

GORILLA QUEEN

a play

BY RONALD TAVEL

With patience, to the unpracticing
We dedicate the natural thing.

Gorilla Queen is one of the most insane plays I've ever seen, even counting other works by Ronald Tavel. Crammed into the camp form of a movie musical is a farcical treatment of ultraserious themes. Two whole civilizations, the scum of the jungle and the cream of Hollywood, are tossed about in a whirlpool of philosophy. Beast and movie star couple in grubby lust. Purity is despoiled by a mad male nun. Transformation leads to transformation with vertiginous extravagance. All the climaxes are in the wrong places, and dualisms multiply until the tragic ending is only a pretext for another happy, or at least manic, beginning. Meanwhile the language never ceases its headlong punning, beyond vulgarity, beyond criticism, beyond belief.

M. S.

Gorilla Queen was presented by the Judson Poets' Theatre at Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square South, New York City, on March 10, 1967. The production was subsequently transferred Off-Broadway to the Martinique Theatre, where it was presented by Paul Libin. It was directed by Lawrence Kornfeld with the following cast:

VENUS FLY TRAP: Jo Ann Forman

BRUTE: George Harris II

LIGHTING GIRL: Deborah Lee

GLITZ IONAS: Adrienne de Antonio

Mary Duke

Norman R. Glick

John Harrill

George Harris III

Dick Lipkin

Norman Soifer

MAIS OUI: Selena Williams

KARMA: Paula Shaw

CLYDE BATTY: James Hilbrandt

TAHARAHNUGI WHITE WOMAN: Quinn Halford

CHIMNEY SWEEP: David Kerry Heefner

SISTER CARRIES: Eddie McCarty

PAULET: Barbara Ann Camp

QUEEN KONG: Norman Thomas Marshall

INTERN: Cal Thorpe

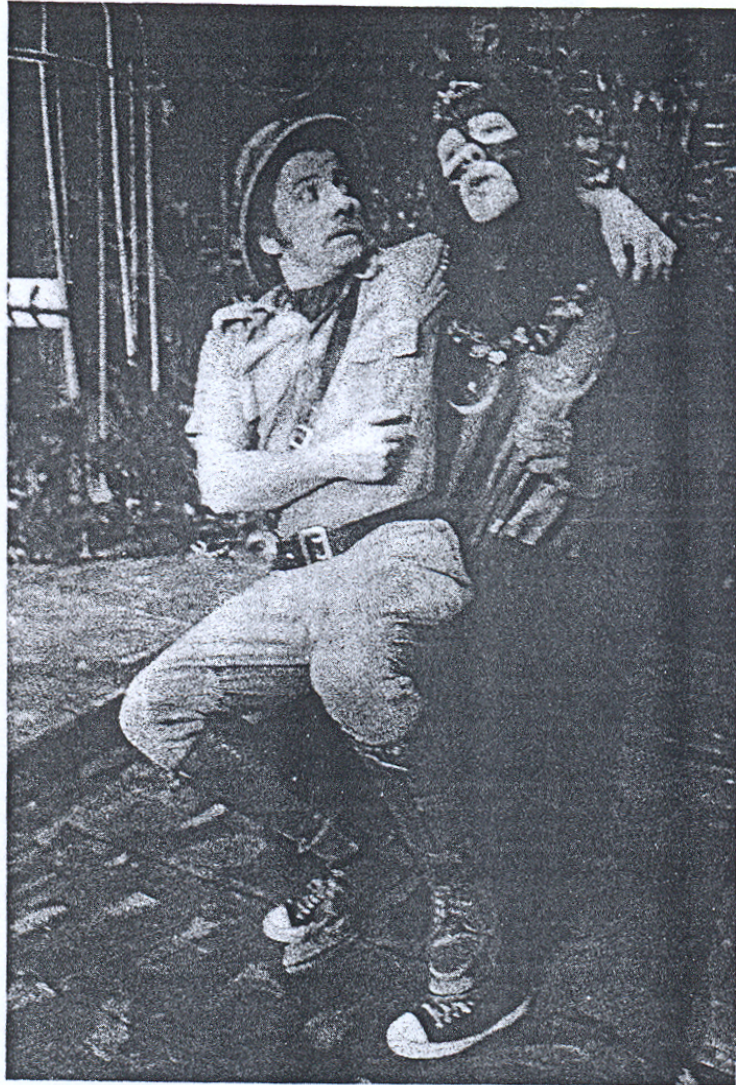
Set: Jerry Joyner

Costumes: Linda Sampson

Music: Robert Cosmos Savage and Al Carmines

Lighting: John P. Dodd

Production Stage Manager: Roland Turner



James Hilbrandt (Clyde Batty) and Norman Thomas Marshall (Queen Kong) in *Gorilla Queen*

CHARACTERS

BRUTE	QUEEN KONG
GLITZ IONAS (nine or more)	CLINIC INTERN
CLYDE BATTY	VENUS FLY TRAP
TAHARAHNUGI WHITE WOMAN	MAIS OUI
CHIMNEY SWEEP	KARMA MIRANDA
SISTER CARRIES	PAULET COLBERT

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION

Unless otherwise indicated, foreign words and names are pronounced correctly and not Anglicized.

Taharahnugi is pronounced with equal emphasis on each syllable.

Dark stage; then a traveling spotlight, beneath which Brute, a sluggish but amiable gibbon, comes ambling across the apron. He is dressed in a tacky ape-hair outfit with ill-fitting gibbon mask. A bare arm, ankle, ear, etc., sloppily exposed. He pauses and speaks the prologue.

BRUTE (with very heavy Brooklyn accent): Ladies and gentlemen of every genus: When I was a kid my Daddy used to say, "I'll explain it to ya when ya get older." Now in order that daddies no longer have to explain anythin' to their kids, we are presentin' dis play. Dis here play don't leave nothin' to the imagination. After all, most people ain't got any. Hit it, Maestro!

The overture music, a bongo-heavy, rapid marching beat, strikes up at a deafening pitch. Then just as suddenly, it loses all enthusiasm and peters out into ambling nonsense chords as the members of the Glitz Ionas, a tribe of gibbons, enter from various directions. They are costumed in played-out ape-hair outfits, bras and skirts of long fur and mat that have seen better days, ape masks alternately silly and grim, etc.; here and there naked midriffs, arms, legs, necks, toes, etc., very obviously exposed. Spotlights follow the chaotic entrance of the Glitz Ionas: each crawls about, grunts, adjusts his costume—some put their costumes on right there on stage; sounds of "Ooo-ou-ooop," "Gubba-mubba," "Get dis garter, will ya!" etc. They all carry bananas.

Gradually, the set becomes visible: upstage center is a huge fireplace with grate, over which rises a wide, long chimney. Downstage right is a seven-foot-high bamboo cage, almost completely camouflaged with jungle foliage. Before the cage stands the immobile figure of the Venus Fly Trap. She is dressed in form-fitting green tights with reddish-pink face, hands, and feet. Long forbidding needles corona her face, hands, and feet. She is slender and graceful, like a mime.

Downstage left is a rattan table on which are tall drinks and a flower basket containing acacia blossoms, bulrushes, carnations, daisies, ivy, myrtle, and grape vines. Two rattan wicker chairs.

Between the fireplace and the cage and between the fireplace and the table, and against the backdrop and the wings, is built a row of shelves, several feet above the floor, forming a very distinct semicircle. The stage is decorated, here and there, with potted plants and flowers, preferably any which would not be found in a jungle; the symbolic growths of the flower basket are noticeably repeated at key points about the stage.

Several of the Glitz Ionas jump up and take a place on the shelf. More and more Glitz Ionas arrive, grunting and bickering, their cacophony of sounds reaching a feverish pitch as the last mischievous one takes his place, squatting, on the shelf. Then, suddenly, the deafening bongo-heavy overture resumes, and they all break out into song, an irregular collection of voices to be sure, but not to the point where the words become indistinct. Flickering lights illuminate the long, semicircular row of their face masks; they scratch their crotches with little apparent relief.

Just before the overture ends, Mais Oui, carrying a cupid, arrives in time to sing the last two lines, in timid high soprano before jumping daintily up on the shelf between the fireplace and cage. Mais Oui is one of the Glitz Ionas, played by an actress; but she should appear to the audience to be an actor, very effeminate in word and gesture. Throughout the play the other characters will refer to and respond to Mais Oui as if she were actually an effete, effeminate male.

GLITZ IONAS (singing):

Hear Barbaric Overture
Overhearers hold a bore,
Though our toying each his fore
Overseers more deplore:—
Human, vomit, let it pour,
If your nausea upward soar;
Know, though toilet fill galore,
What you heave you but restore
To our stomachs sickened more:—
We be all a single corps!

Still, who stay and do not snore,

They that share our common lore,
 Swing ahead to years of yore
 When to humor sophomore
 Jungles rang with raucous roar.
 Now our throats are straining sore
 So we'll stretch no furthermore
 This Barbaric Overture!

MAIS OUI (*hurrying in, singing with mock obsequiousness*):
 Please to use the cuspidor
 For opinions—not the floor!

The overture music ends with a loud crash upon which the lights on the Glitzes go out—and a strong spot immediately goes up on the rattan table downstage left.

In the chair nearest to the left wing is seated Clyde Batty, very short and very thin, hair slicked back in a bogus 1930's style, costumed as the animal trainer his name recalls. In the chair closest to center stage is seated Karma Miranda, a very huge, very heavy woman, got up like a lovely rococo shepherdess made of porcelain; her skin is powder white; her buckled shoes, bonnet, and shepherdess's crook are gilt; Belgian lace covers her shoulders and leggings; a purple rose neatly catches up her wide bell skirt. Sequestered from these two, and languishing on the floor in front of the table is Taharah-nugi White Woman, a brownskin male actor, ravishing in a tight white sarong and wig of long raven hair; bare footed with ankle bracelets, huge round falsies, thick lipstick, and long lashes.

When the spotlight goes up on them, the conversation begins without a second's pause, as if it has been in progress for some time. Clyde's voice inclines to the squeak, Karma's to an alto pitch.

CLYDE: And so finally, Miss Karma, the theatre is superior to cinema because whereas in cinema everything is misplaced, in theatre the four corners of the stage are the four corners of the earth.

KARMA: But that still doesn't explain why people walk out in the middle of a play.

CLYDE: Oh, them, they're just trying to get into the papers.

KARMA: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle, I never thought of that! But I sure am glad you told me, Clyde, 'cause this sure is better than a movie.

CLYDE: What is better than a movie?

KARMA: Sitting out here on the canopied verandah of the old plantation, sipping cool mint juleps, being enamored of the pagan emir of this forbidden tropical paradise and its primitive untamed dangers. And here, here in Egypt, where adventure lives and romance rules, here—

CLYDE: Here, where?

KARMA: Where? In Egypt.

CLYDE: This ain't Egypt. I wouldn't dream of planting a plantation in Egypt, Miss Karma.

KARMA: But why not, Clyde, Clyde Batty, since you're actually an animal trainer?

CLYDE: Because while Egypt is an interesting country, it is, on the whole, a bit disappointing historically.

KARMA: I sure can sympathize with you on that point. But where, then, are we?

CLYDE: In Nigeria, of course, Miss Karma. You see, if we're in Nigeria, we can sympathize with the whole British nation. Nigeria, after all, was Britain's showcase in Africa.

KARMA: Quite. Listen, Clyde, have you heard tell anything about a certain . . . Queen Kong?

CLYDE: Queen Kong? Why, no—are you she?

KARMA: Not likely—nor like her. I assume Queen Kong is a great ape.

CLYDE: Sounds likely, but it's not likely. Someone who is queen around here is more likely to be a woman than a great ape, don't you think? A great woman. And you, my dear Miss Karma, are as great a woman as ever I hope to—

At this point, Taharahnugi White Woman begins squirming along the floor toward Clyde's boots. He will speak throughout with a heavy Caribbean accent.

TAHARAH: Show cause! Show cause!

CLYDE: What?

TAHARAH: Show cause!

CLYDE: What for?

TAHARAH (sexy): Show cause! Show cause why theez show shouldn't be clozed down!

CLYDE (*bending over toward Taharah*): And what is your identity, little one?

TAHARAH (*sizzling*): I am Taharahnugi White Woman! Men are attracted to me and men who are attracted to me soon crack up!

CLYDE (*fingering the falsies bulging out of the top of Taharah's sarong*): I can believe it—that's a real crack up front you've got there, Taharahnugi!

TAHARAH: Some-sing de matter wit you?

CLYDE: Perhaps, but the matter is in good hands.

TAHARAH: Good hands?? They look like effete white white-man's hands to me. Don't reach for more than you can grab, Bwana Clyde!

KARMA: Well, well, this play and interplay is rather dull, after all. Gargoyle, l'addition, s'il-vous plaît.

TAHARAH: Eet is too hot for you out here, Mem-sab?

KARMA (*ignoring him*): Gargoyle, l'addition, s'il vous plaît, I say.

CLYDE: You'll never get the check asking for it in that tone of Swahili. Waiter, the abacus, please!

TAHARAH (*squirming up the table leg and sitting square on the table top*): I am the waiter.

CLYDE (*with roaming fingers*): Can you wait for me?

TAHARAH (*ignoring his familiarities*): Will there be anything else?

CLYDE: Will there?

TAHARAH: Oh, don't be so fresh! Theez ain't one of doz places where de waitresses are topless, de entertainers bottomless, and de audience brainless, and therefore you can be free to say anything you damn please!

KARMA: The check, please.

TAHARAH: Did you haf the high-priced spread on your table?

KARMA (*regarding his rear*): No, indeed! Nor was the egg-drop soup very high priced either.

TAHARAH: How do you mean?

KARMA: The egg was doubtless dropped into it, but apparently removed shortly thereafter.

TAHARAH: How obscene! And you a woman!

CLYDE: Garçon!

TAHARAH: Oh, mais ou!

KARMA: Mais Oui?—who's that?

CLYDE: She's that real small gibbon you sometimes see swing-

ing with the rest of the pack at the edge of the plantation.

MAIS OUI (*from her position on the shelf*): Oh! how exciting—he has an eye out for me.

KARMA (*disgusted*): He'll have an eye *knocked* out for you!

TAHARAH (*picking up the challenge posed by Karma and suddenly switching his attitude toward Clyde*): I am the waiter. Can I wait for you?

CLYDE (*hampered because Karma is there*): I, er, I—if it's part of your job, I mean if your job entails—

TAHARAH (*sizzling*): Yeez . . . tails. I weel wait for you by the Venus Fly Trap plant. The beeg one. . . . You know where 'tis, yeez, Bwana Clyde? (*Chucking Clyde under the chin.*)

CLYDE (*fumbling, suddenly no longer the aggressor*): Er—er—one fly trap looks pretty much like another to me.

KARMA (*sarcastic*): They're all Greek to him.

TAHARAH: Do not slander his manhood so, Mem-sab. (*Winking.*) In Greek is called Aphrodite Fly Trap. You weel fin' it . . . If you don't fin' it, it fin' you. If it don't fin' you, it define you.

KARMA (*sarcastic*): Well, that's just fine.

Taharah takes a long, hot walk across the stage till he reaches the Venus Fly Trap, at whose feet he immediately throws himself, languishing as if under a palm, legs sensuously planing along the floor as if in heat. Clyde adjusts his leather belt.

CLYDE: Oh, Miss Karma, will you excuse me, I wanna call Sister Carries.

KARMA: What do you wanna call him?

CLYDE: A fruit.

KARMA: I disagree with you, he's not a fruit.

CLYDE: Well, disagree without me for two minutes, will you, I really do have to call him about a trip to Hollywood.

KARMA (*suddenly sexy*): Holly would?? —Holly *did*!!

CLYDE: Er, I'm trying to get a booking for my animal act out there. I wanna be discovered.

KARMA: But you're leaving without paying the check.

CLYDE: I always leave restaurants without paying the check—that's cause I crave that thrilling ice-blue hole that

hollows out your back when you're slipping away and still within apprehending distance of the waiter.

KARMA: Oh, yeah? There's something going between you and that waiter that slipping away without paying the check won't help you to slip out of.

CLYDE: Look, I hate to be callous—

KARMA (*angry*): You ain't—you're callow. Go—go! You and your animal act! Go, beast, go!

Clyde braces his narrow shoulders, then struts across the stage like a peacock toward Taharah. At that moment a Chimney Sweep hops out of the left wing and lands precisely beside Karma. He is quite tall, quite skinny in form-fitting black tights, with a stovepipe hat roofing his porcelain face; he is as clean and neat as any other man, "for it was only make-believe that he was a sweep; the china-workers might just as well have made a prince of him, if they had been so minded." The Chimney Sweep carries a large emerald-green plantain. A quartet scene ensues, carefully integrated and counterpointed; do not employ the "freeze" technique during this four-corner interlude.

SWEEP: Beg your pardon, Miss, what time do you have?

KARMA: Anytime. (*Looking at her wristwatch and giving him the exact time it reads at that moment.*) But right now, it's exactly——.

SWEEP (*suddenly placing the tip of the plantain on Karma's inner elbow and speaking like a hardened criminal*): That where ya shoot it, baby?!

KARMA (*indignant*): I beg your pardon!—and ruin my lily-white arms?!

Sweep helps himself to a generous sampling of her lily-white and lovely arms.

CLYDE (*bending over with his hand touching Taharah's thigh*): What a delightful contrast must be between the inner pink and outer dark . . .

TAHARAH: Oooooooooo . . . you found the right place. Did you follow the brain wave I astro-projected to direct you here?

CLYDE (*lifting Taharah in his arms*): . . . No, I just followed the heat wave.

KARMA: Ain't it hot enough without your hands all over me?

TAHARAH (*on his feet, turning his back to Clyde and leaning against him as if he were a palm tree*): Oooooooooo, Bwana Muskels! What manner of labor do you do to haf developed such beeg muskels?

CLYDE (*nibbling on Taharah's neck*): I don't have to labor: I have a private income.

TAHARAH: Perhaps Bwana could be induced to share it?

CLYDE: I said it was private.

KARMA: Yer a chimney sweep, ain't cha?

SWEEP (*kissing her between her fingers*): How can you tell?

KARMA: By your skin-tight tights.

SWEEP: You like skin-tight tights, do you?

KARMA (*giving him the "screw-you" finger*): No, just skin-tight!!

TAHARAH: Perhaps Bwana haf income from some other activity, which he could be induced to share?

CLYDE: At the least, I could be induced to share the activity—you see, I'm a pataphysician. (*Patting Taharah's falsies and worming his hands into the top of the sarong.*)

TAHARAH: Oooooooooooooo, a pataphysician; you must haf studied at beeg college—like Barnyard or somethink.

SWEEP (*quickly, making time*): But I'm more than just a simple chimney sweep; I'm also a May-son, a Taurian, one who uses words like *completely, totally, always, forever*, and so on—a May-son, a brick layer to you.

KARMA: Or a rock dropper, but I wouldn't know about that; you see, I abide in a very small grassass shack.

SWEEP (*suggestively*): Well, I'd like to enlarge your place.

KARMA: All ya have to do is get one foot in the door.

TAHARAH: College is de door to de inner life.

CLYDE: A nose for news could smell it from without.

SWEEP: What's yer name, toots?

KARMA: Karma.

SWEEP: Karma what?

KARMA: Karma Miranda.

SWEEP (*brandishing the plantain*): Karma Miranda, the Brazilian Fly-Fortress! You married?

KARMA: I haven't the right time to be married—I have too many affairs of state.

SWEEP (*pulling away and coming downstage for an elaborate aside*): Affairs of state—I thought so! That broad don't

pull this boy's third leg—she ain't Karma Miranda—she's Queen Kong! And not married—what a break! If I can make her to the altar I'll be sable to shit the degrading job of chimney sweep and be King for a lay!

He returns to manhandling Karma, who has quietly followed him downstage with an auditor's curiosity.

TAHARAH: Is the Mem-sab Bwana Muskels' wife?

CLYDE: Who, Karma? Hell, no, Karma's jist my fiancée.

TAHARAH: Then perhaps Taharahnugi White Woman can be Bwana's fiancée.

CLYDE: How much are ya willin' to lay out, Too-hairy-noogi?

TAHARAH: For Bwana, I weel put up all my spangles . . .

SWEEP (*smacking Karma's face*): A smack in time saves nine.

KARMA (*stunned*): Hey! what dja do that for?

SWEEP: Cause I'm more than just a simple bricklayer or Mayson if you like—I'm also a smacking thief.

KARMA (*rubbing her cheek*): A smacking thief?

SWEEP (*stealing, unnoticed, the purple rose that catches up her bell skirt*): Yeah, pretty romantic, huh?

KARMA: Watch it, sonny mae, watch it. You're playing with fire.

SWEEP: But of course, cause I'm more than just a smacking thief—I'm also a chimney sweep.

KARMA (*perceiving her outermost skirt slowly falling to its full length now that it is no longer caught up by the rose*): How self-reliant is my chaperone skirt: it draws, unaided, the veil across my lips.

TAHARAH: Taharahnugi White Woman do not want Bwana Muskels to beleef that she haf only money on her mind. Taharahnugi is well to do in her own right.

CLYDE (*obscenely smacking his lips, his hand now completely up Taharah's sarong*): I'll bet you're well to do, Too-hairy-noogi. And you're pretty well bushed, too, aren't you?

TAHARAH: Taharahnugi very, very bushed. She know some thick seluzive bushes where she and Bwana can rest up.

CLYDE: Well let's not wait till the cows come milk.

TAHARAH: Bwana Muskels not afraid of getting lost in the bush?

CLYDE: I know my way around the country.

TAHARAH: Then follow my scent, O strong one!

CLYDE: I'm followin' with a long one.

Taharah, seeming suddenly very tall, breaks into the elegant Watusi ceremonial dance and glides back and forth across the stage, head swirling, arms winging, Watusi bongo accompaniment. Clyde follows awkwardly behind trying to imitate the dance, and they work their way upstage while Karma gives her speech; as Karma finishes speaking, Taharah and Clyde exit behind the huge cage at right, and the music ends.

KARMA (*removing her bonnet*): I shall never forgive Clyde Batty for Watusiing away into the wold with that Taharahnugi White Woman waiter. It is inhuman to forgive—on the one appendage, one inflicts self-harm by retaining the offense and not equalizing it; and on the other appendage, one inflicts harm on the offender, for by letting him go unscathed, one is donating him liberty to harm oneself and others again, and thus to damn yet once more his eternal hole.

SWEEP (*debonair*): Never let the jungle sun set on your jealousy.

KARMA: Who's jealous? After all, what does a mere native girl have over a half-breed?

SWEEP: She has Clyde Batty over her, for one appendage. But tell me, I never knew that you were a half-breed.

KARMA: Certainly, I am. I'm half native, half Brazilian. Don't I look it?

SWEEP: At second peek, I guess you do. It's written all over your porcelain-pale complexion. Listen, Miss Miranda, have you heard tell anything about a certain . . . Queen Kong?

KARMA: Why, sure. Hasn't everyone? It's printed in the program credits.

SWEEP: Not everyone can read. And it isn't everyone who reads words. But speak, my dear, could . . . (*very cautious*) it be . . . that you . . . in the ineffable complexity of your womanliness, conceal the fact . . . that you . . . are . . . this mysterious . . . Queen Kong? You're certainly big enough to be.

KARMA: Ha—ha! Long may you wonder but never know the truth, for the jungle keeps well its unrevealable secrets!

SWEEP: But surely you could proffer some impertinent information anent this curious queen called Kong?

KARMA (*Portuguese accent*): You likes Brazilian music?

SWEEP: Here in Angola, who dare not?

KARMA (*Portuguese accent*): You likes it, you got it!

The music begins with great dash and flare as Karma tosses the flora out of the basket on the table; the basket has a bandanna attached to the bottom of it: Karma secures the bandanna under her chin, thus securing the empty basket on top of her head as a hat; and begins to dance in little Miranda steps out toward center stage. The music for the song is "South American Way," except for the chorus, which is sung to the children's rhyme, "One Banana, Two Banana." As Karma starts her song and dance, the Glitzes jump off the shelves and accompany her as if they were a Latin chorus line à la 1940's Hollywood. During the "Bwana" chorus, each Glitz glides by Karma and tosses a banana into her basket as she quickly calls out the numbers. Karma dances about briefly with huge smile during the short introductory music, then whips into her song.

KARMA (*singing*): I Yi! I Yi!

Efer learn to lust in a freak show,
Lose your easy queasiness
Wiz zee sleasiest
Man Gargantuan Girl?

I Yi! I Yi!

Efer drop your civilized mores,
Kiss a rare and hairylike
Sort of scarylike
Man Gargantuan Girl?

KARMA AND GLITZES (*all singing, Karma pointing to the following parts of her body to heavy bongo accompaniment, and the Glitzes tossing bananas into her basket-hat*):

(to her nose)	One bwana,
(to her mouth)	Two bwana,
(to her ears)	Three bwana, four,
(to one breast)	Five bwana,
(to other breast)	Six bwana,
(to rear and lap)	Seven bwana, more!

KARMA: I Yi! I Yi!
 Efer try to mate wiz a monster,
 In zee jungles vapoury
 Rim an apery
 Man Gargantuan Girl?

I Yi! I Yi!
 Efer lick a lap wasn't human,
 Eat a unitarian
 Sex barbarian
 Man Gargantuan Girl?

KARMA AND GLITZES (*Karma pointing to the following parts to heavy, rapid bongo accompaniment*):

(to her cheek)	One red,
(to other cheek)	Two red,
(to her breasts)	Three white, four,
(to her rear)	Five blue,
(to her lap)	Six blue,
(shrugging shoulders)	Who takes more?

The music goes into the minor bridge and Karma sings and now dances more ornately with the Glitzes. [Delete major bridge.]

KARMA: I Yi! I Yi!
 O, zee Man Gargantuan Girl!

GLITZES: I Yi! I Yi!
 I Yi! I Yi!

KARMA AND GLITZES: O, zee Man Gargantuan Girl!
 O, zee Man Gargantuan Girl!

KARMA: I Yi! I Yi!
 Efer long to sire zee children
 Of zee deva cleavable
 Inconceivable
 Man Gargantuan Girl?

I Yi! I Yi!
 Efer beat your meat for zee bestial,
 Dip your tricky dicky-hot
 In zee sticky spot

(Pause.)

—Of zee Man Gargantuan Girl?

—Of zee Man Gargantuan Girl?

KARMA AND GLITZES (*Karma pointing to the following parts of her body to heavy, rapid bongo accompaniment; Glitzes tossing bananas in basket*):

(to her nose)	One bwana,
(to her mouth)	Two bwana,
(to her ears)	Three bwana, four,
(to one breast)	Five bwana,
(to other breast)	Six bwana,
(to her rear)	Seven bwana—

(*throwing wide her arms, and the Sweep tossing his plantain into the basket-hat*):

KARMA AND SWEEP: MORE!!!

The song ends with a loud pound on the bongos and the dancers freezing. Then the Glitzes scamper back to their positions on the shelves, and Sweep applauds Karma's performance.

SWEEP: Very, very delicate, Señorita Karma, and very poetic!

KARMA: But was it in good taste?

SWEEP: Farce is seldom in good taste—but genitals always are. Soap and scenters see to that.

KARMA: I take it, then, that you like my little act?

SWEEP: More than you can conceive—although the information it offered concerning the nature of Queen Kong did not exactly identify her as yourself.

KARMA: How could it?—I'm not Queen Kong. How many times do I have to render that particular exposition?

SWEEP: But are you positive, and thinking positive, when you say you're not Queen Kong?

KARMA: How could I be? First of all, a queen is a human male; and second of all, anyone called Kong must be an animal—a giant ape. It's a contradiction in terms.

SWEEP: Naturally, because it's terms. Male! man! female! king! queen! human! animal! ape!—what are these terms except expedient, comforting designations?

KARMA: But you don't mean to—

SWEEP: Would you predicate your existence on a *legal* definition?

MAIS OUI: The point is what ya go for or ya don't go for. And that chimney sweep is jist too skinny for me.

BRUTE: I ain't so skinny.

MAIS OUI: I been noticin', hon, I been noticin'.

SWEEP: I go for you, Miss Señorita, more than you've conned—

KARMA: But, Señor Sweep, you hardly know me.

SWEEP: I know that you can dance as well as Salomé, and
(*making for her bosom*) that you're solid—

KARMA (*evading his grasp*): Yeah, solid as Lot's wife.

SWEEP: And those are the only two important things in a girl.

KARMA (*puffing out her bosom*): What are the only two important things?

SWEEP: One, that you're not Queen Kong, and two, that you won't become her. Your mentality certifies as much. Now listen, why don't you forget that rake, Clyde Batty, and take up with me?

KARMA: Take up where, a chimney?

SWEEP: I'll show you a chimney you ain't even dreamed existed, baby!

KARMA: I can't wait. Set up a trysting place.

SWEEP (*thinking*): A twisting place? Let me see . . .

KARMA: Got your stinking cap on, don't ya?

SWEEP: I've got it! Know the layout on this stage pretty well?

KARMA: Well as any Nigerian might.

SWEEP: Great, since this is Angola! Tell ya what, meet me under the Venus Fly Trap.

KARMA: What time?

SWEEP (*looking at his wristwatch*): Let me see, it's—
(*saying the exact time*) now;—how about 10:30?

KARMA: Suits me. See ya then, Señor Chimney Sweep.

SWEEP (*walking upstage toward Mais Oui*): See ya, Big Girl!

MAIS OUI: Hey, how come ya still wanna make time with her, I mean now that yer sure she ain't Queeny Kong?

SWEEP (*holding the purple rose up to Mais Oui*): The dick has its directions that *the* Direction knows not of.

Sweep ostentatiously drops the purple rose into the cuspidor that Mais Qui has placed beside herself on the shelf. A chorus of "Man Gargantuan Girl" plays softly as if to mark the end of the scene, and ends as Karma settles herself into a bored theatre spectator in the chair closest to the left wing, Clyde's previous seat.

Then eery, surrealistic mime music begins as Sweep dances slow mime steps toward Venus Fly Trap who

slowly comes alive, moving arms and one leg in graceful mime movements. The two figures in tights seem now suddenly alike, Gemini-like. Sweep dances around and dangerously close to Venus. By now all the lights have dimmed, except for a purple spot on these two. Sweep stops and stares at Venus, then smacks her face.

VENUS: I the Venus Fly Trap am,
 Who you are don't mean a damn,
 Sexy Barker, Auntie Sam,
 Buster Crabbe or other ham!
 Motionless I stand in sham
 Waiting till an actor jam
 Dick into my diaphragm:
 Then on dick I sudden slam
 In my snapping snatch to cram,
 Closing up as cruelest clam—
 You don't need no diagram!

SWEEP (*looking all about her, brushing his obvious crotch up against her side*): You've nothing to be robbed of—not even virtue—so shut your trap!

VENUS: Snap!!!

One arm extends quickly and clamps on his crotch.

SWEEP: Aie! Mama-meeee!!!

He struggles to free himself but cannot.

VENUS: When from female man can't rob
 Womanhood, she'll nab his lob!
 Snap!!!

Her other arm darts out, her fingers clamping his neck.

SWEEP: And me someone who always avoided starched collars, despite my stovepipe—hat!

VENUS: One good smack deserves another Snap!!!

Her left leg shoots out and then around his thighs.

SWEEP: I don't mind a petticoat legging, but a fig leaf cov . . .

He is pulled close up against her, his words muffled.

VENUS: Snap-snap!!!

She snaps him tightly against her and clamps onto his whole body as if she were an iron vise.

SWEEP (*gasping, his voice being crushed out of him*): Gasp!
Gasp! . . . mmmmmmmmm . . . au Secours . . .
gasp! . . . mumbo-jumbo . . . mmmmmmmmm . . .

The eery, surrealistic music slowly peters out with the Chimney Sweep's breath. The purple spot on the two blinks out.

Lights softly brighten on stage left, and from the left wing, just in front of the rattan table, a bicycle built for two rides awkwardly out onto the stage.

Sister Carries, a witch doctor, is nervously steering the bike. A male actor, he is dressed in a grass skirt with shoes, socks, garters, and wears a nun's headdress; arm bands, ankle bracelets, voodoo charms; a gorilla tattoo on his chest; he is quite fierce looking (in a ludicrous way), bloody fangs protruding from the corners of his mouth. In the back seat, her hands tied behind her back, looking very 1930's, is Paulet Colbert. She has bobbed hair, is scantily attired in torn, transparent drapery, appears, in fact, to be nearly nude. The Glitzes become quite agitated when they perceive the approach of the bicycle.

MAIS OUI: Oh, look, regard, see where from the left wing, Sister Carries, apportioning the latest sacrificial maiden, on his bicycle built for two comes riding!

CARRIES: Boy, if that ain't as obvious an identification line as any I fear to hear! Come here this instant, -Miss Mais Oui, and help me off with tonight's sacrificial cutey.

MAIS OUI (*humming, fluttering daintly off her shelf and toward the bike*): Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, bananas that zoom in the ring, tra-la!

CARRIES (*dismounting, humming*): But I'll be king if I'll be killed on a bicycle built for two . . .

MAIS OUI (*to Paulet*): Well, aren't you the juicy one!

PAULET (*to Mais Oui*): Don't you dare paw me, you hairy ape!

MAIS OUI: Hairy ape!—who do you think I am, William Bendix?

CARRIES: Some finesse, don't paw her, will you! A damaged sacrificial maiden is as gross an insult to the great God Kong as the fruit of the ground was to an earlier God.

PAULET (*staring at Mais Oui's peroxide gibbon headdress*):
What a situation! Hey, are you a real gibbon?

MAIS OUI: That's my God-gibbon destiny, dearie.

PAULET: Oh, yeah, if you're really a gibbon, then how come you got blond hair?

MAIS OUI: Well, I decided that I have only one life to live.

KARMA: Call that mustard-yellow lamb-shit, blond hair?

CARRIES: Lug her over here, Miss Oui (*motioning to center stage*) and aid me to pull this asbestos bikini on her.

PAULET: What a situation. Asbestos bikini?—what's that for?

CARRIES: You shall burn all the slower with an asbestos bikini on, my soon-to-be-late lovely, the more's the sacrificial fun that way. Heh, heh, heh!

MAIS OUI (*helping the resistant Paulet into the bikini*):
What's your name, dearie?

PAULET: Ona.

MAIS OUI: Ona what?

PAULET: Ona mujer.

CARRIES: Oh, he means your maiden name, silly.

KARMA: Maiden name?—boy, some of the people you can fool all of the time!

PAULET: My maiden name is Paulet Colbert. (*Pronounced as it would be correctly in French.*)

MAIS OUI: Paulet Colbert?—anyone would feel cold bare.

CARRIES: Yes, but she won't for long;—this stunning asbestos creation is a perfect tropical fit!

PAULET: But it itches. And ya could practically see my pyramids.

KARMA: Even a bit of your Nile.

CARRIES: Shut up, you bitches, both of you shut up!

MAIS OUI: If your name is really Paulet Colbert, you must be an actress.

PAULET (*heavy, exotic accent*): Yez, dat is true—I haf played in many dramas, and serious tragedies.

MAIS OUI: Yeah?—name one.

PAULET: *Ben Hur*.

MAIS OUI: *Ben Hur*—shouldn't it of been *Ben Him*?

PAULET (*heavy, exotic accent*): Certainly not—it vas the life story of Ben Gay.

CARRIES (*putting the final adjustments on the bikini and discarding the transparent drapery*): Well, you're about to play in the life story of Ben-gory-him. There, that's categorically superlative! viz., it's just so-o-o you, Paulet, and what man could ask for anything more!

PAULET: Drop dead!

KARMA: Hey, Carries, was that bikini hard to come by?

CARRIES: Not at all, I creamed in my grass skirt the second I spotted it in the store window.

MAIS OUI (*to Karma*): Wish you could whinny into something so svelte, don't cha, sour sow?

KARMA: You scheming queen!

CARRIES (*suddenly ecstatic*): Queen! Queen! The grand Queen Kong! Our gigantic god awaits the goodies! Come, the time for the offering is hard in hand, at hand! (*Turning to the shelves of Glitzes.*) O grubby Glitz Ionas, brazen brownnosers of the glamorous Conglomerate Kong, wait ye no more, but pouncing down from your precarious perches, draw ye now all around for all is in rotten readiness!

The Glitzes leap moronically from the shelves and hop about, scampering toward and around the center trio; they call out, "Ooo-ou-oo!" "Ooga-booga," "Ugger-bugger," etc.

MAIS OUI: Steady, steady, girls, do not prelibate the juiciness!

CARRIES (*being bumped into*): Down, down, you dogs! Down, away, keep your distance, you ungrateful Glitz Ionas!

KARMA: Glitz Ionas?—what are they?

CARRIES: Why, don't you know?

KARMA: No.

CARRIES: Well, a Glitz is the same thing as a Fub.

KARMA: And what's a Fub?

MAIS OUI: A Fub is someone who goes around smelling bicycle seats.

GLITZES: Ooo-ou-oo! Lumper-humper! Mogombo! etc.

CARRIES (*to Karma*): You just sit on, in your box, Madame, and mind your own Modess, if you don't mind.

The Glitzes are now bounding about and grunting in free-lance confusion. Mais Oui opportunes the chaos to flirt with Brute.

MAIS OUI: Oh, you big bad furnace-fuller! How's your bulb?
 BRUTE (*permitting the inspection*): Fine; how's yer socket?
 CARRIES: Silence! Silence! O, gregarious Glitz Ionas! Cease
 off your Edenish-innocent frolicking and licking! (*The
 Glitzes come quickly to order.*) That's more preferable.
 Let us kneel now and pray together ensemble, and
 summon the presence of the ever-popular pagan god—
 QUEEN KONG!!
 GLITZES: Queen Kong! Queen Kong! Queen Kong! Kong
 Queen!
 MAIS OUI: Princess Gibbon! Princess Gibbon! Gibbon Prin-
 cess!

*They all kneel in a perfect semicircle about the standing
 Paulet, all facing the right wing, except for Mais Oui
 who kneels facing the audience, trying to steal the scene.*

PAULET (*the essence of her thickness*): Gee, it's all kinda
 exciting. What a situation comedy.
 MAIS OUI: Ain't excitin' for me: I seen this play before.
 KARMA: You did?—what happens?
 MAIS OUI: Oh, she dies in the end.
 KARMA: Really? Well, at least that solves the existential prob-
 lem of how to choose one's death—you end your days
 when they *have* to get rid of you.
 CARRIES (*with astonishing solemnity; prayfully and even*):
 O, matted-hair Inhuman Queen,
 Best excuse for Brilliantine
 That the theatre's ever seen—
 We will fry in margarine
 Paulet à la Mandarin—
 (*thoughtfully*)
 Better make it French cuisine:
 She's not kosher, she's unclean.
 Deus ex machina, Ape Queen!
 Now upon our set convene,
 Since we're but the go-between
 In this 'forties flick routine . . .
 MAIS OUI (*softly, pondering*): The go-between what? . . .
 wonder what that means? . . .
 BRUTE: The go-between yer opened seam.

A preposterously loud and impressibly awkward flourish: enter Clyde from left wing behind the table, got up with a sun helmet with a huge feather boa, and armed with a pistol. He fires the pistol: Mais Oui starts to her feet and then falls in a faint.

MAIS OUI: Oh! my hairy heart!

CLYDE: Abort this sacrifice at once, you hostile Hurons!

BRUTE: Eeeeeeeeeeeeeek! ! Prince Kong!

CARRIES (*furious*): What are you—an American?

CLYDE: No, I'm a New Yorker, and I've been appointed district commissioner of this district to oversee that plausible law and northwestern order is strictly enforced, and I have come to stop this wanton human sacrifice and pointless, needless spilling of human blood and bring peace to the people!

CARRIES: Fires of de fate! The fateful grow ever laxer! The offerings fewer and further between! Kong grows more implacably insistent—she *demand*s more female human sacrifices! !

CLYDE: Not in my district, sister!

PAULET: Oh, my handsome interlocutory interloper!—another two minutes and you'd have come too late!

KARMA: Yeah, how come you're so late?

CLYDE: The avant garde is always late. Did the curtain go up at precisely 8:30, or did it not? Besides, that California deal fell through.

KARMA: Why, weren't you discovered in Hollywood?

CLYDE: I was indeed. And brought to the city limits and warned not to return.

CARRIES: This ceremony shall proceed as proscribed, with or without you, Commissioner, you must adjust to your environment and the typographical peculiarities therein!

CLYDE: I must persist to insist, but this rite shan't proceed.

CARRIES (*foreign spy accent*): I am afraid, Commissar, that in this district, you vill nefer adjust.

CLYDE: Who are you, O power-monger?

CARRIES (*pridefully*): I am Sister Carries, distinguished witchdoctress of the Glitz Ionas.

CLYDE: Sister Carries?—are you called that because of the indigenes traditional bad teeth?

BRUTE: Oh, no, he's called dat cause he carries syphilis.

(*bending over Mais Oui.*) Mae, Mae baby, get up, yer missin' the interruption.

CLYDE: Witch doctress, eh? Well for your uptodation, Sister Carries, and for the uptodation of all you Glitz Ionas, the day of the witch doctress is done. All that mumbo-jumbo bloodthirsty juju is over—gone with the Dark Ages to which it belongs.

CARRIES: The day of the witch doctress shall never be done! The witch doctress is possessed of Absolute Presence, he dates from prehistoric times, he of the cavemen, he as the cave painter, alone of the cavemen, services us today. His magic can never diminish, he is the cynosure of centuries, his spirit haunts and edifies generations as yet untold. All ye others pass into nothingness, but the indefinable mystical emanations from the ineluctable Presence of the witch doctress defy mere eternity, they gyrate in the completion and deletion, the yin and yang of cosmological incomprehensibil—

CLYDE: Shut your trap, Carries, I don't buy you any more than self-styled poet Robert Frost. I demand to know the charge against this girl that spellbinds the lot of you to this spot to exterminate her!

CARRIES: The charge is that she was caught stealing morphine—and then *more* phoen!

CLYDE: Such a crime does not merit so cruel and unusual a penalty. Your criminal code seems to lack all standard.

CARRIES: Junkel law is swift yet just. It does have a standard: we reward the worthy and punish the dumb.

PAULET: Really! What nerve! I may not be as smart as a porpoise, but I can spit in that cuspidor from here! And besides, I'm still growin'.

MAIS OUI (*reviving*): What are ya growin'?

PAULET: Tits.

CARRIES (*throwing up both arms, singing to the Marseillaise*):

Aux arms, mes Glitz Ion!

Faites vos battions!

Seize him! Give the white fool the bums' rush! Seize him, squeeze him, and disarm him!

The Glitzes, who have been cowering behind Carries, arise en masse and clumsily stampede toward Clyde with cocked pistol.

CLYDE: Stand back, you beasts, or I'll shoot your hirsute faces off! Back, back!

The Glitzes freeze where they are, a mountain of fur.

CARRIES: On, drive on! Who the hell wants to look at your backs! Don't be intimidated, I say! This ain't the hunting season—he dare not shoot!

MAIS OUI: Carries is correct! Drive on! Drive in!

BRUTE: Grab 'im! Grope 'im! Stamp on his pizzle!

The Glitzes surge forward; Mais Oui leaps onto Clyde, kissing, pinching him feverishly; Brute grabs his pistol, which goes off in the struggle; Mais Oui starts back at the boom and faints again.

MAIS OUI: Oooooooooooooo!—he got me which is more than I got . . .

KARMA: Gee, it's jist like in the movies. The "B" features.

1ST GLITZ (*sitting on Clyde who has been thrown to the floor*): Gracious, yer quite a piece: now that I'm on top of you, you'll never get up!

CLYDE: With a stomach like that, it's small wonder. Release me, release me, I say, or you will curse the evil August dog-day you were born!

CARRIES: O flunky foreign imperialist, no one is here to obey you! You see, my brave Commissioner, these are not the servile tenants of your allotted district—they are Kong's fateful brownnosers, good and glorious Glitz Ionas down to the last lousy gibbon amongst 'em!

CLYDE: If you persist in this, Sister Carries, the Governor will send his men to take you. It's an unfriendly act and rank insubstantiation . . . Oooo—don't sit on that!

2ND GLITZ: What d'ya wanna do wit 'im?

CARRIES: Fetter him for now. I'll think up something suitable after our heathen rite. We'll plant him in concrete, or dump him in the quagmire out on the moody moor.

CLYDE (*being fetterd*): Now, now Carries, dont be too hasty.

CARRIES: Hastiness in creation is at the core of camp. We'll homogenize this hetero yet!

MAIS OUI (*reviving with a joyful bounce*): And now let us resume our raucous revels at the point at which we were so dashingly deterred. Places, everybody, places!

The Glitzes place Clyde, hands fettered to feet behind him, on his stomach nearly at the shoes of Karma. Then they hasten to resume their previous kneeling positions about Paulet.

KARMA (to Clyde): Comfy, hetero-hero?

CLYDE: I've got an itch.

KARMA: An itch to lech, you mean! Suffer in silence. Sic semper dirty old men.

PAULET: Lest aught snatch me from death's jaw, doom's my lot!

CLYDE: How do you feel about theatre now, Miss Karma?

KARMA (yawning): I'll tell ya, it's a drag. Bores my bubbies. I feel like nodding right out.

GLITZES (screaming): QUEEN KONG!! APPEAR!—
DEAR!!!

A deafening clap of thunder and bongo-banging; the lights go out suddenly; the entire cast shrieks frighteningly in the dark. Then lights flash on/off with disorganized psychedelic effects.

Queen Kong appears in a sudden blinding spotlight at the back of the theatre, standing amidst a clump of foliage, apparent now for the first time. Queen Kong is played by a male actor of huge dimensions, dressed completely in the gorilla outfit so dear to Hollywood's heart; long shabby hair, fierce face, etc.; rhinestone tiara and pretty little rambling roses fixed on his head; emerald and ruby rings on his fingers and toes.

Kong, growling and roaring, pounds his chest; then the fierceness peters out into a very effeminate gesture with his hand: a broken wrist, the "violet limp wrist." Immediately, he resumes his menacing manner and menaces his way through the audience, fearfully preposterous all the way up to the stage.

At this point, a Clinic Intern, dressed in white intern's outfit, inexplicably emerges from within the audience carrying a quart jar of what appears to be a yellowish liquid. As Kong rampages his way toward the stage, the Intern begins soliciting the audience with cries of "Void a specimen! Void a specimen, please! Hurry up now!"

Void a specimen!" Then the Intern also works his way through the audience toward the stage.

The singing and dancing of the Glitzes begins some time before Kong and the Intern can reach the stage, creating thereby three disorganized and chaotic effects upon the audience at once.

For the stanzas beginning "Keen-prong" and "Ding-dong" use the music for "A Bicycle Built for Two"; original music should be provided for all the other stanzas.

GLITZES (*singing together and dancing in a frenzy*):

Keen-prong Queen Kong, ride on our rumpers' fat,
Where grillas sit, there they have never shat;
Our rear ends are soft and comfy
And you can have a Humpfrey
Which uses more
Posterior

Than a bike on whose seat you sat.

HALF OF THE GLITZES (*making a dash for the bicycle*):

Howe'er he love feet
No ape is complete
Till he learn how sweet
A bicycle seat
Is to the elite!

KONG (*singing and gamboling in the midst of the musical confusion in all his immense glory*):

The scent-quenching treat
Of a bicycle seat!
Grab a bicycle seat!
Smell a bicycle seat!

OTHER HALF OF GLITZES (*rushing to the bicycle and attempting to get at the seats which the others have removed from the bicycle and are busy sniffing with delirium*):

A bicycle seat!
It makes obsolete
All savory meat,
Finds roses effete
And perfumes deceit!

BRUTE (*going into a forties tap-dance routine*):

- Subtle the odor
From shy exploder.
- MAIS OUI (*joining the tap-dance*):
Keen she who knoweth
What silent outgoeth.
- PAULET (*high hysterical alto*):
Save me! Save me!
Army or navy!
- 1ST GLITZ (*going into forties jazz steps; the tap-dancers moving off from center, but continuing to dance*):
Carbonate juices
Lacking excuses
Garner abuses!
- 2ND GLITZ (*joining the bebop steps, swinging with 1st Glitz*):
How oft with looseness
Wanton profuseness
Ends in recluseness!
- PAULET (*uneven hysterical alto shriek*):
Save me, O some savior!
I'll improve my behavior!
- INTERN AND 3RD GLITZ (*going into Rockette leg-high-over-head business*):
Naive to think beast
Or flipped-out artiste
Alone can find feast
In festering yeast.
- 4TH AND 5TH GLITZES (*joining the Rockette steps, the previous duos continuing their individual routines*):
Condemn not who may
Unwary bewray
A throne with bouquet
Of buns' exposé.
- GLITZES (*half of them bounding in a circle about Kong, the other half in a circle about the struggling Paulet*):
Ding-dong Queen Kong, sit on our faces please,
We just want to taste where we can not squeeze;
Our motives are not too naughty
Rear lips are tight and tauty,
So we'll just lick
Your toothless quick

And our appetites thus appease!

PAULET (*a cracked alto, desperate as several Glitzes begin to lay hands on her*):

Save me! Save me!
Oh, he's a knave, he
Lets me be gravy;
Bosom so sav'ry

In a tropic oven
There by gibbons shoven!

KONG (*rising to his gigantic height, arms benedictory, singing basso profundo with electrifying solemnity*):

Glitz and Fubs, how We adore
Praise of Our fortissimo
Fleeing leaky black-eye store:
Hence for fruit and brute we'll blow
Out Our crown posterior
Mildew where it's apropos.
Air from regal portico
On thine bike seats We'll bestow.

Kong bends his rear toward the bicycle seats appropriately placed by 1st and 2nd Glitzes; others begin to drag Paulet, terrified and screaming, toward the fireplace; the remainder dance in heathen hotness around Carries; Mais Oui makes as if to follow the instructions in Carries' lyrics, trembling tenor.

CARRIES: Strike your Ronson lighter, lass!

Quick! ignite the royal gas!
Then put torches to the flame
And we'll burn this Colbert dame:
Col' her hole and earthen heart,
Yet the spark from regal fart
Shall consume her to a cinder,
She'll go up like female tinder
Smelling to the scentless sky,
Half-completing till she die—i yi yi! . . .

Aghast, looking toward the fireplace.

I yi yi! ! !

Looking bewildered all about the stage.

STOP! ! ! Every Damn Body Stop! ! !

The music curtails bluntly and all freeze. The Glitzes holding Paulet drop her to the floor with a thump. Karma, who has been sleeping since Kong's entrance, awakens.

CARRIES: *Where is the Chimney Sweep?!*

KONG (*after belching loudly*): Funny, didn't even miss the creep.

INTERN (*offering the jar*): Void a specimen, Your Majesty?

KONG: Anytime.

Taking the jar and turning around, making gestures as if he were urinating into it; several Glitzes watch.

BRUTE: Yeah, how about dat—where is da Chimney Sweep?

CARRIES: You sightless imbeciles! Where is he?

1ST AND 2ND GLITZES (*rhythmically*): We don't go. We don't blow. Nor know. Nor know.

CARRIES: Twin tarts! What do you mean you don't know! Hasn't he been summoned? Hasn't anyone seen him?

MAIS OUI: I might have, but he's so nowhere I wouldn't even see him if I did.

CARRIES (*angry*): Whose deputed was it to subpoena him?

BRUTE: I don' understan' dat kinda talk.

CARRIES (*furious*): Oxymoronic slaves! ye all shall suffer the sniffer's death save he be made instantly apparent! ! !

MAIS OUI: No, no, not the *sniffer's* death! not the *sniffer's* death! I could never keep my tongue still for that long!

BRUTE: I'll drop sometin' heavy on it for ya, dat oughta help.

KONG (*back still turned*): The Brute is considerate.

- KARMA: What's the defuculty, Sister Carries? Why did you quit just when things were warming up?

CARRIES: What do you know about traditional religions? How can we complete the mysteries without the Chimney Sweep?

KARMA: But what do you need him for?

CARRIES: What do we need him for? ! ! Did ye all hark that female fool? ! How can we consume Paulet Colbert in yon fiery furnace sans a Chimney Sweep's first sweeping the chimney clean? (*Going to the fireplace and examining it contemptuously.*) Just look at this, will you! Sotten with soot! Crammed with ashes! Debauched with debris! Awful with offal!

- KARMA: So fancy it doesn't have to be. After all, it's the sentiment that really counts.
- INTERN (*taking the filled jar from Kong*): Ridiculous! Ridiculous and dangerous! Dangerous and unhealthy! Do you know what the smut-smog level is around here?
- KARMA: Sorry, I don't.
- INTERN: It's 99 per cent.
- CLYDE: Really?
- INTERN: Yes, and do you know what smut level is considered safe?
- KARMA: Sorry, I don't.
- INTERN: 98 per cent.
- CLYDE: Really?
- KONG (*using the 3rd Glitz, who is now on all fours, as a throne, and surrounded by fawning Glitzes, now noticing Clyde for the first time*): Hmmmm . . . what heavenly citily-civilized delight have we here?
- INTERN: Now if we burn one more maiden in that fireplace without having the chimney stack swept completely clean, the air pollution level in this district will go up to 100 per cent and we'll all croak of cigarette lung cancer.
- KARMA: Indeed? How absorbing: statistics always are.
- CARRIES: This ain't statistics, it's climatology!
- KARMA: Climatology?
- INTERN: Yeah, climatology. Y'see, that shows how much you know! And climatology tells us that if it weren't for the stagnant heat pockets which keep the smut pollution about two inches above our nose, because heat rises, we would all have choked and croaked long ago even if the smut level were only 97 per cent.
- CLYDE: Ya live and burn.
- INTERN: On the wheel of immutable fire. (*Going upstage and placing the jar in the cuspidor.*)
- KONG: Hmmmm, who's the handsome young hunter, too prince a Kong at the moment to pay us any mind?
- CARRIES: He is an intruder in the dirt, Queen. Permit us to attend to him anon. After such lengthy *explication sur le text*, the matter at present press is the locating of the Chimney Sweep.
- BRUTE: Maybe he took da night off.

CARRIE: Impossible—at the salary we pay him?—and at the height of the sacrificial season?

BRUTE: Ya never can tell.

CARRIES: Someone *must* tell! The someone who knows where he is.

CLYDE: How do you know someone knows where he is?

KARMA: How do you know anyone knows where he is?

KONG (*rising to make an ex cathedra pronouncement*): Because someone always knows where someone else is, such is pure Cartesian logic; because anyone always knows where everyone is, as follows in undiluted Carthusian logic based on the well-known specimen theory of the sample that's amply the whole; and because we are all really one and, being one, are some and, being some, are none and so actually one and since one knows none of two, therefore one specimen knows one of one and therefore one of you knows where one another of you is right now, which is authentic cartographic logic so whoever it is had better tell Sister Carries right away and suffer no further delay. (*Heavy exotic accent.*) I haf spoken: let it be written, let it be done!

CARRIES: You heard her!

MAIS OUI: We did, but who writes around here that she can be done?

KONG (*frighteningly*): Sister Carries, We doth ordain you to launch an inquisition toute-suite to scare up the wiley knowledgeable one. I haf spoken: let it be—

CARRIES: Roger! We'll start with you (*indicating Clyde, as Kong makes a throne of 4th Glitz*), you may be the link, O pink one! Brute, get him from his shanks to his shins.

MAIS OUI: And leave the upper Cartesian point to me.

KONG (*to Mais Oui, with the alertness of jealousy*): Mind your behind, low fawning unfavorite . . .

BRUTE (*lifting Clyde to his knees*): Upsa-black-eye-daisy.

KARMA: Got ya out on the carpet now, don't they, snidey Clydey?

CARRIES: Where is the Sweep holed up?—liar, talk quickly!

CLYDE: I wouldn't know, Sister, my job don't usually bring me in contact with sweeps.

CARRIES (*smacking his face: simultaneously, Sweep smacks the face of Venus*): You lie! What is your job?

CLYDE: I'm a sponge.

CARRIES: A sponge? Don't you find it hard to get along being a sponge?

CLYDE: Well, you have to have a lot of openings. As you do.

CARRIES: How dare you? !

CLYDE: I mean, for a chimney sweep right now.

KARMA: Hot damn, what could be duller than night court!

CLYDE: Listen, Sister, I wouldn't tell you where the sweeper was even if I knew, and I do—not.

KONG: Why not, courageous hunter?

CLYDE: Because I don't endorse human sacrifices and I'm thrilled that the sweep is missing so you can't carry out yours. As a matter of chatter, Queeny, I disapprove of your religion in the altogether.

KONG: Show cause.

CLYDE: Cause it's a cult grounded on pain, on banal anal mass masochism and shady sadyism. Isn't it funny, honey, that in two thousand years of worship it shouldn't have occurred to you that pleasure can also be fun?

MAIS OUI (*meandering toward stage right*): Hear! Hear!

KONG (*eyeing Mais Oui evilly*): Fear, fear, he knows no fear, that fruity one!—Ooops, that tickles!

Kong settles back amidst his sniffing pile of Glitzes while Carries smacks Clyde's face and Sweep Venus's face. Mais Oui reaches the site of Sweep and Venus and stares curiously and bemused at Sweep's predicament. Karma is very concerned.

MAIS OUI: Hey, whatsa matter with you?—you ain't been saying much lately.

SWEEP (*gagging*): I don't have too many lines.

MAIS OUI: 'S that a fact? Wonder why not . . . And wondering why not pricketh mine deductive forte to ever higher heights. (*Circling away from stage right.*) Think I'll stick it into the ol' Sista.

KARMA (*worried*): Wonder what that worm's upta?

MAIS OUI (*goosing Carries who, along with Clyde, is momentarily sidetracked by Glitzes sniffing about them; the much besniffed Kong sighs with stupid satisfaction*): Hey, hot hole, bottoms up!

CARRIES (*annoyed at interruption*): What gives, barren mule?

MAIS OUI (*slowly, importantly, with spy accent*): Inspector,

I imagine that I am capable of invaluable assistance . . .
(mysteriously) to you. I beleef I know somethink that
 might interest you professionally, very much indeed . . .

CARRIES: What?

MAIS OUI *(meaningfully)*: Mind if I sit down, Inspector? . . .

CARRIES: The pleasure's all mine, my mouse; don't be backward, if you can help it.

MAIS OUI *(sitting in the empty chair at the table)*: I usually am backward, in order to help it.

CARRIES: Now what is this unvaluable assistance that you—

MAIS OUI *(interrupting, bloated with self-importance, and gesturing with her head at Karma in the chair beside her)*: Ever dig that dame's chapeau? . . .

CARRIES *(stretching his chin up and peering over and into Karma's basket headdress)*: Hmmmm . . . it's a veritable horny of plenty . . .

KARMA *(more than anxious)*: Clyde, Clyde!—what shall I do?—the authorities are about to interrogate *me!*

CLYDE: Be as obvious about your activities as possible, Miss Karma, regardless of what they are. Authority always looks for something suspicious, not obvious.

CARRIES *(plucking the plantain out of Karma's headdress)*: Hmm, hello, here's an obvious fruit.

MAIS OUI *(mistaking the reference, incomprehensibly)*: Well! That's Rosey! And after every time I've done—I mean, everything I've done for him.

CARRIES: It occurs to me that the Mem-sab's objective perspective on this play may qualify her as one who might, with reasonable justification, be expected to be reasonably aware of the whereabouts of the elusive Chimney-chipper and his broom to zoom.

KARMA *(heavy Portuguese accent from here until specified)*: But, Inspector Carries, you seem to forget zat I was dancing at zee time zat zee Chimney Sweep disappeared.

CARRIES: Such is factual accuracy. *(Holding up the plantain.)* Is this your banana?

KARMA: Why, yez, zat's my banana: I must haf dropped it while I was dancing.

CARRIES *(just too official to be believed)*: Quite possible, Señorita, quite possible. Except for one thing: you see, Señorita, this is not a banana: it is a plantano.

KARMA: Oh?

CARRIES: And in this district, the only entity possessing a plantano is the Chimney Sweep.

KARMA: Oh—care for a drink, Investigator Carries? Perhaps, some liquor?

MAIS OUI: Lick 'er where?

Carries tosses Mais Oui out of the chair and sits in it himself, the height of affability, debonair beyond words; Karma applies herself to mixing juleps with feverish intensity.

CARRIES: A drink concocted by so porcelain a hand would be hard for a man of my tastes to resist.

KARMA (*straining to concentrate on the juleps*): Do your tastes incline toward zee liquid?

MAIS OUI (*from the floor, up tight*): That depends on how well you lubricate.

KARMA: May I take your headdress, Inspector Carries?

CARRIES: Where ya wanna take it?

KARMA (*straining to affect charm*): Ho-ho; I perceef you are not only wise, but witty, my dear detectif; haf a slug.

CARRIES (*ignoring the glass she offers him, forcing himself closer upon her*): I prefer a hug.

KARMA: But a drink in time safes nine—nine months. (*Quakingly nervous, rattling the table.*) I should be quite offended if you decline my barmaid art.

CLYDE (*warningly, regarding the tête-à-tête with fiancé concern*): Full many a maid by the bar was made.

CARRIES: I'm afraid, Señorita, but I must resist the gratuities. You understand that a man in my precarious position is not infrequently confronted with treachery—in the guise, shall we say . . . of exquisite beauty?

KARMA: Why, Detectif Daring, you could not possibly implicate—

CARRIES (*sudden angry reversal to his old self*): I implicate nothing; I don't swill on the job, that's all!

CLYDE (*wishing to break them up*): How about getting back to the plantain business, Carries?

CARRIES: And so now, concerning the plantano, Señorita—

KARMA: Ah, yez, I find it most divertingly curious zat in this district zee Chimney Sweep alone should be possessed of zee plantano. It makes a most divertingly fascinating

conversation piece—especially wit mint juleps, don't you think so, Inquisitor?

CARRIES: It is more than a conversation piece, Chica, it is one of the pointed facts of life!

KARMA: How so?

INTERN: The plantano was a present personally presented to the Chimney Sweep by Her Regal Brutishness, Queen Kong.

KARMA (*subtle sarcasm*): Sounds generous.

KONG (*solemn, profound*): It was. We took it from the tallest tree nest in the majestic bestiary where We cache Our gynecologist-fitted masturbating material.

MAIS OUI: Wonder how much cash ya could get for it?

KARMA (*shocked*): Gynecologist-fitted *masturbating* material?

INTERN: What is so shocking? Masturbation is America's only innovational contribution to world culture.

KONG (*to Clyde*): Hey, Muskels, wanna make me after court?

CARRIES (*upset*): Miss Kong, court has not yet adjourned! Please desist from these spicy interjections and assist me in maintaining the dignity of this seedy proceeding!

KONG: Proceed, Sister.

MAIS OUI (*examining the plantain, which she has picked off the table*): Wonder what the proceeds are on a thing like this? Wonder what kinda seeds it got?

CARRIES: And so, Guwappa, do you still detain your preposterous maintain that you know not the Sweep and did not obtain this plantain from him?

KARMA: Now actually I did spot this zo-call Sweep, but only briefly, and paid him little mind: you see, he was so out of place on this set, what with his weird mime-immodest getup, zat I figured he was just a tourist.

KONG (*working himself up against Karma because of his attraction to Clyde*): How brief could your encounter with him have been, that you had time to con him out of the precious plantain which We personally took from Our parts to bestow on him?

MAIS OUI: Bestowed yer parts on him, did ya?

KARMA (*standing in her fear, reverting to her natural voice*): But this is unspeakably ineffable! It surpasses credence! The Sweep doesn't even know who Kong is! You all, every last loon of you, lack linkage, lack logic.

BRUTE: Naturally, my queer, we're only gibbons. Except for Queeny, she's a grilla.

KARMA: But how does having the Chimney Sweep's plantain mean that I know where he disappeared to?! Somewhere in your reasoning, there's a terrible error!

INTERN: Why do people always think that the thing most difficult for one to effect, is an error?

KARMA (*hysterical, rushing to Clyde*): Oh, help, Clyde, help!

CLYDE (*struggling in his fetters*): Karma! My life's karma! My only karma—huge as it is!

KONG (*with terrifying authority*): We'll take over this ob- sidianly obliquitous inquisition! Cut that nose-newsing out, will you? Listen, you Brazilian torpedo-hanger, did that Sweeper ever buy you anything?

KARMA (*simpering*): Yes, Mrs. Cross, he did.

KONG: Ah-ha! What!

KARMA: A malted.

Long pause.

INTERN: Chocolate?

KARMA (*simpering*): What does it matter?—you'll find me guilty whatever flavor it was.

KONG (*to Clyde*): Mister Muskels, is this hussy your fiancée?

CLYDE (*meekly*): One might so define her.

KONG: That settles it! Seize her! Seize her! Sacrifice her!

1ST GLITZ (*pushing his way through the crowd toward Karma*): One minx, methinks, is as good as the other mother . . .

INTERN: But Queen K., the air pollution level! The smut rate!

KONG: What care I? I care not! I do not give a good—

CARRIES (*rushing to Kong*): The slut—er, the smut percent Sage—

KONNG (*kicking him with royal fury*): Shut your competitive, repetitive trap! Get the hell out of my hair, fuckface!

CLYDE (*wormwise in his fetters, working his way toward Kong's feet, while several Glitzes lay greedy hands on Karma*): O awesome Ape, reconsider: I at Thy corn- encrusted feet for the lady's life do implore Thee!

KONG (*sudden switch*): Hmm, kinda sexy grovelin', ain't he?

CLYDE: Thou wilt share, er, spare her?

KONG: What balls! Spare her, so *she* can have ya?

CLYDE: For mine unlinked line and pitiable pipe's sake!

INTERN (*pleading*): There are no lines, only a circle, but still,
for sake of the smut rate!—on the present date!

GLITZES (*chanting rebelliously*): THE SMUT RATE! WE
TOOK OF LATE! FOR KONG-GOD'S SAKE!
WE'LL ALL CROAK! IT AIN'T A JOKE!!

Long pause. The chanting echoes out.

KONG: Grrroooooowl! Grrrrrrrrr! Aaaaaagh! Popular opinion
seems to run contrary to Our holy Person.

MAIS OUI: And you *do* wanna win next year's popularity poll!

KONG: Such is accuracy. Our august person shall reconsider:
Tell ya what.

ALL: WHAT?

KONG: We'll schedule our heathen rite for 10:40. You have a
menstruation period of grace from now until then,
Prince Kong, in which to bleed out, er, cough up the
Sweep. Brute, unfetter him!

BRUTE (*obeying the order*): Jist a minute, Pepe, and ya'll be
able to git up and walk away, like a pair o' dirty gym
socks, on yer own accord . . .

KONG: If you find the Sweep in the time allotted, this Karma
character shall thereby be proved exonerate of guilt and
set footloose and fancy-dancing free. And you may marry
her.

CLYDE (*freed of his fetters*): And if I fail to locate the
Sweep?

KONG: Then the pagan pleasures will come off as scheduled
—exactly at 10:40. We shall have a Gemini sacrifice:
both Paulet Colbert and Karma Miranda will be spectac-
ularly burnt to death!

CLYDE: But in that event, we'll all suck come to lung cancer!

KONG: Well, We hate to be callous, Maria Callous, but that's
how it gotta be. If I can't have you, nobody will. (Burst-
ing into ditty with sentimental Victorian tune.)

If I can not have you,
The Rose toward Divine,
No human shall have you:
I ain't asernine!

MAIS OUI AND BRUTE (*singing*):

Dry Gulch, let me fit you
And fill your incline,
For plantain shall split you

At base of the spine.

GLITZES AND INTERN (*singing*):

My Spoke, it's to stop you
From female supine:
A hub soon atop you,
A pearl under swine!

CLYDE: It don't make sense. You sing that you want me, but
the alternatives are—

INTERN: But it does make sense—that's just what's wrong
with it. Sense, like the mule, manages no young.

MAIS OUI (*near stage right, to Sweep*): You sleeping?

SWEEP: No, dreaming.

MAIS OUI (*picking up a roll of toilet paper next to Sweep's
unmoving foot*): What? (*Sadly, almost depressed, shak-
ing her head at Sweep.*) Has it come to this?

CARRIES: It's gonna be a long hot summer, Commissioner!

CLYDE (*confused*): Watts?

KONG: Grrroooooowl! Aaaaaaaaagh! Now Our pristine court
adjerns for supper. Tonight, gourmet treats. (*Suggest-
ively*) So We'll see a few of you Fubs in Our private
quarters. Brute, return the Bwana's pistol. He and his
heart have a confrontation coming up. We reconvene at
10:30. (*Alter time to exact time of reentrance.*)

CARRIES: Take the broads as hot ages; let's go.

*Brute gives pistol to Clyde. 1st and 2nd Glitzes revive
Paulet and then take hold of her and Karma and drag
them toward downstage left. 3rd and 4th Glitzes refix
the seats on the bicycle. Intern helps the demoralized
Carries onto the front seat.*

KARMA: Take yer young paws offa me—I know howda wheel!

2ND GLITZ: Yeah, but we're gonna wheel ya to the last stop!
And what d'ya mean young? In a few years, I'll be older
than you.

PAULET: Maybe we'll be rescued by a Buddhist uprising.

KARMA: Buddhist uprising?—what's that—another contra-
diction in terms?

CARRIES: Thanks, bottle-boy. Hop on, Mae, I'll drive ya home.

MAIS OUI (*complying*): That's what usually happens when I
hop on.

SWEEP (*shouting across to Mais Oui*): Bring back something
sixteen and nice, will ya?

CARRIES (*having trouble with the bicycle*): Who is he yellin' to! Gotta get my crotch—crutch relined.

MAIS OUI: The ride I got, but moving I'm not.

KONG (*a bitter dig at Carries*): He'll get that bike started; he's not a person to rest on his laurels.

MAIS OUI (*kicking-him-when-he's-down*): He's not a person.

CARRIES: There we go; hang on!

MAIS OUI (*hands clasped on Carries' crotch*): Ooo—yer in reverse!

KONG (*the Glitzes having difficulty in carrying him out*):
Girls, girls, lemme go out on my own gas!

All head for the exit downstage left: Carries riding the bicycle out, the Glitzes dragging the women, Kong attempting it on his exhaust like a rocket; they all sing as they grandly exit.

GLITZES, ETC. (*singing*):

If I try to steal you
And, Rose, make Divine,
Ought Smacker conceal you
In sexual shrine?

If I must eschew you,
Forever resign
To be without yoo-hoo,
Beware the malign!
Beware the malign!

AND WATCH YOUR BEHIN'!!

CLYDE (*sorrowfully alone and bewildered center stage*):

There is just so much space on this stage, so much and no more, but I wouldn't know where to begin to look for that ratty Chimney Sweep. I can't think of a thing to do. Thank God Kong this is the end of Act One.

Clyde crosses quite close to Sweep and Venus and squats on the floor beside them with desolate expression. Eery mime music plays softly. Clyde rubs his cheek as if in thought or soothing a smack. Venus intones, but is apparently unheard by Clyde.

VENUS: Cheeky he to whom is aught
Alien in an'mal thought;
Sim'lar he who beastly instinct

Thinks mere love of licking sin-stink.

KONG (*peering around the corner of the cage, baiting Clyde very coyly*): Yoo-hoo, soldier boy!

CLYDE (*bitchy, as the mime music suddenly stops*): Whatsa matter, forget your purse?

KONG (*coyly*): Oh, please, squeezey please, handsome, don't be curt, Kurt Douglas, with me.

CLYDE: I ain't curt—I'm concerned.

KONG (*emerging from behind the cage*): 'Bout what? Tell mama what's on yer mindy-blindy like a good little boy.

CLYDE: I'm concerned about what's in store for them two peppery numbers.

KONG: Any man worth his salt would be. But there's nothin' to worry about. I seen this play before—

CLYDE: Yeah, I know, and they both die in the end. Well in that case, just stick to the other side of the stage, if ya know what's good for you.

KONG (*genuinely offended*): I really don't know what's wrong with me: people always look at me as if they've seen something I can't bear.

CLYDE: Uglier than a bear. Keep to your corner.

KONG: Oh, please be curt-eous: I readily acknowledge that I was once quite dangerous, but I'm changed now, really.

CLYDE: You're changed now! What were you like *before*?

KONG (*deep alluring feminine advertising voice*): Well, you see, before it was all very like before . . . Compoz . . .

CLYDE: Who *are* you, anyhow?

KONG (*very effeminate*): I'm Brod.

CLYDE: Brod?

KONG (*coyly effeminate*): Brod Crawford. Joan's my sister.

CLYDE (*sarcastic*): Is she? Well, just keep your distance.

KONG: Gawd! you make me feel like Quasimodo!

CLYDE: That's gawd, cause ya look like him.

KONG: How dare you, how double-dare you, how gemini-dare you! I am not Quasimodo, I am Queen Kong!

CLYDE: You may be Queen Kong to them gullible gibbons, but yer just a plain ol' grilla to me. In fact, ya look like a grilla queen to me.

KONG (*feminine indignation*): I am not a gorilla queen—I'm Venus in Furs, I'm a hairy lady, I'm the Lady in the Pelt!—The Lady in the Pelt, do you hear me, care for a little leather and discipline?

- CLYDE: No thanks: I'm too young to go out with grillas—even if they *are* a lady.
- KONG: You'll regret this rejection, O cold, short, and unobtainable one: remember, only I hold the key to the late fate of those damsels in distress.
- CLYDE: Such is accuracy; I shall reconsider; what do you want me to do?
- KONG: Be a little less chaste; be a little more *chasing*.
- CLYDE: O.K., you call the tune.
- KONG (*joyously obsequious*): Oh, sir! Will you be wanting me for fifteen minutes, sir, or for the whole night?
- CLYDE: That depends on the first fifteen minutes.
- KONG (*pulling out the nearest chair from the table*): Well, then, come over here and sit on my face, I mean, my lap like a good little dog.
- CLYDE (*crossing toward Kong seating himself*): I'll screw anything once. Besides, ya could only screw it up. (*Sitting on Kong's lap.*) Well, ya gotta eat a pound of dirt before ya die.
- KONG (*lifting a doily off the table*): Here, have a derly.
- CLYDE: No thanks, I don't go in for that frilly fruit stuff.
- KONG: I am certain. (*Trying to employ the rejected doily as toilet paper, having some difficulty in rising slightly from the chair since Clyde is securely in his lap and quite obviously not willing to facilitate matters.*)
- CLYDE (*like a psychiatrist*): Now, Madame, since this is your first visit, please tell me just what is bothering you.
- KONG: To begin with, you have too much karma—karma Miranda.
- CLYDE: We'll discuss my philosophical shortcomings at some future fate, if you don't mind. What else?
- KONG: So for another thing, seeing as how us two've finally gotten ends to meet, so that I be made not to feel altogether too self-consciously hirsute, I'd like to see you grow a beard; a huge heavy grizzly beard.
- CLYDE: What! grow a beard and ruin my eighteen-year-old image?
- KONG (*catty*): Your image is eighteen years old?
- CLYDE: A queen is a queen is a queen, isn't he? What else?
- KONG: Oh, it's kind of excruciating to put into words.
- CLYDE: Well, it should be put into something. Besides, the Word was made flesh; so why not reverse the—

KONG: Yes, that's more or less what I'm trying to get around to; I do so hate to beat around the bush.

CLYDE: Yes, it's better to go right in. One in the bush is worth two in the hand.

KONG (*coily*): You embarrass me, Clydey cutey. I hope you realize I was innocent until quite recently.

CLYDE: Oh? so you've been making up for lost time?

KONG (*peevd*): Not quite; I've been losing it again:

CLYDE: With a mug like yours, lousy lady, it's small wonder. You've probably got lice in your face.

KONG (*angry*): Don't get so uppity—just remember, shrimp dick, you can always be replaced by a shrinker!

SWEEP: Yeah, don't get so uppity—bail out when you gain elevation.

KONG: No need!—he's bailing out right now!

Kong rises with a swift thrust, catapulting Clyde to the floor. The table shakes violently in the upset and Kong bends over it to catch the spilling glasses: in this maneuver Kong's rear end is directly on line with Clyde's face, sitting as he is on the floor.

CLYDE (*his nose practically in the huge backside*): Hmmm . . . the black hole of Calcutta . . .

KONG: *Quelle insulte noire!* You disapprove of my other side?

CLYDE (*his nose still buried, his hands supporting the huge buttocks*): Oh, no, I'm glad for both of you!

KONG (*turning to face him, furious*): Both those girls will perish! I have decreed it and I'll not be deterred from my decreation!

CLYDE: All right, big boobs, then fend for your front without my titillations! And that's final!

KONG (*quickly regretful, hovering over Clyde, running fingers through his hair*): Oh, Clydey-boo, don't be peeved—your overtaxed nerves are just overwrought, that's all.

I didn't mean to be snappish with you, honest to Betsy—

CLYDE: Get your hairy hand outta my hair.

KONG: But, Diminutive One, I just love your silken locks!

CLYDE: You do?—you oughta try my bagels.

KONG (*purring*): Mmmmmmmmm, purrrrrrr, poor bébé, gimme a kiss?

CLYDE (*calculating*): I'm game . . . turn your back . . .

KONG: But, Princeling, one's ill-advised to turn his back on anything around here.

CLYDE: Now, now, Lady in the Pelt, don't you trust me?

KONG: Of course, but—

CLYDE: Then face the cuspidor and stop giving me a hard time.

KONG: I hope you don't give *me* a hard time.

CLYDE: Few they be, could show hard for you . . . (*He rises slowly from the floor as Kong about faces.*) Yet I can . . . kick a can!

(*He rams mightily into Kong's rear with his left boot and, as Kong falls flat on his face, hurriedly picks up the overturned chair and whips out his pistol.*)

KONG (*exotic accent*): You ram treezon! treezon on Her Royal Majesty! Seedy, blood-sucking—

CLYDE (*handling the chair and pistol like a lion trainer as Kong fixes on all fours*): Steady . . . steady, big girl . . . (*Circling slowly about Kong as in a circus ring.*) You have failed to make mental note, haven't you, that famed Clyde Batty is also an accomplished animal trainer?

KONG: How could I? I don't date back to them thirties flicks.

CLYDE: Woulda been worth yer wiles to've sat up and caught a few of 'em on the late show . . . Steady now, big gal . . .

KONG (*twisting torturously within the circle like a baited bear*): Unfledged wingling! Sadistic pipsqueak! I could malleate you with a single blow—they got *that* on the late show too—*Mighty Josephine Young, Daughter Ape*—

CLYDE (*narrowing his circle, nervously, professionally, and altering it as Kong takes several cautious steps toward him*): Quiet, quiet now, enough lip for one act . . . Easy does it, ol' bag, take it easy . . . that's it . . . ah . . . nothin' simpler than animal trainin'—like narrowir' in nervously on the precarious petals of the multifidous rose . . .

KONG: Oh, the humiliation, oh, the disgrace! Royalty debunct! Regality ruined! Majesty in the mud!

CLYDE: Easy, bitch, easy . . . Now—roll over, roll over, baby . . .

KONG (*indignant*): I most certainly will not! (*Making a sud-*

den lunge at Clyde.) I'll stamp you out, you pigmy! you praying manta!

CLYDE (*ramming the chair into Kong's belly*): Back, piglet, back!

KONG (*retreating*): Gooooooooooooowwwllllll!!!! Aaaaaaaagh!!!

Clyde aims his pistol at Kong and is about to shoot; suddenly the Intern drops down from within the chimney stack into the hearth.

INTERN: CLYDE BATTY, DON'T SHOOT!! The Park Department is on strike and there'll be no one to carry off the corpse. The mayor urges you not to litter until further notice.

CLYDE: Glad ya told me. I like to keep an eye on city ordinances. What citizen worth his dicker doesn't?

INTERN: Carry on. Oh, er, Kong, roll over like the man says.

The Intern disappears up the chimney stack. There is a long bewildered pause. Finally, Kong sinks to the floor. Another pause, torturously long, then Kong rolls over, arms and legs thrown in the air. Clyde's glance, scanning the stage, lights on the cage.

CLYDE: Hello, what's this? Ah, yes, the perfect litter basket! (*Edging toward the cage as Kong completes the roll.*) Again, Kong, again, please. (*Backed up against the cage as Kong, all too humanly, repeats his humiliation as best he can, the last vestige of his dignity being his gagged silence.*) Now, Queen, stand on your crown! Facing wing left.

KONG (*pitifully*): But I can't. I'm too fat for that.

CLYDE: Stand on your hard head, I say, or I'll ignore that new ordinance and you'll lie flat on your flabby butt from now till the Forest Forever!

(Kong, turning his back on Clyde, attempts to obey the command; bulking and clumsy, he cannot, but tries and pitifully tries time and again. As soon as Kong is busied, Clyde puts down the chair and begins hacking away at the foliage that camouflages the huge cage. He topples over one potted plant after another, bulrushes, ivy, and grape vines in particular. Kong is oblivious to all noise.)

CLYDE: Cumbersome tropical undergrowth! Hack it down
and a day later it's taller than yer tit!

VENUS: Note how, slaughtering, he knaws
Closer to my man-clampt claws!

CLYDE: Lurid vegetation of the torrid zone! Humid, rainy,
salivary climate—that's what shoots it up.

VENUS: But my grappling grasp is full,
Sweep ingesting, cock 'n bull!

CLYDE: Flunky's work this is, chopping the tangle. But if I
savvy that ordinance correctly, I've gotta cut this cage
free—and in a fat-ass hurry. That dumb grilla ain't
gonna be turnin' tricks all day, dig?

VENUS (*trembling*): "Human trap is Zoo of Age
And vice reverses," versed the sage.
Yet Venus Trap by circus cage
Soon shalt be dead foliage!

CLYDE (*reaching Venus and Sweep*): Get a loada that, will
ya! Boy, but they got some strange growths around these
parts. What'll nature thinka next? An Aphrodite in
fly-fur, no doubt!

*(Clyde hacks at Venus with his pistol: her arms, legs
and body fall limp, appear to wither under the assault;
slowly she crumbles to the floor, releasing Sweep who
also seems all but dead.)*

VENUS: Moon! at leaf and trap he hacks,
Urine-drinking root attacks!
One! two! three! the fatal cracks!
Dealt as to sane bric-a-bracs
Who, of all the cul-de-sacs,
Chose the right-wing, far from quacks,
Far from the jar of maniacs
Pickled by the zodiacs!

SWEEP (*falling with Venus, but still managing to smack her*):
Female plant! who man ransacks,
Dying, still you merit smacks!

VENUS: Smack thy last, seed-sowing Sweep,
Every night. And now to sleep.

SWEEP (*painfully, before expiring beside the motionless Ve-
nus*):
Love! I lack all lust to rise:
Here must lie till my demise . . .

CLYDE (*pulling on the cage door*): Heavens' Totality! never dreamt a door could be this stuck. Gotta have the pull of a bull to budge it.

The cage door gives begrudgingly with a frightfully loud as well as peculiar [onomatopoeic in keeping with the themes] noise which alerts Kong and curtails his essays at head-standing.

KONG: There's something fishy in the district of Denmart . . . I smell a pussy, I mean, rat! (*Turning around, spotting Clyde busy at the door.*) Ah-ha! guard's down and the table's turned! Aaaaaaaaagh!!

CLYDE (*unaware of Kong's stretching to his full terrifying stature*) The junkel abounds with strange sounds to-night. Many very curious ejaculations.

Kong charges across the stage like an elephant stampede, shrieking and scream-growling at lung's loud top; just as he is about to pounce upon Clyde and shred him, Clyde turns calmly, distractedly, about, daze-eyed at Kong's middle, and says:

CLYDE: Got a dime? I'm short.

KONG (*stopping dead in his tracks, completely stymied*): I'm tall. But hold on a minute. (*Fingering his hairy hips as if searching pockets.*) Gee, I was sure I had one . . .

CLYDE (*circling the preoccupied Kong, so that Kong is between him and the open cage*): Whadda ya doin'?

KONG: Looking for the star in the sapphire.

CLYDE (*landing Kong in the cage with a well-rammed goose*): Back up on a nail and yer flat in rear gear! (*Slamming the cage door shut and bolting it.*) Ho ho! ever consider hibernating, butterfly?

KONG (*turning, grasping the cage bars*) Butterflies come after hibernation. I'm stunned.

CLYDE (*just too satisfied*): Penny for your stunning thoughts.

KONG: From a guy what don't got a dime to his name? Hey, lemme loose!—whatcha take me for, a barmaid?

CLYDE (*smacking his hands together and dusting his finger tip*): Know somethin', Kong baby, I'm gettin' pretty sick and tired of all these double entendres.

KONG: They ain't double, they're triple—triple sec.

CLYDE: Sex?

- KONG: Sec, I said. Triple sec. *Ménage à trois*.
- CLYDE (*cocking his pistol*): Hummm-gun, a fly trapped Venus with Furs. Ready for a little leather and discipline?
- KONG: Hey, wait! whatcha doin' with that plantain, er, pistol?
- CLYDE: Ah-ha!—another fraudulent slip!
- KONG (*quaking*): Muskels, you ain't bein' very social!
- CLYDE: To a grilla? Why should I? Grillas, like chimpanzees and orangutans, ain't social animals.
- KONG: But my people, the gibbons, is: they cohabit in herds.
- CLYDE (*aiming the pistol*): We ain't discussin' your people now.
- KONG (*horrified*): Asocial sore-thumb! Outcast of the cosmos! What gives you jurisdiction over your immanent atrocity?!
- CLYDE: I am Clyde Batty, the *great* Clyde Batty, by Hollywood given the jurisdiction to corner, capture, and round up all—to cage, categorize, and define!
- KONG (*sinking to his knees, imploring hysterically*): Listen, Mr. Batty, hear me, don't fire! We could still make it, you and I, all things are conceivable, all concei—
- CLYDE: Man and manthropoid make it?—don't be sick!
- KONG (*arms stretching out of the cage, hands claspt in prayer*): Bide a bit, let me tell you how I've heard of even humans often having sex—one holds the other's hand, lying both in bed, and comes, arrives, achieves orgasm, without further contact!
- CLYDE (*unimpressed*): Now dig the hard-on facts, Miss Throwback—Sister Carries, backed by the gibbons, is dead against the burning of the babes because of the deadly air pollution level. That leaves you, and you alone, still motivated to this murder. Which means that if there is no Kong—
- INTERN (*voice from within the fireplace*): There'll Always Be a Kong!!!
- CLYDE (*unperturbed*):—there is no warming of the hearth. So beat your bobbies and growl your glam-lust last: thy omophagic reign is run!—unles you wanna alter your brainchild right this second?
- KONG: I'd sooner alter my string of studs than turn you over to that Karma dame! —Junior, if you slaughter me, you'll be left all alone in the treacherous tropical rain forest:

tell me, just tell me what you'd do if a serpent were to sting your pecker?

CLYDE (*offhand*): Sit down and smoke a cigarette, seein' as how it would probably be my last.

KONG: You do that and you're a better woman than I am.

CLYDE (*stepping downstage, deeply involved and thinking out loud*): Funny, but looking at her locked up in there looking out at me, reminds me of the time I once visited a chicken farm. There was a long, long two-story coop with endless windows on the second floor and on each windowsill a dozen white hens were perched, and all of them hanging out and looking straight down at me, at you. The looniest sight I've ever seen, but all those white chickens were staring me down as if I were the loony one . . . Made ya feel kinda peculiar, it did, ya know what I mean?—sorta crazy . . . (*About facing quickly, firing the pistol directly at Kong*) Fire-arm, speak for me!!!

Percussions echo the pistol shot to deafening pitch. Kong leaps back and stiffens, hands over his bleeding face.

CLYDE: Spit in the cusp!—A perfect shot!—Right in the face!

A moment of pregnant silence. Then drums and percussions of thunderous force; lights blink blindingly like the Lord's wrath come visual; all deaden except for a red spot on Kong who staggers and collapses over a hay heap and banana peels within the cage.

KONG (*expiring, his spot dimming*): Of . . . the sciences . . . anthropology . . . is . . . my favorite . . .

CLYDE (*delivering a funeral oration as the red spot brightens on him*): Ladies and gentlemen of every genus, the Great Kong was great: she was a great queen and a great lover. She took over a million gibbons and humans up to her treetop nest during her long and lusty career. But I, myself, just couldn't make it with her: you see, where I come from, animals as well as people are taught to keep their place. For beast is beast and nest is nest and never the sane shall invest in the twain. A line is a line

and division division and woe be to he who holds derision toward either. And neither shall lessen but both find a blessin', if brute in the junkel stays and man goeth separate ways.

A noisy shuffle within the cage; the spot inky-dinkys across stage to investigate the disturbance; it picks out the furry junk pile from which stumblingly emerges Taharahnugi White Woman, dusting long hairs and patches of fur off his sarong; a bit shakey.

TAHARAH: Some costume change, that one—a pain in de neck. I shed eet like serpent skeen, like steef cacoon. Is like a woolen dress—beleef you me, eet itches, like a son of a—

CLYDE (*a second spot on his pale expression, wild, agonized, as he attempts to escape stage left, but fails, being partially paralyzed; he sings to "A Bicycle Built for Two"*):

Crazy! crazy! like from a rabies kiss!
I'm Clyde Batty sighting the savage Miss;
I have heard of lycanthropy,
But this can make ya dopey:
What I had seen
As grilla queen,
Was a girl in her chrysalis!

TAHARAH (*unbolting the door, smoothing the bolting bar in his embrace*):

Full many a maid by de bar was made,
But who haf de hole
Could rigormarole
A beauty like theez when she laid?

CLYDE: I'm pistil-happy, stigma-stung! A *stone-fuckken-nut!!!*

TAHARAH (*stepping out of the cage*): No, you're not, Bwana. Theez is de lackadizzical heat-depleting torrid zone: is not way up Nort where people haf de energy to go mad.

CLYDE: I don't—I won't believe it!

TAHARAH (*lifting up his tight sarong*): What, de torrid zone? Then, Bwana, allow me to reveal *my* torrid zone.

CLYDE (*as Taharah advances*): From chrysalis to Charybdis!

TAHARAH (*throwing his arms around Clyde, the bolting bar caught between them*): Junior speak many beeg words. But Taharahnugi White Woman prefer he carry beeg steeck.

CLYDE: But, but, Too-hairy-nugi Double Double You, how'd you come outta that pen—it was Queen Kong I locked—

TAHARAH: Simple—she married his mama, and out came I. You not like the outcome of inbreeding?

CLYDE: No more than Ivan de Carlo likes Mona Liar.

TAHARAH: Taharahnugi no say lie; she not fibber. People who lif a fib end their ends on de Bowery.

CLYDE (*tearing himself out of the embrace*): Yet can it be that—that after all this, YOU are Kong? Tell me, tell me quickly, are you Kong? No, no, it can't be, you musta been holed up in that cage all along!

TAHARAH: Haf you nefer read *Darwin*, *dar-link*?

CLYDE: Natural selection is not my specialty, I'm rather indiscriminate about whom I choose to ball, but—there's such a difference—I mean!—Kong had all that hair, I mean where I know for a fact you don't!

TAHARAH: J. R. Marett explains that since iodine deficiency causes baldness, humans lost their hair through “the need to economize iodine and adapt an anthropoid body to a life on the treeless alp of a young mountain system.” Since salivary tropical rain forest rains in the pluvial period engendered an acidity of the soil and an accumulation of iodine later reduced through the merciless, pass-waterless increasing aridity—

CLYDE: Stop telling malicious truths, woman, they're as clear as (*shaking the bolting bar at Taharah*) this stick in yer muddy hole! Heavens to Betsy's Totality! to think that I tried to croak what was actually a human being, caged, defenseless—

TAHARAH: Oh, do not keen ofer a dead queen. Instead, be oferjoy ofer my emanation from her body like a omnivorous prince from a frugivorous frog.

CLYDE (*jumping on top of the table to avoid Taharah's clutch*): I'm losing my bird, that's all: I'm stark raving nuts!!

TAHARAH: Talk no more of your nuts, leetle screwel: you haf seen nuff movie on de late as well as early show to know exactly how theez transformations occur. Nuff's too much.

CLYDE: Yeah, but this here's the kinda thing don't matter how many times ya see it ya still can't believe it.

TAHARAH (*tugging on Clyde's right boot, pulling it off*):

Muskels, your attenuated nonsuspension of beleef is drag on de audience: anyone wit haf a brain in theez jernt figger out my efolution way back in Act One. So quit labor—

CLYDE (*concluding, imitating*): Wit de pernt? Hey, whatcha doin'?—Hopin' against hope for a prehensile foot?

TAHARAH (*pulling off his sock*): Generally, I'd stoop to conquer more confentionally, (*pointing his chin up toward Clyde's thighs*) but you too-too high up and too-too far ofer for that!

CLYDE: Then jist which innovation have you in heart, Miss Mange?

TAHARAH: I thought I'd get a leak, er, look at de nur between yer toes—

CLYDE (*yanking his naked foot away from Taharah's grasp and bending it up into the cupping protection of his own hands; shocked*): The nur between my toes?????

TAHARAH (*his feelings hurt*): Ees only natural. Ain't us all de go-between angel and earth, expression and suspension?

CLYDE (*cringing as before a leper*): Now wait a minute—what other talents in this category do you decline toward?

TAHARAH (*intimidated, very tentatively*): . . . I could eat de cottage cheese out of a dead gibbon's jockstrap . . .

CLYDE (*letting go of his foot in catatonic disbelief*): The only thing wasp about you is yer waist!

TAHARAH (*seizing the foot*): What's theez? You've a webbed toe!!

CLYDE: A web between two toes: not much room for nur, is there?

TAHARAH: How long haf you had theez?

CLYDE: Since I was born. What of it?

TAHARAH (*to audience*): Girl, deed I get roped in! Not so high up on de tree of efolution himself, is he, theez Mr. Muskelar Halfback!

CLYDE: Never claimed to be more than halfway back; but that's still a branch above you, a grilla girl!

TAHARAH: Or beneat me: depend which met-trick system you exploit.

CLYDE: Here, man, help me down.

TAHARAH: How can I?—I'm not your inferior.

CLYDE: But you are, because I've asked you to be my butler.

TAHARAH: That's not your subtlest, but it ees at your best.

Suddenly the "Tales from the Vienna Woods" waltz is heard, "sung" to by the Hartz Mountain Master Canaries [whose sound may be approximated by toy bird whistles]. Clyde and Taharah listen to the first chorus in bewilderment, acknowledgment, and finally ecstasy; they join to sing the chorus as it is repeated.

CLYDE AND TAHARAH (*singing*):

The Forest, Forest Forever,
 The Forest, Forest Forever,
 As brought to you by Hartz Mountain,
 Is sung by Master Canaries,
 Hartz Mountain Master Canaries.
 Hartz Mountain Master Canaries
 Sing the Song of Kong clad in white sarong
 And the empty cuspidor
 That contains the World and more:
 Urine specimen, urine specimen,
 Ample sample of the hole;
 Trinity of sex and soul:
 Plantain, the jar, and the rose—Amen!

TAHARAH (*singing to "Yes, We Have No Bananas Today," and dance-stepping toward right wing as at the end of a vaudeville soft-shoe routine*):

Yez, we haf no buwanas today,
 (—I better beat it!)

We lost both our gambit and lay!

CLYDE (*jumping down from the table*): Hey, where you going?

TAHARAH: Just going, not waiting.

CLYDE (*grabbing onto Taharah's long wig*): Wait a minute.

TAHARAH: What for?

CLYDE: I need you.

TAHARAH: I mean, what are you waiting for?

CLYDE: I'm waiting for the Chimney Sweep to show; or for those Glitz Ionas to get here ahead of him. —Gulp!

TAHARAH: Hear me, Bwana, hear me good: ain't no such think as waiting for any-sink: waiting ees.

CLYDE: How d'ja mean?

TAHARAH: Some pataphysician! I taught you went to Barnyard? Ain'tcha heard?: waiting is our position longer; there's nothink to wait for, all thinks are as ees now.

CLYDE (*clamping onto Tahara's neck*): Get it, Charmer, I got plans 'n sizzling ol' sarong-clad you figgers in 'em!

TAHARAH (*hitting and kicking fiercely to escape*): Lemme go, weel you—I gotta beat it! Blueballs usually do.

CLYDE: A privates break, eh? I—

TAHARAH (*sudden switch*): Oh, when you're back in New York, weel you sent me a pair of dungarees?

CLYDE (*taken aback*): What for?—ya can buy 'em here.

TAHARAH (*feeling his biceps*): Yez, but you can understan' de sentimental py-chology behin' my request . . .

CLYDE (*appreciative*): Gosh, Sweets, I suppose I do.

Sister Carries, looking even more neurotic than before, sweaty, blar-eyed, appears downstage left. He is wearing a circus ringmaster's top hat in place of the nun's headdress, and a whistle dangles from a string of shrunken heads around his neck.

CARRIES (*smearing war paint on*): So do I. She has no money.

CLYDE (*sardonic*): Now, if it ain't sanguinolent Sister Soft Heart, the latest in anthropological mysticism!

CARRIES: Oh, go crap in a quonset hut! Is this here your plantano plantation?

CLYDE: Not exactly. It's actually just a place ya can check into without a toothbrush. —Why?

CARRIES: Nobody's checkin' in; we jist wanna use the fire-place concession.

CLYDE: Precisely what business I wanna haggle over—

CARRIES (*raising Eddie Cantor eyebrows*): When it comes to the business, I'm a sharp shooter. Find the Sweep yet?

CLYDE: Looky, Sis, ya can case the jernt yerself, but Queen Kong ain't nowhere in the theatre: so why go ahead with the barnfire? It'll only raise the carbon monoxide—

TAHARAH (*released and sizzling*): To speak nothink of de temperature, and it's sizzling nuff round theez parts (*indicating which*) wouldn't you say?? . . .

CARRIES: Nothin' doin'! During the coffee break, I went out and danced me a no-holes-bare war dance and got me plenty enthused and sweated up about this finale bit. Then I boosted me falt'rin' courage with a couple o' peppies, er, pepsi's and am right rear to go! (*Demonlike, looking suspiciously about.*) Who cares if Queen Kong's here or not to oversee the succulent sights?—I'm as good

as her any night!!! (*Expanding his narrow chest and pounding on it.*) In fact, my unsuspecting ninnies . . .
I AM KONG!!!

CLYDE: Apecock!

TAHARAH: Peacock, perhaps; or a typographical error.

CARRIES (*breaking uncontrollably into a distinctly American Indian war dance, chanting*):

Big barbaric barbecue
Make good eatin', b'lieve me you!
Me work up heap appetite,
Me big Injin dynamite:
Pow-wow! Pow-wow!
Smokin' signals, smokin' hash,
Gonna bust me heap big bash!
Plenty footwork, plenty keen,
Me damn good like ballet queen:
Pow-wow! Pow-wow!
Pow. .

(*Stops, suddenly embarrassed by his manic display.*)
Bring in the babes!!

The Glitzes converge on the set from all the various entrances, grunting, squealing, smearing war paint over their hair masks and patched fur costumes; some are still in the process of putting on their costumes; Karma and Paulet, arm in arm, enter unescorted downstage left, chatting like two neighbors on a shopping tour; Karma with her bonnet full of flowers, Paulet in her bikini.

KARMA: And so finally, I must reiterate how very much I enjoyed taking in the cinema when we weren't called for on stage.

PAULET (*not too adept at sophisticated chit-chat*): Quite, quite so, my fair. Gee whiz, it's noisy around here.

KARMA: I do believe the cinema is superior to the theatre, because whereas in theatre, which may be defined as the quickest way to lose the greatest sum of money, every thing is replaced, in cinema the curving cinemascope screen is actually the circumference of the earth, or to speak more accurately—

PAULET: The curvature of space, itself.

KARMA (*shouting above the Glitzes' racket*): Quite. I just love a girl friend with whom I can hear mouth to ear.

- PAULET: I just love a girl friend.
- CLYDE: Hi there, Karma; now how ya diggin' the play?
- KARMA (*preposterously affected*): Oh, Clyde, dahling! This piece is simply so frothy, so trifling, so airy—I believe I might liken it to a dandelion—
- TAHARAH (*jealous*): She mean you got a dandy's loin—
- KARMA (*as Carries lays hands on her*): And truly have the feeling that if I were to breathe heavily upon it . . . were to *blow* on it . . . (*Carries winks deliciously at her*) it would all blow away . . . light as air—
- CLYDE (*angry*): Pollution! So ya blew on it, did ya, was he (*indicating Carries*) any good?!
- KARMA (*thick Chinese accent*): Ah so, yes, he cum quarts (*correcting*) quats.
- CARRIES: Enough of this interlay, er, delay: let the rain dance, er, the ritual begin! (*Looking at his wristwatch, stating the exact time.*) It's precisely——. Mister Beauty and Master Beast, (*indicating Mais Oui and Brute*) please to take in hand the soon-to-be-late lovelies, Miss Karma Miranda and Mrs. Paulet Colbert.
- PAULET: Miss Paulet Colbert!
- CARRIES: Miss Paulet Colbert.
- MAIS OUI: One L— Scott, one flower pot, coming up!
- Mais Oui and Brute hasten toward the women; Clyde leaps quick into the medley and fends them off, stands with arms akimbo before the threatened two, a cartoon superhero to the rescue; confusion.*
- CLYDE: Hold your hair pieces, you Sugar Commies!! Your whole hirsute outfit is postulated on a preposterous falsie! a Piltdown hoax!
- TAHARAH (*edging offstage right*): A putdown! a showdown! Oh—
- MAIS OUI (*laying it on thick*): We don't believe it!
- CLYDE: Ya betcher boobs ya will, 'cause I can prove it!
- BRUTE: None o' dat soft salami, you!; lemme spread 'im out!
- CARRIES: Show cause!
- CLYDE: I will! (*he yanks out of the crowd and darts after Taharah.*) Heads down, I got a date who don't rate!
- TAHARAH: Why ees eferbody looking at me? I ain't de star— oh!
- CLYDE (*seeing Venus' arm shoot out and grab Taharah's*

ankle): A confederation of its composites is junkel justice! That's ironical!

VENUS: And botanical.

TAHARAH: Protect the proprieties! release me as I haf done no wrong! Beastly plant!

CARRIES: We know that snatch. What's the big deal?

CLYDE (*gripping Taharah around the waist, yanking him free*): There's no big deal, that's just the lack of point.

TAHARAH (*fighting*): Unband my waist! In deference to—

CLYDE (*pulling Taharah's sarong down to the waist; since the falsies are built into the sarong, bare-chested, Taharah is a man*): There ya go—contemporaneously Topless!!

GLITZES (*severally, chaotically*): WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!!! WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S AUNT!!! UNDERSEXED!!! UNDERFED!!! OVER-MILKED!!! NEEDS PASTURING!!! etc., etc.

The cries of dismay peter out into a long shocked silence.

TAHARAH (*sniffing*): What's wrong wit all you guys?! Ain't cha never seen a naked white woman before??!!

CARRIES (*crossing to examine Taharah*): Lucky thing my license is for mind reading and not body-reading powers.

TAHARAH (*bitch-back*): Oh, I read you, Maude!

CARRIES: I thought you were of size and then some trouble (*his hands palm-flat on Taharah's flat chest*) but I suppose even a witch doctress can be wrong. How come you chose *this* kind of life, Taharahnugi?

TAHARAH: Well, er, er, you know how straight people are—one of them leads to another.

CARRIES: Certainly. O.K., everybody, that was an edifying diversion, and now let's get on with the finale.

CLYDE (*pushing Taharah aside*): Whadda you mean?! I just exposed what a fake this entire development is!

CARRIES: All you exposed is an underdevelopment.

TAHARAH (*licking his wounds upstage*): A figger ain't efer-think. A man who's really a man can appreciate a woman for her mental development, her culture, her talents, etc. . . .

CLYDE: But don't you see? Taharahnugi White Woman is Kong!

GLITZES (*stunned chorus*): SHOW CAUSE! SHOW CAUSE!

- CLYDE: Cause she's, I mean, he's a queen.
- CARRIES (*incrdeulous*): And just how does his being a queen make Taharahngi White Woman Kong?
- CLYDE: Because Kong is a queen.
- CARRIES: Of course, she is! What nonsense—there are millions of queens, but there is only *one* Kong. Logic, at this point of the tale, may be a vestigial structure, but what's above *your* buttocks, Mr. Batty, I have no idea! We shall suffer no further delay: to postpone the proposed another two minutes will be to dispose ourselves to pejorations on the part of neighboring packs. Seize that birdbrain and cast him into the canary cage!
- TAHARAH: Thought you haf it all figgered out, dincha, stool pigin!
- CLYDE (*bewildered*): Gee, I thought I had it all figured out . . .
- KARMA (*to Taharah as several Glitzes toss the catatonic Clyde into the cage*): He had your figure figured out.
- PAULET (*disappointed*): Yeah, damn.
- MAIS OUI (*to Taharah*): He probably *had* your figure.
- TAHARAH: Shut up! You've got *hair* on your flat chest.
- CARRIES (*disarming Clyde and bolting the cage*): So ends your screaming weak end: you won't be needing this pistol now: you see, Pepe, I told you you'd never adjust.
- BRUTE (*peering with amazement into the cage*): It's like a inverted zoo, ain't it? Us bein' the—
- CLYDE: Inverts.
- MAIS OUI (*brandishing the plantain which she has constantly carried about*): Have a plantain; here, boy, here, have—

Carries blows his whistle and the Glitzes scurry to starting positions. They sing and dance in three groups; Brute is part of the first third, Mais Oui is part of the second third, and Carries is part of the third third. The three groups begin by singing and dancing together "The Frickadellin," whose music and choreography is an illogical extension of whatever is the latest in the long line of social dances inaugurated by the Twist; its particular flavor, however, its gestures and footwork, imitates the nature and movements of the gibbon. The lyrics suggest many of the steps and appropriate action should accompany any line indicating it.

Karma and Paulet, now two British tourists, squat near stage right watching the festivities. Taharah looks on from the left. Clyde rattles the cage bars. This spectacle should be amended and continuously augmented until it has the effect of a three-ring circus:

GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Do The Frickadellin!

Do The Frickadellin!

Lotsa stompin', lotsa yellin'!

Gibbon-steps you'll find compellin'

Witchy footwork for dispellin'

All the hang-ups that ya fell in!

Bash your sole upon the groun'—

Scratch an armpit up 'n' down—

Let your roommate search your hair:

See if any salt is there!

Sui generis rebellin',

Let's go do The Frickadellin!

Let's go Frickadellin! —Dellin!

Let's go Frickadellin! Dellin!

KARMA (*as the Glitzes dance the frenzied "Frickadellin" without singing*): You can't conceive how rewarded I feel about our decision against skipping these native ceremonies in our touring sheduel, pressed though we are for the exact time.

PAULET: Oh, I shouldn't have missed this for a month of catlick cathedrals.

KARMA: This will certainly be something to yack about back in Es-sex.

PAULET: How but they do make you homesick, don't they?

GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Do The Frickadellin!

Do The Frickadellin!

Lotsa stompin', lotsa yellin'!

Sounda chestnuts that yer shellin'

Adds to muzac parallelin'

Snappin' toes the dance is swellin'!

Gambol on the void of veldt;

Pinch the Princess in the Pelt;

Swing from twig to twig in trees,

Give a free ride to your fleas!

Pyromaniacs rebellin',
 Let's go do The Frickadellin!
 Let's go Frickadellin!—Dellin!
 Let's go Frickadellin!—Dellin!

PAULET: Their costumes are so natural, so unusual, what?

KARMA: Their choreography worthy of Cunninghamlingus.

The first third of the Glitzes leaps up on the shelves between the fireplace and the table, and proceeds to unhook vine ropes that are attached to the ceiling and chaotically scalloped over the shelves; then they commence swinging back and forth across the stage. The second and third thirds begin to sing and dance "The Cockamanie," a thirties ballroom extravagance with pretensions to ballet; the dancers attempt to emulate the poses and lowbrow "gracefulness" of bathroom and kitchen-can decals.

2ND AND 3RD THIRDS OF GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Plant, perform The Cockamanie!
 It is ballet; classic! zanie!
 Loved by audiences brainy
 Or by dolts, the weather rainy,
 Worried glad rags might get stained,
 Ent'ring opry house complainy.

While the second and third thirds of the Glitzes dance a romantic underline of "The Cockamanie," Taharah notices Brute swinging blissfully, idiotically on a vine rope above, and tugs on his leg.

TAHARAH: Hey, you, dopey, I understand you're interested in fruits, from time to specific time, that ees . . .

BRUTE: Yeah, but I don't find you too excitin'.

TAHARAH: If you was a beet more mature, you'd realize that money ees more importan' than excitement.

BRUTE: But you ain't got no money.

TAHARAH: No one person can haf eferthink.

2ND AND 3RD THIRDS OF GLITZES (*singing, dancing, half like ballet swans, the other half like river reeds caressing them*):

The ghostly swans in triple claque
 Do The Cockamaniac,
 While faithful bull-rush 'umbly slack

Also Cockamaniacs
Caressing pizzle-frizzled backs.

Carries blows his whistle to begin the third song-dance theme, "Pyromania." Several Glitzes roll a six-foot in diameter, nonspoke but hollow-hub, wooden wheel into center stage from out of the right wing. This wheel is both an Indian mandala and a Chinese Yin-Yang circle: i.e., the full flat wood with hollow-hub suffices as a mandala, while the curved black and white semispheres of Yin-Yang are painted over it:



Karma is seized and bound against the black half of the wheel, her full shepherdess' skirt filling out the wider bottom, her arms tied above and to the side of her head in the narrow portion. Paulet is bound with her hands behind her back into the white half, from head to waist slightly bent, filling the wider portion of the white; and her tapering, curving legs filling the narrow portion at the bottom of the wheel.

"Pyromania" is a musique concrete choral, stepped to with erratic modern-dance technique. The Glitzes sing and dance while they bind the women; then, rolling it upstage so that the women go topsy-turvy, they plant the wheel securely within the fireplace.

PAULET: Heavens, what's that?
 MAIS OUI: It's a mandala, smarty.
 KARMA: And just *what* is a mandala?
 CARRIES: Oh, it's a mystic symbol that tells you where It's
 at. (*With absolute flatness, an afterthought.*) So what.
 KARMA (*being bound*): Oh, tourist participation! How quaint.
 PAULET (*being bound*): It ain't.

First third of Glitzes sings, and second and third sing and dance.

GLITZES: Pyromania applied
 In the drought-hit eventide
 Will ignite the shadowed camp
 Better than a Tiff'ny lamp!

Rub two dicks till you've a spark
 Shot off through the virgin dark;
 Then some tissue paper use
 So wet print may not abuse
 Your intentions with a damper
 Like the lust for month-old hamper.

Teach these cherry tarts a trick
 Who with chilly arsenic
 Frost our vision till it's sick.
 Boy, this beats a grade-B flick!

Karma and Paulet are now fixed in the fireplace; the first third of the Glitzes continue swinging on their vines; the second third dance insanely "The Frickadellin"; the third third gracefully dance "The Cockamanie." During the ensuing scene, Taharah manages to coax Brute down from his swing and the two of them get intimate on the shelf between the fireplace and table. Carries blows his whistle. Against this counterpointed complexity, Queen Kong stirs within the cage: his huge bulk laboriously rises to all fours.

KONG: Grrrrrrrrrrrr . . . Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh . . .

CLYDE (*freezing with incredulous terror*): YOU! No! No! I thought you were dead, I mean, transformed!!

KONG (*awesomely*): I am dead. I am the Corpse of Kong!

CLYDE: But, but, his corpse is out there, in the guise of Taharahnugi White Woman, currently making time with—

KONG: Grooowwwl!!! Shut up, Piss-a-bed, I am The Corpse of Kong and I have arisen in Her core-ish behalf to ravish you and rape you gutless!!!

CLYDE (*backed up against the cage door, to Carries*): Help, lemme out, Maria Tall Chief—save me!

CARRIES: This is quite a blast; those attending are stunned.

KONG (*full height*): I am The Corpse of Kong, bigger than life!

CLYDE: I'll take yer word for it.

KONG (*flinging himself at Clyde, grabbing his crotch*): Aaagh! Queen Kong surpasses Queen Anne—now!—try this Chippendale cabriole on for size, O he who would be hung too high for Her Majesty!!! Aaaaaaaaagh!!!

CLYDE (*thrown to the cage floor on his back; Kong leaps on top of him*): Eeeeeek! What does one in a fix *comme ça*?

MAIS OUI: Come too. Or close your eyes, and think of Brooklyn.

CLYDE (*giving up under the superior weight*): Ah, me! Which do you prefer: screwing men or screwing women?

KONG (*pumping like a nanny goat*): Such is a question improperly put; ask rather: "Which do you prefer, at the present moment?" Hmmmmmmm.

CLYDE: Remedial zoology! Oh, the interspecial ignominy!! Beasts of the Kingdom Come, bring K. Y. e're I die!

KONG (*in the heat of passion*): Intercourse! interrun-fun! interrush! intermix! intermingle! interseed! interzone! interbone! inter ONE BY TWO!!! . . .

The second third of the Glitzes breaks off dancing and bounds up on the shelves between the fireplace and the cage: there they unhook vine ropes attached like the previous ones, and quickly join the first third in swinging back and forth, but from the opposite direction. The counterswingers occasionally ram into each other, pinch those crossing them, pluck a hair or two, smack a passing face, etc. The third third remains downstage to continue dancing and singing "The Cockamanie."

3RD THIRD OF GLITZES (*sing, dance*):
 Apeman, mark The Cockamanie!
 Lift your limb and learn the pain we
 Find in pelvic hern-ya strain—see?
 Squat upon your squeamish sitter,
 Leap up then to toe-point—titter!—
 O, Act Two's perversely bitter!

The swinging Glitzes throw gigantic black and white balloons down to the third third, each of whom retrieves

one and dances with it as if he were a bubble dancer; on the last line of the next stanza, each bursts another's balloon with a pin.

TAHARAH (*fondling Brute*): If you care to join me in de cuspidor, Brutey, you'll fin' a surprise waits for itchy-bitzy you!

BRUTE: What?

TAHARAH: Napalm.

3RD THIRD OF GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Them bubble babes who lap all lack,
Split in The Cockamaniac:
At least their bubbles show a crack
During The Cockamaniac
When Truth procures a prick and—WHACK!!!

The first third of the Glitzes jumps down from their ropes; the third third rushes to the shelves, grabs the ropes and swings in their place along with the second third; Mais Oui also descends in this exchange, running over to the prostrate Sweep, nudging him.

MAIS OUI: Quick, quick—who was the intern?

SWEEP (*lifting his head slightly, annoyed*): Was? A brute.

Mais Oui runs back to her swing as the first third of the Glitzes lustily resumes the frenetic singing and dancing of "The Frickadellin"; their first stanza is a bridge, in which they go about listening at each other's stomachs for the innocent offender.

1ST THIRD OF GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Herr Carter's little liver dumplin's
Consumed, cause gastric stomach rumplin's:
Yet playing it by ear oft stumbles
In puzzling out whose belly grumbles:
Alas, we fear we'll never figger
Exactly whose emits which snigger!

Do The Frickadellin!
Do The Frickadellin!
Lotsa stompin', lotsa yellin'!
Soon you'll cease yer mildew smellin',
Axial division dwellin':
Ego solo arts farewellin'!

PAULET (*peering up the chimney stack*): Either that, Shepherdess, or it's drizzlin' soot!

KARMA (*peering up the stack*): Something's coming down; headsup.

PAULET: If drawers are coming down, heads *are* up.

A narrow ladder drops from the chimney stack and is grounded in the grate next to the wheel; then a foot, two feet of the Sweep appear on its rungs; then a broom sweeping hither and dither.

SWEEP (*singing*):

Cremated ashes Indians plunder,
Lessen ya sweep 'em a carpet under.

KARMA: Why, if it ain't the rock dropping May-son and smacking thief!

SWEEP (*reaching awkwardly down from mid-ladder and smacking Karma's face twice*): Take two, a sign yer true.

PAULET: What d'ja say he was?

MAIS OUI: A chimney sweep to you.

PAULET: A chimney sweep! —It's THE Chimney Sweep! Hey, there, Karma, you're saved! Oh, Honey, I'm so glad for you!

TAHARAH (*greatly disappointed*): Conratulations.

KARMA: Never mind!! Whadda ya doin' *here*, Skinny? I thought we had a date for 10:30 under the Venus Fly Trap!!

SWEEP (*busy sweeping*): Did we? Gee, must be living a double life. The pollution's probably affecting my brain. Junkel rot setting in.

(*Singing.*)

When dick splits the May-son halves asunder,
Sweep the cracked twosome a carpet under.

KARMA: You rot rat!! You unicorn!! You forgot our date! And I! I risked all, dear life itself, to keep it quiet!!

SWEEP: Then please keep quiet now, will ya, China-doll? I got a gig to do, and I'm late enough starting as is.

KARMA: And yer late showin' here to boot! Why *are* you so late?

SWEEP: I believe, Mother-Source, that I was victimized by the tse-tse fly; whereupon a rather heavy nap by a normally light sleeper ensued.

Anchor up! ascend! embark!
 Roommates in the Noah's ark:
 Both your places, vacant, paired,
 Safely separate, simply shared.
 Salvagees ain't infidelin'
 When they do The Frickadellin!
 Let's go Frickadellin! —Dellin!
 Let's go Frickadellin! —Dellin!

*The first third of the Glitzes dances "The Frickadellin";
 the second and third thirds continue swinging; Carries
 blows his whistle.*

KONG (*rocking motion as in a rocking chair, sighing as an old
 grandmother*): Push away, Vinyl Vuman, push away
 . . . push away . . . push away all the pain . . .

TAHARAH AND MAIS OUI (*singing*):

Rock-a-bye bottle fulla pee sop,
 You plant a plantain, I'll reap the crop . . .

KONG (*to Clyde*): How do you like my can-opener?

SWEEP (*aroused by the commotion within the cage*): Seems
 to fit in the rim like a rose the nose.

KONG: Mind your own mate.

SWEEP: How can I, with you kids making all that noise?

MAIS OUI: Whatsa matter Sweep, can'tcha sleep?

SWEEP (*rubbing his eyes in disbelief*): Heaven's Contradiction!
 A big ball in full swing and me hung low! (*Looking at
 his wristwatch.*) Wow, am I late in coming so to speak!

VENUS (*turning over but not rising*): Quit kickin', will ya,
 can't stomach a restless sleeper.

SWEEP (*standing*): Don't recall being hot to trot with you
 —must've been plenty soused. Sorry, but I gotta pull
 out.

CLYDE: Pull out! Pull out!

SWEEP (*yawning*): Honey, I'm late for work.

VENUS: Deposit a token of yer esteem on the dresser, will ya?

SWEEP (*exiting right*): Later, mater.

BRUTE (*to Taharah*): I gotta hand it to you guys, ya really
 know howda work it up.

TAHARAH: Yez, work eet up an' hand eet to me.

KARMA (*to Paulet*): Am I cracked, Bric-a-brac, or is a horn
 of the Billygoat-legs-Lieutenant-and-Major-General-War-
 Commander-Sergeant falling down?

PAULET: Are you the "heavy" in this play?

SWEEP: Mr. White, I weight 98 pounds. Have a smack.

PAULET: Watch it, buddy, I can handle you!

SWEEP (*poking the top end of the broom handle toward her*):

In your present Promethean state of being, it is I, on the contrary end, who can handle you.

The second third of the Glitzes descends from its vine ropes and joins the first third in singing and dancing "The Cockamanie."

1ST AND 2ND THIRDS OF GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Man, mix in The Cockamanie,
On one peg let love profane be!
Karma lax your lap resistance,
Lessen twixt us mating distance:
"Animals for Co-existence"
Advocate we, sex persistents!

The swinging third third of the Glitzes tosses huge white fans to the dancers below, each of whom, catching a fan, tips off a très fey Sally Rand fan dance. The goings-on in the cage are now blocked from view by a build-up of the furry junk piles. Mais Oui comes dancing down to the very edge of the audience.

MAIS OUI (*very thick exotic accent*): Theez play weel nefer cloz!

1ST AND 2ND THIRDS OF GLITZES (*sing, dance*):

Fandangle dancers, tits so stack,
Started The Cockamaniac;
Bow wow now how to bivouac
After The Cockamaniac
In a single dingle dangle's sack?

The first and second thirds of the Glitzes leap onto the shelves and join the third third in swinging chaotically above the stage; all hum and sing at once snatches of the three different songs; happy chaos.

KARMA (*shouting*): You there, Sister Cynosure, mind landing for a minute? Earth errand.

CARRIES (*jumping from his rope, annoyed at the interruption*): It's protocol to permit virgin condemnees a last utterance, but don't overenter my good ear.

KARMA: Hate to steal yer time during the juballie, know just how Carries away you are, but if it please yer Doctress-ship, the Chimney Sweep Lost has been rediscovered, and I'd appreciate being unbound. —Cut me loose!

CARRIES: Life's lack of ironies! The Sweep is here?

SWEEP: How do there, Ph.D.?

KARMA: Hurry, please: I gotta beat it home and start supper.

PAULET: Yeah, remember big Queen Kong's ex cathedra bull!

CARRIES (*untying Karma*): A technical knockout, a whim of the wheel of fortune. Well, one tittie toasted is still a branch above none.

PAULET: Congratulations, Karmy, good luck to you.

KARMA (*rubbing her wrists and body cramped from the bonds*): So long, Paulet, bikini-clad, keep a stiff clit, try harder in yer next reincarnation.

CARRIES (*remounting his swing*): When the day's come that even a witch doctress gets bogged down in all the red tape involved in a simple propitiation—

GLITZES (*all swinging, all singing a thunderous chorus of "Pyromania"*):

Teach the Tomish heretic
How to lay a cosmic brick:
She'll lay off her candlestick
Once within our fire's flick!

Pyromania! Torch Song!
Gibbons to a herd belong
Chimpanzees've heard headstrong.
Torch song! night long! right-wrong! torch song!

Carries and Mais Oui descend from their ropes and ignite a torch; they step menacingly, then coyly teasing, toward Paulet.

PAULET: At last! I can see the light.

MAIS OUI: Ya could practically feel it, it's so real.

GLITZES (*singing, swinging*):

Pyromania! Torch Song!
Light the cold the dark night long
Taking out of right all wrong.

Torch song! night long! right-wrong! torch song!

SWEEP (*to Karma*): Betcher glad to be in the bleachers.

TAHARAH (to Brute): Betcher glad to be in my breeches.

A clattering and rattling of the cage bars accompanied by ear-splitting drums; everyone turns toward the cage. Clyde-as-Kong, i.e., Clyde dressed in Kong's gorilla costume, is roaring to be released. He is radically shorter than Kong and has a rivet held against his back from his waist up to the top of his head by straps about his hips and neck, which prevents him from being able to bend: he stands up absolutely straight. All assume he is Queen Kong.

CLYDE-AS-K (roaring): Stop the stupid muzak! Get me outta this marriage broker's Bronx Zoo!

CARRIES (aside): O Queen, thou comest when I had thee least in mind and matters most in hand; my power-grab's gummed-up! (To the Glitzes.) Why, it's kitsch Queen Kong! Stop the repetitive muzak!

CLYDE-AS-K (as the music and swinging halt; all attention focused on him): What are all you guys starin' at? Ain'tcha never seen a queen before? Mais Oui, undo this bolt!

MAIS OUI (hastening to obey the order as the Glitzes all descend from their ropes):

From rope she rode to all-four floor,
And thence unlatched the door,
Let out a Queen that in a Queen
Hadn't gone before.

CLYDE-AS-K (released): Douche, er, douse that torch, Master Carries. And now, everybody, it's final curtain marriage time!

Carries, suspicious of Clyde-as-Kong's identity, quietly disobeys, hands the torch to Mais Oui. Suddenly the Intern appears from behind the wheel carrying another quart jar, this one empty.

INTERN: Void a specimen, Your Majesty?

CLYDE-AS-K (taking the jar and turning around, making gestures as if he were urinating into it): Anytime. And, er, please don't forget a blood sample also. We, Kong, Queen of all the cage can convey, are mightily pleased that you, O Miss Karma, have come safely through this savage spectacle in one piece (indicating Paulet), or

half a piece; and, as was decreed Our right if the Sweep were found, We do desire to marry with you. (*Handing the jar to Intern who takes it upstage to the cuspidor; he extracts the first jar and begins performing medical tests on both.*)

KARMA: We do?

CLYDE-AS-K: Yes. Americans have always evinced absorption in the pressing question: "Are the great apes women-stealers?" This play goes a long way toward begging that question and, to be sure, other adjacencies.

KARMA (*winking maliciously at his rear*): Speaking of adjacencies, how does your other feel?

CLYDE-AS-K: By this point, I'm closed for alterations. But how's about yer big self? Has this harrowing experience in any way changed your life?

KARMA: Actually, yes; I've had my menopause.

TAHARAH: And now men pause before rerequesting your hand.

CLYDE-AS-K (*emphatically*): They do not! May I rerequest your hand, Mem-sab?

KARMA: Really, Queen Kong, how could you possibly expect me, a mere woman, to requite your request? What would our children be—grilletts?

CLYDE-AS-K: But lovely light 'n you're Karma, don't you recognize me? I'm your fia—

KARMA: Fiasco! A woman wants a man who's a man, not a man who's a queen. (*Putting on her shepherdess bonnet.*) No, Kong, I prefer to marry the Chimney Sweep, an able stable stud and a he-hero, he who is responsible for snatching me from the tongues of fire. For his timeliness, I reward him with my hand. (*Putting her hand to a rewarding spot on Sweep.*)

SWEEP: I receive, er, accept. As a man, you have, er, I have made mine cherce.

CARRIES (*to Clyde-as-Kong, with squint-eye suspicion*): Any objections to his directions?

CLYDE-AS-K (*unable to nod his disapproval because of the rivet*): Let me not stoop to go between lovers hard and fast. Two lovers fastened hard. Now, let's look . . . (*Looking with difficulty about, spotting Paulet.*) Douse that torch; spare the Tom; I ain't picky, I'll marry *her* instead.

MAIS OUI (*putting out the torch, holding the burnt stick up to Paulet*): Pyrotechnical flamboyancies aside, hon, this could still be of use to you.

PAULET (*being untied by several Glitzes*): Fresh freak! wise guyess, you'll get yours with gauze!

CLYDE-AS-K: Well, m' nervy Paulet, queen of Our heart, can you picture us both on a bicycle built for two?

PAULET: Sorry, Queen, I ain't a queen: I can't marry you: I'm a lezzy: wanna marry a lezzy?

CLYDE-AS-K: A man had as well marry a celibate and beget imaginings. But let me look around the set: we do have to find someone for you before curtain call. (*Peering about, everyone peering brow-knit about.*) Don't see any comers . . .

INTERN (*busy with the tests*): How about the Venus Fly Trap?

MAIS OUI: Yeah, how about her? Like Marilyn Monroe, she's forgotten, but not gone.

Clyde-as-Kong, Carries, Paulet, and Mais Oui rush en masse downstage right to the motionless, recumbent Venus.

PAULET: She done gone out!

MAIS OUI: Who does her hair—the elements?

INTERN (*his back still turned*): She needs an aphrodisiac.

CLYDE-AS-K: Quick, Glitz Ionas, bring flies to revive her!

The Glitzes converge, form a tight circle around Venus; sounds as of a commode flush feedback are heard; then the circle of Glitzes breaks, and Venus, rejuvenated, is helped to her feet.

CLYDE-AS-K: Venus, revived when administered to by fount-filled cods and swordtail steaks, won't you consider this salmon-slender spoke of your—

VENUS (*appraises Paulet with immodest velocity, then*):

I of flies have had my fill,
Wishing bones and pickles dill;
This Paulet is scented dish:
She renews my nose for fish.

As Venus and Paulet come together, Clyde-as-Kong moves away toward center stage, his back presented to

*Carries who suddenly is alerted by the obvious rivet:
Carries cocks the pistol.*

CARRIES: Wait, hold everything! Queen Kong is kinda spineless.

CLYDE-AS-K: So?

CARRIES: Yers looks like it could give ya a cerebral hemorrhage!

MAIS OUI (*examining the rivet, brandishing the plantain*):
Funny place to hang yer umbrella. What a man!

CARRIES: Man, no doubt! Kong!—are you a *poseur*?!

CLYDE-AS-K: Just for *Phyzeek Magazine*. Why?

CARRIES: Let me stare at you . . . scrupulously . . . like someone who's just discovered that monkeys have faces . . .

CLYDE-AS-K (*heavily scrutinized by all*): Why do people always look at me as if they've seen something I'm afraid of?

CARRIES: All right, Chinaman on the make, who ARE you?

CLYDE-AS-K: I am the product of the rape of Clyde by the Corpse of Kong, as well as all that remains of those two.

CARRIES (*lifting his face mask, seeing Clyde*): Eeek! You are . . .

CLYDE-AS-K: I am Clyde-as-Kong.

ALL: CLYDE-AS-KONG???!!!

CLYDE-AS-K (*meekly*): What's so strange? It has alliteration.

CARRIES (*suddenly resigned*): Such is accuracy. And I suppose that makes him legitimate.

KARMA: Really, Doctress?

CARRIES: Yes, my child, there is nothing I can do. The product of a rape by Kong-as-Corpse is always the Rapee-as-Kong; and "as" as the go-between two alliteratives in the product's name is always the birthmark of legitimacy. Such is our gibbon law. I haf spoken.

INTERN (*coming downstage with the two quart jars*): And Clyde-as-Kong's specimen is medically identical with the specimen of Queen Kong which I mystically had the foreskin, er, foresight to procure back in Act One.

BRUTE: Which means wha'?

INTERN: Which means that the specimens, as ample sample of the whole, bear out Clyde and Kong as identical, as wholly one. I haf spoken.

TAHARAH (*tossing Brute aside*): Oh, Holy One, ees it really

you, Muskels? I haf been waiting so patiently for you to evolve. Leetel unprecocious me!

MAIS OUI (*tipping Taharah's flat chest with the plantain*):

My, but yer unprecocity leaves something to be desired!

TAHARAH (*haughtily triumphant*): Second fiddle, piddle! piddle!

CLYDE-AS-K: And now that my lawful stock has been improved, I mean, approved, who'll wed me? I'm a find in any behind.

TAHARAH: I weel! I weel wed you, Queen Clyde-as-Kong!

CLYDE-AS-K: But—but—how can you, my love? You are the Living Kong, his transformation!

PAULET: Is such, den, veracity?

TAHARAH: Yez, woman, it ees. Clyde shot Kong, and I resulted. Kong-Shot raped Clyde, and he resulted. I am Kong-as-Kong-Shot; he is Kong-as-Kong-Shot's-Load-Shot. You haf heard of cell-cleavage?—well, try to keel a Queen (*squeezing his flat chest together*) and she cleaves. No rose that fades, but pressed, it haf two shades.

KARMA: But, Taharahnugi White Woman, wasn't it you who was smoldering around the verandah before Kong got shot?

SWEEP: Ever hear of astroprojection?

KARMA: I thought a medium was needed to conjure it.

SWEEP: Your anticipational jealousy was the medium.

KARMA (*still jealous*): But if you marry *him*, don't you marry back into your previous half?

INTERN: She does. But why shouldn't she? If he marries her, he too marries back into his previous half. Two halves so identically destinied are well healed, er, wholed, are they not? and augured well for future compatibility? (*Mumbling to himself as he wanders back upstage.*) Or does he marry back into his previous half's half?

CARRIES (*ex cathedra*):

Kong clove into Taharah and Clyde,
But Taharah weds Clyde is Kong simplified.

VENUS: And reincubied, and considerably fructified.

CARRIES (*holding out the pistol as at a shotgun wedding*):

And now, with the power invested in me by the Union of Witch Doctresses, I pronounce you man and wife, or man and man, or ape and man, or queen and woman,

or queen and man, or queen and queen, or ape and ape up and up. And now, if it please the cast, could we all canary the finale. There's a great flick on the Late Show and I don't wanna miss it. —Maestro!

The new pairs hold hands and all sing. Several Glitzes begin removing their costumes and makeup while others of them bring the bicycle back on stage. Clyde-as-Kong and Taharah mount the bicycle and ride off through the audience with the entire cast singing and following them.

ALL (*singing*):

Can this corny triplethink,
Better nab a nipple pink:
Art about your life is plot,
But your life 'bout art is not!

Soooooooooooooooo:
If it's got a mind, stump it.
If it stands too high, slump it.
If it willn't budge, bump it.
If ya don't like it, lump it.
But if it's got a hole, hump it!

Clear the aisle, we're ridin' through,
Locomotive, make adieu!
If your mores still you'd trover,
Please, tight patrons, bend right over!

If it's militant, jump it.
If it's got a pipe, pump it.
If it smells too much, dump it.
If it hymen has, rump it.
But if it's got a hole, hump it!

Reservations we eschew,
Ne'er accept, "The heck with you!"
Narrow-minded: rend fright over;
Spotless—(THE spot!)—bend right over!

Brute disengages himself from the singing, exiting parade, and hops back up on the stage. He scampers over to the cuspidor and extracts the purple rose.

BRUTE: Ladies and Gentlemen of every genus: Forget dem

dirty-minded fakes: art ain't never 'bout life, but life is only 'bout art. Dis rose?—oh, it ain't no symbol like ya mighta thought, an' dat's cause it ain't got nothin' to do wit life either. Dis here rose is all 'bout art. Here, take it—

(He throws the rose into the audience.)