



## **It's All a Fabrication**

MC Radianc

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[Scene I: A bay cruise ship. The captain/radio jock, CAFÉ, likes to parallel-process. He has a deep, Quiet Storm kind of voice, and a headset mike. He steers on-air from the radio booth/navigation room. His door opens onto the live studio room where a producer named ORION sits while a rasta named MUFFIN is pacing about, getting ready to sing. This pirate studio is totally 'webbed out'.]

CAFÉ: You're tuned in to Intuition Radio. That's right! Be everywhere at once, with W-INT. Broadcast 24 hours a day from a dimension, unlimited by the FCC...

ORION: (always punching MUFFIN's arm) MUFFIN, my man, look, we be developin' our skills here! We like developing countries, ya see?

CAFÉ Humans are everywhere UNITED by Intuition Radio.

ORION: We just bubble on up from the heat, like we is in a creative cauldron! But we cain't do it alone, we ain't no island!

CAFÉ: This is W-INT, where all consciousnesses are interconnected. Who can slow down such an intuitive crew? Ha ha: only I can.

[He cuts the engines, preparing to berth the ship.]

ORION: ...We gotta create WITH others, MUFFIN! Create for others! If we create only about ourselves, man, it gets totally self-referential, right? (He runs outside to help berth the boat. After departure handshakes with ship members and various guests down the gangway, CAFÉ comes back onboard.)

ORION: (on the dock with MUFFIN) If we create about others, then it helps us be real! Then we could imagine what else our lives would be like, MUFFIN! Imagine walkin' in somebody else's shoes...

MUFFIN: Nah, let's all just create about ME! Dat's what I know best. (He strides in a big circle around ORION.) Walk dis way! Check myself out in 18 mirrors within mirrors within teeny tiny mirrors that be linin' my world, hey hey hey! Wow, I can see me everywhere, maximum horizon, peekaboo. I'm Mr. Smoothie shmoov.

ORION: Come on man, I'm here too. And we suppose to be creatin' together, bro, you know what I'm saying?

[They go back onboard. CAFÉ is looking out a side window at some brown-skinned kids down on the docks playing ball against his boat.]

CAFÉ: Frankly, people, only love is going to release us all from the history of racism. So let's ease our way, all the way out of our

fundamentalist past, and just find ourselves, here in the present. Why not be spreading the love... on W-INT?

MUFFIN: My electricity connects the corners of the developin' world, Jah Rastafari namasté, and y'all have a nice day too.

ORION: Focus? MUFFIN, stop beating around the bush with me, bro. You gotta focus. You gotta commit to my big ass project, NOW! Look, you see where I'm at. I've taken my stand. I'm backing up the ritual here. Man, we be ripe and and and poised above this place, man, we be like eagles waitin' to drop down into the 3 dimensions of this here expensive studio.

CAFE: (getting very queasy about that bouncing ball) If certain people bother you then, um, why not rely a little more on, er, hooking up the old, um, telepathic network? If you're listening to W-INT... stop annoying me please?

MUFFIN: (laughing madly) Me listening to the crackling feelin' that's in me. Ragamuffin feelin' is in me! Zippety diddly zoom and a badabing, badaboom.

ORION: Try to be serious, bro.

MUFFIN: What for? (Laughing hysterically!) I am what I am, no less no mo.

ORION: Boy, you can't just be on output all the damn time, MUFFIN, you gotta do some listenin' too.

MUFFIN: Me listen to me heartbeat, the guidance inside.

ORION: No. Listen. As in Listen to ME.

[CAFE notices that the rubber ball which the kids are playing with is now bouncing right against his captain's window. He gets on the phone.]

MUFFIN: Alright... What is it.

ORION: It's a big universe, bro. As in, the Ear of Art is like a temple, it's our temple, bro. It's open to the sky, bro, it's picking up messages from everywhere like a goddamn radar dish.

MUFFIN: Lemme tell ya sometin, Mr. producer Man—

ORION: We gotta be more prepared, see, more ready to catch them unexpected voices in the airwaves, see, voices that will blow your MIND, dig? Voices that sneak up on ya, like What the fuck was that?... coming straight from the heart of the unknown.

MUFFIN: I am my own radar dish, brotherman. Silent knowingment. It is definitely in me, me representing the motherland.



To the center I seek, and it's in me too.  
Studio Central, it's da elemental temple  
Me in the zone, physical and mental  
me wait for the red light then I and I sing  
Bring bring the lively up yourself recording  
You burn one now like you don't exist at all,  
Not even here at Studio Centrall!

[There's a loud crash offstage as one of the kids' projectiles finally breaks the CAFE's window. Laughter. He curses.]

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[Scene II. Mid-evening. Two decadent chicks in bondage corsets and baroque wigs, stockings and no panties are hanging out in the 'gremlin overhang' of their loft. There's a lot of ultraviolet and red lights around the spacious theatrical loft. DJ BIKO is mellowly manning the turntables in the DJ booth in the corner. There are 70's posters everywhere, plus various kitchy knick knacks.]

[EMPRESS LATOYA lugs in her latest sculpture: a bird bath with a center cone, on top of which is a clip that holds an pright, starched 2"x3" fabric sample.]

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: (Standing up, clapping.) Bravo. Now that is fashion.

EMPRESS LATOYA: Originality. Ahhh, what a pleasure it is, my love.

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: (Loudly whistling her approval) Originality. It expresses your vision, not replicable by anyone else!

EMPRESS LATOYA : Absolutely. Art is just Caring More... Deeply... about Life, EMPRESS ELEKTRA. Caring about something other than one's own self. So glad we understand each other.

[The two women do some soul-gazing. On the REAR PROJECTION SCREEN, a video loop of whale flukes, diving and disappearing into the ocean.]

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: Ah yes. Originality. It is the magic through which Vision and ...(She surprisingly grabs LATOYA by the crotch)... and Stimulation (She moves her fingers around in LATOYA's crotch)... become Transcendance (LATOYA's eyes roll skyward)... manifest on our earthplane, wouldn't you say, LATOYA? (She pulls LATOYA's head backwards by the hair with her other, free hand.)

[VIDEO CLIP cross-fades into slow-motion footage of a droplet, splashing down into liquid: ripples fan out...]

[EMPRESS ELEKTRA lifts her hand, test-licks her own fingers, smiles, then slides them back in, all the way up into LATOYA's pussy.]

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: Of course you'd have to agree. You love it. Don't you. When new artistic themes get played, yes? And get deeply touched. In ways that no-one else dares to play... [She fingers LATOYA for a while.] Hey DJ BIKO, drop some reggae on us like you likey like to do. And then, er, I believe EMPRESS LATOYA here will be nice and ready for you. And after you've done her, save some and, uh, do me too. (Giggles.)

[VIDEO CLIP: water waves still rippling outwards]

[DJ BIKO walks over: he and EMPRESS LATOYA start making love. DJ BIKO won't take off his corduroy's while fucking, however. The pair romp all over the couch, until climaxing.]

EMPRESS LATOYA: (peaking) Bravo bravo bravo Mr. Biko!

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: (pretend pouting) OK, OK, you are not the only performer here, EMPRESS LATOYA.

EMPRESS LATOYA: I'm sorry, is it time for you to whine a little, ELEKTRA? (She steps aside so EMPRESS ELEKTRA can fuck DJ BIKO also.) There you go, darling. You are so patient with me.

[VIDEO CLIP: a whale jumps out of the water, then swims through the deep ocean, slowly cruising along through shafts of light.]

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[Scene III. RADIO STUDIO/ship. CAFE is fixing the broken window. It has started raining outside. But Café gets very passionate about his theories, so he keeps getting distracted. MUFFIN and ORION are supposedly helping out with the repairs.]

CAFE: Can you even imagine? How Cosmic Telepathic Mind might be organized? It's mind-boggling!!!

ORION: Shit, I don't want everybody knowing what I'm thinking 'bout all the time. That's creepy, y'all.

MUFFIN: Why not? Rastaman thinking on the higher plane! Ra uprising! Ra representing the broadcasting, Cebele like da moon balancing Ra with the silencing. And you don't even know who Cebele is, do you ORION? Yeeeeeah.

ORION: (Pause.) You suckers think you so fuckin' smart. Well if you wanna be staying smart, better get this window fixed chop chop so the rain don't be wreckin' all the broadcast equipment.

CAFE: (finally finished with the window) Yeah yeah nice nice... I can picture it: what if every cell, in every being, had access to extra-terrestrial reality! Like, galactic education! at every level of karma, all happening at once!

[A rock hits the newly mounted window. It shatters. CAFE lets out a long, pained howl and storms off. The kids outside laugh and run away. The other two shake their heads.]

ORION: Them kids be asking for it. (Pause.) Muffin. My point is, what you and me got to have is this real creative bond, for this studio temple. We gotta turn it into a lucrative outlet, man, a place to channel the mad-nesses out. Cuz if you bottle it all up, then we just crack, go crazy, right, we all like become prisoner, you know, of our own realities, you dig?

MUFFIN: No limits, Mr. ORION! I'm the famous artist, THE RAGA MUFFIN.

[Heavier beat begins.] Me ride the tides of lovepower, me hot in the core:

You know what I mean, ORION? Me keeping da pace more,

Me eternally synchronizing,

Me wising up to dat tide sinkin' and risin'

of the ire heartbeat of da earth, y'all

the starfeed, me like to pump it out raw

and den I wit-draw, leave ya all on da floor

I and I breathin' more and more

expansion and contraction

Of my being, nah,

MUFFIN no care about no bad reaction

Are you seeing, what I & I meaning

or are ya cold losin' ya traction?

[CAFE, scowling, re-enters with boards, hammers, tape, etc.]

CAFE: I hate to say it... (finally losing his cool) but I'm gonna kill those motherfucking kids!!

MUFFIN: Patience, CAFE. Like you say, kids be kids. Now you feel me, positivity! irie-ations and civility!

ORION: Your idealism sounds dope as usual, homie. But this is life seriously bustin' in on us. It's a sign, yo, we gotta bust. Gotta get all our recorded material out the door, MUFFIN. Come on, you did your spot, let's jet and go get some food. (They exit.)

CAFE: (Alone now, sealing over the broken window area again with wood panels and plastic. He is still on the air.) I keep looking for silver linings. Here on W-INT, because we're navigating the cosmic seas. And sometimes it gets (Pause.) challenging and even (Pause) exciting when the outside world crashes in on us. It's a universe full of lessons in love, dear listeners. Sometimes better not to react. Got to learn to ride our magical intuition carpets! Spice it up. Maybe we gotten too mellow and blissed out. One way or another, on W-INT I'm gonna spin another strange Love Song for y'all...

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[SCENE IV: a series of interconnected industrial parking lots. Meantime, LATOYA and ELEKTRA are driving around and around with DJ BIKO in the back of the limousine.]

[A babbling CHORUS OF PENTHOUSE GIRLS struts past a Banner overhead that reads 'Hustler Honeys vs. Penthouse Pets beauty contest'.]

LATOYA: Our driver can't seem to find the underground club tonight.

CHORUS: (variously) Love your nails, Look at you! No, look at me! etc.

[The CHORUS passes the crawling limo and continues on towards a doorway, the one with a bronze plaque next to it.]

CHORUSGIRL: (reading the plaque at the stairwell) "HOTEL, hourly rates."

[The CHORUS laughs. Gossiping, they climb the stairs.]

ELEKTRA: No no no no no, see me! See my prowess, ladies! I'll show you some real performing skills. I'm EMPRESS ELEKTRA, coz I am gold and electric. Watch and learn (She laughs and goes down on DJ BIKO.)

[A ROBOCOP taps on the driver-side window of the limo. The driver rolls it down. ELEKTRA doesn't stop giving head, even for a moment.]

LATOYA: What seems to be the problem, officer?

ROBOCOP: I notice you've been driving slow circles around our parking lots for a while, ladies. Are you... lost?

LATOYA: Nope. Just making... lingual patterns of energy.

ROBOCOP: (confused) Bilingual? Oh. Alright then, enjoy your evening, ladies. (He withdraws his Robocop head. The girls twitter.)

LATOYA: G, ya can't shock anybody these days.

ELEKTRA: (Comically yelling after him, to no avail) But wait, officer, I need to show you something more. [She sucks DJ BIKO harder.]

LATOYA: Hush, ELEKTRA, now don't get the primates all riled up. (A siren recedes into the distance.) Bye bye cop. He's doing the best he can with what little he's got upstairs. (She taps her head. The driver rolls the side window back up.) Cops are robotic. Can they even understand another human's voice? Another soul! (She leans over and goes down on ELEKTRA.) Gimme some of that skin, girl.

[Short VIDEO CLIP: a school water fountain with blood flowing out of it.]

ELEKTRA: What the... Bloody hell! Forget it. Hand me that mike. No more censorship. (The car microphone is connected to a loudspeaker on top of the limo. She gets DJ BIKO to pant into the mike as LATOYA continues going down on him. She checks outside for a reaction.) Unbelievable! Those girls are just walking right by. On up into that hourly hotel. You don't suppose the club's up in there, do you? (Screaming into the mike, causing feedback) What do you even care about Performance Art??

A CHORUSGIRL: Hey, you cunts, turn that shit down! (She bangs on the limo window, but the driver guns it and she gets left behind just as DJ BIKO climaxes in LATOYA's mouth.)

ELEKTRA: (Screaming into mike) Turn down? No no, we never gonna choke!

[Her last word 'choke' echoes and fades into a VIDEO CLIP: a water-wheel peacefully turning, with rice paddy peasants nearby under gray clouds that threaten rain.]

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[SCENE V. A hotel restaurant.]

ORION: Yummy, meat. Foreign flesh!

MUFFIN: It's dead cow disgusting.

ORION: You a tyger rider, but you sure ain't no tiger. You just keep on eating your veggies, rabbit boy.

MUFFIN: Great. Really great.

ORION: (Pausing, thunderstruck) That's it! Exactly! Greatness! We got to be great. Great in highest mind, as well as in base flesh.

FAN: Someone mention Flesh? Hey, it's MUFFIN! Hey would you autograph these?? (She flashes her tits. MUFFIN obliges.)

ORION: Holy gazongas!

MUFFIN: As above, so below ya know ya know.

FAN: So below? You mean you're gonna autograph my ass, too? Cool!

ORION: He busy, he got stuff to do, girl. He's handling great mounds... of material, that is.

MUFFIN: Nah, girl, ya put dat ass away.

ORION: On the other hand, you know how he be on the mike, baby, it's just all about making love to the asses. I mean, masses!

MUFFIN: I got Cosmically High Ideals like a smorgasbord. From one end of my Rainbow Coalition to da other.

ANOTHER FAN: (flashing her tits) Share your colors with us, we all just want a piece, MUFFIN!

ORION: Damn! (cuddling up to the FLASHERS) Now my man RAGA MUFFIN's all bout making his fans happy. Help me out, bro: they be drinking inspiration from your cup, man! Come on: They be sucking down the... opinions in your work, bro, you know what I'm sayin'! Feel-in' some lo-o-ove for what you deeply respect?

TWO MORE DRUNK FANS: R.E.S.P.E.C.T., find out what it means to me. (They giggle.)

[MUFFIN silences the chorus with a wave of his hand.]

MUFFIN: Ma-a-a-aximum respect. But, you notice me having a private dinner, yes I. Some other time maybe. (The fans leave disappointed. Orion is disappointed too.) Hey. ORION, , all dem positive goals we describe. Great. Real conscious and all. And even though me up on the positive vibration, mon...

FANS RETURNING: Rastaman vibration, yeah, positive, woo-hoo!

[MUFFIN dismisses the chorus again.]

MUFFIN: Question. (different mood) Do I really trust ME?

ORION: (Pause.) What the hell you talking 'bout? You making up problems for yourself. You a hypochondriac, boyee.

MUFFIN: Do I respect my self enough? Do I really want to see myself in all dem other straight people I might be working wid, ya know? What if they mess up my self-image?

ORION: Shit, dawg, you da man, I thought you cocksure bout yourself.

MUFFIN: What if I were to tell you (whispering) I been just frontin'? I can't forever be avoidin da doubts. (Pause.) There be something you should know about me, ORION, my man.

ORION: Uh oh. (Pause.) Yeah, what?

MUFFIN: (Deep breath.) I'm gay.

ORION: (Pause.) Yeah. And so?

MUFFIN: What, you no surprised?

ORION: Hell no, gayboy, I ain't surprised. I'm just glad you decidin' to get it all out of the closet.

MUFFIN

Yeah well, me so so very tired of all da frontin'...

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[SCENE VII: the inside of a Burning Man-style, tricked-out RV motorhome. The driver pulls over to park it in the middle of nowhere. The sliding walls pneumatically extend out. The chatty crew in the back of the RV are already partying. Suddenly the lights flicker and go out. After a bit more banter in the darkness:]

DJ BIKO: Oh driver??

ORION: What's up with the lights? They all burn out?

EMPRESS LATOYA: I hope not. Maybe the fuse blew. (She lights a match.) Oh valet, darling? (Pause.) Yoohoo. (Pause.) Has the driver gone deaf? Why is he not responding to the intercom?

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: Mr Superintendant? Oh Superman?

ORION: I think I heard him get out.

MUFFIN: You know, if dey be one thing a man can count on? It's his fingers, ha ha. No. It's the murky experience of the random.

EMPRESS LATOYA: (lighting another match) You mean Murphy's Law just descended, like the fog?

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: It's all good. Pretend it's storytime! Makes you want to conjure up spooky stories of Myth and Mystery, doesn't it?

[LATOYA sparks up a candle, which now lights up the interior of the RV. At each end we can see a silo-shaped, exotic dancer cage. LATOYA steps into one cage, enjoying the candlelight.]

LATOYA: Ye-e-es, now we're all about ambiance, baby. Sometimes, we just gotta glorify the hero in our selves! "Perform, ants!" (She strikes a dramatic pose.)

ELEKTRA: Ole!

LATOYA: Or praise the Hero seed that we admire in another.

ELEKTRA: Hero seed? Oh, honey, you definitely need to swallow some more Hero seed. (She laughs.)

LATOYA: Nu-uh! That's definitely what YOU need more of.

ELEKTRA: But where is our darn valet gone, darling? I can't be expected to fix this whole light situation on my own, am I? (She looks around. No one offers to help.) Fine. Okay, I've got a pen flashlight... Alright. I've just about got the fusebox open... What the hell is this... (Sound of ticking) My God, LATOYA, I think it's a bomb.

LATOYA: Please! You are clearly hallucinating on too many lattes again, ELEKTRA.

ELEKTRA: No, I'm dead serious. Look for yourself.

[SUPERFIXIT GUY suddenly bursts in through the side door of the RV with a sawed-off shotgun.]

SUPERFIXIT GUY: Okay, everybody FREEZE. (Giggles.) Here I come, EMPRESSES, to enlighten your day. Don't anybody move a fuckin' muscle. (pause.) Look at you pomnpous windbags. I'm so fuckin' sick of taking your fuckin' orders. Turn left, turn right, drive around the fuckin' block again... So. Who've we got creeping in the back tonight? You there, Literary Artist: get over here. (He ties ELEKTRA up, and pulls her baroque wig off.)

LATOYA: (patiently, delicately) Um, this is not good timing, SUPERFIXIT GUY. See, there's a... we've discovered a bomb on board.

SUPERFIXIT GUY: No kidding. (Turns away from her.) So here we shall line up all the slugs! Visual, audio and performance artists, all in a row! You next, your friend the Visual Artist, you get yer ass over ... (Ties LATOYA up next. He giggles again, and knocks off her wig.)

LATOYA: I was not kidding, ya know, driver. There's really a bomb in our fusebox and and and it's ticking. I saw it!!

SUPERFIXIT GUY: Of course you saw it, cuz I put it there, bi-otch!

ALL: (variously) What??? Help!!!

SUPERFIXIT GUY: (shaking his head) Pipe down you morons, nobody can hear you! We're miles from anywhere. (They simmer down.) So first, let's examine today's c-catch. Bitch 1 and Bitch 2 are looking fuckin' delicious. But there's 360 degrees in a witches coven, ain't there? A full circle of fucking witches, so the Two needs a Third Witch... Bubble bubble, toil and trouble. The balancer of these two, is you, ya fuckin' manwhore! Take a seat, Mr. Live Performance Artist, you're next. (He ties DJ BIKO up.) And finally these two. (Ties up MUFFIN and ORION.) Now. Suddenly we have all the time in the world. NO limitations! other than my patience... which could easily snap. Ha ha ha ha ha!

ORION: (muttering) You ain't gonna get away with this, driver.

[There's a knock on the door.]

DONNA: (returning from taking a leak) What's up with the lights? What's going on in there?

ALL: HELP!

SUPERFIXIT GUY: (swinging open the door.) And a cherry on top. (Ties up DONNA as well.)

ELEKTRA: Don't worry, Donna. We're just having a little bombscare and we are being held hostage. Join the fun.

SUPERFIXIT GUY: Shut up!

LATOYA: Why are you doing this, SUPERFIXIT GUY? You've always been such a great worker for us!

SUPERFIXIT: Because! Because I have been secretly working undercover.

LATOYA: No way. For who?

SUPERFIXIT GUY: For the PLEO!

ELEKTRA: Huh? The PLEO? Don't you mean the PLO?

SUPERFIXIT GUY: No, I mean the PLEO! I represent the Puritan League of the Easily Offended!

ORION: What? Ain't no such damn thing...

SUPERFIXIT GUY: You shut up! NOW! (Silence. He giggles.) You've all been going much too far. Much too much too much too fucking FAR with this art. And the PLEO won't fucking stand for it anymore!! So, everybody out the door, and lay face down on the ground! NOW! I'm serious! NOW!

[They obey, sobbing that they're all going to die.]

SUPERFIXIT GUY: Now, we are going to have a slug race. Come on, slugs! First one of you to slime your way all the way across the gravel to that finish line up at the edge of the main road, gets to live and go free. I'll be watching you! Don't look around or I shoot you first. On your marks...

[He steps back in the van, quickly begins to hook the laptop up to the speaker cable to the loudspeaker on top of the RV.]

SUPERFIXIT GUY: (yelling) Get set! (aside) Them fools don't know that the bomb is a dud. It's a fake! (Giggles, then serious.) But I rigged their fuckin' limo, too. Except that bomb is for real. One day? They'll hit a big enough bump in that limo? KABOOM baby. (He hooks the loudspeaker up. Into the mike, like a horse race announcer) Slug Race Internationals, and it looks like the visual artist is coming up on the inside, by a nose, and oo, the DJ is challenging, but here comes the literary artist... Hey, haul ass, you slugs, put some effort into it. Here, maybe some web radio will help. (He cranks up W-INT.)

CAFE W-INT VOICEOVER: (Still paneling and hammering more walls) When you're feeling shattered, you have to make up for it somehow. You need rocket-tanks full of Hope, my friends! If you want to get ahead in the world, that is. No good stating your desires and then just sitting around shrugging your shoulders. You have to actually struggle, my friends. Intuition is fine, but you have to commit your physical energy to the climb. Take action, on W-INT! Pull yourself up by the bootstraps, people! Unwind yourselves beyond all your current Identities. Because remember, identity does not exist at all... on W-INT.

[Sounds of the RV/trailer engine starting. Tires are crunching on gravel. Protesting artists on their bellies are being left behind in the dust...]

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[SCENE VI. A converted barn, on a ranch. A fundraiser has just ended. There is a long liquor bar shelf with a baby bottle on the end. Banner overhead reads: 'Hustler Honeys vs. Penthouse Pets pageant fundraiser'. Two gogo girl birdcages hang from the roof. It's late and windy. LATOYA swings shut the big barn doors with a Bang.]

LATOYA: Normally, I hate when cops show up out of the blue like that. But what a night that was, huh, Elektra? Remember? What was that, two years ago already?

ELEKTRA: SUPERFIXIT guy didn't look so glad in court, did he? (They all laugh.) Grand theft with a deadly weapon. Kidnapping. I don't think the PLEO were too happy with him.

LATOYA: What a night... (She pulls up a blank canvas across the kitchen floor. She grabs a ketchup squirter.) First, he drew a financial line in the sand. Beyond which we could be free! (She squirts a red line across the canvas.) We snaked up to that line. We crawled on our bellies. We embodied the performance art, yes, how we were yearning to be free! (She throws off her dress, squirts more ketchup onto the canvas and rolls herself all over it. Artistically, of course.)

[DONNA and a CHORUSGIRL enters the kitchen area from a side door. They pass MUFFIN, ORION & the DJ. They check out ELEKTRA and LATOYA, shrug, and start cooking up some late night eggs and bacon.]

ELEKTRA: So, MUFFIN. You were saying how people might be tired of you always singing love songs and playing the nice guy role all the time. They wanna see you bare some teeth, perhaps?

MUFFIN: (starting to drink heavily) I seen hippies turn punk rock, yes I.

LATOYA: We've seen fine artists go porno, haven't we ELEKTRA?

MUFFIN: I seen barflies and nobodies on the tops of bridges, mon, spouting delusions of grandeur before jumping, mon! And me, I been a tiger rider, ya know... but I never been no tiger.

DJ BIKO: It's not too late. Every day's a new day. You evolve. Kick out some new, fierce music from your heart, kid. Rip it up!

MUFFIN: Roar! I jes wanna grow big nasty claws, raaaaa-Starman!

ORION: (eating a big fast food hamburger) The fans gonna EAT that shit up! See you and me lay down dem nasty trax for posterity. The chicks won't miss a single step. We gonna track you as you evolve into a tigerman, step by step. I got the diligence, you got the storyline, we keep the attention to detail. Hell! It's brilliant! We can't go wrong! (clasps hands with MUFFIN) I got your back, boyee.

ELEKTRA: Teamwork, that is a good thing.

LATOYA: (rubbing the ketchup all over herself) Yes. That's what all us free radicals need to stay sharp and steady. Amidst big change. Teamwork.

MUFFIN: Yeah! Me Like. Fierce!

ELEKTRA: (up in his face) ROOOOOOAR!

MUFFIN: (right back at ELEKTRA) ROOOOOOAR! Gimme a piece of your meat, ORION. (ORION freaks out and protects his crotch.) No, not that meat, fool. (MUFFIN takes a fork, and eats a piece of meat off of ORION's burger. ORION is shocked that rabbit-boy is actually eating meat.) Mmmm! Track this evolution... I tell you what, brotherman.

ORION: What?

MUFFIN: You and me? It's a deal! (ORION jumps up, and they do the manly arm-clasp-hug thing.) You got yourself a deal.

ORION: You got it, MUFFIN! Oh Baby, you got it! Let's celebrate!

ELEKTRA: (looking through a magnifying glass) That's all fine and dandy, but how... are we going to get paid... from this artistic non-profit? (She begins licking the ketchup off of LATOYA's body.) Damn audiences with their old-school attitude. Hurry-up-make-us-laugh! Drooling their critical poison like dew on a black widow's web. Personally, I prefer dew on these! These pretty, pretty petals. (Abruptly happy, she goes down on LATOYA.)

ORION: Oh yeah, baby, yeah, baby yeah. Freedom is in the house.

LATOYA: (Panting) ELEKTRA could use a little more audience participation herself.

DONNA: (looking at the chorusgirl) We never do other girls. Except when it's being photographed for money. Like on the Internet or something.

[VIDEO CLIP: An animated monster appears with 10 eyes on stalks, flying a UFO that looks like a George Jetson car.]

[Meanwhile, LATOYA sprays more paint in the air, neon paint. She holds the aerosol between her thighs.]

LATOYA: Oh dear: I am ejaculating! Come on girls. We need to find some common ground here, ladies.

ELEKTRA: We're not here to talk AT you, but to persuade you. To encourage you to go deeper with us! (She waves the girls over while masturbating herself.) Always fixing the masses.

DONNA: (wary of the flying paint) Latoya. How come ELEKTRA is wearing that solar panel sign around her neck? That one that says "WORD" on it?

ELEKTRA: Because, my dear, poetry provides the most gratifying... (LATOYA moans loudly.) ...expressions of all!

LATOYA: What she means, ladies, is that speaking rhymes is CRUCIAL. It's a fun and a fundamental part of your education as performers. Word.

[DONNA & THE CHORUSGIRL look confused again. ELEKTRA and LATOYA swap positions. ELEKTRA pretends to type on LATOYA's back.]

ELEKTRA: Guess what I am doing?

CHORUSGIRL: [Silence.] Typing up our paychecks?

DONNA: RIGHT ON! (The CHORUSGIRL laughs, turns and begins to serve out their dinner food.)

ELEKTRA: Greedy slut! If we don't get paid, ya know you don't get paid.

LATOYA: Anyway, I don't like your selfish attitudes. You're all gonna get fired if you don't show more respect for Art! (Gripping ELEKTRA's head against her pussy. Aside:) Dearest ELEKTRA. Some creators imagine that attracting aid is hard.

ORION: Yo yo yo, can I help you out with that, EMPRESS ELEKTRA?

LATOYA: (melodramatically) Finally! It is the cross of the solitary artist to run up hard against philistines who brand us with their idiotic questions, like—

DONNA: Like what is all this stupid art talk? (Laughs.)

ELEKTRA: (Silence.) Or their secret agendas.

DONNA: Yeah like, give us our paychecks, honey! (Laughs harder.)

ORION: Yo yo yo, please, I can help you out down there, ELEKTRA.

LATOYA: (gritting her teeth) But Art always triumphs over Chaos! (She gets up and swipes DONNA's food plate onto the floor. It shatters. There is a long silence.)

DONNA: Thanks, bi-otch.

ELEKTRA: (Looking over the fundraising sign-up sheet) Forget about Chaos, what about Stagnation, my love? We failed to enlist a single major corporate sponsor tonight! Now the coffers are near empty!

LATOYA: (suddenly all better) Think positive, Empress ELEKTRA! The basket is already full! (Everyone in the room looks skeptically at the empty basket.) We must celebrate the world of fiction, simultaneously with fact.

LATOYA: (Announcing to all:) Donations! Sign up for our Art Fundraiser! (singing) We're mellow, we're dramatic. We're melodramatic! (She is pleased with her punning ability. She walks the basket around the room, but everyone makes excuses and nobody donates more than spare change.)

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[SCENE VIII: Outside the ranch barn, in the limo. DJ BIKO is singing to himself. The new Nordic blond limo driver in her official cap, her wrap-around shades, and icy cool attitude is having sex with him on the limo seat. There is a baby in the cot over on the passenger seat.]

LIMO DRIVER: So, DJ BIKO, you ever wanted to be a daddy?

[He stops moving. Long pause.]

DJ BIKO: No nervous giggles break free

No sullen drunkard way out

I hold all endings at bay and no joking escapes, lady.

(He pulls his pants back up and gets up.)

Tonight I got to be increasing to epic energy.

Through gravity. Seriously. No time for no baby baby baby.

\*\*\*\*\*

[SCENE IX. Later, in a ranch bedroom: ELEKTRA in bed, in a corset with no other clothes, motions to ORION.]

ELEKTRA: Hey! Come on in, Orion. Make love to me.

ORION: I... Sure... But what about him? (He points at MUFFIN, inert beneath her.)

ELEKTRA: Don't worry. Lameboy has passed out. No stamina.

[Uncertain, but hypnotized, ORION angles himself into position. They masturbate each other, then he slides in.]

ORION: It sure don't feel like two cocks are in your pussy.

ELEKTRA: No, actually he passed out in my ass.

ORION: What?? I... I thought he was a... Damn. Looks like I gotta purge some phobias tonight. (He huffs and puffs, making pulling-in-energy motions.) So, EMPRESS. Looks like you tryin' to pull together a circle of lost souls on this ranch. Exploring some demonic possibilities, huh? Must be all them gargoyles you got around here...

[LATOYA meanwhile wheels past the door her latest sculpture: a gurney with an obese, naked male body on it. She heaves the 'body' sculpture onto the kitchen table next door.]

LATOYA: (to CHORUSGIRL) I want you to rehearse reading from this, OK?

[VIDEO CLIP of a drunk chick fucking herself with a beer bottle at a frat party, amid an uproar. Meanwhile:]

CHORUSGIRL: (reading off LATOYA's script) We reupholster  
the armchair of our past navigation,  
with NEW clarities,  
revealed in the psychedelic patterns  
between all beings...

DONNA: (entering) You people are freaks.

LATOYA: (walking away down the hall) And you girls are undereducated. You are pre-processed power. You need more creative imagery to mold you... (stumbling upon the bedroom scene) OH SHIT ELEKTRA! ORION? That you? Is that MUFFIN?

CHORUSGIRL: (continuing to read in the other room) Transcending our trivial destinies only through good will...

LATOYA: (running her hands over ORION's body) Mmmm well well.

EMPRESS ELEKTRA: Where have you been? We think so alike! Perhaps you and I are the oldest souls in the universe... who are still telepathic? (They laugh over-hysterically, as LATOYA wipes herself down with a towel and climbs onto the bed with ORION, ELEKTRA and the still-passed-out MUFFIN.)

LATOYA: (peering through some opera glasses she has found) Is that an agent I spot down there in the auditorium? (Pause. To the READING CHORUSGIRL) Yoo-hoo, come in here, honey. (The reluctant CHORUSGIRL appears in the doorway.) Ahem. Remember: when performing your Reading, you must magnify, and dramatize. Magnify and dramatize. And don't forget the pregnant pauses.

ELEKTRA: Read to me! Orion, you may continue.

CHORUSGIRL: (reading) Poetic words thrust us deeper into your stardom, and into your bright heart.

[SHORT VIDEO CLIP: Captain AHAB and his crew in hot pursuit of MOBY DICK.]

DONNA: (Entering the doorway) Dream on, you sick empresses. You know, I could laugh. I could make like none of this matters, this insane quest of yours.

LATOYA: Ah but some force in you is stronger. Feel the intensification of your soul. You can feel your reality shifting, can't you?

[Sound of a door creaking, spooky music.]

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[SCENE X. A VIDEO CLIP: A precarious cliff road along some woods by the sea shore. The Nordic driver guides the EMPRESSES' limo along the sheltered side of the road, away from the steep drop-off.

[After a while, the limo passes through a fisherman's village. Fishermen there are apparently on strike, many are out of work. There has been an oil spill. They are protesting, chanting slogans and waving signs. In the back of the limo is the fundraiser banner, folded up.]

[Later, they are driven back along the cliff, this time on the side next to the drop off. The back door swings open. Suddenly ELEKTRA and LATOYA are forcibly ejected by a foot, one after the other. They plummet hysterically over the edge. LATOYA is halfway down her fall when she turns into a cartoon dragoness. She nonetheless splatters like a watermelon at the bottom of the cliff. Strangely, however, where the head was, are revealed two large, wobbling eggs, miraculously unbroken. The limo tries to make its getaway on the cliff road. We hear evil laughter from inside the limo.]

FEMALE DRIVER: (yelling) Long live the PLEO!

[The car hits a big bump in the road... The hidden bomb in the limo detonates! turning the vehicle into an exploding fireball of instant karma.

[Down the hill, filament cracks spread across the two dragoness eggs... FINIS.]

\* \* \* \*

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