

wurst

(Take It and Eat It)

(I mean... take it and keep it)

By Radiohole

Siegfried Bades a Fair Blade

Erin is on front table. Table is in high position. Scott cranks table down slowly throughout this first section. Eric is in tower. He makes pizzas on remote sampler. Scott makes pizzas on Stubby, Coin-op turntable & Oberheim. Maggie is far upstage at microphone.

Eric: What has another forced you to confess?
What have you forced another to confess?
What have others forced others to confess?
What have you forced yourself to confess?

Eric: How have you been forced to tell the truth?
How have you forced another to tell the truth?
How have others forced others to tell the truth?
How have you forced yourself to tell the truth?

Eric: What lie has another told you?
What lie have you told another?
What lie have others told others?
What lie have you told yourself?

Maggie: Begin.

Add So Yong video sound. Maggie begins setting stage.

Eric: What consequences have you been given for telling the truth?
What consequences have you given another for telling the truth?
What consequences have others given others for telling the truth?
What consequences have you given yourself for telling the truth?

Scott begins setting video. Maggie begins 'Blade Bading' with video.

Eric: What communication has been forced on you?
What communication have you forced on another?
What communication have others forced on others?
What communication have you forced on yourself?

Erin: What?

Eric: What communication have you forced on yourself?

Erin: '...'

Eric: How have you been forced to remain silent?
How have you forced another to remain silent?
How have others forced others to remain silent?

How have you forced yourself to remain silent?

Scott picks up Mime/Erin and puts her in a chair. Front table is at coffee table height.

Then... in "Talk show format":

Scott (host): Good evening and welcome. Before we begin, I'd like to give an especially warm welcome to those here who are likely to die at any moment. It's great to have you here in our live studio audience. Also, to those of you who normally receive the show by carrier pigeon we apologize; the pigeons are all dead.

Tonight's subject is a hot one: *Siegfried Bades a Fair Blade*. With us are two gentlemen who were pivotal in the Young Boy Blade's development. I'd like to introduce Mime Smith and the Reverend Biggy Balls. Welcome to the show gentlemen.

Scott wanders the stage doing host things and making pizzas.

Mime: "..."

Rev. B.B.: "..."

Host: Now you gentlemen knew Siegfried as a young boy blade?

Mime: "..."

Rev. B.B.: Biblically.

Host: In fact, Mr. Smith, you practically raised him?

Mime: "..."

Rev. B.B.: I didn't do that.

Host: Did you have any inkling, that der Junge, then affectionately known as "Herr Sigg", would one day become the hero "Siegfried" whom Wagner freaks from Nietzsche to Hitler love and revere to this day?

Mime: "..."

Rev. B.B.: Well, Jim, he's Dutch, right?

Mime: No. He's Icelandic or Danish... Scandinavian something.

Rev. B.B.: I think it's important that we keep in mind that his father was King of the Netherlands.

Mime: Doesn't mean he was Dutch.

Rev. B.B.: Pretty sure he was Dutch, Jim.

Host: Never mind that. The reverend and I were having a brief chat before the show. Reverend, can you repeat for us, the story you related then which launched Siegfried on the path of fame and fortune?

Rev. B.B.: Right, well... you see, I was telling some of the local boys about this, uh, this lady, uh, Jezebel –

Mime: Cream Hilda. Ow!

Rev. B.B.: Of course. Right. The Hilda sisters. I was telling the tale of the Hilda sister they call Cream Hilda...let's see... tossed upon a bed born by the Swans clothed in the sun with the moon at her feet and upon her head a dazzling tiara of twelve shimmering stars. Her oily palette contains great whirling wonders and seven stinky mysteries... heh-heh. Yep.

Mime: I can just about imagine that.

Host: Just one whirling wonder is enough for me! Ha, ha!

All laugh uncomfortably for too long, then stop abruptly.

Mime: "..."

Rev. B.B.: "..."

Host: Anyway...Gentlemen, as a special treat we've brought here tonight, all the way from Burgundy: Siegfried!

Mime: "...!"

Rev. B.B.: I thought he was dead.

Eartha Kitt loop starts on Coin-op turntable. Things are really getting dense. Performers must really raise their voices to be heard. As Siegfried makes some overblown entrance we hear the following voiceover:

Voiceover (Dan Dobson cameo): Siegfried was made in the father's image according to his likeness. Siegfried's strong, yet refined features are framed in greasy golden locks. His teeth are set in mother of pearl and his garter belt is from Victoria's Secret. He wears matching Yvonne Duck silver earrings and a ring of gold from Andvare. He knows where Annie goes when she goes to town and has a knife, a fork, a bottle and a cork under erasure in Old New York. He has, as well, dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air...

Mime: Did he say birds? Ow!

Voiceover: ...Yes, birds and over the cattle, and over the wild animals of the earth and Eartha Kitt and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth and finally over German dwarves who all turn out to be Swedish alcoholics or simply guys squatting down in order to appear short and try to provoke sympathy and cop a hand out. Back to you, Jim...

Siegfried: "Hey."

Rev. B.B.: "Hey."

Mime: "..."

Mime starts muttering inaudibly, pissed off.

Rev. B.B.: I thought you were dead.

Siegfried: Um, no, not really.

Host: Welcome, Siegfried. It's great to have you on the show. I've been a fan of yours for a long time. I airbrushed your picture on the side of my Econoline. Would you like to see it?

Siegfried: "..."

Host: Well then, let's get right to it. Siegfried, I know a lot of people ask you this but I'm going to ask anyway; would you like to fuck my girlfriend?

Siegfried: You are a total freak, Jim.

Host: Thank you. Maybe next time I'm in Big Town we could get together and shoot up or something?

Mime: Siegfried, you little pecker-head!

A folding chair mysteriously appears and Mime tries to hit Siegfried with it.

Siegfried: Get away from me, you freaky little bearded anarchist gnome! They should have drowned you at birth! Ow! Get that *thing* away from me! Goddamned medieval midget, son-of-a-bitch! Ow!!!!

Host: Gentlemen, gentlemen! Blood lusts later, right now let's stick to the subject. Siegfried, can you tell us, what is the ugliest part of your body?

Siegfried: I can't really talk about that, Jim, you know, for insurance reasons.

Host: Then, can you tell us, how did you bade a fair blade?

Siegfried: Well, Jim, you have to understand, at that time I was down to Wooden Wood Commons. I was a humble lamb amongst the tall grasses and greasy dwarves. I did some piecework blacksmithing and such. Now I've been squashed under foot a few times, but I can handle my own. I healed myself with seven golden seals and then looked into the great gaping hole in the earth where the ass of the aforementioned Snapdragon had been planted and I was watching many Bruce Lee flicks. At the time there were infinite rivalries pantomimed amongst the gods. I stared into the abyss with the locusts down on my ass with those fierce pincers for like five months; but you know, you're gonna get a plague of locusts, from time to time. So, I was half expecting to get gassed out of there, what with the sulfurs and the Captain and Tennille squealing day and night, but all I could hear was the, "Woo, woo, woo" Welcome to the Hotel California, such a lovely place, such a lovely place... you know, you know when you get a song like that stuck in your head and you just walk around all the time singing to yourself and your friends are all like, "Shut-up!" - but you just can't stop singing. Yeah. It's fucked up but at the same time it's kind of cool.

So I'm there, you know just hanging out and you know, I bade a fair blade, if you know what I mean. So there I was, just bading my blade, it was pretty late and...

Host: I'd like to interject and say that listening to you has made me ...

Siegfried: Stop, I know what you're about to say. I've been around enough to know the effect I can have on certain individuals and let's just say I understand and thank you. (Wink, wink) It is always a pleasure to be on the show, Jim.

And now the noise is so loud that Siegfried pretty much has to scream to be heard (back away from the microphone)

Mime: That's it. I'm out of here. Ow!!! Get this *thing* off of me!

Siegfried: So where was I? YES, it's late and all the Gods are shit-faced by now and half passed out. So it's pretty quiet right, when... I see an angel coming down from heaven wrapped in this cloud, with a rainbow over his head; his face looked like the sun, and he's got these really hot legs, you know like not sexy hot, but hot hot like

pillars of fire hot. Yeah, and he had a little scroll open in his hand. Setting his right hot foot on the sea and his left hot foot on the land, he started shouting, or roaring rather, like a lion. And when that happened the seven thunders sounded. And when the seven thunders had sounded, I was about to write, but I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Seal up what the seven thunders have said, and do not write it down." Then the angel with the cloud clothes raised his right hand to heaven and swore by him who lives forever and ever, who created heaven and what is in it, the earth and what is in it, and the sea and what is in it, and the forest and what is in it, and all the lakes and what's in all of those, and the ponds and what's in those and...

Host: Yes, I think we understand whom you are talking about. Perhaps you can continue.

Siegfried: Yeah okay, so the cloud clothes angel with the hot legs swore by him who lives forever and ever, who created the heaven and what is in it, and the earth.... okay well you know that part, but my point is while he was swearing, that's when I heard the voice from heaven again. Now, it was a little hard to hear from the angel's swearing and what with all the thunder going on, but what I heard was, "Go take the scroll that is open in the hand of the angel who is standing on the sea and on the land" So I went to the angel, embarrassingly totally naked having stripped away all my clothes due to the increasing heat from his hot legs, but nude and all I told him to give it to me. What he said was, and again I was not in the best listening conditions but I'm pretty sure it was, "Take it and eat it." So I took it and I ate it... God, now that I think about it... I hope he didn't say, "Take it and keep it."

Silence.

Host: You mean it's possible that the cloud clothes angel said, "Take it and keep it" and not "Take it and eat it?"

Siegfried: Well, I mean...maybe, no, no, no, it was definitely take it and eat it but anyways I don't really see how it matters because if he wanted me to keep it then it was mine, you know, to keep, and it doesn't really matter that I ate it because at the point that I took it, it became mine. Right?

Host: Sure, Siegfried, sure. I'm sure it's fine.

Siegfried: No, I know it's fine. Nobody seemed upset that I ate it so I don't think it matters. I know it doesn't matter because the next thing that happened was they said to me, "You must bade a fair blade again about many peoples and nations and languages and kings." They wouldn't say that to somebody who had just done the wrong thing and anyways at the time I wasn't having any second-guesses so I just listened to what they said and then I went up to Worms to check out this chick Cream Hilda.

Host: That's just great, Siegfried.

Brunhilde diary, part 1 plays on video during scene change.

A Mighty King Comes a Wooing

Long pause. Scott gets up and leaves, goes around US of tower and up SR ladder. Maggie and Erin come down SL ladder. From there they begin to prepare Eric. They arrange him on fur pile under the heat lamp, attach electrodes to his nostrils and ears and put sun-tanning goggles on him. Maybe they stick a big "thermometer" up his butt. Maggie then goes to table SL and Erin goes to table SR. While this is happening Eric delivers the following:

Eric: So for you there is no sitting down and resting on your laurels, no waiving of policy, no promiscuous activities, no improper assumption of power, control or influence or assuming that you automatically know best in every situation. You have now become, more than ever, a part of a team. Obsessive individualism and a failure to organize were responsible for getting us into the state we got into...

Really LOUD explosion

Erin: One.

Maggie: A.

Erin: You must survive

Maggie: B.

Erin: You mustn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Between each of these Maggie and Erin will electrocute Eric with a twelve-volt battery and take notes. After one or two electrocutions, Eric begins to hump fur pile. Scott will either give a blood curdling scream, or maybe sometimes a Brechtian "silent scream". All this should move at a very rapid pace. Maybe he has a bright yellow copy of Dianetics and is reading from that?

Maggie: Two.

Erin: A.

Maggie: You should survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: You shouldn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Three.

Maggie: A.

Erin: You can survive

Maggie: B.

Erin: You can't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Maggie: Four.

Erin: A.

Maggie: He must survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: He mustn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Five.

Maggie: A.

Erin: He should survive

Maggie: B.

Erin: He shouldn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Maggie: Six.

Erin: A.

Maggie: He can survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: He can't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Seven.

Maggie: A.

Erin: They must survive

Maggie: B.

Erin: They mustn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Maggie: Eight.

Erin: A.

Maggie: They should survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: They shouldn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Nine.

Maggie: A.

Erin: They can survive

Maggie: B.

Erin: They can't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

All stop in a brief pause.

Eric: Section two.

The whole thing simply picks up where it left off

Maggie: Ten.

Erin: A.

Maggie: We must survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: We mustn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Eleven.

Maggie: A.

Erin: We should survive.

Maggie: B.

Erin: We shouldn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Maggie: Twelve.

Erin: A.

Maggie: We can survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: We can't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Thirteen.

Maggie: A.

Erin: All must survive

Maggie: B.

Erin: All mustn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Maggie: Fourteen.

Erin: A.

Maggie: All should survive.

Erin: B.

Maggie: All shouldn't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Erin: Fifteen.

Maggie: A.

Erin: All can survive.

Maggie: B.

Erin: All can't survive.

Scott: SCREAM!!!

Really LOUD explosion, same as one that began scene. Video begins here – loop of mountains

Eric: After a while, a fella gets to feeling pretty good. I don't believe we told you about Siegfried understanding the talk of birds. Yep. He understands birds due to his tasting Fafnir the Dragon's blood after he killed him. That's where the expression, "a little bird told me" derives from. Yep. It's true. Now you know. Well, according to Snorri Sturlusson, who's pretty smart about this stuff, after Siegfried kills Fafnir the dragon and bathes in his blood– which makes Siegfried invincible but for one part where a lime leaf fell and prevented a thorough soaking– a little bird tells him to kill the dwarf Regin, Fafnir's brother. In reality Fafnir was a dwarf who turned himself into a dragon to guard all the gold he acquired after his other brother, Otto, was killed while being an otter. Actually, he had to kill his father to get the gold but that's a whole other story. Old Regin was gonna kill Siegfried, take the money and run. Instead, thanks to them birds, Siegfried kills Regin, takes the money and rides.

He rides until he comes to a great hall on a mountain. He goes in and he finds a woman sleeping in a helmet and a coat of mail. He drew his sword and cut the mail-coat from her. She woke up and said, (*Maggie does this voice*) "Hi. I'm Hild. What the fuck do you think you're doing?" In actual fact her name was Broomhilda and she was a Valkyrie. Siegfried decided it was best he leave, so he got on his horse and rode.

After some time, Siegfried falls in with this wealthy family, the Nibelungs. That wasn't actually their name but might as well be, as that's what everyone calls 'em. Least ways that's what Snorri Sturlusson says and he knows just about all of this kind of thing. Now Siegfried and the Nibelung boys got pretty close. You couldn't mess with one without bringing out the whole pack – and they were a pretty tough lot. Time comes when Siegfried's best buddy, Gunner, or Günter as the more Germanic amongst you prefer, falls in love. The Nibelung boys, on Gunner's behalf, go up to Adili Budlasson's place to ask for his sister Broomhilda's hand in marriage but he only laughs and says, "What're you askin' me for boys? Less you wanna marry me...?" Well they got out of Adili's place pretty quick. Now all the Budlasson's are a pretty strange lot but Broomhilda is just about the strangest. She lives up to Hindaf Falls in this castle with a rampart of flames around it. She vowed sometime ago to only marry a man who rides through the flames... I guess she wanted to marry a fireman.

Everyone tries to talk Gunner out of it but he joins the local VFD and heads up to Broomhilda Budlasson's place. He says, "The only way to put out a fire is with a hose". That Gunner had a dirty mind. He gets up there and the flames are pretty big, come to find out his hose didn't work so well. He tries to ride through the flames but his horse won't budge. Can't say as I blame the horse. He would have taken Siegfried's horse but it wouldn't budge unless Siegfried was on its back. So Gunner and Siegfried decide to trade shapes and names. Siegfried, looking like Gunner, rides through the flames and cuts off the gas and the whole lot of them rides in. Siegfried and Gunner go in the bathroom, high five, do a couple celebratory lines and change back into themselves but when they come out they find Broomhilda wants to hold an athletic competition – the winner gets her if it's him and she gets his head if it's her. You can just about imagine that.

Maggie & Erin in tower. Flames are-a-flicker. Maggie plays a couple very simple blues chords on e-harmonica. Erin sees the future and it isn't good.

Maggie: Oh, great wise woman, seer of the future, old biddy wack, tell me what the future holds for me.

Erin: Great smelly wonders... Now, uh, in the Book of Berations, chapter one, it says... hmmm it says, yes, right here it says, "A handsome nerd comes a wooing. You will get in a fake boat of fake feathers and fly." It says... Oh dear, sorry, it's raining people and parts. People parts, people parts. Let's turn our attentions to the cool phenomenon of the so-called "Wind off the face of god" epidemic we've seen lately... (mumbling) frogs, nitro fuel funny cars... (clearly again) YES! It happens! In gusts and great whorls (I have a whorl friend, she ate up my pie and there I was with out shorts on) this wind slips down over garters and makes me repeat myself ad-infinitum, John Cage, Steve Reich. (repeats)

Maggie: You repeat yourself when you're distressed.

Erin: I repeat myself when I'm distressed. I'm stacked up. I'm stacked up. This person, mighty, tighty, moldy nerd, you must understand clearly, may have aberrations which make him climb every chimminy in town, drink every drop in every bar every night (or try anyway), beat women, drown children and suppose himself to be a jub-jub bird. Wait! There, the man come down off the mountain, trippin' out of Wooden Wood.

Maggie: Is he pretty?

Erin: Yes, he is pretty. (*pause, sees more clearly*) Yes, yes, very pretty. He's got locks of gold - flaxen Jackson. He glides through the Valley of the Dwarf with a bloody sword. He's fifty inches long. He is a big, bold man.

Dan (*sample*): If he be strong enough and favored of the gods, the flames will consume themselves and die. Then, Brunhilde, beware!

Erin & Maggie: Oh shit-shit-shit.

Eric: Yeah, right.

Erin: Look, see him shine like the sun!

Maggie: hmmm, the sun, the sun, hmmm, yes the sun...

Erin: See his glimmer in heaven!

Maggie: hmmm, in heaven, yes, yes in heaven.

Erin: He can slice up little hairs!

Maggie: hmmm, hairs, yes he could, yes, slice the fine little hairs. I've got hairs. I've got fine hairs on my head as did my mother, who's dead, have fine hairs upon her head!

Erin: and with him is another guy.

Maggie: ".?."

Erin: ... a handsome nerd comes a wooing.

All: Woo-woo, woo-woo!

Scott: (continuing to "woo" after everyone else has finished) Woo-woo! Woo-woo! Woo-woo! Woo-woo...

Eric: If I be strong enough and favored of the gods, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

He does and the candles go out. Scott & Eric celebrate

Maggie & Erin: Oh shit-shit-shit.

Maggie: Are you the handsome nerd who comes a wooing or are you just some retard?

Scott: Woo. Woo.

Maggie: You bend over, Casanova!

Scott: No sweat, I'm clean, nothing can touch me.

Maggie: Who's that guy?

Scott: My loyal vassal, Siegfried.

Maggie: Oh.

Erin: Hi.

Eric: Hey.

Maggie: Yeah, well, come on in. I'll bust yer ass and hang your head on my wall!

Scott: So this is Iceland, huh? Pretty neat- what do you say we go get a beer?

Maggie: Shut-up. Behold your fate! (*Maggie & Erin play head game on TV*) Best me thrice with the Big Rock, the Big Stick and the Big Sword!

Sample: (like cheerleaders) Big Rock! Big Stick! Big Sword! Goooooo Brunhilde!

Scott: Did you know I'm winner of 3 consecutive RPS championships? In '98 I took the crown from Wilmes, in '99 I easily beat Distinguido, and last year it was Dappertuto-

Maggie: I said, SHUT-UP!

Eric: I'm outta here! (*Wink, wink – he becomes, somehow invisible...aside to audience:*) um, I'm invisible, now...see, I beat up this dwarf, actually I killed him and took-

Scott: SSSHHHH! You're going to ruin the whole thing. It's supposed to be a secret!

Maggie: PREPARE TO DIE!

Eric: Chill out. Act cool... I got it all under control.

Eric or Eric sample: There is no line plot...

Scott: What!? No line judge!?

During all of the following, Maggie, Scott and Shadow Eric (as a tag team) wrestle. Erin cheers, freaks out and is generally spaz. At three points, Scott/Shadow Eric will pin Maggie and yell out "BIG ROCK!" "BIG STICK!" and "BIG SWORD!" one for each pin until he has pinned Maggie 3 times.

Eric or Eric sample: NO LINE PLOT for THE ARROW, THE BIG ROCK, THE DOUBLE ROD, WOMAN, BIG SWORD, FIFTY FOOT QUEENIE, WHITE/BLACK SPHERE, HOT/COLD, BIG STICK, DANCE MOB. This takes place in a cave. In a network of caves. It is 7-1/8th of a second in duration. It has screams of laughter, very wild and calm. Calm equals frozen numbness. It is a pole with a split in it. Laughter comes from

the rear half and calm from the front simultaneously. Then they reverse. It gives on the sensation of total disagreement. The trick is to conceive of both at the same time. This tends to knock one out. Bombs fall. DANCE MOB. The duration is 7/8ths of a second. There is a pole that pulls one in. One is caught on the pole. The actual incident is in connecting with this thing and trying to get off it. The dancing comes after the actual incident, and consists of a mob dancing around one, chanting various things (a text). In running this, get the phrases that are chanted.

Maggie: Are you really the one who beat me?

Scott: Yes. I mean no. I mean – never mind, come on, your feather boat is waiting.

Maggie: I am his captive, but I shall never be his wife.

Everyone leaves; Scott remains behind and sings his victory song:

Thank you for watching
I wrestle just for you
But others watching this might find things they might argue

I do not sing what I believe
I only give them facts
If they believe quite otherwise it still will have impact

But truth is truth and if they then
Decide to live with lies
That's their concern not mine my friend
They're free to fantasize.

Fight! Hunt! Death!

in which Maggie (Gunther) and Erin (Hagen Tronje) contrive to kill Eric (Siegfried) because he did Broomhilda. They decide to fake a war and march off to fight with Seigfried leading the troops. When the troops make camp on the first night, they will kill Eric. Before making camp, Scott, Maggie and Eric give an Exposition on Death. After this Erin kills Eric.

Erin: This boy wonder must die.

Maggie: But he's a nice guy.

Erin: She confessed to her father on the telephone in tears late one truly horrible night.

Maggie: Treats me good.

Erin: Just like an armchair. Human destiny can only be lived in fiction. He must be killed to maintain the fiction of your matrimony, your honor and that of your Queen. He must be killed to make your fiction true.

Maggie: It must be done. But how?

Erin: We shall proclaim a great evil has been perpetrated upon our innocence by the Evil Doers from the East.

Maggie: Zuzim?

Erin: Zamzummim.

Maggie: Zophim?

Erin: Anakim, Emim, Rehamim and Sepherim.

Maggie: Oh, no!!

Erin: Oh, yes!!

Maggie, Eric and Scott: And Thetans?

Erin: No. No Thetans. Enough with the Thetans. We shall set off in a Righteous War Posse composed of a thousand nude men...

Maggie: Oh, yes!!

Erin: With the doomed Siegfried riding proudly at the fore...

Maggie: Oh, no!!

Erin: On the journey we shall make camp at first dusk in the rotting forest, offering us its deceptive latrines, exuberant vegetation, swarming with crawling critters, colored and venomous insects, worms and little birds. There we shall make our sacrifice.

Maggie: It's a game. It's all a game ... I have an ugly secret.

Erin: Take it easy. Everyone's got something to hide... 'cept for me an' my monkey. The great epochs of our life come when we gain the courage to re-christen our evil as what is best in us. Repeat after me:

Maggie falls in repeating in a round:

Inside is out and outside is in.
I am falser than false.
Phony on top and phony underneath.
I myself am WAR.
I am joy in DEATH!

(repeat last two sentences building into a frenzy)

Eric: What the hell?

Scott: Yeah uh, what the hell?

Pause.

Scott: This is very strange. I had this dream: Eric was struck by lightning; he understood that he was dying and he was suddenly, miraculously, dazzled and transformed; at this point in the dream, he attained the *unexpected*, but I woke up.

Maggie: Everything is profoundly cracked.

Erin: It's WAR!!

Eric: WOW!!

Scott: What?

Eric: I can't wait!!

Erin: Yeah...Yes! Uh-huh...(aside) Psssst, Maggie...

Eric: This is Wonderful!

Maggie: ...Yeah. Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!

Scott: Aw, yeah!! That's right. That's right. Aw, yeah, anyway, uh ah... there's somebody to see me for my money.

(Scott shuffles off)

Maggie: Oh God... Oh God... Oh God.

Eric: What is it little buddy?

Maggie: This is very terrible. I had this dream. I was captured by the Evil Ones. My hands were bound and I was flung into a snake pit. A guard secretly procured a harp for me but because my hands were bound I was forced to play with my toes. I managed to lull the snakes to sleep but for one, an adder, which gnawed its way through my breast plate and finally buried its fangs in my liver. I was about to attain the *unexpected* but I woke up.

Eric: Don't worry little buddy, I'll protect you.

Erin: Oh god.

Eric and Scott do some sort of male bonding thing here.

Eric: I've got the perfect way to make the girls go crazy.

Scott: The perfect way to make the WORLD go crazy?

Eric: I *know* where Annie goes when she goes to town.

Scott: He he he... Shuddup. (*Cute like*)

Erin: Sneakers!!!

Everyone puts on running shoes.

Erin: MARCH!

"Running" game begins here. Music is the theme song from The Warriors

Erin: First elevator Forest!

Every time someone says this play Flight of the Valkyries sample

Maggie: No, I think it's the second.

Erin: You gotta be kidding me.

Eric: (Erin) What happened to you?

Maggie: Whatever do you mean?

Maggie puts her fist in her mouth and stops running, and then starts doing the "Ow, ow..." running from the Video

Erin: Maybe the Valkyries flew over my table? Nowadays it happens occasionally that a mild, moderate, reticent person, such as myself, suddenly goes into a rage, smashes dishes, upends the table, screams, raves, insults everybody... and eventually walks off, ashamed, furious with myself... where? What for? To starve by myself? To suffocate on my recollection?

Maggie: Oh, God, don't do it.

Eric walks around in his freaky duck waddle and Siegfried "Hello" pose.

Erin: (to Eric) Freak!

Maggie: (To Erin) Creep!

Eric: RUN! (To Maggie) Ha ha! I'm going to beat you!

Maggie: Ow...Ow... Ow...

Erin: (out of breath) First Elevator Forest!

Maggie: No, I think it's the second.

Can't understand her 'cause she is imitating horror movie girls.

Eric: What'd you say?

Erin: I said first things first.

Eric: That's what you said before.

Erin: No!! I mean, well... yeah... right. I said that in the beginning.

Eric: No you didn't.

Eric stops running.

Erin: Yes I did.

Eric: No you didn't.

Erin: Yes I did.

Eric: Did not.

Erin: Did so...

This degenerates into rapid exchange of did not-did so, etc...

Scott: Aw, Shut up!!!!

Erin: I said, "We have to get there first. "GOD! (Jeez style) Just keep on keeping on, we're almost there.

Eric: (on the other side of a canyon voice) Scott, I've got the perfect way to make the girls go crazy!

Scott: Yes, the girls have got the perfect way to make you go crazy.

Maggie: Oh God... Oh God... Oh God...

Erin: Blah... Blah... Blah...

Music Out. Lights full blast

Everyone in rock star pose.

This section is speed reading. Try, "exposition on coke"

Scott: When a man finds himself situated in such a way that the world is happily reflected in him, without entailing any destruction or suffering... as on a beautiful spring morning... he can let himself be carried away by the resulting enchantment or simple joy. But he can also perceive, at the same time, the weight and vain yearning for empty rest implied by this beatitude. At that moment, something cruelly rises up in him that is comparable to a bird of prey that tears open the throat of a smaller bird in an apparently peaceful and clear blue sky.

Eric: The noises of struggle are lost in death, as rivers are lost in the sea, as stars burst in the night.
The strength of combat is fulfilled in the silence of all action.
I enter into peace as I enter into a dark unknown.
I fall in this dark unknown.
I myself become this dark unknown.

Maggie: The wish to kill... and the wish to be killed... decreases with age, and the factor... wish to die... increases with age. The specific trend for each of the individual motives for the male suicide-note writers showed that the wish to kill appears in 31 percent of the notes from the young group.

Scott: That's a 69 percent chance of survival.

Maggie: One must conclude that the younger males, between twenty and thirty-nine apparently are much more concerned with the highly charged, more affect-laden, and at the same time more transient motives: kill or be killed.

Erin: This is it!

Lights and music back to before.

Maggie: First Elevator Forest?

Erin: No, X marks the spot! *(As a secret to Maggie)* If we can hit his bull's-eye we won't have to do anything. In enough time he'll just spontaneously combust.

(To Eric)

Erin: Rest here. What do you like now? What do you need for recreation? Name it: whatever I have to offer to you!

Eric: Recreation? Recreation? You are inquisitive! What are you saying? But please give me...

Erin: What? What? Say it!

Eric: Another mask! A second mask!

Scott: (as if Eric had given the wrong answer on a game show) Too bad!

Maggie: What?

Erin: Isn't he going... back?

Scott: Yes, but you understand him badly when you complain. He is going back like anybody who wants to attempt a big jump.

Erin: He does that. He always does that.

Maggie: He always does that.

Erin: I was a big jumper in my youth. But then it didn't happen. It kept not happening. I'm not going back. This is it. You gotta do it, Maggie!

Maggie: Why I gotta do it? I thought in *enough* time he would spontaneously combust.

Erin: We don't have *enough* time.

Erin: Hey, Jim! Jim!?

Eric: Just a minute y'all! I'm sacrificing a gibbon.

Erin: Jim? I got a gift I wanna give you.

Eric: That must be a very nice feeling for you, Erin. Why do you want to give me a gift?

Erin: I just want to give it to you.

Maggie: It feels terrible.

Erin: Can you take it?

Eric: Sure, man, I can take it. What could you possibly give me that could be so terrible?

Erin: I'm going to tell you, man.

Erin kills Eric. Eric starts coin-op record player here. Music is 'Til I Wake

Maggie: Jim? Jim? Oh, Jim, I'm so sad.

Eric: I imagine the earth projected in space, like a woman screaming, her head in flames.

Erin: I AM JOY BEFORE DEATH!!!

Maggie: Ahhhhhh!!!!

Scott: Dude, It's like when Thetans go around zapping Thetans...

Maggie: Jim? Jim? I don't understand. Oh, Jim, I'm so sad.

Erin: Blah... blah... blah...

When I am dying, lean over me
tenderly, softly...
Stoop, as the yellow roses
droop
In the wind from the south;
So I may when I wake - if there
be an awakening -
Keep what lulled me to sleep -
The touch of your lips on my
mouth.

Epilogue: Funeral

All place Eric on the front table, à la last shot of Siegfried. He is dead.

Miles Davis' cover of Perfect Way is the pizza. Eric lies there dead.

Erin: You want a miracle, don't you?

Maggie: You want paradise, eternal bliss, deliverance from sin and Evil and the cares of this world.

Erin: You'd like to feel that everything is Right and Good and Free and Just, that the benevolence of a higher being has enveloped you and lifted you above the filth and the muck that you crawl through, here in this cesspool of desire and regret.

Maggie: You want it all, and I'm here to tell you how it can be yours:

Erin: Samurai 3000 Katana model 1138 mark 7, made by Weapon Master.

Maggie: Recharge socket.

Erin: Ionized plasma power cells.

Maggie: Status indicator.

Erin: Button lock design.

Maggie: Twist grip activation.

Erin: Super conducting coil with magnetic shielding.

Maggie: Plasma charge indicators.

Erin: Radiation level indicator.

Maggie: Programmer's port.

Erin: Diagnostic taps.

Maggie: Thumb print encoded security grip.

Erin: Samurai code - justice, service, and honor (encoded at the completion of your samurai training).

Maggie: Heat radiated hand guard.

Erin: Polarized field emitter.

Maggie: Weapon master's mark.

Erin: Heat displacement bits.

Maggie: Infused plasma edge.

Erin: Blades unbreakable by any other material.

Maggie: Using extremely secretive form of physics.

Erin: High energy ionized plasma cuts thorough any other material except another plasma blade.

Maggie: 4 giga watts.

Erin: Power cells are ionized plasma with controlled internal fusion One, Two, and Three.

Maggie: 3 power cell capacity integrated in telematrix cpu system

Erin: Light weight plasti-steel liquid cooled lining and type two infusion.

Maggie: A Katana for the future. After years of control by the corrupt governments, serving special interest in mega corporations, like feudal Japan.

Erin: But the whole world is gonna be like that.

Music changes to Godspeed, You Black Emperor mix.

Maggie and Erin read questions to audience from cue cards. Emphasis is on the subject and object of the question, as marked on the cards. Scott makes pizzas and cranks Eric up to ceiling. Eric lies there, dead, until he is almost to the top, then falls off onto the floor. Questions continue until the end of the music.

01. Are others mean to others?
02. Have you observed anyone being cruel to someone?
03. Is suffering necessary?
04. Do you know anyone who harmed others?
06. Has someone taken unfair advantage of another?
07. Do you know somebody who makes others feel hopeless?
08. Has somebody betrayed another's trust in them?
09. Has somebody ridiculed others?
11. Is there somebody who made another's life hell?
12. Do you know somebody who upset others?
13. Have you felt you should intervene when somebody was doing something to somebody else?
14. Did somebody deserve what others did to them?
16. Do you know somebody who was sadistic?
17. Do you know somebody who made others feel guilty?
18. Do you know somebody who worried others?
19. Is there somebody who specialized in upsetting others?
22. Do you know somebody who wanted to do others in?
23. Do you know anybody who wanted to make others suffer?
24. Is there somebody who hates others intensely?
25. Do you know anyone who wanted vengeance?
26. Do you know somebody that others tried to get revenge on?
27. Have you ever witnessed another torturing another?
28. Have others ever hunted anybody?
29. Have you ever seen a friend or loved one made to suffer?
30. Have you seen somebody butchering others?
31. Have you ever witnessed a murder?
32. Is there anybody who made somebody else really miserable?
33. Do you know of anybody who punished others?
35. Have you heard of something that somebody did to others that you thought was really bad?
36. Have you seen somebody being beaten?
37. Have you ever seen a whipping?
38. Have you witnessed an execution?
39. Have you witnessed a lynching?
40. How have others tried to control others?
44. Have you ever seen someone enslaving others?
45. Do you know anybody who tried to stop things?
48. Is there somebody who was always enforcing their opinions on others?
51. Do you know anyone who was really mean to others?

52. Have you known someone you would describe as really cruel?
54. Do you know someone who enjoyed making others suffer?
55. Do you know somebody whom others considered very dominating?
61. Do you know of any injustices others have inflicted on others?
62. Is there somebody who attacked others?
70. Do you know of an instance of others destroying another or others?
71. Do you know of an example of others teaching someone a lesson?
72. Is there somebody who made others suffer?
76. Do you know of anybody that was beaten up?
77. Is there somebody you think might have murdered somebody?
78. Is there anybody who shattered others' hopes and aspirations?
80. Do you know of anybody who was too mean to others?
86. Do you know of somebody destroying another's hopes?
93. Is there anyone who made another do wrong or evil?
95. Have you ever observed another trying to destroy somebody's will?
98. Have you seen somebody trying to wipe out another?
99. Do you know of anyone who was negligent of someone they should have been taking care of?
100. Have you witnessed another being wounded?
101. Have you seen somebody being mistreated?
102. Have you seen somebody destroying another's possessions?
104. Have you seen somebody punished for telling the truth?
108. Is there anybody who forced others to do bad or evil things?
111. Have you seen another being trapped?
112. Do you know of anybody who was scarred?
113. Have you ever seen somebody being dismembered?
114. Do you know of somebody who was disfigured?
121. Do you know somebody who really hated others?
123. Do you know anyone who dominated others?
124. Is there somebody whom others thought that would be better off dead?
125. Is there any time when others tried to get rid of somebody?
126. Is there anyone that others thought had gotten too powerful?
128. Have you ever observed somebody being forced to do something?
129. Have you ever observed somebody being tricked into something?
131. Have you seen somebody being scorned?
137. Do you know of anybody who thought that people deserved to be harmed?
138. Do you know anyone who was a criminal?
140. Do you know of anybody who committed crimes?
141. Do you know of anybody who took advantage of others?
142. Do you know of anybody who exploited others?
145. Do you know anybody who was trying to get even?
147. Is there somebody who was really bitter about life?
149. Do you know anyone who you think treated others badly?
151. Is there somebody who thinks that others are evil?
152. Is there somebody whom others considered to be really evil?
153. Is there anything that others have done to others that we haven't covered?
155. Have any of these questions reminded you of anything you have done?
01. Have you been too hard on yourself?
02. Have you been mean to yourself?
03. Have you made yourself suffer?
04. Do you think that it is better to suffer?

The end.