

Die Mastiräskiser

by Kenneth Bernard Litz

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Cast :

Seamus O'Shea ---- Elevator Operator in the Hotel "Neptune's Child"

Louis Marales ----- Rock Star

Greg L'Gume ----- Rock Promoter

Nesley Quik – Advance Person working for Greg

Beamo - Thug

Petey -Thug

Andrew -Salvage Man

Harold – Salvage Man

Father D'Barpuy –Priest

Orla O'Shea --Hotel Maid

Adele Rushded ----- Self Help Book Author

Captain T. O'Neil – Captain of Ferry to the Island

FBI Men

Desk Clerk

Loco Oh No – Greg's Companion

Soccer Team Captain

Dead Nixon– A Corpse

Place : A small island in the North Atlantic

Time : The 70's

ACT I

(scene i: The stage is divided into two spotted areas. In one area sits Seamus and in the other Greg L'Gume)

Greg

All Gaul is divided into three part harmony.
And I own their contract. Un, petit feu,- little joke.
Who needs to hunt for buried treasure
when one has a knack for marketing leisure.
Why suffer at the knee of Sturm und Drang
suffering privations pang
When cash drops with each sylvan breeze
from ten million teenaged money trees.

I'm no tonsured monk headed for a council of worms,
--no give me Waikiki and some swaying palms.
Why should I be a Zen Buddhist
playing at who can be rudest?
or some fuzzy hippie hung over the dash
looking for a pad to crash. My religion is cold hard cash.
There's one lesson I've learned by rote.
If you want money, be a rock promoter.
So tell your sons and tell your daughters
as they go like lambs to the slaughter
'Don't waste my hard earned cash on that trash
And I agree,--credit is much better than cash.
Wall street's alright if you're straight
but give me long hair, torn jeans body paint
And grimaces or anything parents love to hate,
- and you can take it to the bank straightaway ,
with no one else to thank but yourself
and the I.R.S. for these bulging attache cases.
And what's more,--its just as legal
as Sears, JC Penney or Spiegel
From an undying legend to a summer rose,
-- by the way,--some of these guys
couldn't catalog their toes,--even with a calculator
--and it's one two three for the country and things aquatic,
stuffing your pockets is just,--patriotic.
Even-the flash in the pan is grist for my mill,
--and it's even better if they're over the hill,
-- better yet if they're dead,--
that rock of ages clefts for me,--and the palatable mediocrity,
--once dead is , voila, a genius unveiled
out from black velvet portraits his image sails ,
T shirts,-dolls and vigils at the tomb-
A veritable merchandising boom,-

(scene ii)

(Seamus, holding a soccer ball sitting on a stool,--)

I ha' been away from here nigh unto fourteen and a half years,
--but I must tell ya, -that my Flossie, she was a great dog,
--a great dog to walk up the Brae with,
-- fourteen years,--and not for a moment
did I have a doubt that I would be back someday,--and as you can see,
-- I was right and e'en in those years I spent in the Gilcarney Home for juvenile boys
--everyone comes back you see. That dog saved my life you see.
And those times I sat alone in the school
library, not really sure what it was, but thinkin' right enough,
--I would be thinkin' of the time that Andrew
and Harold became fast friends by fightin',--there in
that library with the thousands of books
and the leaded glass shelves, -perhaps there was more,
--I don't really know,--but there was a lot of shoes there as well as books.
I couldn't figure why there was so many shoes in a library
--the books you see were on one side and the shoes t' the other
--perhaps it was because it was really a conservatory and not a library,
--that would explain it. But that was in the years before the war,
--and before Harry met Ida,---- . when Harry and Andy had at cuffs,
if not for which fact Harry would never ha' met Ida.

That Harry was a lucky fella. You see, after the fightin' was
done, Andrew took Harry by his bloody collar
and prevented him from havin' at cuffs with a third party by remindin'
him how he was under instructions not to fight
and likewise reminding him of how it was in the school
when that Superintendent beat him bloody with a switch
which was not hard -to put him in the mind o' , --and how at the
time tho he was under instructions, did call out in pain 'Bloody Hell'
which was bad for his immortal soul. As I sat -there
-in the library thinkin' of how even after Harry was
a Sergeant in the army that Ida would sit there in back of the laundramat
and weep each time she heard the story--tears streamin down her face
at how Harry had suffered,-- thinkin' of how he had been beat with that switch
despite the fact that he had not been the culprit at all,---and
all that goin' though my mind as I sat in that sorry library
wi' the shoes --- for I never had a friend like Harry,--
tho I did have a friend like Andrew. But I'll tell ya
I would not be here today if not for that dog Flossie.
She saved my life,--that dog did.

scene iii

(The hold of the Lochvarinn, a cargo and passenger ferry--

actually the lower deck serves as a hold for the transport of livestock)

Again a split stage with on one side of the deck a Beamo and Petey two thugs and on the other Father D'Barpuy, a priest)

Father

It was a fog like this that that pirate McCain loved,--like it was his own mother's milk as he sucked up the titties of the bitch storms that howled up from hell like the hound of Satan. Aye it bites too. With waves like this, like --the paws of that heavy pawed black whelp eager to knock ya' stem for stern.

Saints preserve us! Save their souls from rock and roll.

Well who am I to question the church. But, if that be my destiny then preserve me from rolling onto the rocks,--it is a sight better as any seafarin' man knows to strike a rock wi' a staff'n have water gush out like Moses did than to strike a rock with your boat and have your guts spilled-Mooooo,-- like cattle, Moo,--says my friend,--this ain' no promised land well if the Lord could sleep in a stable.

Who am I to complain about sharin' a bed with some cows in this stinkin' godforsaken ship's hold.

Beamo

Well this ain't no bloody cruise,- wake- up!

Petey

That's for sure. Wait,--it's the eye of the storm,--I can see it plain as the nose on yore face. Everything else is spinnin' round.

Beamo

That's a cow's asshole yore lookin at.

Petey

It's the eye of the storm I tell ya Beamo.

Beamo

Yeah,--of hurricane Paddy.

Petey

I can feel the wind breakin with its' great force across my Beamo I can smell it and yer comin' up on the gulf stream too!!

Petey

Shii-t-t! Why don't you use the goddam Porta-John!

Beamo

Now you've come to yer senses man.
Our fellow passengers have the manners of animals.

Petey

I think that one is sweet on ya'.
She must think you're Hugh Heifer.

Beamo

Well I've never seen so many teats in one place in my life!

Petey

Too bad the boss ain't here now,--
I could see him now trying to lift
up one of these babies by their ears. --
Well it's your own fault ya know,--us bein' down here!

Beamo

My fault! And whose bright idea
was it to roll that fellow in the WC at the pub last night?

Petey

Well who botched the job and got his
head kicked around for a soccer ball?

Beamo

How was I supposed to know he was the captain of the soccer team!

Petey

If the bartender hadna taken all our money for the damages,
We couldda booked a regular passage on this scow instead of down here
with the pocketbook and moccasin crowd.

Beamo

Ohh,--I think I'm gonna be sick,--
I need some air. (Goes to the rail)

Petey

Well I can't say as I blame ya'.
Wi' all that singin' and carryin' on
I was sure that they had some kindda trophy we couldda lifted,
--like some golden ball or somethin'.

Beamo

That guy didn't even have a jockstrap
--the bartender must'ha' been spottin them all to drinks.
They didn't have a ha' penny between em.

Petey

Ohh not a ha'penny between 'em,--then how is it
the whole team is up in the
barroom now,--while we're down here in a turd bowling alley.

Beamo

Well maybe he' had it hid somewheres else than in his shorts.

Petey

Yeahhh, and you must keep your brains hidden somewhere b'sides yore head.

Beamo

Heyy that's , him, that's the guy! I think.

Petey

Don't try and butter me up now.

Beamo

No,--up above,--I can see'im,-- or her-

Petey

Don't tell me it's the very as-shole of
of the storm, --or is it the maid of the mist.

Beamo

No,--it's the asshole from the soccer team,--e's huggin'
the rail like he's gonna jump.

Ahhhhh,----

(he's been thrown up on).

Petey

Well it looks like ya
finally got some of the 'alf pickled eggs
you were after. Ya shudda' ducked.
Hm,-- liver pate it looks like.

Beamo

(Takes out his gun)

I'm gonna pate his liver,
-- I'll show him foul weather.

Petey

Put that away. We've gotta job to do.
What'll the boss say,- I think
you got kicked in the head too many times last night.

Beamo

(Shouting up over the rail.)

I'll improve your digestion,--
with some lead hors d'oeuvres. Catering by Smith & Wesson!
Ahbhrig (again).

Petey

I guess he got his second wind.
(A bottle of Stolichnaya comes flying down and hits Beamo in the head)
Well at least it was the imported stuff. Beamo? Beamo?
Hungover are ya?

(cows mooing)

(end scene)

scene iv

Greg

Yeah Stanley I can hear you just fine,-- I know it's long distance,
-- I know it's costing you --he said what?

Yeah I know The President Kennedy.

There's no other hotels on the island.

He said he's leaving? He can't

leave. I've got him booked for three concerts.

That's right the room is already paid for.

Well you better straighten him out. Do you hear me.

I'm gonna cancel all his f--in credit cards.

He's not goin' anywhere.

That's right. Just like in Vegas. And I don't care
if he stands on the f--n window ledge til doomsday.

Tell him that if he doesn't straighten out he's
going back to teach automobile maintenance in Albuquerque.

He wants to pull something let him pull this.

What the bell is Kennedy's body doing there anyway?

Really! So they popped him out of Arlington like he was a
goddam pop tart. No shit! No I'm not going to call the f--in desk clerk.

Goodbye Stanley,--goodbye,--goodbye.

(Yells out)

Get me a sandwich from that deli. Yeah the Charlton Heston with onions,
- I feel like Moses with heartburn.

This could be it. I'll be like Homer.

It'll be a home run. If they can do it to Kennedy.

I'll get Monroe, Buddy Holly,--the Big Bopper,--Elvis and Lennon,
--maybe there's a few more Presidents I could dig up.

We'll call it Woodstiff. Who says I'm not
a mythmaker, Morrison,--the Grateful Dead. I'm a genius.

(Yelling)

start calling the newspapers.

I got something that'll -knock their eyes out.

Greg

No waitta minute,--
Get me Nesley Quik--fast. No I'm not being
anal retentive,-- that's her name, Quick.
Now get her and I mean fast,
goddam secretaries with,--psych degrees.
Where's that f--in

(reaches for coke spoon around his neck on a necklace)

--ahh help someone's
trying to strangle me!
Ohh it's me. What a trip. (snorts some coke.)
Why does everything take so long. Hello Nesley!
Friggin secretary is a pothead.
--probably sits in front of the T.V.
for two hours before someone tells here to turn it on.
I asked her to type a letter last week and she said which one?
So what if she asked you that?
She should try being in my position.
Better yet she should be under the desk. Get over it Nesley.
Who the f-- knows if Kundalini is something dirty. Listen I want you to pack your
bags. Call, call Priscilla,-- or Yoko, no Loco,
I want you to get all the dead rock stars dug up and ship the coffins to,
-- whattya mean you can't dig it.
No I don't mean you personally,--
get permission from their estates,-- their spouses,--who-ever,
Tell them Kennedy is already booked. That's right.
Alright so,-I'll talk to Loco,--yeah we'll call it the dead presidents, tour.
No we're still not sure about him. Set up everything. Yeah Louis,
--is in,--or maybe he's out,-- takin' a leak I mean,--yeah sure he's in.
I'll fax you the map. Mere. You by the machine? And listen.
Stop by publishing and pick up a suitcase of publicity shots. We'll
Hand 'em out Free to the first thousand. Yeah so I'm swell.
Yeah that's right it's an island. Whaddya mean how're we gonna get'em
there. -- yeah I can see there's no airport.
WhatamI blind. Make some calls. Rent
'em all water bicycles if you have to --I don't care,
--this is gonna be the mega-event of the
century!!. Yeah. Get started. (Hangs up). I'm a genius.
(goes to the door,--). Just for your information I am bald see!!
(Takes off toupe) And down here too! So what if it looks like Elvis.

(end scene)

scene v

(Louis is attempting to negotiate passage back to the mainland with the ticket office. The ferry has docked and the Captain of the ship and of the soccer team are standing at the top of the gangplank addressing the crowd. Beamo and Petey are on deck hiding behind a packing crate.)

Soccer Team Captain

Ahh,--it is grand to be back here where the morning smells like heather,---
(Father D'Barpuy enters. His garments rather soiled)
Shiiitttt! Oh I beg your pardon, excuse me father!

Father

No,--no, go right on,- got lost on board. --couldn't find the WC is all,--

STC

Cap'n MacNeil,--me'n the boys
would like to express our deepest
--pardon the expression,--appreciation for
not only transporting us back to
our beloved island,--for it is a long
swim back here,--but also for watchin' over the
trophy, the championship gold ball for soccer,
whilst me and the lads
got toasted in a wee small pub after the match,
(Father D'Barpuy is fumbling with his robe)

Captain MacNeil

It was an honor lad indeed,-- and a privy ledge,
--and I speak from experience regarding the privy ledge,
--for these boys had a great load of,--
(STC is relieving himself off the gangplank)
peein' to do,-- playin' to do,--Harrumphh --
to bring this gold trophy back to its'
rightful home--here,-- on Barranath from where it 'has
been away for more years than it woudda
had it never left as it should have done.

Beamo

See,--the bastard had it all along and
stashed it wi' the Captain of this tub,
--probably 'ad his wallet too.
I told ya I heard em talkin', about a gold cup.

Petey

Fergetit,--we was sent ere fi-ir a job
ferget yer freelancing',-- our problem is how to slip
off this cow scow wi'out
raising no attention from the Cap'n there,
--jeez you stink like a pumpkin full ol' pigshit
--we'll never sneak by 'em now.

(Louis is attempting at the ticket office to buy a passage off the island)

Louis

I'll be off this island faster'n
than a tick off a burning bed.
Wait'll I get my hands on Stanley, better yet, my feet,
--whaddy mean the card
is no good! I've got more credit than Brazil,--here try this one

Petey

Comeon move yer ass,--
before we get stuck on this mickey mouse barge for the trip back.

Beamo :

I kinda hate to leave,--that one Guernsey
had eyes kinda like Annette Funicello.

Louis

No ---you're join', right?
--no way I'm gonna be stuck on this friggin', island.
Here,--you see this,--it's my
guitar slide,,--it's worth well,--
I know fifteen hundred teenage girls'd give their right boobs for this.
How am I supposed to know what you'll do
with them. You're the salvage company right!?
Well so much for that,--

(tosses the guitar slide over his shoulder)

STC

It's good to be back on dry --whoaaaaa,--
(he slips on the guitar slide)

Beamo

(his voice is heard at the top of the gangplank)

Give me that,

(grabbing for the trophy he slips as well)

---whoaaaa,-

I've been barfed on and shit on for fourteen hours
now get out of my way! (Blackout)

Captain

(over the struggle)

Belay that boom,--she's snappin' wild.

(lights come up)

Beamo

Owww, --

(he is caught under the packing crate which fell and broke open.)

Ohhh my leg,--okayy you can shoot me. I think it's broke.

Captain

Where'd that fella come from?

STC

I dunno,--but he's done me
a great thing he has,-- in saving my life.

I would'a been crushed like a
--bloody pulp novel under that crate.

(Lights come back on and the team captain is crouched over Beamo who is
stuck under the crate.)

He looks kinda familiar.

Petey

Out of the way. I'm a doctor.

Beamo

Get away from me!
Move this damn thing off me.

Petey

Great plan..

Beamo

My leg,--I think it's broke.

(Whispering)

Petey

That s you re wooden leg,- idiot.

Beamo

Ohh yeah right,--I musta forgot.

Get this thing off me.

Get it off my ash leg.

(He slips the leg off picks it up Adele Rushded steps out of the crate as it falls off Beamo's leg,)

Adele

There we are.

(Picks up the slide)

Louis

(walks up to her)

My slide,--myy slide.

(He is wearing a motorcycle jacket that has the emblem 'Assassins' on it.)

Adele

Please,--don't kill me. Look.

Here's the last five copies of my book. Take 'em

Louis

Sayy,--these are autographed!

Adele

I didn't mean to write it.

I was possessed. That's right.

I was possessed by the spirit of Mary Jo Kopechne.

She made me write it.

Beamo Petey

Mary Jo who?!

Louis

(Reading)

A sinking feeling. By Adele Rushded.

Say I heard of you. But they said you had disappeared. Evaporated mysteriously.

Captain

I never seen a boom snap like that.

Thank the Lord it was just a baby boom.

Adele

OK,--how you gonna do it. A knife? A gun -----

A hypodermic needle,-a garrote. maybe a poison dart. I know them all.

Louis

Heavy metal.

Adele

Heavy what?

Louis

Say do you have a credit card?

Adele.

Soo, you're gonna cut my throat
with an American Express Card.
Wait'll T-R-W hears about this!

STC

Say that's the fella I had cuffs wi' last night in the pub.
Tried to brain me wi' a chair.

Captain

Grab those two!

Petey

Time to beat a retreat.

(They run off,-- but Petey realizes he has left his wooden leg
stuck under the crate,--he returns and tries to free it but Petey pulls him away)
end scene

scene vi

(at the airport for the island which is a strip of beach that is only available at low tide)

Nesley

Jeez,--ya'd think I joined the Goddam Marines instead of a Record Company

(packing her parachute)

--I should get combat pay for this gig. Oh well, se la guerre,
--semper hi fi.

Postman

(Pulls up in his jeep)

You're late! 2nd time this month.
Have we got a little package?

Nesley

Who are you? My gynecologist.

Postman

That's a good one.

Nesley

Listen --

(takes out a baseball bat)

unless you'd like to see my Mickey Mantle imitation
using your head for a ball, you'd better stay back,
--I'm warning you,-I've dropped into rougher places than this,
--I used to work for Spy Magazine. I crashed two of Elizabeth Taylor's
weddings,--and I've got mace here. No rookies here.

Postman

(takes out a set of baseball cards,--)

So you've got Mays huhh,--would you trade him
for a Nolan Ryan's rookie card

Nesley

What the!?,--

Postman

The other U.P.S. fellow collects baseball cards. You don't?

Nesley

I'm not from UPS.

Postman

OK,--so I'll throw in a Peron if you want to play tough.

Nesley

I'm not the goddam U.P.S.
and I don't have any packages.
Look here's my card,--Nesley Quik
from RockaBye Record tour division.
We've got a concert scheduled here,--
and I'm here to set up the accommodations.
Now could you direct me to the ferry.
I've got two hundred porta-johns due in.

Postman

Right,--I get it.
So where's the package.

Nesley

I am the package.

Postman

You are the package.

Nesley

Listen,--I don't mean to be
rude,--but we've rented this entire
beach from the government for the next
week as a campsite for the fans that are coming.

Postman

Jeez,--I never knew before that the government had a sense of humor.

Nesley

So,--if you don't mind,--

Postman

I hope you and you're friends are good swimmers.

Nesley

Are you threatening me?

Postman

Oh my no,--it's just that,--
this is the U.P.S. drop point. The mail plane usually lands.
--but when it gets close to high tide
like this, they usually just drop the packages instead
A takin a chance landing.

Nesley

High tide?

Postman

That's right,--the whole beach
will be underwater in about an hour,
-- probably stay that way for a week seein' as the full moon is comin'.

Nesley

Underwater,--Shit I thought wet
dreams were supposed to be better than this. ---better call
Greg right away. We're canceled.

Postman

Oh my goodness. So you are (looking at a tattoo on her arm)
--well, in that case you're going to have to go back. We
can't accept no package with the postage already canceled.

Nesley

That's not postage,--that's a genuine
Yakuza tattoo,--and I need a phone pronto
--have you got one in the jeep there?

(Laughs)

Postman

Now what would I be doin' with a phone in my jeep.

Nesley

Haven't you people ever heard of cellular?

Postman :

What do you think we are ma'am ignorant,-- of course we have,
--Celula he was that Roman Emperor and General.
The mean one what used to cut off people's
--,well,--their Johnny Poppers, and sent 'em
to their relatives with little messages writ on them.
He was kind of like the first Postmaster General.

Nesley

I hope to Christ you've got an ATM around here,
--or does a person have to wait for an eclipse around here for an advance.

Postman

Nn--- no. There was the time
Mrs. MacGregor's plumbing broke.

Nesley

What?!

Postman

Well, I had the feeling she
was,--well that her plumbing was just fine.

Nesley

Are you implying that you can't distinguish between a horny gal
and a leaky faucet? What am I talking about.
Look, do you have a phone in your truck or not?

Postman

A phone. Now what would I need a phone in my truck for?

Nesley

Perhaps to call somebody.

Postman

Well,--the only other phones here on the island
are the pay phones at the salvage yard and one at the hotel.
Everyone one else just yells.
If the mail plane went down, well,
I might have reason to phone up the salvage company,--but then
again, one of the fishin' boats wou'd probably have a flare up
before you could say spit on a pig,
--. They all have 'em,-,-you see-the salvage company gives 'em out free.
The one's with the little message written on 'em.

Nesley

_____ Don't tell me,-it's by cellular.

Postman

No, bilingual. It says in Gaelic and English
on 'em,--it's a catchy phrase I think, -'if it don't float, it ain't shit'
The old ones weren't quite so catchy, they said,-'we've got a flare for salvage.'

Nesley

(aside) Very catchy indeed!

Like a bad cold.
Look you said there is a hotel --if you can take me there,
-I'd appreciate it.

Postman

Well I've already finished deliverin' their mail today.

Nesley

_____ Ohh yeah,--Okay,--how much do you want?

Postman

Now you wouldn't be tryin' to subvert Her Majesty's mail,
--would you? That would be suspicious, and then
there is still the question of your tattoo.

Nesley,

Noo,--no. Look. Here's
an autographed picture of Margaret Thatcher.

Postman

Reading 'I've might have been knocked up but, I'm still not in labor.'
She's an iron lady alright enough. Pig iron if you ask me. Still,
A catchy phrase.

Nesley

(she has an idea) Look,--
do you have Express mail here?. Same day delivery?

Postman

_____ What do you think we are here? Backwards? of course we do.

Nesley

Give me an envelope.

Postman

(musing) of course Seamus was
a bit under the weather that day Mrs. MacGregor called and.
He is the only other plumber on the island.

Nesley

Here. How much is the postage.

Postman

3 and twenty. Mr. Louis (reading) Marales .

I hope you don't think I'm pryin', but is this fella any relation?

Nesley

He's my husband,- I think.

Are you gonna deliver this or not?

Postman

Now, Now,-- don't go tradin' your horses for a tin lizzie,

-- there's an old sayin' --

if ya drag the plow in a hurry you're only pleasin' Mr. fat and furry-

I'll be on my way over there,-- as soon as I have a long one at the pub.

Nesley

Isn't there a bar at the hotel.

Postman

Well as a matter of fact there is,--

(Both) the only one on the island.

Nesley

Well, can I hitch a ride with you?

Postman

I'm afraid not,-- this is an official postal vehicle.

You'll have to take the bus.

Nesley:

Then where the hell is the busstop?

Postman

Right there.

(Points to a sign about five feet away. Nesley Walks there)

I shouldda been drowned as a child.

Postman

(Changes hats and pulls up)

Better hop in --or you'll be fish deaf.

Nesley

What is that some kind of rap expression.

Postman

Fish Deaf. Hard of herring. Local joke. That'll be 30 pence.
Hop in fast,--the tides startin' to come.in.

Nesley

Here. Buy yourself a herring aid.

Postman

Your receipt and transfer. So,--ho'ws

Nesley

Don't ask.

Postman

-- your day been?

Nesley

Don't ask.

(end scene)

scene vii--(in the hotel lobby Louis is wearing a Groucho Marx nose and he is being held at bay by the two F.B.I. men)

Louis

Alright,--alright --so you don't have to carry my bags Okay?
I want your name pal. That's right you.
I'm gonna call the musicians union.

Captain

He was tryin' to sneak into the president's room.

Louis

I want your name too.

Captain

Cap'n.

Louis

Ohh yeah and what's his name. Tenniel?

O'Neil:

O'Neil.

Desk Clerk

It's alright he's a guest.
I told you sir. You cannot have the
front suite. The Kennedy party has it booked.

Louis

Yeah,--well I'm gonna own this whole friggin' hotel when I get done.
Where's the phone,--I'm gonna call my lawyer right now,--
better yet I'm gonna call my agent.
How did he book me into a hotel where the bellhops
carry 38 specials. Christ you'd think we're in Harlem.

Clerk

Here have a drink. These are not the bellhops,-they're F.B.I. men.

Louis

Oh yeah,--well you wouldn't
pull this shit on Michael Jackson.

Clerk

Hotel policy. Deceased persons
and heads of state get first preference on the front suite.
So I'm afraid you lose on both counts.

Louis

FBI. huhhh,--and who's the elevator operator. KGB?

Clerk

MRI. He's a bit off you see.

Louis :

Why don't you fire the sonuvabitch then.

Clerk

Well,---we get the National Downs
Syndrome convention here once a year.
It wouldn't be good public relations.

Louis

Woww, I didn't know that had a whole
convention for downers. Dead heads eh?
How about if I take acid and throw myself out the window.
Would that qualify me.

Clerk

I'm afraid you'll have to throw yourself out the your
window in the back of the hotel, sir.

O'Neil :

See whaddidaye tell you,--he's one of those drugcruised hippies.

Louis

I swear I'm gonna fire Stanley,-idiot,
booking me into the Atlantic Ocean instead of Atlantic city.
This is the Atlantic?,-

Clerk

Well that depends,-if you're lookin` out the front of the hotel
it is, but in back it would be the Arctic Ocean.

Louis

That slices it. Pour me another one of them scotches.

(Beamo and Petey have slipped in during the commotion and are talking to Seamus and the maid who appear puzzled by the ruckus.)

Petey

(In a loud whisper)

Take us upstairs pal.

Seamus

I'm afraid I can't.

Beamo

Whaddya mean ya can't.

Seamus

The elevator only goes down.

Petey

Well then how do you get to the second floor?

Seamus

There is no second floor.

Petey

Who do you think you are? Rod Serling? We saw the second floor when we walked in,- now crank up this cracker jack box.

Seamus

That's a facade.

Beamo

Fus'-what?

Seamus

A facade.

Maid

It's fake.

Seamus

Hotel couldn't afford to put up a real second story. What with the heating bills in winter. Have to keep the pipes warm you know.

Petey

I'm gonna keep your pipes warm.
--if you don't take us up there.
-- ya tink I'm stupid enough
to believe there's an elevator for one story building!?

Beamo

Yeah,--whaddy a wiseguy?

Maid

No,--he's retarded.
The hotel's built on a cliff.
In back it's a quite respectable three stories,--but in front
it's only one. We had to build
the facade so people wouldn't think we were a motel.

Petey

Ohh heaven forbid!

Seamus

So you see we can go down but not up.

Bearno

I think you better find the second floor.

(Takes out a knife)

Seamus

You don't scare me mister,--
We had Van Gogh stay here once.

Beamo

well unless you enjoy cleanin' up

(Looking at Orla)

body parts you'd better tell our friend which way Is up.

(Louis is a bit calmer now)

Louis

I gotta pee.

Clerk

(Locking the liquor cabinet)

If you're lucky you might
see a pod of whales from your window.

Louis

Well then it's gonna be a pee pod.

(Walking to the elevator.)

I'm gonna call my agent. Wait'll my fans show up. I'm a personal friend of Joe Namath you know. That's right.

O'Neil

I've got his autograph.

Captain :

Shuttup, O'Neil-

Louis

You're gonna regret this.

(Gets to the elevator)

Take me down to my room.

Seamus

Sorry sir we're going up.

(Door closes)

(end scene)

viii

(Stage is split in three showing Louis' room with Louis on the ledge, The Presidential Suite with Beamo and Petey and in the hall (alternately lit) the two F.B.I. agents standing by the elevator disguised as bell boys.)

O'Neil

You don't suppose there's really anything to it.

Captain

Well the director sure seemed to take it serious.
Though who would threaten to kill a dead President is beyond me.

O'Neil

Yeah it seems kind of repugnant.

Captain

You mean redundant.

O'Neil

I mean like repulsive.

Captain

Somethin' only a punk would do.

O'Neil

Did you get the paper?

Captain

Yeah but it's last weeks'.
somethin' about the airfield
bein' flooded and no deliveries this month.
I guess next month will be president's month.

O'Neil

I don't know why they had
to go diggin' im up anyway,--

Captain

Dunno.

O'Neil

I mean it's kind of morbid.
like the dead don't want to rest anymore.
Prinpin'em up like they was on the way to the High School prom.

Cap

I know what you mean.
It's like they belong to club dead.

O'Neil
Well he was Catholic you know.

Captain
The Director said we were not supposed to mention that.

O'Neil
Well I'm not really mentioning it,--
I'm making a passing reference.

Captain
Same thing.

O'Neil
Not it's not. I was just thinkin'
they have to dig up the body when
they're gonna Saint some one.
You know --to check it out.

Captain
That's repugnant.

O'Neil
No it's redolent.

Captain
I think there's a lot of reds around here.

O'Neil
Ya know,--we better call the director
--this is becoming a situation. Here,--here's a quarter.
Use the pay phone.

Captain
Wait a minute,--this is a Canadian quarter.

O'Neil
That's alright, it'll work.

Captain

But this quarter is only worth
twenty cents. That's fraud.

O'Neil

That's Okay,--this is government business.

Captain

Wait a minute,--look what it says on
this quarter,--'God save the queens'.
Ohh I get it,--you're tryin to pawn this quarter off on me.
What would the director say if he saw this!

O'Neil

Look there's all kinds.
Just like the Kennedy one.

Captain

You're not saying he was,--
Here,--lend me your handkerchief,--
I want to wipe my fingerprints off this.
They might trace it-to me.

O'Neil

You forgot to wipe your backside.

Captain

You're repugnant.

O'Neil

I'm gonna give headquarters,--

Captain

That's revolting.

O'Neil

I said,--I'm gonna give headquarters
a full report.

Captain

You can do what you want,--I ain't using no queer foreign quarter.
What do you think the F.B.I. stands for?

O'Neil

In your case,--full blown idiot.

(lights down --Kennedy's room lit Petey is listening with his ear to the door.)

Petey

The F.B.I. --the boss didn't say nothin'
about no F.B.I. --I thought all we was gonna have to do was maybe knock off a
few half crooked undertakers,--nobody said nothin' about no Feds.

Beamo

Relax Don't get excited -it's
Okay,--we got the P'erez on ice in here
and they're out there.

Petey

I could use somethin' on ice myself. A nice bottle of booze,--

Beamo

So call down for room service.

Petey

Alright,--hello room service,--yeah
send me up a bottle of -Absolut and a bucket of ice. I-waddy mean,
Yeah so.? (Hangs up) They said they don't serve no booze on Sunday,
would I like a Shirley Temple?

Beamo

Who's she?

Petey

Never mind..I'm glad I took that assertiveness training,--
no pea brained desk clerk is gonna push me around.

(Picks up the phone again while checking his gun)

Yeah desk,--this is twenty two again,-- yeah, that's right
I got a thirty eight in twenty two
so you better do a 180 and send me up some ninety proof
one two three or the President gets one-

(Pause)

No this is not the soccer team.
No this is not the soccer team.
No I'm not practicing calling plays.
Let me spell it out for you pal.--
either you send me up a bottle of Absolut
or I shoot the president.

(Pause)

I know he's dead already but I'm gonna make him deader. Get me?

Beamo

Take it easy,--remember your blood pressure.

Petey :

Shirley Temple my ass.
Cheap friggin' place. I bet
they don't even give ya no free shampoo.
No look! it's from Resorts!

(lights down and back to the hallway. The
elevator door opens and Nesley is standing there 'with a boom box.
Tape is playing)

I knew you were a cutey
when I looked right at your booty
I'm gonna,--gonna--gonna
articulate my vowels,
so get me some fresh towels,
ff --ff-- ff- ffresh!

(Captain is on the phone --Nesley shuts off the tape)

Nesley

Goddam,--elevator music.
Heyy pal whaddya, gonna be all day?

Captain

(Waving her off)

No operator,--I swear it wasn't a slug.

(To O'Neil)

I think they're on to us.

Nesley

Hey bozo,--I got an emergency.

Captain

(Takes out his wallet)

F.B.I. official business.

Nesley

(Changing her tactic)

Ohh a 'G' man. (fondling his hair).
Can I get a lock from the Ness monster?

Captain

Leave me alone.
yes this is the Dentist.
No,--it's my code name you idiot.

Listen,--no,--it wasn't my quarter- I borrowed it.

(To Nesley)

Get awayy from me!

Nesley

Are you queer or somethin'?

O'Neil

She must be from internal affairs. Christ they work fast.

Captain

What do want?

Nesley

I want that body you're hidin' FBI. man.

O'Neil

Cuff her,--she's after the president

Captain

I swear,--I never saw that quarter before in my life.
No,--I'm not a member of any AIDS activist group.

(hangs up a shot is heard outside.)

O'Neil

What was that?

Captain

It came from the room. Maybe she's got an accomplice.
She was supposed to distract us..

O'Neil

OK baby spread 'em.

Nesley

Jeez,--and I thought you two were a couple!

(lights out. lights up-on twenty two)

Petey

Yeah
(holding the gun),--
and that was just an appetizer. --I want that bottle,--or
I load the President up with a lead bouquet from FTD.
That's right,--fried, tied and died.
No not tie dyed. No I'm not on drugs.
I want that booze up here ASAP.
(a knock on the door)

Captain
(From out in the hall)
Open up! FBI!

Petey :
Uhh ohh.
(phone rings)
No,--no lemon.
Yeah you see what you can do.
You can hold my lemons shithead.
(lights on in the hall)

Captain
You don't suppose.

O'Neil
Don't say suppose. it's redundant.

Captain
Ridiculous.

Nesley
Sounds like a party. (lights out).

(Lights out and lights up on Louis'
where he is standing on the ledge. His fans
below on water bicycles are chanting his name)

Crowd
Looo--is Loo--is,--
(the chant gradually changes to ---- Big ---- Mac ---- Big Mac-- Then to 'Jurnp---Jump)

Louis
Fickle,--fickle--fickle fame. That's fickle not pickle!!

They probably been smoking weed..
Well I'll do my part to keep this island drug free.
I'll show you a joint. I'll show you some golden arches.

(starts to urinate from the ledge onto the crowd.)

--- you want beefcake,-- look at this muscle.

(Singing)

You all live in a yellow submarine.

(End Act I)

POSTLUDE

(Shift split stage between Greg and Loco in a pontoon boat and Louis out on the ledge,--Adele is also on her ledge but not aware of Louis.)
They backing into each other bump.

Adele

Ohh nice to meet you.
Ohh it's you --please,--
don't kill me-look, I promise I'll never write anything again
only don't kill me. Here look,--
I'm throwing away my pen,
--and it's a fountain pen.

Louis:

What are you doing on my ledge?

Adele

Room service?

(switch to Greg and Loco)

Greg

What was that,--it sounded like a pop.
(The thrown by Adele pen has punctured the boat.
Ohh shit we're sinking.

Loco

(Singing in a high pitched quavery voice)
I like the Detroit Blazers. (Pronouncing it D'Trois.)

Greg

D'Trois Blazers.
They're a basketball team not
a bunch of French transvestites and its Detroit Pistons.

Loco

I think we are the pissed on too.

Greg

Yeah and I'm pissed off.
Start bailing,--we're going down.

Loco

Going down,--going down
(Holding her nose singing in a high treble voice.)
(End POSTLUDE)

ACT II

scene i

(In the cave at the base of the cliff below the hotel seaside. It is filled with cases Of whiskey and other items salvaged from shipwrecks. The faint roar of waves can be heard)

Harold

Pull that skiff up there Andrew and make ter fast.
There is some heavy seas wot is breakin' o'er the Cairncross Castle
breakwater and she'll swamp 'ter down for sure.

Andrew

Lord. She's pissin' in water like a Spanish Stallion on Lasix..

Harold

Well if ya' had caulked her proper,--

Andrew

Ohh Ballyhoo,--she's got more caulk in t'er
than my sainted grandmother's bridgework.
The boat'll break up and sink and the caulkin'
will still be afloat on the sea --mark my words.

Harold

The bark is worse than the bite ya' might could say.

Andrew

Or, so they say in County Cork.

Harold

Make ter fast there I tell ya.
Wot-. Wots this here. Credit cards?

Andrew

Indeed. They just flew into
The bow now while I was turnin' into the moorin'.

Harold

It was the hand of God flung 'm here.

Andrew

If he himself is some drunkard up at the hotel.
Then it was him most likely.

Harold

No cause to be blaspheming now!

Andrew

Aye you're right. We've got to return 'em.
They ain't no proper salvage.

Harold

Well piety is one thing and the law of the sea another.
And 'what makes you and expert all of a sudden on the matter?
They be proper salvage if'n they float.
That's scripture simple.

Andrew

Don't be blowin, off so high and mighty
'wi' me now Harold. I suppose it was the
hand o' God wot sent all this Scotch Whiskey
our way.

Harold

No--but it was the hand o' God that sunk the ship
wot was-- acarryin, er. It was us who just got in the
way off the whisky hittin' the reef as well. That's
the law of salvage. We was merely the benefactors of his handiwork.

Andrew

Now you are blasphemnin for sure,--for we both
took an oath not to speak of
the whiskey,--and swore on the seagull's blood
and stepped across his feather.
You are a blasphemer and take yer oath lightly
Harold McNeil and fer that I will have no
more to say ta ya.

Harold

Ya mustta been dropped on yer head
as a child Andrew. The oath we took
was not ta speak of it to anyone
else. We both know about the whiskey.
So does the hotel manager,--
and I made him swear on the gulls blood
or on a drop of it anyway which I
carried up on the blade of my knife to the hotel.

Andrew

Which knife was that?

Harold

This knife here,--
which I can no longer use for cuttin'
off fish heads for it is an oath knife
but which surely can be used fer cuttin
off yer ears and usin' them fer bait since
they serve no other useful purpose either.
Wot,--did I put the fear in yer, - Andrew
You've turned pale as a virgin's bum.
I was only larkin'. Well if'n it'll make yer feel better,--
I'll swear it again,--here --here's
the gull's feather,--now place it
on the floor there so's I can step over it.
Come on man, do it now!

Andrew

Ghosts!

Harold

Don't speak of ghosts man,--
it puts me in mind of mortality
where I dinna like to be fer too long.
Comeon put down that feather and I'll
swear a heavy oath on it.
I've spoken to no other man about the whiskey.

Andrew

Out there on the jetty. I Swear!

Harold

Have ya been playin bumper pool wi' yer brain.
It's too gusty to be swear'n outside.

(a lightning flash)

Andrew

A man and a Chinawoman,--naked as the
Rock o' Gibraltar
out there on the jetty.
I saw 'em plain as day.

Harold

Oh yeah and they t'was playin' water
polo with Prince Charles I suppose.

Andrew

I saw 'em against the moon.

Harold

And what did I tell ya about samplin' the stores?

Andrew

I thought I'd never come back there.
And After you married Ida there
was no reason to,--but it was on a night
just like this I was in a fishin' trawler
off the Newfoundland coast. The
Moon was like a new bride trailin' her petticoats
down the watery sea aisles and for a moment
the stinkin smell of fish turned to sweet heather
and I swore I'd return here one day,--I took an
oath so strong, that I'd as soon have swallowed
my tongue and licked my own heart before I'd take
back the words it spoke,--and on nights so
black that a man would sweat ink,-- I could see
clear as day, that one day I would be back
on this island And so,--here I am myself, Andrew.
So you can see bein in the
mind of mortality keeps a man true to his word.
But you like havin' -your way with words
That's why Ida, God rest 'er soul, married you,--
tho the time now is come to pay the piper.

Harold

Well perhaps if youldda asked her first.

Andrew

I did,--in fact.

Harold

Ahh what's the use,--you're head is
full of things wot never happened,-- ---
and never will.

Andrew

S'God's truth,--

Harold

And she refused ya!?

Andrew

She told me she couldn't get married
and the reason was that she felt
she was not pleasin to God and
that if she was not pleasin' t' God
there was no way she'd be pleasin' to
a man, as men are much more particular.

Harold

Well it was he that made her,--
and made her as fine as a willow in June.

Andrew

Almost those same exact words I said to her.

Harold

Did you hear somethin'?

Andrew

I said almost the exact words,
--well it was He that made ya and if'n
He made a bad job of it,-
He's got none to blame but himself.
But that did not seem ta change her mind.

Harold

I wonder why.

Andrew

And besides,--I said,-

Harold

(Interrupting)

-Well if not for you we never would'a met.

Andrew

I said besides,--you
play the upright piano better than most
and surely that counts fer somethin!
That's when she threw her curlin' iron
at me and caused me this scar on my forehead. --
ya see I have no art in persuadin',
that is the long and short of the matter.

Greg

(Greg's voice like a howl)

Haalllloo,--

(The sound of John Lennon's Imagine')

Harold

That can't be from the hotel.
I shut the speakin' tube off,--

Andrew

That's right,--it is Sunday. Look!

(Loco is standing in the Mouth of the cave with a boom box)

Harold

It's Ida!

Greg

(Appears covered with seaweed)
I'da baked a cake.
Right,--if I knew you were comin?
By the way,--where are we?

Andrew

You're in the land o' the living' So if'n
ya are ghosts ya'd best find shoe leather.

Greg

Ghost? Right,--don't tell me,--I'm busted.
All my coke sank with the dinghy.

Harold

Are you caterers?

Greg

Yes Scrooge. I am the spirit of Hors d'oevres past.
The great Maalox.
Nahhhht.- I'm the rock promoter Greg L'Gume.
This is Loco. Our dinghy was punctured.

Harold

Well I for one've got no truck with one as got a punctured dinghy,--
-.or woman or ghost so man or ghost,
Well anyway ya'd best be off wi' yerselves.
If ya are a promoter than you can promote
yerselves up this cliff to the hotel

Andrew

That's right,--I've heard they are puttin'
up the dead so a ghost should find
accommodation there as well.

Harold

(Whispers)

I think they may be revenue agents.
Go'n cover up the whiskey. Hurry yup.

Greg

Don't tell me,--the Grateful Dead are here already!

Loco

I sense a cat about.

Harold

That's right,--a cat.
My partner, he needs to go change the kitty litter.

Andrew

The China woman is talkin, in riddles.

Greg

Local,-yokels

Harold

Now there's no reason to be
callin' names, We're salvage men.

(Exit Andrew)

Greg

Well you don't look like
savages. Have we landed in Africa?

Harold

Salvage not savage.
We're civilized here. Give us a bit of 'T'.

Greg

A bit of hell. I'll give you
more hell than you can handle
--- we're standing here freezing,
and you're correcting my pronunciation!?

Andrew

(Re-enters, stage whispers)

Okay,-- I hid the whiskey.

Greg

(Overhearing)

Now that's hospitality. You can both go to hell!

(The bell rings from the hotel, as the bell is sounding a handbasket drops
down on a rope)

Greg

There you can go to hell in a handbasket now.

Harold :

That's odd,--the hotel never
sent down for no whiskey on Sunday before.

(whispering)

Andrew

Maybe the Pope's 'ere.

Harold

And I'm a three eyed herring.

(Andrew goes and gets three bottles of Scotch)

Greg

I'm sorry we startled you.
The helicopter dropped us on the wrong side of the island.
I thought the wind would blow us ashore but then we started sinking.

Loco

(Like this now,-- (bowing, singing)
Blown ashore, blown ashore.

Greg

I'd like to make it up to you and your friends.
(Andrew comes out with the whiskey and puts it in the basket)
Ohh so that's why that little lapdog Louis didn't squeal when I cut off
his credit cards Free whiskey eh?

(bell rings again)

Here,--
(takes out a little package)

Harold

(To Andrew)
Are you daft.
I told you they might be revenue people. Now you've done it!

Andrew

But the hotel rung us twice.

Greg

(Hands Andrew the package)
Have you got a pen?
(Writes on the package.)

Harold

What is that?

Greg

Just a little something for my cutting off his credit cards.
Something to lighten up his brooding.

Harold

(Looking at the stuff)
Cremora?

Andrew

Say, these credit cards must belong to 'him then.

Greg

That's right 'n here's a little
spoon to stir his coffee.
(looking at the credit cards)
Say where did you get these?
These are my record company's credit cards!

Andrew

They was just floatin' in the water-- just like you, sorry and soggy.
(Harold has gotten a cup of coffee and put a little of the powder in)

Harold

Say this stuff is no good, it doesn't work at all.

Greg

What are you doing you idiot!
--that's not coffee lightener.
It's hunnert per cent pure snow.

Harold

Well then that's truly amazing!
You woudda thought it'd have melted by now.
Andrew have a look. It's snow.

Greg

Just send it up to that bastard Louis in the hotel in your basket there.
I want him in a good mood when I ring his neck.

(the bell rings)

Andrew

Maybe that's him now?

Harold

(To Andrew)

What's this tiny little spoon for then if not fer coffee?

Andrew

Are you ignorant?
That spoon is fer eatin' fish eyes.
They're considered an oriental delicacy. Isn't that right Miss,--

Greg

Loco. Loco Ono.

Harold

Now that's the last straw.
We ain't no local yokels. And we ain't savages.
So if'n you think I believe that this stuff in
this here package is snow. Well,--
then,--I'll be rentin', a tuxedo fer me monkey's uncle's wedding.

Andrew

(To Loco)

You'll have to excuse Harold Ma'am fer being ignorant
of you Jap's customs and fer not being civil to a lady.
And for makin' remarks about yer uncle,-

Greg

I am not her uncle!
--and that little spoon is for the blow.

Harold

Well now it does look like a storm comin' on.
But that little thing wouldn't
be much use fer bailin' out--, even a dinghy.

Andrew

He means blowfish eyes,-- isn't that right ma'am.

Greg

(Yelling)

You ungrateful two bit tone deaf punk

Loco

(Starts singing again in a high pitch tone deaf punk style)

John Brown's body lies a moldering' in the grave (etc)

Harold

What is that she's singin'?

Andrew

That's a song from the civil war, ain't it?

Harold

How come I ain't never heard it.

Andrew

It's from the colonial civil war. You know, -the recent one.

(A guitar lands in the water with a splash)

Greg

What's the fastest way up to the hotel?
Here give me back that stuff.

Harold

Well you could wait fer the mail boat,--
but that won't be til tomorrow or I Suppose
we could hoist ya's up in the basket.
If'n yer in a hurry. You don't look like
ya weigh too much between ya.

Greg

Well I'm not one to hang tough.
Loco,--you come up the second trip.
(they tie him up and begin to hoist.)

Andrew

We'll hoist ya then.
But ya donna look so light to me.

Greg

I've never been accused of being light.
(they begin hoisting)

Harold

(To Loco)
So ma'am tell us the truth,
--is your hinkey friend here a revenue agent
or not. Because if'n he is we'll
be obliged to drop him on his head.

Loco

(Hysterically)
Hinkey assassin.

Harold

Ohh that's fine then,--so long
as he don't work for the government.

Andrew

When do you Japs eat fisheyes anyways.
on special occasions or just anytime,- for breakfast.

Loco

Christmas.

Andrew

Nawwh

Harold

That's the truth! I swear it!
They do eat em on Christmas.
I saw it in National Geographic.
But they give ya thah gas somethin awful,--
and that's why I donna eat em myself
as I fer one'd hate to have a gassy Noel.

Andrew

Look it's snowin'.

Harold

Well Saints be praised!
who woudda believed he could
fit all that snow in that tiny package.
What will those Americans think of next?

(end scene)

scene ii (on the ledge outside Louis' room, Louis and Adele are both on the parapet as they have backed out of the rooms and do not see each other.

Louis

(Looking down)

Don't! Hey! Jeez, I almost hit, that guy with my guitar.

Both

Who sent you?

Louis

Waitaminit. Let's take turns. You first.

Adele

Alright. Who are you?

Louis

Where you been fer the last year baby? A packing crate.

Adele

Yes! But. How did you know that?

Louis

I'm Louis Marales!

Adele

Yeah,--so you're not going to kill me?

Louis

No,--babe,--I'm too busy,-I'm committing suicide.

Adele

You can't just throw away your life like that.

Louis

What are you, with the credit card company or something?

Adele

I'm a writer ---I mean I was a writer.
Til the Mullahs put thee contract out on me..

Louis

Yeah I've got contract problems myself, sugarplum,--
I was supposed to have a personal dressing room here,--
with a flushable toilet. It's over.

Adele

That's no reason to kill yourself.

Louis

Well that depends on how much
time you spend in the bathroom.

Adele

Ohh I get it. Kafka.-- Right?

Louis

Huhh,--No,--mostly amphetamines.
So what are you doing on my ledge.
I'm not really a joiner you know. If you're going to kill
yourself also,--get your own room.

Adele

Are you a magician?

Louis:

Musician. Shhh,--shhiitt!

(almost falls)

Adele

Oh really,--I thought you were performing acts of legerdemain.
Get it,--ohh how can I be so witty under such circumstances.
You would never know I have a price on my head.

Louis

Oh yeah I get it,-like Minnie Pearl.

Adele

I said on my head not on my hat. Granted it's only \$29
but the writer's guild is not a wealthy group.

Louis

You're pulling my leg?

Adele

Oh don't rush on my account. I'm not on the same
hit list as you..

Louis

You mean someone's trying to kill you?

Adele

Someone.,,-hah,-- only the best minds of my generation.
In fact they published an open letter to me in the
Times calling on me in good conscience to kill myself.
Threatening to revoke my membership if I didn't.

Louis

Whoaa heavy,--what did you do!?

Adele

Well I was in no rush to die so I went into hiding,--
Almost a year ago September. I spent the last six months
in that packing crate full of Spanish apricots.
Did you know a person could survive just on apricots and water!

Louis

That's the pits.

Adele

No, No pits thank God. Or I would have screamed.

Louis

Talk about karma,--that was the name of my last album.

Adele

No pits:?

Louis

No it was,-Apricot Scream.

Adele

What about you?

Louis

Ohh,--I do this every time my contract is up for renewal. Besides it's good publicity,--only it looks like I may actually have to Go thru with wi't this time. I usually try to book a first floor room for that reason. They didn't tell me it was overlooking a 200 foot drop here. I can't disappoint my fans. They look up to me. If I don't jump they'll think I'm a punk.

Adele

Literally.

Louis

My agent canceled all my credit cards so I might as well be dead. I can't survive on money. I'm very bad with denominations. Say, maybe your just paranoid. I mean why would the writer's guild want to kill you anyway.

Adele

Paranoid ehh! You heard about that drag queen waiter that got stabbed by the ex-con author in the restaurant. That was supposed to be me,--the poor schlemiel had started to autograph my books for people as a joke. I mean really,--anything for attention. You think Rod McKuen died of natural causes.

Louis

I don't know.

Adele

You see,--they covered it up,-- they're very tight with the
journalist's guild. I'm a hack--
I admit it,--but I sell two million copies a year.
In ten years I'll have sold more books than Pippi Longstocking,
-- well it's not my fault, if they had a little more sleazy sex in it,
--who knows. But they're convinced I'm keeping good writers
from making a living by filling shelf space with my crap.

Louis

Well it seems to me you should be filling more than shelf space.

Adele

I'm on their hit list.
alright,--and it's a short list..

Louis

Say,--I forgot to ask your name.

Adele

It's Adele. My friends just call me addled.

Louis

Louis,--Louis Marales.

Adele

Pleased to meet you,--Louis,-- er .

Louis

Mutual,--
(notices his fly is open. Zips it.)
Ohh excuse me. Too much fresh air must be..
(A knock is heard)

Louis

Who's that?

Maid

Room service.

Louis

Did you order anything.

Adele

Are you crazy,--I'm not even booked into this hotel.

Listen,--tell them to come back later. It might be a trick. Please!

(another knock)

Go away!

(end scene)

scene iii
(the elevator)

Maid

(Flustered)

Seamus,--they've sent down the whiskey basket!

Seamus

Well then,--what are ya wastin'', time
gabbin with me for. Run down to the pantry and see if ya's can grab a bottle
out of it on the way up.

(starts putting up the "out of order" sign)

Maid

Are you in you right mind?
It's Sunday. The Hotel never
got a liquor delivery on Sunday before.

Seamus

Well there's a first time for everything. Besides there's a priest on the way.
He'll bless it and then we'll get down to business.

Maid

A priest. What has there been another suicide?

Seamus

No,--they said down at the salvage company
he's come all the way from Italy.
The Pope himself sent him they said.

Maid

I'll tell ya what the darn problem is. We've got a reputation now.
When that first feller killed himself they. should never have agreed to
have the wake here. The place loses it's-atmosphere when ya start
offering package deals like that,--
once the travel agencies get wind of it,-

Seamus

That's right,--now we've got a reputation as a dead and breakfast.

Maid

And I'll tell ya somethin' else
odd,-- the couple in 1601,--they
refused breakfast.
Ya just put me in mind o' that now. Don't go tellin' me

that's not strange behavior. Especially
when it's American style breakfast and it's included with the room.
I can understand the fellow wants ta jump out the window,--
but don't go killin' yerself on an empty stomach.
Not when ya can get breakfast for free.

Seamus

I think he's a musician.

Maid

Ah, well, thaahht explains it.
--well mind you,--he was out on the ledge
and the drapes were drawn.
But I yelled at 'em several times,
-- it's gratis I said-American style,-
not Continental,--I tell you
I'm gratissed out. And I'll tell
ya somethin else. He was not alone.
There was a woman out there wi'him.

Seamus

There's not one woman booked into this hotel.

Maid

I think it was the one wot jumped out of the orange crate
down to the ferry the other day. The one claimin' political asylum.

Seamus

Ohhh! The mad woman. In the cargo.

Maid

Aye,--the mad woman of escargots

Seamus

Oh she was with the cargo in a crate.

Maid

Aye that too,--in a crate of apricots,--
I could smell 'em inside the room just now.

Seamus

Don't be tellin' me they'll both be commitin' suicide
before too long.

This is no joking matter anymore.

Maid

There's the crux,--and I had the very same thought myself,--so I yelled to her,--I said,-- Ma'am seein' as this fellow doesn't want his breakfast,--maybe you'd care for it,--and though I'd prefer on behalf of the management that he settled his bill before he went flying out the winder that she was welcome to it and that it would add not a whit to the bill as it was gratis.

Seamus

And what did she say?

Maid

I'll have a double on the rocks, she. says.
It was then I knew what they were intendin' clear as day.

Seamus

Well it is a sad thing, --but not to be less than expected considerin' the circumstances.

Maid

And what circumstances are those.

Seamus

Well considerin' the fact that she recently spent a good-deal of time in the company of apricots. It happened to my dear Uncle Harry. God rest his soul.
Or was that oranges.

Maid

No,--go on.

Seamus

Yes it was too much orange juice wi' out the stabilizin' effects of vodka can cause a severe depression. Most often it happens to seafarin' men like my uncle as they are issued a ration of oranges to keep off the scurvy,-- Thirty five years at sea,--and he always came back to Ida a whole man,-- wi' all his limbs, such as they were.--but it was the effects of citric acid wot eventually did him in. Of that much I'm convinced Technically speaking.

Maid

What a horrible way to go!
To die in such a technical manner.
Ohh dear --perhaps I'd best see about promotin' that bottle

after all,--it can't be a sin,-- considering --

Seamus

t' would be a mission of mercy.

(exit the maid)

The effects of citric acid are no laughing matter.

(end scene)

(End Act)

ACT III

(scene i- the hotel lobby which is decorated with pelican wallpaper
--the postman is sitting at the bar,--the two FBI men enter, O'Neil is carrying Nestle
over his shoulder)

Postman

Oh,--so the package was for you fellers after
all,--well--then I'll have to collect the postage due from you,
--she's been canceled you see.

(Points to tattoo)

Nesley

(She is wearing a Groucho Marx nose)

You call yourselves Feds,--

O'Neil

Postage due, here take this quarter,--
I'll give you the rest later.

Nesley

Canceled my ass.

Postman

No,--her arm.

O'Neil

Say isn't that a Yakuza tattoo?

Nesley

That's right.

Captain

D'you have anything to do
with those two bozos up in room 160?--

Nesley

Now what kind of a question is that?
You've got some bamboozled yokel with no green card operating
the elevator and you're busy sexually harassing
upright American citizens.
Get me a drink,--I think I'm going into shock.

O'Neil

He working without a green card? Let's bring him in.

Captain

We're not in the states you idiot,-- and we're not immigration.

O'Neil

I'm not an idiot-Who recognized the tattoo as Yakuza?

Captain

So what if she took a Jacuzzi.

O'Neil

It's not Jacuzzi,--it's Yakuza,-- Japanese mafia.

Postman

Are they issuin'' stamps now?

O'Neil

Yeah they get green stamps every time they knock off somebody.

Captain

But no green card.

O'Neil

Not unless they bump him off in the elevator.

Nesley

I need a drink!

Postman

Pour the package a drink bartender,--and one for me while you're at it.

One of those- Shirley Temple Black Russians. Here's a tip for ya.

(Flips the quarter)

God save the Queen.

O'Neil

That sounded like code,-- didn't it.

Postman

Code or hoed,--I want a drink.

Clerk

The bar is closed. It's Sunday.

Postman

I said a Shirley Temple,- Black Russian. Ya queer oaf.
So open up yer cabinet there.

O'Neil

It is code ----- but who's Shirley.

Captain

Maybe she's Shirley,--the postman
said she's the package. Whatever
the two of them are after,--it must be in the liquor cabinet.
Stand aside.

(Takes his gun out and shoots the lock off the liquor cabinet)

Check it out O'Neil.

(Nesley falls clutching her head)

Clerk

Who do you think you are,-John Wayne?

O'Neil

Look that it,--you've shot Shirley in the temple.
Whad-ya do that for?

Captain

This is not the Brady Bunch.

Nesley

No, No I'm alright. Just turned off my by mistake.
This is so taxing.

Postman

(In aside to the clerk)

Shh,--maybe they're revenue agents,--after the whiskey.

Captain

Just as I thought,--

(holding up the remains of a bottle)

This is not Johnny Walker Black!

Clerk

They're on to us.

O'Neil

What else have they got in there?

Captain

Limes.

O'Neil

Limes? Well you can ferget yer limes.

Clerk

And everything else in there.
The shot must have ricocheted.
There's not a bottle left whole.

(enter Father D'Barpuy)

D'Barpuy

Ahh, Rick O'Shea-fine lad,--I was at his confirmation

Nesley

That priest,--I know him from somewhere.

(Phone rings)

Clerk

Yes,--look I already told you, we don't serve liquor on Sunday.
Yes, I agree that sounds like a fine idea--mopping up the floor 'with me
,-I have an extra mop we can both do it..
Say wait a minute, 1602,--the parties registered in 1602
are standing right in front of me now.
You're not even registered here.

(another shot thru the ceiling and the chandelier falls down)

--yes I could consider that registration.

D'Barpuy

Have I come at a bad time.

Maid

Not at all father,--we've got one stiff and two potential for you.
Imagine calling on someone else' line for room service.
That trick is so old it's collectin' a pension.

Captain

This is all getting out of hand.
We'd better call it in to the bureau.

Clerk

You can call it in to the commode
for all I care. Think of something!

Postman

If you'll be wantin' to make a phone call to the mainland,--
you're out of luck. A seagull flew into the phone line this morning.

Captain

Oh yeah,--well we've still got the chopper.
We can fly over.

Nesley

You can't leave me here.

Postman

You can't leave her here.

Nesley

Wait a minute. They've got a chopper.
That's perfect. Ohh the shock,--the shock, I'm still faint.
The film broke on the plane on the way over
I had to watch eleven hours of Wild Kingdom.
I need to lay down. Have you got a bed,--
can you two help me to lay down.

(O'Neil picks her up)

Clerk

We've got no more beds. We're full up.

Nesley

I need to lay down.

Clerk

--well we've got a Castro in 1603.

Captain & O'Neil

What?

Clerk

I said we have a Castro in 1603.

Captain

This place is a hotbed.

Clerk:

No,--but we have got a hot tub.

Father D'Barpuy

Ohhh,--a Jacuzzi.

Captain

Do you know this girl?

O'Neil

This is regular bay of pigs.

Nesley

(putting nose back on)

I don't think so. Well I never.

O'Neil

Castro here,--well --doesn't that beat the band.

Clerk

We haven't got a band.

O'Neil

Fidel.

Clerk :

Yes,--but only at dinner.

O'Neil

Don't get smart with me.

Captain

Ohh, noo! The president!

O'Neil

You don't suppose, he's still mad about peeved about that invasion thing.

Nesley

Your fly is open.

(O'Neil drops her to close his fly)

Captain

We've got to take him out.

O'Neil

But I just put him away.

Clerk

Well there's a lovely restaurant down by the pier.

Postman :

Lovely ribs.

(Giving Nesley a hand up.

Nesley

Why thank you.

O'Neil

Nothin I like bettern takin out some reds.

Clerk

(protecting the liquor)

No! Not again.

Postman

See if you can distract him.

Captain

What?

Postman

I said the lady looks distracted.

Mad, cuckoo in American.

Captain :

We can't just make policy like this on the fly.

O'Neil

I say take him out immediately!

Nesley

See,--I told you they were perverts.

Captain

This matter needs to be treated 'with utmost
circumcision. We've got to get instructions.

D'Barpuy

Well I'm the wrong party to ask
about that. Perhaps Rabbi Klein,--

Maid

Ohh that reminds me. The party in 1601 declined breakfast.
what's more,-he's out on the window ledge with a woman that jumped
out from a fruit crate this morning
at the ferry, smokin'. He wouldn't even let me in to dust.
I heard 'em talking out on the parapet about jumping into the bay.

Postman

1601. He's the one I've got a package for,- express mail.

Maid

Well I hope you've got better luck than me in that case,-
you may 'have to fight your way into his room.

Postman

Se la guerra for 1601.

O'Neil

Did you hear that,--Che Guevarra is in 1601.

Captain

I thought he was dead too!

O'Neil

Maybe they want to trade.

D'Barpuy

What's this about the woman from the pear crate.

Clerk

She's not in the crate anymore --she's out on the parapet
in 1601, smoking. Wait a minute.

(to the maid)

I thought you said it was an orange crate.

Postman

It was a fruitcrate and leave it at that.

Father

Of course they're all fruitcakes.
Why else would they want to kill themselves.

Nesley

He said,--crate,-crate.

D'Barpuy

Now young woman,--there's nothing great about suicide, --
it's a sin against god.. Now who is choking on a pear pit.

Clerk

She said parapet. Not pear pit.

D'Barpuy

Of course they do,--and canaries
make fine pets as well- What are they doing out there?

Maid

Havin a smoke.

Captain

Havana smoke,--sounds like Cuban cigars.

Clerk

She means they're on the catwalk,--
the two of 'em. She's out there wi' im.

D'Barpuy:

With whom pray tell?

Clerk

The one that's had no breakfast.

D'Barpuy

Well that cat'll eat that parrot then for sure. He must be hungry.

Maid

Oh Lord,--I'd better call the SPCA.

D'Barpuy

Well enough talk about pets,--
I'd better go up and talk to that
fellow that wants to jump off the roof.

Postman :

Would ya mind takin' this up to 'im father.

Father D

(Takes out the Express mail pack and an envelope falls out)

Clerk

(Picks up the envelope--Reading)

This for 'Hotel Neptune's Child.'

Why this is dated last month and it's from
the insurance company.

(opens it)

Postman

Mustta got stuck wi' my jelly
beans in the Express Mail section.

Clerk

(Reading aloud)

Gentlemen,-we decline to insure you hotel
at present as an inspection has shown the construction
of the facade to be fundamentally flawed,-
and subject to potential collapse.

D'Barpuy:

Well I'll head up and try an talk some sense into that boy before he
commits a mortal sin. And if he's possessed by the devil,--,
well I'll just repossess lim,--I look at myself
as an agent of God's little finance company.
They don't call me the repo priest for nothing.

Clerk

You can't go up there,--it's not safe according to this.

D'Barpuy

Ohhh,--'Im not afraid of any cat.

(exits)

Nesley

Waitaminit! The repo priest,--now I remember. I knew he
looked familiar. He's the one that married Louis and me on stage at the
Palladium-at the Grateful Dead San Francisco concert. I thought that was
A joke? A real priest,--well I guess even paisley ties can bind.
--well blow me down, I'm really married to that creep.
That very rich creep in a community property state.

O'Neil.

OK who are you buddy,--the truth

Nesley

(Aside)

Now to make the convenient switch from
Rambo to Ophelia,--that's the way to evade responsibility
just smile and bark at the moon,--
--and that's a dog that will have his day
in court. The tinge of guilt is, dare I say,
washed from any rag with the milking of madness.
--but if they declare me mad,
--I'll lose my claim to Louis' fortune,--
they'll have me committed before my
first Pina Colada. I'd best
marry madness speedily and then divorce straightaway,
--before madness spreads it's stain,-
that's the way to trade AlkaSeltzer for champagne.

Clerk

I'm the day clerk of the Neptune's Child.

O'Neil

You see, South Africa is in on the deal too.

Captain

We've got to get reinforcements.
Go get the chopper ready.

(exit O'Neil)

Nesley

Go get the chopper. They sound like Chuck Norris
doing the French Chef. Why do I feel like vacuuming
all of a sudden. Nope, I'm not out of pot. Hmm,--magazines,--
I wonder if they have soap opera digest. Why do I suddenly feel so domestic

Captain

(To Nesley)

Come on lady. We're evacuating all American citizens to the mainland.

O'Neil

(Runs back in)

We forgot the President. We've gotta get him outta here before
the Cubans get to 'im.

Captain

Forget it. We can't handle them alone.
And those two lowlife's probably got the coffin wired
with more plastic than is in a fifty year old stripper's tits.

O'Neil

What're we gonna do.

Nesley

Wait. Let go of me. Where am I --Miami.

O'Neil

She thinks she's in Florida, The shock must have finally got to her.
What's that tattoo she's got. Is that a Cuban!

Nesley

It's not Castro,--it's that taco Ortega.

O'Neil

What about Castro. What is this?
Hey look,--it's a picture of Oliver North,--
it says,--'We took a screwing in Nicaragua,--
lucky we used --Contra-ceptives'.

Captain

Where did you get that tattoo? What's on her other arm?
What did you say about Ortega?

Nesley

It's not Ortega it's Marcos. It's from when I was the Philippines.

O'Neil

She knows about the North Manila protocol.
It's obvious, North when he thought he was going to prison
struck a deal, with the mob. He knew that
Castro still had all the mobs gambling markers still
from when they seized the Havana casinos, after
the Revolution. He offered to set up a trade
-for Jack Kennedy's body.
This whole thing was a set up.

Father D

They're not tryin to Saint him?

Captain

Those two guys upstairs locked in the room
are trying to make the exchange tonight..
They might even get away with it now,
-since they sent you two bozos on a wild goose,

O'Neil

Wild Turkey.

Clerk

How many times I got to tell you. The bar is closed.

Captain

The Bureau really got caught with its, pants down on this one.
She must be in on it.

Nesley

We knew you would.

Captain

We?

Nesley

Covert operations,--code name
Winnie the Pooh. Operation piglet,
- my control,--North by Northwest.

Captain

She's starting to fade,-quick get her a drink.

Clerk

We don't serve liquor on Sunday.

Postman

They won't trick you with that old one my boyo.
I told you they was revenue.

O'Neil

What's wrong with her?

Captain

Post cinematic stress syndrome-
I've seen it once before.
Right after they had us filming Apocalypse now.

Nesley

Save the piglets.

O'Neil

What if she's lying,-- Captain The picture.

O'Neil

What's that about the piglets?

Nesley

The Piglets. 'We've got a thousand expatriate Cubans
disguised as rock and roll fans,-- the bay of piglets
they' re just of f the coast on water bicycles -
Only there was'a snag in our intelligence.
They put the stiff in the front room.

Clerk

Hotel policy.

O'Neil

What're we gonna do now! if we make a
run to the mainland,--they could snatch the
bod and be gone before we got back.

Captain

We've got not choice. The phones are out.
We have to believe her.

O'Neil

There's the loudspeaker on the helicopter.
We could warn them,--send them around the other side-

Nesley

Right,--tell them the beach is compromised and is no go.
Okay,-synchronize your watches,
-- check out time,--11:15.

Clerk

Checkout time is 12:00. Unless you're a saint.

Nesley

(Singing)

It's all happening at the zoo,

Captain

She's gone again.
Let's warn them,--

O'Neil

What if they grab the girl while we're not here?

Nesley

Don't worry about me,-- I've lived my life,--
I was a three time jeopardy champion.
Besides,-my accountant won't let me die yet.

Maid

Well she may be mad but at least she's fiscally responsible.

Captain

(to the clerk)

And as for you pal.
You better find some more booze, pronto.
Keep those guys happy til we get back,
or we'll be liquidating more than liquids!

Maid

Well-bleess my dustbuster.

O'Neil

(They exit)

The Castro party is dead. Get me.

Clerk

Oh dear not another dead guest.
I've got no more suites. I'll be double booked.
It's the beginning of unwanted expansion.

Maid

Yes,--it may mar our low reputation.

Clerk

We haven't got a low reputation anymore-.

We've got a facade. The facade,--Ohh my lord,--
(the sound of the helicopter,-)
- the helicopter. Somebody stop them.

Postman

Yess. Unwanted expansion.
I know somethin' about that myself.
Now how about that drink,---

(end scene)

scene ii

(in the elevator)

D'Barpuy

You're right about that my son.
It is no joking matter at all, suicide,
and I say that, having a bit of experience in the matter.
But take te Japanese frinstance,--it's the national pastime
there, believe me. They view it as a character builder.
I was missionary you see,--it was a small
prefecture on Hokkaido,--a place not too much different from this,--
an island. That's one thing ya must remember,--
no man is an island,--though some of us are shaped like one.
But as I was sayin' suicide there is considered
a smart career move so you can see what I was up against.
Anyway,-- --there was s tidal wave, tsunami they call it there,
-- and it wiped out the entire population of this small village,--
all except this one fisherman who had been
out fishing when it struck,--is there something wrong with this elevator,--
I remember the last time I was here,--, the squeakin, the cables had dried out.

Seamus

You're right father,--
(takes out a bottle and puts out an out of order sign) --
I think it is a similar problem too,-- the squeakin',
but I happen to have some lubricant here.

Father D

Anyway, as I was sayin, this feller came back from his
nets to find nothin' left but a beach,--
not one familiar landmark to comfort his eye,-
his wife and children swept away,-
like specks of dust from a tabletop,
poor. fellow lost his bearings,-- --
so he just sat himself down there on the beach

and waited for himself to die.

Seamus

Horrible story. Horrible.

Father D

And it ain't finished. You see,--
after three days,--the head mucky muck Jap
from the prefecture government came down to me,-

Seamus

Really! Have another.

Father D

Asked if I couldn't convince the poor fellow
to go to some government sponsored home instead-
you see,--it was embarassin' to them,--
not that he was tryin' to kill himself
but that he was takin' so damn long to do it.
So anyway,--I said I would try, though-
the fellow was not even in my parish-
So I went down there,--and sat
and talked to the fellow
without stoppin'-for two whole days and nights,---
for some reason which I could not explain,--
You see the fellow had begun to
fascinate me. He didn't say one word,-
in fact,-he couldn't even speak English.
So he sat there nodding.
All of a sudden he just stood up and
started walkin' away,--this is a miracle I said to myself,
--praise the Lord,-so he walks with me to the next village
and I tell him with some hand language to wait while I go
find the mucky muck Jap.
When I got back with the fellow,--I found
out that he had thrown himself under a train.
His last words were to thank me for finding him
a more honorable way to die without embarassin anyone. --
the government,-- fella said he was probably- just. tired
Of me talkin' to 'im so much.

Seamus

It was a sign from God.

Father D

Well it was a sign sure enough,--
but all the signs there were all in Japanese.
But you've got to look for the signs even if ya donna understand 'em
Right off

Seamus

What about here? Suicide central. Understandin' 'em
is a full time job.

Father D

Ohh well,--if I was to guess,-- that the woman
who was locked up in the pear-crate,--
that signifies severe paranoia to me.

Seamus

Isn't that a bit far fetched to me but she did annoy the maid.

Father D

Well that's the thing,--it doesn't matter if it is or not,--you
They are not looking for understanding,
see suicides present you with a blank wall,--a cipher,---
they just want you to feel what they do,--that you've
fallen off the edge of the world and -it"s a blank.
That there is no more understanding--
Just blankness everywhere ya look.
So you see it didn't matter if that
Jap fella understood what I was sayin',--
and it doesn't matter if I'm reading
the signs right or wrong about this poor woman
or even upside down,-- .
That's what that Jap fellow wanted me to do.
I know now, I failed him.
I might as well have been working on my tan
at that beach-

Seamus

Well not really,--

D'Barpuy

Well,--let's give it some more
lubricant,--I can feel those cables loosenin' up a bit.

(end scene)

scene iii (In the lobby, they have set up a cot for Nesley and are fanning here.)

Maid

Oh, my, everything's gone so
puddin' in the mix upside down cake.
What am I to do with the breakfast?
I canna feed it to Seamus' dog,--the
poor thing already has high cholesterol.

Postman

Send it down to Andrew,-- they're probably still sane down below.

Maid

What's the noise?,--

Postman

It's that helicopter they've got

Maid

Look at all that dust,--
oh and where is my dustbuster?

Nesley

Clouds of strawberry melancholy
are enveloping m,--like a trip to
the W.C. Fields forever,-
creeping up and caressing me like a stranger
in a plaid tie,--like a Woody Allen movie,
but no,--it's not a hand I see. It's a flipper.
It's a flipper I see.

Maid

Oh -I watch Flipper too. I think it is on now.
(Flips on TV which is all static)

Nesley

No,--it's the seventh seal,--incommunicado
wherever the hell that is? --where the
Eleanor Rigby rings,--a season spent in hell in a yellow submarine.
Cato! Cato!--the catwoman in Truffaut,--
all dead, -- liquidated ,with a single shot.

Maid

What is she talking about?

Postman

Ohh,--she's an American.

Maid

That explains it, I suppose.

Well then Mister know-it-all,--

how'm I supposed to get this breakfast down to Andrew.

Postman

Well now,--supposin' there

was a delivery of Scotch Whiskey comin up,--

not for consumption mind ya,- as it is Sunday

but merely to replace damaged inventory,--

That is, not for drinkin' only for accounting purposes

To balance the books so to speak.

What came up would have to go down.

Maid

The basket!

(the Captain of the soccer team runs in holding the wooden leg yelling.)

Captain

The facade,--the facade!!

(a crash and over the crash is heard a voice on a loudspeaker.)

Captain's Voice on Loudspeaker

Change your course and go for the backside

O'Neil's Voice on loudspeaker

Gimme that. He said that it,-not me.

(The lights go out,--when they come back up,--the ceiling has collapsed.

Beamo and Petey are sprawled in chairs near the table and the coffin

is sitting on the table amongst the rubble)

Maid

(Making a religious sign)

I don't suppose either of you ordered American style breakfast.

Beamo

It's all you're fault you idiot,--

I. told ya not to try and steal the towels,-

Petey

What towels.

Beamo

Why, the towels you stuffed in your bag,--
they were booby trapped,--they had those little
plastic things on 'em like at Macy's.
They explode if ya try to steal 'em.

Petey

I didn't see no little plastic things.

Beamo

Well we're snookered-now for sure.
We'll never be able to claim political asylum.
If I still had my leg,-- I'd shove it up yer ass.

STC

Be my guest (handing him the leg)
I was just about to return it anyway. I'm a sportsman.

Petey

Have ya considered takin' up baseball.
You's can use my friends head here for a ball again.

(the coffin opens and Richard Nixon sits up in it)

Nixon

My fellow pelicans.

(waves)

Beamo

It's the boss!

Clerk

That's not the Kennedy party.
This is setting a bad precedent.
Explain yourself.

Nixon

Well,-I've had quite a bit of time
to reflect and think, --since I am the President ,
And there were only two things I had not done as of yet.
One was to beat that sonuvabitch Kennedy and the other was
to get assassinated. It should have been me there
in that limo in Dallas. I'm the one who
should've had airports and highways named
after him-, not that Massachusetts meathead rum runner's squirt.
So I became obsessed with that thought you see, and have been ever since.
I needed a way to destroy myself in some
spectacular way,-- that Chinaman screwed it up.

Wasted a good Rolex --they purged the sonuvabitch before he
got a chance to do me,--shoved an eggroll
down his throat,--you know, like in Alien,--
Sigourney Weaver and what not.
Well he was no Sigourney Weaver, that's for sure,--
anyway,--then Watergate came along,--made to order,
what an opportunity,-- didn't really have a
Goddam thing to do with it,--ya know what was on
those eighteen minutes of tape? Crosby Stills and Nash,--
that's right, Teach --your children well,--
--you know why that Bastard Bernstein wouldn't
reveal who deep throat was? --because it was me dammit,-
that's right,--I gave the press the biggest blow job in the
history of journalism. Then when I heard
the Vatican wanted that 'Whorin' sonuvabitches' remains,
To look into saintin him, --well that was the piece of marijuana
that broke the camel's joint,--if anyone is
Getting sainted--it's me,--not him,--me!

Petey

But you're a quaker boss.

Beamo

I don't believe it! We kidnaped the boss.

Nesley

Bruce Springsteen? Is he here too.

Maid

(To Nixon)

Would you care for breakfast?
It's American style.

Nixon

Don't mind if I do.

(End ACT III)

Passagio

(Elvis and Lennon in two coffins side by side)

Elvis

Well,--,

Lennon

Alright,--so I'm stiff,--but it's this Goddamn inactivity,--it's killing me.

Elvis

Howcome?

Lennon

My neck goes stiff,--it's from too much eye contact,--I make eye all day long,--the angle of my neck it never changes,--except maybe by a hair.

Elvis

Maybe we should get a dog,--
if we had a dog,--that would be an --
opportunity.

Lennon

Alright,--but dogs you know,--
they can't talk,

Elvis

--but they make a lot of eye contact,

Lennon

--but they don't talk and then they die.

Elvis

Howcome.?

Lennon

Well in one year they live seven years,-- --
that's why they're running all over the place.

Elvis

That's probably it. I thought
maybe it was because they have four legs.
What about Siberian Huskies?

Lennon

What about Siberian Huskies.

Elvis

Do they die in seven years?

Lennon

No,--

Elvis

Howcome?

Lennon

I din't say they die in seven years.

I said they live seven years for our one.

Elvis

I'm gonna have to report you to the ASPCA.

Lennon

How come?

Elvis

Cruelty to animals.

Lennon

But we're just talking.

Elvis

Mental Cruelty.

ACT IV

scene i

(Nesley. The Postman is leaving the hotel on a bicycle built for two with the mail bag on the second seat. Nesley rushes out)

Nesley

Hey,--wait a minute. Slow down.

Postman

Can't stop. Feeling better I see.

Nesley

Why? Who are you today,--bus driver or postman?

Postman

Well seein' as it is Sunday,--I'm certain,-
I'll not be delivering any mail unless you
are hallucintinatin' again.

Nesley

That's great,--because,-- this is an emergency. .
(climbs on the second seat)

Postman :

Well,--I'm afraid it will have to wait as
Mrs. MacGregor has got an emergency too,

Nesley

--her (air quotes) plumbing broke again?
Ohh,--I knew as soon as I
got on that plane this would be a horrible trip,--s
sure enough we were sitting on the runway at Kennedy,
and a seagull flew into one of the engine rotor vanes.

Postman

Ohh so that's what happened to that poor fellow,

Nesley

Scared the living' daylights outta me.

Postman

Ohh you saw it did you?
I've seen a seagull fly right
into a rabbit hole but live never
seen one fly into a vein. That Kennedy
fellow wasn't an intravenous drug user was he?

Nesley

Look,--I've really got an emergency,
and I need some transportation.

Postman

What is it that happened to you

Nesley

He was assassinated..

Postman

Ohh,--it was one of those killer seagulls.
Saw a documentary on that once,--
I think it was called 'The Birds'.

Nesley

Don't remind me,--you're talking to someone who
just watched fifteen hours of Wild Kingdom.

Postman

Oh I'm a big fan of that fellow,--
what's his name, Merlin Olsen?
Hop aboard,-.

(He rings his bell twice)

(Seamus -is walking up the hill with his dog Flossie when the postman who is
riding the bike almost hits him, – the dog barks and Seamus jumps out of the way.)

Postman

A little joke,--the postman always rings twice.

Seamus

Sunday driver! You saved me life Flossie,--you are a true pal.

(Fade to black with a spotlight on Seamus & the dog)

--- be despised Justice,--even though he was
under constraints,--aye hard constraints to deal evenhandedly,--
and a man who despises Justice has no business bein' in a home for boys,
let alone bein' Superintendent,--
so it was a sorry day for evenhandedness
when he led Harry to the bathtub,
where for a whole half an hour he beat him bloody with a switch,
though not a sound came from that room
except the whoosh, whoosh of the switch, --
there at the Gilcarney Home for boys,
and I stood in the next room for the whole time
just waitin' for Harry to yell out 'Bloody Hell--
though he never did. But
Harry told Ida,--some twenty years later, in the back
of the laudramat, that the reason he did not cry out
was because he had learned where the twenty pence
fines went to in truth, at the time,--
who would have thought to expose a man that dressed in -grey grey,, grey, --
It is truly a lovely story though of how Harry met Ida,-- though in fact,
I had known her first you see,--but that's another story,--but he, in truth met her
in the laudramat and there and then she cured him of his drunkenness
which had afflicted him nigh on to twenty years,
since he became a sergeant in the army.
Harry was, you see, sensitive abut bein' short,
and having been dominated by his brother--when they were children,
did resolve himself to fight with him--which he did,--
for five hours in a wee small inn, and--defeated him.
and that's how he arrived at the , perhaps premature, conclusion,
that he was destined to become a boxer,--
and that's how he came to be in London
where he met Ida in the laundramat when he was s seargeant.

(-fade to black and back up on Nesley and the Postman)

Nesley

Stop the bicycle,--I think you might have hit that fellow back there.

Postman

Oh that was just Seamus. He's functionally impaired.

Nesley

And what if I inform the Justice of the Peace.
What'll you have to say then?

Postman

Ohh is that where we're goin with this then.
Well,--I'll just tell him that it was
worth seein' the look on Seamus' face when I scared the
living' crap outta him and by the way
we're not goin' to find the Justice of
the Peace on this road, if that's where you're goin.

Nesley

But I thought you said there was only one road on the island!

Postman

That is indeed true,--
but the Justice of the Peace doesn't live on the road.

Nesley

Don't tell me you're the Justice of the Peace too.

Postman

Oh no ma'am --that would be a conflict of interference.
The Justice of the Peace lives in
a cave below the hotel,--down at the
bottom of the cliff. You see he's only a functionin
Justice part of the time. The rest 'o the time he's supplyin' his
Scotch in to the hotel.

Nesley

He drinks?

Postman

Fish drink,--only they never get the good stuff.
No,--he's a salvage man, he and his partner,--
they supply the hotel bar with liquor.
It's stored in the cave where they got it after a shipwreck.
All that lovely tax free booze without the taint of a revenue stamp on it.
That's why I thought your friends there was revenue agents come
lookin' for the booze.

Nesley

So he's a bootlegger?

Postman

Never! But he is a bit of a pirate you see,--most around here are.

Nesley

Really! I'm shocked.

Postman

Yes it's quite true that. Most of the people here on the island have a bit of the pirate's blood in 'em. You see the story has it,-- that the very same cave where the Scotch is hed,-- was the hideout of the pirate McCain,-- Who used to prey on Sir Francis Drake. McCain the bane of Drake or so he was called, preyed on Drake's ships returnin' full with booty for many years,--until so the legend goes,-- when Drake saw him comin', rather than fight,-- he would scuttle the smallest ship in his fleet right away in the shallows near Cairncross,-- this saved the fightin' and seein' as neither one of them was a quitter nor greedy man,--this save several days of rather horrible fightin' and the men did not protest, for the ships cooks were not a notably savory bunch so the crew figured the less body parts lyin' about,-- well the better for their digestion,--f or McCain was a notable hacker rather than a stabber. But the point I'm making is that, once you've got set up a reputation, there's not many that can climb down from their own shoulders wi'out kickin themselves in the face. And that's especially the case wi' women too.

Nesley

Fascinating!

Postman

Yes it is. But, you see, oft times in human affairs the pull towards Respectability is sometimes too strong to get around sometimes wi'out the aid of drastic measures,--and so it was just a matter of course that,-- when a woman from this island would find herself the victim of her lover's inattention she would throw herself off these cliffs, heavin' a great sigh,-- the waning of love was however tied impeccably to the arrival of the high tide-- causing the star crossed lover usually to show up a week or two later not much the worse for wear--exceptin without fail she'd be deliverin her first child nine months later, without fail,--- that is how the Hotel came to be called Neptune's Child,-- and their men,--it appeared, in a fit of chivalrousness without exception Would marry them just before the blessed event to keep the child from bein' a bastard. So ye can see why it is that most of us have the pirate blood in us here.

Nesley

But did not the men catch on after a while? I mean,--
not to appear too disingenuous pusing this bit of trivial folklorica.
surely they knew what was happening' after a while.

Postman

Aye,--but they were not fools, as it was a sharp dirk in the night
across the throat to any that spoke of it,-- and besides,--
island folk are nothin' if not practical and otherwise not one
of those girls would have come dowered to their marriage
bed if not for the trinkets which had somehow shortly before fallen
into their possession, for the legend had it that each woman
King Neptune took for himself and returned to life he gave a pearl.

Nesley

Take me back to the hotel will you,-- you just gave me an idea.

Postman

(Moves the bike only a few feet)

Well, here we are.

Nesley

Already,-butt we left over a half.hour ago.

Postman

One of the singular advantages of living
on an island is that you are already there most of the time.

Nesley

I've got to call Greg. (Exit)

Postman

Americans.

(end scene)

scene ii

(on the ledge outside Louis' room)

Louis

I want to hold your hand.

Adele
Not on your life! I just did my nails.

Louis
Lady,-I'm a about to kill myself,-
and all I'm looking for is just a
bit of human warmth,--what color is that anyway?

Louis
Spanish blood orange.

Louis
That's a stupid name for a color!

Adele:
Well if you don't like it,--

Louis
No, no the color is fine,--
I mean the name,--blood is not
orange,--not even Spanish blood.

Adele
It's not named after the blood,--it's named
after the orange,--the Spanish blood orange.

Louis
Well why'd they do that?

Adele
Cause the oranges have red flesh.

Louis
Well that's pretty stupid,- if you ask me.
Why don't they name apples bone marrow transplant apples
instead of Macintosh or something.

Adele
That's just nonsense,--bone marrow is not a color.

Louis
It is too.--what about bone china.

Adele
They don't have apples in China.

Louis
They don't have Chow Mein in China either.

Adele
I thought you were trying to kill yerself.

Louis :
I'm getting to that--now don't rush me,--it's just
I've never had an intelligent conversation with a woman before!

Adele
You call that intelligent? 'They don't have Chow Mein in China'!

Louis
You mean they do!

(end scene)

scene iii
(in front of the hotel)

Soccer Team Captain
Ohh look,--you've bashed in the front end of yer bike –
what did ya do,- bean poor Seamus again?

Postman
Aye,--but that damn dog--I hope that dog dies.
Come'on and have a drink,-- one day I'll catch him square,
right Timothy?

STC
It's pure luck,--that's what it is. It has nuthin to do with whether the
dog is alive or not. It's like how we won the trophy pure luck.

Postman
Well come and have a bit of the brew and you can tell me about it.

STC
I canna do that.
--tho I wish I could.
There's not a drop to be had.
The place is as dry as a bone.

Postman
Anyway,--what's the use,--
would you want it gettin' around that Timothy O'Leary was drinkin'
in a hotel? Peopl'd think you'd

got too much fertilizer in your petunias.

STC

Yeah,--and that Nixon fella has
Been tryin' ta get me to take this 'Rolex watch fer some reason.
Lord --did you see that?

Postman

What?

STC

That helicopter just crashed into the ocean by the wreck.

Postman

Don't tell me they're sendin' over Jimmy Carter too!
Saints alive! Can't they keep their presidents at home?

STC

No,--it's those two FBI guys. I saw them take off.

Postman

Do ya suppose we should call the rescue team out?

STC.

Naww,--Harry and Andrew'll probably
pick 'em up,--if they crashed right near Cairncross,-
and if they're still alive. b'sides,-- if they don't float

Both

They ain't shit.

(end scene)

scene iv

(Back on the ledge)

Adele

Wow,--what a mess!

Louis

Yeah,--kinda looks like the
the time I put my canary in the blender.

Adele

Yeah,--but those were seagulls.

Louis

I couldn't fit a seagull in the blender.

(A knock on the door)

Louis

Go away,--can't you read!?
'Do Not Disturb!'

(Father D'Barpuy enters)

D'Barpuy

Oh gee,-- I'm bad with signs.
I thought it said do not dis 'turd'.

Adele

(Quoting)

Do not this turd despise,-

Louis

For from it flowers will arise.

Louis

Well fart in a carton.

Adele

I recognize that – from Chaucer's poem.
The tale of an unwiped ass. -

D'Barpuy

Tis a tale of too shitty if you ask me.

Louis

No,--I mean we have company.

D'Barpuy

Well no need to put yourself out.

Louis

No,--I mean down there

Adele

You're a priest? What kind of language is that from
a priest. You're cheapening the cloth.

D'Barpuy

Every man has worth in the Lord's eyes.
He is our shephard. He does not evaluate us as cheapened
goods in any case.

Adele

You mean he doesn't go around asking what's this wool worth?

Louis

They're on water bicycles! Look what's that sign
down there. I can't make it out.

D'Barpuy

Do not cast yourself down to the ebb tide of sorrow,--
but wait for the high tide of God's loving hand,--

Louis

Ebb tide,--wait, I can
read it. it says E-bbi-tie, --no ebb peas, eat my bra please!!

Adele

Boy they really don't leave
you alone with the food here,-- it's like the Catskills.

D'Barpuy

We, for a moment float
suspended above the throng
by the heat of our vanity,--
and then plunge into a sea of doubt.

Louis

Sooner me than you. pal,--

D'Barpuy

Tsunami,--tsunami.

Adele

Tsunami , salami, bologna, hot dog.

D'Barpuy

That is the coldest cut of all.

Louis

Yeah,--what do you think I am
a piece of meat!

D'Barpuy

A tidal wave sweeps over me,--

my words are drowned my trembling
teeth ripped from my mouth by my own words,
ahh desolation, I have cast my net
and with a poor throw snared only myself --
a petty circle, thief of my life,

Louis

(Singing)

Ebb tide,--take my heart with you.

Adele

Will you shut up. Boy what a voice.
it's enough to make me wanna kill myself.

Louis

Well,--I've learned one thing from being a rock star,--

Adele

What is that?

Louis

If you kill yourself,--
you'll regret it for the rest of your life.

Adele

Wow,--that's enough to get me
to join the Dead Poets Society!

Louis

Heyy,--let's not change the subject.
the surf's up and here I am straddling the pointed
To-redoin of a dilemma,--poised at the pinnacle of life and death,
suspended between self love and complete adulation--
a rock idol whose woody base having been gnawed by rats
stands teetering above the last undecayed point,--
like a juggernaut caught in gravity's tug of war,--
wearing indecision past the turnstiles of reason,
to unseasoned tracks --to change my wardrobe, to change my diet,-
where is my dresser, where is my harmonica,--where is my yoga instructor.

Adele

Cool! The tug of antipathy,--it makes you so goddam complex.

Louis

Will you marry me?

Adele :

Well,---would you respect me in the morning?

Louis

Say,--you're a priest,--
would you do something for me?

Adele

Well that's convenient.

D'Barpuy:

Anything my son,--if you promise
to come in off that ledge,-- anything in my power if it is not a mortal sine.

Louis

Do you think you can you get me booked into 1602 across the hall?

Adele

Heyy what about me?

Louis

I mean for the wedding of course.

D'Barpuy:

Have you met the desk clerk?

Louis

Have you met my agent?

D'Barpuy:

Alright,--alright, I'll do it.
Only promise me, you won't jump.
I'll be right back.

Adele

Are you sure about this,--I mean
from appearances, we're totally incompatible,
- you're trying to commit suicide
and I'm trying to stay alive for one.

Louis

I can change,--besides if I did jump I'd probably just
land on one of my fans down there. They're thick as thieves.

Adele

Say that would make a great title for a book,--thick as thieves.
(Someone bangs-on the door)

Oh my God,--it's probably the writer's Guild,-- they found me,
(Yells

I was only kidding.
(Enter D'Barpuy)

D'Barpuy:
Okay,-- I did it,--you're in 1602.

Louis
Great! Great! Say would you mind grabbin' my guitar.

Adele
(Relieved)

He's a priest not a roadie.

D'Barpuy:
Anyway,--you don't even have to move.

Louis
But I want to,--ask that moron elevator operator
to grab the luggage,--
(Takes off his shirt) --here,--you
want something to remember me by,---
here take this,--take my blood sweat and tears,-
or any other bodily effluvia you might want,--
here take my credit cards,--take my loafers.
I've committed Gucci-side.

Adele
You threw away your credit cards?!

Louis
I was over my limit anyway.

D'Barpuy:
God look at them down there.
You'd think it was the second coming.

Louis
Third.

Adele

More like feeding time at the aquarium.
Don't you feel for this poor fellow?

D'Barpuy:

Feel for him?

Louis

(It finally registers)

Wait a minute. What do you mean-
I don't have to go anywhere?

D'Barpuy:

I meant I changed the numbers on the doors. You're already in 1602.

Adele

Cheap trick if you ask me.

Louis

If you think I'm comin' in off this ledge now
then you've got your rosary on backwards father.
No disrespect. Wait a minute. I recognize you now,--
you're the repo priest. You're the guy that married me'n
Nesley Quik at the Dead concert in Detroit.

Adele

You're married?!

Louis

If he's a real priest then yeah that's right.

(enter Nesley)

to her as a matter of fact..

Nesley

Do you remember father, what you told him
before you married us?

Louis

(A fan has climbed up and is trying to grab him)

Let go of my leg.

Nesley

No,--fish or cut bait.

D"Barquy

I remember now,--you were. Ffff-

Adele

Fat?

D'Barpuy

Fffff-Pregnant.

Nesley

That's right,--and I had a son,-
named Seamus. He was a bit off,--
so we put him in a special school for slow children.
In London where he ran off with his best friend Harry.
I've never heard from him since.

Adele

How could you propose to me,?!-- You're married
With a son!?

Nesley

He asked you to marry him?

Louis

I
t was my agent's fault,--
he booked me in the 'fall the same night
there was an anti-abortion rally.
it was just,--circumstances.

Nesley

I was young and naive,--I thought
the world was just a three ring-circus.
Now I find out you've been flying high with the trapeze lady.
Well there's still gonna be a circus but you can take your damn rings
back,--(throws it at him.) and send in the clowns,----send in the clowns,--

Adele

If she's divorcing you then we can get married still.

Nesley

Don't bother be's queer.

Louis

It wasn't my fault. She threw herself at me!

Nesley

I did what! I'll show you throwin yourself at someone.

(Runs at the window and tries to grab Louis but falls.)

Louis

Adele, help me.

Adele

I should despise you by all rights. But as the author of trashy novels, I am strangely intrigued by all this.

Louis.

Do not this lowly turd despise, that wakes the wayward foot from reveries of daffodils
Shit can't sing,--it never could.

D'Barpuy

I think you are all mad.

Adele

I think we're all mad too.

Louis

What difference would it make. We've come out on top.
That's all that counts,--
We are the champions of the world.
The undefeated,--

Adele

What do you say to that father.

D'Barpuy :

Oh he is feetid alright.

Louis

Oh really,--.

D'Barpuy

You are somehow lacking in humanity.

Louis

Ohh,--I'm lacking? Because I don't tie myself up
in knots because someone decided to off themselves?
Is that it? Do I need to become some moral contortionist like you because.
-some fish sucking Japanese threw himself in front of a train.

D'Barpuy

What!--

Louis

That's right,-- the ventilation
shaft from the elevator comes out right
here next to my window,--
I heard every word you said to that retard.
Next time you should unburden yourself
somewhere more private.

D'Barpuy

It was not my intention of making my
struggles with my conscience into a carnival sideshow, like some,----.

Louis

Like some self centered rock and roll star.
Right father. Well I've got news for you.--
you are a sideshow,--I'm the main attraction here,--
you're conscience just doesn't rate top billing,--
and as for your humanity, you've got about
as much of that as a happy face!

Adele

(Managing to pull him up)

I used to do mud wrestling.

D'Barpuy

Do you think then it was a coincidence
that you were booked that time into
the arena where an anti-abortion rally was scheduled?
You can't annul your tie to that girl by annulling my humanity,--
if I didn't marry you that child would have been killed--
the central acts of our existence define us past equivocation,
past sophistry,- no matter how many thousands hang upon the shell of a man

Louis

Or, -If you didn't marry us she'd probably still be alive today!

Adele

Poor girl,--that waif,--that flower child,--she had a right to life too.

Louis

Yeah,--the bitch.

D'Barpuy

Come down off the ledge.

Adele

So it comes down to right to life?

D'Barpuy

The compass of morality must come to rest
upon some elevated point of truth or it cannot swing.

Louis

And, -it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

Adele

What about the rights of the living? Of us
we earned our rights..

Louis

What a babe!

D'Barpuy

What you have learned my dear,--
and is only sophistry and equivocation.

Adele

I'm no sophist,--you want to know who's a sophist!?
Sophie Tucker is a sophist. Castro is a sophist.

(Voice from behind the door)

Open up,-- it's the F.B.I.

Louis

Right to live. I love it.
I love you. Right to live!

(Raises a fist and kisses Adele and a cheer goes up from the crowd below)

Adele

You know what this means!?

Louis

Yeah,--we can sell the movie rights!

D'Barpuy

Well my work here is done.

(Goes to unlock the door)

Adele

The only thing that sells better than a happy ending is adultery.
Too bad your wife is dead.

Louis

I always wondered if you could
commit adultery if you were underage.

D'Barpuy

Oh yeah! By the way, Timothy O'Leary the
Captain of the soccer team said to give this to you,--
and he said to keep it cause you never know what the salvage company might get
in.

(Tosses the guitar slide and it lands out on the ledge).

(Banging on the door.)

Just a second,--whattya think this is, the hotel conga line?

Adele

I'm turning myself in to the Writer's guild. Maybe if
I agree to testify against Truman Capote they'll give me a new identity.

Louis

Yeah like they did for Jane Fonda.
Put her in the fitness protection program.

(Hanging)

(D'Barpuy opens the door.)

Alf

FBI.! Hold it! Where's the coffin!

Adele

I'm tired of runn--in--nn--n-g.

(She takes a step and slips off the ledge on the guitar slide .)

Louis

She must think she's Jane Eyre.

Happy

Grab im, He just threw that woman off the ledge!
(at that moment Greg and Loco arrive in the basket.)

Greg

(Holding a gun)

So throw your company credit cards away will you! Die infidel.

Happy

Lookout he's got a gun!

Greg

You were ungrateful alive, maybe you'll
be more grateful dead. (Fires hitting Louis).

Alf

No wait!

(Happy fires hitting Greg)

Alf

This is the wrong room!

Happy

Whaddya mean,--it's 1602. Isn't it?

Alf

They just switched the room numbers on the door you idiot.
The President's body was in the front of the hotel!

Loco

You've killed Lennon. Lennon's dead!

Happy

Sorry lady.

Alf

Whaddya mean sorry,--
They're probably a bunch of communists.

(Exit Happy and Alf.

In the distance a train or ships whistle is heard.)

End scene

End Act.

Postlude

(The scene is the bar of the Neptune's Child)

(Seamus the Postman are playing a game of checkers, a TV is on and there are two trophies on the wall flanking the soccer trophy-actually they are two parts of the human anatomy that have apparently been driven through the wall.)

The TV Announcer

The Prime minister today expressed her heartfelt condolences to the families of those lost in the freak tidal wave which struck the coast of a small island off the coast of Britain in the Atlantic. Apparently the wave was generated when several thousand rock fans on water bicycles attempted to escape from a weather helicopter which lost power and crashed in their midst. Most of the residents of the island however were saved,-protected by a high cliff on the side of the island where the wave struck. Apparently, the concert has been cancelled and will not be rescheduled.

Postman

Aye the power of mother nature is somethin' that in its effects is terrible to behold. They say s tornado, and this is a fact,--can take a straw and drive it straight into a tree trunk. That's the truth. It was in my package from the 100 facts-a-month club.

Timothy

What kind of club is that?

Postman

Well it is a club for them that does not have time to go readin' whole books. They take out one hundred facts from books and send 'em to ya in a package. Saves postage and-a lot of time.

Seamus

And how do they charge ya,--is it per fact and by the fact pack.?

Postman

Well by the month of course,--but the first 500 facts are free. They also have something called the half classics club.

Seamus

And what is that. Or should I guess,--

Postman

Well, they send you parts of classics,--
they have for example,--'A tale of one city'.
'One Year before the Mast',
--and Moby, with no Dick.

Clerk

Sound kind of half-assed if you ask me.
Kind of like bein' a vegetarian,--
only eatin,--half the things God put on this earth fer us ta eat.

Seamus

Well I say,--being, like, that it does no
harm to a person. Look at Timothy here.
He's a vegaquarium. And it did the lad no harm.

Maid

Well he eats fish then I'm sure.

Seamus

Maybe he does, but he's not married yet.

Postman

Well he got back our soccer trophy
from Glasgow anyhow and that is a great thing.
Let's have a toast to Timothy O'Leary.

Seamus

Indeed it h'is, here have a wee dram Timothy,
-there's no meat in it but only pure whiskey.
The closest it ever got to meat was when
it passed the lips of an English gentleman
by the name of Sir Loin of Pork,
so named because his lips resembled a pair of
porkchops smackin together like tow
flounders in heat.

Postman :

Well he is an expert Captain and I'll drink
to that fer sure,--and to next year,--May it be as luck-y as this one.

Seamus

Let's have a game of checkers.

(A voice from the corner)

Voice

Don't say 'checkers'.

Seamus

Alright then let's have some draughts.

(The ass sticking through the wall lets wind
The postman gets up and switches the two picture frames,
hanging one around the head of Greg and one over the ass.)

Postman

I thought there was only one horse's ass on the wall.

Seamus

--until we can get the undertaker
to pry them loose we might as well call it art-

(FINIS)