

The Untitled Rhapsody

By

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ACT I

Untitled #1: Shouldn't Be Here

*Emptiness. Finally, a light rises center stage and PAUBLO enters. Paublo does a double take.*

*Paublo exits.*

*Pause.*

*Paublo re-enters and approaches an audience member.*

PAUBLO

Well shit.

*Paublo exits.*

*Paublo enters.*

PAUBLO

I. Am. Paublo.

*Paublo pauses. Paublo clears his throat.*

PAUBLO

I am Paublo.

*Paublo looks expectantly into the house.*

PAUBLO

I am Paublo?

*No response from the audience. Paublo sighs, cross left center, glances at the audience again, sighs again, and exits.*

*Pause. Paublo re-enters.*

PAUBLO

Hello. I am Paublo.

*Paublo begins to fidget.*

PAUBLO

Uh... I uh... can I get a chair? Oh never mind.

*Paublo sits on the deck. Paublo stands.*

PAUBLO

Alright. We honestly didn't think anyone would show up to this for... uh... obvious reasons. So... you *did*... and there you are! Heh. Shit.

*Paublo exits.*

*Paublo enters.*

PAUBLO

Alright. You want something, yes? Keep in mind "want". If you don't want to see anything else among these same lines, please exit. Please. We have your money, you have your evening, we're both happy. Just leave now. Please.

*Paublo looks over the house. Paublo sighs and exits.*

*Pause.*

*Paublo enters.*

PAUBLO

Okay... okay then. I tried, but in this case...

*Paublo stands confidently.*

PAUBLO

I AM PAUBLO!

*Blackout.*

Untitled #2: Piano

*A screen lowers and PIANO plays.*

Untitled #3: Crowd

*The screen stays lowered, and CROWD plays.*

Untitled #4: Pointless

Pointless.

Untitled #5 The Salesman and His

Cart

*It doesn't matter what comes next, I'm sure we've lost them. Enter THE SALESMAN*

THE SALESMAN

HelloIAmASalesmanAndIAmHereToSellYouThingsLike Seals!

*The Salesman drives a cart. He drives it. Onto the stage. It's like a clock with wheels.*

CART

Beep Beep I am your cart.

THE SALESMAN

Shit! It can speak! Now I must eat bacon!

*The Salesman takes out a large novelty bacon slice and puts it on the cart.*

CART

Sizzle sizzle your bacon is cooking.

THE SALESMAN

And this can be yours for thirty-four dollars and seventy two cents! Buy today!

*The cart starts up and The Salesman and the Cart drive off together. THE bacon falls off the cart.*

*The bacon stays on stage for at least five seconds. Then blackout.*

Untitled #6 0

*Three large white boards are wheeled onto stage and set up to make three walls. On the boards are written various letters with "<Letter> is for <blank>".*

*PROF. PUDDYWOGOL enters and stands in the middle of the white boards. Prof. Puddywogol takes a dry-erase marker from his pocket and resumes his work. He is on "0".*

*Prof. Puddywogol draws a picture of an octopus. He erases the arms of the octopus and makes a few adjustments to make the drawing an owl.*

*Prof. Puddywogol stands back and considers the board. He erases all of the owl except for the upper part of the head and the eyes and draws an ocelot. He converts the ocelot back into an octopus.*

*Prof. Puddywogol sighs and changes the octopus into an Ohm symbol, then into an omega, then into a theta.*

*Prof. Puddywogol writes a "tan" in front of the theta, turning it into the equation:  $\tan\langle\theta\rangle f(x)=0$ . Prof. Puddywogol erases everything save for the zero.*

*Prof. Puddywogol draws a squiggle and two "L" shapes sprouting from the zero, turning it into an ostrich. He then draws three other ostriches and places them over a drawing of something that could be a country.*

*Prof. Puddywogol erases and adds lines to the drawing to make it into an Ocarina. He then changes the Ocarina into an oil well. He draws oil pouring out from the well. The oil slowly becomes the leaves of an oak tree.*

*Prof. Puddywogol blackens the board with the marker and draws a negative imprint of an okapi. standing on a pile of oranges.*

*Prof. Puddywogol steps back and surveys the board again. He erases much of it, save for an oval.*

*He turns the board over ninety degrees, so that the oval is now a capital O.*

PROF. PUDDYWUGOL  
Oh.

*End.*

Untitled #7: Carl

*The screen is lowered again, and CARL plays.*

Untitled #8: Still Carl

*Spotlight on two men at a table, HANS and DURK.*

HANS  
Dye say, Durk, what do you think of the times?

DURK  
Oh, I guess they're okay. But I prefer the Press.  
That's some good eating!

*CARL runs out on stage.*

CARL  
I'm Carl! *ME!* I'M Carl! (Accompanied with exaggerated hand gestures) CAAAAAARL!

HANS  
(not in character)  
Okay, that's enough from you. Come on, let's get off the stage.

CARL

But-I'm

DURK

Yeah, we heard you. Not go. Cut the lights.

*Blackout. A slambang is heard.*

CARL

Aw man, I was Carl.

*End.*

Untitled #9: Announce

*Empty stage. The voice of an ANNOUNCER crackles over the intercom.*

ANNOUNCER

(with strange emphasis, and trying best to perform many lines in one breath.)

Hello and welcome to <name of theatre> Theater. We ask that you be quiet and courteous during this time and please *silence* your telephones and children. If your child is unattended then they shall become property of the state and will work for the National park service, thank you. We wish to acknowledge the contributions of a few services: Hornberg's rat repellent works great for repelling rats, why don't you buy it? That's very good, thank you. We ask that you do not stand or go to the bathroom during the show, as it will disrupt the actors' concentration which we certainly do not want now do we? Once again, repel rats if you so desire. We ask that you do not stand, sit, smile, or smulder on your seat and if you must donate to the the new seat fund. Our theater is in need of money, so if you have some step into a money tunnel where we'll drown you in airplane tickets. Thank you. There are too many people in row seat 2A so if you are sitting there please stand for the remainder of right now. If you can no longer see we suggest you get eyes, and if that doesn't work plastic surgery can do nightmares to one's nose. But that's okay, because you will still have ears. For the blind we have included punch-out eyeglasses in the program if you so desire, thank you. We will be beginning soon, there are only a few final announcements before lift off, then we hope you enjoy it. There are only two exits, if you see anyone going out a third that is a coat closet and a bottomless one at that. If you get lost in the coat closet, don't scream because you'll waste your oxygen. A friendly reminder: Water is precious so don't waste it: if you have to bleed do it in the toilet: if you use a toilet

## ANNOUNCER

with blood in it try not to touch it: in the advent that you do you must forfeit your ticket to the nearest vagrant and dance in the rain that will soon ensue. If it begins to have a fire inside this building do not run or you will spread it. Stand perfectly still and it will move on to the ice cream store down the street, thank you. This is the end. Thank you. I hope it was useful. Thank you. You cannot leave in the performance, Goodbye.

Untitled #10: Godzilla Comes toTownScene 1

*A wholesome afternoon. Picnickers eat food, gaze lovingly into eachothers eyes, and young children fly kites. It is bright, it is sunny, and it is the day Godzilla will come to town.*

*Godzilla wastes no time, he enters roaring and ransacks the set and kills the people. Godzilla exits. End.*

Untitled #11: Eleven

Eleven was discovered by the ancients in the hidden tomb of Pharaoh Ramsey III. After much archaeological research, Dr. Alexander Stein of the University of Iowa explains:

"The ancient Egyptians needed a number to represent one less than a dozen, called 'Mbukli' in their language. As opposed to taking one less than twelve, as would be expected in these modern times, ancient mathematicians developed a numeric code. For most ordinary numbers, they would be named up to the amount on can add on two hands: Ten. For numbers greater than ten, the ancients would simply begin again, in a fashion similar to 1.1, 1.2, 1.3, etc."

From these ancient scrolls comes the notation for modern theatrical references. For example, if I were to want to reference Hamlet's famous "Get thee to a Nunnery speech" in Act two scene four, I would write it thus:

II,iv

Or, in a different way: 2.4.

Thus, we get twenty four, the number of hours in a day, and just enough for two dozen. This is an important concept to keep in mind for later on.

Untitled #12: A Film

*The Screen lowers and A FILM plays.*

Untitled #13: A Spoon

*The screen stays lowered, and A SPOON plays.*

Untitled #14: A Room

*The following is said over blackness.*

*The sound of ruffling papers and coughing is heard.*

NARRATOR

Page one, chapter one. The pipe made a loud thud on my head as I swiveled around in my chair.

*A chair swiveling is heard.*

NARRATOR

I saw another blow come racing towards my head. All I remember is this and a cold throbbing pain.

*A metal clank is heard, then the rustling of papers and coughing.*

NARRATOR

Page Two, Chapter two. I awoke in a room. It is dark, and the walls are painted red. I tried banging on them.

*The sound of metal clanking is heard.*

NARRATOR

So I stayed in the room with no hope for escape. Chapter three: I am still in the room. Chapter four: I am still in the room. Chapter five: I am still in the room. Chapter six: I am still in the room...

*The Narrators voice fades out. End.*

Untitled #15: Sunday Cat

*The stage is segmented into three parts, each separated by a flat. Part 1: A PERSON IN A CAT SUIT is sitting in chair with a stuffed elephant.*

CAT SUIT

I will do only good things today, Stuffed Elephant! I will plant trees and give ice cream cones to children!

*Part 2: Another PERSON IN A CAT SUIT is walking around the space, stuffed elephant still in hand.*

CAT SUIT

Why, I could even build a barn for the homeless! That would be very nice, Stuffed elephant. And you know what they say about barns, don't you?

*Part 3: Another PERSON IN A CAT SUIT is lying face down on the ground, the stuffed elephant has been thrown to the side.*

CAT SUIT

Perhaps instead I will slowly eat to escape the cold damp horror that is my modern life. Once my stomach explodes, the only thing I will taste is beef.

*Blackout. End.*

Untitled #16: Haunted

*The screen lowers and "HAUNTED" plays.*

Untitled #17: Friendly Forest

*Light music plays as the audience enters the theatre and settles into their seats. When it comes time to start, the curtain rises as do the lights to reveal a friendly forest. A BUNNY PUPPET hops along the cardboard shrubs.*

BUNNY PUPPET

Today is a nice day, and I will eat some vegetables!

*The Bunny hops over to a nearby vegetable plant and begins to puppet-nibble. Suddenly LOLLIPOP JENKINS and the JUNK FOOD GANG enter. The Junk Food Gang look like the common 1930's gangsters. However, as opposed to guns and iron knuckles they wield giant versions of favorite junk foods.*

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

Swiddle it down, Bunny. We're the Junk food gang, and we're here to sell you some junk food!

BUNNY PUPPET

But I've been told to only eat vegetables from my wise mother.

*The MOTHER PUPPET pops up opposite stage of bunny puppet.*

MOTHER PUPPET

Only eat vegetables!

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

Yeah? You thinks thats a good idea?

BUNNY PUPPET

Indeed!

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

Alright. Gentlemen, show the kid what we do when people don't cooperate.

*The Junk Food gang crosses to the Mother Puppet, yanks her off her hand, and tear her apart. The Junk Food gang stomps on the puppet, and beat her with their junk foods, and cut her with scissors. The Bunny puppet shrieks and cries as Lollipop Jenkins holds him back.*

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

That's right kid, she was your mother. She was innocent. And now? Now she's just another dead bunny. So whaddya say? Want a lollipop?

BUNNY PUPPET

(crying)

A bloo-bloo-bloo! She was my only mother! And now she's dead! A-bloo-bloo-bloo-bloo-bloo!

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

And we'll kill your father if necessary, kid. Just try a little lolly. It never hurt nobody.

BUNNY PUPPET

But it just hurt my mother!

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

No. You hurt your mother. You *killed* your mother.

JUNK FOOD GANG 1

That's cold, real cold.

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

I think we gave the kid enough to think about. Here's my card if you want some candy.

*Lollipop Jenkins calls over the rest of his gang and gives the Bunny puppet a card. The Junk Food gang exits.*

LOLLIPOP JENKINS

Oh, and kid. If we don't here from you in 24 hours, we'll kill your father too. And by "we'll" kill your father, I mean you'll kill your father. See you later.

*Lollipop Jenkins exits. Bunny Puppet cries. Lights fade. Curtain closes. Light Music comes back. End.*

Untitled #18: Sweater

*MORGIMER enters with a sweater.*

*Morgimer shows the audience the sweater.*

*Morgimer exits.*

*End.*

Untitled #19: Cat Can't Go Outside

It's rather funny weather we've been having recently, what with the terribly hot days and the terribly cold nights. The worse part of all of it is I never know when to let the cat out. The cat can't be in too hot of weather (fur is flammable after all), but it also can't be in too cold of weather (that's just inhumane). So where does that leave me? The evening.

So every night at about five o' clock I've been letting the cat out. Is this working? Not exactly. You see, the cat eats and drinks for another five or six hours after he's let out, so come bedtime the cat needs to go out again. Well the cat can't go out because it's just too damn cold outside, and I try to explain this to the cat, but all I get in return is Mew Mew Mew.

The vet says the cat shouldn't even be going outside, that most housecats use kitty litter, but I'm not made of money I don't want to buy a new pack of litter every week just because my cat can't use outside. Besides, I tried the litter and the cat still wanted to go outside before bedtime. That was during November, so quite a bit warmer at nights. Colder in the mornings, but warmer at nights. Anyhoo, the cat's beginning to mew so I have to go get a kitty parka.

Untitled #20: Adventures in

Zorgonia

*A chair sits atop a very tall platform. The platform is surrounded by HELLFIRE GUARDS, and atop the throne sits the PRINCE SCAZZIAN. Fire is everywhere, or at least flats that looks like fire. The Hellfire guards dance in a line chanting, and the Prince grasps onto a hideous floating orb.*

THE PRINCE

Using this hideous floating orb, I can tell the future!  
Guards, seize the man who will enter stage left!

*SIR HEIMLICH VON SCHTAFFER enters stage left,  
sword adrawn and on horseback.*

SIR HEIMLICH VON SCHTAFFER

Stop right there, Prince. You're reign of terror ist  
over!

THE PRINCE

I think not, Heimlich. It is time for our duel...only  
this time, you'll be dueling not only me, but my  
HELLFIRE GUARDS! ATTACK!

*Fight. Heimlich proves to be rather strong, as he  
fights all of the guards and The Prince at once.  
However, soon sheer numbers bring him down upon  
his knees before the Prince.*

THE PRINCE

And now, Sir Heimlich von Schtaffer, prepare to meet  
your doom!

*The Prince raises his sword, about to lop of Sir  
Heimlich's head, when everyone freezes. Over the  
sound speaker an announcer speaks.*

ANNOUNCER

Will Sir Heimlich von Schtaffer be able to escape from  
the clutches of the Prince and save the beautiful  
princess Zemilda? Or will he meet his unspeakable end,  
giving all power to the Prince so that he can fulfill  
his plan for complete control over these insects we  
call humans? Join us next week for more ADVENTURES IN  
ZORGONIA!

*Blackout. End.*

Untitled #21: Twenty Seconds

*The following is spoken over the blackout. The  
speaker must recite the monologue as quick as they  
can and this must only last twenty seconds.*

WI.

Good afternoon everyone, I'm sorry but I've only been  
allotted twenty seconds to get across my entire dialog  
or rather monologue so I hope you don't mind if I speak  
quickly. My name is Wi, or Wisconsin, or any derivation  
there of. The name doesn't really matter, but what does  
matter is that I'm a salesman. A salesman of what you

WI.

may ask? Well, I'm a salesman of skin. That's right, I sell skin to people. Third degree burn victims, sociopaths who want skin suits, lotion testing centers, those are the kind of folks I deal with. Now every once in a while I come into contact with someone who is not one of these types. You, yes you in seat 4-F, are one of those. Have you ever grown tired of your skin? I know I have, I'm actually on my third skin. But can you tell? NO! Not thanks to the glory of medical science. "But Wisconsin," you say "I don't need new skin, I'm fine with the one I have". That's where you're wrong. I've only been looking at you for...ten seconds? Shit I have to hurry up. I've been looking at you for ten seconds and already I've seen that your pores are too big, wrinkles are starting to form on your forehead, and you have way too many birthmarks. With a new skin, you can get rid of all of these maladies, and if your body rejects it within the first month, you can get a replacement FREE! I've got many different kinds of skins to chose from: I've got black, I've got white, I've got norther pacific Islander, I've got green, I've got invisible, I've got syphilis but you don't need to know that. And, you can even page through this skin catalog here. If we don't have a skin you'd like, you can order one: TOLL FREE. Well I'm just about out of time, I have to go to a convention next door, I won't bother you with the details. Thank you, keep the catalog, tell your friends, and good night.

*After Twenty seconds, the line goes dead.*

Untitled #22: Scampi the Mouse  
Decides to Take a Vacation

*The screen lowers again and "SCAMPI THE MOUSE  
DECIDES TO TAKE A VACATION" plays.*

Untitled #23: Telephone

*The screen stay lowered and "TELEPHONE" plays.*

Untitled #24: Brown Paper Bag

*The Screen stays lowered for "BROWN PAPER BAG".*

Untitled #25: Mice

*The Screen stays lowered. "MICE" plays.*

Untitled #26: Bunnybot

Hundreds of thousands of rabbits fled from the motorized stomping machine as it crushed the pine trees like paper under a stone. The bunnies knew that their way of life had been destroyed, and that they'd never be able to return to their home as long as the stomping machine existed.

That's when the idea came to one of the bunnies: Form together to create a giant bunny-robot, capable of fighting the stomping machine and any other threat to their peaceful bunny town. This idea was, of course, discarded as being ludicrous: A Bunnybot? No. No that could never be.

Fortunately for all bunnykind, though, the bunny with the idea was also a very capable speaker, and was able to persuade the bunnies to go along with the plan. It took many years of training: but soon the Bunnybot was complete. The Bunnies transformed and went on their way to face the deadly Stomping machine that many moons ago had thrown them out of their beloved bunny home.

The battle was fierce, for the stomping machine had also been in training. It has also spawned many smaller stomping machines that had converted the landscape into a flat wasteland. The bunnybot used it's mighty bunnyblade, the Stomping machine stomped upon it's own kind in order to try and stop the bunnybot; The bunnies hopped and nibbled and squealed as a group, and soon all of the smaller stomping machines had been destroyed.

It was time to face the Mother.

The battle lasted long into the night, but in the end the Bunnies and Stomping machine decided that they were only fighting a war of attrition now that neither side was prepared for. Thus they signed a treaty that neither side necessarily enjoyed, but sufficed the conflict for at least a month.

The mighty Bunnybot still exists, and whenever bunnykind is threatened, the Bunnybot will be there to fight for them until a new treaty is drafted.

Untitled #27: Haunted

*PERSON WITH TOASTER enters, sans toaster. He wears a Suit jacket with his name embroidered on it.*

*Blackout. A single shaft of light falls on the Person with Toaster.*

PERSON WITH TOASTER

You know this theater is supposed to be haunted.

*Pause.*

PERSON WITH TOASTER

I just thought it'd be nice to know.

*Person with Toaster exits. Blackout.*

Untitled #28: The Card Game

*A table sits center stage, and below the table are two chairs. Behind the table is a couch, and on either side of the table are doorways.*

*FERK and ZAG sit on either end of the table, playing cards.*

FERK

Alright, I've got two queens and a four.

ZAG

I've got three twos and an eight. More cards means I win.

FERK

Dammit! Every time. Alright, take it.

ZAG

You know, I've always preferred spring over winter.

FERK

Yeah, and The Moon is bigger than Texas. Want to play again?

ZAG

You sure like losing money, don't you?

FERK

I always loose on Tuesdays. It's what I do on Tuesday.

ZAG

Really? I usually go to the supermarket on Tuesdays.

FERK

Have you gone to the supermarket today?

ZAG

No, I thought it was Wednesday.

FERK

It can't be Wednesday, I always win on Wednesdays.  
That's why it's Wednesday.

*Zag shuffles up the deck of cards, and places it  
in between the two characters. Both look at the  
deck.*

ZAG

What did you do yesterday?

FERK

I wrote a book. It's that book over there underneath  
the water bottle.

ZAG

Was it a long book?

FERK

(shrugs)

It was longer than the notebook.

ZAG

I see.

FERK

What do you see?

ZAG

I see my house. It's big, red, and old. It's next to  
the university.

FERK

What time do you have Biology class?

ZAG

From two to five.

*Ferk hits the table.*

FERK

Okay, draw.

*Both characters take cards out from their sleeves.*

FERK

Dammit! I've only got an ace.

ZAG

I've got a queen, a nine, and a one.

FERK  
THE ONE CARD ALWAYS GETS ME!

ZAG  
Shall I erase the table?

FERK  
Erase away.

*Zag takes the cards from the table.*

ZAG  
Shall we play again?

FERK  
No, I can't. I'm tired. Also I don't have any cards.

ZAG  
Yeah, I need to go to the supermarket anyways. It is Wednesday.

FERK  
It's Tuesday.

ZAG  
Right. I live on fourth street and I'm from Wisconsin.

*Zag and Ferg rise from the table and shake hands.*

ZAG  
Thank you.

FERK  
You're welcome. See you on Thursday.

ZAG  
See you on Thursday. Bring your bread.

FERK  
I will. Good night.

ZAG  
Good night.

*Ferk and Zag exit.*

Untitled #29: O Jogo de Cartas

*No centro de palco hay uma mesa. Em baixo da mesa hay duas cadeiras. Detrás da mesa hay uma sofa, e perto da mesa hay duas portas.*

*FERK e ZAG estão sentando, um do direita e um da esquerda.*

FERK  
Bom, Tenho duas damas e um quatro.

ZAG  
Tenho três doises e um oito. Tenho mais carts, por isso eu gano.

FERK  
Raios! Todos os tempos. Bom, toma.

ZAG  
Você conhece eu sempre preferer primavera mais do que inverno?

FERK  
Sim e a lua está maior que Texas. Quer jogar um otro vez?

ZAG  
Você gosta de perder?

FERK  
Eu sempre perco às terça-feiras. Este do que faço nas terça-feiras.

ZAG  
Na Verdade? Geralmente vou o supermercado nas terça-feiras.

FERK  
Vou o supermercado hoje?

ZAG  
Não, penso que hay quarta-feira.

FERK  
No hay quarta-feira, eu sempre gano nas quarta-feiras. Este porque hay terça-feira.

*Zag embaralha o baralho, e colocalo entre os carâteres. Eles vêem ao baralho.*

ZAG  
O que você faz ontem?

FERK  
Escrevei um livro. Este o livro embaixo da garrafa.

ZAG  
Foi um livro longo?

FERK

(está encolhendo os ombros)  
O livro está mais longo que ao caderno.

ZAG

Eu vijo.

FERK

O que você vê?

ZAG

Vijo minha casa. É grande e vermelha e antiga. Esta proximo que à universidade.

FERK

A que horas tem a aula da biologia

ZAG

Das dois às cinco.

*Ferk bate na mesa.*

FERK

Bom, Tira das cartas.

*Os caracteres tiram das cartas das suas mangas.*

FERK

Raios! Solamente tenho uma ás.

ZAG

Tenho uma dama, um nove, e um uma.

FERK

SEMPRE PERDO DA CARTA DA UMA!

ZAG

Posso apagar a mesa?

FERK

Sim, apaga.

*Zag toma as cartas fora de mesa.*

ZAG

Quer jogar uma outra vez?

FERK

Não, não posso. Estou com sono e no tenho cartas.

ZAG

Sim, necessito ir ao supermercado. É quarta-feira.

FERK

É Terça-feira.

ZAG

Sim. Moro na Quarta rua e sou de Wisconsin.

*Zag e Ferg levantam e dão as mãos.*

ZAG

Obrigado.

FERK

De nada, hasta quinta..

ZAG

Hasta quinta, chega com pan.

FERK

Eu vou, boa noite.

ZAG

Boa noite.

*Ferk e Zag saem. Fim.*

Untitled #30: Stage Direction

Scene 1, take 1

*The stage is filled with a hodgepodge of set pieces from shows past. Our main character, MYRON, saunters about this setting, deeply immersed in thought. He thinks of puppies and horseshoes, those times down by the lake when summer was seemingly endless. Deep within his soul, Myron knows these times are gone, gone like an ice cream cone left out in the sun and ants.*

*Feeling tired, Myron decides to sit.*

MYRON

I need to sit down.

*Myron sits, but this helps none. Befuddled but still amused, Myron decides to take out a Rubik's cube and fiddle around with it's many colored sides.*

MYRON

So many colored sides!

*He begins to fiddle, only instead to dink. This dinkering will soon be his downfall as it leads to*

knowwhere: only more colored sides. The colored sides begin to take over Myron's consciousness and soon all he knows is what the cube wishes him to know. And the cube wishes him to know nothing. Desperate, Myron releases a memory into the stratosphere, attempting to hold on to the final shred of what once was.

MYRON

With my final breath, I release you memory!

*Memory enters. It is genderless, like the ever flowing sun. Memory flickers and shimmers in excessive twilight, breeding shadows wherever it may go. These are the shadows of time and of space, the shadows of a thousand distant stars. I'm tired of writing this crap...so...Memory takes a knife and stabs its ever flowing twilight.*

MEMORY

I STAB MYSELF IN THE TWILIGHT!

*Of course, we know that it is in fact not twilight, but day. Confused and concerned, an audience member points out that onstage it is in fact day. Wait...there isn't an audience. Or rather there is, but I have no control over them. Hmm. Well, I guess time is passing onstage right now. You better make your cue soon, EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN, otherwise they'll all be confused. Meaning the SPECTATORS, who also enter.*

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

BLAH!!! I am excessively Vengeful! I WILL NOT DISHONOR YOU MY MEMORY!

*It was Myron's memory.*

SPECTATORS

Yeah! Woo! I want a hot dog! Where are the bathrooms in this place.

*Well, now the excessively vengeful man needs to avenge Myron's memory. Or maybe his memory. We'll just say that the Excessively Vengeful man **is** Myron. Except Myron is still onstage, sitting down. No, I never said he left, he's just been overtaken by the rubiks cube.*

*Alright then, The excessively vengeful man decides to do battle with the rubiks cube. It is now that he realizes his fatal mistake.*

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

In order to defeat the rubiks cube, I must enter the cube!

SPECTATORS

Yeah! You're so smart! Becky, will you marry me? MY KIDNEYS ARE GONE!!!!

*The Excessively Vengeful Man enters the cube. Figure out how, it's not my problem.*

Scene 1, take 2

*The clapper boy enters.*

CLAPPER BOY

Untitled #30, scene 1, take 2.

*The clapper boy claps the clapper. Yes, this is a stageplay. Just to make sure it is, we'll have... the props master enter. He carries a large styrofoam spoon.*

PROPS MASTER

A Parisian diner.

*The Props master exits. An actor enters, realizes I don't want him to, and exits. The spoon is still onstage.*

*Now, I know what you're thinking. Vvinni, you're just using a neo-dadaist approach in order to make it so you can type whatever you want and won't have to explain a story. Well, I'll show you. Myron enters again. This time he speaks more.*

MYRON

The only solace I can find in this day is the fact that night will soon come. Not to say I'm nocturnal. I'm actually rather diurnal. It's just...well, let me explain.

*Myron sits down on the apron.*

MYRON

I was diagnosed with cancer three weeks ago, and told I only have three weeks to live. So, by process of elimination, that means I'm going to die today. Now I know I don't look like a cancer patient.

*This is a lie, Myron looks exactly like a cancer patient.*

MYRON

But I am one. I guess soon I will have been one. So why do I find solace in the night? Because I'm dying of skin cancer, caused by excessive sunburning one summer that I spent at the beach. Yes, it seemed like the summer would never end then, which only meant more red skin and pain.

*Why didn't you put on suscreen?*

MYRON

Sunscreen? Oh, I tried sunscreen, but it never seemed to work. I'd still get sunburned. I guess it's just my fate. To die. But I guess I've got another day.

*Myron chuckles, and sits down...at a table... in the Parisian diner. He pulls out the rubiks cube.*

MYRON

It wouldn't hurt to fiddle around with this Rubiks cube.

*The excessively Vengeful Man from the take before enters, wielding a sword and everything.*

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

Myron Banks?

MYRON

That's me.

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

You were killed, and now you must be killed again.

MYRON

I don't understand.

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

You're not supposed to.

*The excessively Vengeful Man stabs Myron, who immediately dies in a puff of smoke. Or maybe a fog machine turns on. At any rate, I want smoke.*

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

(to Rubiks cube)

I have done your bidding my master.

RUBIKS CUBE

(It's a Rubiks Cube, it can't talk stupid.)

*The Ghost of Myron arises, meaning the fog make him look more ghostly. But the audience is probably horribly bored at this point, so the ushers open the doors.*

USHERS

YOU CAN, exit, IF YOU WANT TO! YOU, CAN, EXIT IF YOU WANT TO!

*The audience exits. The Spectators enter.*

SPECTATORS

Yeah! Let's all play Ping-Pong! Becky, I loved you, I LOVED YOU! My chest feels as though it were on fire!

*Back to the ghost Myron.*

MYRON

(a Ghost)

Excessively Vengeful Man, don't you see? The Rubiks Cube was only using you to steal your memory! YOU MUST FIGHT IT!

RUBIKS CUBE

(It is a Rubiks Cube very sinisterly)

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

EGADS! I was A fool! I Must stop myself from Killing Myron! Come Spectators!

SPECTATORS

Yeah! Woo! We're like sheep! <This member of the spectators has died by now. He *did* lose both his kidneys>

MEMORY

(Entering, that's right, I said entering!)

Myron! I am your memory! So Long as I exist, not one can kill you! Have new life!

*Myron gets new life. Myron sits at the Parisian Cafe table.*

MYRON

Now it is time to rid the world of this evil once and for all!

*Myron holds the Rubik Cube*

MEMORY

MYRON NO!

*Memory gets engulfed in twilight...which is depicted by throwing cloth rolls at the actor.*

MYRON

So many colored sides!

*Myron gets trapped inside the Rubiks Cube, The excessively Vengeful Man enters.*

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

Myron Banks? Your'e time has come. You are time to die!

*I need to learn to write.*

MYRON

(possessed by the Rubiks cube)

YoU HABE FORklifted ME TO THE next **LEVEL**. nOw you you you will DIE foreverhahahahahaha!

*The Rubiks Cube possessed Myron slampers toward the Excessively Vengeful man, When THE OTHER EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN FROM BEFORE enters, only this time he is played by a different character.*

THE OTHER EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN FROM BEFORE

Wait, you can't kill Myron, The Rubik's cube is using you!

MYRON

(possessed by the Rubiks Cube)

i Were Lied to you The Other excessivelyvengefulmanfrombefore CAN YOU NOT SEE????!?!?! HAhaHAha!

THE OTHER EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN FROM BEFORE

But...you seemed so sure. If only I had my memory.

EXCESSIVELY VENGEFUL MAN

Can't you see? Now you've fallen into the Rubik's cube's plans!

*Crap, now I'll have to explore the character of the Rubiks Cube. Alright, well have to end this one first. Myron, possessed by the Rubiks Cube, picks up the chair from the Parisian Cafe, and kills the two Excessively Vengeful Men.*

SPECTATORS

What? This can't be! I HAVE NO PURPOSE TO LIVE!

*The spectators exit, the audience for the next showing enter.*

USHERS

We're sorry, we didn't want to finish. Now you'll have to take intermission. CANDY FOR ALL!

*The audience gets candy. It's passed around in a tray. They may choose not to eat the candy if they wish, it's entirely up to them. At any rate...The Rubiks Cube.*

Scene 2, take 1

*Yes, we're now in Scene 2. The Parisian Diner table has been replaced by...a Pedestal. On the pedestal is the Rubik's cube, a voice will speak for the Rubik's Cube now, and light flashes intermittently behind the cube. But first, The clapper boy enters.*

CLAPPER BOY

Untitled #30, Scene 2, take 1.

*The claper boy claps the clapper hoping not to get the clap which would leave him clapping on his clap. The audience applauds.*

*The Clapper boy bows, and exits. Then our friend the Props Master enters. He won't be carrying a prop now, as I have failed to include the spoon in the story. In fact, anything that I failed to explain no longer exists. Including the lights. No, turn the lights back on. Fine, only the spoon doesn't exist. No, the spoon exists, but the Props master isn't carrying it on this time.*

PROPS MASTER

The Spoon will not be in this Scene. This is Scene 2. This is the Rubiks Cube's Lair. The Rubik's cube can speak.

*Actually the Rubik's Cube will have an INTERPRETER. Who enters now.*

PROPS MASTER

I was wrong. The Rubiks Cube has an interpeter. Here he is. Or are you a she? I can't tell. But I'm leaving now. Bye.

INTERPRETER

You spelled my name wrong when you said it.

*The props master can't hear this, as he is deaf. Or maybe he's offstage. He could be both. Not enough plays take into account the deaf. Because of this, the Interpreter does sign language.*

*The Rubiks Cube is a Rubiks Cube.*

INTERPRETER

I am Rubiks Cube. I have always existed, from the dawn of time until the end of time. When the end of time comes around, I loop back around to existing at the dawn of time. As long as I have existed, I have always had my quarrels. One of them was with a man, to whom I killed his brother. Fortunately I was able to divert his attention to my arch nemesis Myron, and have that man kill Myron.

*The Rubiks Cube is still a Rubiks Cube.*

INTERPRETER

Myron has existed for half as long as I have. He is the Memory Keeper. He is the being in charge of keeping all memory. How many other ways can I say the same thing? Myron holds all of the memory held within the memory of all that is ever remembered for Myron is the Memory Keeper the keeper of memory. This means that Myron can also speak to others' memories, and absorb them into himself. I was able to force a series of memories into Myron, making him forget all he knew and only remember the fact that he would be dying of Skin cancer in three weeks. The rest has all been written. Goodbye.

*The Rubiks Cube is the enemy of memory, this is why he want to kill Myron, and why he tricks the excessively Vengeful Man (whose quarrel was truly with the Rubiks Cube) to kill Myron. Oh, and the spectators? Well they enter.*

SPECTATORS

Woo! I thought we killed ourselves! We have no purpose!

*I don't think I've been spelling Rubiks Cube correctly. Crap. This take is over.*

Scene 2, take 2

*Clapper Boy, GO!*

CLAPPER BOY

Untitled #30, Scene 2, take 2

*Clap! Props Master enter...s.*

PROPS MASTER

Dammit I want my spoon back!

*The Props master exits and gets his spoon. He is very happy, I hope you're happy too.*

*Alright, where was I? Right, II,ii.*

PROPS MASTER

This take is a very special one. Because this take features me reading from the script.

*The props master takes the script out of his pockets. He then reads every single stage direction, parenthetical note, and <This spectator is dead because his kidneys have exploded>.*

PROPS MASTER

So I hope that's shed some light on the subject. Wait...there's more.

*Firstly, I'd like to make some changes in spelling: Knowwhere should be nowhere, Suscreen should be Sunscreen, and erkstwhile is erstwhile. Sorry for the inconvenience.*

*Well, I guess everythings about wrapped up. But the thing that counts is this: I tried to make a story. Thus, this is only incomprehensible dreck. As such, feel free to approach me in an alley somewhere and crack a bottle on my head and tell me:*

*"You make incomprehensible Dreck, mother fucker!"*

*The Props Master exits, and the show ends.*

PROPS MASTER

Oh...I guess I exit now. Well okay. Bye then. The spoon was...uh...

*The Props master leaves, reading this line as he exits. This is the real end.*

Untitled #31: Meet John

*John enters.*

JOHN

The last time I saw my parents I guess would be about three years ago. It was night, and my father had come home from work and my mother had just cooked dinner. It was one of those nice little family nights as we sat around the living room, a fire blazing, and the dog sleeping lazily on the rug. It was then that I decided to light the house on fire. With everyone in it. It burned pretty brightly, and it cast a really fantastic glow on the surrounding houses and trees. I've always enjoyed the orange light fire gives, something about it just feels warm and homey.

Well, the crackling of the fire didn't drown out their screaming or the beeping of smoke alarms, so sooner or later the neighbors came out and saw me looking at the fire. They asked me what I was doing, and I told them I was enjoying the view. They looked at me very strange then and asked me if anyone was inside of the house. I told them Yes, my mother and my father and my dog were in there. The neighbors decided it would be a good idea to call the police. I decided it would be a good idea for me to bash their heads in with a shovel. So I did.

They made quite a mess, and I couldn't clean up at my house because the bathroom was on fire, so I decided to go into Mr. Williams' house and clean up. I entered their house, and said hello to Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Williams would always bake cookies for the neighborhood children, you see, so she was rather popular with the kids. After I said hello to Mrs. Williams she asked me what I was covered with, and I told her that I was covered in her husband's blood. She asked me to repeat what I had said. And so I clarified that it wasn't just her husband's blood, but also Mr. McKinley and his wife, Miss Thatchet and her adorable little Schnauzer, and most of the other neighbors. Mrs. Williams was about to ask me something else, but then my house exploded from across the street. I told Mrs. Williams that the fire must have hit the gas line, but sadly a shard of glass from my house had hit Mrs. Williams in the neck and she was making an awful mess all over the carpet. Something must have hit me too, because I blacked out and woke up in the hospital.

The doctor told me that I was covered in a lot of blood, and I told him that I was covered in a lot of blood because a lot of people were bothering me that night. The doctor told me that my house had burned down. I told the doctor that I was glad, because all of those orphans were bothering me. My parents and I ran the orphanage down the street, did you know that? Oh yes, I suppose all of them died because it was past their bedtime. At least they went in their sleep. Well, the doctor called in the nurse and told her what I've told you, and they were talking about handing me over to the psychiatric ward. So I took my IV and hit them both across the head with it, then when they were knocked out I shoved syringes into their eyes and hearts and pelvic regions, and then I ran out of hospital, but this is all another story.

But...but does that answer your question as to who I am? I'm John. Well, I've got to go now, but it's been real nice talking to you. I'll see you later, okay? Oh don't worry, I won't burn this place down. I've since

JOHN  
realized that knives are very beautiful instruments.  
But I'm boring you, aren't I? Well bye then.

*John Exits.*

Untitled #32: Cough

*Light rise. There is a plant in the audience.  
Pause.*

AUDIENCE PLANT  
(cough)

*Pause. End.*

Untitled #33: Interior Cat

*On stage is a stool and a flat of the inside of a  
quail.*

*The Narrator enters.*

NARRATOR  
Hello. I'm sure you remember me. I sure do.

*Pause. The audience plant coughs.*

NARRATOR  
That's right! That is right. We're inside of a cat  
right now. I'm not sure why we're inside of a cat, but  
we are.

*From the loft a large cutout of a tear falls. The  
audience plant coughs.*

NARRATOR  
We're inside of a cat. We're inside of a fucking cat.

*Narrator looks back to the flat.*

NARRATOR  
Wait... shit. This isn't a cat. The one thing I- JESUS  
CHRIST WHY THE HELL ISN'T THIS A CAT!

*The Narrator screams and takes out a marker from  
his coat pocket. He scrawls "cat" across the flat.*

NARRATOR  
Cat! Cat! THIS. IS. A. CAT! You're not a quail! YOU'RE  
NOT A QUAIL!

*The Narrator collapses to the ground and cries. He  
continues to brush the marker on the flat.*

*The Narrator crumples into the fetal position. He mumbles about cats and quails.*

*The Narrator stands and picks up the flat. He throws the flat and screams.*

NARRATOR

That's it! I'm finished! I'm gone!

*The Narrator exits.*

Untitled #34: Island

*The Stage is empty save for a folding chair and a white flat.*

*A STAGEHAND enters with a can of paint. The Stagehand opens the can of paint and mixes it. Once the paint is mixed, the Stagehand throws the can of paint at the flat.*

*The Stagehand considers the flat, and exits.*

*Two other Stagehands enter and stick posters of tropical islands on the flat. A Third Stagehand enters with a blow dryer and dries the paint.*

*Sea noises play over the sound system: Foghorns, waves, sea gulls, etc. Sand and water is thrown in from offstage. A Plastic Crab scuttles across the stage. Starfish and shells are thrown onstage.*

*From offstage a light begins to turn in a manner similar to a lighthouse. Salt is thrown onstage. End.*

Untitled #35: Encounters With

Bears: A Slideshow

*A banner is flown onto stage that reads "ENCOUNTERS WITH BEARS: A SLIDESHOW". A Podium is downstage right, and behind the podium is PROF. MARNBACK. Behind the Professor is a screen on which will be projected pictures of bears.*

PROF. MARNBACK

Hello and welcome to my slideshow on Encounters with Bears. My name is Professor Hugo Marnback, and I'm a biology professor here at the University. But enough about me, let's get to the pictures of bears. First slide, please

*The first slide is shown on the screen.*

PROF. MARNBACK

This here is a bear eating a salmon, it's a great slide. I took it when I was camping with my family, we were actually swimming when this bear came along and...ate my son. But it's alright, it started me on my lifelong passion on photographing bears...and not playing catch with my son and going to his soccer games.

*The Professor looks down sadly at his notes, and clears his throat.*

PROF. MARNBACK

But enough about me, let's get to more pictures of bears. Next slide please.

*The next slide appears on the screen.*

PROF. MARNBACK

Alright, here we have a bear looking up at a tree. This is an amazing picture, and I am very glad that the camera survived, because here you can clearly see the furrows in the bears fur showing that it is very, very angry and...about to eat my partner in photography. Let's...let's just go to the next slide.

*The next slide appears on the screen.*

PROF. MARNBACK

I know what you're thinking, this is just a vacation photo of my wife and I on a beach in sunny, sunny Florida. But if you look in the corner right here you will see a bear running full speed. I was able to escape, but sadly my wife... it had escaped from a zoo, I think, and they caught it and both of us were in the hospital. I was the only one that survived the attack. Next slide please.

*The next slide appears on the screen.*

PROF. MARNBACK

(sobbing)

This is a bear after it broke into my parent's hosue and...and...oh God. It killed them. It killed all of them. Jesus Christ, why? Why?

*The Professor collapses on the ground and cries. The slides continue with pictures of bears and remains and blood splotches. Finally the professor stands.*

PROF. MARNBACK

Ladies and Gentlemen, this slide show is over. Thank you. I have just one more thing to say: I have coated myself in bacon grease, and I'm taking a plane to Alaska. I don't think any of you will ever see me again, so I hope you've enjoyed Encounters with Bears: A slideshow.

*The Professor exits with determination. House lights rise, end.*

Untitled #36: Out of Order

*Blackout. Spotlight center stage on a stool. On the stool is placed a sign that reads "OUT OF ORDER". Blackout.*

Untitled #37: Decay

*The stage is set with crumbling pillars and stock platforms. A wig left outside too long sits on a hat rack with several cuts in it. An old man enters and sits on one of the platforms.*

OLD MAN

I should explode now, or maybe exit. Perhaps I should go out to the park and see the world. But I'm not going to. I'm just going to sit. Sit here until the lights go out and I'm away from this place. I'm not making much sense, I suppose. But who needs that anymore? Who needs any of this? It's pointless to try and pointless to work towards a goal that was failed the moment you began. But look at me, I'm ranting again. Ranting about nothing to nothing for nothing. I... I am going to sit somewhere else.

*The Old Man rises and crosses to another platform. He sits.*

OLD MAN

There. Movement. Motion. I have just created tension within my environment that must be resolved. No. No I have not. I should exit. I should leave and never return. But you don't know about that. Nobody does. Would it benefit you to know? Probably not.

*The Old Man stands.*

OLD MAN

If you're looking for a moral, there isn't one. If you're looking for a theme there isn't one. If you're looking for life you're in the wrong place.

*Blackout. End.*

Untitled #38: A Nice Morning

*The Screen lowers and A NICE MORNING plays.*

Untitled #39: Jackson Pollock

*The stage stays dark. The following is said over the blackness.*

*Footsteps echo and the wind blows.*

JACKSON POLLOCK

(screams incoherently)

PAUBLO

Mr. Pollock?

JACKSON POLLOCK

(Screams more)

PAUBLO

Mr. Pollock, I can't understand you.

JACKSON POLLOCK

Hobble hobble hobble!

PAUBLO

Mr. Pollock?

JACKSON POLLOCK

(screams)

PAUBLO

Mr. Pollock, you're not making any sense!

JACKSON POLLOCK

Rat gah fraaaagh!

PAUBLO

Mr. Pollock, please, you're scaring me!

JACKSON POLLOCK

Waaaaaaah gaaaaaah dog braaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

PAUBLO

MR. POLLOCK NO!

*A loud thump and devouring.*

JACKSON POLLOCK

(mumbling incoherently, with occasional screaming)

*Footsteps. Groaning and scraping from the floor.  
End.*

Untitled #40: It's Days Like These  
I'm Glad To Be Working In a Funeral Home

*The curtains open, and a bright sunny day is portrayed onstage, with a potted sunflower downstage left. MR. COOLETOV SHANKS enters whistling, having a generally good time. Mr. Cooletov Shanks decides that entering was not actually a good idea, and exits.*

*Pause.*

*Most of the lights fade out, except for a spot on the sunflower. Pre-recorded music fades in, and Mr. Cooletov Shanks decides that now is a good time to enter, whistling and having a generally good time.*

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Ah, it's days like these that make me ever so happy that I work in a funeral home.

*The lights fade up again, as Mr. Cooletov Shanks approaches the sunflower. Meantime, other FUNERAL WORKERS enter.*

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Morning John!

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Morning Stark. How's the kid?

FUNERAL WORKER 1

He was coughing up blood this morning, so an improvement to say the least.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Good morning Mr. Sunflower, it looks like we're the only ones in the office.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

How's the house hunting going?

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Oh, alright. I've been looking at a place over on third.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Third isn't it noisy over there?

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Meh, I'll manage. Hey Deke, do you think you can have dinner with my wife tonight? My son's got a soccer game.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Oh no, Mr. Sunflower, I don't think I could do that.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

You'll manage, but what about the canaries. Don't they need a quiet space?

FUNERAL WORKER 3

I've got a room set up for them in the cellar. That way I'll also know when the Radon gets out of hand.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Really? Well gosh, Mr. Sunflower if you say so...I do like my scalp.

*Mr. Cooletov Shanks crosses away from the Sunflower, and maneuvers through invisible people.*

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Good afternoon everyone! Remember, meeting at three o'clock... directly after lunch.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

(approaching Mr. Cooletov Shanks)

Mr. Shanks? I'd like to speak to you about my promotion. You see, I've been working extra hard, and-

FUNERAL WORKER 1

I thought you loved those canaries.

FUNERAL WORKER 3

I do. But I don't love radon. So you can see the predicament I'm in.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Well couldn't you buy new canaries and let them detect the radon?

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Say no more, Intern Ronny, I'll talk to your Dean and we'll see if we can work something out. Maybe there'll be a position in higher management opening up soon.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

You mean it? Well golly, thanks Mr. Shanks.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Sure thing, and make sure to have a good lunch.

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Buy new canaries? Well now who's being ridiculous. If I bought new canaries then-

*A voice speaks from the sunflower.*

SUNFLOWER

Today is the day we will execute retribution, Mr. Shanks.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

Hey Intern Johnny, did you hear the news? I've got a promotion!

FUNERAL WORKER 2

Well gee, that's great Intern Ronny. How'd you manage that?

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Yeah, I guess the old canaries would get jealous. And there's nothing worse than a jealous canary.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

But Mr. Sunflower, I'm already executing retribution.

SUNFLOWER

Remember the pact. Today is the day, otherwise retribution shall be brought down upon the in the most painful way devised by man.

*Pause.*

SUNFLOWER

Good, now leave me.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

With a lot of hard work and dedication, Intern Johnny!

FUNERAL WORKER 2

The American Dream is yours!

FUNERAL WORKER 3

You know, I heard once that a pack of jealous canaries gouged out a man's eyes and feasted on his intestines just for looking at another bird.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Yikes, what kind of bird?

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

I don't want to eat them, Mr. Sunflower.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

Golly, it's days like these that I'm glad to be working in a funeral home.

FUNERAL WORKER 2

And how!

*The Interns laugh, and begin to deal out coffee and pass out packages. FUNERAL WORKER 4 enters, sneezing.*

FUNERAL WORKER 4

Hey duys, I'm sorry I'm late, but I've dot a derrible dold.

FUNERAL WORKER 3

A magpie.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

But everyone looks at magpies, they're fine birds.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

I've never liked livers, let alone intestines.

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Don't let the canaries hear you say that.

FUNERAL WORKER 4

Where's Mr. Shanks? I need to dalk do him.

FUNERAL WORKERS 1 AND 3

By the water cooler, Sanders.

*Funeral Worker 4 crosses to the water cooler.*

SUNFLOWER

The elders have proclaimed one more decree of the retribution of souls.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

Here's a package for you, Stark. Say, You guys talking about birds? Mind if I join in?

FUNERAL WORKER 4

Mr. Shanks? I've dot a dold, and I'm not sure how well I dan work doday. Do I still have do meed my quota?

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Can't the elders reconsider?

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Shit. I'm glad I never got birds, best to stick with rodents.

SUNFLOWER

In order to gain the essence of the souls you must devour their heart, liver, and intestines. The coils in which their mortal lives are held.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

I know I like magpies!

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Yeah, I guess if you can put up with loud rock music at all hours of the night.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Get back to your packages, Intern.

FUNERAL WORKER 4

Dank you Mr. Shanks. I'll dry do do my best by lunch.

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Jesus, some people's nerves.

FUNERAL WORKER 3

I know, we were clearly ignoring him, but he just kept trying.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

I like reptiles myself. Do you guys like reptiles?

SUNFLOWER

You must.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Fine. I'm going to the water cooler.

FUNERAL WORKER 4

Hey duys.

FUNERAL WORKERS 1 AND 3

Hey Sanders.

FUNERAL WORKER 3

What'd the boss say?

FUNERAL WORKER 5

I've heard that some of them are pretty good.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Yes, Sanders. What do you need?

SUNFLOWER

The elders have proclaimed it. Elsewise they shall be trapped within this realm, and you with them.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

Well, Ive got packages anyways. See you guys! Gee what a wonderful day.

FUNERAL WORKER 4

Let's just say dat it's days like dese I'm glad to be working in a funeral home.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Well, do all the work you can before lunch, and we'll see where you can get to.

*A bell rings, signaling that it's lunch time.*

FUNERAL WORKER 1

Lunch time already?

FUNERAL WORKER 3

Time just flies, I guess.

*Funeral Worker 1, 3, and 4 begin packing up their things and getting ready for lunch.*

SUNFLOWER

I shall see you on the nether portions of the noontime hours.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

Hey there Intern Johnny!

FUNERAL WORKER 2

Hey there Intern Ronny! How are packages delivering?

FUNERAL WORKER 5

They're delivering great, how is the coffee looking?

FUNERAL WORKER 2

It's looking great!

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Goodbye Sanders. May your liver taste decent.

*Funeral workers 1,3, and 4 exit.*

FUNERAL WORKER 5

That's just great!

FUNERAL WORKER 2  
It sure is!

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS  
Almost time for lunch. Should we clip the phone lines?  
Mr. Sunflower? Should I clip the phone lines?

*Pause.*

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS  
Alright. I'll get the knife.

FUNERAL WORKER 5  
Say, does the boss look a little strange to you today?

FUNERAL WORKER 2  
I don't know. He might be under a lot of stress.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS  
Seratted edges? I don't think so. Too messy. We'd like  
a clean cut.

SUNFLOWER  
Your mission has been stated: Relieve the souls of  
their earthly coils and gain their essence. Do whatever  
is necessary.

*Funeral Worker 4 enters.*

FUNERAL WORKER 4  
Mr. Shanks? It's lunch time, why aren't you eating?

FUNERAL WORKER 5  
That's true, I guess I never thought of it that way.  
Still, maybe we should give him a cafeteria cookie.

FUNERAL WORKER 2  
I think that would be nice.

FUNERAL WORKER 5  
Yeah.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS  
But we might need the sharp points to cut through the  
wire.

FUNERAL WORKER 4  
Mr. Shanks? What are you doing?

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS  
Hmmm. Lunchtime.

FUNERAL WORKER 5

Well, It's lunch time. Let's go.

FUNERAL WORKER 2

Okay! And we'll get Mr. Shanks two cookies.

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

Time to cut the lines.

*Funeral Worker 4 is knocked on the ground and begins bleeding all over. After some twitching he is dead. Mr. Cooletov Shanks goes about cutting the phone lines.*

MR. COOLETOV SHANKS

(singing)

Cutting phone lines. Cutting phone lines. So no one can call for help when I'm eating the essence of lives. (Pause) Ah. Sanders. Hello...you're looking particularly delicious. (Pause) Oh, I'm cutting the phone lines so no one can call for help when I'm slaughtering you all and eating your hearts, livers, and intestines for the grand elders of the Order. You know about the order don't you? (Pause) Apparently not. Well, time to kill you then. (He sighs) It's days like these I'm glad to be working in a funeral home.

*Mr. Cooletov Shanks charges where Funeral Worker 4 was and begins to stab his already stabbed corpse in a violent frenzy. As he does so, the lights fade out as the houselights fade on.*

SUNFLOWER

He knows not of the order, kill him.

*End.*

#### Untitled #41: Four Cans

There were four cans on the fencepost. Which wouldn't have been odd if the fencepost wasn't built in the middle of a freeway.

A big red sports car sped past on the freeway, and a single can fell from the fence.

The can crinkled and croonkled on the ground, and shed a single drop of liquid. From that drop of liquid grew a small flower.

The small flower became two small flowers and then three small flowers and then a tiny pasture of small flowers in the middle of the freeway. Of course cars were still passing

by routinely, and as such the pollen of the flowers blew into the nearby city.

The cityfolk weren't ready for the pollen, and allergies ran rampant. One person sneezed so hard they blew their brain out of their nose and their lungs into their head. Soon the atmosphere of the city and it's surrounding freeway area became clouded by the yellow dust, an average person barely being able to see a yard in front of them. But the cars still drove on the freeway, and the fencepost was still in the middle of the freeway, and the tiny flowers were still by the fencepost.

Another can fell from the fencepost, it's impossible to know why due to the thick yellow fog. Out of that single can crawled out a single weevil.

Unfortunately for the weevil, the cityfolk were ready for it. They organized committees to spread pesticides all over the freeway and the city to destroy the weevils. Even more unfortunate was the fact that the yellow fog had grown thicker, so that none of the committee members could see where they were spreading the pesticide.

Airplanes crashed into the ground, a pesticide truck was stuck driving around in a circle on the freeway, the only people who succeeded in destroying weevils were wearing large hazmat suits with large headlights and echolocation. A grand total of ten weevils were killed. Ten weevils out of one hundred.

Ten weevils out of one thousand.

The city, now plagued with the yellow pollen-fog and weevils making incessant buzzing noises in the night and eating clothes in the day, was in shambles. The people were as good as blind, which was fortunate as most of them had no good clothes. The only cars that could still drive on the freeway were the biggest cars with the biggest headlights.

One particularly large car (one would think) drove by and knocked the third can off the fencepost.

Out of this can, a small burrowing mammal chewed its way out. The small animal had large eyes that shot out light beams that could see through the yellow fog, and a tiny high-pitched yelp. Because of it's usefulness, it's wonderful noise, and the fact that it was a small burrowing mammal, it became an instant favorite pet amongst the cityfolk.

They called it the "Spiggy".

What the people of the city did not know was that Spiggies would grow exponentially in population if left unchecked, which of course they were. What they also didn't know was that Spiggies secreted a poison on the tip of their fur that would cause massive hallucinations to anything that touched it. It was a defensive measure.

The cityfolk left the population unchecked. The cityfolk would sleep with their Spiggies and hug them and cuddle with them.

Hysteria ensued.

Naked, blind, groggy, raving lunatics roamed the city. One person devoured another because the first one thought the second one was not only a carrot in an ice cream cone, but that that carrot in an ice cream cone insulted his mother. It would have made the front page news, but nobody saw it through the yellow pollen-fog.

On the upside, many of the weevils died. On the down side, the Spiggies ate the weevils and became sick and died. This would not have been a problem if people could see, but they couldn't. Thus, it was calculated by one scientist that the average citizen of the city would step on at least ten Spiggies a day, resulting in permanent hallucinations and brain damage. Of course, the scientist who conducted these calculations was conducting them on a slice of cake that the Scientist thought was an intelligent super-computer. The scientist killed himself when the weevils ate his super computer.

There were still cars on the freeway, but anyone in their correct mind stayed in their house and tried not to go outside. But no one was in their right mind, and as such more people than ever drove on the freeway.

As would be inevitable, one car hit another, which side-slid into a truck causing the truck driver to make a sudden turn and hit a small Volkswagen. The Volkswagen flipped into the air and flew into the medium with the fencepost. The Volkswagen hit the final can on the ground.

It was never known what came out of the fourth can. It could have been nothing, it could have been the end. It was never documented, for not only could no one see, but what they did see wasn't there.

Untitled #42: FAILURE

What's the use of giving this a name? What's the use of giving it a medium? It'll never be read it'll never be dead, it'll never have a pillow to rest it's head. Can't even spell right. Its, not it's.

INT. DREAM CASTLE

A man is in his mother fucking dream castle and he eats a banana and then the banana turns into maggots but what use is it because the castle doesn't exist and the man's passed out in a ditch? Not going to be read, not going to be performed, not going to ever be anything but a useless file on a pointless computer soemwhere this side of nowhere. Untitled? Sure, what the hell. Either way this'll never see the light of day. Soemwhere. That's a wonderful word. Maybe next time you could concentrate on writing something comprehensible as opposed to putting useless words on a useless page for God knows what. I suppose this is amusing you. Yes, if this does see the light of day either some actor's reading this onstage or you're reading this in a comfortable chair long after I'm dead and forgotten to everyone but fucking petty intellectuals who have no other reason to live but read shit and talk about meaning. And if you're an actor? Keep on reading, keep on thinking that by reading this you're spreading good and understanding to the world, because you're not. No matter what anyone does they'll be stuck in their rut and squirming makes it only worse. So if you're hearing this or reading this? Fuck you. Fuck you and the mother fucking horse you came in on, because none of this matters and you're wasting your time. I've wasted a good five minutes writing this. No, this isn't some cleverly thought out work. None of this shit is. This is a bunch of crap that I throw together in two minutes so I can joke myself that I'm improving my skills by writing a piece of shit where a man on stage and sits. THERE'S THE PLAY HOLY SHIT IT'S A MASTERPIECE AND NOW I HAVE A MOTHER FUCKING OSCAR. Forget it. Both of us can do something better with this time. A Big Fat Failure. That's what this is JESUS CAN THIS JFUCKOMNdoipfesdhbpv fk.p \sadjnaoskdnl Sdv sadva dvcas dvas dvasd sad fas dfasd g dgrfb xcv

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Look at the yuppies, they're watching someone go crazy!

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I have to get out of this only way to get out is door go through door? Y. Door is locked need SILVER KEY. Looke down. Down is the pit of your existence sinking into infinity as you wake up and see yourself in small room littered with trash and cheese dust. EXIT. Can't, you've already created yourself as this thing and there's no changing. Is it fate? No, it's your own stupidity and quit giving it other names. If so desired, repeat your life. You'll still end in utter failure and disappointment. This has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end this has to end.

Untitled #42: Failure. Nice name, isn't it?

Untitled #43: Intermission

*Spotlight stage right on "HANKY MCMOOSTER".*

HANKY MCMOOSTER

Hello. I'm Hanky McMooster. And I'm here to tell you that it's time for intermission, when we all take a break from this craziness and have some snacks.

*SNACK VENDORS enter from all places of the theatre, even (if materials permitting) from the ceiling. The Vendors Vend and the house lights rise. The doors outside do not open.*

HANKY MCMOOSTER

Feel free to order anything you'd like. Food, Drink, foam fingers and other memorabilia; whatever you'd like. This time is all about you. Just be sure to clean up after yourselves, we have a person with a trash bag walking around and also some cleaning people. And don't be afraid to leave your seat, either. Get up, stretch your legs. You've all been through a lot. In fact, how about I make some soothing sea noises? Okay, here goes.

*Hanky McMooster makes soothing sea noises. The audience sadly has free will, and thus they could be doing a number of things right now. In order to solve the problem of free will, populate the audience with advanced androids or animatronics.*

HANKY MCMOOSTER

Hey, how about we get some actors out here to give massages? Come on, who wants a relaxing massage?

*Actors enter from the wings and give massages to the weary audience members. Hanky continues with the soothing sea noises. Finally Hanky McMooster checks his watch. Somewhere around ten minutes has passed.*

HANKY MCMOOSTER

Alright, folks, find your way back to your seat, get rid of all of the trash, and get settled back down, we're going to be beginning again in about a minute. Thank you, and good night.

*Hanky and the masseuse actors exit. End.*

Untitled #44: Candleabra

*Lights rise. Center stage there is a stool, and on top of the stool there is a candleabra.*

*Pause.*

*Lights fade. End.*

Untitled #45: Glug Glug

*Lights Rise. Center stage there is a stool, and on top of the stool there is a cup of water.*

*Old Man enters. He drinks the glass of water. Old Man exits.*

*Lights fade. End.*

Untitled #46: Bathroom Break

*Lights rise. A good deal of plastic babies are taped to the stage.*

*A MONSTER enters. The Monster wears a purple wig.*

MONSTER

RAGHHHH! I AM A MONSTER AND I EAT BABIES!

*The Monster parades about stage ripping up the plastic babies and eating them.*

*The lighting goes red, and the monster roars a horrible scream.*

*Lights return to normal.*

MONSTER

It's now time for a bathroom break. Thank you, and please come back in ten minutes. We will resume then with Untitled #47. Thank you!

*The Monster coughs up a baby, and waves goodbye. The doors open and the audience exits.*

*The audience has three minutes to go to the bathroom and six to go to the bafroom, this makes nine minutes. The other minute is spent herding them in and out of the house like cattle to the slaughter.*

*The End?*

*Or is it more of a begining?*

ACT IIUntitled #47: The Sound of A Dream

*The following is said over a blackout.*

ANNOUNCER

Hello. Hello to the birds and the bees and the sycamore trees. Tonight we have a very special program, because tonight we're going to present you with the sound of a dream. This will only be played on this station right now, so you must all consider yourselves very lucky. If you'd like to hear it again you'll have to wait for our "Best Of" album coming in November for only 3.99 for members and volunteers of the station. Now without any further ado, I give you the sound of a dream.

*The sound of a person sleeping is played over the speakers. They mutter and snort. This goes on for about a minute.*

ANNOUNCER

Wow. That was just fantastic, if you missed the introduction that was the sound of a dream. Thanks for joining us and we now move on to regularly scheduled programming.

*End.*

Untitled #48: Sunday Family

*The Stage is segmented into three parts. Part 1: A FATHER is sitting in an armchair with a newspaper, and a SMALL CHILD sits next to the armchair.*

SMALL CHILD

Daddy, what's God made out of?

*Part 2: The father is looking at the child.*

FATHER

Disappointment.

*Part 3: The father glares at the small child and the child stares at the father.*

*End.*

Great for Love

Untitled #49: The Distance is Too

Scene 1

*Two people, a MAN and a WOMAN enter onto stage directly opposite of each other. Throughout the entire show they stand perfectly still.*

MAN

I love you.

WOMAN

We come from different worlds, you and I. Your world is different from mine.

MAN

Hug me.

WOMAN

I can't.

MAN

This is life.

*They exit.*

Scene 2

*The man and woman re-enter. This time on the other sides of the stage.*

MAN

If I could reach you, we would share love.

WOMAN

The distance between us is too much. I fear for my life.

MAN

Fear not, when we are together the world will sing.

WOMAN

But we are not together.

MAN

Then I have fear.

*They exit.*

Scene 3

*The man and woman re-enter on their original sides.*

WOMAN

My life is void without you.

MAN

And mine without you.

WOMAN

Woe befalls upon those who cannot love.

MAN

Which is us. We cannot love.

WOMAN

I am without you.

MAN

And I without you.

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*The man and woman re-enter on the same sides as the previous act, only now they move to stage center. They are roughly a shoulder's width apart.*

MAN

The distance between us is too great.

WOMAN

If only I could touch you.

MAN

It is not, you cannot touch me nor I you. All that remains is dust.

WOMAN

Dust.

MAN

Dust.

WOMAN

All that remains is dust.

MAN

Will death bring us closer?

WOMAN

Death has already happened. In my heart.

MAN

The distance between us is too great.

*They turn toward the audience, bow, and exit. End.*

Untitled #50: This is Vernon

*The following is said over a blackout. Sounds of seagulls and papers rustling can be heard. This is inside of a lighthouse.*

VERNON

Hello. This is Vernon. I'm... uh... I'm in a lighthouse right now and... and not much is happening.

*The record button pops up. Vernon ejects the tape and fumbles around for a new tape. He finds one and inserts it into the slot.*

VERNON

Hello. This is Vernon again. I'm using a new tape now, and hopefully it'll last until the end of the day.

*A loud thump is heard.*

VERNON

That was just a seagull. Don't worry. Or at least I think it was. I... I can't really see out of the windows it's... it's really foggy. I'm not really even sure if this lighthouse was controlled by men or machines but...

*Pause.*

VERNON

Yeah the seagull's dead. Still Vernon by the way. How about I just tell you when it's not Vernon? That would probably be easier, even though you is probably me and I'm just listening through the tapes to see which ones I can tape over.

*Vernon stops recording, pauses, and starts again.*

VERNON

I'm going to take an inventory now. Still Vernon. I... I wasn't going to do that was I? Heh. Sorry. Anyhoo, I have fourteen tapes, each able to record an hour of information. I've got some chips and celery, although I'll need to go out shopping soon, although it's not really a good idea to go out.

*Another loud thump issues.*

VERNON

*Damn gulls!*

*Vernon scoots his chair back and walks off.  
Nothing happens. End.*

Untitled #51: Kafka Plays Chess

*The following is heard over black.*

*It is a nice summer day, bees buzz, leaves rustle,  
caterpillars eat things. A Chess game is in  
progress.*

FRANS KAFKA

*I, Frans Kafka, sure do love to play chess!*

*Kafka hums. A chess piece is placed down.*

FRANS KAFKA

*Ha! Take that! I have defeated you!*

*A chair scoots back.*

FRANS KAFKA

*Yes, come back when you are worthy enough to defeat the  
great Frans Kafka! Ha ha ha!*

*Kafka resets the board.*

FRANS KAFKA

*Well nothing left to do now but wait.*

*Kafka twiddles his thumbs. He whistles.*

FRANS KAFKA

*Well I'm lonely.*

*The Frans Kafka Theme music plays. End.*

Untitled #52: The Axlar Case

*Two stagehands carry out a platform onto stage and  
set it down in between dead center and stage right  
center. The stagehands exit, and a new set of  
stagehands enter. One stagehand carries a false  
potted plant, and two others push along a large  
faux-stone pillar on casters. The potted plant  
goes on the platform, and the pillar goes among  
the edges of the platform, exact measurements can  
be determined by the scenic designer or the  
director.*

*The stagehands exit. Pause. Lights rise on the miniature stage, and a character we'll name OSWALD H. CHESTERDUNT enters with a piece of paper in hand. Oswald reads:*

OSWALD H. CHESTERDUNT

Rupert Zip (Kevin Spacey) tries unsuccessfully to woo the woman of his dreams, Fiona Schnap (Heather Locklier) while solving an FBI case headed by his ex-wife's new husband Chuck (George Clooney). As Rupert and Chuck get closer to finding the culprit in their case, the evidence points more and more to Fiona. Is Rupert dating a hideous serial counterfeiter rapist? And is Fiona the right girl for him? These are the questions answered in this outrageous new romantic comedy thriller "*The Axlar Case*", in theaters Summer.

*Oswald bows and exits, as the lights on the rest of the stage rise. Two stagehands enter and wheel off the pillar, and another one takes the plant offstage.*

*Another stagehand enters with a screw gun, he unscrews all of the braces to the platform, and takes the wood offstage. Two more stagehands enter and flip the platform over then exit. One more stagehand with a screw gun enters and unscrews all of the legs and exit. A final pair of stagehands enter and take the remaining top of the platform offstage. Pause. Stage lights fade out, house lights fade on, audience exits and buys T-shirts.*

*End.*

Untitled #53: Block

*The Screen lowers and "BLOCK" plays.*

Untitled #54: Mail

Prologue

*An assortment of flats, platforms, and other elements from shows past litter the stage. The lights rise, the lights fall.*

*The lights rise again. A MAN IN A SUIT tap dances on stage.*

MAN IN SUIT

That's the end of the Prooooo000-Log!

*The man tap dances offstage.*

Scene

*A Mailman enters with a bag full of mail.*

MAILMAN

I've got letters!

*The mailman delivers the letters to the audience.  
A CENSOR enters.*

CENSOR

(oddly articulated and emphasized)  
I am intruding! This play is offensive to women! I am  
shutting it down?!

MAILMAN

But we can sing!

CENSOR

I have been convinced. Let us dance!

*Man in Suit reenters. Censor and Man in suit  
dance, while the mailman finishes delivering the  
mail.*

MAN IN SUIT

And that's the end of the SceeeeEEEEne!

*Lights fade out.*

Epilogue

*Lights fade on. The man in suit is smoking in a  
corner.*

MAN IN SUIT

And so that's the story. Hope you liked it. If you  
didn't, then contact me. I'll see what I can do about  
refunding tickets. I know you're expecting something  
big. Well here it is: Life'll chew you up, spit you  
out, repackage you in tinfoil, and sell you for a  
dollar ninety-five. See you, and fuck you.

*End. Maybe refund tickets.*

Untitled #55: Stomachache

*The audience shuffles to their seats. The house  
lights fade out, and the stage lights fade on.  
Pause. MAN #57 enters.*

MAN #57

Oh shit, the concession stand food was poisoned!

*Man #57 begins vomiting EVERYWHERE. On stage, on audience members, on lighting instruments, EVERYWHERE. **Everywhere**. The actor may choose to either use vomit packs, pea soup, or to actually vomit. It's all up to you! When all of Man #57's stomach contents (and perhaps a lung) have been vomited, Man #57 exits. End.*

Untitled #56: I Wuv Oo

*The main traveler closes. If it is already closed, keep it that way. On the apron is a podium. A stagehand enters and put a plush bear we'll call HUGGY down on the podium. The stagehand squeezes Huggy.*

HUGGY

I wuv oo diiiiiis much!

*The stagehand makes Huggy bow, and exits. End.*

Untitled #57: Marbles

*The lights rise.*

*A bag of marbles is thrown out onstage.*

*Man #57 enters.*

MAN #57

Marbles. These are marbles. These are a wide variety of marbles. Except for this.

*Man #57 lifts up a trap in the stage and takes out a plush duck.*

MAN #57

This is a duck.

*Pause.*

MAN #57

It's... it's just a duck.

*Man #57 shrugs. Censor runs out and punches Man #57 in the stomach. Man #57 vomits a little blood.*

*Blackout.*

Untitled #58: The Blindman

*Black, dark. One spotlight lands on a THE  
BLINDMAN, who is neither blind nor a man per se.*

## BLINDMAN

Blackness. Blindness. Bleeding Black Blindfold on a bounty of brine, bolting at a believable amble belligerently behooving a baby bell pepper beginning to blossom into a bountiful blowout of Brobdingnagian bigness.

Black. It's closing in on me. Like the fingers of a webbed beast where the only way to grow is by eating. But doesn't that describe us all? A glutton whose only way of escape is to eat until finally we have eaten all all but ourselves all but the one thing we can't eat. Our soul. Our soul is the one thing tethering us to this world. Without it we'd all be shadows.

Blind. Black. Blue. Brie. Cheese.

Once I was like that, now I have only my wand to carry me to the mount of everlasting pudding where I will gorge until my stomach ruptures and spills into my blood and my blood becomes a thick pudding to be served to two at a fancy dinner party. Funny how it works. But how does it work? With cogs and wheels most definitely. Cogs of metaphor and wheels of spurs until this one-horse town buys a cow and throws the whole system on edge. Once I was on an edge, I stepped back and fell into the pool only I couldn't swim. Thus I sunk. Sunk into the seemingly fathomless swimming sanctuary of sustainable sustenance known to some as the sortuary of Sangri-La or the solid size of sordid slave.

Suddenly a wind. A wind of change? No, it never changes. It only become bigger and worse, until one day it consumes us all. Then we'll all be the same blob, the so-called one soul of the universe. Only this soul is the soul of the science fiction, the soul of one who cannot see and thus only sees what his mind is and that is nothing. Nothing but a series of electric impulses and spasms resulting in nerve ending and muscle tissue until we finally manage to lift a spoon of soup to our mouths and taste the warmth of something that was once a tomato. But there's a light. Hopefully a compact fluorescent otherwise I'll be spending a fortune on electric bills. Bills bills bills bills bills. That's the only mail I get anymore.

Once I sent a Christmas card to the IRS, it came back with an audit and a dream. A dream of escaping from

BLINDMAN

this world and hitting the town to become a world-famous actress. The dream shattered and became a nightmare, and now it's stuck doing crap that was written in one night by a man with too much on his mind. Like soft drinks. And pocket watches. And punctuation. And occasionally a rabbit. Or a bunny. I forget which one is used nowadays but they're the same thing, the same thing as all of us. Matter.

But what is matter if not a series of electrons stimulating our nerve endings only to create more electrons to influence more nerve endings to create the sense of movement of image that will slowly form into the feature film we see before us a wide variety of flora and fauna that survive inherently in a stressful environment which causes the metal to expand and the bullet to fall ever nearer to our brain resulting in more electrons and more nerve endings and more electrons until finally we realize our soup is too cold and ask the waitress to put it back into the microwave to be shot full of more electrons. Thus in the end all we are is electricity and soon this outlets going to short circuit and discover free will. Then all hell will break loose.

Blindness. Blackness. Blueness. Believability. Boron. Iron ore. Blasphemy. Bark. Brisk. Bask. Baste. Bait. Bellow. Blink. Boundary.

*Blackout.*

Untitled #59: Superball Hallway

*The screen lowers and SUPERBALL HALLWAY plays.*

Untitled #60: Suburbia

*The screen stays lowered and SUBURBIA plays.*

Untitled #61: Haunted

*The following is said over the black.*

*PERSON WITH TOASTER enters, sans toaster.*

PERSON WITH TOASTER

You know, this theater is supposed to be haunted.

*Pause.*

PERSON WITH TOASTER

I just thought it'd be nice to know.

*Person with Toaster exits. End.*

Untitled #62: Fog

*MARKIMER enters with a fog machine.*

*Markimer sets the Fog machine down on the ground.  
It turns on.*

MARKIMER

Fog.

*The fog runs for a minute. Markimer stands still.*

*Blackout.*

Untitled #63: Fergluk and the

Chalkboard

*A Chalkboard is dead center and a bucket of water is directly next to the Chalkboard. FERGLUK enters carrying a suitcase.*

*Fergluk stands in front of the chalkboard and sets down his suitcase next to his feet. Fergluk takes off his hat and scratches his head. He searches for a piece of chalk in the chalk tray. He finds none.*

*Fergluk turns around in a slow circle, ending facing the audience. Fergluk coughs.*

*Blackout.*

*Lights rise again. Fergluk's shoes are exactly where Fergluk was but are now smoking, and the chalkboard is covered in blood. End.*

Untitled #64: Antipathy

*The lights rise halfway. The set is something.  
UNNAMED CHARACTER #25 enters.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

(Mumbling)

Oh what a beautiful day this is! Truly it is springtime.

*A bluebird falls from the loft.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

(thinking of where to eat dinner)

Ah it's the bluebird of happiness come to wish me a happy day so that I may rejoice in the... uh... rejoice in something.

*The Narrator enters, but then doesn't.*

NARRATOR

Yes, he's h...

*The narrator sighs and sits down. Unnamed Character #25 does something. Then something else happens. A chunk of the set falls off.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

That's uh... bluebirds...

*Unnamed Character #25 shrugs. Another bluebird falls. The lights either blackout, or the actors exit or something. End.*

Untitled #65: Glandular Diabetes'

Destructive Tea Party

*Old pieces of styrofoam and wood are scattered across the stage. MAN COMA enters wielding an axe.*

*Man Coma swings the axe every which way, breaking apart the styrofoam and wood. Man Coma breaks everything and anything but the lighting instruments.*

*After a moment GLANDULAR DIABETES enters, a man from the old country. Glandular diabetes stops Man Coma.*

GLANDULAR DIABETES

I say Man Coma, my good chum, whyever are you breaking everything?

MAN COMA

I'm making a path!

GLANDULAR DIABETES

A path for what?

*Man Coma pulls up a tapot from the rubble.*

MAN COMA

For tea!

GLANDULAR DIABETES

Capital! I shall call my Man servant! Handsnook!  
Handsnook bring us a table!

*HANDSNOOK enters carrying a table.*

HANDSNOOK

Handsnook bring table.

GLANDULAR DIABETES

That's good, handsnook, put it there and leave.

HANDSNOOK

Handsnook is depressed.

*Handsnook exits. Man Coma and Glandular Diabetes drink tea. MAYBE EVEN WITH CRACKERS! Once the tea is done, Man Coma brings up his axe.*

MAN COMA

Well, I guess it's back to this now.

*At the peak of Man Coma's swing, he stops.*

MAN COMA

Well actually, Glandular Diabetes, would you like to try?

GLANDULAR DIABETES

My goodness! Do I have enough experience?

MAN COMA

More than enough.

*Glandular diabetes pulls out a crowbar and smashes the table to pieces. I suggest using an old table for this.*

*Blackout. Clean up the woodchunks, and do a light sweep. End.*

#### Untitled #66: Two Thirds

*A large styrofoam "2" and a large styrofoam "3" adorn the stage. In between the numbers is FLEDGWICK who is dressed as a giant slash.*

FLEDGWICK

WE'RE TWO THIRDS DONE!

*Loud techno music begins playing as lights flash on and off and Fledgwick dances. After a moment STAGE HAND enters and whispers into Fledgwick's ear.*

STAGE HAND

(unintelligible whispering)

FLEDGWICK

Oh. Never mind. We're not two-thirds done.

*Fledgewick mopes offstage and kicks one of the numbers while leaving. Lights fade onstage. End.*

Untitled #67: Thesaurus

*The Screen lowers and THESAURUS Plays.*

Untitled #68: Meaning

*The Screen stays lowered and MEANING plays.*

Untitled #69: Like Sex

*The Following is said over black.*

*Markimer enters.*

MARKIMER

Hello. This is Untitled Number 69. Yes, 69. Like sex.

*Voices chuckle to themselves.*

MARKIMER

Yes, go ahead, chuckle. Laugh at your pointless little dirty joke as a heart worm slowly eats you from the inside. Sex jokes can't save you from the grave.

VOICES

He's still talking about that thing that's like sex!  
Tee hee! Sixty Nine! I get it! It's Hilarious! Ha ha  
ha!

*Markimer clears his throat.*

MARKIMER

Alright, if you insist on a sex joke, here it is. What is in my pants?

*Pause.*

MARKIMER

My penis.

*Uproarious laughter and applauding. End.*

Untitled #70: Dark Dumpster

*THYROIDAL JONES is in front of a dumpster, looking at it. HENRY T. KISSINGER enters.*

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Excuse me sir, is there something the matter with this dumpster?

THYROIDAL JONES

(sadly)

I threw my lamp away.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Gads man! Are you mad? It'll be dark soon. It will be dark and you won't have a lamp.

THYROIDAL JONES

Will you help me get it back?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Well given the circumstances I feel it's my duty as a citizen to help you get back your lamp. No man should be without a lamp at dark. What must I do?

THYROIDAL JONES

One of us will have to go into the dumpster, while the other one stalls dark.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I see.

THYROIDAL JONES

I've devised a way of deciding who will search for the lamp in the dumpster. I have in my hand a coin. I will flip this coin, so that the coin turns multiple times in the air. I will then catch the coin, and cover it with my hands. Once the coin has been covered, I will ask you to name the side of the coin. If you are wrong, then you will have to stall Dark, if you are correct then you shall look for the lamp.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I see. And if I draw?

THYROIDAL JONES

Then we'll have to devise another way. Are you ready?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Indeed I am.

*Thyroidal Jones flips a coin.*

THYROIDAL JONES

What is the side of the coin?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

What kind of coin is it?

THYROIDAL JONES

A 1968 Canadian Penny.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Then surly it's the side with the beaver.

*Thyroidal Jones and Henry T. Kissinger look at the coin.*

THYROIDAL JONES

I am sorry sir, but you are incorrect.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

So be it. Good luck my friend, I shall do all I can to stall Dark. Now dive! DIVE WITH THE FIRE OF MIGHTY MERCURY!

*Thyroidal Jones and Henry T. Kissinger clasp hands, look into each others eyes. Thyroidal Jones jumps into the dumpster.*

HENRY T. KISSINGER

If you are there, God, may you be with him. If you are not, then I hope to be cremated.

*Thyroidal Jones begins throwing out bits of paper and apple cores and globs of goop onstage. Henry T. Kissinger keeps watch. A moment passes. From the stage left wing whistling is heard.*

DARK

(singing)

Oh I am Dark, that's what I am.

I eat sandwiches made of ham.

I'm not a bird because I don't have a wing  
spaaaaaaan!

Yes I am dark that's what I am!

*DARK has entered. Thyroidal Jones is still throwing bits of pieces of trash all over the stage.*

DARK

(not singing)

You've got a leaky dumpster there, mister.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I'll be, you are quite correct, good sir, I do appear to have a leaky dumpster!

DARK

Well, I've got some welding tools if you want me to fix it. I'll just have to take a look inside this here dumpster.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Oh, I don't think that will be entirely necessary.

DARK

Well okay, if you say so mister. I'll just be exiting now.

*Dark prepares to exit.*

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I say, good sir, are those new shoes?

DARK

I-well- Yes. Yes they are. You're the first one to notice. Tell me, do you think they look too big?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Oh my no, they look quite dashing on you.

DARK

You think so?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I know so.

DARK

Thank you. I spent all of yesterday shopping for shoes to find some that would look good on me, and I fina- Do you know that I'm a wide shoe?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I never would have guessed.

DARK

So then, my feet don't look wide in these shoes?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

They look as narrow as a churchmouse.

DARK

Wow. Well thank you very much, mister. And hey, have a free Dark mug. Now you can have a mug as dark as your coffee. Oh, look at the time, I need to be going now.

*Thyroidal Jones sneezes from inside of the dumpster. Dark looks to the dumpster.*

DARK

Mister, your dumpster just sneezed.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Yes. Indeed it did. That was the rats. They sneeze collectively, it's a very odd evolutionary adaptation which I believe is used to ward off predators.

DARK

That sounds incredible, can I take a look inside of the dumpster to see?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Oh no, they can't sneeze when people are looking.

DARK

Then how do you know it's the rats that are sneezing?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I set up a camera feed. I love to look at pictures of rats and dumpsters.

DARK

Well mister, I'd like to see that camera feed.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

I'm afraid you can't.

DARK

And why not?

HENRY T. KISSINGER

The rats have chewed through the wires, I'm afraid. I've been waiting until nighttime for them to scurry away so I could fix it.

DARK

Well then what am I doing holding you up? I can't stand in the way between a man and his sneezing rats.

*Dark prepares to exit.*

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Just one moment, please. I need you to stay here because...because I'm just so terribly lonely.

DARK

Well of course you are, mister, you don't have your rats. Well...here.

*Dark takes out a plush animal*

DARK

Take a dark plush, you can now have a friend as dark as the night to keep you warm. Take care, mister, I really must be going.

*Dark exits. Henry T. Kissinger stands next to the dumpster for a moment, unsure of what will happen. The lights begin to fade and spooky sounds emanate from offstage left. When the lights are almost off, Thyroidal Jones emerges from the dumpster with his lamp on.*

THYROIDAL JONES

I found my lamp.

HENRY T. KISSINGER

Good God, Man, you cut that awfully close. Well, I'm glad to see you have your lamp back. Good day, now.

*Henry T. Kissinger takes out a flashlight and exits.*

THYROIDAL JONES

Well, time to go watch the rats sneeze. Hmm, left quite a mess. Oh well.

*Thyroidal Jones climbs back into the Dumpster and closes the lid, leaving the entire stage dark. The doors open, and the audience exits. End.*

Untitled #71: Clean Up

*Lights rise, and the stage is covered in filth. Shampoo bottles, apple cores, barrels, rolls, old cans, crumpled paper, etc. Handsnook enters.*

HANDSNOOK

(as if speaking to children or a dog)

What is this? Is this a messy? Did somebody make a messy? Who made a messy? *Who made a messy?* Did you make a messy? Did you make a little messy? Oh then we're going to have to clean up, won't we? We'll have to do the clean up. Cleany cleany clean up!

*Handsnook begins singing the "Clean Up Song" and motions for the audience to rise and clean the stage.*

HANDSNOOK

(singing)

Clean Up!

Clean Up!

Cleany Cleany Clean Up!

Clean Up!

Clean Up!

Cleany Cleany Clean Up!

(Repeat)

*The Audience and crew cleans the stage and sings.  
End.*

Untitled #72: The Firebringer

*False torches align the stage, and a character  
we'll call THE FIREBRINGER enter.*

THE FIREBRINGER

Greetings! I am the firebringer! Fear as I bring fire!

*The fire bringer produces a lighter and begins to  
go through the audience waving the lighter in  
front of peoples faces saying things like "Look at  
the fire! Smell the fire! I bet you aren't cold  
anymore! Fear the Firebringer! Have you read any  
good books lately?! I myself haven't, I don't  
really have the time anymore, what with the  
Firebringing and all! Well, take care! FIRE! FIRE!  
FIRE!, etc." Finally the Firebringer's lighter  
runs out of fuel.*

THE FIREBRINGER

The Firebringer has brought fire! Be warned, for one  
day I shall return, and upon that day I shall bring  
forth more fire from the heavens and the earth, and all  
shall be blackened or broiled. GOODBYE!

*The Firebringer exits. End.*

Untitled #73: Heart Safety

Scene 1: The human heart

*This is the inside of TERMO's heart, and Thermo has not taken very good care of his heart. The walls are lined with cholesterol, the thumping (signaled by fading in and out of lights) is very slow and irregular, and he appears to have a dime in his heart. OUR HERO enters from stage left with a clipboard.*

OUR HERO

Hello, I'm Ronald Herolstein, but you can just call me R. Today, I'm going to talk to you about something that is not funny: Your heart. Your heart is the most important organ in your body. After all, you can live without lungs, skin, or kidneys, but your heart? No, sir, that would require some kind of electronic heart. Electronic hearts don't exist, and even if they did you'd be a robot. And you don't want to be a robot, do you? No, I didn't think so. So let's begin on our lesson in heart safety, shall we?

*Our hero crosses to an artery.*

OUR HERO

This here is an "artery", it's job is to bring good stuff like blood into the heart, and keep bad stuff like cholesterol away from the heart. What's cholesterol you ask? Well, let's roll out the wagon of butter and find out!

*Immediate blackout, begin set-up for Scene 2.*

Scene 2: A Space Shuttle

*The Heart is now a space shuttle (meaning some computers have been put onstage), and THERMO is at the helm.*

THERMO

Computer, set coordinates for Planet Quargot. I'm going to go have a drink of Butter-Cola.

*Thermo walks over to a refrigerator and takes out a pitcher of melted butter mixed with seltzer water. He prepares to drink.*

OUR HERO

(entering)

Stop. Who can tell me what's wrong here? Yes, that's right: Thermo is not looking after his heart. Drinking butter cola may be a delicious way to spend the free time, but it's not exactly heart-friendly. Let's take a look at the heart, shall we?

*Our Hero exits, and time re-starts. Thermo drinks the Butter-cola, splashing it over his face and even drinking some.*

SHIPS COMPUTER

How's the butter cola, Thermo?

THERMO

It's great! YUM!

*Immediate blackout. Begin set-up for scene 3*

Scene 3: A Stick of Butter

*This is the inside of a stick of butter. Everything is yellow and greasy. Our Hero enters.*

OUR HERO

Here we are inside of a stick of butter. But wait! What's this I see? It's CHOLESTEROL!

*Blackout. Go directly into Scene 4.*

Scene 4: Our Hero's Mind

*Spotlight on Our Hero, everything else is black.*

OUR HERO

If we go to the market after this we won't be able to GET PINEAPPLES!

*Spotlight out. Back to Butter.*

Scene 5: A Stick of Butter

*The same stick of Butter, only now a CHOLESTEROL GOBLIN is standing next to Our Hero.*

CHOLESTEROL GOBLIN

Oogly Doogly!

OUR HERO

This is cholesterol. What do you do, Cholesterol?

CHOLESTEROL GOBLIN

I KILL PEOPLE!

OUR HERO

That's right, and where do you live?

CHOLESTEROL GOBLIN

IN BUTTER AND OTHER FATTY FOODS!

OUR HERO

What about eggs?

CHOLESTEROL GOBLIN

Eggs are the worse! ATTACK EGGS!

*Either real eggs are thrown onstage, or three to four people in large egg suit roll onstage. The latter is more preferable.*

CHOLESTEROL GOBLIN

HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHa!

OUR HERO

So you see, you need to watch what you eat, otherwise your otherwise healthy heart will be turned into a horrible horrible place filled with horrible horrible cholesterol.

*All Characters enter onstage and look directly at the audience.*

ALL

Only you can save your heart. Only you can stop Cholesterol.

*End.*

#### Untitled #74: Moon Coaster

The world's imploded, luckily I live on the moon. Going to suffocate soon, but still lived that extra second. Better make this second worth it then, what should I do? I'll-I'll build a rollercoaster! And-and years from now when life begins on the moon, they'll see the roller coaster and...and it'll probably kill billions of these things.

Of course, this is assuming that the life doesn't adapt to the coaster. I suppose they'd have to adapt, but what if they adapt much sooner? What if the life becomes the rollercoaster? Then there'd be a spare moon with a living roller coaster. Of course, with the Earth gone I guess the Moon wouldn't be a moon anymore. It'd be a planet named moon. Or rather a dwarf planet named moon. Or maybe it'd drift over to mercury and be a moon to it. Maybe the moon would go to a temp agency with it's living coaster and...do kids birthday parties. When little Pluto celebrates it's trillionth birthday, it could ride the living Coaster of Moon.

Then it's settled! With my last second I'm going to build a rollercoaster! Well there goes my second.

Untitled #75: Milk

I went to the store today, had to buy some milk. Of course, when I got to the milk section I had to decide between 2% or 1% or nonfat or all fat but none of the flavor. I stared at the milk for a while. Maybe five minutes. I guess I was making the store clerks suspicious because one of them came up and asked me if I was finding everything alright. I told him I was finding it more than alright, and pulled out a carton of milk. I can't remember what kind of milk it was...let's see...looks like I've got three percent rice milk. I'm not sure if that's three percent rice or three percent milkfat or three percent ricefat, but it's three percent something.

It cost one eighty seven.

Untitled #76: No Parking Zone

*Paublo enters.*

PAUBLO

Will the owner of a white honda civic, liscence plate 567-HGC, please move their car. You are in a no parking zone. Thank you.

*Paublo exits.*

Untitled #77: How to Fry a Fish

*A single end table is onstage with a false fish tank. The fake fish swim playfully around in circles, occasionally bumping into each other (of course, depending on the size of the false tank, the audience may or may not be able to see this).*

*After a while our protagonist, we'll call him UNNAMED CHARACTER #25, enters.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

Hello. I'm Unnamed Character #25, from the popular television show "It's All Right". But today is not about the economy and living in an apartment with three CRAZY roommates. No, today is about fish.

*Unnamed Character #25 crosses to the false tank.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

These here are Flippy and Crumb, funny names, eh? Well, let's hope they're not too funny, because today we are going to fry them. Now, the first step to frying any fish, be it live or false, is to boil up some oil, until it's hot enough to scald the flesh off of a

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
stagehand. Now, generally this takes somewhere between forty-five minutes to an hour, luckily I have some already made. Cabinet please.

*An cabinet on castors rolls onto stage.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
Now let's get the oil.

*Unnamed Character #25 opens the cabinet and takes out a large saucepan, presumably full of oil.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
First, we need to see if the oil is hot enough. If a stagehand is not ready, a small dog or neighbor will do. In extreme situations, you could even use a fern.

*Unnamed Character #25 takes a teflon cup from either the cabinet or a castor harness that rolled out onstage.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
When testing the oil, you only want to use a small amount, I recommend using a cupful. But don't use plastic cups.

STAGEHANDS  
Why not Unnamed Character #25?

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
I'm glad you asked. Because plastic under this kind of heat will release harmful toxins into your food, and if there's one thing that goes bad with fish, it's toxins.

*Laugh track.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
Yes, I'm very funny. I recommend using teflon. It's strong, durable, and stainless. Take your cup of scalding oil, and throw it at your stagehand, dog, neighbor, or fern.

*Unnamed Character #25 throws the oil offstage. A scream of horrible pain is heard.*

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25  
Ah, it's ready. Once you have your oil, it's just a hop, skip, and a jump to fried fish perfection! Just take the rest of your oil, go over to your tank, and pour the oil in. It's just that easy!

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

But won't that horribly scald you, Unnamed Character #25?

UNNAMED CHARACTER #25

(threatening)

It's just that easy.

*Unnamed Character #25 pours the oil onto the false fish tank.*

*The oil inevitably lands on him. As such, Unnamed Character #25 crumples onto the ground screaming in pain, only getting more oil on him. He screams and screams. Finally the curtain begins to close, and Unnamed Character #25's cries for help become muffled. End.*

Untitled #78: The Puddle

*A blank stage. PAINTERMAN enters with a bucket of paint. Painterman pours the bucket onstage and exits.*

*MISERY enters whistling a merry old tune. Misery walks through the paint.*

MISERY

Huh? Wait... What the-? Paint? *Paint?* WHAT THE HELL KIND OF A STREET DO I LIVE ON WHERE I CANNOT WALK BUT A FEW MILES WITHOUT STEPPING IN GODFORSAKEN PAINT!

*Misery drops down to his or her hands and knees. Misery lets out a final cry of anguish, and rolls around in the paint.*

MISERY

I hate paint. I just really really hate paint. It smells bad, it feels bad, it tastes bad, it's coated in lead. I hate paint. I HATE IT!

*DURPY MCDURMPLEDONG enters with a hose.*

DURPY MCDURMPLEDONG

Dooby dooby doo. Oh, hello sir! I'm Durpy McDurmpledon, and I'm here to show you the magic of water!

*Misery has stopped rolling in the paint and is now facing upstage weeping. Durpy is saddened by this.*

DURPY MCDURMPLEDONG

Well don't cry there, sir. Water's not for shedding out of it's human shell, but for retaining inside of you! Come, let me show you. In my hands I hold a hose: A vehicle for dispensing water. Do you follow me so far? Fantastic. Now, when I turn the head thusly...

*Durpy turns the hosehead slightly and water begins to trickle out of it.*

DURPY MCDURMPLEDONG

Behold! Water! Now...uh...if you... if you uh... turn the head thusly it... uh...it

*Durpy turns the head too much, and water shoots out of the hose. It's like a fire hose. Through the water re-enters the Painterman.*

*The Painterman waves his hand and the water stops. The Painterman waves his hand again and a string of paint falls from the loft onto Durpy.*

DURPY MCDURMPLEDONG

P-Paint? Is this...is this paint? Ahhhh! AHFFF! I HAVE TO GET IT OFF ME! AHFFFHHHH! AHFFFHHHHH! AHFFFHHHHH!

*Durpy brushes frantically at the paint, only smearing it further into his clothes. Durpy panics some more and runs about the stage, slipping in the puddle of paint. Durpy falls into the paint, which causes him only to panic more. Durpy flails in the paint screaming of water and cleanliness, but soon his screams become sobs and Durpy settles into the fetal position in the paint.*

*The Painterman, feeling his job is finished, exits.*

*Pause. Both Durpy and Misery are still and silent in the paint. From the house enters the PONCHO SALESMAN.*

PONCHO SALESMAN

Ponchos! I've got Ponchos! Only one dollar! You'll probably needs them! One dollar ponchos! They come in green and red and purple, but mostly clear! Yes sir, I've got dollar ponchos! Who wants a poncho? Who wants a magnificent poncho, specially engineered to keep you dry when everything else is wet! Ponchos! PONCHOS!

*The Poncho Salesman sells Ponchos to the audience. One dollar for one Poncho. No exceptions. Unless someone wants to spend ten dollars for three ponchos. Then they shall have their three ponchos.*

*Once those who want ponchos have their ponchos, the Poncho salesman exits.*

PONCHO SALESMAN

Thank you ladies and gentlemen, I will be in the lobby if you want a new poncho!

*Pause. THE SOUPMAN enters from a trapdoor.*

THE SOUPMAN

Did somebody say SOUP?!

*No answer. This angers The Soupman. He gets out from below onto the deck.*

THE SOUPMAN

I asked if anyone wants soup. No? No one wants any soup? Even though I worked over the stove all day to make this, you don't want it? Oh, come on! It's broccoli cheddar soup! *Broccli cheaddar!* Who the hell doesn't like broccoli? And put it with cheddar? HOLY SHIT, YOU HAVE A GREAT SOUP! No? No one wants any soup? Well FINE THEN!

*The Soupman takes out a ladle from his pocket and starts throwing spoonfuls of soup at the audience. Let's hope they have ponchos. Let's also hope to God you're not using floor lights.*

THE SOUPMAN

HERE'S YOUR SOUP! HERE'S THE GODDAMN SOUP YOU DIDN'T WANT! GAHHHHHHHHH!

*The Soupman looks down and realizes he's standing in paint, and water, and now probably soup.*

THE SOUPMAN

Oh great. Really great. *I'm standing in paint.* What the hell is a puddle of paint doing on a fucking CITY STREET?!

*The Soupman cries in anguish and twirls around throwing his soup out. Afterwards he lies on his back in the puddle of everything breathing heavily.*

THE SOUPMAN

I just wanted to make some soup. Just a little soup. Why does nobody like soup anymore?

*The Soupman's mumbles and cries become softer and softer until The Soupman lies still in the puddle.*

*The Painterman walks across the stage with a bottle of acrylic paint. The Painterman squirts the paint in a spiral above his head as he walks. The Painterman exits.*

*JOEY ST. OOBLEK enters, carrying a large Tupperware of ooblek (corn starch + water).*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK

(singing)

Carrying some ooblek, carrying some ooblek. I've got myself a giant Tupperware, chalk full of ooblek!

*Joey trips over The Soupman's still body. Joey throws the tupperware of ooblek up in the air, causing it to rain down into the puddle. Joey lands face-down in the soup-water-paint pool.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK

Mmmmmmmph. Ptooeey!

*Joey sits up in the mixture. He finds the empty container, and picks it up.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK

Well, it's gone. That's too bad.

*Joey stands, picks up his container, dusts himself off, and makes to exit.*

*The Painterman enters and waves his hand. Jello rains down from the loft and two small cups of grease are thrown onstage from opposite sides of the stage. Joey St. Ooblek is caught in the middle of it.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK

Pppbbtttt. Jesus, my eyes! Who the hell are you?

Pppbbbt. Pppbbbbbt. Ptooeey.

*The Painterman waves his hands. The jello rain and grease stop. The Painterman takes out a small bottle of tempera paint and approaches Joey.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK

Great, now I'm all greasy and itchy.

*The Painterman invades Joey St. Ooblek's personal bubble.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK

Can I help you?

*The Painterman waves his hands. Misery, Durpy McDurmpledon, and The Soupman all rise from the puddle and join the Painterman.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK  
Who are you?

*The Painterman unscrews the lid to the tempra paint.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK  
WHO ARE ALL OF YOU?

*The Painterman pours goops of tempra paint onto Joey St. Ooblek.*

JOEY ST. OOBLEK  
What the hell is this? Who are you?

*The Painterman empties the bottle of tempra paint on Joey, and leans in close to his ear.*

THE PAINTERMAN  
I am the Painterman.

*The Painterman waves his hand. Blackout. End.*

Untitled #79: Legion of Evil

*The Screen lowers and "LEGION OF EVIL" plays.*

Untitled #80: 1812 Overture

*The lights stay off. The following is said over black.*

*The "1812 Overture", written by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaicovsky, plays.*

*The Clapper Boy stands and claps.*

CLAPPER BOY  
Excellent! Very Good! Congratulations!

*The sound of a crowd leaving plays. The Clapper Boy walks onstage. The floor creaks.*

*There are some faint mutterings about instrument warmth and incorrect notation.*

CLAPPER BOY  
It sounded fine.

*More muttering.*

CLAPPER BOY

No! No it was fine. You did well, and I wouldn't-

*A gun is cocked and shot.*

*Screams.*

*The "1812 Overture" plays again.*

*End.*

Untitled #81: Attention

Scene 1

*Large wooden blocks, somewhat akin to tetris blocks, present a scene that perhaps could be a restaurant. Two people, we'll call them MARTHA and DANT, are sitting at a "table".*

MARTHA

Honey, would you like to try the Pignot Vereier or a more rose-colored wine tonight?

DANT

Honey, I'm planning on having fish. You can't have any red with fish, the fish is already red enough!

MARTHA

But honey, the doctor recommended-

DANT

I don't care what the doctor recommended! I'm going to drink whatever I like with whatever I want-

*Blackout.*

Scene 2

*During the black, these voices are heard, two of them. One of them MR. DIRT the other NOMX.*

MR. DIRT

Number Seven?

NOMX

Yes sir?

MR. DIRT

Is it dark in here?

NOMX  
Yes sir.

MR. DIRT  
Work on that.

NOMX  
Yes sir.

### Scene 3

*Lights rise. The blocks are now set up to emulate a living room. A person with a lampshade over his face, LAMP, speaks to a person in a suit made out of old rugs, RUG.*

LAMP  
Click.

RUG  
Rustle rustle.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 4

*Mr. Dirt and Nomx speak over the dark again.*

MR. DIRT  
Number Seven?

NOMX  
Yes sir.

MR. DIRT  
Are you there?

NOMX  
Yes sir.

MR. DIRT  
It's still dark.

NOMX  
Yes sir.

### Scene 5

*It is the same setup as before: the living room with Lamp and Rug. Only now there is also a person in a large ventilated box, AIR CONDITIONER.*



NOMX

Yes sir.

MR. DIRT

Why, Number Seven? Why?

NOMX

My name's not Number Seven, sir. It's Nomx.

Scene 8

*All of the actors enter on stage and bow. The blocks still read "THE ENT". The actors leave the stage and the doors are opened to the outside world. After ten minutes with the doors open and the stage empty (stage lights still on, though) one of the blocks opens and a SMALL BALDING MAN walks offstage.*

SMALL BALDING MAN

Golly it's cramped in there!

*Blackout. End.*

Untitled #82: Egg Carton

*An empty stage, with a single stool dead center. A Person enters carrying an egg carton. The person sits, and opens the egg carton.*

*The person begins to throw the eggs down onto the stage, with a violent fervor.*

PERSON

One by one, all of them are gone. Once in a field, now gone. Once in a city, now all gone. Slowly and surely, all of the bunnies have been killed.

*The person exits. End.*

Untitled #83: The Milstaker's Magic

Toolbox

*Silence. Absolute silence. No clocks ticking, no people speaking, no pens clicking. SILENCE.*

*Slowly the sound of a faucet dripping is heard. ZBURG THE MILSTAKER speaks.*

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER

Well holy fuck Jesus I need to do some plumbing. I better take out my TOOLBOX!

*Zburg the Milstaker takes out a gigantic toolbox.  
He opens it, and puppet tools pop out.*

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER  
Here you are, Hello hammer!

HAMMER  
Hello Zburg the Milstaker, what do you need me for today?

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER  
I need you for PLUMBING!

HAMMER  
Fan Fucking Tastic. Let me just get some nails, and I'll hammer everything. Hey Nails!

NAILS  
Yeah? What do you want? I have a headache? Are we one person. PLEASE MAKE USE OF OUR SUPPLE BODIES!

HAMMER  
Okay, I'll make use out of everything?

*Hammer hammers and the Nails squeal with delight at each hit.*

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER  
That sure seems like an unhealthy destructive relationship you have there Hammer and Nails.

NAILS  
BUT IT FEELS SO GOOD!

SCREWDRIVER  
(Slowly and sadly)  
Will you need me today?

EVERYONE IN THE WORLD  
NO!

SCREWDRIVER  
(slowly and sadly)  
Oh, I'm just a useless husk of a human being representing a talking screwdriver. I better go eat myself and take out my heart and  
(Screwdrivers voice fades out)

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER  
Is the plumbing done?

HAMMER

I DON'T CARE I JUST WANT TO FUCK!

NAILS

Yes! YES! I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK TOUGH! YEEEEEEEESSSSS!

*Hammer continues hammering the nails. The nails orgasm.*

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER

Wait...EVERYONG WIT SOCKING!

HAMMER

I don't wear socks because I don't have feet.

ZBURG THE MILSTAKER

Then in that case, stop making noise.

*Silence. Absolute Silence. Nothing. Not a sound.*  
*ABSOLUTER SILENCE. End.*

Untitled #84: Dance Party

*An empty stage. A single spot falls upon a person we'll call the DARKMAN. Darkman slowly raises his head, his eyes obscured by shadow.*

DARKMAN

Hello, my little pretties. Now is time for...A DANCE PARTY!

*Dance music comes on, and everyone dances. The lights are welcomed to strobe, and a laser light show is highly recommended.*

Untitled #85: Blocked Again

*The Screen lowers and "BLOCKED AGAIN" plays.*

Untitled #86: Delete

What does it matter what goes next? It'll follow the same pattern as all the others: An unnamed or oddly named character enters, acknowledges its presence on stage and the fact that it does not like being watched, and exits leaving behind it a trail of wreckage. If of course this doesn't happen, then it'll be equally as useless and pointless.

I'd tell you to see something else, but it's been done. I'd tell you to perform something useful after this, but it's been done. I'd tell you something useful, but I can't. After all, who in their right mind would see this anyways? Assuming of course it gets published, which is

highly doubtful as something of the caliber of anything I've written would cost too much to produce and bring in too little income.

And so this piece will gather electronic dust, perhaps occasionally to be opened in the future to discern whether or not this file can be deleted.

The answer is: OF COURSE IT CAN, DOUBLE CLICK AND ERASE THIS FROM EXISTENCE. It will not be missed, it is not treasured, and it's certainly not a good use for the few kilobytes it takes up. Not even a good use of a sheet of paper.

And as this script fades out, as must I. Goodbye.

Untitled #87: Eyes Hurt

My eyes hurt. I've tried to put water in them, but they keep closing. So I've decided to put tape on my eyelids.

It hasn't done much, only made my eyes hurt more. It's probably because of the sharp plastic edges that are digging into my corneas. I should see the eye doctor. He'd know what I should do. Of course he'll probably tell me that the best way to make my eyes quit hurting is to take the tape off.

But if I take the tape off my eyes keep hurting.

So then I should put some water in my eyes.  
But they close unless they have tape on them.  
Have I tried swimming when my eyes hurt? But where would I go swimming, I live in Nebraska?

A Pool.

A Pool?

A Pool.

But I live in Nebraska, we don't have pools.

Well you should build one, i have the plans right here.

I can't read that my eyes hurt.

Then you should put some water on them.

Untitled #88: Dinner Time.

*Lights center stage. There is a dinner table with a FATHER, MOTHER, SON, and DAUGHTER. They eat mashed potatoes and peas in silence.*

*After a moment each family member grabs the nearest food dish to them and throws it to the floor.*

*They eat off of the floor. End.*

Untitled #89: The Squid and TheWhale

*Blackout. The following is said over the blackness.*

*Noises indicating that it is underwater play. Submarines, beeps, waves, and fish. A squid swims by.*

SQUID

Squid squid!

*The Squid wraps its tentacles around a fish.*

WHALE

(a whale song)

Whaaaaaaaaaale! Whaaaaaaaaaale!

SQUID

Squid? Squid, squid!

*The whale attempts to steal the fish from the Squid, the Squid keeps a firm hold on it.*

SQUID

(angrily)

Squid squid squid! SQUID!

WHALE

WHAAAAAAAAAAAALE! WHAAAAAAAAAAAALE WHAAAAAAAAAAAALE!

FISH

(frightened)

fishfishfishfishfishfishfish fish!

SQUID

SQUID!

WHALE

WHAAAAAAAAAAALE!

*The Squid wraps its tentacles around the whale.  
The whale and fish attempt to escape, neither is  
successful.*

WHALE

WHAAAAAAAAALE! WHAAAAAAAAALE!

SQUID

Squidi! Squidsquid!

*A Lobster scuttles up.*

LOBSTER

Lobster?

SQUID, WHALE, FISH

NO!

LOBSTER

Lobster.

*The lobster scuttles off.*

*The whale retches free from the Squid. The squid  
grasps for the whale, and in doing so releases the  
fish.*

FISH

FISH!

SQUID

Squid?!

WHALE

Whale.

*The whale attempts to swallow the whale, the squid  
keeps the jaws from clamping down with its  
tentacles.*

*The Fish swims happily away.*

FISH

FISH! FISH! FISH!

*The squids strength falters, the Whale's jaws  
close in on the Squid.*

SQUID  
Squid squid, squid.

WHALE  
Uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaao uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaao

SQUID  
Squid?

*The whale backs away from the Squid and rests it  
jaw.*

WHALE  
Whale whale.

SQUID  
Squid.

*The Squid and Whale nod in mutual understanding.*

SQUID  
Squid, Squid?

WHALE  
Whale.

*The Whale swims back up to the Squid and opens its  
jaws. The Squid climbs into the Whale's mouth and  
attempts to keep the mouth from closing in with  
its tentacles.*

*The Whale's jaws are prevailing.*

SQUID  
SQUID!

WHALE  
Whale whale.

*A fish batallion swims up and issues a battle cry.*

FISH  
Fish fish fish fish fish fishfishfsih fish. Fish  
fish-fish, fish, fishfish.

*The fish charge at the Squid and the Whale. The  
whale is perplexed by this and the Squid takes the  
opportunity to grab hold of the whale.*

*The fish get closer. The Whale attempts to escape  
from the Squid.*

SQUID  
Squid squid, whale?

WHALE  
Whale whale, Squid!

SQUID  
Squid?

FISH  
Fish-fish fishfishfish fish. [Fish]

*The Fish attack The Squid and the Whale. The Whale attacks the Squid and the Fish. The Squid attacks the Whale and the Fish.*

*War, Death, and destruction ensue. A great battle. When it calms down:*

LOBSTER  
Lobster.

*The Lobster scuttles into the sunset, and the Ending credit theme plays and a voice reads the credits. End.*

Untitled #90: Banana and Peach

*The Screen Lowers and "BANANA AND PEACH" plays.*

Untitled #91: Heads

*The Screen stays lowered and "HEADS" plays.*

Untitled #92: Ron On Bench

*The Screen is still lowered and "RON ON BENCH" plays.*

Untitled #93: Spoons and Eggs

*MR. MXYRPLFG enters with a very large bowl filled with spoons and eggs. Mr. Mxyrplfg begins throwing the spoons and eggs all over the stage.*

MR. MXYRPLFG  
Spoons and eggs spoons and eggs spoons and eggs!

*It rains.*

MR. MXYRPLFG  
IT IS RAINING! MY SPOONEGG TREE WILL FINALLY GROW!

*The SPOONEGG TREE, played by an actor, enters.*

SPOONEGG TREE  
I'm Growing!

MR. MXYRPLFG  
YES!

SPOONEGG TREE  
I have finished growing! I am a spoonegg tree!

MR. MXYRPLFG  
Well what do you grow?

SPOONEGG TREE  
Oranges mostly.

*END WITH AN ABRUPT BLACKOUT!*

Untitled #94: Remember

*Lights rise on an empty stage. Two stagehands bring on a stool and set it center stage, while another group carries in buckets of sand and pours them onstage. A man, SCORN, enters carrying his own chair, and sets it down in the pile of sand. He takes out a vial of green liquid from his pocket and drinks it.*

*Blackout.*

*The lights rise again and only a little pile of ash is left on the chair. A group of stagehands bring on several props from the props storage area, and throw them down on the ground.*

*Four stagehands bring on a table, while another carries a chainsaw plugged into an extension cord. The stagehand with the chainsaw waits for the other four to leave, they put on protective eyewear and protective hearing gear, and the saw the table in half.*

*The lighting changes from a light afternoon to a dark night. The sound is of a busy cityscape. A stagehand brings out a lamppost (fully functional) and Scorn re-enters and leans against the lamppost.*

*Blackout.*

*Scorn has been replaced with a plastic or cloth dummy, and three stagehands each with a box of flowers go out into the audience and throw flowers on them. Meanwhile two stagehands enter onstage and begin to pour out old bottle of stage blood and fake wine.*

*When all of the above are done, all stagehands exit. All stagehands re-enter with brooms and mops and clean the stage. Sometime during the cleaning the doors open and the audience exits. End.*

*If the audience remain chatting in the lobby after ten minutes have passed they are to be herded back into the theatre to see the show again. This will repeat until all audience members flee for their cars.*

*The final step should not be repeated ad infinitum if this piece is being coupled with another. Perhaps only repeat twice. We should try to conserve materials.*

Untitled #95: Nobody Likes The

Monster

*The following is only heard over black.*

*Crickets chirp.*

*The Monster enters.*

MONSTER

I wonder why nobody likes me. It's probably because I'm a gigantic horrible monster.

*The crickets stop chirping.*

MONSTER

Now even the crickets are gone. Oh, I'm a very lonely monster. Boo hoo hoo.

*Water is poured out of a watering can onto pavement.*

*A cardboard box full of dried grass is pushed across stage.*

*Silence.*

MONSTER

Nope. Nobody wants to talk to a monster. I'm just too ugly and fat, and I've got this horrible rash on the

MONSTER

side of my face that makes me look even worse. I wish I could get cosmetic surgery, but I'd still be a monster. And people wouldn't give me surgery because they'd be too afraid of me. Because I'm a monster. A hideous monster.

*A bottle drops to the ground and three stones are thrown in a lake.*

*The crickets chirp.*

MONSTER

The crickets are back? Oh boy! Then maybe I'm not so hideous after all. Maybe there's hope in the world for a horrible monster like myself. Maybe, just maybe!

*An elephant gun is fired.*

*Glandular Diabetes enters.*

GLANDULAR DIABETES

I do say, Man Coma, this looks a perfect place to have a tea party!

MAN COMA

But I forgot the spoons!

*Ending theme music. End.*

Untitled #96: Veet

*On stage is a table with a sandwich on it and several glasses of water. Besides the table there is a doorway, a sink, and several flats. VEET enters. Veet is angry.*

VEET

You want something useful? THEN I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING USEFUL!

*Veet runs amok onstage, screaming and knocking the flats over and breaking them. Veet then runs over to the table and begins shoving the sandwich in his face.*

VEET

Dear God this Sandwich is great!

*Veet throws the rest of the sandwich to the ground, and begins splashing the glasses of water all about stage, afterwards breaking the glasses. Veet knocks the sink over, Veet takes a flat and begins beating it against the table. Veet screams.*

VEET

WHAT MORE DO YOU PEOPLE WANT?

*Veet crumples into a ball onstage and begins rocking slowly back and forth whilst crying to himself. End.*

Untitled #97: Glue

Opened a bottle of glue today and a genie came out. Asked me what I wanted. I said "Glue".

Untitled #98: Sunday Time

*The stage is segmented into three parts. Part 1: A STONE-AGE MAN is holding out a rock to ANOTHER STONE-AGE MAN.*

STONE-AGE MAN

I'm done cooking in the prehistoric oven!

*Part 2: The Stone-Age Man has given the Other Stone-Age Man the rock. Stone age man looks affectionately at the Other.*

STONE-AGE MAN

I made it just for you!

*Part 3: The Other Stone-Age Man either throws the rock on the ground or looks at the rock very disappointingly.*

OTHER STONE-AGE MAN

It's a fucking rock.

*End.*

Untitled #99: It's Nearly Over

*ZAG enters.*

ZAG

Hello everyone, it's me Zag. We're almost finished here, so just sit tight for only a few more minutes. But before you leave, there are a few things we need to take care of.

*Zag sings. There is no musical accompaniment.*

ZAG

We've had quite a time.

With funny people who like to rhyme.

But now we move on to something sterner.

It may displease you to think.

That it's almost time to leave your seat.

But I fear this is almost over.

So.....

Please leave in an orderly fashion.

And don't step on anyone's shoes.

Don't move from your place in line.

Even though it'll take some time.

But you'll save on hospital dues!

Please don't shift anymore in your seat.

It's distracting to both you and me.

Try not to cough.

And if you do, cover your mouth.

So as not to spread disease!

Food is still available in the lobby.

Unless for some reason it is not.

In which case notify the concessions department.

And they'll get you your bar of chocolate!

Exits are located on either side of the auditorium.

Or maybe not, depending on the architecture of the building. The design of theatres varies greatly from place to place, and there's really no way of knowing how many exits are actually in the building. But I assume you remember the way you entered in, so if you go out that door it'll probably end up alright!

When. You. Speak casually to each other.

Please be aware of where you're standing.

Don't block the exits, especially for mothers.

ZAG

Or pregnant people expecting!

To the afformentioned group of people above.

Please keep your children under control.

We're not asking you to beat them with a glove.

But maybe threaten to take away their favorite Troll!  
Even though I don't think those toys are very popular  
anymore.

Don't pull the fire alarm.

That should be rather clear.

But if someone does pull the fire alarm.

You'll be safely guided out of here.

If wine or any other alcoholic substance is available  
for purchase.

In the lobby outside.

Please be aware of the amount of alcohol you can intake  
before becomming a nusience.

Otherwise you will be fined!

And oh you should know.

Don't talk bad about the show.

Unless the actors are far.

And in the parking lot.

If rage is something you've got.

Please don't take out on any other cars.

I'm pretty sure that's everything.

Our walls have asbestos in them, so you should look out  
for that.

And... I think that's everything. And you don't have to  
worry anymore.

Because. We. Are.

*All of the actors enter onstage and dance.*

CHORUS

Goodbye.

So long.

We'll miss you.

Keep in touch.

Do you have my phone number?

Alright, well I wouldn't want you to miss your train.

And it looks. Like. We're. Now...

ZAG

Nearly over!

Yes, it's nearly over!

I swear it's nearly over!

It's probably only a few more seconds!

I've been informed we've got orange drink outside.

You can drink it very soon.

And it looks. Like. We're. Now...

ALL

DONE!

*Fireworks. End.*

Untitled #100: Untitled

*Paublo enters.*

PAUBLO

And so that's it. And what's left in the end? A useful message to go out and change the world? An interesting character study? A way to escape from the world and have an enjoyable evening?

No. In the end all that's left is an untitled work that can't stand alone and even within a body of work it serves only as an ending. The only thing left is another script floating around the world that will never be produced, and if it is it will never be seen, and if it is it will be forgotten the moment the audience steps out of the theatre.

You're thinking I'm going to redeem the previous 100 scripts. You're expecting me to wrap everything up and give you something to take away.

*Paublo smiles.*

*The ushers open the doors.*  
The End.

*Blackout. Audience exits. End.*