

Icarus and Aria

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Characters:

Icarus Alzaro
Aria Jones
Dina
Jimmy Jones
Cindy Jones
Jimmy Jones Junior
Micky
Damon
Mr. Nite
Maximus
Primalo
Tonka
Gallo
K2
Ray and Hammer
Mayor Favor
Sheriff Orpayo
News Anchor Sandy Waters
News Anchor Warrick Mondragon
Sissy Rip
Malory McGuire
Jose Escalante
Bobby Rivers
Coach Conrad
Trinidad
2 moving men
Secretary
Shareen Stone
Photographer
Luce
Matina
Leslie
Ernie
Priscilla
Ted Kaczinsky
Barcaiolo
Junkfood
Medicine Woman
Minister

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

Waters

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

Bob

A headline must have pun and pertinence.

Jose

"New son makes desert bloom."

Sissy

"Icarus hits paydirt."

Malory

"Fair catch, Phoenix!"

Jose

A hundred million bucks for nothin but a kid!

Malory

A hundred million kids with nothin but a buck.

Bob

Cool it.

Sissy

Puppets at the podium.

Enter the new star quarterback for the Aztecs, Icarus Alzaro; team owner, Jimmy Jones; CEO of the team's lead corporate sponsor, Mr. Nite; Icarus's

agent, Maximus; Mayor Favor; Coach Conrad; super starlet Shareen Stone; Jimmy Jones's son, Jimmy Jones Junior; Jimmy Junior's sidekicks, Micky and Damon; and the team's cheer squad, the Aztech Jumping Beans.

Mayor

Ladies and gentlemen, a warm how-do
From friendly Phoenix, valley of the sun,
Where we keep it down so you can shoot high.
Today, it is my proud, mayoral honor
To renatu'lize into our civic fold,
His feathers of ambition homeward flying,
A briefly lost, yet ever-cherished member
Of our great community; for just this mornin
Our own expansion Aztechs burned their brand
Into that gifted rookie, Icarus Alzaro,
Whose golden, franchise arm set steady on
A top notch squad, fresh-laid facilities,
And enough dollared dreams to hang a horse,
Shall throw us to acclaim and greet him back
With love-drunk arms to his adoring family,
Always the source of rare ability.
Today, my friends, the rock of namelessness
Lifts off our sandy town of malls and palms,
To show a city of winners shining forth,
Its resources extended, yet still resourceful,
Past prosp'rous, yet with new prospects seething,
Well poised, yet pouncing at new centuries.
But gosh, how I can gush! Let's turn you now
To the owner of the Aztechs, Jimmy Jones.

Jumpin Beans

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

Jones

Thank you much, Mayor Favor. And how about
Our great cheer squad, the Aztech Jumping Beans?
Despite my natural bent, I won't be long:
Whatwith this deal, I'm due down at welfare.
But in a ser'ous vein, the check is cut,
The kid is clincht, and we are title-bound.
I am at heart a swagg'rin energy man,

So I purvey this boy in terms of watts:
From Pop Warner to those damn Rosebowl Trojans
Last freshman year, he supercharges teams
At culvert depths. He is a river pent,
Whose levied torque shot thru hydraulic ranks
Mad scrambles, smashin 'ponents surge on surge,
Distributing pure electricity.
He is an amp to fiery aspiration,
An autokinetic focalizing force,
An ergonomic messenger from space,
The volting progeny that rest assures
To give this city light, this desert life,
And the bowl-desiring peoples back their pride.
You say he's pricy? Pay or walk away.
You say erratic? And who is that ain't?
Young? This is his millionth incarnation.
The Aztechs will contend, not gosling-like
On wobbly both-way frills, but as an eagle
Whose tendons tach and tranche the urgent air
In wild power seeking slat precision.
Most play, some reinvent our silly game.
Upon this boy, I bet my fortune's name.

Mayor

That JJ'd yack a studhoss outta rut!
Let's scope this loaded mic at that cougar
Robb'd the cradle, his agent, Maximus.

Max

Thanks, Mayor.

Jones

Grill him whose mits just grubbed my piggy bank!

Sissy

How many zeros?

Max

Counting you, just one.

Bob

Answer the question!

Max

Question the answer.

Malory

What's your cut?

Max

Filly mignon, blood rare.

Jose

This deal - boon or bust for you or us?

Max

Look, Icarus is a god-damned trophy machine.
He sees the whole field, stuffs every slot,
His running and his passing games are tops.
You got him, I got me. Wanna swap?

Bob

No way!

Sissy

Any promotions pending, Mr. Nite?

Nite

Icarus shoes, cologne, and credit cards.

Jose

You're only nineteen, Icarus! Why now?

Max

Coach?

Coach

Cuz now is when we need him most.

Sissy

Are you worth it?

Max

He is worth it all.

Jose

What's your role, Ms. Stone?

Stone

Private counsel.

Max

Final question.

Malory

Let him speak for himself!

Jones

Jaw to the world, boy.

Icarus

Forgive me. I am shy yet to the press,
And like the horned owl, construct my nest
Within defensive spines of stark seclusion,
But come the need, I shall soar victorious.

Mayor

In short, like mama nature, Icarus
Stands ready to throw balls at men.

Jones

Good day!

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

Tonka

Mira, K2, I'm fat on da big screen!

Gallo

America's Most Haunted!

K2

Hispanic Soul.

Gallo

Me llamo el mestizo.

Tonka

I'm talkin like a mutt.

Gallo

A mover la colita.

Tonka

I'm sayin move ya butt.

Micky

This room is private, sir.

Tonka

You wish to see my privates, senor?

Damon

This is a private function, sir.

Tonka

Si, they function muy good, senor.

Micky

Your name, sir?

Tonka

O, mi hombre quiere casarme!

Damon

Your name, sir.

Tonka

Your name, sir.

Gallo

Viva!

Jimmy

Get out.

Tonka

Salte.

Jimmy

Get out!

Tonka

Muy bobo!

Jimmy

Get out, or I go cryptic on you, boy.

Tonka

Boy?

They draw guns.

Gallo

Tonka, man! There's heat outside!

Tonka

You hittin on me, shitkicker?

Jimmy

Shit is for kicks.

Jones

Jimmy, down!

K2

Primalo!

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

Primalo

Must everything go loco when I'm gone?

Tonka

Cracker rub a wetback, he get mooshy.

Jimmy

Back to the kennel, spick.

Tonka

Tu casa es mi casa.

Primalo

My good senors, I too possess so serious a toy. O, we are on tv. Hola, Matina! I am the star of a Big American Criminal Summer Blockbuster. What is my role? It seems I riff da gangsta. Que previsible!

Enter Detectives Barcaiolo and Junkfood.

Barc

Primalo, que pasa?

Junk

Shelf it, Little Debbie.

Jones

Let em go!

Primalo

Ossifers Barcaiolo y Junkfood. My permit. Am I no generoso? Si. All in order. I wish to comply. Si, si. You the man. I came to offer Icarus my best. Alli esta. Icarus!

*No llueve por mi
Senorita.
Yo 'stoy bailando
En el sol.
Si, senorita,
Me adore,
Sigan sus ojos
Girasol.*

Primalo

La raza!

Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, and K2 exit.

Jose

Was that gangster your brother Icarus?

Max

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

Jones

Go Aztechs.

All exit.

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

Trinidad

Aria!

Dina

Yo, Trinidad, what up?

Trinidad

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

Dina

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

Trinidad

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

Dina

You seen her?

Trinidad

One sees not a girl in love.
She rises into clouds, alone above,
Just like a moon, phased out by her own phase,
Her direct beams become dim-fulging haze.
She's traced to tracers, her orbit is her doubt,
Past attractions tug at her new thrill,
And glowing glumly, happy just to pout,
She mopy mopes, with moping mopier still.
A girl in love, to be seen, must outgrow love,
But only new love leads from old to no love.

Dina

Wo, Nana, that's some prehistoric rap!
My Aria and me, we chicas nuevas;
Tight with the opposite, we trip no trap,
Immune to love, but ill for hombres fuertes.

Trinidad

Behave yourself, or you'll have no behaving.

Dina

Yo, conflict and me can't stop agreeing.

Trinidad

She loves selfish Emilio more than herself,
Yet he's not phoned her in one month and a half.

Dina

She don't love him!

Trinidad

Do I know Aria?

Dina

Yo, you been main Nana since ground zero.

Trinidad

And you?

Dina

Be best friends fly since we was two.

Trinidad

That is two years, my girl, I have on you.

Dina

Sur nuf, sur nuf, but I can lucidate
More soundly on my sister's pressure rate:
Like siamese twins, we school joined at the hip;
Like jungle janes, we swankin on one swing;
And like twin kamikazes at one ship
We taken out the boys, wing to wing.
She's my def hermana, my central chitchat,
And we's one pitter in one heart with pat.
So, all respect to you, she ain't love's loser,
Cuz love is out, old, done, and she's a chiller.

Trinidad

Then she is in what's out, fresh to what's old,
Done by what's done, hot for what's left her cold.

Dina

You mean she's hot to do th'ole in and out.

Trinidad

Dina!

Dina

Trinidad! Offense is cop-out.

Trinidad

I know, cuz age is wiser til it's dead.
She sighs, and asks her shadow what it said;
She stares in mirrors, walks off, and there is left;
And screaming nights, she dreams her body's theft.
Her world is empty, or with absence fill'd,
Each beauty thing ugliness self-will'd.

Since love's pure touch, she now will nothing feel,
As all's corrupt, contaminated, gross, unreal.
You run your mouth, child, but you walk your brain;
Love's bug is caught, and it's a dang'rous strain.

Dina

Wo, Nana! I teach you.

Trinidad

Youth teach? That's doom.

Dina

Youth ain't so bad as exit-rates suggest.

Trinidad

Yet everything turns old, cuz old knows best.

Dina

Not 'bout love and lust!

Trinidad

Lust lies, love trusts.

Dina

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

Trinidad

Child! How old are you?

Dina

Near seventeen.

Trinidad

And your Aria?

Dina

She is what I'll soon be.

Trinidad

Yet tween those figures, dwells a wild math,
And you have yet traversed that crazy path.

Dina

From forceps to funeral, girls is girls por vida!

Trinidad

But come thirteen, like blackcat in bonfire,
She's blood and briers and cranes in dark ravines,
Clutcht like a palm desiring to be read.

Dina

But come fourteen, she's taffy pillow-stick
Boys kill to put they heads on, and kaboom,
Them little lady oleander bulbs
Wetted by the world's drool be bloomin.

Trinidad

But come fifteen, it's bleak and bottomless,
Words fight speech, hormone cancels hormone,
Shame dullens, and her light goes lurching in.

Dina

But then come what? Teen sexy ten and six!
Pony tail, sassy wink, sweet deadly numchuck wiggle.
And there prance I, delectable as dread,
To say my say, strut stuff, and get good...

Trinidad

My tiny Nabokov, be out of bed.

Dina

I'm bad and glad.

Trinidad

Then gladly hear bad said,
For seventeen is whirlwinds and dust devils,
Cantations from whatever can't exist,
As far from sanity as time from touch.
Your Aria, from this familiar bath of friendship,
Now steps most common thru that strangest age,
And like the mantis eat the cocoa leaf,
Her change is chance, her growth a stiffling grief.

Dina

Nana, me and my girl don't do no voodoo.

Trinidad

Then fetch her, child. I've spellwork to do.

Trinidad exits. Enter Aria.

Dina

Yo, girlfriend, see the news?

Aria

Nothing is new.

Dina

I'm sayin, on the television there,
Your padre with his hot new passer hunk.

Aria

My father swaps in slaves and calls it sport.

Dina

This buff can slaver me for sport, all ways.
He's like an astrodome, where Cash and Cute
Compete for moistest, and I cheer the lead:
Go, Cash! Go, Cute! Go, Cash! O, playboy, score me!

Aria

Who plays is played.

Dina

Girl, where you at?

Aria

A loss.

Dina

For love?

Aria

For self, that not to love must love.

Dina

Love who?

Aria

Myself.

Dina

And not love who?

Aria

Myself,
That he loves not.

Dina
Why not?

Aria
To find himself.

Dina
And you?

Aria
I'm where I'm not.

Dina
Yeah, like with me?

Aria
Like out of like with he my liking's of,
In love with him without love's in to him,
Not going out the out he's given me,
That now my being's where it cannot be.
I am a desert of inverted self;
Heat chills, light blots, death hides, mirages quench,
And hearing him in frantic echo loops,
Life is an unsuccessful suicide.

Dina
Yo, may I never go where you was at
That makes where you at now no place to be.

Aria
The place is love, the passage-out is pain,
The time is ever, and the star is me.

Dina
Now, girl, I blow this front: Emilio?
O-mom-io? No-car-io? He writes "free verse,"
Wears Goodwill, and has skin like fajitas.
Forget that Oilio, and go scenario!

Aria
I have forgot him, Dina. He is for getting.
Who gets him for herself, I am all for.

Dina

Then I don't get what I am gotten for,
Cuz if you smile, who hung me upside down?

Aria

O, quit it, Dee.

Dina

A frown! I spot a frown!

Aria

You get over too much to understand.

Dina

Try me. I'm not as stupid as you look.

Aria

On wings of love, I landed here. With me
My baggage was deplaned. But love took off
Again, returning, leaving me love-wingless,
Ungotten of him, but still by him got.
So, grounded, I can nothing do but watch
My dewless days dry in th'undoing sun.
I'd love to lift out of the love I'm in,
But loving's power lies in loveless him.

Dina

What's love, nah mean?

Aria

Love is a spaceless shape,
A soundless song, a series without sequence,
A poem of us that we are nothing like.
Love buys us high and sells us low for scrap.

Dina

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

Aria

Blah on boys.

Dina

With buns of steel and soulfood eyes?

Aria

Good looks, bad taste.

Dina

Quick tongue, slip more than words in?

Aria

Fast talk, slow learn.

Dina

A big thick bank account?

Aria

Rich boy, poor lover.

Dina

Dag! I'm reckless bored!
We're new here! Let's go out, not schlump in love.
I'm jonesin for my Jones! Shake that old rug,
Go shag fresh boys, and don't bug out the bug,
Cuz love ain't but the antidote to love.

Aria

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

Dina

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

Aria

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

Dina

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

Enter Trinidad.

Trinidad

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

Aria

Yes, Nana.

Dina

Trinidad, you spark my blunt?

Trinidad

Excuse me, infant?

Dina

You're flamin from the nose!

Trinidad

Out! And slow that fast car, Jenny Dean.

Dina

No ooman, no cry,
Me crash, me hit da bull's eye.

All exit.

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

Jones

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

Jimmy

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

Jones

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

Jimmy

At least I pack.

Jones

I pack!

Jimmy

Okay, you pack.

Jones

Repeat: I've run my wallet down the field
To toss Icarus thru the toss-off press.

Repeat: his hangtime is your moving-up,
And I repeat, who picks him off, offs me.

Jimmy

I told you I had issues re this draft.

Jones

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

Jimmy

Rotting trash smells quicker in the sun.

Jones

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

Jimmy

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

Jones

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

Jimmy

No.

Jones

That's Jimmy Jelly.
Let's scrimmage.

Jimmy

Let's not.

Jones

First down. Que suprema?

Jimmy

I sent you all his rap sheets. Can you read?

Jones

Second down! Primalo, Pri-mal-o,
Like primal, animalian, maniac.
I don't know what that means, but I like it.
He's the underworld Me, Boss Barrio,
Psycho Jefe, Rat King uno mismo.

Jimmy

He's way below you.

Jones

No one is below me.
He and I both grub the ground for roots.
We scarp one sod. We toil against one sloth.
We crawl from one gutter to one gutting.
And that's exactly why I like that kid.
Quit whinin 'bout the race and race to win.

Jimmy

He gains, we lose. That's that.

Jones

Third down. Look here:
Like this Primalo, I'm a businessman,
The master of mimetosympathy.
Know that word?

Jimmy

No.

Jones

I make people like me,

That, likened to my looks, they look to buy
What I like. So, I befriend who I fight
And copy now who I will later crush.
See, each competitor's a customer,
And the customer's always right. My motto?
If you do one thing, addict them to you.

Jimmy

This ain't marketing school. This is thug life.
These deathrow suave ricos roast their rivals,
Hand out mexican neckties as a gag,
And what's the headline? El Imaginero
May be privy to the disappearance
Of thirteen girls from our new maquila,
Whose charr'd, molested corpses have been found
Feeding gila monsters in south Juarez.
Your comment on this customer, Mr. Jones?

Jones

So, some men negative the sum of man.

Jimmy

He's not human.

Jones

Human? What is human?
A glob of lard, a dash of salt, some tasteless drippings
All boiled to a grog that stews and spews
'Til it's drunk. Human? Humans hate the word.

Jimmy

You respect those narcotraficantes?

Jones

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

Jimmy

That gravy is still based upon the grave.

Jones

Who buys the flower to make his gravy thick?

Jimmy

Not me!

Jones

They sell powder, we sell power,
So, what's the diff? That term, that slut, Legit.
Buy her, and she ain't the thing you bought,
Give her up, she'll go down elsewhere soon,
Like some dumb hippy livin in the now.
Just as clean filters best collect the dirt,
Legit legitimizes illegits,
And, need I ask, are you legitimate?
The sober souse that passes that roadblock,
He is my next in line.

Jimmy

I'll kill him first.

Jones

Personal foul. Fourth down. Punt or go?

Jimmy

I punt.

Jones

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

I outdo myself; he does himself in.
Now, you like him or me?

Jimmy

You, sir.

Jones

Touchdown.

Jimmy

I fell up.

Jones

Go and prep this evening's bash,
O, and son, keep that gun way up your ass.

Jimmy

Yes, sir.

Jones

Now, where's my lovely baby girl?

Enter Jimmy Jones's new wife, Cindy Jones.

Cindy

Hola!

Jones

Hey, Sugar. Where's my Aria?

Cindy

She is in love, that far-off, promise gland,
Prayin pujas to a boygod's photoshrine.
That girl's got problems; this girl's got solutions.

Jones

Bring it on. Her moods are such rainforests,
My words hike in, get lost, and ne'r return.

Cindy

Down? Dress up! Flop? Go shop! Need salt? Lift to sift!
(Balance thru indulgence, health thru wealth).
But how, you ask? Simple. Chatchke bender.
(Accessorize, accessorize, accessorize).
So, two cute outfits, matching she and me.
Tony Lamas (very pink), tights (very tight),

Sarape (muy ethnic), shorts (muy short).
We primp, we girly gab, we cram Latonics,
Then we party esta noche cha cha cha!

Jones

Cha cha children not allowed.

Cindy

Now, Jimmy!

Jones

It's a pre-camp publicity party!
No politician, jock or pederast,
(And pardon me my gross redundancy)
Oogs my child like some policy endzone.

Cindy

Aria, a child? Time out, Old Time.
Can you say "did it?" Can you say "Think so?"

Jones

Woman, you're a caution.

Cindy

Still, man, you crash.

Jones

She's too young. Cameras got grow lights on em.

Cindy

Good grief! This party be the biggest flang
Hit camelback mountain since tectonics.

Jones

Techtonics. That's good slogan. Jimmy, note it.

Cindy

Note this, shrimp Jimmy. I've plann'd it all:
Streamers, luminaries, chili vines
(Stringin manzanita to the grotto),
A Mariachi trio (Ay, Selena!),
Cuervo Slammers (wormo make you loco),
Tacos dolores (she invented tacos),
As many chips as silicone valley,
Dancing, glancing, powermen romancing,
Pumpin on the keg, carrots in the dip,

Intercultural discourse lip to lip,
And Aria, cooing, "O, I be so blue,"
To some ripe hunk - Why, so long, heartscratch booboo!

Jones

Sometimes, woman, sometimes, sometimes, woman.

Cindy

I know! Stepmom six months. (Step up? Step on.)
But modern girls see thru modern girls.
As her procreator, you must make her
Cruise the mall of men to find her nature,
Shiftin innate shine to shine ornate,
Else she'll get old too soon, and young too late.

Jones

No.

Cindy

Why not?

Jones

Cuz I know what is best!

Cindy

What's that, Big Daddy?

Jones

No slinky clothes and smoochin!

Cindy

My honey Jimmy, let grow and let go.
Parenting's a paradox rodeo.
If you say no, the child's sure to do it,
Yet you say yes, the child says no to it.
If you kick up your heels, you can't say heel,
But stay flat foot, you lose your hip-appeal.
Denial is what offshoots most deny,
But parents get shot at if they defy.
Say, wait a while? You lost it at her age.
Say, marry first? Ya, right, Mr. Fourth Marriage.
No man good enough? All men good enough.
She was conceived, she will conceive. Be tough,
And bend. Life's a fatal affair with fun.
Moreless, if she don't do it, you are done.

Jones

Hoodoggey! Junior, get that?

Jimmy

Ya, I got it.

Jones

A smart man weds a crazy woman. Why?
True deadly things then with him gently lie.
Dig you, sweetpea. Jimmy, rope my daughter!

Jimmy

She's here.

Enter Aria and Trinidad.

Jones

My little song, where you been?

Aria

I'm in hell.

Jones

If this is hell, my wrongs have done me right.

Aria

Not hell per se, but an amusement park
Whose theme is hell, called "Great America,"
Where Giant Smiley Muppets mumble things,
Uniformed attendants, like you, and you,
Sell cotton candy, wax statuettes,
Books without words, and really scary rides,
While I, sick with spin, behind a public stall
Vomit purple piles called 'expression.'

Cindy

Well, just don't dirty up that pretty dress.

Aria

I'll wear a garbage bag.

Jones

That seesaw fashion!
When I was young, garbage bags were for garbage.

Jimmy

It fits her fine, spoilt and rejected.

Jones

Say sorry, Jimmy Junior.

Aria

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

Trinidad

Greeting is a gift, child, not a gauntlet.

Jones

Well said, nana.

Cindy

Why, you're so awful pretty,
I'm 'prised a wind of worship ain't flattened us.

Aria

Quit being happy. You're in hell.

Cindy

Praise the Lord.

Aria

Praise the lie.

Trinidad

Aria!

Jimmy

Say you're sorry.

Jones

Why can't we be a normal family?

Aria

Normal family? Like sane insanity,
Nice hostility? Our food is fake,
Our home is hate, our chronicle is cash,
And we take up new clone cells like lab sheep.
Normal family is the fantasy

Of failed individuality.

Enter Secretary.

Sec

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

Jones

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

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

Dina

What up, what up? Oo, all down, all down.

Aria

I'm sent to the condo, like a framed picasso print.

Dina

Ixnay on the artypay?

Aria

My father begot a being he doesn't get.

Dina

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

Aria

How?

Dina

You in?

Aria

Trust or bust.

All exit.

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

Icarus

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

Enter moving men.

Mover 1

That's Icarus.

Mover 2

No it ain't.

Mover 1

It is.

Mover 2

It ain't. I seen him on Hardcopy. Kid got firearms.

Mover 1

No shit?

Mover 2

Smoothbore clipfed semiautomatic.

Mover 1

Chicks?

Mover 2

He's made so many models, they call him Gluestick.

Mover 1

Habits?

Mover 2

He makes Elvis look Amish. Toot, slug, siss, pop, bam, shoot, boom. Dude don't just kill the pain; he cuts up its corpse. If that's Icarus, I finish this job alone.

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

Luce

Icarus, ven aqui!

Mover 1

I'm in da back, Jack, havin a smoke, Joke.

Moving men exit.

Icarus

Yes, mama?

Luce

Mira, picaflores at my feeder,
Sipping the red sugarwater. Mira!

Icarus

There are other feeders.

Luce

Not on this block.
I'm the only hummingbird humano.

Matina

She sleeps, and in her ears the robins splash
To flutter up refreshment from her skull.

Luce

Why we move?
What moves must die.

Icarus

This neighborhood is death.
My contract lets us go where we live well.

Luce

Live well?

Matina

The rich are lonely and unliked.

Luce

I pluck my ripe naranjas in the spring;
I spray the scamp'ring ninos with the hose
Til summer ends; in fall, the bouganvilla
Loses leaves that I must rake. Then, winter,
Those men from Tonga shave my date trees bare.
To live well is to care for what you have.

Icarus

All this is elsewhere too.

Luce

Not like it is.
The day the space shuffle burnt the sky,
You and your good brother go for leche,
And dying is a kitten in my gutter,
So, practico, he cracks its tiny neck,
But you, you cry, and hide it in your drawer,
And O the rooms all rot.

Matina

I smelled it first.

Luce

Then, you say to your father, mi esposo,
Papa, I can fly when no one's watching.
Si, yo lo creo. Pero papa, no.

Matina

Where is my new home?

Icarus

Paradise Valley.

Matina

Show me, Icarus.

Icarus

Then up we go,
Over the city, past Carefree, then thru
Dreamy Draw Pass, skirting the Horizon,
And down into a lush and rich oasis.

Matina

I see exactly where I'm going now.

Luce

Dinero fue siempre tu amigo.
When you were young, beneath the palo verde,
The girls came to kiss you on the cheek,
For that you charged a dollar.

Matina

Gran ganga!

Luce

But then, Ms. Rosa, she shout 'pervertido,'
So you say, 'for you, then, one on the mouth.'

Matina

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

Enter Maximus.

Max

Senor Alzaro, hola.

Luce

Who's this now?

Icarus

My agent, Maximus.

Max

It's nice to meet you.

Luce

I cannot be met. I am moving.

Max

And this must be Matina? El bonita!

Matina

This man smells of leather mixed with lemon.

Icarus

Be good.

Max

She's right. I'm a steer with a twist.
O, shucks, regret to rush, but Icarus
Is packt this afternoon. A shoot...

Luce

Who shoot?

Icarus

Photoshoot, mama.

Max

And then, la rumba!
(Could we discuss in private, por favor?)

Icarus

Mama, get your bags. It's time to go.

Matina

No me gusta este hombre.

Icarus

Matina.

Matina

Cicadas leave their shells upon the wall,
Fly freely for a day, and then they fall.

Icarus

Matina.

Matina

El es muerte invisible,
All save the shell.

Luce

Matina.

Matina

I see all.

Luce and Matina exit.

Icarus

Forgive me.

Max

I've no gripe with compensation;
But, hey, let's chew about this brother thing.

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

Gallo

Yo, everything's in boxes.

Tonka

Wish I was.

Dina

Off, you greazy pitbull.

K2

Vivaracho!

Primalo

Icarus, que pasa?

Icarus

Primalo, nada.

Dina

Introduce me.

Primalo

Por supuesto.

Tonka

Slit and Slot meet Mr. Change.

Primalo

Callate!

Aria

Aria. My name is Aria.

Primalo

Aria. My name is Aria. Eyes of cocoa, curves papaya, 'rullant voice of Inca dove.

Dina

Dina's my name, cute boy, and you're to blame.

Max

Maximus, his agent. Pleased to meet you.

Primalo

Donde 'sta mi madre?

Icarus

Our mother's moved.

Primalo

De nuevo? Mothers move, we arrive. Ah, but we arrive, and mothers must move.

Gallo

I moved a mother once, into labor.

Dina

Chill, or I will crack them dam fugazis.

K2

Icarus, how dem Aztechs do dis year?

Primalo

You know, I never said congratulations. Tumbleweed to Great Sequoia, nerd-savant to nerf-savior, my wimpy mexican jumpin-bean brother is now the Jolly Green Giant.

Gallo

Icarus, sign my fender?

Tonka

Icarus, touch my tushy?

Gallo

Cerdo!

They draw guns.

Primalo

Bajo!

Dina

Icarus rules you 'chuco chumps.

Primalo

Correcto, mi cholita. He's the marachino kid, sittin O so sweet atop the Sunday. Tu vida, Icarus: one giant juicy monstrous dessert. You made it, brother, eat it.

Icarus

You hate it, brother, beat it.

Max

Well, gosh, it's late.

Primalo

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

Icarus

Why you need a mother if you make them?

Primalo

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

Tonka

You double that.

Primalo

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

Icarus

No, this is a mental block to me.

Max

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

Primalo

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

Max

Later.

Maximus exits.

Primalo

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

Tonka

O, Crystalita!

Icarus

She is your faithful wife.

Primalo

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

Icarus

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

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

Tonka

Fiesta o siesta!

Dina

Bye, cute boy.

All exit.

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

Jones

Maximus? Nite?

Nite

Yes, JJ?

Max

Mr. Jones,
Is there a snag?

Jones

My sport coat on your haywire!
What kind a boy you sell me, Maximus?
Tie-ins to some El Imaginero,
That gang of beasts be ghosting all my girls,
Trucking nasal candy long the interstates,
And crammin goonads down their rival's throats?
I build a name, a team, a stadium
To fit him from the locker to the logo,
He never says two kindred words to me,
And all I'm told is I have been told nothing?

Max

Mr. Jones!

Jones

They say he's got a brother.

Max

That's just slang, Mr. Jones. They're all brothas.

Jones

Does Icarus have credibility
Or not, cuz if he bombs, it's in your face.

Nite

Jimmy, no threats. Rumor or tumor, Max?

Max

My client is impeccable. Like he were
My eyes, I stand behind him. He passed
Every neuroscan, urinalysis,
And character prognostication test
The league devised. Class honors, no record.
The kid's so popcorn fresh, it makes you wonder.

Jones

I squirt a hundred million yucks to wonder?
Suckers wonder, power needs to know.

Nite

Gentlemen, might I prescribe composure?
Let's connect the dots before we color.
Who is Icarus? I rephrase that phrase.
What is Icarus? He is an image,
Image is currency, currency is
A product of consumer-led contrivance,
Assimilating disparate tendencies
Into desirable fabrications,
True and false, each the other enhancing.
Icarus is not Icarus until
We make of him what we can make off him.

Jones

Bullwad! Five decades running things, I see:
Good standing ain't just some floozy's favorite,
Steel don't stand on slush, jets don't run on spit,
And crooked kids ain't straightened by no spiel.

Max

Mr. Jones, Mr. Nite, I'm very hurt
That here, between us, now, there must be this.
I furnished you the temple of my word.
Icarus is perfect by contraries:
Out the barrio, into scholarship;
Once gang connected, now a lone vaquero;
Born at the bottom, living at the peak,
His gift is our delight in animance.
Humanity will ever love that story,
And who won't love it hates humanity.

Nite

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

Max

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

Nite

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

Jones

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

Nite

I get so rich by being wrong, JJ?

Max

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

Jones

Then let's party.

All exit.

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

Leslie

We're live at the Jones's residence
Where moguls, senators, and stars elite
Gather in celebration's jubilation
Of the coming season and its winsome heat.
But, questions lurk: Can Jones contain the lid
Upon the seering boil of his new brew
Or is there turmoil in the talent hid,
Odd explosive ingredients none knew?
Will this pressure-pot blow, the flame be doused
By its own roar, leaving a burnt-out hull
Of hope, green leafies spewn about the house,
And Phoenix yet again a cinder null?
With all the clues that's fit to hint, Ernie Guess.
Ernie?

Ernie

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

Enter Mayor Favor.

Leslie

Mayor Favor, what lies ahead?

Mayor

Tax breaks and that big Lumbago trophy,
But now, a little chat and chum. Howdy!

Leslie

Wow! Ernie, ever feel our Mayor
Is so on top of it, she's just not there?

Ernie

What a gal!

Enter Coach Conrad.

Leslie

Here's Coach Conrad. Coach!

Coach

The players are set, the rest is a crapshoot.

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

Leslie

Here's Icarus, the hurler of the moment,
And at his side struts that smashing starlet,
Shareen Stone!

Ernie

Yowza! Shareen Stone!

Leslie

Tell us, Shareen, who's the man tonight?

Shareen

The night is filled with men, but I got mine.

Ernie

Shucks!

Leslie

Icarus: El Imaginero?

Max

Ernie, need a lawsuit to match that tie?

Leslie

Leslie.

Ernie

Icarus, on your connections...

Nite

Leslie.

Ernie

Ernie.

Nite

Betty, what's it matter?
Winners do it, losers chew it.

Max

Goodnight.

Leslie

Icarus, silence hath no believer!

Icarus

I'll speak when I find the right receiver.

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

Leslie

Completion!

Ernie

Yet, such scandal will not sleep.
Merely surface sprain, or a fracture deep?
Is our new sheik of sneak the muse of ruse?

Leslie!

Leslie

Ernie! Channel One, just news.

All exit.

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

Jump Beans

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

Cindy

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

Enter Damon.

Damon

Mr. Jones, we've Icarus's brother at the gate.

Jones

His brother? Let him in. One fame, one family.

Cindy

Who will toast the coming season?

Max

Not me, I made the dough.

Coach

Not me, I whipped the butter.

Jones

Not me, I got the honey.

Mayor

Gosh-all, if you insist...

Cindy

Please, Mr. Nite.

Nite

Some play the victim; we, for victory.
Some pursue consent; we, domination.
Some discuss their wounds; we, our weaponry.
Some live to lose; we, for acquisition.
As potent as a secret let us be,
To founder history with our precedence,
And speeding past the star, Expectancy,
Let us attract the planet to our presence,
Existing in a team, dying absolute,
Wanting what all know, knowing why they want it,
Becoming more ourselves as we transmute,
And winning, and forgetting not to flaunt it.
Of our supremacy, be this the season:
Of time's encounter, we the champion.

Max

To toasting the opposition!

Jones

To the hostess with the toastest.

Cindy

To the toastmaster of my heart.

Mayor

To the one with the most bread.

Jimmy

To Icarus.

All

To Icarus.

Enter Primalo, Tonka, Gallo, and K2.

Primalo

To Icarus, my brother.

Jones

Well, I be dammed.

Cindy

Music!

Jimmy

That punk is dead.

Jones

Earth to Jimmy!

Mini Jimmy, can you copy? Brawlin

Here? Shift that trany down; your last bang-up

Near totalled us, and now ya wanna derby?

Cool it off, boy. Get your date, act the man,

And circulate. You fight, I freak.

Jimmy

Yes, sir.

Jones

Am I alone in thinking I been duped?

Max

Mr. Jones...

Icarus

Primalo is my brother.

Max

Mr. Jones...

Jones

Gentlemen, step outside.

All exit.

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

Dina

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

Aria

Is Icarus here?

Dina

Motherflower, is dazzle in the lightning,
Soundboom in the sonic, tasty in the pastry?
Cuteboy's got his madjuice in an army
Paratroopin into Operation Me.

Aria

Lost in my own home.

Dina

Our eyes were handy.

Aria

O, why?

Dina

Primalo likes you.

Aria

What?

Dina

Go for it,
But go head first, cuz boss is triple trippy.

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

Icarus

Leave.

Primalo

Go Aztechs!

Icarus

Go away.

Primalo

Famoso!

Icarus

I'm asking you to leave.

Primalo

No hablo ingles.

Icarus

Because you won't.

Primalo

No, porque lo hablas.

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

Primalo

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

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

Icarus

Why are you with him?

Aria

I am not with him.

Icarus

He's trouble.

Aria

And you're troubled. Which to fear?

Icarus

Who are you?

Aria

No one.

Icarus

Well, I like no one.

Aria

No one likes you.

Icarus

I wish.

Aria

Your wish is here.

Enter Photographer and Shareen Stone.

Photog

Icarus, next to Shareen. Could you move?

Icarus

I hate this place.

Aria

Me too.

Icarus

So that makes this...

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

Dina

Cute boy digs me, si?

Aria

Si.

Dina

Ay, arriba!

Dina exits.

Aria

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

Dina enters.

Dina

Quit talkin to yourself; you never listen!

All exit.

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

Jimmy

Wipe the blow off yr fuckin face, Silla.
You look like a powder sugar shih tzu.

Prisc

Whatcha gonna do, Jimmy?

Jimmy

Drop it.

Prisc

Primalo's his brother.

Jimmy

Yeah, I can hear.

Priscilla

You're major rivals.

Jimmy

No, he's major buttmunch.

Prisc

If I were you, I'd be blushing sunsets.

Jimmy

Damn, Priscilla, I said drop the subject.

Enter Aria and Dina.

Priscilla

Here's his gangster girls.

Jimmy

Don't go near them.

Dina

It's your bro, and his dummy of the week.

Aria

Don't look.

Dina

Too late. Mannequin in motion.

Priscilla

Buenas noches, chicas.

Aria

Buenas noches.

Dina

Um, I speak English.

Priscilla

Congratulations!

So, yonder is the sibling Icarus?

Dina

Where dat?

Priscilla

The man you're with?

Dina

I am with men.

Aria

O, recibo un bipeo. Bye bye.

Dina

His name's Primalo, and he lives up to it.

Prisc

And which of you is with Primalo?

Both

She is.

Dina

O, tu sabes, we ride one bike two ways.

Priscilla

Excuse me?

Dina

They don't talk, they talk thru me.

Priscilla

You know Icarus?

Dina

O, no, I yes him.

Aria

She lies.

Dina

On top.

Priscilla

Get out.

Dina

Get in.

Aria

Get lost.

Dina

Me and him just wrestled tongues, llama-style,
Beneath the stairs. I call him Licorice.

Priscilla

You're playing me.

Dina

Why play a working girl?

Priscilla

Come again?

Dina

That's what he said.

Aria

So long.

Dina

My words exactly. Homeboy's grande size.
I know him like the back of my own thighs.

Priscilla

You've been with both?

Dina

A feat, cuz they ain't stable.
Primalo, Icarus: that's Cane and Able,
But I, as their ambassatrix of bliss,
Turn killing tendencies to tender kiss.
Those brothers offer all a sister needs:
From deadly daffodils, best butter breeds.
I'm the ground, one's above, one is under,
Put their tongues together, ain't no blunder.
One is broken strength; one's got strength to break.
Affection in affliction, luscious ache,
And pliant hardness; get it, and you're got.
Each is the hive to what the other's not.
But tonight, the flower suckt, the beeing done,
I'll shake their hate to honey, sweet and spun.

Priscilla

Is this the truth?

Dina

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

Aria

Dina.

Dina

Duna! I'm Duna of the Dust,
Santa Ana of the Sands, hot Miss August,
The Williwaw woman, the cyclone seed,
La Malinche of the west-coast miracle greed,
My particles flingin, I bust every barrier,
My reflex ka-chingin, I push every powderer,
I static, I shift, I slump and abrupt,
I pure, I cut, I'm totally corrupt,
From his Panama toes, to his Nicaragua knees,
From his Guatemala butt, to his Aguacalientes,

From his Baja arms to the tip of Yucatan,
I tap, dip, top that Centr' American man.
See, the sources I blow ain't none a your bizness;
The routes I flow, don't answer to your quizness;
Cuz I'm Duna of the Dust, and I can't be fenced,
So don't act nosy, or I get thick dense
And I...

Aria

Dina.

Priscilla

O, my god, you little bitch.

Dina

Least I got that extra B, you after-itch.

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

Primalo

My good sir, our dates here grow familiar.

Jimmy

And yet, this ain't the time, so speed on by.

Primalo

To bypass now, what truer crime?

Jimmy

What falser truce than hostile circumstance?

Micky

You want I ring the fuzz, Jimmy?

Jimmy

Shut it!

Tonka

Yo, Bouncy gets his fuzzies on the phone.
Push 1-900-mommy, are you home?

Primalo

Callate!

Damon

I'll waste you like a rubber.

Tonka

A rubber's on you wasted, sin cajones.

Primalo

My good sir, intense apologies.
How comic must this tragic cycle seem,
That you and I, complements in chaos,
Suave potencias, men of deft extreme,
Siempre must in conflict conference.
Comets, this are we, passing once and never,
Attracted by the sheen and gravity
Of that great sun, mi mundo-crossing brother.
We two orbit aqui a celebrarlo,
But, carrying on, we are so carried off
By these filthy tails desviado,
These tails (O, were I lizard, how I'd slough!);
This head-noosing tail, this tail without end,
And this tail, growing inward like a mole,
Lacking style and breeding, mal que bein
Disbanding circuitries they can't control.
So, why keep dogs? This pack of frothing pinchers?
Merely to entail the opponent?
Is our life their leash? Our pact their terror?
Our libertad this death-designed detente?
They hump at us, these risky sureties,
Splashing tankage from rompendo fleshies,
Tearing our select imported weaves,
Spilling what we pour them from our dishes,
As we, luchando to negotiate,
Neglect the fact their wildness cages us!
Pero, could we so love did they not hate,
Stand unafraid were they less murderous?
For we are leaders, and we will be followed;
We sing of paz, their panics pitch our voice;
Our central passion's thru their furor hollowed,
Y, al final, we chosen die by choice.
Funny, I say, funny to be so sad,
Yet calming, O, tranquilo to be mad.

Jimmy

The rift in you and yo makes much the same.

Primalo

Si! But, my good sir, your escort's name.

Jimmy

My escort?

Primalo

No, poor term for such rich beauty.

Jimmy

My escort?

Priscilla

It's okay. Don't sweat it, Jimmy.

Primalo

My dear, I have a vandal mind that sprays
The paraphs of its antisocial jeer
Upon the statues I yet consecrate.
Perdoname. I intend no offense.

Priscilla

No problema.

Jimmy

Shut up, Priscilla! You!
I know who you are and what you do.
Escort is church speak for what you're fucking.
You rap a big game up, but you got nothing,
So outta line you bust your mama's back.
My bills are clean, you step it on the crack.
Open air I breathe; you're the bottom side.
I'm public stock; you're auto-genocide.
Where I hang? Black Angus. You? Some hangar,
Waiting on a load from Bolivar.
Your goods are shit, your body's in a bag,
And all your flap's a double-facet flag:
One half white, the other parasite red,
As you bezel your expansive hornet head
Into the culture's body you would kill
With snorting, were I not to cut your fill.
You're the escort, and I own the service,
So, 'fore I blow, take your aids and split.

Primalo

Your fluency in traffic would imply
You splice the white lines often.

Jimmy

Ya, in chalk.

Primalo

To die in your own home's to never live.

Aria

No! This violence, is it not self-hate,
To most destroy what we must emulate?
Love or leave. Our bodies are for touching,
And, barring that, embodiments of nothing.

Priscilla

That's your baby sister!

Gallo

She a Jones?

Enter Cindy Jones.

Cindy

Wo, nelly! Children play, adults will pay.
Senor Primalo, how have we not met?
I'm Cindy Jones, and this is my stepchild,
Jimmy Junior, whom, yes, I fancied once,
But now I'm strictly Daddy, Mr. Jones.
Ain't there some word for me in your good tongue?
Anyhoo, the chaperone is entered.
Go savor of my spread.

Jimmy

That's Aria!

Cindy

Why, that's no more her than you chalupa.
Jimmy, scoot. Jovencitas, separate.
Senor Primalo, mi amigo nuevo,
Kindly go and judge my fresca salsa,
O'er there. Your companeros are so lean,
They might eat their words. To all I will be trite:
You cockfight in my house, this chick will bite.

All exit.

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

Photog

Icarus, smile! Shareen, hair. People, pay my rent.

Shareen

I'm a model, not a mold.

Photog

You're wonderful! Superfluous! Mayor, Coach, places.

Coach

I'll stand next to Shareen.

Icarus

Excuse me, please.

Shareen

Baby, wait!

Icarus

I'll be back.

Icarus exits.

Photog

We break until the star returns.

Mayor

Ever wonder what's behind the stars? Same behind as you got!

Coach

Ms. Stone, may I replenish your cocktail?

Shareen

If you can find me.

All exit.

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

Icarus

O she has demolished my defenses,
And I'm a shard, a crumbling of myself,
Until she gesture, speak, or move my way,
And fuse me once again to her desire.

Aria

Forget him. O, but how? He is so haunting.
Get over it! I wish. I can. I can't.
O girl, love has turned you to a toddler.
Learn to walk, then you can run away.

Icarus

How can I love so soon? How can I not?
She smiles, and we soar like dragonflies
That cloy among the scented streams of air,
Gliding on a buzz. O, I must come down.

Aria

He's ugly. No, the flowers crave his face.
He's stuck up. So am I. He is a jock!
O, no, he's gentle, curious, and deep.
Were he here, I'd tell him off, then grab him.

Icarus

I'd ask her out, but why? She is in me.
I'd reach to her, but she is beams and echoes.
I'd go to her, but she is so complex
My motive's lulled by what it should intend.

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria sees Icarus.

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria

I have so many wishes. Which is yours?

Icarus

The one you took.

Aria

Describe it.

Icarus

You inside.

Aria

I wish to give it back.

Icarus

Speak to its source.

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria

Ok. I wish the star I wish upon.

Icarus

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

Aria

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

Icarus

My wish is yours. It is emerged from you.

Aria

By kissing, then, my wish returns to me.

Icarus

And wishing on each other, we are free.

Enter Jimmy Jones, Maximus, and Mr. Nite.

Jones

Aria? Deep tarnations! Boy, my daughter!
Girl, you're grounded good. Now, get upstairs!
I said get upstairs before I whoop ya!

Aria

One thing make me always love my daddy:
Knowin the man he ain't's the man for me.

Aria exits.

Max

Icarus, come with me.

Jones

One minute now.
So many secrets flushed on me tonight,
I'm riled as a goldfish in a terlet.
What time is it? My daughter? Listen, boy,
You got camp tomorrow, six a.m.,
And this whole city's slumbrin til you rise.
Damn, my daughter? Maximus, roll him home.

Nite

Icarus, no mention of your brother
To anyone, until we frame the issue.

Jones

Dream of fire, my boy, dream of running,
And dream of passes, just not on my daughter!

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

Tonka

Swing them stubs, you fat abuelo!

Primalo

Tonka!

Coach

I'll skin him!

Jimmy

Grab his legs!

Jones

You wasted thugs! Back off! Not in my house!

Coach

That rodent stroked Ms. Stone against her will.

Tonka

You mean, against her ass.

Coach

I'm gonna kill him!

Shareen

When will the age of gladiators end?

Tonka

I saw the goods, and thought them good to go.

Mayor

And I was there and that is where I was.

Jones

Mr. Primalo, we ain't even met
And you cause skirmish in my privacy?

Primalo

I cause nothing.

Jones

Jimmy?

Jimmy

Instigator.

Enter Cindy Jones.

Cindy

Golly, what a darling little rumble,
But, hey, this party's poopt, so, beddyby!
Gracias, all, for sharin grub and gab,
And soon we'll wring our worries into winnings!
Go Aztechs! Senor Primalo and peer group,
This gate. Coach, that door. Mayor Favor, don't trip!
Enough's been wrangled 'bout for one hot night;
At morning, all will waken cool and bright.

All exit.

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

Dina

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

Dina exits. Enter Icarus.

Icarus

O whereto now, my Aria, whereto?
Out that gate, the crushing fists of libel
Derange and brutalize with competition
The man who wins himself thru others' loss.
But here you are, with kisses and caress.
Out that gate, my heart is monitored,
My joints calcified, bent against their bent,
My skull entrepanated, suckt and pluggd
With faking fame, fame, whose gifts are trinkets,
Whose friends are stalkers, guards, and operatives,
A Maximus, a Nite, who cannot think
But how to dumb me down to raise their rank
In the gainful sideline of my sense.
Fame's recreation is avoiding fame;
Concealing by exposure, it secures
A purchased life into a bulletproof cell
Upon a private plane in scrambled airspace.
O, but here you are, so good and honest.

Out that gate, my brother waits for me,
At the fringe as I am at the center,
Both showing family cuts in different shapes,
Him wanting vengeance, me wanting escape,
Me taking the hits, him making the hits.
Why join his over-personal vendetta,
And fight to fail? What is family?
A memory, a self-dissecting scrap,
A paramime of 'maged alibis,
Man-made man woos man-mad woman,
And mails the alimony to himself.
Must I die recuperating what's dead?
Out that gate, I'm lost, scorcht by flashing bulbs,
Blown out by fans, exploited as a prop,
Defamed by fame, found past recognition,
Murdered by the world's cheap affection,
A selfless image all declare their own.
That gate destroys the will that ventures thru it.
Yet here, where it is quiet, dark, and cool,
There is a voice, a song, an aria,
Intoning me into a bed of shadows,
Where love, lit by dimming, germinates
Strength in sharing, victory in giving,
And choice with whim is intimate again.
But was it real and will she want me? O!
This love is cash that kills the carrier,
For she's the prized possession of my owner,
And I must disown him to possess her.
Out that gate or in this girl, I am screwed
Into a hopeless wishing misconstrued.

Enter Aria.

Aria

Icarus.

Icarus

O, Aria. This is bad.

Aria

No one can sever us, so we are good.

Icarus

The world is set between desire and me.

Aria

No more, my love. Tho not here long, I've learned
A private path meanders thru the yard
Into a secret garden by a pool,
Then, out a coyote-hole in back the fence,
A dry arroyo draped by manzanitas
Drains out into an alley next the lot.
Come with me, and there, we'll stay the night,
Then in the morning sneak around the gate.

Icarus

I'll be too spent to play.

Aria

O, will you now?

Icarus

I mean with staring at your sleeping face.

Aria

Then you will sleep, and I watch over you
To see the queuing quails do not nest
Their tiaras in your shirt for warmth;
And there to see my star-obscuring man
Twinkle as he dreams.

Icarus

O, we will be found.

Aria

Who can stop us if we stop at nothing?

Icarus

So, take me there, my love.

Aria

You take me first.

Icarus

Aria, your father!

Aria

Nevermind him.
We are in love, invisible to hate.
The dangers of this night give us safety.

Icarus

My mind's a leaf, and you a summer storm.

Aria

O, we two lovers are one happy cat,
Purring, licking, clawing.

Icarus

We should go.

Aria

Then take my hand. O, Icarus, your hand.
How can I represent its touching me?
A virgin swim in the natal sea?
The smell of pecans clicking in a grove?
A blanket, how it feels newly wove?
O, it's futile to. I let it clutch.
Speech cannot define the perfect touch.

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

Maximus

Nightcap, Ms. Stone?

Icarus

Aria, call the play.

Shareen

Why cap the night?

Aria

This way, my love, this way.

All exit.

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

Primalo

Call him down.

K2

Icarus!

Gallo

Descenda!

Dina

Come and get it, cute boy! Dina is served!

Gallo

Maybe he's con la hija de Foozball Jones!

Tonka

Yo, Icarus can play, but he can't score.

Dina

How you know? All you do is fight. You're the unreligious right. You shoot a man for passing when he has the lane. You chew your orange chicken out cuz it ain't beef chow mein.

Tonka

Like it is.

Dina

Unless you first in line, you on attack. I seen you punch a phone for talkin back. If you could sock the sun for starin, you'd be a charcoal stump. You fight too much for even Donald Trump.

Tonka

A'ight, a'ight?

Dina

You'd off your mother if you knew your father. What you know 'bout scorin, 'cept da scaby? Spank yourself, for once, you fuckin baby. You're so in love with fighting, marry it, and have lots a stupid little tantrums. See a bone, you gotsta bury it! You'd fight a man cuz he won't fight you. Yet all those mixups, they hermaphrodite you. There's like nerveclusters in your knuckles, rubbin it on cowboys' buckles, shakin it off and all, like the world's your private urinal. Icarus could do a nun before you found the cloister.

Tonka

Tu puta barata.

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

Dina

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

Tonka- Yo, this bitch needs discipline!

Exit K2. Enter Luce and Matina.

Luce

Que barahunda? Icarus, is that you?

Primalo

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

Luce

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

Matina

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

Primalo

Is Icarus aqui?

Luce

He is not.

Matina

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

Luce

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

Primalo

My father? What is that?

Luce

He is the prison king.

Primalo

He is a poison thing.

Luce

He calls me once a week.

Primalo

He calls you what he did.

Luce

He asks of you.

Primalo

I am the son of a secret!

Matina

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

Primalo

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

Enter K2.

K2

Icarus ain't here.

Gallo

Man, it's almost liquor time.

K2

Let's hit the juice box.

Primalo

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

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

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

Luce

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

Matina

What about me? What about me?

Luce

My dear Matina, you alone can see.

All exit.

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

Aria

*When she sleeps, the nudging night
Interprets sound to song,
And hearing day on dark alight
She dreams her love has gone.*

*She dreams her love has gone away
By strange desirings drawn,
And hearing day on dark alight
She dreams her love has gone.*

*When she wakes, the skittish sky
Is specking on the lawn,
And blinking with a dazzled eye
She fears her love's moved on.*

*She fears her love moved on today
By wild aspirings drawn
For blinking with a dazzled eye
She fears her love moved on.*

*Then she takes a breath of breeze,
Insurgent with a yawn,
And sensing all aright, she sees
Her love is here the dawn*

*She dreamt her love had gone away
She feared her love moved on
Yet sensing all aright she sees
Her love is here the dawn.*

Icarus

My Aria.

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria

Awake in love is sleep, yet more refreshing.
But look, your inner planets, hazel-brown,
Struggle, ocean-swallowed, to evolve.
Their doors with little love-beads strain and droop.
This reading in the dark my every line
Drains their vital moisture. Capture me,
Then shut and heal them thru what you wish.

Icarus

O, let them burn to soot. They cannot close.

Aria

But if you lose them, where then would I be?
I'm here because your eyes reveal me.

Icarus

Then, everywhere you are, you are here,
For I was built to look behind my back
With eyes I took from Tina, my twin sister,
When we were in the womb, my mother says.

Aria

Your twin sister? Blind? O, how I love you!
I'll be her guide. Let's practice. Close them eyes!

Icarus

I will, if you'll depict the day to me.

Aria

I will. The dawn...

Icarus

Is in the sky...

Aria

Not true.
You are the dawn. You rise, and all turns on.

Icarus

O, help! I'm blind!

Aria

Alright. If you insist.
The day is different thru love's rosy lens,
A sharper, larger, deeper type routine,

As the sun, still shy, sends happy campers
Rampaging from its pier in pink canoes
Across the steamy everglades of sky.

Icarus

What's that honey scent above us now?

Aria

Purple morning glories yearning yellow,
Like children craving colors at parades,
Entice the spectrum, orange rinds untang,
And red mulberries swell up hot and fat,
Then drop and stain into a salad tossed
With early sweet exhaust the eager green.

Icarus

What's that?

Aria

The doves upon an olive twig
Wow a flutter bass to treble sparrows,
Locusts chirp their urge, the traffic hums,
And sprinklers engage, splashing the grass
With waters from the northern fluencies
Rerouted here to make our foliage wet.

Icarus

O, the earth was blank until you spoke it,
And I, unseeing, saw. What noise is that?

Aria

Just the fountain, starting on a timer,
As it does every day at six am.

Icarus

So we start, I see.

Aria

Six times at six.

Icarus

No! O, damn you stupid child! How?

Aria

What I do?

Icarus

Me, not you. It's six am.

Aria

O, someone expects you home in bed?

Icarus

No! I have a meeting.

Aria

Ah, a meeting!

Men lie above until they lie below!

Icarus

Aria, I'm yours, I'm straight, I'm late.

You know, the team?

Aria

The team?

Icarus

I'm due at camp.

Aria

The team? That herd of overpricey meat?

That circle jerk? That sublimated army?

O, you and I are now the team of love!

Icarus

I have to go.

Aria

You do, and I will die.

I'll cry and drown. I'll pace and get heatstroke.

My hair, I'll chew it, choke, and need a heimlich!

Icarus

Aria, your dad?

Aria

O, what can he do?

Fire you? He'd torch his man thing first.

Whoop you? I can vouch, it doesn't hurt.

Fine you? Ya, like thimbles from a flood.

O, Icarus, just skip one day for me,

Then I'll come watch tomorrow, grudgingly.

Icarus

I never miss.

Aria

You'll miss me, won't you?

Icarus

Yes.

Aria

Then love has no intensity with never!
I once said I'd never love a player.

Icarus

Aria.

Aria

Whatever. Go away.
But where I'll later be, I cannot say.

Icarus

Aria.

Aria

I've lots to do today.

Icarus

Aria.

Aria

Who is it?

Icarus

Icarus.

Aria

Icarus who?

Icarus

Icarus who loves you.

Aria

What's he want?

Icarus

Can you come out and play?

Aria

Play what?

Icarus

A game.

Aria

What game?

Icarus

Of hide and stay?

Aria

O, yes! I knew I'd get you anyhow.

Icarus

No one ever could, my love, til now.

Trinidad enters.

Trinidad

Her other sock!

Aria

It's nana. B'ind the bush.

Icarus and Aria hide.

Trinidad

What's into her? If she be skinny dippin,
Landscapers all a-gapin on her glands,
I'll what I oughta do! O, she's too wild.
Look what I find: Her sock, all a-swirlin
Dainty in the sauna. And this? Her bra,
Flappin like a flag of ill-fame on a pole.
Then, inside the dog's teeth, what? Her panties,
About to join the burial of the bone.
Her panties! Why, that's girls these days. Can't fold.
O, ja, they love to fold them taunty letters,
Fold quickly neath the pressures of some sir,
Fold one lip cutesy pucked into another,
But fold them laundered panties? O, no, nana,
Me goin to hurl em pot-pourri 'bout the yard!
Children now! Where went that old respect

For tuckt-in undergarments? Won't catch me
Rompin round in dirty panties on no bus,
No Oprah, or no lecherous downloadable.
Why, once the panties hangin out in public,
Public treat the world like a pantry,
Raid it, eat it, n close it empty up.
I say, treat the panty as thyself,
Else thou willst be treated as a panty!
Children now, love got them out of order,
And nothin good can come of actin bad,
Emilio or no Emilio.
Well, I best go arouse that sloppy girl,
And put her clothes to creases, one last time.

Trinidad exits.

Icarus

Emilio?

Aria

Some movie star I know
Who couldn't sack you to save his wally,
And that was nana, my sweet truer mother,
Though time has broke our clasp of understanding.

Icarus

And yet she's made me understand it all!
Like this caretaker of tradition, we
Will someday hobble selfless, spitballs shot
From out the straw of a selfish system,
And then, like nameless lint, we'll blow away,
Perniciousness increasing into nothing.
But now, I wanna rumble past the seasons,
Beyond all pay and punctuality,
And past the need to need some need but you,
Whose songs of love my clasp of life undo.

Aria

Alone, for a bit.

Icarus

With you, wherever.

Aria

Our love's a hit.

Icarus

Let's hit the road together.

All exit.

Scene 15. Inside the Jones house. Enter Secretary.

Sec

Mr. Jones! Phone call! Mr. Jones!

Enter Jimmy and Cindy Jones.

Jones

My life to wake up natural, just once.

Sec

Coach Conrad, and he's upset.

Jones

O, there is a stampede in my skull.

Cindy

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

Cindy exits.

Jones

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

Secretary hands him the phone.

Jones

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

Conrad

No Icarus.

Jones

No Icarus what?

Conrad

No Icarus here at camp.

Jones

No Icarus where at camp?

Conrad

Not here at camp.

Jones

He overslept.

Conrad

We checkt.

Jones

He's in transit.

Conrad

HP says negative.

Jones

Aircam?

Conrad

Did it.

Jones

Get Maximus and Nite on the line!

Sec

Yes, sir.

Jones

That boy a drinker, Conrad?

Conrad

We're all drinkers, Mr. Jones.

Enter Cindy with coffee.

Cindy

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

Maximus and Mr. Nite enter on speakerphone.

Max

How may I help you, Mr. Jones?

Jones

Icarus is not at camp.

Max

Mr. Nite was supposed to pick him up.

Nite

Excuse me?

Jones

Icarus is not at camp!

Nite

He's with Shareen Stone.

Max

No, I am.

Jones

Well, Maxi, lose your boy, take his girl? I'll watch my wife round you, Secret Agent Man. Where is Icarus?

Nite

Jimmy, we had a night. The boy is somewhere.

Max

Yeah, like at your house.

Jones

Now, why...Cynthia! Get my daughter!

Cindy exits. Jimmy Junior enters.

Jones

Icarus ain't at camp.

Jimmy

But he's supposed to be.

Jones

Thank you kindly, Insecurity Chief, for that informative zippo!

Enter Cindy.

Cindy

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

Enter Trinidad.

Trinidad

Mr. Jones, look what I find all bout the yard.

Jones

What are these?

Trinidad

Panties.

Jones

I know that!

Trinidad

They're Aria's.

Jones

My daughter's undies were in the yard?

Trinidad

That's her insignia. Now, girl's got to learn freedom from frenzy, and I think you're the man to teach her.

Jones

Alright, everybody. Let's just stay calm,
And organize a thorough, sane response.
Maximus, find your clothes, hit the streets,
And search for him until you sweat to death.
Nite, scour highway, biway, and skyway,
Plus all haunts between from here to nowhere!
Jimmy, localize your sister pronto!
Coach, until we find your head, act normal,
And lastly, don't no one talk to no one.
All we need now is panties in the press.

Enter Secretary.

Sec

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

Trinidad

O, mercy me.

Jones

Find them youngins, or else!

All exit.

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

Aria

O, the water's awesome.

Icarus

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

Aria

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

Icarus

See, even the fish have feelings for you.

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria

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

Press harder, and let life know what you love!

Icarus

Life knows I love you.

Aria

And yet, do I know
Where you're living now that you love me?

Icarus

I live where you are.

Aria

I love where you are.
Where are you?

Icarus

Here, with you.

Aria

Where else?

Icarus

Elsewhere.

Aria

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

Icarus

I'm here, my love.

Aria

Then tell me where is here.

Icarus

My favorite swimming hole.

Aria

So what's its name?

Icarus

The soak of Aria.

Aria

Speak to its source.

Icarus

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

Aria

Icarus, do you take all your lovers
To such dangerous spots?

Icarus

I've had no lovers.

Aria

Yeah, me neither.

Icarus

No, in every way.

Aria

You?

Icarus

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

Aria

Wow, you're quite a rookie.

Icarus

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

Aria

No, I'm very mad. But, gee, I'll let it slide.

Icarus

It all seems like some other joker's life.
And you?

Aria

You who?

Icarus

You you.

Aria

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

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

Kaczinsky

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

Icarus

Icarus.

Aria

Aria.

Kaczinsky

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

Icarus

We're US citizens.

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

For who?

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

We were swimming, sir.

Kaczinsky

You are trespassers!

Icarus

But this is public land.

Kaczinsky

Screw the public!

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

Kaczinsky

What are you, some boyfriend/girlfriend squad
On a picnic mission for the EPA
To plant the booby fragments in my pasture
Disguised as cow pies? Make a little nooky,
Conduct a little recon for the Pope?

Where's your helicopter? Speak or suffer!

Icarus

We hiked in.

Kaczinsky

Hiked in what?

Icarus

We hiked in shoes.

Kaczinsky

Ha! Caught ya! You're both barefoot!

Aria

Sir, we left our sandals at the water
With our belongings, so, if you'd let us
Retrieve them, we will head out on our way.

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

You must know Icarus from TV.

Kaczinsky

TV? I don't participate in death.
Me and mine's the only thing I watch.
I read. Ever heard of that? I read books,
Attitudes, wrinkles, trends, horizons, clouds
(Cumulus congestus or humilis),
Lizard tracks, hawk mizzle, seed ratios,
Seismic torque, and galactic vibrato.
I 'void combustion and chronology,
Sew my own, eat my growth, jar my engrams,
And I have no acquaintances but time,
That unruly, ruleful, binding, boundless bitch.
Motto? Didat deus deum. Title?
Hematocrit for the fickle Hemamoeba,
And I pledge no allegiance but unto
The State of Off-the-griduality.

Aria

It's great when people act with conviction.

Kaczinsky

Conviction, bunk! Survival strategies,
Cuz who don't cut the bull gets gored to death.

Icarus

That is too true.

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

We fell in love.

Icarus

And got up together.

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

You've never loved?

Kaczinsky

Not once. Except for him.

Aria

Who?

Kaczinsky

You're lookin at him.

Aria

You love yourself?

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

Hi, Mr. Goodcrap.

Kaczinsky

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

Aria

May I touch him?

Kaczinsky

Have you been sanitized?

Aria

Me and sickness broke up long ago.

Kaczinsky

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

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

Icarus

Bajo! Man, I'm very sketchy stuff!
Yo tengo de repente un pujo extraño
A escuchar el chillido del conejo!
Never never never never never
Be fuckin me and mines, tu morboso!
This is public land! This land is our land!
It's Democracy! Ever heard of that?
Get up and run. Go on! Y manana,
Expect the pigs come snortin at your door!

Kaczinsky exits.

Icarus

Let's lose this loser.

Aria

Damn, you flippt Primalo!

Icarus

You did good.

Aria

Because I'm bad.

Icarus

You got him.

Aria

We got each other.

Icarus

We got everything.

All exit.

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

Leslie

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

Ernie

Thanx, Leslie. What a mess!

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

Leslie

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

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

Sissy

Ernie.

Ernie

Leslie.

Sissy

Leslie.

Leslie

Sissy.

Sissy

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

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

Malory

Sheriff! Where are the play-fake lovers?

Sheriff

No one's certain they're in cahoots, but HP and FBI are on it.

Jose

Mr. Jones, what sparked the smoking panties?

Jones

Loose laundry don't prove nothin but a breeze.

Bob

Rumor claims they met at your house.

Jones

Rumor claims everything but merit.

Sissy

Words of worry from her current mother?

Cindy

Aria, come home. We miss and love you.

Jose

Is this the work of El Imaginero?

Sheriff

We hold no information of that nature.

Max

El Imaginero's a mirage of urban fear. They don't exist, and if they did, we'd stomp em out.

Nite

Like rickets.

Bob

Ms. Stone, were you with Icarus last night?

Shareen

I was with him, yes.

Malory

Did you sleep together?

Shareen

I was with him.

Jose

Sources couple you with Maximus.

Max

This isn't about that!

Sheriff

People, keep it kosher.

Shareen

Style has no witness.

Bob

Mr. Nite, are all endorsements active?

Nite

He's probably wearing product as we speak.

Sissy

But can a fallen image still raise profits?

Max

People, there's no fallen image here. Look, Icarus is como mi hermana. He got side-trackt. Come this dusk, he'll be hatchin birds from balls, the Aztechs will sit steady in the saddle, and normalcy will reach a new extreme.

Sheriff

As Sheriff, I implore the press for peace,
And will post all events as they arise.

Max

Icarus, come home. We'll fix it and forgive.

Jones

Let me say this to you know who you are:
If I find out my quarterback's got rough'd,
And fingerprints are on my family,
Come tonight, you'll bang with Mr. Power.

Sissy

Mr. Jones! Will there be fines?

Jose

Suspensions?

Bob

Drug tests?

Malory

What do we tell the fans?

Max

Fuck the fans!

All exit, except for Sissy.

Sissy

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

Leslie

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

The headquarters of Phoenix Police. Enter Malory Maguire.

Malory

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

Enter an officer with Dina.

Malory

Were you with the Alzaros last night?

Dina

Yes.

Sissy

Were you assaulted sexually by them?

Dina

Yes.

Bob

Are you going to press charges?

Dina

Yes.

Officer and Dina exit.

Malory

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

The Alzaro house. Enter Jose Escalante.

Jose

Am I on?

Malory

Geraldo?

Jose

That micky mouse messt up my cue.

Malory

Surprise, we've lost Geraldo.

Jose

Hola, Phoenix!
I'm periodista, Jose Escalante,
Chatting live con la madre Alzaro
At the house of Icarus.

Enter Luce and Matina.

Jose

Senora...

Luce

What?

Jose

How miserably upset...

Luce

They're innocent.

Jose

Yet new denunciations of misfeasance...

Luce

They're innocent.

Jose

Why flee but out of guilt?

Luce

In time, you'll see.

Matina

Am I in the camera?

Jose

But bestialism? Pedophilia?

Your children? Your muchachos? Answer that!

Luce

When they are cleared, will you give equal breath
To douse the flames of falseness that you fanned?

Matina

Run, Icarus, run.

Luce and Matina exit.

Jose

There you have it: tense and self-defensive
Becomes the mother of a wanted man.

How does the world turn when all we raise
Then turns collision course into the world?
Live on the scene of domestic decay,
I'm periodista, Jose Escalante.

Jose exits.

Leslie

Gracias, Jaime. No-joke charges, Ernie.

Ernie

Hootie Blowfish, Leslie! What to say?
Must we shout 'Bolt your doors, America!
From the best is born the beast!' Pardon me
My disillusionment!

Leslie

I'm with you, pal.
Anyhoo, let's ask the ticketholders
How they feel. Bobby?

In the parking lot of the Aztech Stadium. Enter Bobby Rivers and two fans, Ray and Hammer.

Bob

Aloha, sports freaks!
It's toasty at the Southwest Hyperplex
For the biggest tailgate party in all history,
And I'm with those cool fans, Ray and Hammer,
Who've been chillin in this car lot forty days now
To witness Aztech frenzy's virgin birth!
Ray and Hammer, what's the word?

Both

Go Aztechs!

Bob

How about this Icarus fiasco?

Ray

Problemas hugumungas for el teamo!

Hammer

MIA!

Ray

MVP!

Hammer

BVD!

Ray

That's the cheese.

Bob

Your response to Maximus and blip the fans?

Hammer

Watch your mouth!

Ray

Read my blips.

Hammer

Suck on soap.

Ray

Spank my brat.

Hammer

He's layin bedrock with Shareen Stone, while I'm out layin tar?

Ray

The workin man feeds the shirkin man.

Hammer

That's the American cheese.

Bob

Your verdict on the case of Rookie Nookie?

Ray

Before a partial jury of his peers...

Hammer

Behind the shadow of his clout...

Ray

After all the evidence is hid...

Hammer

Indecent til proven filthy.

Ray
Money talks.

Hammer
What's it say?

Ray
Me so slimy.

Hammer
That's the longhorn cheese.

Bob
Ray and Hammer's inside scoop on the season of the shooting star?

Hammer
If Icarus comes back, defense holds the slots, and they slap a killer return on the special, this the year to fear.

Ray
The year to fear.

Hammer
If Icarus is out...

Ray
Soon to me the doom I deem to do you!

Hammer
Terminator!

Ray
Dominos!

Hammer
Dos Equis!

Both
Raiders? Steelers? Packers? Not!
Aztechs got the goods be hot.
Icarus, just do what's right!
Zona, Zona, fight fight fight!

Bob
I'm Bobby Rivers at the Southwest Hyperplex,

With Ray and Hammer. What's the word?

Both

Cheesy!

Bob

Back at ya, Ernie.

Leslie

Leslie.

Bob

Leslie.

Exit Bobby Rivers, Ray, and Hammer.

Leslie

Thanx, Bob.

Last thoughts, Ernie?

Ernie

If I may, a moral.

When buckerooin 'cross life's dusty plain,
Beware to what your happiness gets hitcht,
For each of us is but a character,
And little know we of life's larger scripcht.
Leslie.

Leslie

Ernie. Channel One, just news.

All exit.

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

Micky

Damn, I hate the southside.

Damon

Litter, stink, stagflation, what's to hate?

Micky

Instant death.

A horn honks.

Micky
Stop!

Damon
Micky, chill!

Jimmy
It's just a honking horn.

Damon
Arizona statebird. Take a lude.

Micky
Why's it gotta be so dark?

Jimmy
Burning trash.

Micky
Burning bodies.

Damon
Man, you'd spook a statue.

A siren sounds.

Micky
What?

Jimmy
Nothin but a midnight siren.

Damon
Told ya.

Micky
Damn, I hate the southside.

Enter Detectives Barcaiolo and Junkfood.

Junk
Freezepop!

Barc
Gentlemen, please, Polizia. Put down your toys, and shake it off, amici.

Jimmy

Barcaiolo?

Barc

Jimmy Jones.

Jimmy

You tailin me?

Junk

No jelly donut, dumbo. Your 'Jammin JJ' vanity plate is burned into my cortex. Wanna Twizzler?

Barc

Junkfood, scan that mulah suit. Dolce stil nuova.

Junk

Cochise'll skin you for it, Catfish Po'boy.

Micky

Who's Cochise?

Junk

Man, you femmes are freshly fatal. Cochise is code for Primalo, the eternal Apache warrior, and my amputated what-not is his daydream. See that? Collagenous keloid.

Micky

Wo.

Junk

Scar tissue with an uppity attitude. Cochise stuck me like a marshmallow, ripped it Slim-Jim style, then chuckd the wrapper out.

Barc

So, he's Junkfood.

Junk

Evil kid knievel even bit my nipple off! Looka that! Sure, I fingered him; badass took my finger. DA pitches in a spit-curve technicality, he's off, I'm leggo eggo. That's Cochise.

Barc

What draws you downtown, Jimmy?

Jimmy

I'm lookin to buy.

Barc

Cool, I'm lookin to bust.

Jimmy

Property.

Junk

Bag a white cheese cheetos?

Jimmy

Vacation villa.

Barc

Frontview on the backside, very nice.

Junk

Do you know where you're at, Crisco Kid?

Jimmy

I'm at odds. Walk the block. We're fine.

Barc

Scusi?

Micky

Mr. Jones implores your absence.

Barc

Well, Mr. Jones may deplore my presence, but does my badge say Mr. Jones?
Do I report to Mr. Jones?

Junk

Do I hock my chocolate kisses from Junior Jones? We serve the taxpayer, not the taxtaker; the little man, not the giant goon; the no-how-yes-sir multitude, not no string-yankin, shrimp-dippin...

Barc

Private party Jones. Capeesh?

Damon

We're simply browsing a high growth area for possible low-rate leases. Thanx for checking in, though. Goodnight, sirs.

Barc

Bravo! Now, you, me, where we been? All day, all night, from spot to sleazy spot, you sniff Imaginero, I sniff you. Why for? Bene, Barcaiolo, he no dummy. He got big brain, down here, in his holster. So, if this is some midnight diplomacy session with the Spanish consulate, why not let me play interpreter? Lesson one: tripa, guts.

Junk

The more you got, the more you spill.

Barc

You desire an Alzaro. Si, but which? The primal or the overpaid? If the first, search no further. Primalo's skin is under my nails. I been houndin him since he was his daddy's squirt, and he's watching this performance as we speak, so the minute we offend, he'll hit remote pothole, and you and I will fade into a fuzz.

Junk

This mortal kombat don't take quarters, Jenny.

Barc

Junior, how many scrapes I pull you from, all swingin a bat like a bartime Lancelot? I've sworn so many warnings, my dignity's at risk. This is no place, Jimmy, to be misplaced. Vedi Napoli, e poi mori. Before you act the part, learn your lines.

Jimmy

My sister...

Junk

Ya, we seen her. She's cute.

Jimmy

You seen her?

Junk

On the box, lookin fresh.

Jimmy

You know she's missing.

Junk

Everybody's missing!

Barc

And everybody's looking for your sister. Plug some patience into that surging pride, and let it happen the legal eagle way.

Junk

The wisest thief takes only good advice.

Jimmy

You undercovers, man, you sleep with spite. Cops and crooks, it's a videogame to you, all joystick, flair, highscore. You throw it back to keep on fishin. Love that job, love the crap it cleans, but time comes to kill the carp you catch. See, this ain't no tarantino knuckle spoof. You're low hung, I'm high strung, so I'm finding my sister, stuffing that chimp, and dangin his dice from my mirror. But hey, if you and your ghost dance shirt wanna come between us...

Junk

That pussy-flavored fruit chew!

Barc

Junkfood, maniere! It's a free country.

Junk

That's its problem.

Barc

Mr. Jones says he's fine.

Junk

Like delicate?

Barc

I warned him. Hey, if homeboy's such a house pet...

Junk

Such a rebel landlord...

Barc

Such a happy-hour Odysseus...

Junk

Such a buffalo-wings wonderwand...

Barc

If you are such an impetuous imperturbable impresario, why should I monkey you thru the lion den? If that's the way you want it, Jimmy, Omerta. Cross the crick, test the current, and be one with the sewer. I shed that scab, responsibility. Junkfood, mangia, no? Let's uncork a bottle of Mira Sorvino. Good luck, Mr. Thirteen Fingers. Ningun.

Barcaiolo exits.

Junk

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

Junkfood exits.

Micky

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

Enter Tonka, Gallo, and K2, guns drawn.

K2

El Jefe says these words: he go in, you go down.

Jimmy

All I want is talk.

Gallo

Ningun!

Enter Primalo.

Primalo

Senor Jones segundo, welcome to my microwave. How may I help you?

Jimmy

I want my sister.

Primalo

Ah, you wake the dreamer to ask him of his dream. Your sister, yes, quiza she's with my brother?

Jimmy

Where is he?

Primalo

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

Jimmy

You talk to hide what you have to say.

Primalo

I speak to have the words you took away.

Jimmy

My sister.

Primalo

Must I repeat my ignorance?

Jimmy

Imaginero knows.

Primalo

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

Jimmy

All I see is you and your brother run it.

Primalo

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

Jimmy

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

Primalo

So do I.

Jimmy

Who did Dina?

Primalo

None I know.

Jimmy
Who?

Primalo
The sharp syringe of circumstance?

Jimmy
No more carnaval!

Primalo
You perhaps?

Micky
Primalo, you're a reptile.

Tonka
Yo, bisquick boy, el jefe es conchudo!

Primalo
Tonka, no.

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

Primalo
Tonka, no.

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

Primalo
Tonka, no.

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

Primalo
Mi huerco, why was I not told?

Jimmy
Where's my sister?

Tonka

Your sister is in puberty, but brother-wife don't go there, a'ight?

Primalo

Why did I not know this?

Tonka

What you want?

Jimmy

My sister.

Tonka

I put her on layaway.

Primalo

Tonka.

Tonka

Drop your pants.

Primalo

Tonka.

Tonka

Drop em.

Primalo

Tonka.

Tonka

This daisy chain's my totem pole.

Primalo

Why you make me make you meet the magic dragon Puff?

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

Damon

Fuckin bullet hit em both.

Primalo

Good gun, bad day.

Gallo and K2 shoot Micky and Damon.

Tonka

O, man, I'm holy shit.

Junkfood calls from the side.

Junkfood

Over here!

Tonka

Mi jefe, por qué?

Primalo

No me gusta l'informacion nuevo.

Primalo kills Tonka.

Jimmy

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

Primalo

I am my people.

Primalo kills Jimmy.

Primalo

Ay, me olvido. Chulos! Tonka! Ningun.

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

Sheriff

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

Sheriff Orpayo and officers exit.

Barc

Deep Blue checkmate.

Junk

Time to quit the junkfood.

All exit.

Scene 19. The Mogollon Rim north of Phoenix. Enter Icarus and Aria.

Aria

Here are we now at last alone?

Icarus

My love,
This is nature's most exclusive clubhouse,
And no one ever will discover it.
The woods are dense, the rivers leave this rim,
The road is gated now, the nearest town,
A blink-n-miss ten valleys to the south,
Begins its graveyard shift. Come, sit with me.
I, a native circle of convergence,
Have built for us. This mystic ring of stones
Invites desire, shuns society,
And forms our home within this heart of earth.
Don't worry. This is our reservation,
A foreign country on familiar land,
And we are free. Come rest. Here is refuge.
Found in being lost, secretly we share
One sky, one cup, one bag, one fire, one love.

Aria

O, Icarus, what have I been til now?
I saw, I got, I had, I threw away,
But all commodity seems out of sleight
Now I love this nothing-everything.
How many colored clothes have I tried on,
How many houses called my mother crib,
How many tokens labeled as essential,
Making me a stranger to myself,
That now, by darkness lit, by fire hid,
By love bereft of all but love of all,
Without belongings finally I belong?

Icarus

Girl, how you speak.

Aria

Not now.

Icarus

Yet, like this fire,
The warmth of love goes rimy without fuel,
And O, the fuel of love is listening.

Let's talk awhile.

Aria

Yet talk is wind that kills;
New flames are fed by wood and circulation.

Icarus

And gentle gusts give embers early on
A stoked longevity.

Aria

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

Icarus

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

Aria

Then let's talk. Truth or dare?

Icarus

The dare you ask, I'm mad to do. So, truth.

Aria

Who came before me?

Icarus

No one. Truth or dare?

Aria

I'm not thru yet!

Icarus

One question per condition.

Aria

O, you are hard. Truth.

Icarus

Who's Emilio?

Aria

No one. Truth or dare?

Icarus

Dare.

Aria

Gimme kisses.

Icarus

Love's a game that's good to lose.

Aria

Truth.

Icarus

Alright, your father, ya, he's huge and that,
But don't you think he's like a bit insane?

Aria

To be insane implies you have a limit,
But daddy swappt his in for stock and nag,
Rode poor out west, and got rich claiming it.

Icarus

Yahoo, another corporate cowboy tale.

Aria

The story of the West. He was a breeder,
Herding the flats of pre-neon Nevada,
Then speculating fields, he bought a tract,
Grazed it, drained it, sold it, bought some more,
Til subdivisions, outlets, and canals
Dessicated gaia's green complexion,
As if naked land should be embarrassed.
Pretty soon, all concrete bore his name,
Geography itself was his command,
Extraction industries his battle bulge,
And on the map of man, he placed his legend.
Now his gonzo fling is sports and airlines,
And, as in all, he'll win or die the spoiler.

Icarus

You love him?

Aria

Ah, ya know, I'll always love him,
Bigger than big, born of drunks and kickers,

My daddy turned a profit on a problem,
But, no, a billion doesn't make the one.
Of his parties, gambling, yachts, and football,
I ask him only this: what does it mean?
I tell him, daddy, give to a foundation,
He goes and names a dog track after me.
I say, money kills! He says, good way to die!
Brilliant, dumb, high-minded and low-cultured,
My brawny father's all 'bout getting known,
Optioning the world to his options,
Which, I guess, is commonly insane.
But, hey, your family flips a lid or two.

Icarus

All 'bout getting unknown, that's my family,
Forming a perfect negative of yours,
A father most the shadow of your father,
Whose lessons lessen me the more I learn.
I am of the clan of the scorpion,
Retreating with its tail pointing forward,
Its deadliness inverted to its size.
Out of moments, we make momentum,
Out of motion, settlement.

Aria

How'd it start?

Icarus

My father, from an influx of illegals,
Sensing every window lockt against him,
Crackt the safe of meaningful employment,
And found the mighty El Imaginero.

Aria

That's the bad guys.

Icarus

It was good at first.
An independent, transnational network,
It shipped necessities across the fence,
But soon, to keep its cut, it had to kill,
As cadillacs in vacant-lots and board-ups
Dispersed the trap of candy thru the land.
Of course, my pops had mansions, mistresses,
Masterpieces, and some skillful tailors
Who, at his word, would measure any neck,

But we, his cover family, sat and squalored.
Then, his elegant entrepreneurial ease
Displeased the law, for power keeps its place
Among the powerful that some success
Must not succeed; and so, the crystal calf
Was roped into a basement veal trough
To there preserve forever in his feed.

Aria

You talk to him?

Icarus

No. Not now, not ever.

Aria

Tell me more.

Icarus

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

Aria

O, how I am seduced!

Icarus

But, Aria,
Tell me 'bout your mother. Where is she?

Aria

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

Icarus

Our family trees are cut to stump and kindling,
And yet our graft unites them in new growth.

Aria

Forever. Truth or dare.

Icarus

Let's take a break.

Aria

But tell me this; how come you play the game?

Icarus

Ouch, the stinger. Okay, I play to play,
To run the ranks, to touch the center's shanks,
To sling the shots and do what none can do.
I play to win the game, but no more games.

Aria

What did you say in Spanish to that man?

Icarus

Nothing.

Aria

That's a convoluted nothing.

Icarus

I lost my lid.

Aria

Speak Spanish to me now.

Icarus

I can't.

Aria

Then how'd you bust on Mr. Weirido?

Icarus

Weirdness creates anger creates Spanish.

Aria

O, so como se dice, 'in denial'?

Icarus

In denial.

Aria

Where you come from, lover?

Icarus

Yo, I am a man of color running.
Congo, Asia, Mexico, Mohican,
And other sauces sweet the racial meat
All ripple thru the vineyard of my veins,
And when I grape, it's pure politic wine.
I don't speak Spanish cuz you don't speak Spanish.
Barrasca, I fit in like power tools.

Aria

Icarus.

Icarus

Forgive me, Aria.

Aria

Rage that is a gift needs no forgiveness.

My love, if I don't speak it, teach it to me.
Como se dice, fire?

Icarus

El fuego.

Aria

Sky?

Icarus

Cielo.

Aria

Smile?

Icarus

La sonrisa.

Aria

I love you?

Icarus

I'm not sure.

Aria

Come on.

Icarus

Te amo.

Aria

I thirst and from your eyes I drink.

Icarus

Yo tengo sed, y bebo de tus ojos.

Aria

So I panic when they blink.

Icarus

Me vuelvo loco cuando guiñan ellos.

Aria

Open, love, and let them cry.

Icarus

Abrate, amor, y llename con lloro.

Aria

They look, I live; they close, I die.

Icarus

Miran, vivo; se cierran, me desvanesco.

Aria

Thru my lover's lips, I learn alone.

Icarus

Tus labios estan mi corazon.

Enter Medicine Woman.

Med

Hello.

Icarus draws the rifle he got from Kaczynski.

Icarus

Who are you?

Med

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

Aria

Yes, sit down.

Med

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

Icarus

We are conjoined in bliss.

Med

Then you're not married.

Aria

We are engaged.

Med

Well, what you waiting for?

Icarus

Nothing, really.

Med

How long you been together?

Aria

Seems like lifetimes.

Med

Met last night?

Icarus

Yeah.

Med

Whiskey?

Icarus

No thanks.

Med

Keeps old lady neither.

Aria

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

Med

I'm sure you have. I'm a tell a story.
This butterfly, the Tiger Swallowtail,
Is sweet and nourishing to all the birds,
But in her early years, called the dark phase,
She's camouflaged like the poisonous
And none too tasty Pipe Vine Swallowtail,
So not a feathered being cares to eat her.

But, like everyone, she soon grows up,
Her colors come, and her brighter body
Is consumed in food chain Wanka Kunka!
You see?

Aria

No.

Med

Who made the medicine wheel?

Icarus

Me.

Med

It's wrong.

Icarus

I meant it as a test drive.

Med

He is cute, is he not?

Aria

O yes, very.

Med

Penuta Wijo! Good I came so quick.
This wheel couldn't roll a corn tortilla.
Is your love a test drive? O, my children,
Be the meaning of the loss of meaning!
Well, since he's so cute, and you're so honest,
Here, for you, I wove a marriage basket.
In it, place an object of commitment,
Both of you. Pick anything! Who cares?

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

Med

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

Shall we, Leafgirl?

Aria

Yes.

Med

Stoneboy?

Icarus

Yes.

Med

A shot of shark excretion, and I'm set.
Now, who shall Stoneboy marry?

Icarus

Howbout Leafgirl?

Med

No!

Icarus

Why not?

Med

Because. She is a leaf!

Icarus

So what?

Med

You will be ever envious!
Rippling in the sky, so supple-sure,
Her tree prevents the mountain from eroding,
From filling the rivers that feed the field,
From killing the flower that stuffs the bee,
From starving the bird that poops the pod,
That all may live in free dependency!

Icarus

Love is never jealous.

Med

I will yenta.
Who shall Leafgirl marry?

Aria

I like Stoneboy.

Med

No! Not Stoneboy!

Aria

Why?

Med

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

Aria

Let me have Stoneboy.

Icarus

Let me have Leafgirl.

Med

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

Aria

I do.

Med

Do you the same?

Icarus

I do.

Med

I now pronounce you unpronounceable.
You may kiss the countryside. Ten bucks.
So, how long you stayin?

Aria

This is our home.

Med

A hiding place is not a home, Leafgirl.

Icarus

It's our honeymoon.

Med

O, he is cute!
Mama Gunka! O, go back, go back,
Your people clash lacking yr goodygoody!
A nest without the chickies is a tangle!
A stream without a current is a bog!
Woods without an owl, who gives a hoot?
Go back! Go back! You are their darling babas,
Aria and Icarus.

Icarus

You know us?

Med

Me, Medicine Woman. Me watch TV.
Oogly boogly.

Medicine Woman exits.

Aria

Did that just happen?

Icarus

No, I don't think so.

Aria

I've never been so sensibly abused.

Icarus

We're on TV.

Aria

Let's go back.

Icarus

But why?

Aria

To make legitimate what's happened here,
And reunite our worlds.

Icarus

All love, no fear.

All exit.

Scene 20. Enter News Anchor Warrick Mondragon.

Anchor

Good morning, world. Hybrid is the news
That blooms upon that cactus paradise
Of Phoenix, Arizona, U.S.A.,
This lovely, anxious August day. To start:
Icarus and Aria are alive!
Like a white bronco bursting out the slots,
That lost, carousing twosome re-emerged
At rush hour on Highway 96,
And were escorted home by State Patrol.
But gladness has no muscle against grief,
And Jones's sugar tears turned saccharine fast,
As his son and protégé, Jimmy Junior,
Was one of three found slaughtered late last night
At the corner of Baseline and Central.
Suspects? Yes! The caliber implicates
That now-in-hiding Primalo Alzaro,
And a massive manhunt is underway
For the crumbling El Imaginero.
To this melee of terror and relief
We soundtrack marriage bells. You heard it right!

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

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

Sec

Mr. Jones, Nite and Maximus on the line, plus a herd of press outside.

Jones

Tell 'em I'm dead!

Secretary exits.

Cindy

Jimmy honey...

Jones

My son, he offs my son,
The virile product of my laboring life,
A diligent, respectful, hearty boy,
My scrappy fighter, my little hero,
My baby, junior me, my boy, my son,
Yet she, O, my perverse, now only child,
Would marry with that schizo scumbag's brother?
I will not have her stick me in the fool
That botcht a contract, left this city cold,
And, need I add, sodomized her sidekick!

Aria

He didn't do that! I was with him then!

Jones

You were with a cheat, a coward, a killer,
A failure punk that smoked you like a hooka
And zonkt you with his cattleprod of fame.
He is a rash my upright ass won't catch,
Schmoozing after fathers for their daughters.
You wanna crack my heart? I'll crack you first.

Cindy

Jimmy, no.

Jones

You clueless, whoring brat.
My due for raising you's you let me down?
A child makes a child on a child's grave,
And fathers are condemned to fatherhood.

Enter Priscilla.

Priscilla

Jimmy's gone!

Cindy

O, poor Priscilla. Here, here.

Aria

I'm sorry.

Jones

Sorry's no salvation, sister.

Priscilla

Aria killed my Jimmy!

Aria

I did not.

Jones

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

Cindy

Jimmy, stop it!

Jones

Ha, I am abandoned!
Shovel me in and call me toxic waste.
This world treats a murder like a marriage,
Don't it now? My daughter humps a homicide,
My son is road kill neath the getaway car,
The media snag a blood swatch from the scene,
My 'sociates bamboozle with the experts
To taint the vial with some soilent green,

My DNA is rendered DOA,
Then one in near nine billion can't convict,
And pretty soon, we're in the judge's quarters,
My daughter's marrying that homicide,
And I, unknowing, pop a bubbly beaker,
Guzzle my own genetic spill and croak!

Cindy

O, really!

Jones

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

Cindy

Jimmy, dammit. Calm down.

Priscilla

His soul's in a better place.

Jones

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

Cindy

Jimmy, shut up!

Priscilla

He died looking for her!

Aria

I didn't know.

Jones

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

Cindy

Enough!

Jones

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

Cindy

I said enough! I mean it! Both of you!
Did she kill Jimmy? No. She's innocent.
Did Icarus do it? No. He's innocent.
Did Primalo kill him? That may be the case,
But if it is (big if), a court of law
Will do to him what he has done to us.

Jones

A court of law? I've gotten fewer lies
From my mattress. Outlaw the courts of law!

Cindy

Jimmy, let not your sadness cause distress.
Their next and prudent action is to wed.

Jones

Woman, I'm middle aged, not middle ages.
I plan to sue, not sup that renegade.

Cindy

O, so this is nothing but the money?
It's true, there ain't no poorer state than wealth.
You want your money back? Let them marry.
He'll quit the playing field, and play your field.
You want peace? Uh hu. Then let them marry,
Cuz joining families disjoin rivalries.
You want your son? I say, let them marry,
And as his second string, take Icarus.
Concentrate this vengeance on the deed
That did you wrong, not her, not him she loves,
For though there is a hasty rush about it,
And every small mistake needs punishment,
Later, later. Today, let them marry
In funeral joy and mournful matrimony.
Icarus will be cleared, Aria well wed,
Jimmy in their oath will be remembered,
Primalo will be found and fairly tried,
And then, the healing process underway,

Hands asunder once will hold hard in hope,
As family and community combine.

Jones

Ah, blooey.

Aria

Daddy.

Jones

Don't you talk to me.

Aria

I will do what I want when I want it.
O, Father, we're the same now, you and me,
Alone together, sinking and aspiring.
Jimmy, call him brother or son, is dead.
Dina, our sister-daughter but by birth,
Has suffered something indecipherable,
And all around us, hurt and desperate people
Seek stability against destruction,
But Icarus is not the cause of it.

Jones

His brother is!

Aria

Primalo is his brother,
And they're as close as me and Jimmy were.

Jones

Don't you say that.

Aria

But it's the honest truth.
Our world is of individuals,
Not nations, families, teams or companies,
All of which are systems of delusion.
I want Icarus cuz of Icarus,
Who, lacking any false accessory,
Is curious, kind, loving, smart, guiltless,
Qualities to please most any father
In the father of his daughter's children.

Jones

No! I will not have it.

Aria

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

Jones

I am abandoned.

Aria

No, you are increased.
Your son is gone, but there's new generation
By our union, following this severance.
Bury a son and marry off a daughter,
You gain a son and many children more.

Jones

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

Cindy

She speaks well, Jimmy.

Jones

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

Jimmy, Cindy, and Priscilla exit.

Aria

O, nana, I am so in love.

Trinidad

That so?

Aria

I'm to be his beautiful bride!

Trinidad

No doubt.

Aria

Have you heard from Dina yet?

Trinidad

Not a word.

Aria

O, how could she defame him?

Trinidad

Why I wonder?
She was supposed to slumber out with you,
But she got ditcht for him. Come to think it,
I was supposed to drive you to the condo,
But I got ditcht for him. O, and, of course,
Jimmy was supposed to have a future,
But, fast as fig pulp, he got ditcht for him.
O, Icarus! I'll fly away with you,
And leave my friends and family in the ditch!
Lord child, disappear like dinosaurs,
And spread that mayhem clear to summertime.
Who took you for a chimp and ate your brains?

Aria

I got carried away.

Trinidad

You, like a corpse.

Aria

Nana!

Trinidad

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

Aria

Nana, no.

Trinidad

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

Aria

Yes, nana.

Trinidad

Tell me. Why you want to marry?

Aria

So that I can be with him forever.

Trinidad

Forever tends to make men mighty sour.

Aria

Not Icarus. He's sweet as your preserves.

Trinidad

No man sweet as my jellies!

Aria

'Cept my man.

Trinidad

Ah, he got a thing or two upon him.

Aria

Yes, he does.

Trinidad

Aria, why, I fear you.

Aria

I know I'm young, but the feeling's in me,
And out there, Nana, in the woods, I grew,
And now I see what growing up can mean.

Trinidad

Growing up is fine, but why go leapin
From crib to kitchen work? Men want labor.

Aria

O, nana, you're a walking artifact.
Me and Icarus are equal partners.

Trinidad

The only equal partners are divorce lawyers.

Aria

Nana!

Trinidad

Aria, you're just too young.

Aria

Icarus and I already did it.

Trinidad

O, my heart.

Aria

I mean, we already married.

Trinidad

No!

Aria

Not officially, spiritually.

Trinidad

Spiritual is good; official's bad.

Aria

Everyone should be free to act upon
Emotions that do no physical harm
To even the most emotionally near.
I'm going forward, nana. Are you with me?

Trinidad

Alright, alright. You want to lose your freedom
To some silent man you know for reckless,
Go marry, but I won't miss you one bit.

Aria

I won't miss you just as much.

Trinidad

O, my child.

Aria

My wonderful nana, how dear you are.

Trinidad

Aria, your brother left us today,

And Dina, your best friend, is suffering.
You think on it.

Aria

I do, nana, I do

Trinidad

Go prepare, and save I do's for later.

Aria exits. Enter Secretary.

Secr

A letter from Dina, brought by messenger.

Trin

Give me that. Aria's got enough problems 'thout that loudmouth blabblin hoodoo.

Secr

Word on the street is Icarus did it.

Trin

That word is on the street cuz it don't work.

Secr

Cops want him bad.

Trin

Cops want all men bad, so they keep livin good.

Secr

Cops are gonna be there.

Trin

Mind your business.

Secr

They say you an illegal.

Trin

Mind your business!

All exit.

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

Waters

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

Enter Leslie and Ernie.

Leslie

Thanx, Sandy. I'm Leslie.

Ernie

And I'm Ernie.

Leslie

We're live outside the Hilltop Pointe Resort,
Where gathering high above the city
Within the luscious rooftop garden
Are minister, musicians, caterers,
All arriving to plot their solemn place
In this happy, grueling day's extravaganza.
Ernie, what's your take?

Ernie

2 to 1, Leslie.
Icarus is acquitted on all counts,
Primalo buys a chez in Switzerland,
Aztechs clinch divisions come Decembre,
And Aria Alzaro's due next year.

Enter Sheriff Orpayo.

Leslie

Here's Sheriff Orpayo. Sheriff, how's kicks?

Sheriff

They're tucked up tight as tuna in a tin.
Should Icarus attempt some flight maneuver,
Swat! But, since he promised to surrender,
We will respect his privacy, for now.

Sheriff Orpayo exits. Enter Mayor Favor and Coach Conrad.

Leslie

Mayor Favor!

Ernie

Coach Conrad!

Leslie

Leslie!

Ernie

Ernie!

Leslie

Is there any truth you're being questioned
For trafficking in substance?

Coach

No comment.

Mayor

I'm here to celebrate, not to quibble.

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

Leslie

It's Maximus and Nite.

Ernie

And Shareen Stone!

Leslie

Is Icarus the man we thought he was?

Max

I no longer represent the defendant.

Leslie

Mr. Nite?

Nite

Real men don't miss appointments.

Ernie

Ms. Stone?

Shareen

You stand me up, I sit you down.

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

Leslie

Here's Icarus and family.

Ernie

Ernie.

Leslie

Leslie.

Ernie

Icarus, are you guilty?

Icarus

No, I'm not.

Leslie

Have you seen your brother?

Icarus

No, I haven't.

Ernie

Will you play ball this season?

Icarus

Yes, I will.

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

Leslie

Mr. Jones, what's next on your agenda?

Jones

When I'm done with El Imaginero,
This will all be El Imaginary.

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

Leslie

Does the phrase 'shotgun wedding' come to mind?

Ernie

Like my grandpa said: Better to marry
Under pressure than oversexed. Leslie?

Leslie

Gee, Ernie. Is that your invocation?

Ernie

I'm thru.

Leslie

I'm Leslie. Channel One, just news.

All exit.

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

Jones

Doubtless, son, I am a trifle flustered,
Saddened and annoyed by this whole hubbub,
But my moods, clearly, don't define the day.
So, let's shake hands and start this quarter fresh.
Introduce me to the family unit.

Icarus

Mr. Jones, my mother and my sister.

Jones

How do you do?

Luce

I'm fine of hearing, thank you.

Matina

Mama, I smell 'Malo.

Icarus

About Jimmy...

Jones

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

Enter Gallo, disguised as a Minister.

Minister

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

Aria

I vow.

Icarus

I vow.

Aria

Myself.

Icarus

To you alone.

Aria

I vow to join.

Icarus

That difference unify.

Aria

I vow my love.

Icarus

That hatred have no home.

Aria

I vow my life.

Icarus

That no one more must die.

Aria

I vow my voice to you.

Icarus

I vow my eyes.

Aria

My heart I vow.

Icarus

To you I vow my hands.

Aria

I vow to you the earth.

Icarus

I vow the skies.

Aria

All I am, I vow.

Icarus

All I vow, I am.

Aria

The truth you tell, I vow to tell to you.

Icarus

What you desire, I vow desire to.

Aria

Where you would go, I vow to go with you.

Icarus

You wonder, and I vow to wonder too.

Aria

Without you, nothing.

Icarus

With you ever now.

Aria

My dark.

Icarus

My light.

Aria

My song.

Icarus

My flight.

Both

I vow.

Minister

Well, do you, Icarus, take Aria
To be your lawful wedded wife?

Icarus

I do.

Minister

And do you, Aria, take Icarus
To be your husband lawful wed?

Aria

I do.

Minister

Then by the power...O, I near forgot.
Should anyone within this room have reason
Why these two young people should not marry,
Please, speak now or forever hold your...

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

Primalo

Peace. I shall forever hold my piece.

Primalo removes his caterer disguise.

Primalo

Icarus, my brother, enhorabuena!

Matina

Malo, hablame!

Primalo

Hola, Matina!

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

Junk

Drop it, family man!

K2 removes his caterer disguise and enters.

K2

Jefe drop the bombs, blanco facil.

Barc

Primalo, it's a fumble.

Primalo

Barcaiolo,
I gave up winning when I lost my mind.

Jones

Shoot til I see thru him!

Cindy

Jimmy, shush!

Jones

You stole my son.

K2

You stole the word: football?

Gallo

He can't even kick a little habit!

Barc

Mr. Jones, unless you like the taste of lead,
I strongly recommend you shut your mouth.

Primalo

Please, excuse this rudeness, all. Tequila!

Junk

Game's over, Cochise!

Primalo

The game's just begun!

Icarus

Primalo, if you wanna play, I'm here.

Primalo

But, senor, you, me, no same conference.

Icarus

I got opted.

Primalo

Playing card?

Icarus

Playing convict.

Primalo

So now you're in the family, Icarus.

Icarus

I'm so in the family I can't see it.

Primalo

Then look upon your brother!

Icarus

There you are.

Primalo

I've nowhere else to go. My ring is broke,
So here I am where I am least expected.

Icarus

You're not welcome.

Primalo

O, tu honra, donde?

Can't you once remember who I am?

Icarus

You're Sisyphus, strong-arming blanco bricks

Up an incline, crusht each time you peak.

Primalo

And you are Orpheus, the unobeying,

Losing all you love each time you peek.

Primalo grabs Aria.

Icarus

No!

Primalo

Have you forgotten how I made you?

All our lives, for you I run the screen,

Block for you, teach you my chanchullos,

And then, you go so fast, I follow you,

To your meeting to congratulate you,

To your inauguration to confirm you,

Upon your nuptial to be your best man,

But now I'm told that I am not invited,

That day and night won't mix, that high and low

Contest, that have and haven't ever wage?

O, had I stayed in hiding, had I not

Sought your favor, all would be for good.

But, as the biggest baby in the world,

And the most ambitious bastard ever,

I must control the means of seduction,

So on I went. What now for my devotion?

My businesses smasht, my crops quemada,

My private, social, working contacts cut,

I am a giant nulo infinito,

And all I wanted was your recognition.

Icarus

Give me Aria.

Primalo

You know, I used to think,
Serve the people, and they will respect you,
But I had it backwards.

Icarus

Give her to me.

Primalo

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

Icarus

Take me.

Primalo

I no longer need your cover.

Luce

Why this, Malo?

Primalo

Mama, por favor,
This is my moment.

Barc

Dignity, Primalo.

Primalo

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

Barc

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

Primalo

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

Icarus

Malo, no! Take a chance, but not from me.

Primalo

I, Primalo, take you, Aria,
To be my unlawfully wedded bride.
Do you take me? Do you take me?

Aria

I do.

Primalo

You should be more faithful to my brother.

Icarus

Stop it!

Primalo

Orders from the unobeying?
Our father made you wings, and said don't fly.

Icarus

Our father made the maze, and said get lost.

Primalo

The sun is on you.

Icarus

The maze is in you.

Primalo

No more.

Icarus

Primalo, take me.

Primalo

No. Aria.

Icarus

Take me instead.

Primalo

No. Aria.

Icarus

Siempre testarudo.

Primalo

Testadura.

Icarus

Por ella?

Primalo

Para ti.

Icarus

Para ti.

Primalo

De uno.

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

Barc

No mas, K2.

K2

I kill before I cower.

Primalo

Me caigo, mi hermano. Vuela para mi.

Primalo dies.

Icarus

Aria!

Aria

O, Icarus, I feel you

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

Aria dies.

Icarus

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

Icarus picks up Primalo's gun.

Luce

Icarus, no!

Icarus

Down, all of you. Bajo!
Ustedes malos mataron mi amor!
Puercos cruentos veraces! Aria!
Did we not go together everywhere?
So newly married, will you cheat on me
And give to groping death your body's all?
The days await adventures we invent!
We've just begun to see above the streets!
Look, Aria, how small the people seem!

Enter Sheriff Orpayo, officers, and reporters.

Barc

No!

Sheriff

Icarus, freeze.

Icarus

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

Icarus picks up Aria.

O, you are my defiance, O, my wife!

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

Icarus jumps to his death with Aria in his arms.

Trinidad

My child!

Sheriff

No one move.

Barc

Everybody move.

Cindy

Jimmy, look away!

Jimmy

I shall not survive.

Matina

My brothers? My new sister? O, this world
Is quick to take what it takes long to build.
Malo? Aria? Vuela, Icarus!
Briefly lived, but deeply loved, O, mama,
Too many vibrant souls today are stilled
Now that we are greedier than death.

Enter News Anchor Sandy Waters.

Waters

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

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

All exit. The End.

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

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

Original Cast:

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

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

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

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