

No More Pretending

aka

The Return of Indiebot

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Matt, Al, and Meg

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

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

Al- What?

Mo- Sorry, Playboy.
I'm a gotta pause you at the wait gate.

He answers his phone.

Mo- Zis Mobad on da line, so real it in.
Wuzzup, Miss Personal Secretary
Slash current Top Slot on America's
Most Slunkable? Da Boss Bitch at Bizney's
Whore-Profit Moving Fixtures Division
Come back for beg? So gimme Maybe Mouse,
And I see you on my nachas grandes.
Hey, Marty. Yeah, I throwz a phat bash,
B'yo, wayz I seize it, if you can't provide
A safe, decadent, pasty ambience
In which Very Important Posers
Can rip da hip like death-trip ghetto frip,
What the fuck you got, right? So, wet my bed.
Uh hu. Fitty mill is a number.
Make it eighty and I mite not mock yo glock.
Leading role? Yo, my rolls can only lead
If that dough plump up supple to my knead.
Seggsy scene wit Porous Landfillton?
Been there, depardieu'd that, bores repeating,
But let's keep talkin lest I miss a laugh.
"The Story of Story." Right title, wrong words,
But we'll work on it. So, wuzzabout?

Nokay, nokay. Wo, Smarty. Pinch dat pitch.
 One word or less, porfavooley. O you can't?
 Den take ma crash course on da cash source – Me.
 Daz rite. Iz about me, cuz ef'n tain't,
 Tain't fo me, nah squizz? Good answer, Dancer.
 Now, since anon yo fluffing fertilizer
 Be anti-successfully infusin'
 My not-sure-if-I-can-or-can't-eloupe
 With maximum art-official mashooga,
 Stutter me this, El Porky Duce:
 Willz I have complete creative control,
 Cuz you knowz howz I gets when other
 Voices enterz the discussion. Nokay.
 Yeah. Uhh. Yo, Faggy, un pregunto:
 When you hit up yo brokeback boy for bum
 And he say no but keep on waggin crack,
 You dump him in the cake or in the lake?
 No, Amusement Shark, yo lis' to do re me.
 I am the talent, you are the scout,
 And a talent scout less his talent
 Ain't but a what? Ain't but a webelo,
 Mr. Carrot Badge. No, you missin my joint.
 Deze skillz don't fitz do shizzo, da shizza
 Fitz dem skillz. If I be lookin' betch fetch
 In red speedo, orange loafers, and I be,
 Dem inferior definers best pull
 Dey color pallid off my spec parade.
 If'za hoot when I mug la dij like dis,
 And it be, I want some pizzoom on my pizzazz
 Tite as nuts and nougat at dem
 Uptown Snickaz Bar. O, and if Mobad da Lounge
 Flounder wanna sing him scales off,
 And he do be do wop sur nuf do be do,
 Der best be's a sho stoppa or I playz
 Da ho droppa. And Smarmy, less you space,
 I work wit Al Casino. Zho, zho, zho!
 The Devil's Acrobat was da shit smash!
 Tell what. I'm a kinda busy tryin to get
 Da fuck all off my pda wit you
 So I can ketchup on my dawg what's real
 In da field a droppin quality shit,
 So tell them slagivizin ex-adjectives
 Up in faux-nance, when Mobad go legit,
 He sell him sexy first, and they so-called
 Commercial bi-product maybe score some plug
 Near da wrap. Sniff my whiff? Sorry, Farty.
 Over n ouch fo' yousy loseey.

He hangs up.

Mo-	Schmuckin fuck. Yeah, so, like, he well may be Da biggest scam in no biz, but I plop Him in his place – at da groin, beggin coin. B'yo, Adawg, dutcha wooiin?
Al-	What?
Mo-	Wuzzup?

Al- Nothing.
 Mo- How long it be?
 Al- Not long enough.
 Mo- Yo, maybe yo's not long enough, but mine
 So long it can't stop hummin her, "So long."
 Al- Go away.
 Mo- Go away what?
 Al- What?
 Mo- Exactly.
 Al- I said, go away.
 Mo- Ah, you mayta lost yr looks, but yr memory Go away where?
 Al- Anywhere but here.
 Mo- So, here I am.
 Al- Exactly.
 Mo- But where are you?
 Al- Right here, and that's the problem.
 Mo- Yes, it is.

Al starts to leave.

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

Al- Like pretending you're someone just to be
Someone you're not so you can be someone
Who acts like he's more than he really is.

Mo- So what am I?

Al- No one I've ever heard of.

Mo- Dude, we go back, and you ain't heard a me?

Al- Not in that way.

Mo- Not in what way?

Al- Not in
That way in which one hears of those one hears
Of all the time because one hears of them
All the time. Now, would you please go away?
I'm on stage, and I want to be alone.

Mo- You on stage?

Al- Obviously.

Mo- And you want to be alone?

Al- That's right.

Mo- So which stage of wantin to be alone you on?
Nobody Comin or Nobody Stayin?

Al- I don't think about such things.

Mo- Careful, Adawg – the things you don't think about
Are the things that think for you.

Al- Did you hear me say I want to be alone?

Mo- Nope, cuz you was drowned out by the people.

Al- What people?

Mo- The people.

Al- I don't see any people.

Mo- You don't see the people. You feel the people.

Al- Well, I don't feel them either.

Mo- Snobviously.

Al- What's that supposed to mean?

Mo- What?

Al- What's that supposed to mean?

Mo- Sorry, I can't hear you over the people.

Al- O, and what are they saying?

Mo- "Help!"

Al- Gimme a break.

Mo- Separate your schnauzers, Stage Head.
You wanna be alone, or you want a break?

Al- I want...

Mo- Shhh...you hear that?

Al- What?

Mo- "Please send professional assistance!"

Al- O please.

Mo- "Fire the charity cannons at our lucrative boo-boo's!"

Al- Shut up.

Mo- You ain't a believer?

Al- A believer in what?

Mo- The people.

Al- I certainly don't believe
In listening to them.

Mo- Ok, so you believe in shutting them out.

Al- I believe in wanting to be alone on stage, so go away.

Mo- Cool, I'll go away, but I won't go away.

Al- And how's that?

Mo- Cuz there will always be that shit we useta do.

Al- Don't.

Mo- Yo, Adawg, remember that shit we useta do?

Al- No.

Mo- "Fat chance, Stickman!"

Al- Stop.

Mo- Stop what?

Al- Stop doing that stuff we useta do.

Mo- Call A Plumber Economics, Subdude:
You can't stop that shit you useta do.

Al- I own my past, that stuff we useta do
Is in my past, so you may not repeat
That stuff we useta do without repeating
My past, your right to which I here deny,
So re that stuff we useta do, don't do it.

Mo- With all due disrespect, Adawg,
You don't own your past, cuz you don't own
Said rights to said shit we useta sadly said do,
So that shit we useta do ain't in your past,
N tho I'd as soon repeat that past as waste
My dead-end life on Spreadsheet ICU,
I hear you, Adawg. I hear you cryin
In the wealthiness, n altho I don't
Zakly jibe wit yo loose contractual
Misinterpretation of our grossly
Unspecified coercive ownership
Of said shit we useta do, I will grant
Yr request as an act of generosity
Toward the geriatric set, cuz, yo,
I ain't lookin for the bookin to be cookin
That shit we useta do either, nokay?
Siz, I got my own shit, new style shit,
Fresh shit, been good to me.

Al- I'm sure it has.

Mo- You ever done any entertaining,
Adawg?

Al- I've been in front of people all my life.

Mo- No, I askt if you ever done any
Entertaining, you know, like doin shit
People wanna go to.

Al- Not in any way
That you or they could ever comprehend.

Mo- True dat, Adawg, true dat.

Al- My name is Al.

Mo- No shit! Is that Al as in al aboard
Or Al as in al washt up?

Al- It's Al as in leave me al-one.

Mo- Uh hu.

Al- Uh hu.

Mo- See, homeslice, I bring up
Entertaining in unction with that shit
We useta do cuz 'case you lost the herd,
I work with Al Casino, and he's askt me
To perform my award-dropping shit bomb
At the posh boomitvah he'll be hosting
For the daughter of a close, mutual friend,
Major movie mogul, Stevey Schpielgurg.

Al- You're friends with Steven Schpielgurg?
 Mo- Friends don't let friends make sacharin cinema rolls,
 But yeah, you could say I'm friends with Steve,
 Heart-String Stevia, Shizrahi the Gurg Schpieler,
 N seein you sittin here, all fuckin
 Grey n sulky, make me wanna help you,
 Make me wanna piddle this belittle
 Philanthropy pang like I ain't felt since
 All dem po' fucks died from thrivin up south,
 So now's I realize this close encounter
 Of the nerd kind hold a dryer porpoise –
 The dream of liftin you up to my level
 By helping you perform my new style shit
 In the presence of doze in da bidness.
 Al- What business?
 Mo- The business of lickin tickets.
 Al- I've left the business.
 Mo- No, Adawg. "to leave"
 Implies departure from a place wherewith
 You been in, and you was never "in the business,"
 Cuz you done did that shit we useta do,
 And that was "the business" only in the sense
 We had no "business" doin it due to
 It made no "business" sense.
 Al- It made the sense
 It made.
 Mo- Um, no one seen it.
 Al- Does that make it
 Good or bad?
 Mo- My feeling on that question
 Changes every day, Alan.
 Al- So does mine.
 Mo- Ah, you think I'm fuckin serious, mon?
 No spliffs, bongos, or blunts, Adawg, 'f no one seen
 Yo shit, yo shit be bad. Now, where's I at?
 Empty stage, in I butt, steal the show, and...
 Got it. Al Casino, with whose I wankity work,
 Hosting a schtooper swonky badschicksa
 For the g-spot of the fiddler on the turd,
 Which I'll be headlining, yet for which I
 Require some ass-is-stance, which is wither
 You come in, like that great white shirk in Jews.
 See, this ain't your basic mormon Blahmitzvah.
 This gonna be the Renfair of Gefilte Kitsch,
 So they need like some galavanting dumb fuck
 To git up in that Shakespeare n the Beanstalk type shit,
 Ya know, tights n bells n swords of rubber,
 N skip around n be like, "O cometh ye,
 My ridiculously bejeweled bubbe dolls,
 To the Electrobethan Throwmatzoh!"
 But I tole em, Mobad don't do nylons
 Less it be some honey's silky gusset
 All cross the maw-maw so he can stop n sniff
 Dem tulips all day long. However, you,
 Based on that shit I seen you done when we
 Did that shit we useta do, are perfect

For such insane humiliating mank.
 N trust me, Adawg, this gig be sleazy sick.
 A) it pay mad potatoes. Like the litter
 I rake up off this fuckt-up afternoon
 Suffice to purchase yr entire gene pool
 N still have enuf "bone us, big man" points
 For some floaty toys n a cocaine julip.
 B) Silverstein's daughter be one hot bagel.
 True, she 13, but I teach her to shave.
 And C) I'm thinkin, what's a bullshitza?
 Iz like a dance party for Arabs, right?
 N them Arabs, yo, they got size moolah
 On counta dem greasin da checkbook cogs
 Of La La Land with that petroleum jelly
 Under they sand trapeze...b'yo, looka me
 Teachin Sheik Yoshovitz on him cultja!
 I'm not Arab.
 You ain't? So what is you?
 I'm Jewish.
 Same thing.
 No, it's not.
 What's the diff?
 O, gee, I dunno. Maybe everything?
 If everything's between us, nothing is beneath us.
 What?
 Where you from, Adawg?
 Seattle.
 Seattle Arabia?
 Seattle, Washington.
 Big Arab town, right?
 Wrong.
 See, I knew you was Arab,
 Which is good, cuz like I said, them Arabs
 Own Hollywood, and if they pegged you for
 One a these nomadic bedroom enemies
 Of our best western civilization
 What rides the massages of our production
 Consumption perversions sneezing tahini
 Into random bags, you'd be like Jewish,
 N that ain't good, least not in "the business."
 I am Jewish, and so, by the way,
 Are barmitzvahs.
 O, now you like some expert
 Religio wig-fuckin babaga-noodge
 What got that mad he-brew in yo oozy
 N you gon take out my flying carpet!
 God is hate! Death to skoal n pussy shots!
 Damn, I thought you down wit me, Mojo Ali,
 In the Be One Bomber Department,
 But, as tests attest on the testy testes,
 You can't judge a loser by his losses.
 B'yo, all ethnical dilemmas astride,
 You perfect for this shit, so, you in?
 You are revolting.
 Good thing, cuz yr grid be down.
 And yours be dumb.

Mo- Ah, tizzy tight, Adawg.
 I do miss your sardistical dude tude
 On the word out. So, after you done pranced
 All round the Goldshines like a sad lamo twit
 Shuckin his yuck for a buck, I will grab
 The spot for “Thank God I’m a Marfinoid –
 The Story of John Denver as Told by
 Our first president, Avraham Lincoln Logs.”
 And so’s you clue your cue, I’ll take this chance
 To workpoint my powerslide shopshow
 Up in yo face. Yo, A-dawg, you awake?
 O man, dis shit be wicked funny, yo.
 When John Hashbrownie hear this shit, he like
 “Far away there seemed a dimple of laughter
 That encouraged the too deliberate rain
 To fangle our blank commerce of moods
 Into Duchamp’s foregone decollage.”

Al- John Hashbrownie?
 Mo- Yeah, you know, the post-significant poet.
 He’s like your favorite, right?
 Al- Do you mean John Razberry?
 Mo- Sure, why not?
 Al- You performed for him?
 Mo- Dude, I’m in character.

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

Al- So, wutchu think? That shit funny, right?
 Mo- I wasn’t listening.
 Yeah! Tough crowd!
 Gotta love that! Make me strong. Make me tarp
 As a shack. Like my man, Casino, say:
 Different jokes for different somber fucks.
 It like that time I done that fetch-ass flick
 With that racky blonde (her name escapes me,
 But them booty stats are scrit in sharpie
 All over my honky bejesus cast),
 “Bored of the Flings,” a necromantic dramedy
 On Boston’s one-legged club-hopping scene,
 And the director (whose name I needs not
 Mention since he’s like everywhere now),
 After that one genre-jobbing scene,
 You know it, where I fall off that bar stool
 N do that super hilarious thing
 With my arms, like this, accompanied by
 Some facial action, like this, which then proceeds
 To crack the whole club up n get me pootay,

The director goes, n trust me, major dick,
 “Mr. Oberg, your star must be on the rise,
 For you simply do not know how to fall.”
 See, I can take seductive criticism;
 You dis me, you kiss me. Give love, get laughs.
 Al- You were in that movie?
 Mo- I was that movie.
 Al- I didn’t see you in it.
 Mo- I was acting, nah mean?
 Al- I have acted in over 300 theatrical productions.
 Mo- Can’t palm pilot your problems right now, dude;
 Got royalties to collect. So, Adawg,
 Wutchu been doin wit yo mad lib selves
 Since we last did that shit we useta do?
 Al- Nothing.
 Mo- What, you like a zen extremist?
 Al- I am nothing.
 Mo- Yes, but are you “nothing
 In the absence of ambition or
 Nothing in the ambition of absence?”
 Al- I fail to see the difference.
 Mo- Yes, you do.
 In that regard, you fail, tho that ain’t all
 You fail at apparently, so ‘low me
 To lease you some top-down education:
 Embarrassment and shame, that’s the difference,
 Which you could see if you just closed your eyes.
 Al- Go to hell.
 Mo- I been there, with you, in fact,
 But I got out.
 Al- Are you sure?
 Mo- Sure ‘bout what?
 Al- That you got out?
 Mo- That I got outta what?
 Al- Hell.
 Mo- The only sign that I’m in hell is you,
 And speakin a hell, where you work these days?
 Al- I work at a bank.
 Mo- Cool dat. Banks is vital.
 Someone gotsta tell dat wild river
 Wer ta run. So, wut, you like a banker?
 Al- I’m a data analyst.
 Mo- You dating an analist? Congrats, Adawg.
 What’s his, or, sorry, its name?
 Al- You are sickening.
 Mo- Nah, that’s your sexual recall speaking.
 But yo! I just realized Alan and Anal
 Is like a mammogram or some dumb shit.
 Dat’s cool, right? It’s like it was meant to be
 That you poopoo the ew in what you doo-doo.
 Anyhoo, what might said bottom position
 Involve in the way of back-breaking tasks?
 Al- I crunch numbers.
 Mo- No offense in the orifi,
 But now’s you diggin thru the stink wrinkle
 For love, you should be crunchin pectorals,

If you like get my jackhammer mid-drift.
 Your type likes it tight in the tummy dump,
 And yo abby's flabby, crabby no-blabby.
 Too much lyin down n stakin it. B'yo,
 On the theme of how I look, how I look?
 Al- With your eyes.
 Mo- Ah, good one, Adawg. You still
 Got it (cuz no one else want it). But please,
 Divulge me, Captain Smirk: Ain't I look good?
 Ain't I developed in a decoratively
 Sleazing fashion? Ain't I on the right track
 For feedin back that scooby snack?
 Al- You look
 The same.
 Mo- Chamone, ain't no one look "the same."
 I mean, you look like nine ole nasty witch pigs
 Sat on your tool bag n pussyfarted
 So much industrial wist you got like
 Post-permanent Sonoran off-road stain
 On your cheek by jowl, but back in the day
 You were dashing, dude, 'least from the food line
 To the support circle. You've aged gracefully,
 If decomposition be graceful. Nah,
 Leave "the same" to your pricey therapeutic
 Outcomes, n look me in the lie. Don't you see
 Nuthin different?
 Al- Yeah, I guess I do.
 Mo- What?
 Al- You used to have less empty in your eyes.
 Mo- Fuckashanaynay, Adawg. You deep.
 You deep as an empty pocket. You so
 Deep you like echo in a dead language.
 You deep as the weepy ditch of snitches.
 You look me in the lie n you see nothing
 Insignificant. But straight up, Broken Down:
 I askt if you spot any new shipshape
 On my honey-glazed bodily horizon,
 Not in the soul windows I boarded up
 To keep you from envying my privacy,
 Cuz whilst you may still dither on the dither,
 My artistic financial signorio
 Has improved misanthropically since we
 Last did that shit we useta do, n I
 Be wondrous if it scan in Normistan.
 Al- I look at you and I see nothing of
 Significance, because you are hollow,
 Irrelevant, inane, superfluous,
 Inert, and empty like an exploding gas.
 Mo- Yo, dat weren't me! Who let the skunky cheese
 Out his dingle foil? Dag! That shit smell like
 An abortion been left too long under
 The grow lamps. I think it was you, Adawg,
 And your *eau de gerontologie*.
 You are experiencing menopause, right?
 "Would you care for some climacteric
 Vinegar on your fresh garden greens, sir?"

Al- But speakin of mold and grief, how you been?
 Mo- Fine til now, thank you.
 Al- Yeah, but the breakdowns.
 Al- What breakdowns?
 Mo- You know, Adawg, the breakdowns.
 Al- I've had no breakdowns.
 Mo- And you proud of that?
 Al- No, I'm just saying that I've never had
 Any severe nervous breakdowns, okay?
 Mo- Well, I don't get those breakdowns either, foo,
 But I do get the Actors Access Breakdowns,
 And not to say you self-taught by a flunky,
 But there's roles in there for total fuck-ups,
 Roles that pay, unless you a sad little bitch
 Tittin tots on tears.
 Al- So?
 Mo- So'm tippin you off
 Your pedestal of pathetic, which is the least
 I can do for you who need so much more,
 So go get that government audition cheese
 And prosper, or is dude the past of do?
 Al- Some considered me not unimportant.
 Mo- Yes, but did your acting get you any?
 Al- Any what?
 Mo- Any action.
 Al- What, like parts?
 Mo- Ja, mon, like parts.
 Al- I've had hundreds of parts.
 Mo- Hundreds of parts, mon? You super freaky!
 Al- Whatever.
 Mo- Deze parts, mon, dem big parts, mon?
 Al- All parts are artistically essential.
 Mo- Tell dat to da ladies, mon.
 Al- What ladies?
 Mo- Da ladies wot no like dem small parts, mon.
 Al- Please just go aw...
 Mo- Bleach them blues. Booty calls.

Mobad answers his phone.

Mo- Valerian Nightstick, Private Redeye.
 Pooza, Gravy Doll! (Iz my sponge, Yonosé,
 N she sound wet.) Howz my squizz? O yeah?
 You in the shower wit yo panties on
 Pretendin my haiku with action grip
 Got you so damp n dizzy you forget
 To fully disrobe? May gusto oink oink.
 That is much sightly. Am I glad you called?
 Yo, last three days I been playin right hand
 For the Wankees, if you grow what I'm slayin.
 You wanna do what to my inner mustache?
 O baby, I like you more than my shoes!
 O yeah. I get you back no slack. Like dis
 N like dat, and a li'l a dese now too.
 You sniff my smell-o-moan thru your cell-o-phone?
 No way! Sizzy say that? KY-pie, you know

The slim shiznitch on me and that fat gram.
I wouldn't pork-snorkel her skanky swamp
In Dick Army's rubber suit. "Cuz she once,
Twice, three times a gong-ass fuckin butt-ugly roastbeef!"
So, I see you tonight? And I free you
Tonight, nah mean? O yeah. Put the perky
In the oven cuz the stuffin comin home;
And I ain't callin you a warm side-dish
By any stretch of the invagination.
No, mam. You my entrée, so lemme in!
Over n ouch. Spoon you later, poku fluff.

He hangs up.

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

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

Al- You're dating Yonosé?
Mo- Yeah, I'm dating her. Like she is dating,
As in growing outdated thru my high impact
Depreciative usage. Anyho,
Where we at? O yeah, you n yo slummy slump.
Know what you need, Adawg? Da Luv Docta.

Al- O please.
Mo- And in fict I might just have
An opportunity what could road-kill
Two crunchy fucktards with one cheap Jerokee.
Check it out – I just signed this major contract
With Time Former Studios to present
Da Luv Docta wherever light may blight,
N I can get you on there, make it out
Like you some pathetic, old sex loser
With droopy moobs n a chode unrode,
Which I think you can do, n boom, you on:
Adawg, gettin paid, Adawg, gettin laid.

Al- You have signed a contract with Time Former?
Mo- The world's largest media whatever.
Al- I don't believe it.
Mo- What, ain't you seen Oompah?
Al- You weren't on Oompah.
Mo- Oompah love my shit!
Al- I want proof.
Mo- Here it is.
Al- I want the clip.
Mo- O man, this shit could spawn an exercise

Revolution – Hilaricize by Mobad.
 Al- But you don't have a clip.
 Mo- This shit so good,
 Got me laid thirteen times in one cab ride.
 Al- Liar.
 Mo- Yo, I gotta decompose myself.
 Al- Fraud!
 Mo- Welcome, and come well, to Da Luv Docta,
 Your source for super baaaaaaaad sex advice.
 Today we gots a very sterile guest:
 Failed actor, ATM with humanoid
 Tendencies, and this year's poster penguin
 For Wing Fat, Inc. – give it up for Adawg!
 Now you ask me a sex question, with your mouth.
 Al- I'm embarrassed that you even exist.
 Mo- Nah, nah. Here, I show you.

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

Swapping in Sheboygan

Dear Swinging in Suburbans,

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

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

Orgy on you amoral organisms!

Da Luv Docta

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

Dear Vicious Vomit Voyeur Victim,

So, your "boyfriend" likes it when you ralf during "fellatio" and you're wondering if that's "normal." Nokay, let's start simple. Fellatio, in the indobarbarian original, actually means "partially consensual regurgitation," ergo, not only is it normal, it's jurassic. Plus, you've heard of the g-spot, right? Well, I got spews for you. It exists! The g stands for gag, and you'll find it in the

Dairy Queen parking lot to the rear of your compromised esophagus. Again, normal physiological disruption. So, next time you feel a “dermal coated jackhammer” digging for scold in your “don’t-go-there” and the need to evacuate your bulimia and fries sends a wave of glory nausea soaring up your manky shanks as overwhelming as “the urge to save on groceries,” let er go, cuz ya never know – there might just be a wedding ring a-floatin in that wretch.

Barf is beautiful!

Da Luv Docta

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

Dear Co-Independent Condom Consumer,

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

Disease is for the dead!

Da Luv Docta

Mo- That shit is ill, right? Oompah love that shit.
So, you ready to get out there and slap
Your braindeadchip with the geotragic
Partitioning system into the camera
Calendar clock of some hairy jacuzzi?
Al- You did not do that lurid dreck on Oompah.
Mo- Dude, drop the kitschellectual property
Destroyer bit n answer my dancer:
You on the seem team?
Al- Am I what?
Mo- Do you
Want to be employed by yours unruly?
Al- I have a job.
Mo- Me too, difference bein
You work at a bank, I bank as I work.
Al- The difference being what I do is real.

Mo- Uh hu. I'm on you, Adawg. You want me
To do my Al Casino.

Al- No, I don't.

Mo- So, yes, it's true, I work with Al Casino.
That's establisht, that's a thing, that's like foshizzle.
But what ezakly do I mean by "work"?
I mean we work together, zis to say,
We close, like we so close that when I sweat,
He wipe his brow. N bein close like that
Means I can do a mean Al Casino.
Nokay. Lemme get my Al on. This skit
Iz called, "Yo, I'm just an actor, so quit
Asking me to bless your stromboli,
You fuck." I'm him. Al Casino. Big Al...
O dude, shit just hit me. I know two Al's –
Al Casino and you. That's freaky, right?
The Al-In-One, separated at worth.
You both named Al, tho that's bout all you share,
Since he the biggest thing since paranoid
Delusion, and you a sad little dandruff
What twerk at a wank. How I ever tell
You apart? Got it! Hot Al, Not Al.
That set it up. Aw, man, but now I feel
All glum. Hot Al, Not Al, it's so unfair.
B'yo, I work it out. I smooch da booboo.
How, you ask? Question not Da Luv Doctor!
So, are you or have you ever tried to be
In a relationship?

Al- None of your business.

Mo- My business is you,
Mr. Mise En Scene with the Has on Been,
And what you thneed is mooshy medicine.
See, since my shit went gold, I learnt a load
Bout lardknockin, dupin goop, scampin tramp stamp,
Which I teach you, like your guru, n trust me,
You rue my goo once I am done wit you.
So, lemme think. Bam! I know just the gash.
Dag, wut's her name? I frosted her cupcake
Just last week. N yo, she perfect for you,
At least she is now, after I dumpt her –
Depresst, drab, and desperate. Yo, wut's her name?
I know she be open to your mopin.

Al- No, thank you.

Mo- Dude, never look a gift pig
In the stink wrinkle. Trust me. Hittin her hump
At top speed is worth a broken axle.
She's turned into this like major actress
Supermodel save the children pornstar
Trout pout wanna-be sluz. I spot her spout
At some exclusive industry head slam,
N we ended up bunkering ourselves
In my home theater for the weekend,
And, Adawg, we made pasta with clam sauce
So many times, I swear on my illegal
Immigrant domestic staff, she under
General antiseptic gettin a hip

Replacement as we freak. Ack, wut's her name?
 It's on the tip of my tongue...or maybe
 Dat's her homebrew, Ale Bait. Yeah, nokay, true.
 She way outta your league, like she proolly
 Rather donate her body to science
 Fiction than so much as wax your back,
 But with an endorsement from the Mobad,
 She might let you watch her take a tinkle
 If you cover your face with my headshot.
 Fuck me! Wut is her name?

Al- I said no thank you.
 Mo- Yo, I understand, tho I really don't,
 Cuz when you slave to a hot young nasty
 Whose little furor won't stop seeguyling
 At every airhead, you can't understand
 What it's like to have no involuntary
 Muscle distractions in your socialist
 Realism. But I take your word for it:
 Thou cunst not dooz tiss nuthers as I dooth.
 Hate a dimwit. Airhead, Aryan, Ari!

Al- Excuse me?
 Mo- Ari. That's her name. Ari...
 Al- Fontanel. Ari Fontanel.
 Mo- Yeah, you remember her, rite?
 Al- Yes, but what about her?
 Mo- I peeled her, dude.
 Al- You peeled her?
 Mo- And guess how.
 Al- Please, don't tell me.
 Mo- I did my Al Casino.
 Al- She fell for that?
 Mo- No, she lay down for that.
 Al- I have no words.
 Mo- No problem, I talk enuf
 For twos of us. Now what I'm sayin, see,
 Is Ari Carousels come round for you
 Once you release your Al Casino Two.

Al- She isn't interested.
 Mo- How you know?
 Al- I askt.
 Mo- Ah, that's my Adawg! Put the marmaduke
 In chihuahua. I always knew you was
 Santa's Little Self-Helper, but big news:
 Yo biscuit no gravy, dried-up granddad.
 Like it ain't workt, so 'low me to hump a hunch:
 Did you precede your asking with the howsy
 That you work with Al Casino?

Al- No, cuz I don't
 Work with Al Casino.
 Mo- Dude, if wishes
 Were beggars, horses would ride.
 Al- What?
 Mo- Watch this.
 I call up Ari Oyster Shell. I say
 "Hey, baby, wanna hang wit me and Al?"
 N she like "Al Casino?" N I like

“Pretty much,” n kazaa, she in my pad,
 You on the couch, you catchin up, she ask
 “When Al Casino get here?” n I say,
 “Dunno. Wutchu think, Al? You work with him.”
 N she like, “Wha?” n you like, “All the time.”
 N she like, “Wow!” n I’m like, “Be right back,”
 Then once I’m gone, you slip it in: “Wanna hear
 My Al Casino?” N she like, “Uh hu.”
 So you go, “Here’s how Al would do it to it.”

Pardon me, Ari,
 I’m like very sorry,
 But I got an inquiry
 Bouts you and me,
 And basically it be:
 Are we, Ari, a we? Oui?

Al- I am present at the death of poetry.
 Mo- Do thee agree, Ari, to vis-à-vis
 My freaky free? Let me stick my funky
 In your holy n open you to my
 Spicy potpourri. Let’s find some unity,
 My devotee, like you knit me a juicy
 Mitten for my most smitten sinewy.
 Cuz dada want his baba, make you gaga
 For his blah blah, ain’t no haha, don’t say
 Ta ta, I spatula your uvula
 With my ill oo la la, all panty like
 A faux pas at the funeral of ennui,
 So look at me, I’m Al Casi, drop the “no”
 N away we go, yo, are we, Ari, a we? Oui?
 Al- The planet gasps, yet this is what you do.
 Mo- Nokay, so I’m old and grey. Used as a
 Doomsday ashtray. My beaujolais nouveau
 Is mo like dijonais deathrow. You know
 I useta think I was Laurence Olivier,
 Now I know I’m Larry O’ThrowAway,
 I was stilt to be a star, now I’m cryin
 Over my spillt milky way, but be that
 As it nay, I’d pay to say you playd my way,
 So fear no near, I’m tearin’ here, are we,
 Ari, a we? Oui?

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

Pistachio, so shuck me. Meat eat, shells throw.
Cut the punctilio n get caught in
My impresario undertow, hi ho, hi ho,
I got the blow to go, I'm romeo,
You so and so, it's quid pro
Quo quo quo
Your dote
Gently down my hissing Serpico,
Pianissimo to fortissimo,
I wanna tinkle on your piano,
So stow yo woe in the grow, I'm a he,
You a she, and that's a bun-honey-back
Guarantee, so here come that tremolo
Mack you free, you egg-bearing rainbow,
Sing it, yo, are we, Ari, a we? Oui?

Al- Take my turd for it, dude. You do that Al
Mo- Casino, her peepee be yo teepee.
Al- I'm leaving.
Mo- You can't run from your problems.
Al- You are my problem!
Mo- Man, you sure know how
To shake a baby. Here I been flappin
My gobs all in yo face, n you ain't once
Jig me a jolly teabag. Could it be
Yr harvesting some resentment against
My scurriluscious 24/7
Nude-photoshoot-with-the-snuggly-bunnies-
In-the-purple-stretch-ass-limo lifestyle?
Al- The only thing I resent is your presence,
So my departure ends my resentment.
Mo- See, I'n't so sure bout that there, soggy fog.
You kinda got that linger thing. You're out
In the open is under the surface.
O sure, you may be chillin at the berm,
But when the attitudinal orbit
In which you spin be just bout not nuf inches
From the nuclear giant at the center
Of the crabby nebula, cool don't mean much
More than hot as crotch rot, so, wut'sa be?
Like wut I do to you that you ain't done
To yourself, tho with far less humorous
Impunity? And don't tell me that I
Remind you a wut u'd as soon forget,
Cuz, Adawg, all that shit we useta do,
That shit was real, which is way more than you
Can give up to that shit you're doin now,
Crushin' threes at a flood control device.
And see, Adawg, when shit is real, you can't
Forget it, cuz it's the real shit in you
That's tryin to forget it, get it? Iz like
That shit you said in that one shit we did:
"I no more understand a creator's
Interest in subtext than I understand
A human being's interest in submission."
Al- I told you not to do that! Why are you

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

Mobad answers his phone.

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

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

They both sing.

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

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

Mo- A-bone, I ball you crack.

Mobad hangs up.

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

The only way to keep from being moved
 Was to move, but who can move from such a suck?
 Ancient impromptu, grounded and soaring,
 Between them O they set the stage for me.
 So, my loves, give it up - how goes the war?
 War?
 Al-
 Meg- Sure, we're losing, but that's why we fight!
 Mo- Who are we fighting?
 Meg- Not who, but how.
 Al- How?
 Meg- We just keep doin that shit we do!
 Every summer round the metro meadows,
 We wage guerilla warp – mass illusions
 On our backs, story stored in sweat and spit,
 Engorged to swap the banquet in our brains
 For droppings in a hat, we take the field
 In deformation; our directive, “dazzle!”
 So set like some verse circus neath the tent
 Of hopeful sun, humanity our rapt
 And random crowd, we join the clueless ranks
 Of crazies, activists, and sotted jocks
 Who loudly speak above the busy hush,
 For speech is all we have and it is gained
 To give away: “Be not sad O masochists!”
 Al- Meg.
 Meg- True, there are more sheltered fronts for those
 Preferring their pretending grounds pre-market
 Against those freaks and forces that can't stand
 A drama they're not in, for which exists
 The black box – in this home to neverthing,
 Where space-time is measured in mistakings,
 Whence no delight escapes, command control
 For the out of control, we morph and moan
 Imaginary orgies with the real
 That all might live a deadlock higher than
 The handout kneepads of a jealous God
 And from this public voyeuring attain
 Our welcome nakedness, as when it ran:
 “An awkward morning beats a boring night.”
 Al- Meg.
 Meg- Of course the actor's greatest glory
 In the war for artistic interference
 Is on the fringes, such as when we play
 Some rarely frantic wonder spot: a church
 That's lost its lease upon the after-life;
 A college (tho learning never listens),
 Or in some wired house not used to dreams
 That tell themselves, where we, weird guests that seem
 More at home than their hosts, turn fright to food
 In spreading such a feast performative,
 The forms of thought are by us fiction-fresht!
 “Congratulations! You've been pre-improved!”
 Al- Meg! We don't do that stuff we useta do.
 Mo- Yo, Adawg. Speak for your self-destruction,
 Cuz I not only do't, I do it to't,
 Speshly in my work with Al Casino.

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

He answers his phone.

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

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

Al-
 Mo-
 Al-
 Mo-

Hang up the phone.
 Hold on, moron. Wuzzat, Adawg?
 Hang up.
 You got hang ups? Yo, you butt in on my call

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

He hangs up.

Mo- Now where you house clowns at before I left
 For something far more wicky than this here?
 Al- The subject was my being full of shit.
 Mo- So, let's pursue it, like a drunken purse.
 Meg- You said I look like shit.
 Al- And do I lie?
 Meg- No, you do worse. You miss the point.
 Al- What point?
 Meg- I look like shit because I'm fighting shit.
 Mo- Straight up, Care Bear. You look like you on top
 Of the world, but the world be asses up.
 Meg- Then quit shaking it like a piggy bank.
 Mo- Yo, Adawg, Mega back, and quips be flippin!
 Al- What shit are you fighting?
 Meg- Al Casino shit.
 Mo- Clan MacCary be slingin shillelagh!
 Al- So, how goes the war?
 Meg- Great, no thanks to you.
 Al- You've no retort, Margaret, to the fact
 That all can see you are not doing well.
 Meg- I do well for what I do, considering
 What I do is really hard to do well.
 True, I'm shy the cleanly next, but when you sleep
 On open stoops, disgust is best defense,
 So stink, my shield! I've got some injuries,
 But not enough to keep me in one piece;
 I've killed a few, but if every joke landed,
 How are you supposed to stay in the air?
 And yes, I'm hungry, but I'd rather be
 Alive with searching than searching for alive.
 If I seem dissipation bent, it is
 My lugging heavy dreams of love deformed
 With eyes that can't look down, a nose turn up,
 A sense of taste that drips for senseless nonsense,
 Which I thru the teeth graciously prefer
 To pat, proud, predictable perfection.
 To most, I seem sad, but I've still a smile
 That feels at home on my unwelcome face,
 For I am utterly independent.
 I have broke the barrier between doing
 For me and doing for you. When I go on,
 It is to off myself; I've no credence
 In critics. I want nothing save to savor
 My insatiable desire for all I've got.
 As choiceful in my drink as in my spit,

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

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

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

Mo-
 Al-

To give her a grant that grants us nothing.
 Yet think of that! We who won't slurp her puke
 Are termed "provincial" for our lack of taste,
 When it's our taste that keeps us from such meals!
 You either win who's watching, or you lose.
 Meg- Who's watching loses in their being won!
 The people think, "O how emotional,
 How genuine," when truly it's a ploy
 To trigger rogue desires that defame
 The common cause of saving what sustains,
 So is such "art" complicit in the drive
 To make a killing by cheapening life.
 Al- You seek the very largesse you belittle.
 Meg- I seek my end, and so I'm all that you,
 My traitor, won't perceive, for to perceive
 What acts for itself, which, we both agree,
 Thus destroys itself, you must have a self,
 That conflict at the core of creation,
 Which you've exchanged for cooshy self-esteem.
 Al- If destroying yourself is fighting death,
 Then my money's on death.
 Meg- Indeed it is.
 Al- Every artist, as a self other-reared,
 Craves acceptance. Some seek it by being
 Acceptable, some don't, but the motive
 Precedes the method. No expression's free
 Of expectation, and expectation's
 Always other-aimed. Art but emanates
 An act of unknowable assumptions
 Of an imagined audience, derived
 From past assessments made in fearful need;
 There is no landing without touching down,
 For we are bounded born, so even you
 Do what you do that you may do unto
 Others as you would have them do to you,
 But if those others do not want it done,
 The onus is yours to cease or de cease.
 Meg- What "or"? Your craft is stuck, for you've done both.
 Mo- Yo, wayz I seez it, this the dealio:
 Shit happen. Someone see that shit. Someone
 Ask himself, can I sell that shit? He think
 He can, he buy that shit. He think he can't,
 He pass on that shit. So some shit get bought
 And some shit get rot, but yo, any way
 You spice it, it's all shit.
 Meg- Maybe that's why
 They call them movements?
 Al- They call them movements
 Because they are meant to move the people
 Towards objectives no one can object to,
 But if the mover's objective is either
 To act as if they have no objectives
 Or move us to grossly partial objectives,
 Then the mover is the one in the way,
 And all will stay as is, by as if unmoved.
 Meg- Yet art is pure as if, made what it is

By speaking; the intent forms the action,
The action breeds dissent, so the “as if”
Is not reducible to the “as is,”
For were it, it would not be, and it is.

Al- There is no more “as if,” only “if then,”
For “if” is no more “as” and “then” no more
Than another now.

Meg- Yet what of the task
Of luring minds into a vicious truth
They don’t at first desire, yet once attained
Is valued over value for therein
Passion finally fosters preservation?

Al- The truth is we desire to kill ourselves,
And entertainment’s come to make it fun.

Meg- Then there’s the difference you cannot deny:
He is content to die, and I am not.

Al- And when you are defined by what you’re not
You’re nothing save the evil you oppose.

Meg- I am not what I am so that I’m not
What I’m not. The norm is but a number
I did not take by birth, and yet I count
Because I took a number not the norm,
For when my number’s called, when my time comes,
It will be mine, unlike the rest who share
In that great number they so dearly grip,
Believing it will win them what they want,
Not knowing they must share all their winnings
And lose the worth I win because I hold
A number all my own, and even if
My number’s never called, my time uncome,
A number all your own outnumbers all
The winnings of the number of the norm.

Mo- Yo, Adawg, I say Care Bear’s got the gig.
Howbout we bag this Al Casino shit
And get back to that shit we useta do?

Al- Fuck that. We just auditioned. Call him back
And ask him if I’m in.

Mo- Dude, I dunno.
Care Bear’s got me itchy for the indie;
I look at what I been and what I be,
And that comparison don’t surge the Serge.
I sold my soul for sales. I took the fun
Outta function, now all I got is ction,
And what is that? I wanna shun this funk
And wake up without make up, feel the sun
On my cheeks, cuz when you made in the shade,
You fight the light, take the pit for the peaks.
Sure, I’m smartcore sexy, but my make-it’s
On the market, my dream a profit scheme.
I don’t know what I feel, cuz I can’t
Get past the fee; link my site, get your hits,
But no insight. I put the mirror in front
Of me because I fear maturity,
Keepin my look cool, my flesh off the shelf.
All I do is network, but when you work
In a net, ain’t that mean you fell from play?

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

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

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

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

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

Al shoots Meg and she dies.

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

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

Mo- Dude, it's a prop.
 Al- All those phone calls?
 Mo- Fake.
 Al- That big shot shit?
 Mo- Fake.
 Al- Ari Fontanel?
 Mo- Now that was real, even if it wasn't.
 Al- You have ruined my fucking life.
 Mo- I'm sorry.
 Al- You're sorry? You have saved my fucking life.

He puts the gun in Meg's hand.

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

Moberg grabs the gun and points it at Al.

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

But we all know it isn't really real, right?
 We are disconnecting our connection
 To death by our desire to live on stage
 A life in which one never really dies,
 And this crack religion is killing us,
 Cuz when you deny your death, you deny
 Others' death, so you kill and miss the kill,
 Imagining that once it's all over
 Everyone just stands up and takes a bow.
 Real death, fake death, same thing, thanks to difference.
 Mo- So let's go back to killin shit for real?
 Al- We kill shit for real all the time, only
 That stage is dark.
 Mo- Don't our stage deaths shine a light
 On those real deaths, that lit they might be stopped?
 Al- O fetal, fatal, futile rationale!
 Behold the great independent actor.
 She's playing dead. Why is she playing dead?
 Because she's in a play and she got killed
 By another actor for some reason
 Given by another actor, which reason,
 Of course, turns out to be a bad reason.
 So how does she justify to herself
 This proud submission to rich degradation?
 She believes in the people. She gives them
 What they want. She puts the customer first.
 Millennia of bestial arrogance,
 Of elites producing for elitists,
 Making up rules that others must abide,
 All this ends in her. Yay, she shines a light
 On our darkness that we might save ourselves.
 But guess what? It isn't fucking working!
 On what does this great indie actor shine
 A light save on herself? And what is she
 Save a market-tested people-pleaser?
 For what pleases the people more than death
 That isn't really death, as with her face
 They mask the death they wreak upon the earth?
 So serving the delusions of the people
 Via her delusion that illusion
 Saves the people, she destroys the people.
 Mo- She's just doin her thing.
 Al- Her thing is death.
 Mo- So what the fuck are we supposed to do?
 Al- Don't ask me. I'm just a gripey old man.
 Mo- Hey, you ain't so old.
 Al- I'm old.
 Mo - Nah, come on.
 Al- You know you're old when you start fuckin kids.
 Mo- You fuckin kids?
 Al- Can you not see this shit?
 Mo- Yo, I'm shit without this.
 Al- Yes, but are you shit
 In the absence of ambition, or are
 You shit in the ambition of absence?
 Mo- I fail to see the difference.

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

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

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

He shoots himself and dies. Al picks up his phone.

Al- Al Casino?

Al exits.

THE END

No More Pretending was first produced in the Chelsea Puppet Loft and the Ice Factory Festival at the Ohio Theater in NYC in 2005. It was directed by Howard Thoresen, costumed by Karen Flood, and starred Matt Oberg, Al Benditt, and Meg MacCary.