



Ultra Menage-a-Quatre
MC Radiance

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[SCENE I. HORUS is an 18 year old college kid. He is wearing diapers and he's seated inside a sphere: a transparent plastic air tent/bubble, off to one side of the stage. He is the narrator at the beginning of the script.]

HORUS: Hello, I'm Horus. Your ancestor. My spirit was once a baby snake. And a puppy. And an eagle. I'm ever evolving. Now I'm ready to incarnate again. {Sounds of a man nearing orgasm offstage.) I'm going to hitch a ride on a sperm. Got the destination set! Gonna nail that egg. I'm bringing human life, baby! Gonna get born, that kind of thing. After that: everything I see has to get squeezed into my mouth... for the first few years at least. And that's all the instructions I can remember so far.

[Sound of man having an orgasm offstage.]

HORUS: Uh, oh, and here we go! Bye bye gonad. Down the Flume, and out into space and whoa OH NO! Missed!

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: a man, CONRAD, busts a nut into the cheek of a woman, AURORA.]

[Sounds of a man and woman arguing offstage.]

DORIAN: (entering the living room of the huge tropical rented villa, which has been decorated for Valentine's Day) There they go again. Burning and babbling. I hope the agency sent over some good ones this time.

[ERICA is reviewing the bills, pacing the living room in her gothic cape. She speaks in high velocity bursts. She is waving around a fistful of business invoices.]

ERICA: Who gets to do what. Squabbling. Who should get paid when, and who's gonna get fucked next. Jockeying for position.

DORIAN: Just like you and me, huh? (He rolls his eyes at all the papers, then steps to the window.) It's all entropy, ERICA. Just the laws of the damn concrete jungle.

[ERICA flings open the heavy curtains. Short video clip: a panorama of the Caribbean.

HORUS: Whoomp, here it is. Paradise! It was tricky but I did manage to get born into it! Now I am a baby. Human Charmin. Everybody love to squeeze baby Horus. It's great!! More more more more hugs for me! And all I have to do is keep putting everything into my mouth. Everything, into my.....

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: blowjob by SYLVIA.]

SYLVIA'S VOICE: (offstage to camera) Hey man, it's your turn. My jaw is getting sore from doing all the work!

ERICA: (to the panorama) DORIAN, you're here on vacation and it's time to forget all about the city and that urban stagflation is shitty. It's only bologna. But I aim to have fun, anyway. You should try to as well.

[ERICA snorts, then grabs a bong and a lighter off the table and packs herself a bowl of ganja...]

HORUS: Look at me, people! I'm a baby starting to get around. Paradise is such a tasty planet! So many things can go in my mouth! Mommy has a kitten so I put it in my mouth. That didn't work out so good. Then I tried my brother's Crayola set. All of them, at once!

[Video clip ONSCREEN: SYLVIA goes back to going down on a huge penis.]

HORUS: Blech! Not smooth and tasty like the babysitter's shoes. They're red and shiny. I drooled all over them, all red and shiny. I tried to eat 'em but she didn't like that. Then I discovered that the babysitter had nipnips just like Mommy. So I crawled up to suck on 'em. I wondered if they would be all pink and shiny and tasty like Mommy's (Silence.) What? Hey, I was hungry!

[ERICA throws a fistful of the business forms up into the air.]

ERICA: (She puts down the bong and rubs her breasts.) The Cosmic Mouth of The Goddess has spoken my magnificent challenge! (coughs) To dance! (Saluting a vast but invisible audience of cognoscenti) I now present my Dance of Proliferation.

[She dances, throwing more and more sheaves of bills and papers up into the air.]

ERICA: We are one Magical Nuclear Proliferation Family, under God Money!

[She whirls amid the raining paper—but trips, and pratfalls with a thud down behind the couch.]

DORIAN: Nice Freudian slip, baby. Pro-life-eration. I hear a Woman's secret right wing ideals, versus being REAL.

ERICA: (moaning) Ow!

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: BELLADONNA is now getting laid, and she's groaning a lot.]

HORUS: (moaning) Hey, it was just a babysitter's nipple, sorry, hey, what's with all the repercussions, man? What, what's with all the

punishment? My engulf and devour programming must be screwy. I keep crawling into Trouble with a capital T... Come on, it was just a wardrobe malfunction!

[DORIAN picks up 3 of the bills and places them on his own body as if to cover his nipples and crotch. He vogues a bit, then drops them and loses interest.]

DORIAN: When you get up, ERICA, kindly pick up all those bills.

HORUS: Awwwww, what a drag this is turning into. No fun. I don't get it! What happened? My Grand Welcome into Paradise? What went wrong? They ain't as ecstatic about me as they were back in the day, you know what I'm saying? (Pause.) Yo, the crib. Man, I was somebody then, word. The cheers! The fans! The adulation!

[DORIAN toys with a deck of cards from the side table.]

DORIAN: Watch this, ERICA.

[ERICA clambers loudly over the couch into view once more.]

DORIAN: Sh. Listen!

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: BELLADONNA is still getting laid, and she's screaming harder.]

DORIAN: (wistfully) Can't tell if she's hating it or loving it.

[DORIAN slides down onto the carpet next to the coffee table.]

DORIAN: I will now illustrate the building of Man's world. [He begins to build himself a house of cards.] I'm sorry, ERICA but I've got to deconstruct your maternal madness. Your 'stuck-on-stupid' proliferation mentality! We don't need more babies. Too many babies are being born ALREADY! Until the world economy collapses. See?

[DORIAN puts one card too many on the house: it collapses.]

ERICA: I meant artistic abundance, DORIAN. Not 'having tons of babies'. You're totally misinterpreting me!

HORUS: Yeah! I just don't get it! My playpen is like a weird movie set: it's like WOMB, THE SEQUEL. Nobody understands me, they keep me in the dark, I don't get any time off and I can't get out. Like I'm not wanted or something.

DORIAN: (undaunted) Creating a flood of babies for Allah and for Jesus, overloading the earth. Raping all her remaining resources as rapidly as possible, puh-lease! Fucking over the human race. There are definitely too many suckers being born every minute! (DORIAN picks up a toy airplane off the side table and flies it around in the air with his hand,

making WWI machine gun noises. He freezes.) Funny how we are the animal that kills our own kind. Then we cry, and then we laugh and go make more babies.

[He throws the plane at ERICA. She catches it, and throws it back, laughing. She saunters over and, to change the subject, she grinds his face into her crotch.]

ERICA: Since it's Valentine's Day, why don't you get a little irrational, Mr. Spock? (He looks up at her. She licks her lips suggestively.) I'm r-r-r-ready when you are.

[Short video clip: BELLADONNA is now getting fucked in the ass.]

ERICA: (She slides down DORIAN's body with hers.) We really must catch up. (They kiss.)

HORUS: Wait, I get it... The penny is dropping! Doink. It's a conspiracy. My room service— Mommy and Daddy—they're just here to make sure I don't get any bright ideas. Mommy and Daddy? They're a pair of human tweezers plucking out any evil thoughts. Plink! Like, maybe I'll go running around the playroom one day, and I'll be thinking "Hmmm, today might be the perfect day to make a beeline for Freedom! I'm just gonna run out the front door into the street, and around the corner and go see the whole wide world for myself! Woo-hoo!" But instead of freedom what do I get? Lobotomy. Ploink.

[ERICA and DORIAN are fondling each other through their clothes.]

ERICA: You got to pull out your s-s-s-snake, DORIAN. I need it...

DORIAN: Do you? No. I don't think you deserve it. Not today.

HORUS: Mom and Daddy, they are secretly the enemy!

ERICA: I need it for my Valentine's day snake ritual!

DORIAN: (He wants to tease her.) But it's still early, ERICA, and I'm free... to s-s-s-slither away (He sweeps onto his feet and busts out some Bob Fosse moves across the living room.) Away! through the fleeting, mad beauty of time. (He slinks all around the room and ends up talking to the grandfather clock. ERICA is highly entertained.) Through ghostly meadows of sorrow! Through Eternity, in her long footsteps-s-s-s-s-s.

ERICA: Uh oh, I feel a Haiku coming on. (She stands up, tosses her head back and joins in the snaky noises. Doing a cabaret high-kick) I s-s-soar over clouds-s-s! into the lioness-ss skies! my petalssssss open!

[DORIAN and ERICA tango, then French kiss. She is getting carried away, grinding on him and moaning a lot.]

ERICA: Across the star-dappled tongues of all my word-lovers, may my Haikus flow!

[DORIAN picks up a motorcycle helmet off the chair and puts it on ERICA's head.]

ERICA: I didn't know we were going somewhere.

DORIAN: Enough kissing. This will protect you, ERICA. From the splatter of unexpected artistic explosions...

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: a cumshot all over SYLVIA's face and hair.]

DORIAN: Or from the weird sounds coming from next door. (DORIAN strokes ERICA's body.) You enjoy a mouthful, don't you? A mouthful of ancient poetics? Haikus about salty friendships? Odes to the wet desires that we all share...

HORUS: Damn parental units. They over-protect me. They'll save me from everything on Earth that I really WANT! Fuck.

DORIAN: (Pause.) You look like an astronaut, sweetie.

ERICA: (Removing the helmet) No protection, thanks. I prefer things raw and in-my-face.

HORUS: I started to realize that some things on Mom and Dad planet? On overlord planet? I can't change 'em. Nope! I can't even budge them!

[DORIAN puts the helmet back on ERICA.]

HORUS: What do I know? I'm just a stupid baby bee. I can only buzz around and bee helpless. Bee little. Bee sorry. Beever damn clever! But my stinger has started growing. [ERICA takes the helmet off.] You think it's easy? You try it. Try dealing with all the control freaks around here. Yeah, I bet you can't see the Giant Stones either. Everywhere I go, I fly into giant invisible rocks! [DORIAN puts the helmet back on ERICA.] Ouch! Like this one here. [Pretends there's a stele there.] The inscription says Big letter N, big letter O spells nuh-oh. "No!" No matter where I go, it's always NO NO NO NO NO!

[Short video clip: AURORA getting double-penetrated.]

ERICA: (Flipping up the visor on the helmet.) Yes, yes yes yes yes, let's do something dangerous and Cool... One thing you can say about all the Greatest Artists? (She strips away her skirt.) We are revealers of the Truth.

[She then inches her lacy panties down, whips them off and twirls them on her first finger. Then she plops backwards onto the couch, and

unclasps her cape. She's wearing nothing but a bra underneath. DORIAN bites his fist.]

ERICA: Great Artists open our minds and souls wide! (Sitting back in the couch, ERICA flings off her cape, reaches down and grabs her ankles high over her head.) That's why we are so fucking magnetic... Don't you think? DORIAN? (She is still wearing the helmet. She spreads her legs into the splits. It's an undeniably exposed moment.)

[DORIAN goes over to her, turns around and casually sits on her like she is furniture. He pulls out a pair of handcuffs from his jacket pocket and suddenly locks her wrist to his.]

DORIAN: Sorry, ERICA. Can't have you flashing the world like that, my dear. (Pause.) Oh but look everybody!! I seem to have handcuffed myself to a delirious person. I hope I can remember where the key is. Ha ha ha ha!

ERICA: I have a bad feeling about this.

HORUS: I bet they're in this conspiracy together! I'm gonna lodge a complaint with the baby-sitter when I see her again. I'm tired of the NO stones! Meantime, I accidentally broke a tooth when I was playing. I know, I know. They told me a million times: don't break things! But I went and broke my face. I must be a bad, bad boy. I try not to let them see me cry. I kneel in my bed at night and cry into my pillow and bang my forehead against the headboard, like I'm practicing getting used to banging into big NO stones— I bang it and bang it and bang it-

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: SYLVIA getting fucked from behind, as well as lashed and spanked.]

ERICA: I love our blazing companionship! (She is hugging DORIAN from behind. He licks thrillingly down her neck.) Let's do some hanky panky, DORIAN.

DORIAN: I have lashed myself to a rich bohemian. I really love her peaches, wanna shake her tree. (He continues licking down her abdomen.) And surprises await me in the next room. What do we have here, a Burning Bush? (He playfully bites her clit: she howls.) Oo-oo-oo! I lo-o-o-ove you too.

[DORIAN performs oral sex on ERICA until she starts flailing around.]

HORUS: This planet? It can make you so-o-o-o sensitive. Until you're sore, ya know? It's constantly frustrating for me here. I want more, more, more. But I feel all alone when nobody is playing with me. Empty on the inside. Doesn't anyone care anymore? What am I really supposed to be

doing on this planet? The answer always yells back: NOT THAT! NOT NOW! NOT YET!

ERICA: Not that way, DORIAN. Just the clit.

DORIAN: Now, now, Lady ERICA. Time for you to receive your instruction. (He spans her pussy in time while announcing) You have caged your inner whore in dungeons of Anger, within fortresses of solitude. But it is time for release!

ERICA: (Flipping down the visor) Help! Help! Save me!

[DORIAN stands up and launches into some slapstick judo maneuvers. ERICA is forced to imitate every move because of the handcuff.]

ERICA: (Flipping up the visor) HEY NOT like that, you imbecile! Open these fucking handcuffs. Now! (She screams and stomps her foot. DORIAN doesn't seem inclined to oblige, he's daydreaming.)

HORUS: You know what? There's one special place I go to get some peace and quiet. The dreamtime. My happy place. No fighting there! I like it better on the other side anyway! In fact, I'm gonna escape right now.

[Ambient music begins. A longer video collage ONSCREEN: random imagery of cities, beaches, kids, people, abstractions, swirls, animals, toys, etc.]

HORUS: Sleepy bye time now!! Nighty night. (He closes his eyes.)

DORIAN: (Next to ERICA, DORIAN looks out the window, losing any romantic mood in a rush of gothic depression) Monuments to waste. All our efforts, our consumer civilizations. Nations of nothing. They will all sputter out and die. They will all just crumble into dust in the end.

HORUS: (sleepy) Here comes something happy in my dream. I wonder what it is going to be tonight? It's a lady. She stands alone. She is radiating. She's B. U. T. full!! She doesn't make any sound. But I can't seem to reach her. Why no touchie? Hi! Hi there! Play with me? No touchie feelie humpy bumpy peekaboo? Hi! No milky suckie? No play with me? (Pause.) No give a rat's ass? Waaaaaaaa!

[ERICA whips off the helmet, and tries to cheer DORIAN back up with a nice blowjob.]

ERICA: Don't be sad, little man.

DORIAN: Thank you. It feels wonderful. But in the long run, it just won't help, ERICA. It can't avert our ultimate Doom! (He's wilting again.)

HORUS: The pearly vision lady is distracted. Uh oh. In the shadows behind her, a man just appeared. The lady just keeps squatting there, but she's so out of reach.

ERICA: Up up up, DORIAN, you need to keep it up for appearances! Don't you make me look bad. (She fluffs his cock.) After an era of soft liberalism... strong, rigid cultures are erected! (She works his cock until it is hard.) Our souls have witnessed such resurgence in our many reincarnations... There now, that's much better!

[Proud of her handiwork, she stands up, plants her foot against the wall next to his hip, and guides his erection into her pussy. The music suddenly slows down and so does her speech.]

ERICA: And yet LOVE! (She romantically strokes his face down his neck and rests her hand on his heart.) Love! As fresh as the day it bloomed. Love, filling the hearts of special souls. Love like yours and mine yes ...yes ...yes!

[She begins riding his cock, way too slowly for his taste.]

DORIAN: Quit dawdling... Giddyup there, horsey! (The music speeds back up again.)

HORUS: Like I was telling you, there's this guy in my dreamtime. He's got a stop sign, I guess he's the STOP Man. That makes her the STOP Woman... I guess. Hang on. He's handing her something. It's her marching orders. [CONRAD is fucking AURORA's ass, hard.] STOP Woman looks upset about her orders. STOP Woman's orders are written in blood. They're on ancient sheets of paper. She's protesting.

[Short video clip ONSCREEN: CONRAD withdraws his cock and puts it in her mouth.]

HORUS: Nope, it's not doing her any good! She's sighing, I guess she's just gonna obey.

ERICA: Do whatever you want to me.

DORIAN: You who lo-o-oves new experiences so-o-o much— (He picks ERICA up, his cock still inside her, and carries her towards the stairs. Much to her delight.) You who lo-o-o-ove changing scenery so much— (He waddles with her into the master bedroom. They collapse onto the 4-poster bed.) You who's had so-o-o-o many experiences, so many more than-

[DORIAN eyes the photos of all her other lovers on her dresser. He has a jealousy attack, and rolls off of her in a sulk.]

DORIAN: ...so many changes of heart. Did you have to bring all these fucking souvenirs with you? (He rolls onto his back with his hands behind his head, teeth grinding. Her handcuffed arm goes with it.)

ERICA: Um. Where's the key, DORIAN?

DORIAN: I've forgotten.

ERICA: You better not have.

DORIAN: Can't remember where the key is. Too many memories in the way.

[DORIAN and ERICA stare into space for a while.]

HORUS: I watch as the dream lady stuffs all the papers into her mouth. She chews on 'em. I can tell it all tastes real bad.

DORIAN: (In a pirate voice) Aaaaarg, for a pint of disillusion, a pint of bitter! Kiss any carefree feelings goodbye. (Pause. He squints at the mirror on the ceiling.) There is no escape, ERICA.

ERICA: (unruffled, she unbuttons and removes the rest of his clothing.) We'll just make some new memories. That's the key.

HORUS: In my dream, I know what is on those papers, somehow. I don't understand what it all means, but it says: "In the name of law and order, you are my property. You are the queen mother of infancy. You will be my martyr. You will teach the upstarts. You will not flower, unless I tell you to. You shall suffer, and we shall both suffer listening to you pining all the way up the wall to heaven. Your world is both Babylon and Magna Carta. Here are the definitions of your life. This is the dictionary that you will speak, given that you were born a contestant in Bible Land. You will kiss much ass but hold your tongue until I say so. Never slip up: under penalty of hell-fire and brimstone, which is colder than Isis. Now, indoctrinate the children in this code of conduct for the next 5,000 years!"

[Short video clip: BELLADONNA is getting whipped.]

HORUS: The STOP Man is slipping away, over the horizon. He is disappearing into a cubicle with a desk in it. And woosh! 5,000 years go by. OHH! Wierd! The sky has turned pink...

ERICA: (She keeps checking to see what DORIAN is so intrigued by up on the ceiling.) You know, DORIAN, you need to focus on the Here (She points at his heart). The Here and the Now. Finish digesting your last break-up, honey. Heal yourself. Let's not have extra baggage here ruining this Valentines. Baby, it's just relationships. (She rolls him back

on top of her. He rolls his eyes.) DORIAN! You may be the magnate of a cosmetics company and a multi-millionaire, but sometimes you just act like a child. (She grabs his face between her hands, and they hiss at each other.)

HORUS: 5,000 years later, the STOP-Woman is still eating the same paper. I realize that she is the one who makes the stones. She's been shitting out my No Stones! It's all her fault, those No Stones! But now they're visible! and they are covered in blood! Bloody NO STONES! The woman tells me: "Only women bleed. Men can never catch up with this sacrifice we make. That's why they like War so much."

DORIAN: Oh, I never stop trying, ERICA. Mucho emotional flexing, ERICA. (DORIAN maneuvers his feet down to the floor, for leverage.) I'm always putting on a happy face, and this time, it's just for you, Priestess...

[Aggressively he starts humping her pussy, channeling his bitterness. Despite himself, DORIAN is now turned on again.]

DORIAN: This thrust's for you.

ERICA: Oscillation. Stimulation.

[DORIAN pumps ERICA: she's on her back, he's standing next to the bed. He looks down at her pussy, huff'n'puffing.]

[ERICA reaches behind her head and turns on a strobe lamp.]

ERICA: Check this out! Now I can see both your Light and your Dark sides inside me.

DORIAN: I too need to burst my inner slut free, ERICA.

[DORIAN leans over to the stereo, and cranks it way up.]

ERICA: (shouting) Let's sexplore the wild axis, baby!

DORIAN: (pumping his hips in circles as they fuck, shouting back) You want to feel more intensity, do ya? You want all your senses to spiral into one? Do ya?

[Long video clip ONSCREEN: mandalas loop and melt into each other. The music becomes industrialized hip-hop.]

HORUS: All the noise has woken me up again. I don't know what the hell my dream was all about. Anyway, where's my Mommy? Mommy is my personal trainer. I wish she'd hurry up and come here. (ERICA is busy climaxing with DORIAN.) I hope I haven't screwed anything up so far today... Gotta keep Mommy happy. But she loves me one minute,

she screams at me the next minute. Good boy, BAD BOY, good boy, BAD BOY. Why can't she ever make up her mind?

[SCENE II. AURORA, SYLVIA and BELLADONNA casually stroll into the master bedroom. They are wearing full-headed Bee Masks and black and yellow striped capes. One plays a tar drum and circles the bed. Another begins to prepare a censer of copal incense. DORIAN does not stop making love to ERICA, as if all this were perfectly normal.]

HORUS: (yelling over the music) Hey, Mom, I'm doing my best. I don't flip flop. Me? I want the same thing every day. The exact same stuff over and over and over and over and over. Feed me, help me, wipe me, diaper me, fix me; pacify me; bring me my toys, love me, rescue me. See? Me me me me me. Very very predictable and reliable. Unlike you...

BEE WOMEN CHORUS (yelling): Together we destroy boredom

By using creative forces!

We'll startle ourselves

Off all predictable courses!

We'll be most fascinated

by the strangest of requests!

We'll grow satisfied in time,

And we'll conquer every test!

You two magnets,

Are the center of our scene!

So here's to our royal court

And to the fucking king and queen!

[The BEE WOMEN take a few comic bows. ERICA and DORIAN laugh, stand up on the bed and take their own nude bows. ERICA takes the censer from SYLVIA. With great seriousness, she steps off the bed and, walking around, raises the censer as an offering to the gods.]

BEE SYLVIA: She's getting carried away with the woo woo-

BEE AURORA: Or is it the Voodoo? She seems more and more possessed!!

HORUS (yelling): Momma's going away from me. She's leaving me behind. Hey, hey wait! You can't just leave me all by myself! Hey where are you going?

[Short video clip MONTAGE: lots of trippy pictures flash past. These continue while ERICA speaks in tongues...]

ERICA (yelling): 21 sounds and images are fed to me in copal smoke!

HORUS (yelling): She's changed, like she's someone who has lost interest in me! Who's going to protect me? Who do I cling to now... Who's going to wipe my ass?

[ERICA circles the bed madly, and the BEE WOMEN keep bouncing on the mattress so DORIAN gets launched up into the air, trampoline-style.]

HORUS (yelling): No more huggies or bedkisses for little HORUS? Soon she won't ever want to be intimate with me, ever again like back in the day.

ERICA (yelling): 21 sounds and images I feed unto YOU, O gods and goddesses of the sky and sun, of the moon and earth. (She raises the censer again, eyes blinking hard, spinning, talking weirdly.)

HORUS (really yelling): Just a bone and a rattle, that's all I've inherited. And all I wanted was to be the center of the whole universe!

[The BEE WOMEN make DORIAN fall onto his butt. Then they start stroking his legs with their long nails. DORIAN, nevertheless, seems more concerned about ERICA flipping out.]

DORIAN: Are you sure that was just chronic you smoked, baby?

BEE WOMEN - CHORUS: (They won't let DORIAN stand up.) Let her finish! (The CD starts skipping, jarringly.)

HORUS (loud and mournful): This has all been my fault! There's something wrong with me. It's been driving her away. Maybe I'm dying! That's it! I always need fixing! Maybe Daddy's right, I should never have been born!!

[DORIAN leaps up, grabs ERICA, pulls her back to the bed, throws her down and performs oral sex on her again. Quickly she is oohing and aaaahing as the following speech progresses:]

BEE CHORUS: We will be feeding

on your honey flower, too

Sailing on the ocean

of your unleashed power, too

Your thrusting fantasies,

and nastiest dreams

are like the burning fuel
for a sexual airplane.

[Together they all stroke ERICA's body and soon she is climaxing with plenty of "yes, yes!" and "Oh God!" and screaming into the pillow. As she bends the pillow back, the BEE WOMEN notice that there are two dildo vibrators underneath it!]

BEE CHORUS: What's this?

Tools of imagination—
should we help ourselves?
Have we begun tonight to
startle our own selves?

[ERICA throws the vibrators at AURORA and BELLADONNA. SYLVIA pouts, hands on hips. The BEE WOMEN experiment with the vibrators through their thick latex and leather clothing, but they are less than impressed. ERICA jumps up, energized, and threatens them, like a gargoyle, with another dildo that's bigger than the other two!]

ERICA: Obey, BEES! And 21 feasts will be ruled by my dragon voice! Now strip and use the toys that the goddess gave you!

[ERICA roars, then flops backwards onto the bed. She continues to suck and lick the dildo until it is wet.]

BEE CHORUS: How shall we deal with these?

Tiny imaginations cauterized
Is there hope for any of us
Frozen in our chrysalis?

[THE BEE CHORUS look at each other. On their hands and knees they start crawling all over the house, even to HORUS's bubble.]

DORIAN: (abruptly shuts off the music and the strobe) Sorry. This is all getting way, way out of control.

[Video clip ONSCREEN: TV static with white noise... Awkward pause.]

HORUS: As I've grown up, I discovered many deficiencies in my self. Thanks to Adam and Eve, I got incarnated with original sin. Crippled, right out of the gate! As a teenager watching porn movies, I also discovered I was, um, measurably deficient, um, in certain areas. And I worry, like, what if anyone discovers my, er, shortcomings?

ERICA: (Flinging her ankles behind her head, like she likes to do) Check out how FLEXIBLE I be, ladies!

[ERICA slips one of the women's vibrators into her own ass, and stuffs the large dildo into her own pussy. She begins stroking them in and out, twisting DORIAN's hand around and around with the motions.]

ERICA: The input and the output are as one! The intent... and the result... we... all... are... as... (Unable to complete it)

DORIAN: One?

HORUS: I must stop myself. I must not bite, or taste or flirt.

DORIAN: Excuse me, ERICA-

HORUS: I must not look or even think about looking!

DORIAN: Your blinking visions—

HORUS: I must repress my sexual imaginings!

DORIAN: (Tea-bagging ERICA's forehead in a 69 position, leaning over to get a better, closer view of her double dildo show) Your sexual imaginings all got swallowed by the deep void, sucked in by the power of the poonani.

HORUS: The dark seeds of doubt were planted in me. So I greedily reached for fig leaves. To cover over these gaping black holes. (HORUS picks up some papers off the floor and mimics what DORIAN did in the beginning of the play.) NO human can know all these terribly vulnerable feelings I have.

DORIAN: In Reality, ladies, we are all actors stranded outside of ourselves. We shall all be exposed as crackpots, right?

ERICA: More pot, less crack, I say! Unless it's my pink crack.

HORUS: As the secret holes, they grow wider and wider! the oral urge comes alive to try to fill up the void of worse and worse cravings! But of course the mouth is strictly off-limits now. I am not yet of age. I must not smoke or drink or engulf and devour anybody.

ERICA: But Dorian, we are Gods; we are Goddesses! We all deserve! (She wraps her lips around DORIAN's cock.)

DORIAN: (detachedly checking his watch) We deserve our mortality, do we? Our dying inevitability, er, I mean, our divinity.

HORUS (stroking the walls of the bubble): No touching: NOOOOO. NO NO no no, forever NO. Connection is bad. Touching is bad. Feeling

skin and feeling good is all wrong wrong wrong... I want my crib back. Waaaaaaaah! (He rips off his diapers!)

[The BEE WOMEN CHORUS return and help work ERICA's vibrators in and out of her, while having a wittiness contest.]

BEE AURORA (pointing at the bong): Nothing wrong with smoking some 'hempathy'.

BEE SYLVIA (indicating all the bookshelves): And then reading some 'cliterature'?

BEE BELLADONNA (indicating the wall paintings): And what about porn appreciation: what about Tart?

BEE SYLVIA (indicating music collection): I bet ERICA's poetry could open up her future. Instead she'll just bottle it all up in her ass. I mean, 'in the past.'

ERICA: (All laugh. ERICA is impatient) Of course! Into my ass! To the point.

ERICA : (With her hips she motions for the BEE WOMEN to pump the vibrators faster.) I want the Creator to challenge me MORE as I flow on the Tao!

[ERICA begins deep-throating DORIAN from below him.]

ERICA: (between gulps) This part is too damn easy.

[AURORA and BELLADONNA begin to unzip and disrobe each other.]

DORIAN/ HORUS (watching the BEE WOMEN) : Oh boy oh boy oh boy

We cannot help but perceive

The immortalized energies

inside those other female travelers.

Those pure and helpful BEE paddlers.

[ERICA feels another climax approaching.]

[THE BEE WOMEN CHORUS freezes, in mid-movement, throughout the following speeches:]

ERICA: Violent spring waters are going to gush everywhere.

[MENDELHSON enters. He is a corporate salesman type with pocket pen protector. He stops in front of HORUS.]

MENDELHSON: HORUS, what's the matter my lad? Are you too young to spring for something so out of reach? (He fondles the breasts of BELLADONNA like she's a mannequin.) Like these fine young serving girl's full and juicy peaches? Oh so squeezably soft.

[HORUS paws at the walls of his plastic bubble.]

MENDELHSON: Uh uh! No touchie. We've got him by the balls, don't we? Ah ha ha ha! What a pretty case.

DORIAN: Do you ever stop smiling, Priestess?

ERICA: And why should I stop smiling? Aren't we like double flames, DORIAN? Like jokers of light and love?

DORIAN: Say what?

MENDELHSON: (grabbing HORUS through the plastic) Here, kiddie, have a hideous squeeze, up hard between the knees. Oh yuck. (He lets go again.) What you got down there? Two blind mice and a dinky weener in between 'em.

HORUS: Don't tell!

MENDELHSON: In an Armani suit and a paper bag veil, who'll be able to tell? You're going to be a great little consumer, though, can I interest you in what's behind curtain number 2: a manly, brand new car!!!

[BEE AURORA and BEE BELLADONNA, both now nude below the neck, go over to the bubble and stroke each other, teasing HORUS through the plastic.]

MENDELHSON: Uh uh, no car yet for you to pet and stroke with your wad of shammy. No back seat boobies for YOU, with your hands all clammy! Instead son, guess what! There is still a way out of this whammy!

ERICA: (She reaches over to the night table and pulls a credit card out of DORIAN's wallet.) See this? (She holds it high, and snaps it down upon the table top.) Tonight's on me, girls. I'll double down if you stop holding back.

[SYLVIA goes over and checks out the card. Then she slowly removes her BEE head mask. She's beautiful. She starts kissing DORIAN. DORIAN is soon fumbling with his free hand for the key to the handcuffs. He manages to unlock himself from ERICA.]

ERICA: You want SYLVIA, don't you?

DORIAN: The wings of freedom could be enlightening.

ERICA: Into a new millennium you might fly.

DORIAN: Into dreamy commercials of promised perfection. In your new millennium, I hope the smog will not make us suddenly drop from the sky.

[ERICA bends SYLVIA over her knee.]

ERICA: Bad girl. Why did you let him stop kissing you? Shall I spank your ass until it goes red? Or shall I stroke it with the credit card of magic?

SYLVIA: Both, please? (ERICA obliges.)

DORIAN: Like a Pieta of compassion, this Fine Strapping Queen's hand shall mend your worker ways.

ERICA: Listen: all of you. Please my man now.

DORIAN: (slapping on some cologne) Uh oh. Here come the insoluble difficulties.

[Nude BEE AURORA and BELLADONNA drag themselves over but hug each other protectively, shaking their heads.]

ERICA: What is wrong with you two? Is he not handsome? Take a gamble. It's like when you're in the showroom and you know you are destined for that dashing new car. Everyone's hearts stop beating, for a moment. They stop aching as they watch you make the right decision. (THE BEE WOMEN don't seem convinced. ERICA continues fiercely) You must remember that you came from something much larger! You are ecstatic love slaves to the Divine! (She tries to pull the two of them onto the bed but they still resist.)

MENDELHSON: Ah, squozen fire, and repressed desire!

And though you may be dying to ball

You'll SUBLIMATE all the way down to my mall!

Where you'll plonk down all your capital

And you won't kiss it goodbye, at all!

Then back down onto your consumerist knees

Doing more consumery things that please.

My proctologist has a different answer:

he says the urge to consume is really a cancer!

Does that make you feel so deathly sad?

You will need more paid servicing, and need it bad

365 days of sickness,

oh my cash register will be glad.

(Talking to HORUS) You have the bread

I have the toaster

Is that perfect! or does it

scare your little rooster?

Cock-a-doodle and do do do

NOT insert into real live poodle.

HORUS: Mr. Mendelhsen, how would you even make a living without repressed fire to get them giving?

MENDELHSON: Without s-s-s-squelched Desire squirming in their panties?

Without a s-s-s-stifled

rocket in that boy's pocket?

What would become of the economy?

Nothing, that's what!

No customers. My biz would be shot!

People would be meditating at home

Not begging to be molded or saved

Immune to my advertising slogans

Not buying into my latest craze!

Stone cold to my lovely come-hithers.

My bank accounts would rapidly wither!

Where would I be? Lost out at sea.

Brrrrrr, what a chilly world that would be.

[There is slapstick pulling and pushing, as ERICA gradually drags the BEES back towards the bed.]

BEE AURORA AND BEE BELLADONNA: We can't escape all the dingdongs

inside your hazardous cage of seductions

Do you want squelched desire

Or is it a habit from which you want to retire?

DORIAN: Come for the experience! For the sake of knowledge.

AURORA: Knowledge?

BELLADONNA: Knowledge! Hmm.

[The TWO BEE WOMEN look at each other and make a decision. They remove their BEE headgear.]

ERICA: Well hello, Knowledge.

[She ushers the TWO WOMEN over to DORIAN's cock.]

ERICA: Now let's meet some sausage. (She places AURORA's hand around DORIAN's erection.) Let's not forget Tolerance. You must come to grips with many universal influences. WE must bring the spiritual and physical together. DORIAN needs to fly on planes where freedom is pleasure and nothing is amiss. So, Miss AURORA, let me show you how to light his stove.

[ERICA guides AURORA's hand in stroking DORIAN.]

[Meanwhile, MENDELHSON has pulled out his lunch: a packed sandwich. He drops a big glob of mayonnaise on his zipper. He rubs with a napkin, but can't get the stain off.]

MENDELHSON: Shit. Nobody is going to believe that's mayo.

ERICA: (motions to AURORA to go ahead and 'suck the sausage.') Fill yourself up! Let the world watch with some hot... understanding of our intimate co-existence. (ERICA turns and caresses BELLADONNA.) Oooh, creaminess.

MENDHELSON (rubbing the stain): Damn it.

HORUS (jerking off): Dammit!

DORIAN (having a great time: DAMN that's good!

ERICA: That's better, DORIAN. I'd love to hear you coming, baby.

DORIAN: It's only for your enjoyment, honey. If we are all going to be living together, may as well get used to it.

SYLVIA: Your excitement is contagious.

ERICA: Is she good, DORIAN? (He nods and keeps moaning a lot, beaming from the surprise blowjob. ERICA goes and crawls up on him, all sexy, and whispers into his ear) You have an open invitation to start flowing, baby.

DORIAN: Flowing freely? You want to hear from me

Some channeled chatter, some spree

of white wizard possibility?

ERICA AND THE BEES: Noooooo!

MENDELHSON: Forget the poetry and fire up the desire, I say.

Pump it up and fill up your cup.

More desire, more desire, more desire!

HORUS: Fucking out of reach, goddammit!

MENDELHSON: And when these buyers are not paying attention

That's when they'll pay for any abstention

I use the peer pressure that they love to abhor

with Business books and Bible snores

So relax and have a nice nap now, HORUS

And maybe I can get you a date with the CHORUS.

[Meantime, DORIAN groans to completion, quite loudly. He looks up at ERICA, eternally grateful. Cigarettes are lit up. Silence.]

DORIAN: Actually, I'm not sure I— (looking down he sees himself going flaccid and gets self-conscious. He covers his genitals with the bed sheet.) I remember a childhood dream I had once. There was a glowing woman. (He waves BELLADONNA over.) I'm not sure if she was the baby sitter but she did have red shoes. Do you have any red shoes?

MENDELHSON: For life has been so gray, as the NO man kept fading away into a box, a gray box lost in the matrix, with a gray desk in it.

DORIAN: Exactly. Yes. How did you know?

MENDELHSON: I put those dreams there! When you began to live a pale life, when you became a ghost with too much self-control. A ghost who wanders through an invisible life of wealth that you can't let yourself enjoy... I fancy your cologne, by the way.

[DORIAN backs away.]

HORUS: Uh oh, don't sweat it! Be like those heroes on TV, those real men who don't seem to perspire, or get tired, or poop their diapers, or feel anything except steely repressed desire. Their manhoods are never threatened, are they?

DORIAN: I don't think I really want to expose ALL my subconscious vulnerabilities to strangers.

[DORIAN pushes MENDELHSON away, back towards HORUS.]

DORIAN: Without my hermit crab shell, it's like I begin to close up. Shriveled up, back into my darkness...

[DORIAN curls up, foetally, and sucks his thumb.]

HORUS: A ha!

MENDHELSON: Looks like the shoe is now on the other foot.

HORUS: DORIAN fades away into the dreamtime, but I can explode! Into a TV hero! Maybe on cable. It's my turn! I'm tired of 'real' men. During 5,000 years they have bottled up their hopeless dreams, and so have I... Repressing desires...

MENDHELSON: I wonder if 5,000 year old men all have gaping holes under their kilts and figleafs? Super!

HORUS: I don't care if I'm standing here nude.

Or if you think all this sex has been rude.

I realize that the fig leaf I wear

Is not hanging all the way 'down there'.

Not nearly as low as I had learned

Instead, it is more like a symbol burned

Upon my chest, like a desolate crest!

I must not repeat my father's mess!

My fig leaf is the front cover of a book

about the unfruitful flower of a

heart that claws at the center of me

From this isolation, From never being free!

Keep thinking below the belt if you want

But which of your chakras are even turned on?

ERICA: Wrong! We are all free! Once again, I shall prove all these traps to be illusions, shattering! (She picks up a mirror and breaks it upon her forehead.) There! 7 years of superstition! Believe whatever you want. Now you just go ahead, DORIAN, and believe the lovely lady will do anything you want her to do. (She tilts her head, indicating BELLADONNA.

[MENDELHSON figures out how to unplug HORUS's bubble. With a long hiss, HORUS's plastic bubble tent deflates, and he realizes he can exit! Frozen silence. HORUS processes his new freedom. He finally picks up a long golden cape out of the closet, and puts it on.]

MENDELHSON: What a day. A young magician hatches from his egg. He slows his breathing. He casts a spell. It's gonna be a humdinger!

HORUS (sounding it out while writing it with incense): WE JUMP THROUGH A RING OF FIRE.

WE FIND KU-CHI LUSCIOUS FOR YUMMY JOY.

WE OPEN THE BIG WE.

WE ART FOR FREEDOM

WE ARE BECOMING MOST PRECIOUS

MOST OMNI-PRESENT LOVE-MIND

TRANSCEIVERS WE ARE, NOW!

[BELLADONNA climbs onto DORIAN's cock, and AURORA straddles his face.]

ERICA: Amen, let it go! Be free!

[There's a lot of "Yeah, o god, that's it, it's so good" etc. AURORA appears to be trying to get something out of her system. She is flapping her outstretched arms like fast little wings. Meanwhile, SYLVIA waltzes with ERICA around the room, breaking into swanlike wing sweeps. ERICA and SYLVIA start to make love also.]

DORIAN: Fuck me!

AURORA: And fuck all my sacrifices!

MENDELHSON: Fuck compassion!

HORUS: Fuck my teeny pitiful hopes!

ERICA: Fuck pride!

DORIAN: Fuck for honor!

SYLVIA: Fuck like a dumb chicken!

ERICA: Fuck like an alien beast!

BELLADONNA: Fuck yeah!

[Video clip ONSCREEN behind action: Abstractions.]

HORUS: Quite silly. We have all had prisons of identity. They got mercifully devoured. By the gears of time.

ERICA (her voice muffled in SYLVIA's crotch): Day and Night!

[BLACKOUT.]

DORIAN: OK, who hit the fucking lightswitch?

[There are SOUNDS of commotion. The lights go back on, and we discover AURORA, SYLVIA and BELLADONNA are all making love to HORUS!]

[2nd BLACKOUT. FINIS.]

* * * *

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