison."
 Griff - How'd you do it?
 Lev - Maybe I made new friends.
 Griff - So brief me on them.
 Lev - They're like you, Griffin:
 In some so-high-you-don't-ask-why places.
 Griff - That's better than so-low-they-won't-let-go.
 Lev - Who said they ain't both? That up-and-down crowd
 Has taught me the fair weather of friendship
 Is less about altitude than gratitude.
 Griff - I'm grateful.
 Lev - No, the grating is all mine;
 An ingrate grated thru your grate of greatness.
 Griff - You could have reached out.
 Lev - I thought about it,
 But I could never get my hands clean enough,
 And I prefer your pristine to my print.
 Griff - We should hang.

Lev - I'm here to make sure we don't.
Griff - It's good to see you.
Lev - Good is not the word
I'd use.
Griff - O, what would you use?
Lev - Your number.

Griffin gives him his number.

Griff - Let's keep it between us.
Lev - Ok, I'll try,
But it's a mob scene in there.
Griff - Your new friends?
Lev - I like how you think, just not what you're thinking.
Griff - Just make this work.
Lev - Yo, I don't make things work;
Things work cuz I make them how they should be.
Griff - I know. You made me.
Lev - More than you can know.

Hunter exits.

Lev - "Sophie stayed with the Rockwells for six weeks."
There it is: like the sulfur out a skunk,
The tool escapes from One Suspicious Square.
That coquette's joli feutre may not glow
In my black light, but Rockwell's one fat beater,
And I can but imagine his frisson.
Could this whole cyclone spin upon the eye
Of a crush? Kill Griffin Hunter for a crush?
Insuperant Simon witcht by sibyl crush?
I bet she asht in his gas can. I bet
Her l'angoisse grande over intégrité
Is façade for being quatre cents sortes
De frommages to Simon's bunker-busting
Toothpick, cuz flirt is every actress's
Middle emotion. She plays the upshot
In Sir Civil's lame cremaster cycle,
But if he's rich (and Rockwell's richer than
All krispy kream), that backstage patron pass
Devolves might quick to Big Bang, the remount.
Proof or doof. To Rockwell's, then, in my best
L'ambassatrix du Anonymia.
Law damn, what one must do to love a man.

Phase 2, Scene 1. The House of Semion Rockwell and Vivian Nash. Enter Sophie and Griffin.

Sophie - Your oldest friend? Why hide your oldest friend
Save what he hides could hurt your newest love?

Griff - Those were my pirate years, when rout to rout
I smashing sailed on nitrous to careen
More storied loot. Sophie, the mix I muted
Of such toddled forage to not detune
Your solar octane production instincts
With my low-fidelity gaucherie.
Allons, it was wrong, but the gag was good,
Partook for fear you'd judge the present me
By gifts returned, then, feeling bilked, unsend
Your love, both element and suspirance
To my arcade foray at captious peace.

Soph - Guess what I like best about you, Griffin.

Griff - That I like you best?

Soph - Your integrity.
Unlike most politicocks, you appraise
Opportunity beyond th'opportune,
Pursuing earnest hunch, consensus-carved,
Despite, and often due to, resistance,
Surging when you would, yielding where you ought,
Yet always navigating toward a truth
That you for group, not private, gain have sensed
To be worth any risk it may arrest,
A largesse seeming native to your nature,
And yes, mint heroic, tho packaged plain.
To an actress, who must be anything
The anarchs of appeal whip her to,
Such integrity is musk, hypnosis,
A roaring river right before the falls
That swirls you round, yet only teases plunge.
And why? Because love's a music that swings
When we accord upon our contradictions.
You are vérité; I, réalité,
Or truth consistent with itself, and truth
Consistent with all else, our mouths athwart
So we can cup, not clank, the perfect kiss,
For commitment's lifting a jewelled egg
All pieces must be in, or all's in pieces.
Withhold one lip, tremmed of wound or wounding,
From an exchange of equal eagerness,
It's quick to banging brows and fitching chops,
And then's occision certain. Lies are germs

We gestate in our mouths and spread with shield,
 As of ourselves sick, we sicken others,
 A balance thought to tail brutality
 By lowering the target temperature
 Of supplication, yet which more inflames
 The delving rage. Give all you are to me,
 Our love shall be the peace that sets you free.
 Griff - All I am is yours and will ever be.

Enter Vivian.

Viv - Sophie?
 Soph - Vivian.
 Viv - Girl, you très tard.
 Soph - Griffin's plane was delayed.
 Viv - Call me a cot,
 It's Griffin Hunter, the Missile Slayer,
 General Omnissimo, Mr. Meaty
 Peace Treaty. Gotta hug the Hunter man!
 Would you look at me roll; I'm smiling tires!
 "She'll never see another man again
 Who can't unsee the matador of men."
 Griff - How top that, save to say, ma femme discernant,
 Who rarely grants directors much beyond
 The decency of an impacted molar,
 Says Vivian Nash could school a croissant
 To fly for grass jelly at Jiumen Snacks.
 Soph - Je pense it was bagel at a mitzvah,
 Mais peu importe; you're magic out of tricks
 Til Vivvy smoojes, "Throw it all away!"
 Viv - No, no, and I hate surprises, so no.
 Directing Sophie's simply snatching diamonds
 Out the fission ball of perfect extra.
 I mean, your wife, Griffin, wow, can she act!
 The vital options of our bind she fleets
 Synousial into mimed emotions
 Both saddle far and overpass old hat,
 Emulating by her brisk absorption
 Of intricate, near-told anomalies
 Our play-for-pay design, that each desire,
 Relation, flourish she emancipates
 In aerial bombardments cross the norm's
 An evangelic knockout of the dream
 That artifice contemporizes nature.
 With what éclat conscient she can cavort
 Unconscious brut, her freedom in my form

Shall herd our horde into its finest swarm.
 Soph - O Vivian.
 Griff - I'm dying to see it.
 Viv - Now, you two mingle, but séparément!
 This here's a stand of tycoon sugar trees,
 So'f I'm to tap em, drain em of their sap,
 And boil me down some syrup for our cakes,
 Ms. Berceau needs to slop her cool whip wide,
 Not blow it all on Guru Favorite Scoop.
 Get me?
 Griff - Places.
 Soph - Places, if shame's a set.
 Viv - O, I know, it's just so damn degrading,
 Mais rappelez: less you playin, ain't no play.

They exit. Enter Leveret, disguised as a caterer.

Lev - The loam turns oat, upswells into the funct,
 And dawns a daint hors d'oeuvre to hot diversion,
 Or more, a conflagration of misfires:
 Theater lives, but death's its life-support,
 A fay concern, soldered by the conflict
 It would snap. Why purge the kickback passion
 In chipper, futile, boring ceremoan
 When all we uber off rolls back again,
 Pinged by our thing for a sprite rebuttal?
 This cutting community fakes its fights
 In guise of ending that, the real, which cooks
 Incessantly the shifters up its crust.
 So what's so shock that in this shimmer pit
 Of grubby golden charity that funds
 A fiction for conviction, Rockwell came
 To love a woman thru her love's unmaning?
 Yet I'm called to the stage to save that man
 And end that love, so slap the slut I am,
 Tosser, target, En Boucle Throwzini,
 For here he klinks avec La Luxe Basenji.

Enter Rockwell and Sophie. Leveret steps to the side.

Rock - Sophie, welcome home.
 Soph - C'est ne pas my home,
 Simple.
 Rock - Oui, ma reine, but why not have two,
 And why not call them one? I have nine cars,
 Yet as I screech in each, I shout, "My car

Could outstrip contrast to the chequered flag."
 "My ravioli" is a plate of six,
 Yet I slurp every clump like it's le seul.
 Homes are so sweet, let us have loads, and with
 Our grubby stubs go twisting candy knobs.
 Lev - A bit far gone for don't go there, I'd say.
 Soph - My home is with my husband.
 Rock - Et où est-il?
 Soph - Là bas, squeezing some stern Accordion.
 Lev - Emperor Cha-Ching of the Hung Dynasty
 Puts all his troops on the scenic border.
 Rock - So welcome home.
 Soph - This is a place of work.
 Rock - Superb! Let's set up shop and sell my smell
 To you for low's you'll go.
 Sophie - Semion, please,
 You know what I mean.
 Rock - Your meaning's too mean,
 Sophia stern, for I have no accord
 Til you squeeze me.
 Lev - Such congress sits so pretty
 In the siphon, I might's well pop the cork
 On my suspicions, which, miss this remiss,
 Were free as the sparkle in the bubbly.

Enter Jurgen Scheckel, Saiyid Al-Dimmah, and Daksh Tanduru.

Tanduru - The starlet and reactor gives her heat
 Have been spotted!
 Jurgen - Bitte, Simon, acquaint.
 Rock - Sophie Berceau, the three callowize men:
 Jurgen Scheckel, Germany's Liaison
 For Culture to our United Nations,
 And, more to my dammit than his credit,
 A showdown rocketeer of your husband.
 Jurgen - I engineered Griffin in Geneva,
 Launch-controlled his Voyage à Consulat,
 Und settled him securely in good orbit
 Of zie Secretary General's apprise,
 Ensuring zus his now polarical
 Pathfinder status.
 Soph - Griffin speaks moonshots
 De toi souvent.
 Jurgen - I'd once have said his gifts
 For seduction vur most exemplified in
 His having gained sufficient signataires

For his Accord, but now you shimmer um,
 I see the charging port of his dark charms.
 Soph - That man could tempt a surfer to a shark.
 Rock - If he's on the board, I've got just the jaws.
 Lev - What men see in women, I'll never know.
 Jurg - Hermione in Rome? O how I vept!
 Rock - Perdita in my home? I never slept.
 Saiyid - You're bogarting, Jurgen. Semion, moi.
 Rock - Sophie, of Dubai, Saiyid Al-Dimmah,
 Oil exec, Al Ikhwan apologist,
 And plushy bum whose wallet's half its fat
 From a photo de toi.

Saiyid pulls a picture of Sophie from his wallet.

Saiyid - Look how it frays
 With all the times I've teased it out and swore,
 "I shall not leave la sofa save for Sophie!"
 Soph - Bravo!
 Saiyid - Will you sign it?
 Soph - Avec plaisir.
 Lev - Like inter-tangled anacondas wasting
 Precious entrepreneurial spittle
 In the fabled swamps of Goopeevulgumbo.

Sophie transcribes Saiyid's wishes on her photo.

Saiyid - "To my beloved Saiyid,
 The irresistible sheik
 Of my Jebel Ali urges,
 The sexy nectar bomb
 I most picture when forced
 To milk the treacherous thistle
 Of a physically and financially
 Inadequate scene partner,
 And - should I ever waken
 From my satanic, colonialist sadisms
 And crave a high-rise hajj
 To shabbah filled with endless
 Grammable tangalangs
 Along the sukkuk Straits of Hormuz,
 Pardon the French - my servant,
 Master, husband, and mastiff.
 Jacuzziably, equestrianly,
 Agent provocateurishly, Sophie
 (The Illicit Pleasure Princess

Of Negrotastic Saiyid's
Five Story Tentickle)."

Jurgen - This photo is too small for your passions.
 Soph - I think I got it all, mais garde ça secret.
 Rock - Her mari's over there. Go body bomb.
 Tanduru - May I have a moment with her fairness?
 Rock - One I would know more, one I do not know.
 Lev - Giant fruit bats frying in bug zappers;
 Bugattis circling hairy cul de sacs;
 What do men see in women? Their demise.
 Tanduru - Madame Berceau, my sincerest baise-maine.
 I am Daksh Tanduru of Gujarat,
 And whilst you do so mesmerize sur scène,
 Nothing compares to l'excitation
 Of meeting you au vrai et en ami.
 Rock - Save meeting her au boudoir.
 Soph - O Simon.
 Tanduru - May I humbly ask one portrait with you?
 Soph - Only one?
 Tanduru - See me shake!
 Jurgen - Gib mir dein phone.

Tanduru gives Jurgen his phone. Leveret approaches Rockwell and they talk aside.

Lev - Champagne, sir?
 Rock - No more sham than that vintage.
 Gimme the bottle; this flute's way too trite
 To trill the healing shrill I need tonite.
 Lev - Not enjoying yourself?
 Rock - I am espoused,
 So all I fucking do's enjoy myself
 In the joyless jam of self-jacking fruit,
 But let me jones my junk on that sweet jezz
 And I will jaup the jet no jerk can jolt.
 Jurgen - Wo zie button?
 Saiyid - His fingers are too small
 To make it click.
 Jurgen - I click what I can find,
 But where is anywhere in zese trap toys
 Zat box zie intuition out of life?
 Zey swamp us marvels, but at vut expense?
 Knowing is now knowing how to use them,
 But ve're zie ones sind used; used to bumbling
 Herum zer minecraft empty hyper nest
 Zat seeking ist un dankening of code

Tanduru - Und all vee ever find our confounding.
I will show Saiyid, then he will shoot us.

Jurgen poses with Sophie.

Lev - She's something.
Rock - She's the sum of things, and then some.
Cerulean spiders spinnet thru her veins.
She swims in laser sheets. The Bog-God spits
Up Star Wars, all you chopshits go lamental
With amplitubic frustra, still her revox
Swoozes fuzzy Israel out the phaser,
A paramuting warmer plush with fobs;
That confit mim on boner stilts doth shoot
Juilliards out her ass when we so much
As muse if she might not be every bus.
Saiyid - You're too small, Jurgen. Come closer. Closer.
Still too small. See, the viewer is blinking:
"Object is too small. Object is too small."
Tanduru - Jurgen, just use yours and send it to me.
Jurgen - Ich bin inspirationslos.
Saiyid - Mine is good.
Jurgen - If yours took zie pixel in your pocket,
Too small Ich denke.
Sophie - Messieurs, s'il vous plait,
My power is a powder; it must mix.
Saiyid - Mine is very big.
Jurgen - Too small.
Tanduru - Take the shot
And leave talk of size to puzzled plumbers.

They pose again.

Lev - Too bad she's married.
Rock - Hey, I said married,
She said, "merd, the show must go on."
Lev - Go on?
Rock - Like puffy on a pastry.
Lev - She said that?
Rock - Midst manic humps-n-bumps of inbetwaxt.
Lev - You did her?
Rock - Yo, did's just roach for diddle,
And I'nt smoke that or anything it rhymes,
But if you can't feel free unless you're fenced,
I offered her the role of a lifetime,
She took it, got it deep in her physique,

Then opening, the raves just came and came,
 And when she bowed, there poised I in the pit,
 Handing her my signature standing O.
 Lev - Clap, clap. Looks like the Hunter lost his game.
 Rock - To'n aboriginal crypto-savant
 Who, on my overseas, will have that diva,
 By time this glare goes dark, for his kiva.

Enter Vivian Nash and Griffin Hunter.

Vivian - Patrons! Patrons, please! Quiet in the rear,
 Or I'll recast with Costco Holograms.
 Now, you bring the bread, so I make the toast,
 Thus up your cups and blindly follow me
 Off the precipice of sloppy palate.
 Rock - Waiter, quit waiting and refresh my stink.
 Wife's on mic, so my comeback's at the board.
 Viv - First, to my dear husband, Simon Rockwell,
 Who funded and translated our creation,
 And sans whose love...
 Rock - Or, in Flubbish, wallet.
 Viv - I'd be producing...
 Rock - 80 proof grogurt
 For La Leche League.
 Viv - You're the shits, baby.
 Jurgen - How sad zie man who lives visout a vife,
 For union is zie levity of life.
 Rock - Then weddings are Fort Sumter's resupply.
 Tanduru - Tell us how you met!
 Viv - Twas in old Mashhad,
 Farming for the Peace Corps.
 Rock - I plundered her
 For my harem, she talkt my other wives
 To death, tilled my core, and wild went to weed.
 Viv - Our first date was a local Persian play
 That launched an interest in our current work.
 Rock - Its title: "Giddy Gelds the Golden Goof."
 Viv - It was an iteration of Ta'ziyeh,
 Or get this phrase - Condolence Theater -
 Showing muqawama, or resistance,
 Via hero myths recounting the death
 Of Hussein, the Holy Prophet's grandson.
 Rock - While we have tragedy and comedy,
 The burn and aloe of the careful life,
 Shia Persians single out Ta'ziyeh
 As neither both, for in this procession

The hero, Hasan, gets the girl and kicks,
 Defeating thus his foe - a long marriage.
 Viv - Given the Muslim practices ikhlas -
 Loving only one, not loving many -
 Which they call shirk - nailing thus our spirit
 In its prostration to the Church of Cheat -
 Once the girl's got, what's a man to do
 But kick?
 Saiyid - Ikhlas requires iiman, or faith,
 Which in his living for her comes to life.
 Rock - Yet keeping faith takes force, and force of faith
 Lies in three components for the Muslim:
 Kawl, or total acquiescence; amal,
 Or th'identity of intention,
 And yakim, deep enjoyment of the real,
 Yet what is acquiescence to a wife
 Save losing deep enjoyment of the real
 By misidentifying her intention,
 Which seemed to be to give, but was in fact
 To take the very force enables faith?
 Viv - O my God, no more God! But speaking of
 Happy couples, who are the Gods of God,
 We're glorified to have with us tonite
 Our wowzy starlet, Miss Sophie Berceau,
 And her Hendrix pedal, Griffin Hunter.
 May her talent non pareil pour fabuleuse
 Astride his urge to pacify the planet
 Mouth off a mixolydian that accords
 Tomorrows free of war and full of play.
 Rock - Hell yeah, let's talk of something interesting
 Don't spank my bottom line for stupid change.
 From where I'm swerving (sorry, no free seats,
 Cuz we all sittin shiva for freedom),
 The Hunter Accord's mighty discordant
 What with this nasty Franco-Sino belch.
 Griff - The party's for the play.
 Rock - Aw, come on, Gunter,
 We artsy types, bein, ya know, artsy,
 Would just be brasioned pink to hear a saw
 Du côté sexy de l'agressivité.
 Griff - Aggressivity has no sexy side.
 Rock - Your wife two-times your word: I've seen her geld
 A staging stud with such voltaic steam
 I longed to spread my hunch before her blade
 With "O madame, do me to dementia!"
 Griff - Such is theater; it keeps us crazy.

Soph - Such is politics; it keeps us sneaky.
 Rock - Such is la querelle; it keeps us peacy.
 Griff - This fracturing will be reset; I own
 With both France and China some special in.
 My father's mother was a stalwart stock
 From troweling Manchu roots; that same chi hé
 Whose yuanchi caifu richly feeds the globe
 Runs qualia thru my blood, so Zhōngguó's needs
 Are native to my raft as dear nai-nai
 To her toned convictions. And as for France,
 I'm still in school, but my rogue professor,
 Une fille tres ingenieux de Provencal,
 Has taught me this: her people understand
 We must not burn our house to heat our home.

Rock - I got just the slow gun for that slogan.
 Sophie - Tho, grâce a les Anglais, we've also learned
 To heat our home by burning another's house.

Rock - Ah Sophie, you earn your name.
 Viv - I, for one,
 Am on the nuts for the Hunter Accord,
 Cuz way too many weapons and more hugs.

Rock - Progressives love the bow and hate the rain,
 But 'muricans know that arms are all we've got
 To keep arift that gaping conscient gulf
 Which, once traversed, the antipathic tribes
 Of thought to total border war descend.

Griff - Arms cleft that gulf and fight to keep it wide
 By selling blasts in brands of paranoia,
 And by that crass recidivistic fetish
 The bridge of pathic will is retro-bombed
 By arsenals and their delivery systems
 That for profit semble mass destruction
 The best they can to block oblivion;
 Yet what of humanity's future place
 In sharing love? It's this chemic stockpile
 That crosses rifts and ends defensive holds
 That served us once, yet only to ourselves,
 For there's still no rescue in recursion.

Rock - You cannot shell the paradoxic base
 Of heart in hope to supplant paradox,
 As that base is but strengthened with each shell,
 For life is made of a truth - every man
 For himself; and life is made of a lie -
 Every man for himself. Mired and free,
 Ambitious, submissive, more mcmansions,
 More arcosantis, wilder, kinder,

Gitarama or Bhagavadgita,
 Our gorgeous dianoia of noetic
 Tantrums over-choosing wise delusion,
 And in this ever enabling, crippling
 Conundra every creature seeks a condo
 Wherefrom it can define defying crowds,
 So what are weapons? Merely mud and sticks
 We cuddle throw, for grunts a good enough.

Viv - What my badder half means to say is we
 Are all quite hopelessly inter-trappt
 In some impending, scripted, ad lib crisis,
 Playing ungiven parts in untold tales,
 Our motives masht, our commitment iffy,
 So we term our endowments our offense,
 Craving resolve, yet also knowing conflict
 Only ends with curtains, so on we act,
 Nearly insane with our kink for features.

Rock - My 'terpreter is my intent, thank you.
 He wants inspections and disarmement,
 Mais I j'accuse! Inspect the inspectors,
 Disarm the disarmers, righteous hypocrites!
 It's all a ploy to dominate the trade.
 Trust is market crunch, and his trick Accord
 An act of war against what keeps the peace.

Griff - What then is your prescription but to kill
 To find the urgency for more research
 Into what can kill us ever faster?

Rock - Every hand a gun, every mouth a heart,
 Cuz only then is life, that winfluenza,
 More than some ol' nainai's timid wishing
 Where thoughts are coppt and strength shame's underbitch.

Viv - Would you look at the time!
 Griff - I say we wish,
 For when has wish not been the way to why
 We found a better way? So let us wish,
 And if we fail, our wish was still success,
 For what may be can't be until it's wisht.
 Since our strange species' first attempt t'untie
 The knot of reason whence we loopt ourselves
 For safety's sake into society,
 Our world's swirled more and more to wish.
 How much should we restrain? How much indulge?
 Shall we price the jackass delicacies
 Of independence over the staples
 Of loyalty? Ought we be raging tools
 To our single abandon or rather

Engage in a common evolution?
 Shall we call parity polarity,
 Wincing under the Banner of Instead,
 Premier security in sacrifice
 Of all to one or one to all or none
 To who can know? How know? We know thru wish,
 As there we feel the data on warfare
 And are convinced this fair war's ever foul.
 The Hunter Accord is our top effort
 To realize a planet unbereaved
 Of its animating wish...excuse me.

Walker whispers in Hunter's ear.

Rock -	A pungent cheese that fats the morbid rats.
Viv -	Simon, shut.
Griff -	Forgive me. Something's come up I must tend to.
Rock -	Huzala! Huzala!
Griff -	What was that?
Rock -	O just chanting the fight song For my elite alma mater, I No U.
Viv -	Well, unsparing patrons, squat on the clocks, But dress rehearsal's set for cuss a.m., And I must rest. As for this battle chat, The sift and shift of blame merely forebodes A horror we with splendid make-believe Shall wrest from dire dictates of the real, Conveying space to liberties of play. So let it go - this game we're too game for Upon a tipping board of random rules And pieces with a mindless all their own - And think upon the piece we'll soon present, The, if you will, Sophivian Accord, Cuz there's no bomb or germ or gas can rip You from your seats when we two hit the floor. So stay, and smile, and mill, but I am off.
Tanduru -	To Vivian Nash and Sophie Berceau! Should we concede our fears to govern us, All governance shall tromp arrayed in fear, Then what we fear, we are, and thus confer On cadence terror's goal: the end of play.
Sophie -	Vous l'avez eu contre les cordes, mon homme.
Griffin -	Walker needs to talk.
Sophie -	When will you be back?
Griffin -	After my talk with Walker.

Sophie - Walker, Walker, when will she run away?
 Griffin - That is your producer?
 Sophie - I told you he was Vivian's husband.
 Griffin - You forgot to mention he's a bellicose pervert.
 Sophie - And a drunk.
 Griffin - On you.
 Sophie - It's strong stuff; you should hit it.
 Griffin - You stayed with that?
 Walker - Griffin, this needs you now.
 Sophie - O let him satisfy his wife for once.
 Walker - I'll be outside.
 Griffin - Rockwell's rubbed off on you.

She slaps him.

Sophie - O mon cher amour, je suis terrible.
 Griffin - You are no more terrible than justice.

He exits.

Vivian - Sophie, are you ok?
 Sophie - Je ne me sens pas bien.
 Rock - I'll drive you home.
 Sophie - No, I'll get a car.
 Rock - We miss you round the house.
 Viv - It was nice having someone here.
 Sophie - Merci. Soirée super, bon soir.
 Rock - Bon soir.

Sophie exits.

Viv - You fuck.
 Rock - Darling, please, the children. O, what children?
 Viv - The party is ruined.
 Rock - Yeah, so are we.
 Viv - What is this new mania for weapons?
 Rock - My wife is a fight choreographer.
 Viv - Stop hitting on Sophie.
 Rock - Stop directing my dick.
 Viv - We are married.
 Rock - N'est-ce pas vos francais pour "Find the loot
 So I can find myself, but should I learn
 Where you acquire and plan to land that loot,
 All I can find's the time to say you've been
 Feminist defunded"? Ser'ously, mate:
 I been a-thinkin we ought leave the bar

Where every fookin drink's a bloody married.
 Viv - I'm leavin first.
 Rock - Simon says his lawyer
 Will push you naked on a hateboard down
 The decline of his choosing.
 Viv - Have you no
 Humanity?
 Rock - Why'n't come in close and see?
 Viv - We loved each other once.
 Rock - Oops, we have a loser:
 Simon did not say go soft on Simon.

Rockwell exits.

Viv - It starts a summer wind, so fresh and warm,
 Supercharging every field of feeling
 With an electric passion to preserve
 A tender, complex, wistful, moral touch,
 A wedlock of no taint in its containing,
 And then - O that we ever chose to roll
 Around in such quivering extractions
 That putrefacients so pervade the house
 With rot it's for leveled – then enters in
 An interstitial buzz, a bluster snuck
 Converging other fronts, and slow, yet soon,
 What soothed conspires wide into a starving,
 Vicious funnel cloud of unresponsive
 Cross-destruction, hyper and horrific,
 A gouging maturation every swoon
 Cheers as if it knows not where it's clipping,
 That sends us cowering into dank seclusion
 To sit and wait, and maybe chat or game
 To razz the time, while love, once so serene,
 So richly called upon, devours our homes
 And rips our torsos, should we brave a squinch
 Above to snap the demolition, headless.
 'Tis then the season: Cyclone Semion's
 Now making landfall on the land it made,
 And all are litter. Should I seek survive,
 I must in this show's bunker stay dl,
 For if it's rhapsodized, I can emerge
 And stumble on my own beyond its wrath;
 If not, they'll rummage for me down the path.

She exits.

Phase 2, Scene 2. Leveret is standing in an alley. Enter Jurgen Scheckel.

Scheck - Hello?
Lev - Botschafter Scheckel, step into my shadow.
Scheck - Who are you?
Lev - Salubrious Muck.
Scheck - Vut do you vont from me?
Lev - Consider the sizzle.

Leveret projects a video onto the wall.

Scheck - Vut is zis?
Lev - Zis is ein film, like you get on your tongue after rimming your mother's compulsions, entitled Wienerschnitzel Sushi Crumpet, starring Jurgen Scheckel (any relation?) and his big (tho minor) no-no onna noko, Squeaky Suki. This spycam classic of urp-stewing bawdville follows that dynamic blockchain duo as they share tender Spank-Me Teddy Bear time during last year's UN Save the Children convention in Kyoto. Available now for private screenings, it could soon be beta-released - pending contract negotiations with talent – for a friends and family round, which somehow still includes Frau Scheckel, Scheckel Junior, and the UN Ethics Commission. Enjoy the ho, and thanks for playing the rice is ripe.
Scheck - O liebe Suki.
Lev - Herr Scheckel, please.
Scheck - She is seventeen.
Lev - Herr Scheckel, focus.
Scheck - Mein Frau vill mich abschlachten.
Lev - Saudi security forces will soon parade six Shiite rebels on charges of abducting the Governor of Corsica and transiting him to China. You will supply evidence to BND corroborating the allegations. Are you laughing or crying?
Scheck - I am German!

Enter Boa.

Boa - Your tracker's on, Leveret.
Lev - Boa, go away.
Boa - Why are you watching breeder porn in an alley with Vermin Schmeckel?
Lev - Am I not allowed a private life?
Boa - You kill Hunter yet?
Lev - Muzzle!
Boa - Just do like Rockwell says!

Lev - Sorry, Scheckel. In the know, off the ledge.
Scheck - I vill do vut you vish.
Boa - Uh oh. I hear an accident.

Boa draws on Scheckel.

Boa - Kneel, immanent slime, and I fix you up.

Scheckel kneels and Boa pees in his mouth.

Boa - Open your mouth. I take grave inception to this speaking with an accident. How can we communerate if we don't denounce our words with prevision? What you need is some accident remover. Open! The architexture of the tithole must always be mashibizing to the jinguistic duct tapes of the American mocking pop, cuz then, when you talk, people say, I ain't caught nuthin, and the blank motor of contention will chuckle from here to paternity. Open! There ya go. Clean as a Mormon outhouse.

Lev - Are you thru, Boa?

Boa - I dunno. Speak, immanent.

Scheck - Vy are you doing zis to me?

Boa - Yo, his accident got worse! Guess you can give a man your water but you can't make him think. Plan B for backward. Repeat after me, with no accident. Wee Willy Winky.

Scheck - Vee Villy Vinky.

Boa - I hear an accident.

Scheck - Vee Villy Vinky.

Boa - Last chance at the accident latrine.

Scheck - Vee Villy Vinky.

Boa - Three strikes, you're kraut.

Boa kills him.

Boa - Now that was an accident.

Rockwell calls from the side.

Rock - Boa?

Boa - Over here in Leveret's private life.

Enter Rockwell.

Rock - This better be a coon in the coop. It's like 4 in the fuckin... holy shit, who shot Scheckel?

Leveret turns off the film.

Lev - I was trying to stop the Hunter Accord.
Boa - You stop the Accord by killing Hunter.
Lev - Howbout you stand in?

They draw on each other.

Rock - Do it! Shoot! Let cancer cancel cancer, and I'm free!
Boa - I'd rather not put him outta my misery.

They withdraw.

Rock - O brooks of patience, swell to rage and flood me in my justice. Fitnah! Fitnah! Up, didg, and thrive a cudgel! Fitnah! My gifts beget ingratitude, my labor waste, my kindness nothing kindred, and every soul mate screws me for my soul. Did he who gave you godhead acid ask for but one tab? Action is the answer fit: Kill Griffin Hunter.

Lev - I can't.

Boa - Cuz he loves him.

Lev - No, I love his wife.

Rock - You what?

Lev - I love his wife.

Boa - You love his wife?

Lev - I love his wife.

Rock - You love his wife?

Boa - She's a woman, Leveret.

Lev - Yeah, but what an accident!

Rock - Boa, did you put paxil implants in Leveret's gimme perimeter?

Lev - Nah, her snazz just stent me where I stir, and I figure, don't married morph to martyred when a worthy man goes down, taggin him for good on the spousal scale? Ah, but if he cheats, his account's deleted, and I know just the thing to half that bake.

Boa - My ears don't believe what they're seein! Hunter cheat on Saucy? They just left the microwave, she's apparently every man's dream jeep (though I wouldn't ride her out a collapsing kindergarten on San Andreas Day), and Groupy Zilcho got more scroobles than you got screwy schemes.

Rock - Boa's right. No circumstance exists wherein a man would cheat on Sophie.

Lev - I make circumstance.

Boa - You love his wife?

Lev - The Bluebird Bookstore in the Mission is run by a woman named Mayumi, or Hunter's ex from the happy Hong Kong days. Thru twists too tight to untie now, he thinks she left him and vice versa, so all I gotta do is crosscut Griffin with that panda, et la sirène éloigné est libre en le sachet.

Boa - A clip of Hunter schlogging a panda in French? Too far fetisht.

Lev - The panda's a metaphor, you retard.

Boa - No, it's a marsumial, you leotard.

Rock - What makes you think this will work?

Lev - He's my friend.

Boa - The cheat confesses!

They draw on each other.

Lev - I am not a cheat!

Boa - I say what ain't or isn't!

Rock - Both you, drop it! Allah kiblat al-naya!

They withdraw.

Rock - Shalom Shedu hereby reminds you lunkhead peckers that he bought you from that Malaysian man can on a poppy-back guarantee, so he can return you any time, fully unsatisfied. Leveret, you got 48 hours to roll a Hunter dumpling and leak that pupurazzi to the press. Fail me, and Boa gets the gig.

Boa - At your surface.

Rock - Eesh. Did you treat this birkenstock with urine?

Boa - It just comes out when you pop a pedo.

Rock - Well, bodies in the streets is bad business. Deep-six this sauerbraten; O, and boys: work together, or work for the worms.

They exit with Scheckel's body.

Rock - "I love his wife." My operative unknowing
Speaks for me, and seeking his delicious,
Accords me mine. The fig is in my bowl.
The puss undamps her downy to the sun
On my veranda. Singing in my shower,
Avolokotesvara Baby Shotgun,
Skimpy toweled, scampers from bath to bed
Whilst I, who charge the world free of charge,
Fidget round her like some teenage shoplift
Splitting his skull bisecting his gaze,

One eye on the cam, one on the candy,
 To snatch my love, unknown til creme Sophie.
 And now he comes, and she no more with me?
 No more inside my house? No more non non?
 Who calls himself a bighorn yet backs down
 Before the butt? What komodo gayly
 Disgorges the boar? How to crimp the clamp
 That flumes the tube that moogs her to my tank
 Where we shall splash the act amphibian?
 I'll show the ballsy scenes to her myself,
 And, as in all, her wail shall be my wealth.
 O yeah, I am the terror in this play,
 Whose cause is common: I will have my way.

Rockwell exits.

Phase 2, Scene 3. Enter Griffin and Walker in Golden Gate Park.

Walker -	I've never seen such a spotless sweeper. In only half a day, the Governor Of Corsica is secretly abducted And woosht to Beijing, appeasing China; Then huffy France's wrath recircuiting, The Saudis shuffle out six Ismailis Who, believe it or shot, did the whole do To flog some megacorp for cancelling Its centrifuge commitment to Tehran. All totally illegal, shadow cranked, Fabricated, and incredibly clutch For the Hunter Accord. I mean, why learn If it only lines your limitations, But where'd your old friend Leveret cut his keys?
Griffin -	Last night's the first I've hung with him in years, And I know well as you what he's bent on, But back the day, he could smuggle club chairs Into Mysore, hand Tokyo to the mutt, Clear a Thai casino with a whisper, And as his simply being here attests, Super Max is no match for Slender Man, But this feat shows he's been advanced so far Up the flexors of th'invisible hand His flipping finger now flies to the spot Whence the whole planet sings to just one bird.
Walker -	Let's keep him on our barge.
Griffin -	He's so dead bolt, The only danger's in his over-give.

Leveret enters on the side and calls Griffin's phone with Scheckel's phone.

Lev - Kill Griffin Hunter? Call Griffin Hunter.

Griffin answers his phone.

Griffin - Well, Jurgen, you're up drinking in the dawn;
Nennst du es "last call" or a "start too soon"?

Leveret - Ach, Griffin, I have been awake all night conferring mit das
Bundesnachrichtendienst, und I must meet you sofort
persönlich to exchange much kritische information um zese
recent schlamassels.

Griffin - Name it, and I'm there.

Leveret - Do you know zie Buddha Vut Sits Through Sun und Rain
Vissout Shelter in zie Japanese Tea Garden im Golden Gate
Park?

Griffin - I do and am very close.

Leveret - Komm alleine.

Griffin - Geht es dir gut?

Leveret - Mach schnell!

Leveret hangs up.

Walker - I'll trail from a distance.

Griffin - He said alone.

Walker - Your safety dictates my locale.

Griffin - Were it not for Jurgen Scheckel, I'd be fetching coffee for
the Committee to Get More Sleep. We go way back, and I
roll to his wrist.

Walker - You know him well as Leveret, then?

Griffin - I need a first lieutenant, not a second wife.

Walker - You need intelligence and cover from its dearth.

Griffin - I am your superior.

Walker - Then leave the part of inferior to me.

Griffin - Triplingo, please: no speak lowkey contempt.

Walker - I was going to spare you this spoiler, but after his paltering
display of fastigial subrage, I brusht Rockwell's snifter for
prints and found some bone yards neath that daffy topsoil.
Simon Rockwell is Semion Al-Hillel, the Unrisen
Promontory of Vaad Sirat, which gene-curdling cognomen
comes from Vaad, or Hebrew Authority, and Sirat, the
bridge over hell whence righteous Muslims walk to Jannah
but off whose somma sinners fall to flames. This
paranational frathouse of biocidal jewrabs has its forkt
tongue way up the bunghole of hecatomb – bilateral

machete sales to warring tribes on a cash-per-corpse basis; munitions fairs where haggling rogues barter over chemo-tipped no-dong missiles; uranium shipments from defunct labs to jihadi training camps - all government-sanctioned chaos highly threatened by our Accord.

Griffin - Sophie stayed with that?

Walker - Vivian seems clean, so chance confers your call: close to me or close to him. This town may seem a playground, but there's a killer in every kid, especially with the toys you mean to nick. Fine, you trust Jurgen, and I'll mirror that trust, but at least admit my hi-sec bad vibes outbrass us both.

Griffin - Apologies. Sophie and I banged heads tonite, and it has me teetering thru a labyrinth of self-entangling loyalties that twists the more I turn. You know the ropes that hold from wreck, so run the rig, but hear me out: Jurgen's good people.

Walker - Then hear me out: If my partner threw such flamingo, they'd get treadwelled by Smoky the Unbearable. When love ain't a lullaby, it's an alarm.

She exits.

Griffin - Huzala. Rockwell said Huzala. But how?
'Less Leveret...ah, a slope too steep for thought;
Backseat, too-terraining, mispromoted,
Beginner thought, so stiff and dumb it breaks
Its head trying to beat its ass. Yet here
Is Leveret, and what he's pulled takes power,
Semion Al-Hillel level power;
But why would such a butcher free the cow
That beefs his feast? Money murks all motives,
And those who look, which only looks like looking,
Find but the bust of unbillable hours.
Should my Accord be saved by Vaad Sirat,
It's far more iron rule than irony,
For what is my success save the ransom
I pay myself for abetting myself
In the failed kidnapping of myself
By one huge selfish murderous mistake
Escaped alone thru Leveret's selfless love,
Which, had he not forced me to swear to sail
Westmost and call him dead, I'd have repaid,
Yet now Huzala! Huzala! rings around
My public cavern carved by endless spans
Of secret guilt dripping thru my granite,

Malignant soul, so ungraciously safe,
 Which finally means deformed. And there's my twitch.
 No! The past is past. Narcotic fiction,
 Echo self, loopy feeble remnant, yes,
 But a blown inner spot I'll no more shine
 Cross the stage, so should that form-devolving,
 Damning in(re)surrection once occur,
 'S'all the heave of underfound conundra.
 Leveret will not crack. His love is his lymph.
 So then I've nothing but myself to fear,
 And why fear that wraith? I am the usher
 To what I was, and we are oversold.
 Fear, off. You are a broken theft device
 That shoots red paint into your placer's face,
 So like a bride whose parents want no part,
 It's only I can give myself away,
 Yet I'm already given, so all good.
 Huzala! Huzala? Sophie, Sophie...

Enter Mayumi.

Mayumi - Ghazan?
 Griffin - Mayumi?
 Mayumi - I can't believe...
 Griffin - Be...leave.
 Leveret - Pounce and Punch, in.

Enter Leveret's two operatives, Trick and Track, as thieves, Pounce and Punch.

Pounce - All assets in the pouch, or I price you at a loss.

Griffin drops his wallet and Mayumi drops her purse and book into the bag.

Punch - That watch tells time to run.
 Griffin - Nah, it's a knock-off.
 Punch - Knock it off into the pouch.
 Griffin - Please, it's a gift whose value is only in the feelings it
 confers, which can't be yours, so it's just more heavy junk
 whose pawn's unassailable as what makes me a pawn to it.
 Punch - Yo, I'm a snip, so your loss emotes my gain, and the street
 don't know a knock off from a put on, so put it in the
 pouch.
 Griffin - Fine, you win my fist.

Griffin hits him. Pounce grabs Mayumi.

Pounce - Godzilla's got your geisha and he's horny in the gnash, so lose the watch or she's jumbo lizard lunch.

Griffin drops the watch into the pouch. Punch hits Hunter.

Punch - Only a bloody lip cures a bleeding heart.

They exit.

Mayumi - Are you hurt?

Griffin - I've hurt worse at the hands of those who felt I wasn't worth a fight.

Mayumi - Should I get help?

Griffin - Can the mugger be the medic?

Mayumi - You should never fight back.

Griffin - When someone means to take something of value to me, I reflexively resist, unless that someone is that something and the taking serves the meaning, whence I can only resist my reflexes, which is screaming at silence to return its futile fruit.

Mayumi - You talk as if...

Griffin - As if is all you left me, but I let that go, as you did me, and this time will get better besting you.

He goes to exit.

Leveret - Nice and Not, in.

Trick and Track enter as Officers Nice and Not.

Not - Freezerize!

Nice - Sorry to bust your Bodhi Zone, but officers just apprehended two suspects fleeing the vicinity in possession of this wallet and this purse. Might you have been denuded of such necessities?

Griffin - Yes, and they took my watch.

May - And my book.

Nice and Not give the wallet to Griffin and the purse to Mayumi, in which they have planted Griffin's watch.

Not - Coherulate to the interrogature!

Nice - We can certainly report and hopefully restore your outer balance. Let's start with how you met.

Griffin - Let's start with name and number.
Not - Let's startegize with we're top cops and you're bouncy bottoms, so our relationshippage does not include a suggestion box of your stylification.
Mayumi - We met ten years, three months, and nine days ago.
Griffin - At 7:08 pm in the Rare Book Room at the Hong Kong University Library.
Mayumi - He says, "I'm looking for something incendiary yet reclusive, that overturns the shroud of caprice to uncover the body as a battlefield of florigens, something in the way of everything that lacks any bad reviews for obstruction, something that hates squeaking more than it loves the grease."
Griffin - And she says, "The Sufis are dizzy with waiting for you."
Mayumi - "I know it, and so rue it, but what term can one so speechless with unknown allure truly use – especially when that usage interrupts the being it reveres for being all he needs before he was ever truly used - save what's overused by those who risk it all to be nothing in blind enthrallment to the world that daily scans what it should newly see?"
Nice - Wo, and she says?
Griffin - "All speech is common, desire invasive, rarity rote, yet every love invents one word that teases all away, and by such is universal memory written into touch."
Mayumi - After that, it's all a blur.
Nice - Damn, you two could make a stickman blubber.
Not - Status: married.
Mayumi - Not by law.
Not - Then by law, you're under arrestment.
Griffin - What for?
Not - Lying to a police officer, cuz there's no way you two ain't Mr. and Mrs. Bend Over Backwards Into Each Other if that's how you inceptionated.
Griffin - She left me.
Mayumi - What?
Not - Break it up, kismet killers, or I'll cuffulize your mental to your temporal.
Nice - Officer Not, I will examine the male perp in iso.
Griffin - Perp?
Mayumi - We were robbed and assaulted.
Not - Stop biasizing the probulesion, or it's nako-a-nakem.

Officer Nice and Griffin step to one side, Officer Not and Mayumi to the other.

Nice - Look, much as you think it may tapioca your troubles, nay to inserting Officer Not's extra fat bubble straw up your obstreperous clique port. He's a rage artist. That Bwahaha would rather live under a bridge with a plaque that says "Beware World's Lamest Troll" than grant you a parsec of Miranda. So, let's just make this easy so I can get back to cruising the green for Polish tourists with a badge fetish, cuz, hey, that's my Mr. Rogers on a couple cordials. Confess: you love this woman.

Griffin - What does that have to do with the crime committed against us?

Nice - Dude, don't stir me sugar just cuz I'm sweet. This is Sandman Disco, City of Plug and Play, so I do more than hand out optional tickets for triple homicide; e.g., I serve the community, as in it's a disheveled unity I comb. Cute, right? Like we even got our own department motto: "Make Love, Not Excessive Force." You likee?

Griffin - It's forced, excessively.

Nice - See, you can unman my mantra, but I still wanna pet your spirit animal with my triple lutz purr stick, cuz my job is to get you back where you belong, which is with Miss Yonder Hither.

Griffin - I'm married.

Not - Yeah, and I don't grazeify the tenderloin for quotality!

Nice - How's marriage workin for ya?

Griffin - Great, thanks.

Nice - But?

Griffin - No but.

Nice - Marriage: sexless.

Griffin - I didn't say that.

Nice - Because you know as a married man that not saying things is the only way to get them heard, but I hear you longing for her.

Griffin - I'm not longing for her.

Nice- Then you're short for someone else.

Griffin - She left me.

Nice - Hey, just cuz it left don't mean it ain't, ya know, not left. Leaving feels the opposite of loving, yet the negative sows the positive, for the greater a love, the more it leaves, each lover fearing the loss of itself, so leaving to love it, loving to leave it, the leaving but increases the loving, as each longs for, and so loves, what is left, a living that's become a micro buzz of all you have is all you just let go. Describe your wife.

Griffin - Beautiful, powerful, brilliant, perfect.

Nice - Not much room for you in that one woman limo, eh?

Griffin - It's a mutual limo, and there's lots of room, thank you.
 Nice - Mutual limo? You won't last a run to the dump.
 Griffin - O, and why?
 Nice - Mutual limo like shared guitar: jams get jammed. For a marriage to shine past the outburst, you gotta have one in the spot and one in the shade and a big wide wall of lethal understanding between them, else all you do is fight for the light.
 Not - He confessionize yet, or I gotta boot up my orthodox inclinational?
 Nice - Pretty much, but I'd like some time with the female.
 Not - Fine, but if things ain't addin up, Imma crunch some knuckle math.

Mayumi and Griffin switch places.

Nice - So, we have a small problem: he's still crazy bones about you.
 Mayumi - Crazy bones without effort to connect is crazy broken.
 Nice - And pride is the fear you're not welcome in the prideless parade.
 Mayumi - Not welcome? I swaddled my abdomen in that man's mind and sent it down the nullah of dreams to be raised by an extinct species of symbol-making cashew milk, then poof, he disappears, and I text and text and text, and he's like, "we're not good for each other." How can we not be good for each other when we're so good at each other unless someone in that session doesn't wanna be beautifully played?
 Nice - Why do people choose to live in a structure they themselves have condemned to spontaneous demolition?
 Mayumi - To be crusht by an untenable dream is often preferable to memento-sitting a prefab insomnia.
 Nice - So sleep with him.
 Mayumi - Excuse me?
 Nice - I'm only following your metaphor to a land where images aren't ungrateful people.
 Mayumi - He has a bed bug, and I'm sure her bite's got swell.
 Nice - According to him, they've been diagnosed as erogenously incompatible.
 Mayumi - Really?
 Nice - It's a not so hot disorder sweeping the nation of dusty douvees, but I swore I wouldn't tell you, so mum.
 Mayumi - Whatever. They can fund the fix.
 Nice - The fix is you.

Mayumi - Like I'm an aphrodisia cream for his sleepytime tea so he can fat off my meals on feelz in peace?

Nice - He loves you.

Mayumi - Then his manhood should meet his mouth and the two of them can gurney his head into the yard for some she-shine.

Nice - You might as well wait for the lightning to call a strike. You know him: will's his antidote to the ills of will.

Mayumi - Yes, but how do you know him?

Nice - His profession, which grounds him in a drought of desire, so he fights his inner fires with a calm chill. You're a sand trap and he's got shots to make, but the course is not natural to that krakatoan peacock, so the master craves a putt with wood or a hole in the rough. Under every power suit there's a wild boy strung up with notifications, but for all of us the rush is slow and certain to gracious malfunction. All you gotta do to get what you want is be what he wants. It's called compromise, and it's the clinch between a lonely amateur politician and a professional non-stop avocado smoothie.

Not - If she ain't talkin, I'm keen to teach her to dogpaddle to Alcatraz for a teethe on my dirtball biscuit.

Nice - You data his detes?

Not - All over my sire cutters.

Nice - Then it's time for the sentencing.

Not - Anybody move, nutjob seeks a promotionobble.

Nice - After long investigation, I can say with the surety that something has happened here. A crime? Yes. But what crime kind? A theft? Yes, for precious objects have been unfairly removed from their rightful sich, i.e. bestride each other. A rape? In a sense. For sensuality has been insensitively forced into the desensitizing service of sensational hurt. A murder? Tho a stretch, not a stretch, for is it not murder when two people who are the harbingers of more people conspire against enpeopling? There has been a crime, and where there is crime, there must be punishment, or crime is all there will be, yet we must punish the culprit to relieve the victim or we ourselves are the culprits, and to do so, we must understand the offenders, the offense, and the offensive. So, my judgment: the offenders are you, the offense is your separation, and the offensive is your immediate and uninhibited proximity to each other, in short, it lies in thee, my friends, it lies in thee. You are the victims and the culprits, you have robbed yourselves of years of bliss, you have raped yourselves with pride and negligence, and you have murdered each other with a brutal absence. The only correction is a life sentence in each

other's affections, for only you can atone for the crimes committed by and against you. So, sure as a yogi's got his own back, I can apb this 10-13 or whatever lingo makes for killer programming, but that trail will lead in loops, and greatest guilt shall fall on innocence. Find then your justice in reunion. A watch, a book, a wallet, a purse, these but the baubles of #soberoctober. The valuable invaluable is love. Officer Not, let's roll.

Not - Rehabilitative cohabitation, or you suck my motion sickness.

Nice - It lies in thee, my friends, it lies in thee.

Officers Not and Nice exit.

Griffin - That's your law enforcement?

Mayumi - That's our love enforcement.

Griffin - What are you doing here?

Mayumi - This garden stands between my home and work, which I could intimize, but that it stands between them, and the walk's my higher wage.

Griffin - I came to this garden for work, but fear I've found my home.

Mayumi - A sense of home that starts in fear generally portends a problem with the gaslight.

Griffin - Yet there's something in this particular dwelling that makes me feel betrothed to it by a sense that predates any fear I may confuse the problematic for the portentous.

Mayumi - Perhaps the Buddha Who Sits Through Sun and Rain is Sophie's newest role?

Griffin - That may be the only character she can't nail.

Mayumi - You're unfair to her. No one can nail anatman, as the cross is the hammer.

Griffin - I am unfair, and should go.

Mayumi - Who's nailing you?

Griffin starts to exit.

Leveret - Dream and Deep, in.

Enter two operatives as Dream and Deep.

Dream - Blessed be, my beauteous bipedal bebop belugas.

Deep - It's a sumptuous sunsplash smoochdown in the city of the siliconscious.

Dream - I'm Dream.

Deep - I'm Deep.

Dream - And together we gweme.
 Deep - In your fleep.
 Dream - Dot orgulloso!
 Deep - This next song is for you.
 Dream - Cuz everyone needs a song, and you are so everyone.
 Deep - Listen
 Dream - And glisten.
 Griffin - I'm sorry, but I have somewhere to be.
 Deep - You have some here to be.
 Mayumi - Do the song for me, as I'm less taken by what I can't control.
 Dream - This one goes out to all the graveyard day-shifters headin the wrong way down Tied-up Turnpike.
 Deep - Colder, colder.

Dream and Deep sing.

*No, love can't forget. No, love can't forget.
 Its memory gets younger with time.
 It dies in your arms, but lives in your head,
 You flee but you follow the sign.*

*Yeah, Love might forget. Yeah, love might forget.
 The wilds of the heart will not tame.
 It hides in your head, but falls in your net;
 You sleep and it cries out your name.*

*O love must forget. O love must forget.
 As glories must close with the sun.
 It falls in the West, but East it has set,
 And there it will rise once again.*

Griffin - I should have signed the Accord in Boston.

Enter Walker and Detective Madera.

Walker - I told you he's meeting with Scheckel.
 Dream - Dream.
 Deep - Deep.

Dream and Deep exit.

Madera - Jurgen's had a race lift.
 Walker- Griffin, who is that?
 Griffin - Nothing, no one, old friends, great, nice to see you, keep in touch.

Mayumi - I should have walked around the world to work.

Mayumi exits. Leveret, Trick and Track talk over their headsets.

Leveret - Ah, crotch shot. It's Defective Mascara.

Trick - You want I pop him?

Leveret - Chill, fireball.

Walker - Where is Scheckel?

Griffin - He never showed.

Madera - Lucky sucky for you, I guess.

Griffin - Howbout I suck the luck outta the hole I put in your head and spit it down your mama's mouth so she can reabsorb her biggest mistake, you little racist bitch?

Walker - Griffin, back.

Madera - I'm an ecofreak who runs on yuck, not luck, and my mother's passed, so if you're going in for the spill, don't mistake her lowest chakra for your kundalini with charred necrofilet.

Walker - This is Detective Madera, SFPD; he's investigating Scheckel's whereabouts.

Madera - His wife's filed a missing person.

Walker - And Scheckel's last call was to you.

Leveret - You told me that call was untraceable.

Track - Only the network knows the network, and the network knows nothing.

Walker - What happened to your lip?

Griffin - We were mugged. The cops came. It's in the system.

Madera - The only crime reported in the park this morning involved a flasher on molly and a group of Tahitian "ambi-bassadors." Which are you?

Trick - Just to be clear, that wasn't me.

Leveret - You are not in the clear.

Madera - What did Scheckel say on the phone?

Walker - Don't answer that, Griffin.

Griffin - He asked to meet but didn't say why.

Walker - Shall I leave you two alone so your pillow talk can grow even more self-incriminating?

Griffin - No, I'm thru.

Walker - Are we thru, Madera, or shall I sue the department for medical inattention?

Madera - We're thru with our speed date, but now my vodka's met the red bull, don't expect me not to stalk you like a gmo peavine.

Walker - You get one star so you can reach for it and fall on your face.

Leveret - The book, the book!

Enter Trick.

Trick - Mister, esta su libre?
Griffin - Si, gracias.

Trick gives him the book and exits.

Madera - Great meeting you, Mr. Hunter. I'm a huge fan.
Walker - Then blow yourself and leave my man alone.

Griffin and Walker exit on one side, Madera exits on the other. Enter Leveret, Trick, and Track.

Leveret - Good work, minus the bad parts.
Track - Dude, your humpty buddy nearly crackt my fancy brain case.
Leveret - If you'd stuck to the script...
Trick - Glue trap alert!
Track - We're complex artists, man. Deny us the spur of the moment, and your horsey's goin headlong into monotony knackers theonomous.
Leveret - Then thanks for the fuck-ups.
Trick - Don't thank me.
Track - Bank me.

Trick and Track exit.

Leveret - You think I'm cool to do the thing I do?
So which of you would want it done to you?
Exhume the pre-school paintings of your passions
And lay them out, like post-traumatic rations
Shining trite thru lifting, lowering fog
To actinize with sensuous dialogue
The lovey-shovey photosyntheses
Of all you cloak to not be shown a sleaze,
Til your puritan thespophobia
(Yes, you misheard me right) hurls off its bra,
Drops trou, and dies a dream. My productions
Merely offer stage to their seductions,
Conducting thru new channels old desires;
Stirring sparks from long-forgotten fires,
I soften the cordelian irony
Of lunging at a coded liberty
Because your biological septics
Think they'll flush by flash dancing with metrics,

And remember: I'm saving Griffin's wish
Returning him unto his rightful swish,
The woman he'd have married had I not
Disarmed their clasp to give my grasp a shot.
I did it for love, and do it again,
So antibac your claps, or we on friend.

Leveret exits.

Phase 2, Scene 4. Enter Sophie and Xiao at the Mission.

Sophie - Xiao, have you seen my sneakers?
Xiao - Monarch, have you seen your feet?
Sophie - Ah, merci.
Xiao - I worry for you, mon étoile.
Sophie - Worry is idle sport. I'm simply sideswiped by my pinpoint;
so many lines running thru my head, I feel like a drum and
bugle corps drilling on a distressed plane.
Xiao - Tu as besoin de dormir.
Sophie - I would have slept better had I stayed awake.
Xiao - Griffin is still out?
Sophie - Oui, silly me: I thought my husband being here would
mean by husband being here.
Xiao - He works too hard.
Sophie - It's where he puts the hard that leaves me wanting.
Xiao - The party did not end in you?
Sophie - It ended with a giant misdirected claque au son visage, and
were my life in rehearsal, I'd seek a second, kinder take.
Xiao - He deserved it, peut-être.
Sophie - No, it was from my being too long across the pond. In
France we understand that questions of trust are how lovers
grow close, but Les États-Unis is one giant cineplex on
mass domestic shootings.
Xiao - Quelles questions de confiance pourrait-il y avoir entre
vous deux? Griffin is as honest as lift-off and smart enough
to know any other woman a demotion.

Enter Griffin (carrying Mayumi's book) and Walker.

Walker - Sleep. I'll wake you if there's news. Morning, ladies.
Xiao - Morning.
Walker - Sophie, how was your night?
Sophie - Lonely. Yours?
Walker - The same.

Walker exits.

Xiao - That one I wouldn't trust with the shoes I never wear.

Xiao exits.

Griffin - You shouldn't snap at her.

Sophie - She stole my husband. What should I do, her laundry?

Griffin - You're too much.

Sophie - Am I?

Griffin - Not for me.

Sophie - Then why are you acting like I'm some sex shop that doesn't have what you're looking for?

Griffin - Sorry?

Sophie - D'où je viens, you kiss for hello or you let it all go.

Griffin - I was hiding my wound.

Sophie - O Griffin, did I do that?

Griffin - Yes, but it's fine. I should have known if I gave you lip you'd split it with me. Très genereux!

Sophie - Will you ever forgive me?

Griffin - Perhaps.

Sophie - Did you buy a book?

Griffin - Yes. *Sufi Teachings*. Sufi, like Sophie. To more breathe your secret wisdom. Let's go upstairs.

Sophie - I'm going swimming.

Griffin - Swim with me upstairs.

Sophie - Maybe. What time is it?

Griffin - Time for laps upstairs.

Sophie - Griffin, where's your watch?

Griffin - I took it off.

Sophie - Where?

Griffin - Before my shower.

Sophie - What shower? You've been out all night, and you wore it to the party.

Griffin - I don't believe I did.

Sophie - I know you did. Je l'ai admiré sur toi. O, Griffin, please don't say you lost my wedding gift to you.

Griffin - Of course not.

Sophie - Then where is it?

Griffin - Ah, now I remember. I removed it during my meeting.

Sophie - Pourquoi?

Griffin - It was itching.

Sophie - It never itched before.

Griffin - It got hot, so it itched. Walker will get it.

Sophie - Walker. So you've taught your bitch to fetch?

Griffin - Sophie, arrête ça.

Sophie - Griff, why do you think I gave you that watch

On our wedding day? To pretty your wrist?
 To keep you punctual? To shackle you
 To me? Of course, all those, pourtant un de plus:
 To keep you ever watchful of our love,
 For both are one precarious allotment.
 Their tick-tock is powered by rewinding;
 Tho beautiful, they would never be made
 Were such not also useful to the trite
 D'être sur l'argent; Love and time perdure
 But by the proper motion of their hands;
 Accuse them of being over-precise,
 And there's no perfect chance you will not miss;
 Connecting you to the hustle pattern,
 Ils libèrent félicités uniques.
 Hold fast to them to profit what must be,
 Dance round their ring to operize what may,
 And take them off only to protect them
 From loss or damage, yet the danger past,
 Stick that buckle in, resserrez bien,
 And off you scam, in the band, on demand.
 Cette minuteur à la mode dit "pas le temps":
 No time like the present. No time to waste.
 "No time for fake niggaz, uh hu uh hu."
 My Sophie teachings? No time for no time.
 Breathe it deep, my love. J'suis dans la baie.

She exits.

Griffin - What must I be to be what I am not?
 Untolds ago, my life became a lie,
 A guilt I feebly quilt into reserve,
 But now, guilt gives good chase, and I am caught
 In more me than I know: last night, two lies,
 This morning, twenty more. Tomorrow, what?
 I will not know the story from the spoof.
 After all my scraping thru the firma,
 Blindly carving out the sight-splurging light,
 Must I return as empty as I went
 To the burrow of my birth? How live anew?
 The past's a driving virus that creates
 Its own defense to mutate prior to
 Identity, yet made to kill its host,
 In its upper hand arrives its fail,
 And so it dies, and takes its source along,
 A happy couple, vigor-victimized.
 I am so deeply basted in deceit

That every smirking probe emerges drencht
 In truth-corrupted bunk. O sacrifice,
 You're nothing in yourself; they make you mean.
 This Walker talk has clogged my cribration
 For trust and chat. My loll of judgment's basht
 By fact I suspect of being fiction,
 By fiction I must force into some fact,
 And in this paragenesis, my mind
 Fulgurates dioptricious crystals,
 Enlight'ning to see, madd'ning to see thru,
 All skewed and hued by dark stenecious growth,
 Its cells fabricating and dividing
 A heavy, fervent, raw duplicity,
 That I am crafted of my self-distortion.
 Round me, deceit convects, and thru me too,
 Yet how can I be free of this affliction
 When truth now seems an advertising trick
 Burning the bridge that brought me to my sense?
 Lies over lies over lies, O let me out!
 Perhaps to leave a lie, one has to lie,
 Much like a life-raft off a sinking ship
 Is a lesser craft, but at least it floats,
 And once on land, it's fondly set aside,
 Then on good ground you stand, which after all
 Is but another respite from the sea.
 To know you lie's to know you know the true;
 Yet what if you know two, and can't decide
 Which is the truer? Truer is the truth,
 As less is but a lie. O fatal fact.

Griffin gets a text from Mayumi. He reads it.

"Leveret sent your number. I have your watch."

She is where I lie, so to my salvage.

Griffin exits.

Phase 3, Scene 1. Enter Sophie at the bay getting ready to swim. Detective Madera enters.

Madera - Ok day for a sway in the bay, I'd say.
 Sophie - A clap for your rap, but on with my cap.
 Madera - May I fix your strap?

He fixes her strap.

Sophie - Yap, snap, and in I dive...like...
Madera - A slap in a flap?
Sophie - Elle rechappe.
Madera - Ms. Berceau, before you go: Detective Madera, SFPD, and I have a few questions concerning your husband.
Sophie - Well, Detective, you can't have more questions than I, so if you'd like some of mine, buy quick, as my asking price is bullish on his having priceless answers. Bon jour.
Madera - Did you sleep with him last night?
Sophie - I'm Sophie Berceau, the vixen myth, the simulacra of insatiable sensuality, the fleshy fireplace – you give me wood, I give you warm. Comment aimes-tu my French for none of your business?
Madera - Not as much as I like your “visa revoked” for failure to cooperate with an officer of the law.
Sophie - I know enough OG to plead the fifth, and its only rhyme, fuck da police.
Madera - Ms. Berceau, my concerns concern you as they concern your greatest concern, your husband.
Sophie - My greatest concern is myself, so ply your concern for my husband with my husband. I have a sea to assault.
Madera - No sea could hold its salt with such a fresh water fish fondling its foams.
Sophie - Don't let your offstage activities create a personal drama detrimental to the success of the overall performance.
Madera - I'm a one-man show; everything I do benefits my performance.
Sophie - You do seem like a man who could pull one off on his own.
Madera - I am, but it's so much better when you come too.
Sophie - If I came too, you'd get your come-uppance. Est-ce que la phrase?
Madera - The perfect phrase.
Sophie - Made in the U Blasé. Au revoir, Detective Boolala.

A diver exits the water dragging a headless body.

Diver 1 - When your hero beams on high for draggin your friend from the bar, but you know deep down he's already scalped.
Madera - Where's the other diver?
Diver 1 - Sifting for the top of this zesty pickle jar.
Madera - I'm sorry you had to see this, Sophie.
Diver 1 - Wo, it's Sophie “She Puts France in my Pants” Berceau. I'm surfacing so fast into the Paris of the West the bends in

my wave organ done trolleyed the Tendernob up my Loinhill. Ms. Berceau, I'm your biggest fan, next to my friend here, who's so star-crusht, he's lost his head. Like I seen all your films, but if you don't mind my sayin, and I know my friend don't mind cuz he ain't got one, I'm partial to your deep fakes: Long Johns Dangereuse, Lady Banana Legs Goes to Splitsville, and the Amateur Gynecologist; "If you won't love me, Serge, do me the honor of jumping my Peugeot." Yo, Detective, can I borrow your pen so Ms. Berceau can sign my rubber suit?

A second diver enters out of the water with a bodiless head.

Diver 2 - Noggin Accomplished!
Sophie - C'est Jurgen Scheckel.
Diver 1 - And that's Sophie Berceau.
Diver 2 - Wo! "If you won't love me, Serge..."
Madera - Take him...
Diver 1 - Them...
Diver 2 - Just cuz I'm detached don't mean you can leave me out.
Madera - To the wagon.
Diver 1 - Hey, brainy. Wanna neck?
Diver 2 - Sorry, but I like a man with a head on his shoulders.
Diver 1 - I'll let you be on top.
Diver 2 - Fine, but I only love you for your body.

They exit.

Madera - Forgive them, Ms. Berceau. The pressure cooks their brains and out pop words so uncouth they burn like toddies in a handle shortage.
Sophie - How did this happen?
Madera - That is the million sand dollar question. Scheckel's wife reported him missing this morning, we found his Benz at the pier, and this note was pinned to the steering wheel.
Sophie - "I met a dead man who bobs in the bay / said, Griffin Hunter threw my life away – Salubrious Muck"
Madera - Is that name familiar to you?
Sophie - No.
Madera - The last call on Scheckel's phone was to your husband.
Sophie - And?
Madera - And they were to meet in person this morning, but Scheckel never showed.
Sophie - And?
Madera - And I found him there with someone else.
Sophie - And?

Madera - Varietal, woman.
 Sophie - It must have been his counsel, Walker.
 Madera - Must have been?
 Sophie - Was it not?
 Madera - Ah, fog city. Look how the day on-slithers thru her streets, chimeric sun malingering in freakish haze, churning wind that peaks in lull, making sense but a version of obscure. Like some motley, shamle jewel she kelters, a beautiful beast of haggard vibrancy whose cool pacific blur yet tempers a head that can scald the yearning hand. Such tips and dips, such murks and gleams, her lazy manic magic leaves you wondering: Might pewter loathens lurk in painted ladies? Might her gate be golden but to gobble what it lures? What awful avarice struts her hippy enclaves, turning peace and love to war on the Haight? They say the crust beneath her's soon to shake with an ancient, unforgiving fault, knocking all her spiraled dalliance off its darling plates, so might she compensate this shifting random terror with a rampant ease that hennas pretty patterns on munition? Yes, it is too true: So many gorgeous contradictions grace her pied peninsula, all one can do is celebrate suspicion.

Sophie - Answer my question, Detective.
 Madera - Like you answered mine? Ok, OG. Fuck da police.
 Sophie - I am tamed, so let us trade.
 Madera - It's not my place to put your husband in his place, Ms. Berceau, unless that place is in cuffs.

Sophie - My husband is far more innocent than you will ever be.
 Madera - I'm sorry to hear that from his wife.
 Sophie - I didn't speak as the woman who loves him, but as the human who hates you.

Madera - The human you hate is trying to save the man you love, so maybe you should repartition your drives so your calculations favor your estimations.

Sophie - You're out to save him like Scheckel's got a headache.
 Madera - If he is true, the truth will save him. If he's not, what's to save?

Sophie - If he is not, you and I will hold hands at his beheading.
 Madera - I accept the invitation.
 Sophie - But if he is, he'll hold your head in his hands.
 Madera - I'd rather you do the holding in that case, but my healthy head shows I don't quibble with the queen.

Sophie - Keep it up.
 Madera - What about your swim?
 Sophie - The thought of it disgusts me encore plus que toi.

Madera - Now, Sophie, don't be squeamish. The ocean is a bouillabaisse of bodies, decomposing, feeding nibbling creatures, which we then nibble in return, drenched in lemony butter.

Sophie - Je le reprend. You disgust me more, but no.

Madera - Do not bodies and death make such a fine couple, the French say petit mort when the body is most alive?

Sophie - Shut up.

Madera - Let me watch you swim.

Sophie - It's unclean.

Madera - It's a self-cleaning organ.

Sophie - I hate you.

Madera - Still I need to see you swim.

Sophie - And why is that?

Madera - I bear a certain guilt investigating your husband. These matters are potentially scoliotic to the UN skeleton and could gravely cripple him and his ambitions for peace. Your swimming would proxy-pure me of this transgression; to see you stroking the surf, lunging thru the surges, throbbing in the broth, aka swimming; it would toss fresh shrimp to a gull who far too often feeds on stale horn dogs.

Sophie - So much sense in a simple swim.

Madera - So much truth in a simple man.

Sophie - Then in honor of your truth, let me swim.

She gets into the water and heads out.

Madera - Let you swim.

Sophie - Will you be here when I return?

Madera - No, but I'll be many places later.

Sophie - Purified?

Madera - Thanks to you.

Sophie - My husband had nothing to do with this.

Madera - Then I'll keep it between us.

Sophie - What?

Madera - How's the water?

Sophie - No, I'm fine.

Madera - 8:02.

Sophie - Profitez des non-partagés.

Sophie swims away, Madera exits.

Phase 3, Scene 2. Leveret is at his place. Griffin enters and hands Leveret Mayumi's book.

Griffin - Leveret, up.
Leveret - Tomorrow already?
Griffin - Yesterday again.

Griffin hands him Mayumi's book.

Leveret - Is this my gift for saving your Accord?
Earned and returned. Words put words in my mouth.

He gives Griffin back the book.

Griffin - I can't thank you enough for what you did,
Though doing it's enough to do me in,
But there's one more undone. Please take this book
To Mayumi and get my watch.

He hands Leveret the book.

Leveret - Mayumi?
I ain't heard that name in like forever.
Griff - That's cuz she took her liking from therein,
But now it's out, I mean to shove it back,
Just on mute, with your help, so off you go.
Leveret - What am I, a truck at the tip of your tongue?
Griffin - No, you're my friend, and I need a favor.
Leveret - Yeah, favors ain't so friendly on friendship.
Griffin - Just this once.
Leveret - O, just this once? And last night?
And mahjong years ago? Man, this on-time
Could use an off-switch. See, I got a job,
Pushin crap on carp, so yakka yourself.

He gives Griffin back the book.

Griffin - I can't.
Leveret - Why not?
Griffin - It is Mayumi.
Leveret - So?
She's less the dirty goad her nick dragoons
Than these the gleaming hands of Griffin Hunter.
Griffin - There's a past-me power in her ninjutsu.
Leveret - Where's her hold but in the grip you gift her?
I mean, ok, there is that licorice hair,
A roused anemone swirling in the neap
Of eutermic seas, and sure, her homemade scent,
Mountain Mint with Punica Reduction,

Infused in lotions, rises kneaded, set
 Into the salty, red rock smooth abutments
 Of her indian summer skin, dripping
 Into a crown of moist and limber reeds
 That all entanglings on an up note end,
 And fine, her nuna eyes, deep as grottos
 Where secrets go to scrub away their shame,
 Her downy depressions, her tottering crests,
 Her smattered chocolaterias unfoil
 A basho sweet that swells with every swipe
 Of your bottled gastropod – yes, all these
 Could stun a man to thinking that one dough
 Can make all kinds of cake, but yo, that thought's
 A draft got optioned, so it don't get called.
 You have a future, that future rules you,
 And that rule says, "No candy for daddy,
 Less he wants to lose his ministration."
 Griffin Hunter? That woman has no thorax
 In him, cuz he's a firm of strategy
 That has a case on every mystery.
 Griffin - Know thyself? It's cuddles with a killer.
 Leveret - But what the yuck, I'll do it.

He takes the book.

Leveret - Anything
 For world peace! There's fungus in the fridge.
 Griffin - Wait! How do you think she'll take it?
 Leveret - Her book?
 Those paper-softened fingers will reach out...
 Griffin - I mean, how will she take my sending you?
 Leveret - She'll be devastated.
 Griffin - Why?
 Leveret - She's in love.
 Griffin - With who?
 Leveret - With me.
 Griffin - With you?
 Leveret - With you, Huzala.
 Griffin - She left me, Leveret.
 Leveret - Yeah, because she loves you.
 She told me so. She said, "It's too intense."
 It scared her, but now she's at home in the brave.
 Griffin - So is Sophie.
 Leveret - True, but different.
 Griffin - How?

Leveret - The land of the free offers two career tracks to the gender
whose freedom's low supply jacks up exaction: a great
waitress or a weighty greatness.

Griffin - Sophie's both.

Leveret - Mayumi's neither.

Griffin - I love my wife.

Leveret - I love salt and pepper.

Griffin - What are you doing?

Leveret - Saving my best friend.

A man convicts himself in perjury
Against a system that demands the truth
To preserve sanctimony from rigor
By denouncing his desires on the stand;
Then, like rotting flesh clears a pricey beach,
The waste of it converts to energy
That hurls forth the opposite compulsion
For paradox as pure democracy,
Where you vote you, empowering your vote
Against yourself, which disempowers you
And propagates diverse constituency
Whose only goal's to stir up stalemates
Whence governance and impotence collude.

Griffin - I am all candidates in such a race.

Leveret - You love her?

Griffin - I don't know.

Leveret - Good! That's progress.
Better not to know than to know too soon.

Griffin - How can I know? I'm masted neath myself
And roll the more I try to fill the sail.

Leveret - So lash yourself to me, and dead's the run.

Griffin - And scend's the deck.

Leveret - Then face how things stack up,
Cuz you ain't on the wind; you on the wall.
Your feels may be fly, but your fixations
Keep chocking you to alternate wedges
That gronk your driver down some billboard cliff,
And bam, you're screamin cross the sharpest slab,
Cheese-grating a cwm of crumpled cravings.
The map to what you want is in your mind,
But backwards til reflected in your heart.

Griffin grabs him.

Griffin - Do as I ask of you, or we are done.

Leveret - Ah, you vicious fraud!

Leveret throws the book at him.

Where in making peace
Sits throttled honesty in rightful perch?
I am not your quarry, Mr. Hunter.
Griffin - For all the love my wife preserves me with,
I will not, in the eons of my urge,
Allow one subtle chink to brittle in,
For once the fissure slots, there's no stopping.
Leveret - Subtle chink? That's it, you're off my top rope.
How dare you derogate her pedigree
With such defamating filth? I thought you
Understood her individual force,
But you're just all about that yellow fever,
Like she can't wait to drink your soapbox down;
She sets, you rise, eyes aslant, lips agape,
Some love-you long-time guradoru doll,
You scream banzai and wax her ears to wet.
Man, you're an embarrassment to basic.
Griffin - I'll stop falling when you stop pushing me.
Leveret - I'm saving your marriage. I'm on your side,
Sophie's side. Sophie, Sophie, say it
Til you sicken. I'm here for her, but you?
O no, your brainhand's elsewhere, groping round
Some jasmine bungalow for lily pops,
But I'll stop speaking now, cuz it is clear
Me and Sophie don't get union wages
In your erotic picture. We got cut.
Griffin - It's you suggested I cheat on Sophie.
Leveret - Cheat? Did I say cheat? Cheating's far too cheap
A shortcut for so temerare a man;
Sides, you go to Sophie thru Mayumi.
Griffin - What?
Leveret - You fantasize about her?
Griffin - Everyone does that.
Leveret - Don't make it right.
Griffin - Exactly.
Leveret - Just makes it common.
Griffin - And?
Leveret - And you ain't common. You and Sophie have
A love above, but something holds it down,
And for her, for that love, it's got to go,
Cuz fantasies only end in action
When they believe reality lives up.
Griffin - And what if it doesn't?
Leveret - What if it does,

Griffin - And you never had the guts to pluck it?
 Griffin - Why do I listen to you?
 Leveret - I'm your friend.
 Griffin - You were my friend.
 Leveret - O when the were get in?
 When I stopped serving your prison sentence,
 Or when the Governor of Corsica
 Landed in China and saved your Accord?
 Griffin - You are my friend, so help me one more time.
 Leveret - Ok, fine.

Leveret picks up the book.

Griffin - Thank you.
 Leveret - But what do I say
 When she asks why I'm doing it for you?
 Griffin - I'm busy.
 Leveret - Yes.
 Griffin - Very pressing business.
 Leveret - Very pressing pacification business.
 Griffin - I'll wait here.
 Leveret - Cool.
 Griffin - What?
 Leveret - Fuggedaboutit.
 Griffin - Tell me.
 Leveret - Nah, it's nothing.
 Griffin - Leveret, tell me.
 Leveret - I'm sad.
 Griffin - Why are you sad?
 Leveret - Cuz I'm no help.
 Griffin - What? I owe my entire life to you.
 Leveret - Tho not a parent, I can imagine
 A constant frustration borne out of love,
 For it's too much a generous do-it-all
 That generates maladroitness do-nothings.
 See ya.
 Griffin - Wait.
 Leveret - What?
 Griffin - I'll go myself.
 Leveret - You sure?
 Griffin - Give back book, get watch, head home.
 Leveret - I dunno.
 Griffin - Why not?
 Leveret - She's awesome.
 Griffin - I love my wife.
 Leveret - And this is for her.

Griffin - This is for her.
Leveret - The only way around a fear is thru it.
Griffin- You taught me that.
Leveret - We taught each other that.

Griffin takes the book and exits. Leveret gets on the phone.

Leveret - I need cams at the Bluebird Bookstore, stat.
Trick - On it, boss.

Leveret exits.

Phase 3, Scene 3. Enter Vivian, Sophie, Powers at the theater.

Powers - Your silence most confuses me, beautiful Fatima;
Come and name my crime, or I shall die of peacefulness.
Viv - Sophie, cue.
Sophie - I'm sorry.
Viv - Powers, take ten.
Powers - Someone I know can't keep her pause off me.

Powers exits.

Viv - We open in two days, honey. Care to join us?
Sophie - I'll be there.
Viv - How be there when you ain't here?
Sophie, I'm rich, but I don't have all day.
Sophie - I'll be there.
Viv - What's the problem?
Sophie - It's personal.
Viv - This is theater; it's all personal.
Sophie - I think Griffin may be cheating on me.
Viv - Duh. Cheat on wife or cheat on life.
Sophie - Vivian, no.
Viv - Men are engine blocks on an efficient assembly line:
quickly bored, their butcher minds barking day and night,
"Fresh meat! Fresh meat!" But they're selling to
themselves, so it comes as fast as it goes.
Sophie - Griffin's different.
Viv - So why you think he's cheating?
Sophie - Late meetings, strange smells, sketchy excuses, all adding
up to some je ne sais quoi.
Viv - Je say quack quack: He's cheating on you.
Sophie - Griffin didn't marry me for nothing.
Viv - It's for nothing men get married. By wanking a woman into
a wife, he gets a scene partner for that droll bedroom farce,

No Sexit. And action: center stage, a darling house, aka the prison that jack-off built. Enter Sir Reptitious and Miss Leading: “Hello, dear. I’m tired. Goodnight. Sleep now. Wake now. Bye now. Back now.” Wince and Repeat. This nothing farm grows nothing so its hands can have the time to pick something fresher, like a dead drummer or mermaid scale tea. Finally, standing in for making it, Confession enters and torts: “I’m seeing someone else because all I see is you and you’re someone else.” And there it is – the nondramatic climax, the conflict sans uptick, the nothing that makes marriage a vain transfusion.

Sophie - Simon’s got you cynical.

Viv - Simon’s gagged me on the truth. Once upon a lie, I found a good man, a hearing man, a man who gave his mind and time to me alone and askt only questions in exchange, but lo how time doth fuck the brains of love, cuz now he’d rather deep fry his ding-dong than look my way. He’s vile, rude, sneaky, vindictive, and at you like a stoner on a slice. But who’m I? If that’s your bag, shop til he drops you. I got Powers, so more power to ya.

Sophie - Vivian!

Viv - Who could it be... Walker?

Sophie - No.

Viv - Why not? They travel, share hotels, a common cause, and behind every huffy there’s a hussy.

Sophie - She’s his advisor.

Viv - Advisors are attractive in allegiance, and that’s one uppity prigolo. How’s that make you feel?

Sophie - How’s that make me feel?

Viv - Right now, on his desk, Griffin and Walker are two wet fishies floppin in a bucket, mixin up their tickle with their tackle.

Sophie - Silence, catin puante! C’est impossible!

Viv - The only impossible’s avoiding the worst.

Sophie - I’ve met the worst, and it is you and Simon, with your disgusting swap meet marriage; you call the world ugly so it looks like you, but Griffin and I will not be corrupted.

Viv - Now we’re getting somewhere.

Sophie - O je vais mourir.

Viv - Feel it, Sophie. That is true emotion.

Sophie - It can’t be true.

Viv - Of course it ain’t true. It’s theater, but it got you going.

Sophie - Excuse me?

Viv - My failed marriage may be my biggest success, but I can spot a milk and cookies couple mid-sneeze. No way would Griffin cheat on you. And with Walker? That male

impersonator could sue herself for sexual abandonment.
Like if she found her chuchu she'd probly bug it to keep it
loyal to her frigid state. My only goal, Sophie, was to goad
you to real dramatic depths so you can play your part in our
consortium, for herein lies such rage-affirming power, if it
can fly the realm is ours wherein we rouse the worry, so
grip your talent like your man and love it.

Sophie - I will, Vivian.
Viv - Powers to the stage!

Enter Powers.

Powers - Powers on the stage.
Viv - From the top, people, and this time I want a massacre of
marital proportions!

All exit.

Phase 3, Scene 4. Griffin enters the Bluebird Bookstore. Mayumi is behind the counter.

Griff - Sorry, can't stay, big meeting, gotta rush, here's your book,
need my watch, and xiè xiè.

She holds out her wrist with the watch on it.

Griff - Mayumi, don't.
May - If it's yours, take it back, unless you're being dishonest and
like it on me. Do you like it on me, Ghazan?
Griff - I don't like that I might.
May - Did you read my book?
Griff - Yes.
May - Then you learned there's no deeper like than not liking
what you might like cuz you're afraid of liking it.
Griff - It's a wedding gift from my wife.
May - Do you want it cuz you love it or cuz she'd scold you if you
lost it?
Griff - I'm not here for sangha games that show why games should
not be played.
May - Then why are you here?
Griff - To get my watch.
May - And here it is. Take it, if you're honest.
Griff - Honest in what?
May - In your urge to pull it off me and then put it on yourself for
her.
Griff - I'd put it on myself for me.

May - Yet who would you be putting on by putting it on yourself?
Griff - Mayumi, as my dreams are my witness, I have never felt such a connection of intimate, altering, beautiful strength as I once felt, and may still feel, with you, but it's too late. I have found commitment that thralls me over avid, and I will never wander from my word, for when I lose my word, I lose myself.

May - You didn't read my book.
Griff - I drank your book.
May - Then you must have slammed it and let the part about how when you give your word in love you lose the self that love had given word of its commitment sop your chin.

Griff - It made it down, as did its finish – that when we give our word to one we love, our self becomes the words they use for us, words like husband, faithful...

May - And honest.
Griff - Ah, but why be honest? Speak your mind, you lose it. Invest in truth, you're consumed by its losses. And reacting honestly to conflict eradicates all chances at resolve.

May - Only honest offers the freedom of keeping your given word.

Griff - Then here is honest: I love my wife.
May - May she love you.
Griff - She loves me.
May - In that she's not alone.
Griff - I love her back.
May - That's not what I meant.
Griff - I shouldn't be here.
May - Ghazan, look at me.
Griff - I can't. I look at you, I lose myself.
May - So look at me, and in the self you lose, gain the self you are in love.

Griff - Give me my watch.
May - O she has ruined you. Hiding from desire, you think to skip the thought of it, wend that you might never cross its way, and dream in defamation of its repute. If you can't touch me without wanting me, then you don't truly want the one you touch.

Griff - Hold it out.
May - O my god, get it off me.
Griff - I am inexplicably altered by your presence.
May - How can anything be duly settled when pattern holds no charge on history?

Griffin - The discreet shambles of our decisions shimmer in an evocative despair that gives the flesh we first exonerated from impenetrable a smooth tribal savor.

May - Only a manifold anomaly abides, crimping us in its raw
jewelry, calling calmly, unclip.

Griff - To wander thru an orchard of obsessions without the
residence to pick and chew is only having heard of
Hanakoa.

May - True hunger never lacks a following.

Griff - Yet the narcotic papoose of your veins is but a temporary
clemency to the clashing unities I cannot quit.

May - It's always time for something oddly gripping.

Griff - And when it's not?

May - We marry in reverse.

Griff - The narrows of your pulse are forming junctures of
secession.

May - Must you manhandle me with my own hands?

Griff - The meadow finds another summer thru our breath.

May - What's that song?

Griff - Succumb, divisive ruby.

May - I could eat seven soccer star muffins.

Griff - Then O what a nest of troubles we'd pour into the most
recently discovered organ of interconnectivity.

May - So take it.

Griff - I wish we could move to aphasia and live in a silent field.

May - I wish you were the pilot in the widow, pulling her
homeward to banditti.

Griff - It's like roller-skating, but we're infamous missing
raspberries and the rink is ursa major.

May - It's coming off.

Griff - Your prison colors are running.

May - Is the man of the house now the mood of the moon?

Griff - Our tension siphon's always been so smoothly allogeneic.

May - That's because we snuck into each other before the work
began.

Griff - Let it come.

May - But it's bound to me.

Griff - And I am bound to more than me and must break free to
merely be.

May - I thought you got us tickets to the cross-intubation.

Griff - Stop.

May - Let us transcend this secret satiricon.

Griff - It's coming.

May - O how could you?

Griff - With this watch, I thee unwed.

He takes off the watch.

May - We cannot live apart.

Griff - Yet we must, if even dead.

Griffin exits. Mayumi exits.

Phase 4, Scene 1. The theater. Enter Powers, Vivian, Sophie, actors, stage manager. Rockwell is to the side.

Viv - Powers, I need more. You are the Prophet,
And not only is it forbidden for you
To represent him, but you're preparing
The audience for the entrance of Allah,
Who's a woman, so go big or go broke.

Powers - I need intrinsic reason, Vivian,
Not some political press kit bongo:
An actor's motor is his motivation.

Rock - Your motivation is to satisfy
Thru obedience the goddess you love,
Who's waiting on your word with Izrail's sword
To cleave the planets that it crush her choice.

Viv - Cast and crew, our patron and translator:
Let's hear it for the one who sets the stakes.

Sophie - O venture mensch, wire us your wisdom:
If Izrail's way is mine, why do I choose
To murder Ibrahim and save Husain?

Viv - A fine question not on the schedule.

Rock - If it's not on the schedule, I question
Where this train wreck's headed on my dollar.

Viv - Due to circumstances in our control
The director's part will be played tonight
By understudy, Scheduled Trainwreck.

Rock - What choice has God thrust upon his prophet?
To choose between two loves, and still we think,
How could he? If he loves them equally,
And he must, for every word accredits
Into equality all it prehends
And owns its meaning only by this boon,
He loses both by holding one above,
For any living love will see this act
As brutal judgment, not ungrudging urge,
And leave him thus that only then he'll know
He loved the sacrificial most of all,
So he loved neither, and so God loves him,
No prophet, but a fraud. And thus we think
How shot thru must he be, distresst, destroyed,
Warring for the lie of mutual peace,
Two urges in his heart of even heft,

His fractured life a sulking to the pit,
 Tears in nascent eyes, drowning neath a rare,
 Superfluous bliss, no more useful than
 A lion hunting with the hope of wings.
 And on we think, "sad man," yet we think wrong.
 The love that thinks it loves all equally's
 A lying love, for love is a decree
 That subtly works t'ensure the rule of love,
 And could the sophic prophet face himself
 With zeal equal to the faceless lord
 That faces him with teaching none can teach,
 He'd see that this Husain, this Ibrahim
 Would gladly for the other give his life,
 But how they'd give it forms the variance
 That makes Husain the one evades the sword,
 For Ibrahim's a frail cretin for peace
 And views his death as oblation passive
 To a daft ideal which, if lived by all,
 Would relegate reverence to expunction,
 Yet this Husain, thespian and soldier,
 Who fights to save his brother and his tribe,
 Is for that ardor ever scion chose.

Ibrahim - "So I, beneath the riches of despair,
 Now drift into the sea of sorrow, where
 I am by many loved, for death alone
 Makes of its heart a home to more than one."
 Sophie - I will proceed with your words at my wheel.
 Viv - Hit the here-not, then we're back tomorrow
 When we will go for broke to reconvert
 The mighty dollar to mightier drama.

Vivian turns to Rockwell.

Viv - Tween you and me, I would have killed Husain.
 Rock - Tween you and me, there's no tween you and me.

All exit. Sophie and Powers are backstage.

Powers - I just feel, Sophe, like we need to connect
 In the subwoofers, at the verve level,
 Where bedrock talent finds its baby digs
 And turns them into scrappy scimitars
 Of mass enthrallment.
 Sophie - O, Powers, unplug.
 Powers - I thought you wanted this show to blow up.
 Sophie - Bien sur que oui.

Powers - So let it blow, baby.
 Sophie - Let it blow, baby?
 Powers - Like do what feels right
 For takin it to where we do no wrong.
 Sophie - Powers, you're being really greasy fries
 Right now.
 Powers - Those fries are French.
 Sophie - Et c'est aussi:
 Prophet's yuge, but it ain't fuckin Allah.
 Power - Yo, why you gotta cheapen it like that?
 I'm crying out, "I wanna learn from you,
 Feel you, get onto you so I can get
 Into you so I can get outta me
 Whatt you need to get the most outta us,"
 Cuz ain't that what this magic's all about,
 And now you...

Enter Rockwell.

Rock - Sophie, can we speak alone?
 Sophie - Powers, out.
 Powers - Mull it over, Moana More.

Powers exits.

Rock - Are you ready to choose, Sophie?
 Sophie - Choose what?
 Rock - Husain or Ibrahim.
 Sophie - God does not choose,
 But is the cause of choice.
 Rock - Yet you prefer
 Husain; it's in the text.
 Sophie - I sense Husain
 Transcribed the text.
 Rock - And faithfully.
 Sophie - Ha, tu ne fais rien fidèlement.
 Rock - Save worship you.
 Sophie - Gentil.
 Rock - Choose me, Sophie.
 Sophie - Simon, no. This is not the place for this.
 Rock - Is not a child's place in his mommy?
 And is he not displaced – is not the world –
 Until he has replaced himself therein
 By dispersing all those interlopers
 Who think she has no place reclaiming him?
 Sophie - O, Simon, c'est pathétique.

Rock - No, this is love.
 Still sweet the milk upon my inner cheek;
 Still warm the patch where you would pamper me;
 And now that I'm your chosen, are you not
 New heavy with the urgency to nurse
 The restoration of my shiny sword,
 Or did you raise me up to put me down?

Sophie - You raised yourself.

Rock - Not true! Those furtive eyes
 Rhapsodized my rapture; those fecund buds
 Suckled me; and in your pink potential
 You wrappt me that I mite be born of you.

Sophie - Simon, get off.

Rock - Not til you let me in
 That I return to life thru your narrows.

Sophie hits him.

Rock - O swat me, mommy, yes. Your chafe is salve.

Sophie - Simon, I will scream if you continue.

Rock - Then do it and rue it, for it would be
 Your last event in this house of arrears.

Sophie - What are you saying?

Rock - I'm saying you know what.

Sophie - Your force destroys the tenderness you seek.

Rock - Your fight destroys the victory you seek.

Sophie - My victory is in our work together.

Rock - All work, no play.

Sophie - I thought you were decent.

Rock - I am in decent when I think of you,
 But I want out.

Sophie - And I want my husband.

Rock - So tell me where your husband was today,
 And we shall see how much you're wanting him.

Sophie - He was at work.

Rock - Ah, so he has a snow job
 At Infidelity Trustless Fund
 Where, paying lip service to faith's façade,
 He gets double time shorting your good stock?

Sophie - You know what Griffin does for his living.

Rock - But what does Griffin do for his loving?

Sophie - Moi et moi seulement.

Rock - You trust him?

Sophie - Oui.

Rock - But do you trust him more than I trust cats
 To scream all stuck and poking neath the porch?

Sophie - Cuz that's where he's headed, shooshy pussy.
 What do you know?
 Rock - What do I get for knowing?
 Sophie - You get far with me: prove that he's off track,
 There's a gap to fill.
 Rock - Ok, I know this:
 Your hubby's hot; like cruising Chinatown
 For soluble pink kimonos, sizzling
 His peeking duck in shaggy oyster paste,
 Or, to be blunt, he spent near half the day
 At the Bluebird Bookstore in the Mission
 Cooing, "Mommy, may I?" to Mayumi.
 Sophie - Mayumi?
 Rock - Just some kawai mew mew doll
 From his not merged with your majesty days,
 Getting back in touch.
 Sophie - How do you know?
 Rock - This city is my eye; I see thru it.
 Sophie - Is she his lover?
 Rock - If you call that love.
 Sophie - Est-ce vrai?
 Rock - Did he say where he was today?
 Sophie - Yes, but he lied.
 Rock - We lie to hide the truth.
 Sophie - I cannot live.
 Rock - You cannot live with him,
 But I will fluff your pillow all night long.
 I'll keep the seat down; Hell, I'll be the seat,
 Just waitin round for you to squat and rule.
 You'll eat, wear, and toss only the finest,
 And I'll be true, so true you'll float about
 In molly chiffon, tinkling "O, daddy,
 Fuck me to the floor."
 Sophie - Simon, lâchez-moi!

Enter Hunter, who throws Rockwell off Sophie.

Sophie - Do not come home, unless you're hot to heed
 The hatchet your deception's made of me.

She spits in his face and exits.

Hunter - Sophie!
 Rock - Let her go; she's already gone.
 Hunter - You trying to fuck my wife?
 Rock - I'm trying

To love your wife.
 Hunter - By trying to fuck her?
 Rock - Hey, don't you show your love by fucking her?
 O rite. Forgot the "over."
 Hunter - You are dead.
 Rock - What, for trying to worm into a woman?
 That's life, at least til worming stirs the worm.
 Hunter - That woman is my wife.
 Rock - O that she weren't,
 So I could be like you and try to fuck
 A woman ain't, cuz then we both could die
 The death of fucking men.
 Hunter - You're drunk again.
 Rock - I'm drunk on trying to fuck a woman,
 Not your wife, and I see you're on that glass.
 Hunter - How is that?
 Rock - Do we both not love your love?
 Hunter - My love has the right.
 Rock - My love has it wrong,
 Yet still I love, and therein we are one.
 Hunter - We are as canyon-spanned as pole and pole,
 And when we rim, the earth shall vaporize.
 Rock - Then take a long drag off the final fire,
 Cuz we just rimmed.
 Hunter - I'll kill you here and now.
 Rock - You killed me when you crookt your wife from me.
 Hunter - You are the crook.
 Rock - Uh hu, and what's my crime?
 Wanting what you want? Loving who you love?
 Be flattered, then, and finally admit
 That your wife pleasing others pleases you
 As much as you with others please yourself.
 Hunter - Your crapulence confuses me with you.
 Rock - Round here we call that "playing may you me."
 Hunter - What do you know?
 Rock - What do I get for knowing?
 Hunter - Just talk.
 Rock - I know you exude frustration.
 Hunter - I do?
 Rock - Of course you do, but that's marriage normal.
 Some fruity taboo gum on the counter
 Has caught your eye, but mommy says no sah.
 The candy's there. Forego it or filch it?
 Forego it, mommy wins, you got no chaw,
 But filch it, and that snooky's in your snout,
 Splashing sweetly up and down, in and out,

And Mr. Hunter, let me lube your hunch:
 Mommy just filcht some juicy for herself.
 Hunter - Get up.
 Rock - No, I've changed my mind. Please, kill me.
 Hunter - I'm not going to kill you. Get up.
 Rock - No.
 A love abated is a life despised.
 Hunter - A love abated? Quit acting and get up.
 Rock - Quit acting and get up? I'm a husband,
 And we get up only in our acting.
 We act as if we're thinking just of her,
 We act as if her interests interest us,
 We act as if monogamy improves,
 Then after so much acting, we begin
 To crave reality beyond our role
 And go in search of ripe fiducial pipes
 To get up in, cuz she ain't what she was,
 And we, my man, have so much more to be.
 Hunter - Your marriage is sour, but mine is fresh,
 And love infuses lovers with their youth.
 Rock - O marriage is a milk that cannot last,
 Cuz the hotter it gets, the quicker it spoils.
 I pluckt the ripest peach, now it is rot.
 I swam the shimmering streams, now they are schmootzt.
 The smoothest skin I stroked, now wrinkly waste.
 Sure, your chain starts out some cool new music,
 But soon she's just more nasty naked big mouth,
 Her howling bliss become an odium shrill,
 And that Coachella bag? It's fatted up
 To some undoable mortgage on maa ganga.
 A marriage, see, is much like a vacation:
 Fine in theory, planning, expectation,
 But once you're on it, boring, trite, and costly.
 Get out while Shenandoah still hardwood.
 Hunter - Many marriages last.
 Rock - And last is last!
 Why choose to spend the best years of your life
 In nuptial holocaust just trying to last
 So you can come in last when all aboard
 My scar-proven scenic train enrapture:
 Leave your wife, live your life, and die happy.
 Hunter - Just shut up and get up.
 Rock - Help me. I'm old.

Hunter helps him up.

Hunter - How did you find out about Mayumi?
 Rock - A little bluebird came to my window.
 Hunter - Vaad Sirat.
 Rock - Hey, now, don't make me kill you.
 Hunter - Will you lay off my wife?
 Rock - Mr. Hunter,
 Why'd I strike a bargain with my better
 When he and I both love to fight it out
 For all the wealth and wisdom it accords?
 Steely clowns own and juggle many balls
 In bafflement of even their own hands,
 Cuz there's no finer feeling than the fear
 Of dying not to die before a crowd,
 So let's revel in the kick do' richness
 Of being human, aka at war
 In unreadable ways, while still unique,
 Or as the Persians say, if you've two loaves
 Of bread, sell one and buy a hyacinth,
 And what is there to say to that but yes?
 Hunter - I embrace in peace, not in partnership.

Enter Leveret.

Lev - I'd believe my eyes if I had one left.
 Hunter - Leveret, Semion Rockwell.
 Rock - Yeah, we've met.
 Lev - We have?
 Rock - You did stand-up at one of our events.
 I've often stolen your best joke: What flies
 On brooms but falls off bridges? Chappaquidditch.
 Hunter - You're a comedian?
 Lev - Not on purpose.
 Rock - So what do you do?
 Lev - I do what all do:
 Get rich men laid.
 Rock - So you're a vacuum cleaner.
 Lev - How's that?
 Rock - You suck at your job. Mr. Hunter,
 I've enjoyed our little summit, and tho
 I revile your Accord, I'm glad to see
 We crave the same peace.
 Lev - Break a leg tomorrow.
 Rock - Hey, get me laid, or I will break em both.

Rockwell exits.

Hunter - I shouldn't like that gun rise, but I do.
 Lev - You score your watch?
 Hunter - Yeah, but ref cleared the board,
 Cuz Rockwell told Sophie bout Mayumi.
 Lev - How'd he know?
 Hunter - S'pose he's got spies in the stacks.
 Lev - But why bread you?
 Hunter - Vaad Sirat.
 Lev - Rockwell's that?
 I got ganked by those hantu zerkers once
 So bad, took a chi transplant to start me.
 Hunter - They'd love some infidelity to mud
 My Accord, tho why they don't just zap me
 Is in the clouds.
 Lev - Some insider must be
 Aroused enuf to counsel them against,
 Cuz killing you would guarantee its life,
 But infidelity?
 Hunter - I am in loves.
 Lev - Dude, the check is down: time to subtle up.
 Why let the system counsel suicide,
 Like some drowsy farmhand to a thresher,
 When once our gut is hit, we will bellow?
 Your longbow compass spins way outta wack,
 Tacking hard at attractants in the east,
 So go for stoke, break thru the fitful screen
 Of your fulig'nous, news-cycle-scrambled
 Inner text to be the hub where conflict
 Creates comfort. Re-orient yourself.
 Skirt the pacific rim. Leach some water
 Out this heat wave, i.e., locate and pierce
 That source-forcing fluxion, then set your gauge
 Homeward to friendly port d'attache Sophie,
 True north to your chivalrous bateau ivre.
 Hunter - Mayumi left me, Leveret.
 Lev - Is that it?
 Hunter - Yes, that's it. That is th'impregnable reef
 Whereon my surging vessel ran alist,
 Capsized, and went down, there, now, forever.
 Commitment, Leveret, is the open sea
 Whereon Sophie and I sail; were our skiff
 Overturned by some upsneaking breaker,
 A starving anonym I then would float,
 Gnawing at myself, drinking seasoned death,
 So'f you don't mind too much, I must now go
 Save my marriage from myself.

Lev - Wait...
 Griff - No more!
 Lev - She didn't leave you.
 Hunter - What?
 Lev - I hackt your phones.
 Hunter - Leveret, don't.
 Lev - It was me talking to me
 Pretending to be her talking to you
 So she wouldn't get you and I would. Yep.
 Hunter - You destroyed our love?
 Lev - To preserve our love.
 Hunter - Our love? There is no love between us, man.
 Lev - What call it then that I would die for you?
 Hunter - A lie, Leveret, a lie. O Mayumi.

Hunter exits.

Lev - All may be false, but there's one truth in life:
 A man is married much before his wife.

Leveret exits.

Phase 4, Scene 2. Madera is standing on a street corner outside the theater. Enter Sophie.

Mad - Well, hello, Ms. Berceau. How goes the show?
 Soph - Quand le soleil dissolu s'éveillera-t-il
 Dans mon vagin vengeur et fondra-t-il
 Les cubes entrelacés qui me maintiennent
 Enfermé dans l'igloo de ses caprices laborieux?
 Mad - Sorry, took me some French in cadet school,
 But the market was cold, so I chuckt it.
 Are you ready to open? The play, that is.
 Sophie - Je préfère aller à la guerre en étant
 Une vieille femme. Au moins on a la dignité
 De te tuer sans te garder en vie.
 Mad - Is everything all right, Sophie?
 Soph - Rien
 Que je suis d'accord avec mon instinct,
 Mais que ne plaît pas à une pâtisserie
 D'amour remplie de haine?
 Mad - So sorry, but
 This crash course is too much head-on for me.
 Soph - Grenouille pauvre, I will assay franglais:
 Griffin is a liar; Jurgén, un cadavre;
 That one died en moi; the other en le havre.

O my, that went so well, it's best I now
Go finger myself in the fervent hope
Of puncturing the bountiful bag of sad
That keeps me breathing too successfully,
Sauf si, sot vie, Sophie...

She exits. Enter Griffin.

Mad - Ah, Mr. Hunter, you just missed your wife.
Hunter - I've been missing her for years, yet I've had
Her all the time.
Mad - Perhaps you need a detective.
Hunter - I know where she is, but I know she's lost.
Mad - Has something happened between you and her?
Hunter - Yes. Her.
Mad - Elle semblait assez agitée.
Hunter - Would you not be if you had lost the love
Of your life t'a lie neither ever told?
Mad - She in fact mentioned lying, and Scheckel.
Hunter - Right, Scheckel. Wie ist mein liebe mentor?
Mad - As well as can be expected after being
Disconnected and fed to the morays.
Hunter - Ah yes, the mores. They've eaten me too.
Trust this, Madera: the greatest shit pile
In all the world is trillions of lionized
Jabs at changing others' legal being.

Hunter exits. Madera picks up the phone.

Mad - "Cops seek anti-weapons activist Griffin Hunter
For polygraph in fishy headless diplomat death probe."
Leak it like a holey pail.

Enter Walker.

Walker - Detective M, what are you doing here?
Mad - I came to get a ticket, but it got
Me first in the form of your leading man.
Walker - The only man leads me is Mister E.
Mad - If that's Hunter's rap handle, I mite have
A sheet for him.
Walker - You just spoke to Griffin?
Mad - We exchanged words at a conversion rate
That left me feeling flat in the truth fund.
Walker - Care to share?
Mad - I care too much to share.

Walker - Drive me home, care-keeper.
Mad - Get in the car,
And we'll see where going home takes us.
Walker - Oui.

They exit. Enter Vivian and Powers.

Powers - Dammit, Vivvy, I won't be typecast as your sex toy. Give me a larger part in your heart, or GoPo's booking a conflict.
Viv - Poor tower of power, you're so much more than my sex toy; like you're also my sex sippy cup – mmm, sweet potato puree with a splash of eagle's brand – my sex kid lit anthology – O the places we'll sneech on the beach neath the truffula hunches from way beyond zizza-ma-wizza – and my sex chop chop puppy potty trainer – so, come on, gopo, let's stain the crib.

Enter Boa.

Boa - You are fumbling a married woman.

Boa separates them.

Power - Help! I'm being bullied!

Boa pulls his gun.

Boa - Would you rather be bulletted?

Powers exits.

Boa - In diffidence to your genius, I'll see I didn't say that.
Viv - My genius?
Boa - I am a demoted fan of your dramatic oeuvaries.
Viv - My what?
Boa - Your theatrical destructions, which, in my tumble opinion, televate the human spirit to a place of profound obscollectivity.
Viv - Well, aren't you a confused and steel-woed hunk of hardcore wubba wubba.
Boa - Forgive me if I deplore the wrong word; I have a foreign omelette in my skull and my nerfebellum before your revoked presence exaccerrates the symptoms.
Viv - Have I met you before?
Boa - Perhaps with your husband.

Viv - You know my husband?
 Boa - He is like a mother to me.
 Viv - He is like an abortion to me.
 Boa - I understand your marriage may be a bit schlocky at this mummenschanz, but the dancer is not a doll tree.
 Viv - My husband is a predacious cyst: he gets in under your skin – some fancy stinking bishop to buffer a deep, random irritation – then next ya know, he’s ballooning thru your blood like an Albuquerque helium tank afternoon freestyling into a festival of rot – invisible, acceptable, cheesy, sudoric rot.
 Boa - He enstables your dreams.
 Viv - He flips fake dick rigged to come up me, but now I wanna pop some tail when I call heads, y vice-a-voozy.
 Boa - Are you insurpolating we cheat on Mr. Rockwell?
 Viv - To bust the bard, our cheat is cheat for cheat,
 Nixing crime where greater crime compels it;
 The moral strut doth crawl down balance beams,
 Propping self to force the fall death knells it.
 If freedom genders harm less than would be
 Had freedom hid its head, tis double harm,
 A wronger wrong, so let the hand go free
 That hurts too long for some “unhand me” arm.
 If greatly wronged, make thy wrong the greater
 And grind the doer into dust uncut
 With pity or the lefting of the fader,
 Cuz slutting’s guts when you outslut the slut.
 No loyal’s lost by leaving rancid meat,
 And appetite is saved by hero cheat.
 Boa - With all due neglect, mam – what?

Enter Rockwell.

Rock - Vivian, come.
 Viv - I’m busy.
 Rock - No, you’re drunk.
 Viv - Drunk is the new busy.
 Rock - No, drunk is the same old shit. Come with me.
 Viv - I tried, but you’re too quick.
 Rock - You, leave.
 Boa - Yes, sir.
 Viv - About face, boy, as in Imma sit on that face and teach Mr. Softspell what showdrunk’s all about, cuz your med-blooded young actor whack just nailed a part he’s too unflufft to fill.
 Rock - I said leave.

Boa - Yes, sir.
Viv - And I said stay, fireman. My kitty's up a tree, and I need your flaming red truck to shoot its long ladder into my bushy wishbones and snatch that sticky fluff to safety.
Rock - Vivian, come to bed.
Viv - Sophie's bed?
Rock - Our bed.
Viv - That marriage morgue? That world fade center? That lack of concentration camp? No, thanks. Jerks who jerk themselves til jerks applause give me below the belt brain freeze.
Rock - I need you, Vivian.
Viv - Go knead yourself, you doughy blob. But trust me, he won't rise.

Rockwell hits her. Vivian gets out her mace.

Viv - Let the devil burn.

Boa grabs the mace from her, and it sprays in his face. Rockwell hits him.

Rock - Fall down.

Boa falls down.

Rock - Don't you ever touch my wife.
Viv - Simon, stop.
Rock - My wife was coming to me.
Boa - To hurt you.
Rock - No, she wasn't.
Boa - I thought...
Rock - Here's your pay for thinking.

Rockwell kicks him.

Viv - Simon, don't.
Boa - I was protecting you.
Rock - From my wife?
Boa - Yes.
Rock - Are you suggesting I can't take my wife?
Boa - No.
Rock - She was bringing her love to me.
Boa - It don't feel like love.
Rock - What you know about love, you full-stop incel trog?
Boa - Nothing.
Rock - Sir.

Boa - Nothing, sir.
Viv - That's enough, Simon.
Rock - Shall I kill him, Vivian?
Viv - No.
Rock - I would for you.

Boa starts to get up.

Rock - Down!
Boa - I need water.
Rock - Here you go.

Rockwell pisses on him.

Viv - O, Simon, you're so vile.
Rock - No, I'm sick.
Viv - As am I, of your sickness.
Rock - I've made you sick?
Viv - Yes. Are you sorry?
Rock - My sorrow is so stufft in me, I move,
It overflows its lip, and thru the glass
Of memory stares sadly at itself,
Which separation only strikes my urge.
Viv - I loathe you sometimes, Simon.
Rock - Love me now.
Viv - Sorry, honey, you blew the audition.
Rock - I say give up acting and play dead; there's scheckels in it.
Boa - Thank you, Mr. Rockwell.

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 3. Enter Leveret on the phone.

Lev - You punks in place?
Trick - Scamera's rolling.
Track - The victim advances.
Trick - Over and ouch.

They hang up.

Lev - Operation Disarm Hunter, take two.

Enter Griffin outside Mayumi's place.

Griff - Mayumi! O Mayumi, where are you?
The world has rolled off us, and we survived.

Mayumi! O come out, my love, there's news
That frees us of the lies that froze our lives!
Mayumi!

Enter Peaches at their window.

Peach - Yo, you and me gon' mayhem
Less you roll off that unallowed speaker.
Griff - Sorry, but which window is Mayumi's?
I was told she lives here above the store.
Peach - Yeah, but so do I, and it's shut-eye time,
So shut it, ai'?'
Griff - Ai, but please, which buzzer?
Peach - You got a permission slip?
Griff - For what?
Peach - To buzz her when that buzzer be a bummer.

Enter Mayumi, at her window.

May - It's ok, Peaches, I'm up.
Peach - Taint no k,
Cuz I'nt, thanks this climate range denier.
Griff - Forgive me, sir mam.
Peach - Sorry submitted.

Peaches exits. Hunter climbs the fire escape.

May - What are you doing?
Griff - Looking for my wife.
May - Then turn around, cuz she's the turn you misst.
Griff - No, she's the sign that was hidden from me,
So I took a wrong turn, but on the way
I discovered the truth, and turning back
The one I should have taken first is found.
May - Something's happened.
Griff - No, something's unhappened
So we can.
May - Your marriage...
Griff - Is not honest.
May - So is it over?
Griff - It never began.
May - Be fair to me, Ghazan.
Griff - And no more far:
You never left me, I never left you,
We never left each other; it was all
A Leveret hack to save me for his love,

And we have played his puppets, until now.
 May - No.
 Griff - Like two wedded slaves, we were traded
 By recreance into our separate glooms,
 But O emancipation is proclaimed!
 May - Is this true?
 Griff - He just said it to my face,
 And my killing rage brought no retraction.
 May - I thought you left me.
 Griff - I thought you left me.
 May - You didn't?
 Griff - No more than you.
 May - O my love,
 Don't play me, please. I will not withstand it.
 If this is true, then everything is good,
 But if it's just some trick to get with me,
 I don't know what.
 Griff - I am here, Mayumi,
 And were your scape the most elaborate maze
 Sense has time to scan, just say to me
 The possibilities it ambulates
 Chapel you in love's encircling logic
 That answers when? now; how? in every way,
 And I will go declare to my fake wife
 That I am for the truth, and we are one.
 May - I feel like I've forgotten how to stand,
 And everywhere I look, I see the face
 Denied of me too long.
 Griff - He cries, "O come
 And be the lost returning force of love."
 This bliss is our rebirth, now at the source
 Of pure renascent ancient provocation
 We suckle on our full-taking nurture
 And share the kindness we have ever craved.
 May - Remember how completely, frantically
 We pre-approved for every gracious gift
 Of spirit that descended on our bed
 Til you in me, I in you went missing
 To fold innate esteem about the night?
 Griff - Remember being transfixed in the hunt
 Whereby each lover strives to thrive enslave
 Repeating mumukans of adoration
 That lunging at one urge might make unique
 A curve retraced, a never taken took,
 Each mouth the other's only sustenance,
 As hunger-making kisses gorged to taste

May - Something new to prove that love needs nothing?
 Remember...
 Griff - O, but look at us! So set
 In what we couldn't, now that we so can,
 We rotely recollect on when we did.
 May - And can again.
 Griff - And so let us begin.
 May - Pawning stolen pasts for present stipends.
 Griff - Reclaiming claims of renewable dig.
 May - Getting back on the horse we never quit.
 Griff - Being what we are.
 May - Having what we have.
 Trick - Here it comes.
 May - Yet do we have what we have?
 Track - Kissus interruptus.
 Griff - We do.
 May - I mean,
 Have you with your fake wife undone "I do"
 So you can say to me what makes us true?
 Griff - Honest?
 May - Honest.
 Griff - No.
 May - Where's the real relief
 In a hoppt pool?
 Griff - Only in th'escaping...
 May - So?
 Griff - So I'm running to my phony home,
 Telling my null wife she's been pre-empted,
 Then returning here, where love is as real
 As the un-unscramblable smell of you.
 May - You promise not to change your mind?
 Griff - How change
 What I leave here with you? My mind is yours,
 And every choice I make refurbishment
 Of any think-me-down you may proffer.
 May - Leave more. I love your mind, but mind's a rind;
 It gives a glisten, sparkles us to buy,
 But quick we rep it off for inner pith.
 To keep in mind beyond what mind can hold,
 Leave love's gorilla glue – a simple kiss.
 Trick - This is it.
 Griff - No.
 Track - Damn, they're fogging my lens!
 Griff - O Mayumi, we'll be stuck forever,
 And my love for you says be done with her
 Before we do what cannot be undone.

May - A cordial kiss for luck. Upon the cheek;
Sophie will understand. C'est très français.

Griff - Let's kiss when we are free to kiss again
And again and again I gotta go.

May - Why slap a wrongful death suit on a kiss?
Pears while we savor, tumblers when we sip,
Flutes as we play, trophies after winning,
All are kissed, none wronged, in this elation.

Griff - O Yumi, you have changed my mind, so take
My mouth for purse.

Trick - She can't say no to that!

May - I changed your mind?

Track - Her yes is no in prep.

May - See how your mind's a mother, native set
Wherever her beloved boo runs to?
Why should I believe your seeing Sophie
Won't show you flipping back into her sack?
No, no, stay. Forever, or if you leave,
You'll find me in a hot take turned to cold.

Griff - You changed my mind on one thing – kissing you,
So hot take it.

Trick - The shot!

May - First, its meaning.

Track - The shoot.

Griff - It means complete is nothing more
Than squeezing you when summer's all away,
The trust a snail tenders to a leaf
Its slightest near significance attends
As if, no, more; as is, each placement soaks
The incognitosphere in foster slurp.
It means the lid is off and we are air,
Our elements congealed into a quoit
Of qualified carouse, a sealed note
That never must be opened to be read,
Remembering as sliding down a rock
That isn't there.

May - It means dinner's on me.

Griff - A rhyming dictionary writ in spit.

May - Never knowing again what we came for.

Griff - Discovering a lost habitation
With all the remnants of our next desire.

May - Smacking to be soft.

Griff - Snacking to be stiff.

May - Quaking from the center to the semblance.

Griff - It means lockt, but only rare and whiling.

May - Racing at each other, bumpers blushing.

Griff - Picking the right tomato for the job.
 May - Nen and no nen, spinning out of the bowl
 To be the meal.
 Griff - Wet ferrets on the fly,
 Fishing for muck.
 May - Operating heavy
 Machinery...
 Griff - While drunk on heavy machinery.
 May - It means we're glad it left the door open.
 Griff - It means greeting with the proper muscles.
 May - It means nowhere to go and staying there.
 Griff - Roads of no return turning into loops.
 May - A free day for a few seconds, it means
 The world is winding thru you and me.
 Griff - No matter what it means, a kiss means this.

Track falls over.

Trick - Dude!
 Track - Guess they won me over.

They exit.

May - What was that?
 Griff - Cameras.
 May - Paparazzi?
 Griff - Maybe.
 May - Are you worried?
 Griff - About what?
 May - Your appearing here appearing elsewhere
 And negatively impacting your Accord.
 Griff - UN stands for ulterior nuptials.
 Best thing I could do to steal the deal
 Is cheat on my wife, cuz to diplomats
 There ain't no rub unless you're in the club.
 C'est très francais.
 May - Cheat on your wife?
 Griff - I mean...
 May - You mean no more than a meaningless kiss,
 Which shows how mean your great means have made you.
 Go home to your wife, you foul diplomat,
 And may she rub your club down to a gas.
 Griff - Mayumi, look at me.
 May - Which one of you?
 Griff - The one that knows you are my wife. The one
 That misspeaks, yet whose intent's a canon

With but one message: you. The one that's off
To end his marriage that he might meet you
At 9 am at the Bluebird altar;
And the one that asks your trust be certain as
Your hand, which, back, he'll hold as hard and long
As was the endless absence from our love
That, save one errand, quick, stops here and now
And sets in motion gifts of reclamation
And prospectus, never to be severed.

May - Consume within two hours of opening,
Or drink the warfarin of the best gone bad.
But my dove, I am too hawk. One more kiss.
Griff - Action now, kisses later.
May - Kisses now,
Action now, O kisses, action, kisses.
Griff - I'm going. 9 am.
May - My company
Will be the thought of what we will be doing
At 9:01.
Griff - The thought so keeps me here
I must go, go, go.
May - Keep your word.
Griff - I go
To get my word to give it back to you.

He exits.

May - So on a given word again I wait.
Might love be better, death-like, being late?

She exits.

Phase 4, Scene 4. Enter Walker and Madera at the Mission.

Walker - Coffee?
Mad - Thanks, but I don't jump off cliffs to feel speedy.
Walker - Juice?
Mad - Why squeeze and suck what you can bite and chew?
Walker - Klonopin?
Mad - When will Griffin be down?
Walker - Come on, Madera. What stypitic fume consumed you in
your sleep? I thought we'd agreed to climb in bed together,
unstiff that swastika taijitsu-style, and let business and
pleasure join at the head lest separation snuff them both.
Mad - I agreed to consider your offer by accepting it. Several bad
scrapes have taught me to wreck a ride before I sign, but

my storm-dancing flag remains unmoved by the juvenile birthday wishes blown its way. What began as a routine inquiry into Hunter's communications with a man right prior to his chashu immortalization in our municipal ramen is now, in no small part due to your charge's strange behavior and various other on-site fossils discovered while hounding about his two medicine formation, a full-blown investigation that not only involves said soupified euroslog, but deeper ethical concerns over his extra-marital hoolahoop, his role in the convenient kidnapping of the Governor of Corsica, and his ties to an organization known as Vaad Sirat, all of which, my department believes - and I am but a shadow bruh of her righteous gang symbols - are critical gyoza of information to those interested in the culinary normalization of his Accord and the integrity of the United Nations' prix fixe. So, I enjoyed our little bed hike, but that don't make you the mountain.

Walker - Then let me light a cig under your flat, wet ass, Mr. Better-
Never-Than-Early. You're in over your head, again, cuz the
Sec Gen assigned me to safeguard Griffin, and if my job's
to make the world stand still, shit's fallin into space.

Enter Sophie.

Soph - Bonjour, Detective Madera. I'm glad you're here, for my
husband is dead, I fear.
Mad - Dead?
Soph - Or perhaps only missing.
Walker - Is he not here?
Soph - Dead, missing, not here, mon dieu! This English has too
many words for the same mistake. Laissez-nous consolider
and call the whole mess Griffin.
Walker - Do you know where he is?
Soph - In Asia, in an Asian, in evasion.
Mad - How can we reach him?
Soph - The only way to reach that man is to grab yourself by the
throat.
Walker - Sophie, please, this is no time for theater.
Soph - Theater, like marriage, is whatever there's no time for.
Walker - Is Griffin up?
Soph - I'm sure he's up to something.
Mad - Is he coming down?
Soph - Once he's done, I'm sure he'll come down.
Walk - Done with what?
Soph - Stop her, she's improper! It's "done with whom?"
Walk - Who?

Soph - Maybe you, maybe me, maybe Mayumi.
 Mad - Did Griffin sleep here last night?
 Walk - Madera, wait in my office.
 Mad - I like it here.
 Soph - No, et c'est un autre indice: if he didn't sleep here with yours truly, he must have slept elsewhere with hers newly, so cuff me now, for in no time, aka theater, I am going to kill him.
 Walk - Sophie, come with me. My office.
 Mad - Ms. Berceau, I am here to administer a lie detector test to your husband, so if you have any questions for him...
 Soph - I do have some questions regarding what led to his taking and failing me: who is she? Mais nous savons. She's the yellow onahole that runs the Bluebird Bookstore in the Mission. What is she? Mais nous savons aussi. She's his back in vogue vagine. But why is she? Ah, there's no test for taste, même quand c'est détestable. So I am at a loss, unless you want to ask him where he was on our wedding night, because if he says with me, we know he's lying, since j'étais la, and here I am, Atta Loss, the fake peacefucker's bad wifi.

Enter Xiao.

Xiao - Griffin just keyed into the compound.
 Mad - I'll be in your office.

Madera and Xiao exit.

Walk - You listen up, stargoye. That man is here to filet Griffin, so I don't need you stropping his bowie.
 Soph - Au contraire, clit-bull: I want that son of seventeen bitches sliced into so many savory steaks he could feed my appetite for vengeance and still leave some for you to slobber off.
 Walk - Excuse me?
 Soph - Slobber, slobber.
 Walk - Sophie, I am not sleeping with your husband.
 Soph - O, I know that. You're too empowered for love. But sleeping with your boss? That's promotion.
 Walk - My promotion comes of my performance.
 Soph - And I'm sure you perform like a soupy whorvette.
 Walk - You think I'd copulate on some big desk to gain my little desk, which then must serve as stage to ever ranker copulations? Your success may be catalyzed by sex, and thus I pity you, but my career is a polymer chain of principles that scotches unprincipled submission to false-

promising power; win by shame, you win a scam, and I don't smoke that skunk.

Soph - Then pass it on; au moins I will die high.

Walk - Sophie, I will fix this, if you trust me.

Soph - Comment puis-je vous donner ce que je suis hors de?

Walk - Tell me what you know.

Soph - I know he has lied repeatedly about his whereabouts.

Walk - And you know his position often necessitates obfuscation to maintain confidentiality.

Soph - Then why was he at the Bluebird Bookstore visiting his old girlfriend unless she's now privy to his position?

Walk - Who told you he was there?

Soph - Simon Rockwell.

Walk - Then you should also know that man is a maze of motives whose deadly ends – after snaking thru your signature scent - lead straight into Griffin.

Soph - I know he was out all night doing something he felt the need to hide.

Walk - Yet you don't know that means he was cheating, so what do you know?

Soph - I know he's made me unable to know what I know, and so I'm done knowing him, save one final no.

Enter Xiao.

Xiao - Il monte sur le trottoir.

Walk - Wait in your room. I will talk to him, and after his test, send him there. I'm certain your suspicions will be quiesced by a complete accounting of all he's done as serving his Accord.

Soph - Devrais-je, Xiao?

Xiao - I say let him show his best, Even if the worst he has requests it.

Soph - How sad am I that she I still suspect Of sacking my love is all my love has left.

Exit Xiao and Sophie. Enter Griffin.

Walk - Where have you been?

Griff - Where I have been.

Walk - Madera's in my office.

Griff - Call an exterminator.

Walk - He wants to give you a lie detector test.

Griff - How neighborly! But what would I do with it? I could wear it as a hat, and when people say, nice hat, I can say, "you're lying!" Or I could set it on the floor and play horseshoe

pretzel, and when I get a ringer, it'll beep, "lye, lye!" No, I know. I'll wear it as a cup and when I pass the sunbathers in the park, I'll hunker down in their personal space and vocal fry; "I detect a liar." Nah. Too monkeypox. Tell you what, tell him this, from my rap-beating heart: I don't take tests from those who need them more.

Walk - He's linkt Corsica and Vaad Sirat.

Griff - What?

Walk - That would explain Leveret's raptorial prowess.

Griff - Why would Vaad Sirat help my Accord?

Walk - Sometimes help is the quickest way to hurt.

Griff - O this is too much. I quit.

Walk - If I'd known you knew that word, I never would have known you.

Griff - You taught me that word when you advised me to lie, so at your word I quit my word, unmindful of my better self driving hard at defeat in a race you rigged.

Walk - O, so now you're the vengeful victim? What the fuck has gotten into you? Diplomats are flying in from around the globe, the Accord is set for signing in two days, and now, because you've apparently found some other peace to fight for, you're ditching your life's work?

Griff - You mean my lie's work.

Walk - Control your voice.

Griff - How did I get to this misbegotten place?

Walk - By passing test after test.

Griff - Lie after lie.

Walk - Your ability to spin an asymmetry is your greatest strength, so get in there and dance like a slick attaché, cuz then at least there's a chance you can reason this eruption.

Griff - You keep telling me to save myself, but there's no self to save.

Walk - Then save me. I have given my life to you. My integrity, my ambition, are but refractions from your effusion. Save me as my saving you deserves it.

Griff - I will fail.

Walk - To refuse to try is to fail beyond resurrection, but to fail trying creates the circumstances whereby the crucifier can be called into question.

Griff - Just daydream, right?

Walk - Warm summer night, drinkin a beer, sittin there with the one you want, and all the while, your mouth just moves to the music no one hears.

Griff - All I hear's my inner ear screaming for a hit.

Walker exits. Griffin enters Walker's office.

Mad - Ah, Mr. Hunter, I was about to write you off.
Griff - Write me off what?
Mad - The cover of my new book: *You Can't Get Down If You Don't Show Up*.
Griff - I'd tell you where I was but it involves a bliss too large for bottom-feeding brains.
Mad - My brain may be bigger than it looks from your diminishing vantage.
Griff - Deformity is the one prerequisite for work like yours.
Mad - I prefer to think of myself as a pioneer on evolution's plain.
Griff - Your branch is but a short and weak dead end.
Mad - My branch is long enough to reach the sun, strong as it's stuck to the central trunk, and it dead ends into you.
Griff - So we're attached, and if I fall, we go together.
Mad - If you fall, we'll see who's had the foresight to order foils.
Griff - I'd rather blend with the torpor than flee from the faster.
Mad - Then let's dragrace that camaro. Your left arm, please.
Griff - Why not my right?
Mad - It's a trick question. To a cop, you're all lefts, no rights.
Griff - Too bad you waste your clever on yourself.
Mad - May I begin?
Griff - In service of our estrangement, yes.
Mad - Do you know who killed Jurgen Scheckel?
Griff - No.
Mad - Did you order the abduction of the Governor of Corsica?
Griff - No.
Mad - Have you communicated with anyone affiliated with an organization entitled Vaad Sirat?
Griff - No.
Mad - Did you sleep at home last night?
Griff - No.
Mad - Where were you?
Griff - Visiting an old friend.
Mad - Mayumi?
Griff - Maybe.
Mad - Yes or no.
Griff - Yes, sir, no.
Mad - Is that old friend Mayumi?
Griff - Is that question relevant?
Mad - Everything is relevant to an open investigation.
Griff - Then everything's Mayumi to a closed incrimination.
Mad - Did your interactions with this old friend compromise your marriage?
Griff - No.

Mad - Have you partaken in activities that violate the UN's Code of Conduct since arriving in San Francisco?
 Griff - No.
 Mad - You may go.
 Griff - How long til the results?
 Mad - The results are in, but the jury's out.
 Griff - Thank you.
 Mad - Thank you?
 Griff - For showing me the liar's only lesser: Who goads a truth to which they have no right.

They exit.

Phase 4, Scene 5. Enter Sophie in her room.

Sophie - He cheat on me? He flout my ignorance?
 He swab, he stab, he smear, he slam, he spill,
 He...what are words when sickness sets the sign?
 Je vomis'n imaginant ce qu'il a fait.
 When to le Lascaux scellé of my soul
 I did admit him, gave him membership,
 Heard him swear un vraie confiance éternelle,
 To romp about but not six months behind
 Et vendre cruellement our sacred love,
 Mutually derived, for some crass caress,
 Self-hoarding to then toss off my returns,
 Rompre notre lien et shattering
 The very squelette fragile de mes sens,
 But I am wised up. No more respite fear,
 Socialiser avec l'isolement,
 My hush his after voice, for en ce jour
 I've come of rage, my inborn bombe de corps
 Flammé par son viol. Yet have I made
 Malice of a mere malentendu?
 Then why the absence? Pourquoi les mensonges
 Amidst what should still be our magnet months?
 No wise in wife; être fait avec lui!
 O sad undarning to a joyful snarl.
 Be done with him? Ha! He is why you do,
 Et donc, be done with him, be done with you.

Enter Griffin.

Griffin- Sophie, comment allez-vous?
 Sophie - O, Griffin, si triste, si triste.
 Griffin - There's something I must say.

Sophie - I recall when you could choose your words.
 Griffin - I have chosen them.
 Sophie - But what if something comes between the choosing and the saying, yet you stick to the saying to stake the choosing, as-tu choisi?
 Griffin - Nothing could happen to change my choice.
 Sophie - Then nothing will: I am leaving you.
 Griffin - You're what?
 Sophie - The lie you are is not the man I met.
 Griffin - Sophie...
 Sophie - Sortez!
 Griffin - Sophie, please.
 Sophie - I said get out before I scream and wake vindictive truth that you have doped and duped la dernière fois.
 Griffin - What have I done?
 Sophie - What have you not undone with your mucky fucking hands? Ne parle plus!
 Griffin - I will not be silenced by your lack of specifics.
 Sophie - Mayumi, may you adultery, may you never again be in me?
 A mon abondance de détails enfin silenced your refusal?
 Griffin - Walker!
 Sophie - No, you speak for yourself.
 Griffin - You do not understand my situation.

Walker enters.

Walker - Yes?
 Griffin - Tell Sophie about Mayumi.
 Walker - Griffin, no.
 Griffin - Do it. She deserves to know.
 Walker - It may compromise...
 Griffin - It is compromising my wife; tell her now.
 Walker - Mayumi is an agent from our Osaka bureau who's been performing reconnaissance on Simon Rockwell's ties to Vaad Sirat.
 Griffin - And why did I meet with her today?
 Walker - To receive her report.
 Griffin - And am I fucking, pardon my French, Mayumi?
 Walker - Not to my knowledge.
 Griffin - Yet do you not have all the knowledge?
 Walker - Despite my efforts, I do.
 Griffin - Sophie, any questions for counsel? Thank you, Walker.

Walker exits.

Griffin - Do I pass?

Sophie - No, you fail, I fail, we have failed.
Once, Griffin, je te connaissais mieux que moi;
Each morning when we woke I'd look across
And see the impetus for all I'd seen.
We walked and there ran a cord between us,
Enwreathing our ambitions dynamique
In an instinctive conjugal rapport,
And when you spoke, I heard my thoughts improved,
Like pictures tinted or des poèmes well read,
But now you seem as lost and strange to me
As some absurd, imaginary friend
D'une enfance ingénu I can but wish
I now knew how to not know better than.

Griffin - Sophie, I am here.

Sophie - All that you are?

Griffin - No,
For in truth I haven't been entirely true.

Sophie - Ce soit maintenant, whatever it is.

Griffin - I am a man in a mess. Ever since
Leveret convinced me to strongarm the peace
By lifting a hapless man to China,
I'm smasht about by rackets I abhor.
My trust is jeered, my dreams in jeopardy,
Engaged against my will by my own will
To this: my name, my Accord, and my love
All hang in a balance I fall upon
The more I try to stand my stolen ground.
And voici la chose: you advised against!

Sophie - All this is from that?

Griffin - All this is from me
Being far too boomy to receive you.

Sophie - O Griffin, no.

Griffin - All I've ever wanted
Is to construct a safer world for us,
Yet some passion pushes me to semble
The parts of me that give my goals the go,
And so, the brink has moved from out to in,
And all I've strove to sidetrack rolls into
My home and wrecks the life I fought to save.
Please, my love, take my errors for missteps
In frantic march across a rough terrain
To find the comfort, the security
Assures our impregnable creation.

Sophie - Tout est de ma faute.

Griffin - No, I bear some blame.

Sophie - It's my play.

Griffin - Um, yeah, you've been typecast as God.
 Sophie - How can I be the place I place myself?
 They talk, and though the limits find a way
 To relegate my voice to rejoinder,
 I question everything, and this leaves them
 Wondering why I've come to dance so wooden.
 Be glamorous, they say, but keep in step;
 Charm the lowest need, yet stay above
 Fraying par des images imprudentes.
 In cheating on my instinct for display
 To be what locks the critics from my mind,
 I flex reflexively all I perceive,
 Vous avec inclus, into lurid wish
 To bond in shame, as that is all one has
 When what one needs is what one must defy
 Would one convene une ouverture parfaite,
 Yet know, please know, tho I must falsely fly
 To take my home, I touch down true to you.
 Griff - O let us push our berth into the sway
 And find a way to make it every way.

Enter Xiao.

Xiao - Je reviendrai plus tard.
 Sophie - No, Xiao, what is it?
 Xiao - It is time pour le théâtre.
 Sophie - I must then.
 Griffin - Sophie...
 Sophie - We will fight no more.
 Griffin - Yet if it bring such love?
 Sophie - Let there be war.

Sophie and Xiao exit.

Griffin - Is there not war enough in me to kill
 Every child the earth has ever favored?
 What will I do? Where go? How live in this
 Regressive gauntlet of untenable
 Compulsion? Everywhere I look, I love.
 So everywhere is nowhere til I choose
 Among them who demand I love but one.
 And I demand it too, yet cannot choose,
 So wanting all, all I'll have, or all lose.

He exits.

Phase 5, Scene 1. Enter Leveret on a cliff overlooking the sea.

Lev - I never askt to be some glossy fuck's
Radical elevator to darkness.
It's all the shallows you don't know you're in:
Rain on the yonder, dust in questy drift,
And suddenly it's a great night to be
Dismembered. Can you believe I pulled
That pretty face out the manic turbine,
And still I falter on a skate of salt?
You know how it is: slum along the drill,
Fight the mumbo path, so the wrong button,
A gutter-craving critter science sneers
Pathetica perplexus paradoxicum.
More voodoologic than zoologic,
More scammed by sleep than subject to a sham,
Tacking vacation perks on suicide
With eyes that steep the tenebrific wash,
It swallows up, to save, the meat it needs.
Big stingers, rise, and let the waftings blither
Of conquests long ago, but most this talent
To pelt the secret door of my desire
With slaphappy bouncing bricks. No, mother,
You are too large to be of any help
In capping these empty premonitions
Of improvement: there, spawning your next meal;
There, fervidly fatigued; there, borrowing
Attention from broke distraction all so
You can pay nothing to feel something;
And here, feeling bearably embarrassed
You crawled out of it just to mess it up.
Yet so it is: I am alone again,
Fuddled to the point of thinking plastic
A heady drink. Well, at least I know
You're here with me, indulging in your dreams,
Tossing me the scraps like some repulsive...

Boa enters.

Boa – Who you talkin to, Leveret?
Lev - The ocea...it.
Who painted Santa Fe across your face?
Boa - Rockwell.
Lev - He spare some solid for his reason?
Boa - Just being honest bout his feelings.
Lev - Feelings? Rockwell's nothing in but targets,

And those he hits think they cause him pleasure,
 And those he misses hurt to ease the pain
 They 'magine his, but that empty barrel
 Restocks alone with cold, hard rounds of hollow.

Boa - I poppt your peeps.
 Lev - I got no peeps, Boa,
 Other than my jailbird life, cheep cheep.

Boa - Your swindle ops, the ones what shot Hunter
 And Orange Chicken pashin in her coop.
 They workt out swimmingly as seal wafers.

Lev – You sank my crew?
 Boa - Boom boom, get a tomb.
 Lev - Then here's for Trick-n-Track: bai bai, Boa.

Leveret draws on him.

Boa - Rockwell told me to.
 Lev - Then lemme tell you
 How to say "no" in Punish.

Boa - He sent your clip to Sophie.
 Lev - O that rampant clot!

Boa - Yo, Rockwell's th'Islamic Bang Bro Jesus.
 Lev - You take your pills yet, Boa, cuz I'm about
 To flip your 'za, and it'd short the cheese
 'Fyou can't sense how fully much I love it.

Boa - No more pillows, dammit! Those death merchants
 In bunny suits makin saline titties
 Outta medicine balls be droppin diplo
 Down the hallways of my hospital head –
 Big stick, big woman, big stick, big woman –
 So no more pillows. I'm up for the nite,
 'N'when mornin come, 's cuz I lickt him.

Lev - This psychotic episode needs a sequel
 Sanity; it's Rockwell poked the stingray.

Leveret goes to exit.

Boa - Would you just kill Griffin Hunter already,
 Leveret?

Lev - What is this obsession with my
 Killing Griffin Hunter?

Boa - His glory guts you, man;
 Ain't no dizzy screw-up strip my cellmate.
 You goony pigged in that Malaysian butt lab
 So he could be out slurpin cock-cheese crepes
 Off Bridget Boredom's zig-zag coco puff.

He succeeds, you suck slag.
Lev - Crazy, but cogent.
Boa - And for that, I'm griffin him, 'less you do.

Boa offers Leveret his gun.

Lev - What's this?
Boa - My kazoo, hash-head.
Lev - Why give shit
To a sewer rat?
Boa - So that when you kill
Griffin Hunter, they trace the singe to me.
I get it. You don't wanna go back in,
So I'll be your skell, cuz you n Rockwell,
You're my only friends. See, I'n't so stupid
I don't know I'm stupid, least round you knacks.
Like that's my special brand of smarts, tellin
I'm a crack in the brain chain, so'f someone's
Gettin canned, it's sage I be the veggie.
Lev - Friends don't let friends prove friendship with a bruise.
Face it, loser: you're just Rockwell's dead toast.
He bought you cheap and fresh, turned up the heat,
Then his focus shifted and you got burnt,
So out you go, boadegradable.
Boa - Kinda sounds like you and Griffin, don't it?
Lev - Griffin respects me, Boa.
Boa - Like I respect
The finger I just used to funch my crack.
Lev - Look, I'm hypothetically comfortable
With you framing us as friends, but I got
Aged, artisanal feelings for Griffin,
And that don't zactly mesh with killin him.
Boa - Do you love him?
Lev - Do you swear to let him live?
Boa - And there you are: another Orange Chicken,
But don't fret none, cuz chicken's lotsa types:
White meat, slippy n soft, like a bad baby,
Dark meat, greazy n tough, like the Farthammer,
And then there's the marrow, which you suck
From the manzini bone, like a straight stud
Bustin twinks with his balls-out sing-along
Machete, else you suffer...what's that word?
Lev - Stud-busting?
Boa - No.
Lev - Erotic abuse?
Boa - No.

Lev - Emotional Invasion, the Musical?
 Boa - Exactly. Like you gotta douse the star
 What dazzles you or gulp that fire alive.
 Lev - I'm a vegetarian, Boa.
 Boa - And I'm a humanitarian,
 But I still eat people.
 Lev - Then break my bread,
 And teach me how to kill Griffin Hunter.

Leveret takes Boa's gun.

Boa - Vektor on my face and repeat after me:
 Griffin Hunter, I am not your retard.
 Lev - Griffin Hunter, I am not your retard.
 Boa - I got special feelings for Boa now.
 Lev - I got special feelings for Boa now.
 Boa - And his stupid's schooled me smart: I'm deformed
 Cuz you're demented, and tho I can't count
 The dads I had cuz they all sport three fists,
 I know one thing: it's time for you to bleat
 Like the Spearmint Rhino of Maladroits
 So me n Boa can start our life together
 In a nice place like Fort Lauderfail.
 Lev - There's no repeating genuine passion.
 Boa - And now you pull the trigger.
 Lev - How I look?
 Boa - You look like me.
 Lev - Cheat.
 Boa - I love you, Leveret.

Leveret kills him.

Lev - Well taught, Boa. Your flunky passt the test,
 And his degree's his teacher's laud or fail.
 So, how's it feel bein that big nuthin
 For which you practiced all your lamo life?
 It's gotta beat playin a sick retard
 With a pharmaceutic soul. Why so jumpy?
 Shit's over, Boa. You can quit your job.
 Wilted, wilted, that word salad's wilted,
 But please don't gimme bitch how I was cruel,
 Cuz, man, your deal was major mad cow sad.
 So sad, in fact, it made me ask - why live?
 To shuck my cob? To force myself to bathe?
 To watch my dreams dress up as hopeful clowns
 And flop before a house of realists?

This, you audience, is le theatre:
A twitch, a gurgle, a spasm, a stink,
A mound of skin with mighty plans to rot,
All followed by one ubiquitous blah.
You weren't my friend, Boa. I hated you
Much like an ugly picture of myself,
So you got rippt, cuz hey, honesty's
Just acting on your feelings. Vaad Sirat.
Time to sample Rockwell where I'm livin -
See that gravy yard? Now who's the chicken?

He kicks Boa over the cliff and exits.

Phase 5, Scene 2. The Bluebird Bookstore. Enter Mayumi.

Mayumi - Noon, and he said nine. Or did he? Noon, nine,
Distinction small of sign but huge in hope,
Like you and I, a lie in lieu of life.
Could it be my love-infected hearing
Skewed the signal, marking meaning's maker,
Difference, resulting in that tainted take,
I trust you? How wide my eyes uncurtained,
Not just that I see out, but you see in
To enter safe the home you made of me,
Yet out you lookt, then left, affronting love
With "I'll be back," a shrewd truistic fib,
For as I'd hold whatever you would be,
Your back is all the you that I behold.
What sweet security you must possess,
That all uncompromising vital cause
Of compromise; how could I ever hope
You, t'om all's accorded, might swap your stretch
Of glitzy peace for problematic me?
I guess I thought you were that dreamy man
Loves most the love that risks the most for love
And follows bravely thru his head his heart,
To keep, even when losing it, his word.
O you sad human, once a comet came
Into your night of tiny, static specks
And spread a surge of light across the sky
As you stood dazzled, gripless on the ground,
And then it went away, yet still you stand,
Like hang-up knows the way to overboard,
Trying to reclaim its transit marvel,
Incapable of ruthishly admitting
You'll never see or sip its splash again,

For it is gone, and when it does return,
You will be dead, with darkness all around.

Enter Walker.

Walker - I'm looking for a story.
Mayumi - Do you have a title?
Walker - The Death of Griffin Hunter.
Mayumi - I know it as the Life of Griffin Hunter.
Walker - I know it likewise, as I'm writing it,
But this story's by another woman,
Or the other woman, one Mayumi.
Do you know it?
Mayumi - I know it as myself,
But I am not the death of Griffin Hunter.
Walker - Not yet.
Mayumi - Not ever.
Walker - Not ever is a story
That ends before it knows how to begin.
Mayumi - Who are you?
Walker - Mr. Hunter's cleaning lady:
I scrub his dock of miscomplications.
Mayumi - Might I know what you know so's not to try
Selling my dearest truth to the chintzy?
Walker - Might I know what you want so's not to go
Sterilizing what I should simply toss?
Mayumi - I want to make the life of Griffin Hunter
A story that ends with me.
Walker - Then I know
I wrote that story, and it's called "Never."
Mayumi - We'll see.
Walker - This bookstore can't be doing well;
It's so independent. Name the amount,
And it's yours if you accept my request.
Mayumi - What request?
Walker - That we strike your character
From th'entire Griffin Hunter series.
Mayumi - Howbout we strike your sterile, servile soul
From my independent lovechild bookstore,
Or I will splinter off and self-publish
The Liberation of Griffin Hunter
From His Incarcerated Cleaning Lady?
Walker - Do you swear to never see him again?
Mayumi - And if I don't?
Walker - Then I will splinter off
And self-publish the Death of Mayumi.

She pulls her gun.

Mayumi - So, you love him too?
Walker - Bitch, your man is married.
Mayumi - You know nothing.
Walker - I know where food ends up,
And you're his snack.
Mayumi - Griffin Hunter loves me.
Walker - And you love him?
Mayumi - More than you'll ever feel.
Walker - Then show you love him by not seeing him,
Else everything he wants you will destroy,
And what is love but seeing whom you love
Be led into their want by everything?
Mayumi - He sent you here?
Walker - On his better behalf.
Mayumi - I'm his better half, you the dieresis,
And we are done with intermediates;
I will hear from his own lips what he wants
Or perish ever striving at his mouth.
Walker - Say you will not see him or you perish.
Mayumi - That woman threatens woman not to love
Proves the peace you protect atrocity.
Walker - That you would prop yourself above his peace
Proves your love takes its orders from your twat.
Mayumi - As would yours, if you had one.
Walker - Do you see my gun?
Mayumi - It's proof you love him.
Walker - I love his vision for the world.
Mayumi - I love his vision in the world.
Walker - You will leave this world if you see him.
Mayumi - If I can't see him, why not leave this world?
Walker - Look at my gun and make the choice to live.
Mayumi - What peace can he have if you kill his love?
Walker - This gun is his peace.
Mayumi - Then let me have it.

Mayumi goes for the gun and Walker shoots her. Griffin shouts from the side.

Griffin - Mayumi?
Walker - She did this, so make it so.

Walker puts the gun in Mayumi's hand. Griffin enters.

Griffin - Walker? Mayumi? But O, what is this?
Walker - I came to hear her side and found her here.
Griffin - Did you call it in?
Walker - Not yet.
Griffin - So do it.
Walker - But this will mean the end of your Accord.
Griffin - Are you insane? She's dying. I don't care
What this does to my Accord. She must live.
Mayumi, speak.
Walker - What if Sophie did it?
Griffin - Sophie?
Walker - She was leaving when I got here,
And seemed frazzled, in a hurry.
Griffin - Sophie?
Walker - I call, you lose a wife and a career.

Griffin grabs the gun.

Griffin - Call an ambulance, or you lose your life.

Walker gets on the phone.

Griffin - Mayumi, who did this? Mayumi?
Mayumi - She...
Griffin - Who is she?
Mayumi - She said I was hurting you.
Griffin - Who said that?
Mayumi - I'd never hurt you, Ghazan.
Griffin - Mayumi, speak.
Mayumi - Never, never, never.

She dies.

Griffin - No.

Walker hangs up.

Walker - You must leave.
Griffin - Never, never, never.
Walker - You don't need this now.
Griffin - O I need her now.
Yumi, I need you now.
Walker - I'll take care of her.
Griffin - All care's been taken from her. Finally,
She is careless, all her cares now in me,
All mine to care for she who has no cares,

Yet care is counter if it will not join.

Griffin points the gun at his head.

Walker - Griffin, no!
Griffin - I did that, so I do this.
Walker - No, you didn't do this, so don't do that.
Griffin - What do I have to live for but the hope
Of meeting her beyond deceit and death,
The only corner in this one life town.
Walker - Yet live to find who did it.
Griffin - I did it,
And must die.
Walker - Vaad Sirat?
Griffin - Leveret!
Walker - Leveret?
Griffin - Then why was Sophie here?
Walker - She came for peace,
Like me.
Griffin - Leveret hated that I loved her.
He broke us up. He told me so last night.
Walker - Then this is a message from Vaad Sirat
Delivered in the casing of his envy.
Griffin - No, she killed herself because I was late.
Walker - She was too gentle for a gun.
Griffin - It's true.
She held baby birds tween every finger.
Walker - All signs lead to Leveret.
Griffin - I will follow,
And root him from my route for all and good.
Walker - Call me when it's done. If her body's found,
It's instant bad for you, but a missper
Will take weeks, if ever, and in that time
Your Accord can be signed, so I will drive
The body to Big Sur for a burning.
Griffin - A burning, yes, for how her body burned
Thru mine, for me, and I for her thru that.
O look at you, my love; lost as my love.
Here rallied once the pulse that was my peace,
Off-churning breath I followed like a sap
New warmer winds. How many times I felt
These hands consign their vim to satchelling
Some unassuming empty; and these eyes,
These soothing spectra of the inner bustle,
Once flasht my craving's joyful calibration.
Yet all are now as silent, still, and stale

As a bludgeoned seal waiting on the sled.
O Yumi, gone, and I am endless sobs.
Prescient infancy, wisdom cycled round,
O you were springs and orchards to my soul
That, skewn of care, now rot in proud pollution.
This world's far more vicious than it wants us,
And even thru the lies that mugged our love
We shared one cherished, tortured chance at truth.
No solace now but pain that howls for pain.
Illusion girl, the sun is in your skin,
My place to be. What science knows your cause?
Look at you outlast us. O look at you
Not look at me as up and off you flow.

He exits. Walker begins to drag the body out.

Walker - I told you, didn't I? Why seek the love
That never faces shame? You need him once,
He flirts and flatters you, his gentleness
And passion glimmer new and genuine,
He seems to understand, to need your hem
In a childish way, so you go unedged
And feed your flesh to his quick-rushing thrill,
But hidden hot, once opened, quickly cools.
You pocketed some tiny, shiny nugget
Of hope, but now, scrubbed with fretting frenzy,
It's dull, depreciated past exchange;
Having served his commercial break, what brief,
Scanty drudgings of deceived affection
You think are yours are not, like where are you
In this embarrassing fugacity?
Once a pretty fleeting flower from whom
He took a small, particular sniff, you're stemmed...

Enter Madera and officers.

Madera - Well, well, what evil's left for us to do
When those who fight for peace be killers too?

They cuff Walker.

Walker - So fall the selfless, ever self-condemned.

All exit.

Phase 5, Scene 3. Enter Rockwell, audience, and press in the lobby of the San Francisco Opera House.

Press - As I'm sure you're aware, Mr. Rockwell, the United Nations Charter was signed right here in the San Francisco Opera House, and tonight, in a play produced and translated by yourself and directed by your wife, Vivian Nash, the renowned Sophie Berceau will make her buzzed-up American stage debut, appearing as Allah no less, while her husband, Under-Secretary of Disarmament for the United Nations Griffin Hunter, still works to convince diplomats to ratify his peace Accord, which, if the winds of statecraft are with him, will be signed right here in the San Francisco Opera House. Historical irony, backstage lobbying, or inter-matrimonial machinations?

Rock - A lack of proof is not a proof of lack.

Enter Leveret and pulls Rockwell aside.

Lev - Yo, we gotta talk.
Rock - Do I know you?

Leveret pulls his gun.

Lev - Yeah,
I'm the zip sherpa lugged your fat khalifa
Five gimpy years updown the narrow ridge
Of nihilistic wealth, while you, you what?
You stab me in the back to spur me on,
But my fee's come due.

Rock - And she's all yours.

Lev - She?

Rock - Huzala's on Mayumi, Sophie's free,
And Salubrious Muck is clear to land.
Vas-y mon garçon!

Lev - O shut the fuck up.

Rock - I thought you "love his wife"?

Lev - You love his wife,
And all this "kill Griffin Hunter" was for that,
But guess what I just did? Shyman says "guess."

Rock - You just interrupted my interview?

Lev - I just dropkickt Boa off Point Lobos
And left him bobbing in the abrasion
So all the seals can eat him and get high
On meds designed to keep the seals down.
How's that, boss? Like that, boss?

Rock - You killed Boa?
 Lev - He snufft my staff, and Griffin was on deck.
 Rock - What?
 Lev - You ordered it.
 Rock - He said that?
 Lev - He said...
 Rock - Wait, Boa said...
 Lev - Boa said...
 Rock - Boa said
 Barbra Streisand ran a halal truck
 In his closet so no one knew the clowns
 Stayed off cuz they were feeling falafel.
 Lev - Gimme the clip of Ghazan and Yumi.
 Rock - What have you to do with it?
 Lev - What have you to do with it?
 Rock - It's mine, so howbout whatever I want?
 Lev - It's her opening.
 Rock - It's our opening.
 Lev - Why are you doing this?
 Rock - For you.
 Lev - For me?
 Rock - You are my dependent.
 Lev - You spawn defections.
 Rock - Are you defecting?
 Lev - No, I'm correcting
 An early plot point: Kill Simon Rockwell.
 Rock - This is the finest moment of your life,
 My son; I love you, even in the lobby.
 Lev - Are those ears on your headstone or mushrooms
 Growing out your skull? I have served myself
 To spoilers in your service. Where there stood
 A man of truth and ambition now crawls
 A sad, muttering doormat to deceit,
 And he's the only one who ever loved me.
 Rock - Boa loved you.
 Lev - Then I see a pattern.
 Rock - So much for emotional honesty!
 Lev - What?
 Rock - You were popping rocks, but then...a pattern?
 Lev - I meant...
 Rock - Hey, ment's for curbing verbs, and we
 Are men of action!
 Lev - Action that betrayed
 My only friend.
 Rock - You didn't betray me,
 Leveret. No, quite the contrary: I you.

But when you're at your rope's utmost, you've got
 Mad swing, so I used you to stop myself,
 For which I'm regret sans expectancy
 Of papaya bowl.

Lev - Boa...

Rock - Eh, Boa.
 Rabid dogs must rest. You have always been,
 Always will be, my preferred brand of wall,
 And when you fall the khamsin shall erode
 Me like a ticky tacky mosque, but you,
 Inshallah, shall remain, my disciple,
 My chosen, my son.

Lev - I'm not your son, really.

Rock - What is really? We have a power in us,
 Leveret, that can leap the gorge of fact
 And make what really isn't really be.

Lev - Yeah, we kinda have that power, don't we?

Rock - Hugs, my son.

Lev - All this to score on Sophie?

Rock - You sayin she ain't worth it?

Lev - What I know,
 But does she even like you?

Rock - I'n't so bad.

Lev - You're pretty bad.

Rock - No more, my son, no more.
 I'm cleaning up my act so picky shits
 Can take a dump on me and drop it down
 'Thout having to yelp-scalp th'establishment.
 But since Boa's cancelled, or shall we say
 Been cancelled, I've got an extra ticket,
 Devant et centre. After you, my son.

Lev - Mr. Rockwell, what about tomorrow?

Rock - Tomorrow, what? I kill you. It's a joke,
 My son. What about tomorrow? Tomorrow
 Is tomorrow; tonight is theater.

Phase 5, Scene 4. Enter Vivian, cast and crew backstage.

Viv - People, we have toiled, and we are tired,
 But now we must not let exhaustion in.
 Our lines are fuselaged into emotion,
 Our choices channeled by our characters,
 And free, unveined intent's one tight action;
 We've stumbled thru, but servo's set to run.
 I beg of you (with dukes of can and will)
 To etch these beauties round your fighter jets:

Speak big and crisp, calling to your savior
 From culvert dire, yet preserve each nuance
 Its utic subtle verve. Keep pressure's pace,
 Cuz nothing smells like actors dragging feelz,
 Yet pause enuf to pose a hearing heart.
 Make each moment fleshy with its meaning,
 But fat it never more than it can mean,
 Wrapping yourself in equal discord to
 What fits between a heading and a heeding.
 Yes, you are the star, yet an ambient light
 Blazes in the sky, both from other suns –
 Quintillions huger, hotter, hungrier –
 And from each tiny spot that gazes you,
 So be your media immediate,
 While mediated by a causal mesh,
 Your every part exerting to decide
 Which part of you imparts the basic part
 Clutchest in the task of easy-going.
 Those who say duplicit dooms the actor
 Are too tim'rous to concede we're the dupes
 Of cryptic circumstance, and being real's
 Embodying adverse realities,
 So let your conscious choice in pert express
 All unconscious options past prediction,
 Looking to the end while playing each beat
 As intro awesomeness. Move as you speak,
 Speak movingly, but most of all, commit,
 Cuz acting's mainly cheating on the urge
 To cheat yourself out of the chance to act,
 And thereby cheating others of the chance
 To hate the cheat over love the actor.
 In short, fly or fall, make em think you dance;
 Now go out there and kill that audience!

Enter Stage Manager.

SM - Flowers for Ms. Berceau.
 Sophie - Griffin?
 SM - Rockwell.

Sophie opens the card.

SM - Places!
 Powers - See you in heaven, Sophie.

Sophie projects the footage of Hunter and Mayumi on the wall. The actors enter and begin performing the play.

Prophet - True loving lord, sole ravisher of all,
Whose skirmish winds that flesh and word deploy
With raging dusts to make and break my wall
In fits of fate spark severance where I cloy,
Thou hast yet spared my sons of stage supreme
Within my heart, Husain and Ibrahim,
For which I give thee thanks.
Sons - So too do we.

Enter Izrail.

Izrail - Great prophet, I from high to you have come
To condescend this violent, vital law:
Thou canst not love in one heart more than one,
For double worship forms the fatal flaw.
So must you choose – Husain or Ibrahim.
One close in life, one lost in death extreme.
Prophet - But O what cruel imperative is this?
My lord say crack the chalices of love
That source his river from life's fickle mist?
Out, demon. Thou't no seraph from above.
Izrail - How pierce thy bayt al-shar like mincing sand
Were I not of thy lord's securities?
Thou more than any knowst his prime command:
One love, as for thy lord; yet loving these
Defaults his favor. Choose between thy kind,
Or both shall he discard as bitter rind.
Prophet - But they and he are separate quaints of love;
In him I love the one, in them the all
Of his expression, which I must be of
To have and seek his home empyreal.
Doth not the tigress fight for cub and pride?
Doth not the stream caress its twining shores?
Doth not the stillest ship sway side to side?
Doth not creation crave competitors?
And doth these unified divergencies
Not etch the eager in his timeless frieze?
Izrail - Thou art his prophet, not some wav'ring scull,
Who is what others must for him believe,
So choose, and soon, lest seeing how you stall
Thy loving lord give you two sons to grieve.
Ibrahim - O father, let me die to save Husain
For I'd no peace in living by his loss.

Husain - No, father, let us fight this evil djinn
Whose lies defile our lord as kafir mosque.
Prophet - He will not bend to selfish bartering
Or spiteful insolence; so at thy knees,
Where to his people, loyal and adoring,
He gives good cause or grants a sweet reprieve.

They drop to their knees.

Prophet - O lord alone, it is thy faithful prophet,
In ummah least, yet first in ulama,
Who begs of you to on his sorrow set
Some solace or repeal this vicious fatwa.

Sophie says her line backstage.

Sophie - O, ce n'est pas juste.

She exits. Vivian enters the dressing room.

Viv - Sophie, it's your cue!

She picks up the card off the floor and reads it.

Viv - "This footage of a cheat proves all I promised you:
In old love found false, a new love's found true.
Meet me in your room, Simple Simon."

Vivian grabs a sword and exits.

Powers - When will this world rise to my standards?

Powers et al exit.

Phase 5, Scene 5. Enter Sophie on the street. Leveret enters following her.

Lev - Sophie, wait! It's me, Leveret.
Sophie - Leveret me alone.
Lev - What happened up there?
Sophie - This.

She projects the footage.

Lev - Where'd you get that?
Sophie - No matter.
Lev - Yes matter.

Sophie - Simon Rockwell sent it to me before
I went on, so I didn't, can't go on.

Lev - Footage can be doctored.

Sophie - Unlike my love.

Lev - Someone set him up.

Sophie - Yeah, she set him up,
So I'm done. Regardez: a picture speaks
A thousand words, and every one's a lie.

Lev - This ain't his style.

Sophie - He's always been a cheat.

Lev - To always be a cheat is the rarest
Of all triumphs, and not even Griffin...

Sophie - Did you know of this?

Lev - I know he loves you.

Sophie - Il aime ma naïveté, but its end
Ends our love.

Lev - This clip is fabricated.
Lincoln leave the penny, Jesus drop the Christ,
Shakespeare lose his crown, ok, but Griffin
Cheat on Sophie? I can't even think it
Without first thinking thought unthinkable,
And speak of thought, think of Rockwell's motive.

Sophie - Que savez-vous de ses motivations?

Lev - Griffin said he's out for you.

Sophie - Griffin? Ha!
A lying myocardial parasite.

Lev - So then there lies in him what lies in all:
Anger, envy, sadness, lust, ambition –
Yet he's a lock on power few possess:
The power to allow these powers to steer him
While also being powerfully in control,
And wobble being the most human trait,
Losing himself, he gains humanity,
And from that humanity, he regains
The power whereby you were first allured,
So how condemn him for being the man
Convinced you to condemn all other men
To being in and out of your control?

Sophie - You glorify the lie you have not lived,
But here I am to scream it out my scars:
La tromperie est le couteau du lâche!

Lev - And trust the safe space of the self-inflicting.

Sophie - He gave me his word.

Lev - Ha! We give our word
Because it's breaking us to maintain it.
Look, Griffin used me, left me, cheated me,

But I keep coming back because he has
 That power.
 Sophie - Power of a source corrupt
 Is all-corrupting power.
 Lev - Yet the power
 To forgive is beyond all corruption.
 Sophie - We must abate forgiveness once it veers
 At self-destruction.
 Lev - What, you self-destroy?
 He is a warzone of identities:
 Treaty, trouble maker; lover, liar;
 Griffin Hunter, Ghazan Huzala.
 Sophie - Quoi?
 Lev - His name...sorry, thought...he didn't tell you.
 Sophie - But O to scurry back and spay the Eve
 Of empty men!
 Lev - My place is down the hill.
 Just come with me, we'll have some tea and talk.
 Sophie - Ruines, je suis des ruines.

They exit.

Phase 5, Scene 6. Enter Rockwell in Sophie's room at his house.

Rock - The teal muse bridles in the front range.
 An aviary of extremities
 Spits up bougainvillea. Wave after wave
 Of sweltering, swirling root smear, arcane
 In style, yet seditiously fresh of taste,
 Dump allusive vapors cross the hatching,
 And thrippy, urgent rejuvenation
 Comes again, like a five sister nimbus
 Gutloading the riven with pariah.
 Ah, rejuvenation. The honeysuckle
 Scrub brush monastery flexes sugar.
 Rosey routes the fire lane thru her toes.
 The snazzy barrel's cubic rumba raves
 Flock the coachless soul. Pedals tarento,
 A coy drunkard, sprays fantastic upticks
 Over every infant, and all cry on,
 Looshy epiphenalia in their swind,
 Rejuve, rejuve. Sad maestros ornithy.
 And woozy groove puts in at almondine
 For oeuf imbue. O the carpet waters
 From savvy piggers bashing yokes on nuts!
 All rejuve. Even my seed pod stroller,

So soft and dank of late's now hard and swift
Among the speckled jams of sweet felicia.
Rejuvenation. Ah rejuvenation
Doth never pick and curse, but ruddy cranks
On any sagging, dry cocoon of care,
And bubbling hormone implants...

Vivian enters, carrying the sword, outside the room and impersonates Sophie.

Viv - Semion?
Rock - O Sophie, yes, you came. Rejuve, rejuve.
Viv - Under the sheets and close your eyes,
And you will get a big surprise.
Rock - I'm under the sheets! The best part about
Being an adult is acting like a kid.

Vivian enters the room.

Viv - I received your gift.
Rock - Pardon my timing,
But it seemed best t'apprize you toot da sweet.
Viv - You are so native to my urgent needs.
Rock - Fuck that play, right?
Viv - That's what I plan to do.
Rock - O never has so savory a treat
Come of such a nasty undergrabbing.
Viv - Ready?
Rock - You're not upset about Griffin?
Viv - I'm a trashy girl with a hungry truck,
And he's the dog that kept me from your junk.
Rock - You were way too good for him. He's so stiff,
And righteous! Allah oy. He must have left
You cold as a San Francisco summer.
Viv - Yes, but I can hear your heater groaning.
Rock - Burner's on and combustion's good to pass
Into your exchanger for some toasty.
Viv - Are you certain Vivian won't come home?
Rock - I hope she does. You could direct her how
To please me. That donky I-Don't-Strip-Mall
Was inept at eros as I in ethics.
Viv - You must have had some oolala?
Rock - Not once.
Miss Gristle Chop came frozen off the grill.
Viv - It takes two to make one feel faultless.
Rock - The fault is all her female power shit.

When the political is personal,
 The personal is fucking celibate.
 What good's a big job and some debate points
 If you can't open your tadpole spigot
 And sprinkle some wawa on the chuppah?
 Like if the dick ain't hard, the day sure is,
 So get to work, woman. Damn, I range-roved
 Her rodeo drive with my wiper fluids
 Fly'n like I's the queen's own thick monsooner,
 But could she pop a lolly in the chops?
 Fuck no. What a waste of a pubic bloom
 Her hellhole was. Clueless as a game board
 Blew its pieces snuffing its instructions.
 Mais vous, ma chérie, êtes different:
 With hands that grip, eyes that gape, lips that lube,
 Ears that hear beyond their own conditions,
 And for the poofing of the ham un nez,
 You are, my dear...

Viv - Ok, I think we've talked
 Enough for one ineffable d'accord.
 Ready?

Rock - Yes O yes, but speak French to me;
 It fraps the hollandaise in my nicoise.

Viv - No.

Rock - Si vous plais, mon amour. Parlez francais.

Viv - Very well, Simple Simon. Au Revoir.

Vivian pulls the sheet off the bed.

Rock - Vivian, put down the sword.

Viv - I'll put it
 Down your gullet.

Rock - But I'm your husband.

Viv - Only band I'm in's the husband killers.

Rock - Spare me, please.

Viv - Your life is past appeal.
 The highest court in disaster sent your case
 To me, the lowest bitch in the basement.

Rock - Fine, I'm guilty, but death's too large a fine.

Viv - It's true. That's why I plan to cut you up
 So fine they'll say your dying outdiced death.

Rock - But they'll catch you and sentence you to life
 In the no lipstick building. I'm a cheat,
 So why not divorce me, take my money,
 And throw me in the street to spit upon?

Viv - All I want from you's your carcass farting

Rock - Beads of blood all over my last meal.
 Vivian, ew.
 Viv - Ew? Who are you to ew?
 The work that was morphotic to my soul
 You haggled for some low exchange rate snatch.
 Our love, which I will swear upon the bile
 Your sickness slurried over everything
 Once so alive, your burning urgency
 Has scalded to a cold, vapid cinder.
 And like this caustic ravage can't suffice,
 Your humor's so humiliated me,
 A violence once inimical to sense
 Now forms the bulk of my depleted conscience,
 So ew to your ew, you ew-spewing flue,
 And prepare to be ewed past all ewing.
 Rock - So I'm sick! Gimme pity, not petty.
 Viv - I'll carve so many open pits thru you
 They'll finally ledger down that you're all mine.
 Rock - It's true. I claim my crimes. But what's the cause
 Save my morals lapst before your genius?
 Viv - O no. I am no Anne. Your flattery
 But stokes my hankering to hack you up.
 Rock - Let me be honest then before I die.
 Viv - Your only honest act will be to die.
 Rock - I'm a bad man, Vivian.
 Viv - Honesty
 Could have stayed home and loaft that on my lawn.
 Rock - I mean that I have dealt the swag of death
 Lacking all compunction or condition:
 The bombing in Beijing, I sold the wares,
 And many slaughter staples prior to.
 Viv - Why tell me this now? Offing u just once
 Was already edging at unample.
 Rock - I tell you to exonerate your guilt,
 For murder is the mimicry of love
 When we kill who would bezzle life from us.
 Viv - If this is mimicry, my guilt compounds,
 As emulating you is pure remorse.
 Rock - But don't you see, my wife? That's our routine!
 When two strong minds enter a weak contract,
 More eas'ly broken than their precast wills,
 The ambush of affection tweaks of each
 All the other was in isolation
 Before concession ever faked an out,
 So intimacy spawns claustrophobics
 That medicate themselves with paranoia

Whose only side-effect is addiction
 To terror as the studied take on sex,
 And soon, the bedroom turns a battleground
 Whereon the spirit's tested til it fails.
 It's normal, natural as tarantulas
 Breeding in the bodily recessions
 Of missing hollabacks. Let us accept
 Your art obtains its subject in my arms,
 My violence giving play to your desires,
 And peace marches on in re-enactment
 Of your forgiveness for my raunchy gaffes;
 A show of autonomic freedom we,
 All mad and all marveled at for madness.

Viv - Stop talking.

Rock - No, I'll speak til you admit
 That taking my life's embracing my love.

Viv - Your love's an arsenal that I embrace
 To drop its fubar rating on itself.

Rock - But wait! There's more in me than eats the lie!
 I hold so much clair de lune congestion
 I can't control what surges out, but you
 Could direct my smut, search for artifacts
 Among the vitr'ous blast sites of my heart.

Viv - To search it, I would have to cut it out.

Rock - Launch vindictive; land my vindication.

Viv - We couldn't have a child because you're one.

Rock - Help me grow up and we'll try, try again.

Viv - I'm too old.

Rock - I know th'opposite feeling.

Viv - O Semion, how much you've meant to me.

Rock - My meaning is constructed of your craft.

Viv - More tears? You are a giant, hairy baby.

Rock - You scared me.

Viv - And I thought to, but I'm sorry.

Rock - What an amazing, troublesome journey
 Our life has been because we stuck so close.

Viv - When I first saw you, it was like the sun
 Had snuck one night into a human shape
 In order to be brighter being close
 Yet kinder in the freedom of not far,
 And I knew instantly, here was a man
 Whose scope of life gave me the silly hope
 That some day I might with him gladly die.
 Please, know that now, before our time is thru.

Rock - O Vivian, our time shall never end,
 For we are always opening again,

Progressing thru impossible reversions,
And running onward, ever, ever, ever.
Viv - What opens must at some point close.
Rock - Must it?
Viv - Yes, Simon, it must.
Rock - But why, mommy, why?
Viv - If you're open too long, bad things crawl in.
Rock - So you're leaving me?
Viv - No, I'm taking you.

She stabs him.

Viv - Then leaving you.

She stabs him.

Rock - For who?
Viv - For me alone.

She stabs him.

Rock - O, this is real.
Viv - No, Simon, it's a play:
The one you took from me, which goes to show
Catharsis will occur, on stage or off.

She stabs him.

Rock - Where you, my wife?
Viv - Sanitizing myself
Of all those parts of me inclined to you.

She stabs him.

Viv - Who's on book? O, me. What's that Simon says?
"I am dead." Say "I am dead."
Rock - I am...
Viv - Ha!
Vivian didn't say Vivian says!

She stabs him.

Viv - Step on it, dud nut. We're all sicka this
Run on I am's; the play's too long. Just die.
Rock - Adonai anee shav eleyha O...

She cuts off his head.

Viv - Famous last incomprehensible words.

She grabs his head and phone and exits.

Phase 5, Scene 7. Enter Leveret and Sophie outside his place. Griffin is hiding inside.

Lev - My place is a loner's mess. Go round back;
I'll get some drinks and meet you on the porch.

Sophie heads around the side of the house.

Hunter - Now sink into the cycle you know best:
The timeless killer steps into his copy.

Leveret goes into his place. Hunter jumps out and grabs Leveret by the throat.

Hunter - You love me, eh? Do anything for me, eh?
Save my life? Serve my time? Slay my slayers?
All good until you take it on yourself
To take what's best for me to better you.
Kill Mayumi? Kill the only human
I've ever loved, including you, you hopeless,
Filthy faggott? She was the only one
Who cared for me, knew me, heard all my heart,
And you killed her, and for that, you are gone.

Sophie enters through the door.

Sophie - Huzala, quit hunting ghosts for supper.
Rockwell killed Mayumi at my request.

She projects the footage on the wall.

Sophie - After all, it's clear you left her wanting,
So I sent a real man to top her off.

Hunter - You, Sophie? You?

Sophie - That's right. My fiancé,
The only human I have ever loved,
Did my bid and botcht the bitch.

Hunter - Fiancé?

Sophie - Sophie and Simon. It has a ring, no?

She throws her wedding ring at him.

Hunter - Is this true?
Sophie - No Ghazan, this is marriage.
Leveret - Look, you two. I work for Rockwell, ok?
He wanted you dead to get you in bed,
But I talked him into this cheating stunt
To save your life, and there's no way he'd kill
Mayumi much less carve his own cold cuts,
And since I killed his thug and would never
Do it myself, truth is still in traffic,
So let's just chill, ok?
Sophie - Never write plays,
Leveret. Your plots are too implausible.
Hunter - You are my wife.
Sophie - No, I am your nightmare,
And you will sleep with me pas plus. Pas plus!
Hunter - I'm sorry.
Sophie - To forgive you would imply
You mean something to me, quand en effet
You're just a wrong turn I took to true love.
So, pip pip. I'll be lolling 'long le Midi
With my Simple.
Hunter - Who, on your petition,
Killed Mayumi.
Leveret - No way.
Sophie - Y quoi de cela?
Hunter - I love you.
Sophie- No, you love her.
Hunter - I loved her.
Sophie - Lies burst from his mouth like dreams from a bed!
Hunter - Only because I'm stuck outside myself;
I love you and you killed the one I love,
So come.
Leveret - Vengeance is the crime, not the cure.
Sophie - Yet how I'm cured by this crime of vengeance!
Hunter - Come now, Sophie.
Sophie - I told him, murder her,
Marry me.
Hunter - Sophie, come now.
Leveret - Tell the truth.
Sophie - The truth as I know it, want it, or fear it?
Hunter - The truth as it is.
Sophie - I said kill her, she is dead. As it is.
Hunter - Is that so damn implausible, Leveret?
Leveret - I'd need to smell it from the scum itself.

Sophie - He'll be here soon enough, to kill you both!
Hunter - Where are you going?
Sophie - I'm fleeing the scene
Of my liberation.
Hunter - We are married.
Sophie - Til death do us part.
Hunter - Then death do us part.

He grabs her by the throat.

Leveret - No!
Hunter - Yes, I did you wrong, but you did worse,
And yes, I love you, but you killed my love,
And yes, you are my wife, but where's my wife?

Leveret pulls his gun.

Leveret - Griffin, stop, or I shoot.
Hunter - My wife is dead,
So I will show my love by killing her.

Sophie dies. Enter Vivian with a sword and Rockwell's head.

Viv - Sophie, baby, c'est moi, Simple Simon!
Sophie? Welcome, please, the husband killers!

She charges at Hunter with her sword. Leveret shoots her and she dies.

Leveret - This is all way too real to be believed.
Hunter - Rest, sweet Mayumi. Both are nothing now.
Leveret - You killed her, man!
Hunter - She is, was, the killer.
Leveret - How do you know?
Hunter - How do I know? She said.
Leveret - Dude, she was distraught. "She said" don't mean shit.
Poor Sophie.
Hunter - Rich Sophie. She found her way
Beyond this thieving world, and that is all.

Madera, with Walker and cops, calls from outside.

Madera - Hunter, this is Detective Madera.
I need everyone in there to come out
Hands in the air, then we can talk it thru.
Leveret - Yo, we gotta go. I built a trap door
Dumps onto the beach, then into my boat

And we're off. Ghazan!
Hunter - No, I want the truth.
Leveret - This is the truth.
Hunter - Then I'm done.
Leveret - Come on, man,
We'll be free.
Hunter - You set me up?
Leveret - To save your life.

Madera calls from outside.

Madera - Look, Hunter, you come out or we come in,
And viz the latter, it's long and ancient
And leads to the top of a capsized life.
Leveret - You go. I fix this then catch up.
Hunter - Pas plus.
I've built myself of you, and here's the house.
Go on. I want to be alone with her.
Leveret - No, I will not. What am I without you?
You taught me how to walk to what I want.
I believe in you. I love you.
Hunter - And that's
Your radiant mistake. Go, do better.
Be free of me. I am a poison man.
Leveret - You are my poison.

Madera calls from outside.

Madera - Hunter, one more chance.
Come out peacefully or trigger my heat.
Hunter - Just go. I need to handle this myself.
Leveret - Only if you swear I'll see you again.
Hunter - Never.
Leveret - No.
Hunter - Fine.
Leveret - When and where?
Hunter - In one month,
The Sleeping Panda, where Yumi waited.
Leveret - If they put you in, I will pull you out.
Hunter - Like old times, but without the bad timing.
Leveret - So I'm to trust you with yourself?
Hunter - Trust me
Only with myself.
Leveret - Ok. This one's yours.
Hunter - Ya habibi.
Leveret - Ya habibi yalla.

Leveret exits down the trap door.

Hunter - That is the last lie I will ever tell.

Walker calls from outside.

Walker - Griffin, it's Walker. Please, come out. I need
To tell you something that will change all this.

Hunter - Death has done its part; you may miss the bride.
But when we were a thing, o what we were!
Sadness savored, beauty seen and spoken,
Silence and screams imbibed, taking places
And taken by, following wildest whims,
Sharing and honoring secrets, patient,
Passionate, adoring, adored if not,
In all providing sustenance discovering,
And certainly forever...

Walker calls from outside.

Walker - Griffin, please,
Come talk with us. This isn't what you think.

Hunter - If only we had loved outside this life,
A little less, perhaps. For you were fierce,
Yet too much. You shouldn't have, yet you did,
And there we are, exactly what we were,
Too similar to survive each other.
O but Sophie, why?

Walker calls from outside.

Walker - I killed Mayumi.

Hunter - What?

Walker - I killed her.

Hunter - Who says that?

Walker - Me, Walker.

It was an accident. She rust my gun.

I went to save your Accord. I'm sorry.

Please, come out.

Madera - Hands up.

Walker - And all will be well.

He picks up Vivian's sword.

Hunter - This is my peace. By this, all innocent,

Now absent wonders sheen what brutal drives
Barrel under love; what violent, vengeful
Urges throttle us thru our desires,
As th'aurora swoops in hot reflection
From off the icy continents in shards
Of unintended awesome perturbation,
Yet such an image I with me despoil.

Sea bulls bellow in the distance.

Hunter - You hear, mad muzzle? Sea bulls, tho sailors
 Called them sirens. Pas plus. Felt fictions, rest
 From my fresh-fouling mind that roused the tale
 Of how between two goods, full war can rage.
 She is dead, she is dead, so I'm to die.
 O total and unending isolation.

He raises the sword and charges out the door.

Huzala comes, great cause of these deceased,
That by his death at last beloved peace...

Shots ring out.

THE END