

A FOOL ALOOF
(*a punk rock scientific comedy)

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PLACE : New York City

Particles

Kid Codeen : Ex-‘B’ Cowboy Actor
Pinona : Proprietress of the 'Crystal Pistol' Delicatessen
Loorabie Lasix : Lighting salesman and literary agent
Rancine : Punk Rock Singer
Heinrich Snellfast : Archaeologist and Kid Codeen's alter ego
Phil-Philomena : Schizophrenic black Hollywood producer
Reporters

The Horace Chorus

PROLOGUE

----The backs of two whitecoated figures are seen in a bunker at a control panel. In the background the song of the humpback whale is playing. They put goggles on. An atomic test is starting. The test site appears on a projection screen above their heads which is shaped like a rear view mirror and which has fuzzy dice hanging from it.

First Scientist

I need a complete vacuum!

Second Scientist

(Eating a sandwich)

Get a Hoover, no --a Kirby.

(Projected in the rear view screen is a picture of a toilet and a guitar. The sound of a lonesome cowboy song is interrupted by the flushing of the toilet.

Kid

(Stands up with his pants down into a baby spot torso only)

Damn! Who turned out the lights! Who's the comedian!

(The screen changes to an atomic explosion. Cut to black.)

Announcer (on screen)

The following is a paid political announcement. (The Horace Chorus appears and begins a chant; HUMP - BACK - WHALE (repeated voice over whale songs). The song of the Humpback Whale blends into the song 'Angel Baby',--(a picture of a whale as an angel appears in the rear view screen). In a gregorian chant they begin recitation of various atomic weights of elements (a call and response chant half continues while in the background we hear 'Angel Baby'.)

Pinona

(Enters with sandwich. Addressing the audience)

Anybody here ordered Pastrami on Rye with pickles?

(The sound of airplanes and then the soundtrack from the WWII Movietone newsreel "And the skies over London were filled with the gallant men of the RAF.. etc."

The musical collage comes to a sudden halt.)

Pinona

(Donning an air raid warden hat.)

My fellow Americans. If you see a bright white flash

Put your head between your legs.

If you have no legs, put your head between your neighbors legs,

-- and don't inhale. (To black.)

Announcer

Have you been tested for TB? If not, copies of the TB guide are available in the lobby during intermission and after the show.

(Crash and roll turns into a distant rumbling sound.)

Pinona

(Delivering sandwich to second scientist. Looking at the test site. She realizes what is going on)

Is this your idea of a damn joke?

First Scientist

(Hoping to distract her)

There in the fourth row. He's eating!

Second Scientist

Stop!! Hold the test. There's a man out there.

There's a man out there --eating on the test range! Hey!

Whattya think --this is a restaurant?

(The Chorus hums- 'Home on the Range'

Someone in the audience starts singing along loudly out of key and making farting noises. It is Loorabie-he's vacuuming the aisle.)

Loorabie. (He sequeues)

Jumpin Jack flash has gas, gas, gas.

Second Scientist

Cut out that vacuuming. What a jerk!

ACT 1

(scene i)

(Enter Loorabie. He opens the vacuum cleaner bag and a poodle exits. It is dusk. He's also holding a video tape.)

Loorabie

(Furtively)

Well it seems as if our friend has disappeared,-- into these hungry mists.
Come on Fifi,--this is no time for dawdling,--or for puddling or poodling as
it may be. Pee quickly! The afternoon sun flays the skin of ambition from
these high shadows, --soon the tempered squadron shafts of twilight twist
will scramble to their drilling, slaggard eyed rapists and tormented wild
elements.

Out light!

Let vaporous night,--school at her breast all this days' necessities
already expelled as this garrulous gas that hovers over the face of this limp
and littered green.

This -- is no light thing.

No marketable ploy. I am tempered, and thrown back upon my petty devices,
--no more hollywood producers to illuminate my way with mercurial
promises. No matter.

(He lifts a videotape from beneath a rock)

We are still on track and this single track tape will run to double revenues.

For now I'll hide it in that Punk Rocker's locker at the deli.

Who's there?! Company! A bullfrog,--- or just Joe Cocker.

Perhaps some soul that's in despise, to further aid this enterprise.

(Takes off the dog's collar and flings it like a lasso-catching Heinrich who inside a cardboard
box. Fifi having found it, is barking at it.--references to Waiting For Godot adlibbed here)

Heinrich

(Is suffering from a cold).

So,--they still would bark at me ,--spurned down a sooty stair to this indexed shoe box,--sunken in my synopses, unmoored from my grant, set adrift in the lavatory,-enough! Married to the loo and then booted from the library like a , -a dog, I will not pass this cholera! I'm an archaeologist not a whore! What do they know.--I'll prove my find authentic,-cardboard replica indeed! I'll provide them corrugation.

Loorabie

(Having overheard)

--this fruitless extremis overflows its' banks!
Would he graft a bath,--as heated as his ranting to this humor yet,-
Here's a degree of speculation seasoned to my purpose,
one that tolls a familiar union. Donna Nobis Pacem, corrugation.
In excelsior, a defrocked priest still in his cholera.
Or perhaps there's a killing here to be made.
Either way --let's soap these furrows to hurry the plow,
along the shallow shifting burrows this discourse allows.
Hello there Scientist. What is the string of your theory?
Are you hungry?

Heinrich

How hungry?! We live in a veritable cornucopia,--a horn of plenty.

Loorabie

It's corny alright. Like,-- Coppola and you must be plenty horny.

Heinrich

A friendly ear apace. Scientists are hungry for ears.

Loorabie

Breakfast on your theory then.

Heinrich

I reached too high, overshot my mark. It was just this --that ancient Egyptians mummies were once shipped in boxes England and their ground up as apothecaries cure for warts.

Loorabie

A curious script.

Heinrich

It was that premise that started the black plague in Europe. Imported from the ancient Egyptians in their embalming fluid.

Loorabie

A brilliant surmise! Here is your degree. (Hands him a pocket mirror)

Heinrich

But my image, as an archaeologist is tarnished and succors no reflection. Even as these dust laden shards. surfeited with ancient lethargy,
- This dullest of dull may in grander ruminations,
construct strata to yet unexcavated flattery.

Loorabie

They made light of you sir?

Heinrich

Light?! In my ruminations they found only a footnote, the pause --comical.
While I bent a rough knee to officious literary lions,- granted,
a mute rock knee,
--their lips smoothly measured my character,- in mocking tones,
each colleague greeted me with with upraised glass while in committee they
painted me mad.

Loorabie

Yes it sounds all too familiar. I too was a victim of jealousy.

Heinrich

(Coughing) Those that sought to fault me by degrees, found volumes.
Though I wade in dry archaeologies, they'll find a sudden fiercer current,
that, to end this cramping doubt,
now doubled like a water dancer upon this image's grave.

(sneezes)

Crap.

Loorabie

You're ill! Let's pawn this gross matter for now, for the moving image,--
unscreens us anyhow!

Heinrich

I think I'm dying.

Loorabie

No! Don't do that, it's bad publicity. What a story this could make! Sixty Minutes, Inside edition, Eye to Eye with Connie Chung,- Live at Five! That's only scratching the surface -if half your story's true - Barbara Walters even.

Heinrich

I inhabit this, corrugated decaled depression that was once home to a Kenmore dish washer. This is a black hole of life. It sucks all hope into the confines of this noiseless, lightless, fartless void. Thank God for small favors. Right?

Loorabie

You look feverish. Did you ever write down your theory?

Heinrich

I dictated it through a hole in the panel in the crapper in the public library. While I was delirious with fever. I remember,-- there was some cowboy,-- he used to compose songs in the next stall. He wrote it all down in his songs. I was his blind homer.

Loorabie

Listen pal,--we've got to get you some help,-- This story is wild! Just too wild I tell you. But come on let's get out of here before we both get mugged.

(end scene)

scene ii

(AT ABS television studios,-they are getting ready for the taping of people's court and for Rancine's new video. Rancine and Pinona in the hallway,--Rancine is wearing half a horse costume and Pinona is wearing a toga.)

Announcer

People's Court taping is in Studio A, judge, and the kiddie show is in studio B. Five minutes. Get ready ladies.

Rancine

Are you supposed to be a judge?--Whatrya' wearing a toga for? You'd be better off dressed like me fer Chrissakes.

Pinona

Que sera' sera'.

Rancine

Oh I get it,-- it's a sera toga.

Pinona

(Indicating the racing form Rancine is holding)

You should know, miss daily double.

Rancine

You're taping People's Court not Ben Hur. You wanna get fired?

Pinona

If it wasn't for my husband kicking off I wouldn't have to work! That pipsqueak pied a'terrier. That pickled porker picked a peppy pecker.

Rancine

Alright--stop bitching! At least you aren't hitched up to a halfwit cowboy with a radioactive metal plate in his head.

Pinona

What's the matter dear?

Rancine

It's my lazy boyfriend, Kid Codeen.

I sent him to the cleaners for the rest of this costume an hour ago.

He got lost. He gets these amnesia spells--or so he says--cowboys.

(Snorts)

Pinona

He's a cowboy? Wait,-- I think I spotted him on my way to the studio, out in front of the main library. --I know , Kid Codeen the Cowboy Poet right? Didn't he usedta have his own show?

Rancine

That's right. The 'Sunrise With Bankruptcy' show. He replaced Joe Franklin.

Pinona

Yeah,-- a class act. I've seen him, he's cute. His head glows right?

What is he radioactive? Wasn't he on Sullivan?

Rancine

He's a regular isotopo gigio. His brain is government surplus.
Gets memory lapses now when he passes construction sites.
It's weird. Whenever they use those two-way radios,
his brain cells fire all at once. Like the fourth of July.
He can't even hold a regular job anymore.
I even asked my Pops to hire him. He's a government defense contractor-
aircraft carriers. That was a mistake. Kid refused to talk to him
When I showed him his business card.-- he thought it said deafness
contractor and he freaked..

Pinona

Radioactive and dyslexic. What a combo. Speaking of combos,
I'll let you in on a little secret sweetie, --I'm not really a judge. I own the
Crystal Pistol deli. Why don't you come by. I could use a waitress.
That is unless you're making too much money already as the horse
on Mr. Roger's neighborhood here.

Rancine

You mean at the CP deli,- a job? What about Kid?
He's been living at the library since we got evicted. He also has these
amnesia spells. He might not make a very good waiter.

Pinona

Well my food's not all that memorable anyway. That's why I keep coming up with these mnemonic devices. Yeah,-- bring him too! My employees all quit when my track lighting exploded when that kid hit a baseball through the window. Just as well.

I don't know how Louis got convinced to buy all that lighting. People feel like they're getting interrogated while they have a nosh,-- and from Loorabie. I think he told him it was slightly used, at aqueduct, the moron believed him.

Announcer

Okay judge your first case is a copyright infringement case
The gay and lesbian Julius Caesar society v. Orange Julius.

Rancine

Et tu frutus!

Scene iii

A scaffolding is lowered with the Horace Chorus dressed as construction workers -- near the 42nd Street Library)

(Chanted. (First verse twice in fugue))

Chorus

From steel and glass and bubblegum
We square the square and sum the sum
Suspended from our High School classes
For painting portents on our asses
So Janus-like we can espy

(second time splits --Kiss my anus,)

Heaven's command and man's reply

(twice on Sunday, that's where my brain is.)

We seek for firmer matter now
Having mounted Mrs. O'Leary's Cow
To spot the dogged ways of derision
Consult this handsome leather bound edition.

And when we fall we fall for real
Without an apple's sex appeal.

Though we're only hired hands
This one lesson we have scanned
To climb the ladder of erudition
And scoff at the human prostate condition

(They throw the book to the ground
near the prone darkened figure.)

No library contains the trick
Of passing water without your dick
So we seek old Troy beneath the clay
And weave the tale in macrame
And these towers of glass and steel
Make nought but passing clouds seem real.

Like cowboys riding herd upon the sky.

(Leader)

Can't anyone shut up this guy?
So rest assured that by this incantation
We lasso the forms of our imagination.

(throws lasso.)

(A boom is heard and Kid Codeen appears at the bottom of the library steps standing atop a still smoking toilet. Strapped to his arms are what appears to be wings but are actually lavatory stall partitions.)

Kid

(Stepping down to pick up the book, reads...)

‘The human prostate condition’ by N. Lars Juranus.

Chorus

(Chanting)

We build and build
And never pause to grieve
For when daddy long legs starts to shiver,
rest assured it's time to leave.
To unravel our long tale of woe
There's nothing up our sleeves to (loud) prick
Cause there's no library that contains the trick.
Of getting by without your -- (loud) liver.

(Stage left are the lions Stage right is the Horn and Hardardt sign. Kid getting up.)

Kid

I bring you greetings from his holiness,--Gene Autrey the unorthodox,
Founder of the first ever Cowboy church. Hallelujah Brothers let us sing!

Chorus

(sings) Hymn,--Hymn on the range , Where the beer and the canteloupe's
strange.

Kid

Flying Pan Am isn't what it used to be, since they went bankrupt.

Commuter

(With superior disgust)

These homeless look so seedy. What right do these bums have to block our way like this anyhow?

Kid

(Untying himself,--he picks up another book.)

'Spotlight on Common Diseases of the Prostate?' by Philomena Fresnel. No "r's gratis. (Comparing) What boots this division? A colloquy somewhat skewed and decrepit and at odd threads. bound up with a skein of genetic sarcasm,--here inscribed 'To Paul Belfiore, from Sheila Hennings, --all my love and then some' (holding it aloft,---he addresses the crowd) From this tome sprout all manner of diseases that you, gathered here, like wottled weeds seeking the sun, may find a deeper shade to index your ills in. The American Standard Edition, no doubt.

Commuter

Goddam bums. Here.

(flings money at Kid)

Kid

(Pointing to Horn & Hardardt's

Hi Ho,- Silver. Save your copper clad contributions for yon precincts of prune danish. I take nothing in trade but commodities of scorn and sore buns-- yet I am indifferent to scorn, but not to buns, but yet to corn muffins!

(as the sound of jet engines drowns him out the crowd scatters.)

Kid

Hark citizen rat, whither scurriest?

Commuter

I gotta go, -my wife is gonna hit the roof if I'm late.

Kid

Spare me your polyester panegyrics I've worsted your wool.
Or, let your tongue flee to the suburbs of your mouth.

Commuter

She's gonna really hit the roof!

Kid

(More aggressively)

Do not abuse the word 'roof' so cavalierly sir.
It is sacred to my religion.

Commuter

What are you a Rastafarian?

Kid

Fairer than that, as Eve had no roof, and so,
you may construct me Adam,
as roofs certainly have eaves.

Commuter1

Waitaminit! You look just like,--
that Cowboy Poet. Whattzisname? He was on Sullivan

Commuter2

Kid Codeen.

Commuter1

That's it! You was on Sullivan the other night.

Kid

Yes! Wait! That must be me! The costume. The hat! It all fits!
I'm a star, a cowboy poet. How obvious! Thank you sir!
But what tipped you off? Perhaps something in my cadence.
Something dithyrambic, or archaic, or trochaic,

Commuter2

Pound cake.

Kid

Pound cake?

Commuter

That's right. Thank you! I completely forgot.
My wife told me to bring home a pound cake.
No cholesterol. No tropical fats.

Kid

No-cold Lestoil. No topical farts.

Commuter

Hey, how about some of that poetry.

(Throws change)

Here's fifty nine cents.

Kid

What do you think I am, the MacDonal'd's of literature?!

A bard on a bun?!

Other Commuter

Yeah! Show us your golden arches.

Kid

OK, now I'm pissed, -from my book "Change is Power.

Healthier living through money" --

My apple is not strudeled,

I've given up high cholesterol

as well as psycholesterol,--

In fact, all Freud foods.

The Nina, the Pinta and Santa Maria,

discovered the first Club Med in the

Western Hemisphere.

Commuter1

Where'd you get that from?

The walls of the library lavatory?

Crowd

(Chants)

More cadence,-more cadence!

Kid

I'll make my case less dense.

True,- I was lately quartered in that leonine lavatory of literature,
-so save your dewy glances for someone less withdrawn.

Commuter2

Oh yeah and who are you? John Wayne? Your're no poet!

Kid

(gust of wind blows off his hat revealing his head which glows)

I'll master this in some future steep,- or,
off the cliffs of Dover leap.

(chases the crowd away waving his hat.)

(Enter Loorabie and Heinrich)

Heinrich

That's him there. He's the one that has my manuscript
He was living in the next stall and copied down all my feverish ranting
through the holes where they removed the toilet paper holder bolts.
All my research, - he scribbled them down on a roll of toilet paper.

Loorabie

Good day sir. My name is Loorabie, Loorabie Lasix.

Lighting consultant and former newsman.

Aren't you Kid Codeen the cowboy poet?

I've heard of you. Say would you mind if we filmed you.

We're doing a documentary for ABS It's called downtrodden heroes.

About the lives of former TV Western stars who have hid the skids.

Kid

I'll have you know I have friends in high places.

How would you like to take a bath?

(The lion in front of the library lifts it's leg and urinates on Loorabie. It is the other half of the horse costume. Somebody has put it on.)

Come on boys, Giddyap.

I must change into my secret identity. Crapper Man!

(stands on the toilet)

You'd better make your connections,--or it's lights out!

(Spills Loorabie's sample case on the ground)

Loorabie

Maybe I can get your career back on track.

Maybe get you into the movies!

I may only be a lighting salesman,

but I still got connections.

End Act 1

ACT 77

(Dim lights, come up on chorus, then speakers in line one by one in the kitchen of the deli)

scene i

Chorus

The table is set upon this point,
That we grow older yard by joint
Time flies to a fancy, a whim
Unto a bony carved scrim,
Where worn out images mired in the muddy

Track of reputation jockey to the prize
Like whiskered catfish asleep drowsing
in cool obscurity, amidst the dank and dirty streams.
While others schemes fast break to sunnier climes
from out the weeds, caught on crafty lines
into the air erupt where yet others dreamt on
ancient feasts that they have supped
and reflect on waning light caught
in their cups,---So youth sets silver
upon the table where only old men dine.
Don't like it dude?-- (aklimbo) Well Fine!!

scene ii

(back at the studio---Pinona exits to shouts of there goes the judge. Rancine now has on the head part of the horse costume.)

Pinona

Goddam these heels. Goddam Louis!

Rancine

You shouldn't blame your husband.-- he wasn't so bad.
He left you the deli didn't he?

Pinona

In debt,--mortgaged up to my implanted corneas.
Plus all I owe the contractor for the repairs,
--since the sonic booms I been going thru plate glass
like it was Sweet & Low..

Rancine

Where is Kid with the other half of my horse costume,
- He's late again,-I swear, that's the last time
I send him to the cleaners that half assed--

Announcer

Wait for your cue!

Rancine

(Gestures)

Fer yer cue too!

Pinona

Oh you must be the artistic type.

Rancine

This damn thing, - I can't hear anything with this damn horse head on.

(Takes it off)

Pinona

Goddam Louis and his freaking track lighting!

Rancine

He keeps telling me that he's gonna get another big book and movie deal,
so I can be a full time singer.

Pinona

Who does dear?

Rancine

Some studio supposedly is sending some bigshot executive to negotiate
a contract. It's a lotta horse shit if you ask me.

(spot stage right on Rancine- stage left on Kid who enters mid-way)

Rancine sings...

Some people who's minds are very sound,
Say that life's just a very,--merry go round.
But this amusement park is getting quite dark,-
And all those who said it's a game it's a lark
have gone home long ago,--

(Refrain)

I don't want a lover that glows in the dark
Cause when he turns off the light.
It's still much too bright for sparkin'
He may have some quirks and a whole of quarks
But for all that he still don't know about parkin'.

When it comes to a little rendezvousin'
I'm thoroughly modern through and through and
I'll render this to that rendezful guy
who can warm up my chicken pot pie-

(Both Kid and her spoken)

at the automat no one's skinny or fat
Though I try hard not to be stuck up and pedantic.
Horn and Hardardt's not my idea of romantic.

(Double spot on Kid in the street,--a duet)

She's the Princess of Palisades Park

(Kid top line)

I'm the "" "" "" ""

(Rancine second line) etc.

She's the first to discover if I'm out for a lark.
And I don't need a lover that glows in the dark.

And the jewels in her crown
But just let him fool around

Are the lights of the merry-go-round. (Ouchh!)
I'll punch out his lights,-change his verb to a noun

Glowing and going round and round
He'll be more oar than rowing

Like a boat with one paddle
He'll be ridin high in the saddle.

(Together:)

In the dark,--at the park , -from now on.
When it's dark --from now on-from now on.

scene iii (in front of the library)

-- (Kid appears wearing a flightsuit in a flash of smoke in front of the library,-. Loorabie in a director's chair.)

Heinrich

(Holding a movie camera and his briefcase in the other hand.)

The librarian is trying to grab the briefcase under his arm.)

Hey, What copyright? The author's been dead for four thousand years.
Why the hell can't I withdraw them?? My card's not expired!

(Enter Ross Ballen)

Librarian

Those papyrus are for the exhibition, they don't circulate.

Ross

What's going on here?,-

Loorabie

Who the hell are you?

Ross

I'm Ross Ballen, Ballen Aerospace. I'm on the library board.

Kid

Well who wouldn't be.

Librarian

Mr. Ballen. You see Mr. Ballen. This is the permit they showed me.
Signed by hizzoner the Mayor. It says to put the library facilities at the
disposal of their filming. Surely that doesn't mean the exhibits.

Loorabie

You're holding up my shoot.

Ross

(Examining)

(Aside) Ohh, Kid Codeen huh, I'll put something up your chute.

(To the librarian) I'm afraid this looks legitimate.

It says they can use any of the libraries resources for their filming,--without restriction.

Kid

Run along now Secretariat. Jockey your gaze more soundly,-

Ross

(To Loorabie)

How'd you get this anyway?

Loorabie

Come now, 'What Color is your Parachute!'.

Librarian

What does Secretariat have to do with ancient Egypt or parachutes,--
I want those papyri back! These have to do with ancient egyptian gods
not some race track. This is all very confusing. Mr. Ballen, Mr. Ballen!

Ross

I think you and I had best have a little chat.

I need someone who knows how to play the game in this town.

Someone savvy,--who knows which strings to pull.

Loorabie

That's a Horus of a different color! Hey that's good.
Perhaps you 've seen 'The Bird Man of Alcatraz?'

Ross

No I haven't.

Loorabie

Speaking of pull,--I'm filming the sequel, Bikers from Rikers.
Equal time for the East Cost you know. This city loves sequel time.

Librarian

Ohh that's disgusting,-bird droppings on my papyrus! Mr. Ballen!!

Ross

I don't care if you do have a permit.
You cannot remove those from the library! They're irreplaceable.
What do you think this is, --Horn and Hardardt's!?
This is not a cafeteria for antiquities!

Heinrich

They're just Egyptian junk.

Librarian

Junk! How dare you?!

Heinrich

4000 year old illustrated toilet paper. Believe me.

Kid

Tut tut. Behold across this glittering gulf. Everybody!

(To the tune of Home on the range like Marurice Chevailie.)

Home, Home a'la'Orange.

Where your quarter's will have ampler play.

Ross

How did you manage get this permit?!

(Loorabie takes it and eats it.)

Loorabie

Loorabie Lasix productions, —(bowing) eat your cervix.

Kid

Don't mind him He's got a food fetish.

He never would have lost his job on Channel 6
if he hadn't shaved his body and smeared himself
with Peter Pan Peanut Butter on the air.

Librarian

Pervert!!

Loorabie

How'd you know?

Kid

One time they found him with a poodle and a personal pan pizza.

Ross

(To Loorabie),

--I'd like to discuss this with you.

Perhaps,--over a couple of eggrolls.(They exit)

Librarian

But Mr. Ballen,-- the papyrii.

Kid

Heyy,--I'm still on the clock you know.

Heinrich

(Sneezes on the papyrus . Librarian gasps and faints.)

Snot original.

Kid

(Takes off his hat and his head is glowing)

Makeup!

(Heinrich gasps and faints.. end scene)

Scene iv (back at the studio)

Pinona

Yeah, somehow I always fall for some no good sonuvabitch ,--good judge of cold cuts--poor judge of character. It was those sonic booms. That's what shattered all the plate glass windows in the deli and the lighting,-- so Louis gets this lighting contractor, to redo the whole place. Loorabie Lasix

Rancine

Loorabie Lasix? Sounds like a real heartthrob.

Pinona

Yeah 'You light up my life Loorabie',- Then I find out that Louis blew all our savings at the track. Next week, he croaks! All his bookies started calling me. Night and day I realized I didn't have enough dough to pay for the renovation. Plus I still owed his dentist for his new set of dentures. I tried to return them,--.

Rancine

So, let me guess 'lightbulbs R us' came up with a bright idea so that you could pay off your bills and keep the deli.

Pinona

He used to be in with this network here, before he got canned, he was a late night newscaster. Yeah, he's the one got me this part time job on People's Court so I could pay off the repair bills. Still got connections,-and he's kinda sweet. He's also trying to make a big comeback. obsessed with it. Wants to be a movie producer. He's emotionally generous by nature.

Rancine

Yeah he sounds like real altruist.

Pinona

No, I think he's a tenor actually.

Rancine

So now you're sweet on this Loorabie character that you owe a bundle to. I have to tell you Pinona, it sounds to me like he thinks of you as cash cow. A source of moolah, a gravy train of of skid row.

Pinona

He thinks the world of me. When he got me this job he said,-
he knew it was beneath me but not to worry
because anything beneath me wouldn't last too long.
I didn't want to take it at first.
But he convinced me it was my fate.

Rancine

Really!

Pinona

Yes. Plus he said I was telepathic,--that I had a face
that reminded him of George Sandwich on TV.

Rancine

Oh yes, the famous cold cut authoress and talk show host.

Pinona

What,--?.

Rancine

This deafness must be contagious.

Pinona

What are you taping today?

Rancine

You mean besides my ankles.

Pinona

Another workout video? You're not pregnant are you?

Rancine

No,-- it's a spiritual self help type of thing,--

Pinona

Oh you mean like a seance,--

Rancine

It's for relieving stress by gardening. The tape's called
'My baby stopped his tension at the Cooperative Extension.'

Pinona

Sometimes I think I'm psychic. Once I heard the voice Patty Duke
at a seance. 'Hazel, Hazel,--Loorabie is a psychic too.
He set one up after my husband passed away.

Rancine

Sounds like he was trying to collect a bill.
Credit Counseling from the afterlife. Some Psychic.

(enter Kid)

Kid

--That's just what I need,--a sidekick.

Rancine

Psychic not sidekick. Where have you been?

Kid

I was filming a movie,--- and I just stopped on the way at the Seven Eleven for some Dimetap.

Pinona

That's what he charged me exactly,-at the seance,--at dime a tap.

Kid

Who charged you?

Pinona

Loorabie,--for the seance a dime a tap. Ten bucks for levitating the table.

Rancine

Who's Loorabie?

Pinona

He was only the medium. Not the massage.

Kid

Loorabie?-- he's the guy I just met near the library.
He got my car out of the impound. I just took a shower at his place.
He lives in the new Trump condo.

Rancine

Let me guess,- called 'Kar Kleen'.

Kid

Say,- when were you at his house?

Pinona

He really gets around for a psychic.

Rancine

They towed the convertible again!
You musta parked in the handicapped spot again,
--Weren't there signs.

Pinona

Oh sure there were,--plenty,
--we were holding hands around the table
in the studio cafeteria,--

Rancine

I mean in parking signs.

Kid

Yeah but, all it had was a picture of a ball on top of a dogsled.
I thought it was reserved for some Eskimo basketball team!

Pinona

Then,-I felt something touch my leg. --the table started to rise,
I screamed,-- Louis!-- It's not Louis, Loorabie says--
it's the ghost of Felix Frankfurter come to give you guidance
for your role on the Peoples' Court. That's how I got started in the biz.

Kid

The doctor said I have multiple personality syndrome. MPS.
That's why my car keeps getting towed.

Rancine

Aw shut up with your PMS! How could you get towed again.
Hello? Your brain must be completely fried!
You get everything mixed up.

Kid

They tow all the illegally quarked particles.

Rancine

You don't have to be a rocket scientist to find a garage.

Pinona

I don't know why I even bothered trying to contact his spirit.
I mean living with him was hell,
--You know how some people can be.

Rancine

Howso? You didn't get along.

Pinona

Louis was a regular Torquemada.

Marriage to him was torture,--like the Spanish inconvenience.

All he did was whine in the basement!

Rancine

Sounds to me like Loorabie was the real home racker.

Kid

That reminds me,--I left my cough syrup at the 7-11.

Rancine

So what! You can get it on the way back. What's the rush?

You just got here.

Kid

No no,--I need the bag. The big movie deal for my book was in the same bag with the cough medicine.

Rancine

Yeah sure. What big movie deal?

Rent two and get an extra night free?

Kid

That fellow Loorabie you were just talking about,
he read my book. "Change is Power", and
--he said it would make a great screenplay. He's gonna be my agent.

Rancine

You got a movie contract and left it at a 7-11.
Right?!

Pinona

It was in the bag,-- with the cough syrup! Are you deaf?

Rancine

This is Pinona Snew,--she runs the Crystal Pistol Deli.

Kid

Oh right. The one on Sixth Avenue.

Rancine

She's offering us jobs there. Real paying jobs.
Not some pie in the sky.

Pinona

Free room and board and your own parking space.
A lot of producers come there for lunch.
You could both get discovered.

Kid

I've got to get back to that drugstore.

Pinona

What about the job?

Kid

Yeah sure, okay,--but only if you'll let me have my book signing party there.

Pinona

Deal

(Kid exits)

Pinona

Did he really write a book? Or is he,--.

Rancine

No,--three of them in fact. "Memoirs of An Amnesiac", "Change is Power" and "The Black Plague Mummy Ship." He claims he didn't really write "Black Plague Mummy Ship" himself. That it was dictated to him by the spirit of a famous Research Archaeologist who died in the 42nd Street library lavatory. He was supposedly killed there in a freak flushing accident.

Pinona

Maybe it was Louis, he was a dictator and he once had an accident in Flushing. Does he get some income from the books? Were they published?

Rancine

Yeah---not plug a nickel though,--when the publisher asked him if he wanted royalties he started shouting 'Sic Semper Tyranis!' The publisher thought it was a museum charity and that Kid was some kind of eccentric millionaire so all the royalties go to the museum of Natural History. Now, since he's been showing up in front of the library they just think he's nuts . The court ordered that until he's psychologically evaluated all the royalties go into an escrow account.

Pinona

Escrow, what coincidence! That's my favorite vegetable. Anyway this sounds like a case for,--
(a boom is heard and the lights go out.)

Both

The people's court!

end scene iv.

Scene v

Loorabie

Take two. (Puts away camera)

(Back in front of the library,-- Kid Codeen is unhooking from his parachute. Heinrich is filming him as Loorabie directs. He is back in front of the library, --what looks like a toilet lands next to him.---The spotlight is on him,-it is only later that we see Loorabie is filming him.

Kid

Whuh,--happened,-- last thing I knew I had a SAM up my ass over Hanoi,-
- and I bailed out. How'd I get here. This don't look like no Hanoi. --
Where the hell,-- waitaminute (Looking in the toilet)This looks familiar.
Waitaminit I'd know this toilet anywhere.

Chorus

Such is the fate of poets,--to be recognized by society only after their
works have ripened societies sensibilities,--and they have already passed.
(Farts)

Librarian

Poet!,- what would a poet be doing strapped to a toilet seat anyway? Did you bring back the papyrus.

Kid

How can you think of fruit at a time like this.

Librarian

I thought as much. Well this time I'm ready for you. I brought a policeman with me.

Policeman

Can someone tell me what the hell is going on here?

Loorabie

(Stops filming) I'll tell you what we're doing officer.-- testing this top secret mechanism for the Navy,- it's a crapper from the new midget jets the navy ordered. We're testing them for the manufacturer, Ross aerospace. This is government business.

Heinrich

Besides, those weren't real papyrus? They were just copies

Librarian

Of course they're real,-- they've been authenticated by the Museum of Art. They're here research purposes. They draw researchers from all over the country. Mr. Ballen,-- is on our board. But I think this bunch are foreign spies. I've seen them lurking around the library in the bathrooms and whatnot. Listening to other peoples conversations.

Commuter

Ahh,-- he's no spy I see him here every day,--spouting his poetry
crap for quarters, ---like Ferlinghetti.

Kid

You fly in the face of reason,--I am more like Browning. Rather,-- I crap in
your spout. Get ye some flypapyrus and catch his treason. To port with
this air. I am no beggar,--no berobed blister obstructing the gait of human
kind, fax me a reaction and I will sprout under the heat of your scrutiny.
Squeeze me not with your squints,--I'm no human sponge. (Takes off his
hat to reveal his glowing head)

Heinrich

But you are! Your're Kid Codeen. The human readioactive sponge!!

Kid

How so?

Heinrich

I didn't realize it till you took off your hat. Listen to me!
The plate in your skull that glows. I read about it in the scientific journals
while I researched my work here. I've read all about your case. You were
caught on the test range in Nevada when they were doing the nuclear tests.
The steel plate in your head it absorbs radioactivity. That's why I kept
following you.

Kid

I though you were just another pervert.

Policeman

What kinda crap is this.

Heinrich

It took me years to figure out why the carbon fourteen tests confirmed their being real. You see I always knew these papyrus were fakes, in fact I staked my reputation on it,--but the museum insisted they were originals? That's how I lost my reputation in the archaeological community. They were stored in the case by the wall that's next to the bathroom. Your head absorbed most of the carbon fourteen radiation so the tests showed them to be original middle kingdom. Your steel plate absorbs carbon radioactivity. They all laughed at me,-- when I said they were fakes.

Policeman

Does someone want to tell me what the hell is going on here. Is this for real or is it part of your movie?

Loorabie

Since we're finished filming you can return the papyrus, I don't personally give a crap if they're real or fake--right,

Ross

(Enters,-- have you got it).

Do you have my footage.

Librarian and Loorabie

Your footage!

Policeman

Who the hell are you?

Ross

I'm the one financing this movie.

(both are tugging at Heinrich's cameral)

Loorabie

I said you'd get your copy of the film. When I'm ready. Arrest this man!

Ballen

Arrest me!! Arrest him (Kid). He's a test pilot that stole one of my jets ejected and crashed it into the Meadowlands.

Librarian

What is going on here? This is confusing. He's no test pilot? He's just a bum. I've seen him before and in the library.

Policeman

(Grabs Ross)

You're coming with me.

Ross

Alright, I'll tell you, My company developed that thing. It's a combination ejection seat and toilet.

Policeman

Toilet! I thought you said you built jet airplanes,--not toilets.

Ross

We just developed for our midget spy planes. For extended reconnaissance missions.

Librarian

You're spying on midgets?

Ross

They're a highly maneuverable plane designed specifically for urban combat and reconaissance. Supposed to be hush hush,-- They can stay in the air for two days without refueling and -well the pilot has to go somewhere.

Kid

Off with his head!

Ross

I was trying to do this quietly. If the Pentagon found out I subcontracted the test it'd sink the project. But I couldn't get permission to fly them in a populated area. I needed to show the top brass how maneuverable they are in an urban environment.

Kid

Oh,--you must be from the army! There's no pup in my tent,--that's Loorabie's bag.

Loorabie

I show you whose pup is in the tent.

Ross

All I'm interested in is the footage. How did you ever get permission to film a jet test flying in an urban area?! I tried the FAA the CAA and the DOD all my requests were DOA. They nixed testing in a urban area. They all said too risky. How'd you get the permit?

Loorabie

New York City tourist bureau.

Ross

What?

Loorabie

The film department of the tourist bureau issued it. Something about trying to get more independent filmmakers to work in New York City. I asked them if I could have the plane crash into the Washington Bridge. They said they'd get back to me.

Librarian

I should have stayed in non-circulating.

Policeman

Why are you married?

Librarian

Separated.

Loorabie

Listen Ross, --I need a copy of this tape for my movie 'Black Plague Mummy Ship'. I can't afford to film the scene with real jets on my budget. Don't worry you'll get your copy. I promise.

Ross

But we have to keep this quiet.

Loorabie

I have a friend at the studio who'll make a copy and I'll send it to my regular drop point in the park by courier.

Ross

Just remember Loorabie. I own the original. That tape belongs to me. I don't care what you do with the copies.

Loorabie

I'll give you the original,- By the reservoir tonight in the park at 10:00.

Ross

Fine (begins to leave). By the way. What's your movie about?

Loorabie

What's it to you?

Ross

I have a daughter trying to break into the biz.

Loorabie

An outbreak of the black plague hits New York City and they have to blow it up to save the country.

Ross

Unbelievable. Sounds like a hit to me. But I think I better leave town pretty quick.

(exit Ross)

(Enter Rancine near the front of the library steps, she's on rollerskates wearubg T-shirt that says 'Drugs ate My Dog! he crashes into Heinrich who goes flying with the librarian and the papyrus.)

Heinrich

Can't you watch where you're going? These are Egyptian antiquities.

Rancine

Sorry! It wasn't my fault you know.

Kid

She's the Queen of Denial.

Rancine

Hey moron! Did you forget about your book promo?

You were supposed to be at the deli hour and a half ago.

Pinona's got six trays of miniature eggrolls in the oven

and a whale made entirely from chopped liver.

You've got some Cuban expatriate transvestite named Philomena, says she's in from some studio.

Kid

She's one of those Castro Convertibles? Loorabie told me to wait here, while he went to look for the contract she sent.

Rancine

If I were you I'd watch out for that guy Loorabie. He's a con artist if you ask me.

Kid

I don't believe it. He's the one that insisted I read the contract on signing the options for my book to him for this movie. I was just going to sign it but he insisted I have a lawyer check it. He said he'd even find me the lawyer.

Rancine

So there really is a movie contract? I don't believe it.

Kid

Well it's kind of a budget production. I lost it on my way to see you at the studio.

(Enter Loorabie)

Loorabie

Don't worry kid. I found it,--- right here you can sign. Heinrich call the TV news people. Tell them that we'll have a major announcement about the movie version at the book signing.

Kid

(staggers and holds his head)

Where am I?

Rancine

Kid!

Loorabie

(To Heinrich) bring those rushes you just shot to the lab right away to develop and bring them right to the book signing party. With these in the can we can, they'll have to take us seriously.

Rancine

Help him!

Heinrich

But—

Loorabie

Don't worry tell 'em its in the can.

Kid

No, I'm OK, That's right I was in the can.

Then I heard this explosion.

I think it was in New Jersey.

Loorabie

If that agent is coming here it means we can write our own movie
Oh, and Heinrich,

Heinrich

What?

Loorabie

Could you do me a favor and pick up my cough medicine at Duane Reade?
I just can't seem to kick this cough, I think I caught it from Kid. I called in
the order. It should be ready. Here's the money and the prescription.

Heinrich

But that's a hundred dollar bill!

Loorabie

Just give it to Louis at the pharmacy, tell him I contracted a nasty cough
he'll know what to do. And then meet me at the deli. Oh jeezus, I never
finished Pinona's wiring, --she could blow all her lighting again. My dear,
do me a favor and when you get back there, make sure no one turns on all
the lights till I get there.

Rancine

And how on earth am I supposed to do that?

Loorabie

I don't know,--distract them with a video or something. I'll come later
with Kid. He just needs to rest a minute.

Rancine

Alright. (She skates off). (cut to black)

Heinrich

(Near Duane Reader)

Expensive cough syrup.

(He looks in the bag and Kid Codeen's contract is in the bag. Reading)

“Production Contract”. Hey,-- This is Kid Codeen's movie contract.

So it wasn't a fantasy after all,-won't Rancine be surprised. But this will mean the end of my career. Without him and that radioactive plate in his head I'll never be vindicated in the eyes of my colleagues, my plans ruined, my posterity, my cast iron thesis left to rust in unmortgaged shallow watery places

A maladjusted parallel this, but

Mark! Those who have long suffered here,

Often expire upon offense,-offense finding even a grave too dear.

(he pockets the contract.)

I had better show this to Loorabie.

He'll know best how to captain this seize, whether it be politesse or politease,-- or just a (sneezes, wiping his nose) –jeez.

scene v--at the Crystal Pistol Deli in the dining room there are faded movie star posters on the walls, the plate glass windows have tape on them and the lighting is dangling.
Rancine is standing at the jukebox. A TV crew is setting up to interview Kid.

Rancine

(Shutting the lights)

Say you guys mind taping my next video as long as you're here.
Save the studio a few bucks.

Cameraman

Sure, why not. We got some extra tape. Hey who cut the lights.

Rancine

Ya got a quarter sailor? I need some heavy breathin' number
on the jukebox --I need a meltdown!

Sung by Rancine with the construction crew in hula grass skirts to the tune of "We're Havin' a Heatwave." As the jukebox plays;

We're havin' a meltdown
A nuclear meltdown,--
The temperature is rising
My gene's are revising,
We're havin' a meltdown.

(Verso)

The tropical sun is more fun
Where the girls wear bikinis
But please check your ticket
Cause there's no place to stick it

If you're lookin at one
Who prefers the Pacific
With no bikini at'all

(Chorus)

If you're nuclear plant is
Growing at a rate that's alarming
And you're heavy water's so heavy
That it just went through the floor
Don't pause to levy any conversation
That you think may be disarming
Don't stop to say au revoir
To your potted palm
As you head for the door.
(Au Revoir,--Bye Bye.)

(Chorus to the side in the kitchen enter Loorabie. Kid is peeling potatoes)

Loorabie

Is she always like that?

Kid

It's worse when she's working a tray.

Loorabie

Waitressing?

Kid

(Lays down a hand)

Gin Rummy. No those workout tapes,-make her crazy.

Heinrich

(enters)

(furtively)

I've got to talk to you.

Loorabie

Can't it wait. I'm working on the lights. Did you get the syrup.

Heinrich

More than that,--look at this! (They go aside)

Loorabie

Give me that!

(takes the contract).

Heinrich

It's a contract signed by Kid from the movie studio,--he agreed to give them the book rights for free if they let him star in the movie version. If he goes back to work,-- I'll be ruined. It'll be the end of my research! I need his head. Unemployed.

Loorabie

I think you should leave this with me. Although I know Kid wouldn't try to me out! His agent. Right?

Heinrich

--if he goes off to hollywood that's the end of my scientific career.

Loorabie

Are you that ambitious Heinrich. Believe me, your research will see the light of day even it is has to be in my screen version of the Black Plague Mummy Ship, –it must, it will come to light, believe me.

Heinrich

How can you exploit my theories for mere entertainment.

Loorabie

Don't worry my friend, --I have every confidence your theory Will prove true. Black Plague Mummy Ship will be made as a docudrama for the Discovery Channel! Not a mere bauble for thrill seekers.

Kid

(Rancine and Kid are arguing)

I've got poetic license. I don't need your script.

Rancine

Yeah, --Who're you? T.S. Eliot? You're gonna need a doggie license when I get through wipin' the floor with your ass.

Kid

Talk to my agent here. The lightheaded salesman.

Loorabie

So I'm lightheaded. No heavy metal.

Kid

Well because of your filming schedule I'm late for my book signing!

Loorabie

I just wanted them to warm up before you made your incandescent entrance. Entertainment tonight is sending a film crew to do an interview at the book signing. You need to make an entrance. That's why I had you come here first, let them film the scenery.

Rancine

Really, is that why you hired all the hookers? For Scenery?

Kid

You hired hookers for my book signing party! Are you crazy?

Loorabie

I told the agency, they had to be literary types, familiar with Moby Dick, -! And they're not hookers, they're just topless personal construction workers, after they're done here --they have to clean and repaint my apartment.

Rancine

Right now they're mixing cement in the basement. I can lend them to you.

Kid

Can they type?!

Rancine

Probably hunt the pecker method.

Kid

I'm leaving,--screw this party and screw you too Loorabie.

Rancine

(To Heinrich)

Say you're not with the ET?

Heinrich

(To Rancine)

ET!? Allow me to introduce myself more formally since my friend seems to have overlooked it. Heinrich Schnellfast, archaeologist. Perhaps you've heard of my work on Egyptian pharamcology?

Rancine

Oh really,-- an archaeologist? You study things like,mmm, amusement parks?

(starts jogging in place).

Heinrich

No not arcade, arkay,-I stidy things like Egyptian Gods. Horus for instance.

Kid

You should have field day with Loorabie's hookers!

Rancine

I had a bobby doll when I was a kid.

Heinrich

I mean old things like,- I write about artifacts.

Rancine

Oh yeah, Artie Fax, I used to date him before, Kid. What're ya
Writin a theses on all my boyfriends!? You're not a stalker?

Kid

Yeah,--he is a stalker.

Rancine

(Still jogging)

The facts make an interesting monograph,--or whatever,-maybe a
monoplane,-- and a plain paper fax. Too trendy! -- I'm into eternal ideas
like unsightly facial hair. Women used to be burned at the stake for it.
Now they use electrolysis.

Heinrich

(To Kid)

You are her boyfriend, tell me, Would it cause her great distress to
occasionally pause between sentences, even common sense warrants that
instead of stampeding your sibilant semantics like a herd, or more aptly
horde, of mastodons to the La Brae tar pits, perhaps in a million years they
will prove as illuminating as a Peat Bog.

Rancine

Waitaminit. I used to date a Pete Boggs. You are a stalker! I'm gonna bust
you one buster right in the chops , Archaeologist as if someone really
studies Bobby Kennedy, I shudda known you were a pervert, hangin' out
with Loorabie.

Kid

I'm sure it's a coincidence.

Heinrich

Would your words be less well preserved if there was a pause in their macho march to moribundity instead of one tumbling over the other toward what end I cannot tell, in some indistinguishable hairy mass.

Rancine

Hey, I once dated a guy named Harry Mass. Or was it Harry from Mass.

Loorabie

(Yelling)

I need a screwdriver.

(Kid exits and hands him one)

Not that kind! A Philips.

Rancine

How about those two losers,--Loorabie wants me to feature Kid, my boyfriend there in my exercise video. He can't even jog his memory

(she yells to Kid)

Hey, save me some eggrolls.

(She begins to jog away)

Heinrich

Wait,--is it true? Are you really Queen of The Nile?

(runs after her,--they jog out)

Loorabie

The great geezer of the pyramids there,- looks like he's makin time with your girlfriend.

Kid

Really. Rancine is so un-classical. What could Heinrich want her for? Speaking of which, why is he interested in this movie?

Loorabie

Shh!!-- he thinks this is research. I told him it's going to be a documentary. I'm only looking out for your interests.

Kid

I still can't figger what would Paramus Studios want with a washed up 'B' Cowboy actor anyway. I don't blame Rancine, she's the one that's getting play on MTV.

Loorabie

Yeah maybe you're right Kid.
Maybe they just want to get on your good side, using you till they sign Rancine for her exercise videos.
She's the punk Jane Fonda. Ever since "Backstab your flab." came out.

Kid

Maybe you're corralling the wrong pony.

Loorabie

Goin for the quinnella? No, I could nevert be Rancine's agent.
--she's too,- immature.

Kid

Yeah, her sister is the same way. I think it runs in her family.
When her ancestors landed at
Ellis Island they were looking for the Statue of Puberty.

Loorabie

I'm sensing a little friction. How did you two meet anyway?

Kid

Well,--I was deliverin' flowers for Geronimo's florists.

Loorabie

Oh yeah, I've seen the ads,--"Bury the Hatchet. Send Some Flowers."

Kid

Anyway,-- one night I'm on my delivery route in my cowboy outfit and I
got an order,- and I see how the billing customer and the delivery name are
the same. So I figure,--some lonely heifer must be sending flowers to
herself.

Loorabie

I can see you now,--driving off to the sunset --the Lone Hydrangea.

Kid

--Anyway, I get to the apartment, write a note, and I hand her the flowers
like they were from me. She gave me this blank look.

Loorabie

Really? She forgot she ordered them?

Kid

Yeah, she musta had a memory lapse.

Loorabie

Deliverin' flowers must be tough, expecially if you're radioactive.

Kid

Yeah,--There's no market for mutated Carnations. (The roar of jets) What's that? Looks like a squadron of F-14s all headed to Jersey at Mach 2--I imagine.

Loorabie

Yeah, a real big Mac. Quick go outside you gotta make a big entrance for the cameras.

(Rancine jogs in listening to her 'Walkman' miming a drum solo. A sonic boom is heard and the stage goes black ,the sound of breaking glass.)

I love this business!

(Lights come up. The windows are broken and lighbulbs shattered, the drop ceiling has really dropped, the plate glass windows are all taped and shattered)

Rancine

Takes off here headset. Wow that was a heavy drum solo! Like Wipeout!

(Enter Philomena)

Philomena

So you must be Rancine. Where's your boyfriend and his slimy agent. I

heard there was a book signing. I had an appointment with them.

Rancine

You mean the dyslexic duo? Yeah ET is coming to do an interview. Here's the setdressers now.

Philomena

Maybe Loorabie's decided he's go bigger fish to fry.

Rancine

Well,--Sorry. I have to get ready for my gig. I'm the defendant on The People's Court today. Plus my band is supposed play at the stupid book signing party. We're supposed to be on Good Morning (Some of) America, live,

(Enter Pinona with a large fish made of chopped liver --lights come up on Loorabie who is above the drop ceiling with a fishing pole and a suitcase next to him.)

Stagehand

(Yells up to ceiling.)

Heyy pal,--we need some spotlights down here. Got any spares?

Loorabie

Get stuffed--you walking case of dermatitis.

Stagehand

How 'bouta couple of the baby spots?.

Loorabie

Get screwed. You television guys make me sick.

Stagehand

Who does that asshole think he is?

(Lights come up on the inside of the drop ceiling. Loorabie sings)

Some people write songs about the moon
And the moon is alright if you're out at night
and it's free,--but to light up your life
There's nothing like neon believe me
And today I've sold more bulbs than there are,
perverts on the IRT.

Yes business is booming
You can bet I'm assuming
That my amperage is ampler
Than the city of Tampa
I'm better known in Dallas
Than the Aurora Borealis

Although it's not grammatical
It's just a matter of fatticle
If you should examine my cranium
You'll find it's full titanium
it's much cheaper than uranium!
When I am blown, electrically speaking
You'll find my obsolescence
Planned with incandescence
Yes the show won't go on
Without a splash of neon -almost certainly
I'm the heaviest light salesman in the world.

(Enter Kid to polite applause he takes off his hat)

Kid

(To Pinona, with exaggerated politeness)

That's some fish ma'am, --did you catch it yerself?

(Pinons trips and the chopped liver goes all over kid.)

Stagehand

Makeup!!

(lights go on, they make up Kid

Kid

(Embarrassed)

Well I guess I caught me a fish and I don't even have a pole,--but I've got
polarity,

(polite applause)

Rancine

What good is that? You're useless.
You can't catch a fish with polarity,--
that's like saying you can climb a hill with hilarity.
That's him anyway.

(Enter Philomena)

Philomena

Kid Codeen,--I'd know you anywhere.
Philomena Fresnel,-from Paramus Studios.
Riding high in the Saddle,--Lorimax 1957, right

Kid

Oh well,--Oh yeah ,--I remember, this is embarrassing.

Philomena

You did get the contract, right?

Kid

There's one small problem.

Philomena

If you mean the dressing room.

Kid

No I mean,-- the contract, it's out of my hands.

Philomena

Come, come, you're dealing with a pro here,

Kid

No, I mean I don't have it. Someone else has got it.

Philomena

If you're talking about that half baked agent of yours.

I got the poop on him. He's all washed up in the industry.

(Enter Loorabie)

Loorabie

(Aside) We'll see who's washed up. (tips a pail of water,--onto Philomena's head and then puts the contract on the end of the fishing line, dangling it in front of her. Grabbing for it she falls down the cellar stair, knocking Kid down the stairs. Heinrich jogs in panting, slips on the water and lands face first in the chopped liver plate.)

Heinrich

Say! This is delicious!

Rancine

(Listening to the walkman in the half horse costume)

Wow! talking heads!

Pinona

Oh my dear, let me clean you off.

Heinrich

(Sampling)

Did you make this? That chopped liver is delicious.
And very artistic. And Sweet! Like Kandinsky!

Pinona

Oh yess. We're all artistic types here. Real bahamians.

Heinrich

And Rancine and her boyfriendm they work for you waiting tables?

Pinona

Day in day out. Like clockwork orange.

(Heinrich is cleaning himself with a tablecloth.)

Hey man, easy on the linen!

Heinrich

(Looking at the tablecloth)

Real Linen?

Pinona

Nothing but the best.

Heinrich

And Kid Codeen works here everyday?

Pinona

Yeah,--

Heinrich

It appears that fate is kind. I can make my mark even if it's posthumously.

Oh my dear, I'm so sorry--you must let me get it dry cleaned for you. So this is Kid Codeen's book signing.

What a great affair!

What are those whores costing you. It must be a fortune!

Rancine

(Removing one ear of the walkman)

What?

Heinrich

I said, I was thinking of the how much aggravation that horse costume is.

Rancine

It's for my video but just I like to jog through the park in it.

Pinona

People feed her sugar cubes. Go figure.

Rancine

(yelling)

Bad Cold!

Heinrich

Indeed?!

(Singing to herself with walkman)

Rancine

"Come on Irma,-
Bend that stuffed derma.

Pinona

It's her workout tape.

Rancine

Let me seeya squirma"

(Rancine takes off the walkman and for the first time
notices the state of affairs in the Deli)

Jeez it looks like a,-panda-panda,--

Heinrich

A Pandamatorium?

Rancine

Yeah, bitchin'--a Pandamatorium. Can you bear it!

Pinona

Those sonic booms we had,--broke all the plate glass and most of the 3,000 bulbs in my subdural lighting-again.

Heinrich

You mean subdued. Like behind the scenes.

Rancine

She means subdural, like it got under her skin.

Pinona

It wasn't some dude,--I'm sure Loorabie was behind the whole thing-selling lightbulbs to finance that goddam movie project of his. That filament finagler,--this plate glass he sold me was supposed to be unbreakable,-my word is my bond he said,--and then getting those hookers for the book promotion,--that peanut buttered prevaricator,-tellin me they were female construction workers, yeah right like they know a drill bit from a dildo-- 'this is my last affair' he begs ' they put in my pacemaker implant,--I think they musta stuck in a calculator --I just got his estimate for replacing the bulbs.

Rancine

Where did he go anyway?

Pinona

He was up in the ceiling replacing my recession lighting.

(To Rancine)

Didn't you hear the booms dear? Are your ears stuffed?

Rancine

No,--I was just listening to the benefit me and my band did for the hearing impaired at the svelte forum.

Heinrich

That's a great thing to do! Helping hearing impaired people.

I admire you, really!

Rancine

Boy was I relieved when I showed up,--I thought it was some punk rock craze and 500 people were going to show up with pieces of fruit in their ears. Like from the sixties. Ancient history. You know bell bottoms. Polaroids. Bumper stickers. Back when a riot was something funny.

Heinrich

My dear, you have forsaken punctuation again.

Rancine

I can punctuate with the best of them.

I'm a first class punk chewationist.

Pinona

You've got a punctuation fixation.

Heinrich

That's right an idee fixe.

Pinona

Speaking of up to old tricks I told Loorabie once I had an idee fixe,
--back when I was dating this musician, Rollo Hand. He enrolled me in the
Betty Ford clinic.

Heinrich

Well it sounds like you've kicked one habit,-- of breathing between
sentences.

Pinona

Respiration was never my forte.

Rancine

I'll give you a pregnant pause.

Heinrich

She's already almost done away with periods!

Pinona

What gives you the right to criticize Mister?. I barely know you.
What are your qualifications?

Heinrich

I've got the chair in antiquities at Ohio State. I'm a full professor.

Pinona

You shouldn't have eaten so much then.

Well, I didn't know they could give you the chair for that.

You look wonderful!

Rancine

There's Kid now. Uh-oh,--he's getting that self absorbed look again.

It was nice to meet you Heinrich,

-- I'll go check how the kitchen's doing.

Pinona

What's your specialty?

Heinrich

Have you ever heard of carbon dating?

Have you heard of it?

Pinona

Oh, I've heard of it, but,--

I'd never stoop to going out with minerals myself,--or even people
with rocks in their head, that is except for

Loorabie that igneous anus.

I have talked to my plants on occasion.

Heinrich

I mean in reference to your antiquities.

(Gesturing to the fake Roman Pottery).

Pinona

Oh Professor -----, I love it when educated men talk dirty.
You should have seen when I catered the physics convention at the
Meadowlands Ramada. All they talked about was the big bang.
You'd think these professors would have something else on their minds.
But it was just like any other salesman convention.

Heinrich

(Guiltily)

What's that?

Pinona

Would you care for a sandwich,--? I don't mind telling you,
--I did try computer dating after Louis passed away.
But I ended up giving the guy the boot.

(Philomena emerges from the basement covered with
cement which is gradually hardening, eventually it hardens and she appears as a statue holding a
contract. Lights come up on Kid wearing a waiter's outfit and his cowboy hat-peeling potatoes in
the alley behind the restaurant kitchen.)

(enter Rancine

Rancine

What are you doing back here. They're all expecting you inside.

Kid

What so they can use me and then dump me on the trash heap again?
Cowboy actors are passe. The darling of the media for a moment, then
suddenly all the eyes following your every move are gone, I can't take that
again--ahh f-k them all.

Rancine

You're not getting any younger you know, -you're scatalogical clock is ticking you know.

(Exit back to the kitchen.)

Kid

What then, - when I am old? with only these eyes for expression, -- coarse couplets and a smile, a prosthetic purse, -A calves argument with the tanner has more pith than this. --my prospects a match to my future all false flat as an unlit parking lot, ----describe me thus, my meter is broken. To be politic is alright for quaking schoolboys, -but I am weary with faults and faux pas taytoes.

(Back inside Heinrich and Pinona are off to the side)

Heinrich

Computer dating? Well anyone can see you have a lovely silicone valley. Call me Heinie.

Pinona

I don't know what you find so fascinating about carbon paper anyway.

Philomena

(Now immobilized except for her mouth by the cement)

That's carbon dating. It has to do with half-life honey.

Pinona

No kidding, what a coincidence--that's the name of Rancine's band, --'Half Life Honeys',-- they were going to call it 'Low Lifes' but she thought that sounded too pretentious. That's also why she took the 'F' off her name.

Philomena

Who do you think you're telling' to 'F' off

(Enter Rancine)

Rancine

No she means my name,--it used to be Francine.

I'm just a f-shell of my former self

Heinrich

That shell's enough for me.

(Kid begins to walk in and overhears the next and then goes back out and down to the basement through the cellar door).

Rancine

(To Heinrich)

So what's was your real name. Shiney?

Where'd you get that bust.

Stagehand

(Moving Philomena)

-here it needs some indirect lighting.

Pinona

Well dear,--I've always had ample.

Philomena

It's in his samples! Check the samples.

Rancine

(Not hearing this last)

Say, this statue looks familiar! Isn't this Howard Fasteeth Johnson.

Heinrich

Who's that?

Rancine

HFJ. He wrote and produced "The Part,--for Hair and Grass."
It's a grooming classic.

Philomena

It's my pseudonym.

(Apologetically)

We were shooting for wide target market.

Rancine

(Taking off her headphones)

Wow,--more talking heads! Are you here to sign books too? Never mind,-
stupid question. (To Pinona) Well it looks like the the rest of the band isn't
going to show. Losers. It's just you and me. Are you and Kid ready to
sing backup? Like we rehearsed in the studio.

Pinona

Ohh dear. My dress. My sequins,--my sequins I'm out of sequins.
Where's my bucket?

Rancine

Okay,--where did Kid go now?

This is a disaster. How am I going to do

"Get Your Kicks on Route 66 "

without the other half of my horse costume.

He must've gone down to the basement for more potatoes.

He better not have lost my better half.

(Going down to the cellar).

Pinona

Speaking of better halves. Tell me if you spot Louis down there.

Heinrich

I didn't know you were married.

Pinona

Ohh, Louis, he's my late husband. ,--you see one day he went down to the basement to get some pickles from one of the barrels,--well we never found the body,--he was short,--I kept telling him, don't lean over the tops Louis that's what the fishing rod is for. Now I have referring nightmares. There I am serving a pastrami on rye to Charlton Heston and there's Louis staring up at me from the side of the plate with beady little green eyes.

Heinrich

Well if he were down there wouldn't he have started to smell?

Pinona

Not if he fell in-- he would have been pickled, preserved like a,--

Heinrich

Just like a mummy! Ohh you are perfect!

Pinona

Yes just like a mummy. My shiney heiny.

Rancine

(Sticks her head up).

Those prostitutes that Loorabie got.

Sounds like they're in the basement, vacuuming.

Pinona

(Yelling down)

Heyy get a load of those Kirbys.!

Rancine

I better get down there before they suck up my horse costume.

(exits)

Pinona

Just watch out for the cement---- its not dry yet where they are working.

(a crash)

Phil

Ohh, I get it. Hearing impaired. Like pears.

Pinona

Deaf fish. Hard of herring. Boy,--you'd think they were a bunch of vacuum cleaner salesmen instead of prostitutes.

(In the basement duet spots -- Kid is getting dressed for the TV interview. Loorabie is in the ceiling replacing the lights)

Duet

Kid	Loorabie
What if I can't park it	If you're in the market
My planned obsolescence	For some incandescence
How can I say, I did	I've got enough neon
my way,--when my Astin	For the Great White Way
Martin's parked on the freeway.	Enough to set Martin
	Luther King free on.
If at Grauman's Chinese	Though I'm slightly obese
I'm a one from column B's	You can believe me Cochise
They want my face up on the	My operation and my
big screen, for reasons that	ears are clean cause
are frankly obscene.	There's a vacuum in between
My electro-magnetic pulse	My lights majestically
If racing, at the thought of	arc-ing above the lot
The future shock I'm facing.	So don't worry about parking
I never wanted to be a star	I you see a star twinkling
I was far too shy.	Far up in the sky.
Now soon I'll be up there	Don't wonder who sold it
among the nebula.	It was probably I.

I'm confessin' confusion	It might all be illusion
At my sudden change in status	This ratings erratus
At my ascent to the stratosphere	But don't worry, there's
	No change in status
But here I am shining	No charge so just grit your
I'm not declining anymore	Teeth for gratis
And somehow I think it's finally	It's yours just for signing-
True,--the other foot's gonna	There's a projector that's
Be on the other shoe and	Just elected for you
Every mushroom cloud will have	You can bet I'll be the one
a silver lining.	assigning.

I'll be hot as a pistol	That little piece of crystal
For both Ebert and Siskel	From Bombay to Bristol
So let's change the subject	shed light on the subject
Say goodbye to flophouses	Whether a smash or a flop
Cheap whiskey and dinners of Spam	From Olivier to the
I'm the radioactive cowboy	hammiest ham.
That's who I am	I'm the heaviest light
	salesman, that's what I am.

(Loorabie drops the fishing line baited with a signed contract
from the drop ceiling in front of Philomena's face.)

Philomena

(The concrete she fell in is dry and she is immobilized. Except for her mouth)

I've got to get my hands on that contract.

The Black Plague Mummy Ship.

And without that asshole agent Loorabie.

(The TV crew enters and spots Rancine going down to the basement.

Reporter

Where the hell is this joker I'm supposed to interview anyway.
Come on I got Madonna at two.

Stagehand

(looks down to the cellar)

Heyy,,--he's down here guys.

(They all stampede to the basement)

Pinona

Watch out for the cement!

(Crash)

End ACT 11

ACT 999

(Kid is being interviewed by ET. We can see him on the monitor—and in person Philomena is almost completely immobilized by the dried cement covering her except for her mouth and the reporters are stuck in the cement in the basement interviewing Kid while the hookers look on, smoking. The stage set is divided in three compartments, the ceiling where Loorabie is with his fishing rod. The main floor of the deli where Philomena has hardened into a statue and Pinona and Heinrich are carrying on their flirtation and the basement where kid is being interviewed by the reporters in cement while the hookers look on.)

Prostitute

Can you keep it down, --we're trying to have a conversation here.

Philomena

Say isn't that Kid Codeen on T.V. now. Turn me around so I can watch dear. Ohh,--you're making me hot.

Hooker

I heard of ready,--but ready mix?

Pinona

It's the concrete it gets hot when its hard.

Prostitute

You and me both honey.

Pinona

Who said that?

Interviewer from ET

Is it true you were involved with the Manhattan Project in the forties?

Kid

Yeah, except it was really called the Martini project.
If you drive don't drink,-- If you drink don't drive.
That's what the cattlemen say. Well maybe,
but I used to keep a little General Gordon's
in one saddlebag just for salutin' once in a while.

Kid

And once in a while,--I'd have a touch of the Tom Mix,
--as they call it. Ole Rossi made for dry riding out there
in New Mexico.

Interviewer

Ohh that's cute, Rossi. Was that your horse's name?

Kid

Yep, had a horse named Rossi and a cow named Bossy.
God Bless the USA,-that's all a man really needs.
Martini and Rossi and a cow named Bossy.

(Enter Rancine)

Rancine

What a friggin' idiot! He'forgot he has the other half of the horse costume
on.

Pinona

Shhh! They're taping.

Rancine

(Whispers)

No shit. Next he's going to tell them about the hop-along-hasidim.

Interviewer

How did you become a cowboy anyway?

Didn't you grow up in New Jersey originally?

Kid

Well I was outside of Vegas, busted and disgusted after getting kicked out of town by the Dental appliance convention, when these guys come ridin' up to me and they show me this six pointed star.

One of 'em with a long black coat says,--'Do you think you're man enough to wear this? -He had a horse called B'nai Brith.

Anyway,

Interviewer

A viewer has written in with a question. A Mr. Royanus from South Bend Indiana,--I use to watch Kid Codeine everyday on Sunrise With Bankruptcy Now that the farm is gone can you tell the viewers how come it is his frigg'n head glows.

Kid

Well Mr. Anus.

Interviewer

It's Royanus. I mean it appears, it is.

Kid

Whatever,--anyway I was out scrubbin brushes in Nevada one day,

Interviewer

Don't you mean 'out in the scrub brush'.

Kid

No I mean scrubbin' brushes,--I was a Fuller Brush man that's how come I ended up in Las Vegas, I was workin' my way cross country, trying to get to LA to break into show business as a 'B' movie cowboy actor, anyway, when all of a sudden there was like a thousand points of light. I thought I was at Radio City music hall or the Republican national convention

(While the dialog is going on Heinrich is trying to steal a tablecloth unobtrusively and arrange it so it looks like a toga)

except there wasn't no music or them lipreader signin' people. Then this big wind knocks me clear off "My horse into this Suaro Cactus,-- faster than bubble gum through a chickenshit factory.

Interviewer

Then it's true,--you were on the Manhattan project?

Kid

Dunno,--all I know is that right after these four guys wearin gas masks or somethin come drivin up yellin,--sounded like 'fug da meblido,-gotta go

fug the meblido' (starts crying)

Interviewer

Could you get back to the story and cut out the freaking bawling.
This is not Barbara Walters.

Kid

I looked around and poor Rossi was keeled over on the ground. I said 'Boys --you better drive me out because I sure ain't ridin outta here. One of them rips his mask off and yells-"radioactivity!" I said no, but I got a few calls from some TV producers. Next thing I know I waked up in some kinda bunker affair with these guys with white coats runnin around with funny insturments yellin shit like,--rinse! rinse! I thought I was back at Vegas at the Dentists convention. had a helluva hangover,--next they hit me with the cold water. When I wake up they're tappin' on my noggin with a little rubber hammer,-- genuine U.S. steel boys I says,-- has been ever since I fell off a bus when I was seventeen and landed on my noggin. Well says one them, that must have been in about 2,000 BC because we just ran carbon tests on your clothes and according to them, they're four thousand years old. Well maybe my socks I says..

Heinrich

I knew my theory was correct. Since the accident he's been a radioactive sink,-- that's why anything he's been close to for a period of time will lose it's carbon 14.

Pinona

A What?

Heinrich

You did say the tablecloths were linen my dear?

Pinona

Hey wait a minute,—why are you so interested in my money.

Heinrich

(Aside

Money, Hahh, that is not my aim. If it were only money then that steel plate in his head is worth it's weight in platinum. The museum will have to eat their words when I come up with a genuine mummy circa 3,000 BC . All I need is linen dating from the middle kingdom and a dried up old body preferably from someone that blew their brains into a handkerchief. Voila King Seti. (To Pinona)

What did you say happened to your husband?

Pinona

Whaddya' need Louis for he's short and pickled.

Heinrich

They said the same thing about Judy Garland but look where it got her.

Rancine

(Enters with a hassock)

Does someone need a settee?

Loorabie

(From the ceiling yelling)

He said circa middle kingdom Seti. Not settee Dumb broad!

Pinona

Who're you callin' dumb. I'll give you a middle finger settee,
--come out of the ceiling right now Loorabie you bastard.

Loorabie

Or what? Or you'll turn that TV down? I have a transistor radio!

Interviewer

Will someone please get these hookers off the set. Or else,--

Loorabie

Or what?!

Pinona

Or I'll tell them about your pet project,
- the one with the cocker spaniel and the pan pizza! You pervert.

Loorabie

Oh yeah? What about that little trip to Vegas you took with the
undertaker right after Louis kicked the bucket.

Stagehand

Quiet! You're all non-sequitars.

Loorabie

Stop yellin at the TV, this is supposed to be Kid's interview

-- you are the non sequitars.

Pinona

Well it was Louis' fault I lost all my sequins.

Rancine

What a tragedy. If you have no sequence
you've got no continuity.

Pinona

That's true too, --he had no continuity at all.
Kept having to change his underwear, and
I'm no sex quitter! It's these damn navy jets.

Rancine

Makeup!

Interviewer

So you were debriefed by the Navy.

Pinona

What if I was? It was Louis' fault.
He was incontinous. That's why he took all my sequins.

Heinrich

You mean he was incontinent?

Pinona

That too. Completely incompetent.
And a stick in the mud!

Philomena

Are you insulting me?

Rancine

(Yells)

She said- he was a stick in the mud.

Pinona

One time ,-I got tired of just sitting around. I said to him, Louis,
let's go somewhere-- anywhere,--'Like where?' , he says,--so I say how
about a museum,--'What museum,' he says. something cultural,--like the
Museum of Natural Hysterectomy--'aww cut it out' he says and buries
himself back in the Sports pages. He had a one track mind that Louis did.

Loorabie

Yeah, that was aqueduct.

Kid

(To interviewer)

Say,--I promised my girlfriend
I'd let her band do a little number on the show.
You know. When I was done.

Interviewer

Sure thing, sure bring 'em on. What else can go wrong.

Rancine

This is from my new album, attributed to Pinona Snew,
who took us in when we were down and out and gave us a job and a place
to live. It's called 'You won't find a cynic in the Mayo clinic, since they
caught that little Russian dressing'.

(song Rancine and Pinona.

While they're singing, Heinrich sneaks away with the tablecloth

Rancine & Pinona (singspiel)

Yes it's perfectly clear

Yes it has gotten around

That you're a patron of the arts

from soup to nuts.

That you have the best sandwich

In the English Language

Cause there's poetry in your cold cuts.

(Pinona melodic)

To further spread this phrase

A polonaise haunts the mayonnaise

That Arnold Palmer used to

butter his putts.

(Rancine punk)

It couldn't be any clearer

If you shouted in your ear

That Milton would have wished

For your Gefilte Fish

And your Hors D'oeuvres are

On a par with Shakespeare's

(Both–shmaltzy)

That Blake had of heaven's vision
In the layer cakes seventh division.

(Duet–over dubbed 3/4)

One glance at our menu
(who needs a large salad bar)

Will be most impressing
(When patrons of high caliber)

Russian dressing on an omelette Western
(Can cut you to pieces)

Is what I call a Charlton Heston (fermata)

(With just a witty thesis)
And if your hearty appetite
(come saint or come sinner)

Has no laurels to rest on
(without dressing for dinner)

Cream cheese onions and smoked sable
(this place is a haven)

Was recently renamed Clark Gable
(for artist and maven)

In short we've got an artistic bent
(You might say it was heaven sent)

Simply put to pay the rent

(for the sake of argument)

(Together waltz)

So dine if you d'erst
For the while that is 'erst'
Our pate has been goosed
And is served a'la Proust

(end scene)

scene ii-- (Before the following black light dialog takes place,-the hooker /construction crew is redecorating the deli in late Greco-Roman. One of the workwomen tries to lift the cast of Philomena but it scoots out from his grasp and across the room on roller skates and breaks in two and the head is knocked off. Phil, now headless emerges, trips over the chopped liver plate down the basement steps and emerges white, covered with dry reddi-mix. The workwomen hurriedly tape the cast back together, minus the head. Phil begins blindly groping his way up into the ceiling where Loochie is while the following ensues. the stage goes black except for Kid Codeine's head which glows,--eventually the lights come up on another figure who appears to be holding his head on his hip.)

Kid

What am I doing here. Where'd ET go?

Phil's Head

Waiting for love at 30. *for the next so.*

Kid

Oh, are they playing tennis at night now?

Phil's

You would have loved L.A. believe me man.

Kid

What is all this sand which is here?

Phil

The sandwiches here at the deli, they're without mayo,
-- they haven't dressed the set yet.

Kid

Wait a minute, I'm naked here--I don't have any clothes on!

Phil

Don't worry they can't see you. It's like that dream you have in college
about showing up with no clothes. It's just a dream.

Kid

Shit! Who took my underwear?

Phil

You were also debriefed by the Navy.

Kid

No kiddin' And I thought it was the hookers!

Phil

Put your head between your legs,- quick!

Kid

Like this?

Phil

Flying glass ya know.

Kid

I feel stupid.

Phil

What's your watch say? I can never look at my watch,-- without getting a stiff neck that is, what's yours say, anyway. This is not even really my watch, Loorabie lent me his. That's the story of my life, Living on borrowed time. I love a parade.

Kid

I'm beginning to think you're a ghost or something . Sayyy,-- you're not Gene Autrey? I'm not dead am I? Are you some kind of fruticake, some soul stealing cultist?.

Phil

I'm here to give you an identity, you spineless cocker spaniel
I'm your ghostwriter. Phil D'Arc

Kid

Nahh,-- you're just a filament of my imagination.

Phil

I am your imagination, dodo dildo. You were makin an idiot of yourself. It had to stop.

Kid

But I'm a nobody.

Phil

And I'm nobody. Nobody Phil.--at your service.

Kid

Ain't you Phil from Hollywood,—the studio, remember?

Phil

No,—no that's Philomena! My alter ego,—you see, —after I had a sex change operation I became schizophrenic. Too attached so to speak to my male identity, I guess. The only time I can tell I'm not two people is between scenes , like this

Kid

Sounds like you've got your head up your ass..

Phil

Cute but look who's talking!

Kid

You mean, you are the one who optioned my book "Black Plague Mummy Ship" and now Philomena who's really you anyway is trying to buy the rights for a movie again. Too weird!

Phil

And Loorabie that sonuvabitch, he gets his cut no matter which side of the Mason-Dixon line I end up on. He's trying to double charge me, -he's got a contract with both of us!

Kid

So you want to buy the movie rights again?

Phil

That's right,--except this time he's gonna cut a deal and cut you out of the picture. He claims his new buddy Heinrich is the real author and you just ghost wrote it.

Kid

But Black Plague Mummy Ship is my book! I wrote it! Heinrich is full of crap! He was too busy feeling sorry for himself to write anything.

Phil

"The Black Plague Mummy Ship" may be yours but Loorabie's got new contract where you signed away your rights in exchange for a part in the movie, he's cutting a deal with us to use this Navy test footage of some experimental airplane he got somehow for one of the scene and give him a credit as co-producer. Right now, I'll bet he's figuring a way to doublecross you again, he's been doing screen tests for your part. It's a six figure salary. I think he's planning on using you as a stunt double just to get out of the contract.

Kid

So he was using me for my own stand-in. What kind of a stunt is that.
That bastard I got a mind to put a six figure hole right between his eyes.

Phil

Nature abhors a vacuum.

Kid

I didn't know how he got those hookers to agree to clean his apartment.
Probably offered them some parts.

Phil

It's all in the contract. That's how come we're here and he's not.
This was supposed to be his scene. Instead we get stuck here as
stand-ins. It's all in the contract. We're here to replace the vacuum left by
Loorabie.

Kid

Two screen testicles for his screentest

Phil

We're merely here to fill a void. Thanks to you! .

Kid

But you're Phil, How can you avoid yourself? Oh, stupid question,
I forgot. While Loorabie has the literary whores vacuum his loo.
I'm confused. (four chimes on the grandfather clock)

Phil

Four balls,--I mean bells.

Kid

Oh jeez,--I'm supposed to be at the book promotion and I'm bogged down here in the wishbone zone as a side dish for a schizophrenic turkey telling the legend of sleepy hollow in close captions for the cranberry impaired. Ahh,-- Have you written any books yourself?

Phil

Just do-it-yourself books. I write under a nom d'plume,- Clive Fresnel, all my books are shaped like their subjects. A publicity gimmick. For instance there's book on becoming a wine expert in the shape of a wine bottle, then there's-- Home Companion for Sex Change Operations.

Kid

What's that in the shape of?

Phil

You mean the hardcover?

Kid

Never mind.

Phil

--I forgot what you asked.me. Let's run the tape back.

Kid

You mean to tell me you're taping this?

Phil

Don't worry,--my tape recorder doesn't have a head either.

(Another boom,-- the sound of breaking glass followed by the sound of a vacuum cleaner.)

(end scene)

scene iii

(Phil/Philomena has climbed up to the ceiling of the deli and is walking along a beam trying to sneak up on Loorabie --(s)he is white from the cement.)

Phil

Maybe I can cut both these jokers out of this deal. All the studio wants is that contract back signed. That would be a coup.

(Chorus--a rap to Phil/Philomena)

Well you think you're bad
cause you're bi-coastal
If I were you,
I wouldn't be boastful
The educated rapper's gonna
ground your flights,
Cause you ain't never read
No Wuthering Heights
We're the Gay Construction Worker's chorus
Don't ask me my sign,-cause I'll tell you I'm Horus
We don't talk to you cause you would only bore us.
Though there's just no way that you can ignore us.
We say what we feel
Cause we walk the high steel
Got no time to keel
Goin' home to watch the wheel.

We say what we wanna
and go home and watch Vanna

(Cut to Black. Two spots. One on Loorabie who appears to be fishing thru a hole in the ceiling and one on Phil/Philomena sneaking up the ladder to the ceiling. Loorabie is holding a book in one hand and the rod in the other.)

Phil

'Pickle Fishing in Prospect Park.'

(Chorus From the dark in a chant)

They're really quite methodical
In being scatological.

(Once thru then Continues in background over ensuing dialog.)

There's been a rash of mistaken gendering
And epidemic of breaking and entering.
Who cares what's in the news anyway
When there's no difference between progress
And decay, --When there's no ifs ands or ain'ts
No sinners and no saints
Well(Wow) it looks like he's got a gun
We gotta blow, gotta run.
I'm getting too hysterical
An overdose of F. Scott Fitzgeritol

Loorabie

Who the hell are you? How'd you get in here?

Phil

Pickle Fishing in Prospect Park I see.

Loorabie

(Folds the fishing rod up into a book.)

What about it? What do you want? (Thinks he's burglar)

Phil

Catch anything?

Loorabie

(Puts down the fishingrod/book and pulls out gun.)

One more step and I'll blow your head off,--err brains out.

Phil

(Takes out a copy of a book in the shape of a gun-Loorabie thinks it's a real one.)

Oh ,--you've got my book,-- -How about an autographed copy?

Loorabie

What copy? Whatre' you talking about? Listen,--there's really nothing up here worth stealing,--just lighting samples and some wiring. Hardly worth the effort. Besides,- I can tell you're an amateur.

Phil

Oh really? How?

Loorabie

Well a pro would've cased the joint left his joint in a case,- and come in the fire escape. Much easier and you couldda got the drop on me then.

Phil

Alright,--I admit it. --Listen, I'm not a burglar, I'm Phil from the studio.

Loorabie

Yeah right, Phil is black. So try again,--who are you, did he send you to get the contract? You better drop that gun!

Phil

This!?! This is no gun.

Loorabie

Yeah right,-that's no gun and you're Phil who's black,
--whaddya take me for a sap?

Phil

No really. Look it's a book, its got a bibliography and everything.

Loorabie

I warned you!

(Loorabie fires and Phil falls thru the ceiling dropping the book. Loorabie goes over and picks up what looked like the gun. Reading the cover)

--'Teach Yourself Breaking and Entering' --another in the self help series by Howard Fasteeth Johnson. Wait a minute, if this was really a book. Then,-that was really Phil. Oh no,--I killed him and worse, I blew away my big chance at producing the movie. I really shot my wad and Heinrich's big chance for a documentary on ancient Egypt. If I can't be a producer at least maybe I can restore my credibility as a newscaster. Reads the incscription. "To Loorabie Lasix,--I get a bang out of you.

(a wind starts blowing)

There must be a draft in here.

It increases in intensity riffling the pages and blowing the book out of his hand,--he tries to walk back to the fishing pole against the storm.)

Loorabie

Blow. blow, you winged zephyrs of profit.

Rancine

(Enters downstairs)

Looks like Kid left the door open

(Shuts it).

Now where is that list?

Loorabie

(Spying Rancine,)

A true carpetbagger I am, Yet confederate to every motive,-that rings up cash,-- A Southern Belle. The truth is,- I represent nothing,--spawn only lies, represent no real estate but that of condommed idiot. If you but set a blade by this trojanned horse you'll turn a compost neither fish nor foul but more foul than a fish ten years mortgaged. It'll hang any furrow by a nose.

(A note falls from his pocket onto the counter)

Rancine

What's this? A note to Loorabie on Paramount Studio stationery.--

(Reading)

Deliver the film to Central Park I'll be jogging around the reservoir at 8:00, Phil--what would a hollywood agent be doing jogging in Central Park -- maybe I was wrong about Loorabie. It looks like he really made an impression on that studio guy. I'll find out if he's really just full of hot air.

(Takes film and exits)

End ACT 999

ACT 70

(Rancine is jogging in the park. When she stops,-- a man covered with bumper stickers saying 'I visited Luray Caverns',--'Save the Whales,-Sink a Missionary',-- 'This car climbed Mr. Fuji' and a newspaper covers his face.)

scene i

Rancine

The note said you wouldn't be hard to recognize. I should look for someone in his sixties. I guess you fit the bill.

Ross

(He is disguised in a horse costume)

Waitamminute, --Rancine,--I mean
I thought Loorabie was coming.

Rancine

He got tied up, Kid asked me to come instead.

Ross

Kid Codeen.

Rancine

Isn't he your boyfriend? The cowboy actor.

Rancine

I haven't got a boyfriend. I got Alladin's lamp with saddle sores.
Say how do you know my name anyway?

Ross

Uhh, Loorabie.

(Enter Heinrich riding by, wrapped in the tablecloth on a bicycle)

Rancine

Did you see that!

Ross

No—,

Rancine

It looked like some kinda mummy on a bicycle
It was probably a quark, he disappeared so fast

Ross.

Yeah, life is tough at the top.

Rancine

I thought top quarks were banned.

Ross

It was probably just an amusement quark. Do you have the film?.

Rancine

Well I got two, one that says 'Midgetson Earth' and the other says
'For Your Ass Only.' Can you give me a clue? Is this really a documentary

or do you work for one of those porn theatres in Times Square?

Ross

That's classified, I'm afraid.

Rancine

Oh come on, I know you're dyin' to tell me.

It's written all over your face.

(Feeds him a sugar cube)

Ross

It's classified, I can't tell you.

Rancine

(A piece of newspaper blows in and sticks to the nose of the horse costume)

The classifieds are all over your face.

This is a game I used to play with my dad

He would never put down the newspaper

to talk to me, so I used to talk to him by

circling words in the classifieds.

Ross

Sure, give me a clue.

Rancine

(Reading)

Help Wanted . Interior Designer, slash Chef.

Well, that makes sense sort of. Pinona would fit the bill.

Only gets carried away with all her romantic whims.

Like that time she was dating an ear-nose and throat doctor.

She renamed all the sandwiches for procedures,
ton-a salami-ectomy and the 'Say ahh- tongue sandwich.

Ross

Who' Pinona?

Rancine

My boss, she owns the deli where we work .
She gave me and my boyfriedn a job when we were down and out.
Since she's been after that Egyptologist she's got a a whole new decor.
She even ordered napkins in the shape of little togas.

Ross

Togas are more Roman than Egyptian.

Rancine

She thinks he's her Marc Antony to her Cleopatra I suppose.

Ross

Down and out you say. Doesn't your family look after you?
What about the checks from them?

Rancine

I only have my Dad. He sends me some checks but,
I never cash 'em, I wouldn't take that money,
he's a CEO for a company in the military contracting business.
I'm a vegetarian pacifist punk artist. How would that play with my fans.
Say how did you know about that,-- what're you some kind of spy for him?

Ross

Alright, I'll give you a hint,-- check under Miscellaneous.

Rancine

Hmm,--under Miscell,--like mistletoe, and the tape has midgets,
let's see 'aneous', sounds like anus. I got it! Ass kissing midgets!
Mickey Rooney,--Babes in Toyland!

Ross

Well I've got to go. Ciccolini is playing Beethoven in the park tonite. I
going to see him and I have to get dressed. Can I have the film.

Rancine

Well,-it was nice er talking, having a sort of relationship with you ,
--or the newspaper-whatever.

Ross

Tell Loorabie if you see him,--I'm still waiting for the footage with George
Washington Bridge. Tell him it'll mean a double payment if he delivers by
next week.

Rancine

Sure, I'll tell him I found I found it in the New York Times that was
plastered over some guy I don't know's schnozz.

Ross

I think you know me better than you imagine.

(A bus throws out a cloud of exhaust and hides them.)

Here you can keep the paper

(It blows and covers Rancine's face,--exits.)

Rancine

What's this? - the society page. Sheila Hennings engaged to Paul Belfiore. As good a match as any I suppose.

(end scene)

scene ii

(Heinrich is standing astride a bicycle in Times square,-he's wrapped in the tablecloth like a toga. While he's talking we see on the news banner the following headlines running in lights.'All bridges into and out of the city closed due to federal quarantine. Disease outbreak traced to exhibition of antiquities at the 42nd street library. President says more drastic action may be taken if quarantine is not strictly enforced. Food supplies being airlifted in. Kid Codeen's book 'Black Plague Mummy Ship' tops Times best seller list replacing Howard Fasteeth Johnson's autobiography, 'The Part For Hair and Grass'.)

Heinrich

Jeez, I've never seen so many big planes in my life. It's like the Berlin airlift. Wait! What's that,-- Oh it's Joe Camel. What should I do,--Joe. Give me a sign!

(The Camel cigarette sign blows a smoke ring and the sign lights up letters that are obscured by the smoke. Heinrich trying to read)

'Go to the Deli.' (slowly) 'Go to the hell- no,-
go to the Deli. It's a sign! It's a sign! (pedals off)

(Smoke clears and sign reads 'Go see Hello Dolly')

scene iii

(Lights come on at the filming of the Peoples's Court. Rancine is presiding standing in a toga on a bicycle. Bailiff looks like Groucho Marx with a cigar.)

Rancine

Bailiff, I'll ask you only one more time. Will you charge the jury.

(The jury is the chorus. They are wearing togas and 4H Club buttons.)

Bailiff

Why should I charge the jury, - did we charge the audience.

What do I look like, --a scalper?

Rancine

I mean charge them as regards the charge of battery.

(Smacks her ear)

This damn -hearing aide.

Bailiff

Ya want them to charge the battery of your hearing aide? And I thought Justice was supposed to be blind not deaf. You look like Ben-Hur, -in drag that would be Ben-He,--BennHeHill. BenHeeHaw.

Rancine

What was that,-you ass? You're taking your duties too lightly.

Bailiff

Nothing your honorarium.

(Cut to black)

scene iv

(Loorabie is struggling with the body of Phil-Philomena, -- he is attempting to hide it by stuffing it into a giant plastic blow up advertisement for frankfurter rolls by replacing the frank.)

Loorabie

Damn! The body looked so light. Goddam schizophrenics, must weigh twice as much as a normal person.

(enter Heinrich)

Heinrich

Dr. Frankenstein I presume.

Loorabie

Very amusing. What are you doing here?

Heinrich

I saw a sign,--

Loorabie

What kind of sign? What're you talking about?

Heinrich

At forty second street,-- the Camel sign was blowing smoke ring sky writing. Then the news machine ticker summoned me here,--and the giant Fuji flshbulb was flashing --get your ass to the Deli. So what's up?

Loorabie

I think you've been living in a box for too long,- but anyway,- you said all you need to finish your experiment was a dead cuban. Well --.

Heinrich

I said incubus not Cuban. Can't you see.
You got it all ass backwards and garbled as usual.
I just need a body that has been dried in lime and
with no brains.

Loorabie

I can see it's garbled, -- a Cuban could see it's garbled.

Heinrich

I thought maybe you had Louis bogarted somewhere in here.

Heinrich

Wait a minute,--this looks like that Hollywood agent, Phil. And come to think of it so does that statue there. I thought he was schizophrenic but there's really two of him.

Loorabie

Listen,--I'll tell you. I shot that Hollywood agent,--it was an accident. One of his split personalities was trying to steal this movie contract from me. That's just his cast. That was split too by the sonic booms. But I glued it back together to look like a statue for Pinona's redecoration.

Heinrich

I knew he already had a cast for the movie already?

Pheww,- Kid was right!

Loorabie

Then I filled it up from one of the pickle barrels downstairs to weight it down. He musta fell in the cement in the basement again before I shot him because now he's hard as a rock.

Heinrich

Then it's not ,--Louis?

Loorabie

You thought I knocked off Louis?

Heinrich

Yeah to get in with Pinona.

Loorabie

I'm a lot of things ,--but not a murderer.

Heinrich

It does go with the decor.

Loorabie

Come and give me a hand! I've got to hide the body somehow.
Nobody'll believe it's an accident when they find out about the contract.
They'll get me for a double homicide.

Heinrich

I don't think I should get involved.

Loorabie

Oh yeah,--Kid if he figures out why you were at the Seven Eleven will finger you as an accomplice. Don't forget who picked up the movie contract. Besides, you've been blabbing about needing a corpse for your research anyway.

Heinrich

But I'm a scientist, I've never done anything criminal-

Loorabie

Ohh but you're willing to create fake mummies to prove your cockamamie theory.

Heinrich

But, that's research--

Loorabie

(Song)

Never mind ,--If you help me, I'll get you an interview on Phil Donuthole,-
-so you can tell the world about your mummy. And with this body ,-show
them the proof

(Song 3/4 to Heinrich)

if you can't find a fourth for bridge,
and your popularity's frankly on the wane
(and I don't mean John Wayne)

And your Nielsen rating has
even Nielsen hating your game
That's the time to dare
To play solitaire with a flair

To find the one trump that remains!
If you can't be a king be a crook
If you can't be a crook,--who's to blame?

(alternately 4/4)

One should never settle for
something not quite this or that,
Something neither cap nor hat
If it's com sa then come see
Or else make it come see me!
If you want to know which
way the tower of Pisa should lean.

(chorus joins in)

If you can't be a king be a crook
If you can't be a crook be a Queen!

(Loorabie alone)

Cause what's truly obscene
is to fit a routine that's humdrum
to appear outwardly dumb
when inside you know it's a lie
If you can't be a king be crook
If they call you insane say so what
So am I,--cause if you aspire

To be wholly unobtrusive Mac

To wind up your race at the middle of the pack
You'll be playing second fiddle
To some guy that's just a little
more sure of his game,

(Duet with chorus)

So grab that ring
That's no bull,
Give it a pull
When the fat lady sings

(Fat lady)

If you can't pick a door pick a lock
If you can;t be star steal a scene
If you can't be a WAK get a Wok
If you can't be a king read a book!

(All)

If you cant' be a crook be a Queen.

Heinrich

(Reaches in Phil's pocket)

What's this in his pocket? Cuban cigar wrappers,-and a book.
'Do it Yourself Sex Change Operation' by Howard Fasteeth
Johnson. We'll never pull this off.

Loorabie

If only he was bit lighter. Whoops!

(They knock off a piece)

Heinrich

Well it looks like he's flicked his bic.

Loorabie

Well no one can say he's just a ghost lighter.

Wait,- somebody's coming! Quick unroll that tablecloth
your wearing. Okay lie down.

Heinrich

What're you doing?

Loorabie

Shut up and roll with me babay.

(They roll themselves up in the tablecloth.)

Heinrich

Pinona warned me about you. I shudda listened to her.

Loorabie

Now tuck in the ends. Shhh! They'll think we're a giant blintz.

(enter Kid with a lariat)

Kid

Hallelujah,--I'm gonna be the best known Cowboy preacher that ever
lassoed a liturgy,- I'll be in the rodeo of the Lord,-praise be Gene Autrey.
Ehat the hell happened here?

(Reading the signs)

Caesar salad bar and

Brutus' unkindest cold cuts,-

"All Franks are divided – imagine the gall"

"- "Veni Vidi Vici Water?"

No credit,--Cassius only.

What's going on here? What did I come back here for anyway,--

I forgot,-ahh yess the script. Where is it,--did I drop it while I was eating? Hell I don't need a script,-- I've been inspired by the Lord I'm going to give the sermon of my life,--I set all those farm boys that left the family farm to come to the big city straight. Yessir I don't need no script,--the "Principles of Peaceful Parking!" That's my theme. That'll be my final sermon. Then if I get that movie contract maybe I can ask Rancine to settle down and raise few colts. Oh here's the damn script. Waitaminit,--this is Doctor's Stationery,--from the desk of Dr. Paul Belfiore MD,--I shouldn't be reading this,--Oh it's about Rancine. Let's see,--diagnosis,--cancer of the liver! Ohh my, Rancine's been hiding this from me. She can't afford radiation therapy -she's got no health insurance. This is what Loorabie was probably trying to tell me. My little punk rockette, ---is your night come,--ohh this is no light thing,--ohh light salesman,--thou porcine pudding of a man can you sell me a light to make her day a bit longer--to draw up this chilling air with a less shriveling touch,--(a lightbulb rolls out from the rolled up tablecloth,--Kid picks it up) "What stirs,-no use,-tis night and the bay has put out her spot of liver. The campfire amidst much spitting and carping wars itself to sleep.,-what we see of our dreams just rapid eye movements that mark the embers not of the love that will never blaze again,-the future now but a purple haze.

(The statue cast of Philomena escapes Loorabie's grasp and begins rolling across the stage toward the basement again,-the statue hits the wall and a pair of dentures pop out.)

Ohh death where is thy sting,--(fishes a trumpet out of the horse costume bottom which he still has on and puts it in the statues hand) Here. You might as well hold this thing, taps is not in my repertoire. I

'm coming, my Cinderella, Fitzgerald. (Exits at a trot)

scene v

(At the deli,--the front is boarded with a sign indicating closed by the Board of Health
the mummy is on the counter.)

Heinrich

(Disheveled)

How could I have overlooked that. I made a fool of myself in front of
millions of people ,--and Phil Donuthole,--who ever heard of a 4,000 year
old mummy wearing Reeboks. I'm ruined.

Loorabie

You're ruined? What about me. I used up my last favor at the station news
department to have them interrupt The People's Court with a special news
bulletin showing the midget jets bombing the George Washington Bridge --
after they quarantined the city because of your fake mummy and your
stupid theory about the black plague. Phil Donuthole pukes all over his
microphone and what happens,--the tape is completely blank. Rancine put
it in the back pocket of her horse costume just when Kid Codeen decided
to give her cut rate radiation therapy by duct taping himself to her butt.
The radioactivity from his plate erased the whole thing! Plus you got Phil
pissed off at me for giving him the black plague, if that's what it is.
Personally I think he ate a bad Bavarian creme donut from 7-11.

Heinrich

What about when they identify the body. When they find out who he is.
(indicating the mummy).

Loorabie

You mean who she is.

Heinrich

Let's not split pubic hairs.

Loorabie

Give me one reason why I shouldn't. or you will never inherit my attention.

Heinrich

Then you will feel my naked aggression.

Loorabie

Ohh, I'm shaking, like a coconut custard pie!

Heinrich

Perhaps you quiver out of love,- so I will steady you by Cupid's beard.

Loorabie

Mere fluff,--It is not mature.

Heinrich

But the fruit is a ripe, a prize that will not be awarded from my grasp.

Loorabie

Would you rather leave it to Beaver,--I warn you, -- I have a hair trigger.

Heinrich

Well then shoot me and make it a Pas-D'Deux, as I have a hair trigger too,
and a hair Roy and a hair Dale.

Loorabie

A hair dale,-you must be drunk to be so retrieved.

Heinrich

Yess!-- the hair of the dog that bit me!

(Enter Kid and Rancine. Kid is still taped to opposite ends of the horse costume)

Kid

What's going on here? What are you two nuts doing?

Rancine

Can't either of you get this idiot off my ass.

Loorabie

I can't believe it. --no movie, no news job and I haven't even got a tape to
deliver to your father.

Rancine

My father! What's this got to do with him?

Loorabie

All that footage of the midget jets bombing the city, it was for the
documentary but I also promised it to him for his company.
Killed two birds . It was erased when your boyfriend here tied the

knot so to speak. The film was blank, a complete embarrassment,
when I delivered the copy to the evening news, they laughed at me..

Rancine

You were using me to get to my father, so he'd loan you the jets!

Loorabie

Well it was worth an additional fifty grand with a ten grand bonus that he
promised me if I could get you to be the courier. He just wanted to see
you.. And it was all for the movie and for Kid. We all could have been on
easy street. Now we're ruined. We've got bubkas, no payment from your
dad, no news coverage and no movie.

Kid

I only did this to save her life.

Rancine

What the hell are you talking about?
I've gonna get a straining order,--I'm warning you.

Kid

I just did it out of love.

Rancine

I heard of giving head, but this is ridiculous.

Loorabie

Instead of footage, we've got headage and lovage.

Kid

Now she's brought me up on charges of erroneous assault on the People's Court,-- they said there was a precedent for hiding behind a woman's skirts but not for lashing yourself to her ass. I objected as there is in fact a precedent.

Heinrich

Oh I'd love to hear this.

Kid

In Hamlet. when Polonius came into the Queen's chamber Hamlet hid behind arr'ass.

Loorabie

That's arras, for curtains, you idiot not her ass.

Kid

Then it is curtain for 'er ass!!

Rancine

Pinona's the judge. Kid said he wanted to give her deposition but Pinona said it looked like he already had. If he refuses to abide by the decision then the network's going to fire him from Sunrise with Bankruptcy. They said it would set a poor example.

Kid

I said they couldn't fire me because they'd have to replace me with someone else who glows. Tough part to fill.

Rancine

Yeah,—you'd have to get Rudolph the Red nosed reindeer.

Kid

I was thinking Rosie O'Donnell

Rancine

I still don't understand what you're trying to prove by all this!

I know you want to be close to me but this is overdoing it!

Kid

It's alright,—you don't have to put on a brave face for me.

Rancine

Brave face? About what?

Kid

I saw the note you left on the kitchen counter,— the one from Dr. Belfiore. I knew that you would never take money from your father for radiation treatment. Finally, it all made sense, I realized I had a destiny that this plate in my head had some other purpose than being a good place to keep refrigerator magnets. I could give you the radiation therapy myself? Cut rate.

Rancine

What in heaven's name are you talking about? What note?

Kid

You don't have to play ignorant my dear.

Rancine

You mean this one. The shopping list?

Kid

Yes. The same.

Rancine

That's just an addition to Pinona's shopping list..

She made a mistake on her first copy,

(takes it)

This is just the classifieds page, and then

Pinona wrote, Rancine, -cancel off the liver..

Kid

Cancel! I thought it said cancer. Then you're not sick?

Rancine

Hardly. I'm healthy as a horse. As two horses. And as for you two,--you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. They cut away from the People's Court just when we were about to go on and resolve this whole thing to run your phoney film footage. What kind of a hoax are you trying pull,-- Who's in there,--Len Byas?

Loorabie

T.S. Eliot. I think.

Pinona

(Enters with paper)

The Health Department is closing me down because they said there was a cat odor in here. The nerve. I'll call Judge Wopner. I know he's sweet on me. He called me his little Snowflake.

Loorabie

Did he mention the movie? He's got a part as the Pharaoh King Seti's vizier..

Rancine

I thought this movie was supposed to be about Al Jolson.

Wasn't that the name of the movie? Black Mammy Plague Ship?

Isn't it supposed to be a remake of the Al Jolson story.

(Enter a construction worker wearing a T-Shirt that says 'Oedipus Rex-- We wreck with balls.')

CW

(Pointing to a poster)

Say can't you people read? This place is condemned,-- you're right in the middle of the Times Square 42nd street redevelopment project. This whole place is going down in two minutes.

Pinona

But we're off Broadway! Doesn't that mean anything?

CW

It means you don't get scale. What do you want from me?

They're puttin' in a parking garage for the Marriott here.

Loorabie

Fate is fickle indeed.

Pinona

It's Fate! Who's fate? -it's my Husband who's a pickle.

We've got a change of venue—and its all legal!

(Holds up new menu board)

Everything is 'A la Court'

Menu board reads--

Corpus delicti--

Soup du Juris Prudence

Squid Pro Quo

Bergers and Frankfurters supreme.

Assorted fruit torts

Just Deserts--

creme d'non compus menthes

(Chorus enters wearing T-Shirts and whores enter with vacuum cleaners)

Chorus

You can't use words to warm your bed

But you can use them to bury the dead

Whores

Just when you think you're sitting pretty

You find 'who loves who' is just graffiti

Chorus

As monuments for those laid to rest
To render the verdict- demonstradum est!

Whores

So lick the stones and don't complain
You'll find the peculiar quite mundane

Chorus

And the ordinary can seem quite fantastic!

Whores

When your pantyhose has a tight elastic
(Spoken) does the condemned have any last words?

Reporter

(Rushes in)

Is this where the book promotion is supposed to be.
Goddam secretary I can't even read their writing.
Who's that on the TV,- say I know him ,--

Rancine

Yeah, so do I.

Reporter

Hey, turn that up,--

Interviewer

So Mr. Ballen you say the pentagon has quarrentined the city and ordered
all the bridges tunnels and intentionally bombed and ordered the museums
to be cordoned off because of the threat of spreading this plague? Why
particularly the museums?

Ballen

It's part of the quarantine policy. If you don't believe me,--I have the tape right here. They're using our new experimental design urban bomber to get the ones responsible for this

Interviewer

Then there's truth to the rumor that the plague originated from some ancient Egyptian mummies. Why not use conventional planes instead of your companies prototypes.

Ballen

(As a rapper)_

Our will is firm,--our purpose steady. If you don't like it,--go see J. Paul Getty.

Chorus

We built this city
We have a stake,

Ballen

Those bridges are
Our watergates.

Chorus

They can't be destroyed
For publicity's sake

Ballen

If you're some chanting prophet of doom
Then lay your claim and say your sooth,

Chorus

No reason to be so uncouth!

Hooker

My Martini's too dry, sweetie, could you get me some Vermouth.

Interviewer

Then you say you're under orders from the President himself?

Chorus

Even a horse's ass would know there's
been some mistake,-clearly there's been an error
If I were you I'd get my feet on firma terra.

Ross

(Rapping)

I tell you it's as good as done.
There is no error.
Whaddya you think I'm
some wisecracking Yogi Berra--?
My midget jets should not inspire terror.
They're precision tools flown by an elite,
They can hit a car freshener from 2000 feet.

Kid

Maybe this means I won't have to pay my parking tickets.

Interviewer

This just in,--from the NYC DOT ,--all vehicles with unpaid parking tickets
will be considered targets.

(An explosion and the cement casing cracks in two. Louis steps out holding the trumpet and starts singing.--)

Louis

"Well hello deli,-

"This is Louis deli,--

(etc)

Rancine

Just think my own father is to blame for all this,--

I should have known.

Kid

Does he have unpaid tickets too?

(The Phil/Philomena mummy gets up and starts unwinding its wrappings.)

Kid

What are you doing?

Philomena

Your contract. Remember we wrote it down on the tablecloth.

Loorabie signed it. It's all here. I remember everything now,--

the shock of getting shot. Lucky I was wearing

my underwire brassiere. Does anyone have any scotch tape.

Kid

But we're getting bombed!

Rancine

(Sound of crane)

We're getting wrecked too! Wrecked and bombed.

Philomena

Make mine a straight scotch.

Loorabie

Waita minute! That contract won't fly.

Philomena

What?

Loorabie

I'm still his agent. There's nothing in here about parking privileges.

Philomena

But that's a contract for half a million dollars for the movie rights and for Kid to star. He could buy a new car every day. Besides its the West Coast,--there's plenty of parking.

(Kid starts to sign)

Loorabie

Not so fast. I wasn't born yesterday.

(Rapping)

Have you ever gotten mauled on the way to
the mall,--did you ever
take a fall
in the race for a space?
Tell 'em all to their face
That the whole human race
Is nothing
but a race for parking.

Heinrich

(Rapping)

It's a well known fact
That you can't take your act
on the road
til you've showed
that you know'd

Kid

The Principles of Peaceful Parking.

Rancine

It's only common knowledge
That you can't be a star
Til your car's in the very best
spot in the lot, - in the movie lot.

Loorabie

Where was Moses till DeMille
Put him smack on that hill,--in the Sinai

Chorus

Looking for parking?

Heinrich

Even the Egyptians had a bone to pick,
or three when they parked in a tow-away
zone called the Red Sea.

Rancine

Where would Ben-Hur be
When he got off the set
If he didn't have a place
To leave his chariot?

Loorabie

And Helen of Troy
Might as well have been a boy
If that Trojan Horse was at loss
For a post to hitch up to.

Rancine

Do you think that Wilson Picket
Would ever get a ticket.

Pinona

(Bangs her gavel)

Order!

Louis

Ohh that turns me on!

Pinona

It is a violation.

You have no registration.

More or less --we find you dead.

Til you can prove that you've read

The Principles of Peaceful Parking.

Reporter

Now that's what I call a book promo.

Phil

Did he call me a crooked homo!?

Heinrich

But the bridges, the museums.

Rancine

Wait, it's a fake broadcast. Like War of the Worlds I bet.

It's in the classifieds, here. There is a message in the classifieds.

Kid

Yeah sure, next thing you'll be tellin' me is that the
commies are using the classifieds to send messages.

(Reprise, we're having a meltdown,—all)

Whore

I need a vacuum!

(FINIS)

