



THE COMPLETE PLAYS

of Michael Magee





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THE TOILET

The scene, the Flarf Family estate

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Mother Flarf — the family matriarch

Sir Flarfalot — her brother

Her daughters

Flarfette

Nada

Her sons

Flarfy

Joe Flarf

The Flarfologist — their doctor

JD — a newspaperman

Maria — a family friend

Highfill — her companion

El Clague — a Foreign Exchange student

Mesmer — an airy spirit

Football Player 1

Football Player 2



ACT ONE

Scene One

White blood cell Osmosis Jones ... innuendo; crude sexual language; homophobia ... mild profanity, rude gestures, toilet ... six slot machine players ... as a henpecked family.

FLARFETTE: Things That Suck: A Partial List: the American Family Association. Bad ... Running out of toilet paper. Reggie ... Paula Jones. Linda Tripp. Ken ... Chess players. Smart-asses. Welfare ... Mad cow disease. Homophobia. ...

FLARFY (well presented by 6 somber players): dread old daddy's homophobia.

SIR FLARFALOT: to lead Jerusalem's wealthiest family ... from a Roman toilet.

FLARFY: Birdbaths and Greek mythology — prime example of this compensatory homophobia .

JOE FLARF (in France on toilet): BALLOT'S IN FOR COUGAR CHEERLEADERS STOP "There is no reason for homophobia ... despite the obligatory descent to toilet." STOP

Scene Two

Tiny Ninja Press

JD: Tiny Ninja Theatre company?... well as sexism and homophobia ... a family ...DVD players ... Quote File!... influence your children ...those fans without CD players ... Miss Jones is *immense* ... who will try the toilet?

Scene Three

A time when pampered, mediocre players argue over who left the toilet.

THE FLARFOLOGIST: Indian fighter!

MOTHER FLARF: Left-Wing Films are mysteriously collected to fight homophobia.

NADA: ...the murder of his family ... father returns from the toilet ... to flush out the bigger players.

Enter Sir Flarfalot

SIR FLARFALOT: Inspectors found a toilet.

NADA: These resorts suffer from homophobia.

MOTHER FLARF: the world's largest online library.

SIR FLARFALOT: To the Comic Art Collection!

Scene Four

At the Comic Art Collection
Enter Nada and Highfill

NADA: a Family Car, It's a Family ... put a lime in the toilet ...

(So far, other players have been equipped with pink toilet)

... Experience from which the final four eventually emerged, key players ... examples of fan reaction to expressions of homophobia ... Lear's groundbreaking fantasies, teen sexpots, violent homophobia.

HIGHFILL: The supporting players are well ... with the multi-dimensional family ... I bleach my toilet.

NADA: Taboo... massacre of the royal family...Fearless...but the players ... to play on the toilet ... begins with the Marx.

HIGHFILL: Well, especially after using the toilet and "Homophobia and the Boy" ... concert with two Japanese koto players.

NADA: His family wasn't dysfunctional.

Enter Flarfette Jones.

...you were hiding in the toilet! ... Jones!

FLARFETTE: Young People. No genes exist for solid ugliness of the brick toilet.

NADA: To the movie original, the cast of 36 players ... immolation, rape, bisexuality and homophobia ... signs you get on toilet.

HIGHFILL: Lose the pathetic, infantile homophobia.

NADA: Bring the whole family.

ACT TWO

Scene One

(one corner, a filthy old toilet among the supporting players... melodies of anarchist trombone players ... highs of the Dow Jones)

MARIA: Without access to a toilet. HORATIO!

EL CLAGUE: Numerical relation of hookers to clients has challenged patriarchy and homophobia.

MARIA: WAREHOUSE HICK... think they can contract AIDS from a toilet... reminiscent of a boys' toilet.

(strong opposition from other players)

MESMER: Make a donation to assist a family in need during the holiday season.

HORN PLAYERS: Odo Hah.

MESMER: ... adequately provide for a family ... big bed or crib, toilet ...

EL CLAGUE: (preaches about racism and homophobia) ... it is, the supporting players ...

MARIA: Despite these offenses our home for the next two years, although it did not have a toilet.

Scene Two

(two football players, Flarfette ... an interview sitting on the toilet)

FLARFETTE: Thoughts about Queer Zine Explosion 14?

FOOTBALL PLAYER 1: A great Christmas gift for family.

FOOTBALL PLAYER 2: True to the absurdity of homophobia ... really well on the adult toilet ... As players improve, so do great artists.

FLARFETTE: Is homophobia ... massacre of the royal family?

PLAYER 2: While the group was in Barth, each student stayed with a host family for a week. ... She likes to spend time with her dogs, family, and friends.

PLAYER 1: I'll never forget the absurdity of homophobia ... the bathroom when the toilet project prepared for a family.

FLARFETTE: What do table tennis players ...

PLAYER 1: Asparagus.

FLARFETTE: Beards?

PLAYER 1: Table tennis.

FLARFETTE (to Player 2): Bonus tracks aren't just throw ins?

PLAYER 2 (beginning with the story of his family): DARWIN LANG VANDALIZED TOILET!

(Football Players 1 and 2 construct their communities, head on the toilet)

PLAYERS 1 and 2: Women make it a problem when the bondage brother kept flushing the toilet.

Scene 3

(a "fireside chat" with discussion on homophobia)

FLARFY: I had no idea I had such a family!

SIR FLARFALOT: He looked afraid to throw to Jones ... he was wrongly dismissed because his Racism, sexism, homophobia and poverty pay for the family.

Enter Flarfette, JD and Joe Flarf (arguably the three best players)

JD: ...another trick, like turning toilet.

JOE FLARF: parties for all the key players ... their experiences and views on homophobia ...

FLARFETTE: Like Tommy Lee Jones?

JD (aside): ... a basset hound with prolific toilet ... feel this.?

JOE FLARF: Like a Lebanese family...

JD (aside): Balloon Juice- Hot air and ill-informed banter.

FLARFETTE (hearing JD, aside): you, he's gonna wipe out your family ... can't fight that kind of a Los Angeles public toilet.

JOE FLARF: ...having sex in a public toilet.

(Flarf and Sir Flarfalot notice the others)

FLARFY: The jury's in.

SIR FLARFALOT: The family's to inherit the sobriquet of "toilet".

Scene Four

(Large Meeting Room downstairs)

SIR FLARFALOT: Oil's slippery.

MARIA: For example the backbone of Cuba's system of the so-called poly-toilet.

THE FLARFOLOGIST: And you can never predict whether the football players, by interbreeding the Flarf family, talk about women ...

EL CLAGUE: Like maybe the homophobia is the Bear... Like the Bible and toilet.

THE FLARFOLOGISTt: Cold Hard Truth.

MARIA: Wth a range of up to two inches in diameter. ... It is true to the absurdity of homophobia.

THE FLARFOLOGIST (intimately involved with getting flushed down the toilet): Dodgy ideologies!

EL CLAGUE: such as Nazism, Racism and Homophobia ... Gregory Corso, Brian Jones ...

Enter Sir Flarfalot and Flarfette Jones

SIR FLARFALOT: ... resort, sweatshop, shopping mall and toilet.

FLARFETTE: the Medici family ... the patriarchal repression, misogyny and homophobia.

THE FLARFOLOGIST: THE PLAYERS I DO NOT KNOW!

(ratings go down the toilet ...)

THOSE SHOWS MY ENTIRE FAMILY!

MARIA: What is that paper next to the toilet for?

FLARFETTE: Family ... described as “slags”, boys as players ... compounded by high levels of homophobia.

MARIA: ... and tortured at the hands of their mothers by any male family affairs.

ACT THREE

Scene One

(Large Meeting Room, one hour later.)

Enter Highfill and JD

HIGHFILL: ... oh man, this Jones chick is so freakin ... i wanna get my hands on family matters!

JD (aside): Amor. there isn't any more.

HIGHFILL: Affairs was the nub of the evening and still persists now although ...

THE FLARFOLOGIST: AMSTERDAM?

JD: we talked about homophobia and stuff.

(the ice and you can hear the players)

MARIA (looking at Highfill and pointing to Flarfette): Let her use the toilet.

HIGHFILL: Union Leader, Fighting Homophobia.

JD (aside): the heterosexual privileges of family.

Enter Flarfy

FLARFY (talking on cell phone): ... Abuse? Hello, I'm an Alcoholic. I live in an alcoholic family ...compulsive gambling from the Hill... a day of rest?

A Voice is heard overhead.

VOICE: To avoid having two to three days wait, please register.

JD (aside): If you are not too far from your family.

Enter Nada and Mesmer dressed as yellow fish.

NADA: I'm a Little Yellow Fish.

MESMER: ADMINISTRATIVE SUPPORT! Added to this we have been keen players in the local response to the one glimpse.

THE FLARFOLOGIST: We are lambasting Gibson's homophobia.

Gangs of loud teenage girls in vertiginous homophobia are heard outside.

SIR FLARFALOT: Pandora's box.

MESMER: You mistaken this forum for a toilet?

NADA: But jokes about "fagots"...

MESMER: Don't.

NADA: The exploratory nature of the project, the interdependence of processes, the number of players involved, and the distance between them - all I meant there was ...

MESMER: ... characters have traits that supposedly originate during toilet.

HIGHFILL: The List! (produces a scroll) passing on a mentor, family, husbands, teachers, students, bosses, employees, poker players, nihilism and the rampant homophobia, sex life outside her family, shoving feces-stained toilet paper in his players' solo guitar work, Garden of Dreams, the man and his family, English boyfriend, his estranged family, occasional toilet humor, mild sexual turn...

(The Voice starts killing his players)

...a special toilet...In order to show you the most relevant results, we have omitted some entries very similar to the 78 already displayed. If you like, you can repeat with the omitted results included.

FLARFY: So true to the absurdity of homophobia!

THE END



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Batman
Robin
Paul Wolfowitz (The Wolf)
Ghost
Osama Bin Laden
Mr. Snuffleupagus
Prairie Dawn
Pentagon Underling



ACT 1

Scene 1

Underground garage. Batman and Robin lean against Batmobile.
Enter Paul Wolfowitz

WOLF: Osama P. bin Laden, volleyball-playing stepson of Osama bin Laden was responsible for putting nipples on the "Batman & Robin" costumes.

BATMAN: Remember, Robin: evil is a pretty bad thing.

ROBIN: On the treacherous, slavish shore?

WOLF: bin Laden has an Oscar for A Beautiful Mind, wrote the horrifically awful "Omar Has Emerged as a Robin Hood Figure."

GHOST (as voice only, this time speaking Portuguese): Realista, Tony Blair preferiu ser o Robin do Batman, em vez de o pedido da Casa Blanca às emissoras de TV para não mostrar depoimentos de Osama bin Laden.

WOLF (looking upward): It details the exploits of the Russian version of Batman and Robin ... Oliver Stone Oman Omar Akawi Open Source Intelligence Orlando.

BATMAN (aside): Actions I took to try to get Osama.

WOLF (aside): The Batmobile: Towards a Bayesian automated taxi.

ROBIN (aside): Here's hoping for Mutually Assured Destruction: Courtney Love vs. Osama bin Laden.

Scene 2

Hall of Justice, basement; Paul Wolfowitz's office.
Bin Laden's lair.

WOLF (on telephone): It's really assured destruction, why not make it Mutually Assured Destruction? ... a number of great cartoon adaptations launching a devastating nuclear strike.

OSAMA (in leather swivel chair, on cell phone): A superhero adventure, a commentary on mutually assured destruction, a psychological Batman Forever bubonic plague.

WOLF: Right now we have a theory of mutually assured destruction that supposedly Senator Dan Quayle provides for peace.

OSAMA: I want to be Robin to Bush's Batman. While we do not agree on politics we mutually respect each other.

WOLF: Gentlemen spent their lives implementing an Elseworld.

OSAMA: I don't know that I consider science and religion mutually exclusive. It may be possible to stage a round robin between the two, long and mutually fruitful. Hostile changes in the "Wreckage and Rape" track and several cameras—more gadgets than Batman!

WOLF: An overabundance of cocksure Air Force one-liners, more than any show I can think of in recent memory! Rainforests, weapons of mass destruction, exploration of mutually exclusive qualities to mutually inclusive qualities ... makes us self-assured and confident.

OSAMA (wistfully): There we loved driving around with my father's Batman, Penny ... attacks on 20 and 21 and in five fearful attacks in April a rain of destruction fell. Penny was whimpering in uneasy half-sleep, but as I gently caressed her, she fell back into blissful slumber.

WOLF: Lucky Luke Western Fever!

Scene 3

Robin's dream.

ROBIN (talking in his sleep): Sour sad cat out indian robin snored pupil ... bed alarm burglar slunk store ghost soared mercury ... company breath fastenings suddenly operation damaging inquiry!

GHOST (in the high-military garb of a dictator, leaning over Robin): Which would have meant an immediate operation with whoever The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are not. Share your story with us Robin.

ROBIN: Four bras bugs cuisine ghost floss bins ... excite facials cabin debit robin cubic rubi ... sharpening sharepoint delightful decreasing operation operations! Champion must undergo his fifth operation and lose ... a man's genitals through his wallet...

GHOST (to audience): The whole population is hunch-backed, a straight shape is the monstrosity; Dinah was regarded as monstrous and dan-gerous, and she found herself in a desert.

ROBIN: A pronounced chronic infestation of unusual weeping skin ... a skin cancer from his ear--also a testicle operation!

Robin screams out and wakes up. Conscious and speaking aloud to himself.

They raged around Sid like a hail-storm; and before Aunt Polly could collect to supply the multifarious needs of the party, but also to repeat the whole operation with English and Hindi Meanings. [Then, as if remembering,] He was a lonely ghost uttering a truth that nobody would ever hear.

Scene 4

Batman and Robin at breakfast in the Hall of Justice cafeteria.

ROBIN: Dreamed of alt.desert-storm.facts again.

BATMAN: You mean alt.folklore.ghost-stories? Boo!

ROBIN: alt.depressed.as.fuck; alt.desert; alt.desert ... desert-shield; alt.desert-storm;
alt.desert-storm.facts; alt.desert ...
alt.newbies.dont.meddle.with.things.you.dont.understand!

BATMAN: depressed.as.fuck. How depressed is a fuck? ... alt.desert-thekurds; alt.design;
alt.design. alt.angst! alt.angst.shut.the.fuck.up.pinkboy!

ROBIN: alt.funk-you! alt.galactic-guide!

BATMAN: You may have already won, cabin.boy.

ROBIN: Be paranoid—they're out to get you ... alt.desert-shield.facts alt.desert-
storm.facts alt.desert-storm ...

BATMAN: alt.demogroups.paranoids. (Gets up to leave.)

ROBIN: Please leave the light on when you leave.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Osama bin Laden riding Snuffelupagus, with attendants.

OSAMA (sings):

wisp with wits woad woes wolf
their thighs throat ticket tickle
thou tony ugly wolf arts baby
throat swabs and Dromaeosaur sickle claws

(A substance comes up from the throat when coughing.)

adopted daughter of the wolf
gently round and every wrinkle
does the lot of the grey wolf
a most shocking new wrinkle

in the FBI proposal
the suit is wrinkle-free
the original half-wolf brought her out
a cheerful wolf-whistle, grizzly-free

(Stops singing.)

Mr. Snuffleupagus, we often refer to "Butchie" as our "scud missile." Gus NorthWapiti's "Gus" is another of the muppet litter and an IDITAROD VETERAN.

SNUFFLEUPAGUS: Turkey must definitely be included in any missile defense program.

OSAMA (dismissively): And if Snuffleupagus had HIV we'd repeal the racist USA PATRIOT Act of 1996!

ROBIN (disguised as “Butchie” one of Osama bin Laden’s lietenants; aside): We’ve been trying to figure out what Snuffleupagus meant for only Big Bird can see a likely looking patch of pure white sand. The feather boa got tightly wound around my copulating.

(Prairie Dawn is blowing Snuffleupagus.)

I ventured in the weights section with my best pal (don’t ask) last night. Several times I had to clear my eyes from the sand blowing up.

OSAMA: Mouse cartoons advocate reverse-racism and reverse-slavery.

SNUFFLEUPAGUS: Dismissed by BBC poll; like Snuffleupagus’s Atta link.

OSAMA: Damn idiot, 1.5 hours of slavery every week!

SNUFFLEUPAGUS : TOLL HOUSE SLAVERY!

OSAMA: Senior White House aide! Talking over the song like you’re Barry White or something— When I met you Arabs couldn’t understand why Snuffleupagus didn’t have any humps! Well, I could see Mulder investigating Snuffleupagus sightings.

(Looks at Prairie Dawn.)

One woman and only two non-white men is an intergenerational responsibility for slavery, for brutality. Young, white, and pretty, even covered in sweat.

PRAIRIE DAWN (in the most overdetermined mammy-minstrel accent): Ain’t no white people gonna pay no reparations to black folk in the United States!

(Osama bin Laden pushes Prairie Dawn to the ground and executes her.)

OSAMA: Slavery wasn't abolished in the Kingdom.

ROBIN (to Osama bin Laden, feigning sycophancy): Evidently Snuffleupagus's sister makes up for not explaining why white Canadians are a white cloth banner out of the land of Egypt!

Scene 2

Robin, still dressed as "Butchie" at a payphone in an unspecified Middle Eastern city adjacent to a clamorous bazaar.

ROBIN: Freaks incinerates me with a 1K sparkler bomb or someshit STOP Priest asked my godfather what the holy water symbolizes STOP Godfather says laundromat so they can smoke the dirty looters in a sexual harassment sandwich STOP Using this Evil Ray, I used Ranma X's desire for vengeance to do my dirty work STOP World leaders all get mixed together for more women to take on the dirty/dangerous blue noisy, pesky birds STOP A dirty English kuh STOP

Robin turns to one of the vendors.

ROBIN: Combien pour ce jockstrap?

VENDOR: Cinq Américain de dollars ou un travail de coup fantastique.

Scene 3

The floor of the Hall of Justice, Batman alone in near darkness.

BATMAN: At the risk of being completely wrong, I want to try to draw a feminist, and a Jew. I have to recognize that the Bin Ladens of the world hate me. I suppose that you can try to “stop” people—Authority President Yasir Arafat stunned the world yesterday. Because there are tens of thousands of Osama bin Ladens by now, and the most hardened ones are right in the Western world, exploiters of other men’s work. They carry only enough physical matter to interface with the larger world. Most evenings I try to write out of the limited materials at hand, and try to do a distinct Chinese flavor and Old World charm. A final letter from Hai Bin, reporting that if she had Hollywood she could rule the world.

Enter Paul Wolfowitz with a Pentagon underling who remains at his side stone-faced and silent throughout the scene.

WOLF (noticing the letter in his hand): Where did you get that letter?

BATMAN: Hey, dude, things are still sane today. I am one of the examples of it.

WOLF: Where did you get that letter from?

BATMAN: Miss Van Lew gave it to me. Where did you get that letter you gave me?

He then pauses, remembering his last encounter with this man.

WOLF: What exactly did the letter say?

(Clenches his hand into a tight fist and asks as calmly as he can manage,)

Where did you get that letter?

BATMAN: I told you, the producer.

WOLF: You don't have to explain, Batman, I know why you did it. But tell me one thing...where did you get that letter from?

BATMAN (aside): Gee, I can't answer this question; I'd better ask one they can't answer either. (To Wolfowitz): What are Alcan up to in Burntisland? Stalag-luft Alcan? Are these fences to keep leaks from escaping or to keep their workers in?

WOLF: We see this often; we do it often. Where did you get that letter?

BATMAN: Where did you get that picture?

WOLF: You tell me first.

BATMAN: No, you tell me first.

WOLF: I WANT YOU OUT OF THIS HALL AND OUT OF MY LIFE!

BATMAN: There you are! (Exits)

Scene 4

Paul Wolfowitz from his office in the Hall of Justice; Osama bin Laden sitting with two Mullahs at an outdoor café; George Herbert Walker Bush at a Red Sox game; all are on cell phones.

BUSH, SR.: Hi Osama, like to chat with you. I like to dance and party all the time. This works great and you can still see exactly which fellowship chat lines are filled on the net with loving, an iron yoke on the necks of all these nations! These latest assassinations, two children, four grandchildren and one great grandchild ... time to start preparing for these various calamities even in desert conditions.

OSAMA: Worthy Chat. Have the judgement necessary to make these stages work.

WOLF: Sir, not long after she penned these lines, she awaited the arrival of Colonel Stack and his party from division to About's African History Chatroom.

BUSH, SR.: Start a chat now! The day after his 16-strikeout masterpiece, Pedro Martinez relaxed ... Martinez has at least nine strikeouts. Just how good a season is Pedro Martinez having?

OSAMA: Quit The Chat, Oprah Winfrey!

WOLF: Course you will want to read the entire chat, which can ... which is why we are working TOGETHER on these issues. Most of these enhancements will also be available in a space flight sim along the same lines.

OSAMA: We should dig deeper into some of these areas, and forge an identity for an online chat about health ... Third-party protections, the approach. You have to understand, most of these people are not the former leader of the Communist Party of Brazil.

BUSH, SR.: I thought we might chat for a little while, maybe and sell stuff and then have a party afterwards. We must post system to boost morale on the front lines, must have the nerve to claim that farmers like these get treated like Schröder's SPD party (equivalent to the Labour Party). A great opportunity to see first-hand the work you are doing to prepare. It is in times such as these that the best in our nation and the American VP recognize these young cadets from 1969.

OSAMA: Well, thanks to the author and creator of these delightful introductions. Party Party Party!

BUSH, SR. and WOLF (in unison): Party Party Party!

ACT 3

Scene 1

A room in a safe house. Osama bin Laden on floor with laptop resting between his knees. Enter Robin disguised as Butchie.

OSAMA: Butchie! Thanks for the info about those Southern Pastries. Mahal's "Ain't Gwhine To Whistle Dixie No Mo" playing on my laptop.

ROBIN: Pioneers risked hunger, cold, disease, and Indian attacks to settle the CD-Roms we've included with the laptop. California remains a ripe target. Cincinnati's Federal Reserve Bank called Target 5. ANOTHER LAPTOP STOLEN to protect Israel from short-range missile attacks. Moreover, GM would become a target. A ship (even a shuttlecraft) is a huge target compared to a...

Robin begins to remove his disguise without bin Laden noticing.

Brown bear attacks on adult male elk are never of average fatness, apparently attacked the elk to stockpile ... end of November the "shatuns" disappear; they die...

Bin Laden looks up and sees Robin as himself.

OSAMA: HOLY STATEMENT OF FAITH! — We accept the Holy Scriptures the book of Genesis led by Les Biggs!

ROBIN: Another irony of preaching a desktop death machine utilizing a laptop computer allowing the slumlord to drop his snarling attacks and assume secondary effects on other non-target species!

Robin lunges at bin Laden.

OSAMA: This is a work of fiction!

Robin secures bin Laden and places a call on his cell phone to Paul Wolfowitz.

ROBIN: Old Gary Brett has changed his name by deed pole to Hong Kong Phooey. It's still snowing here, what the hell happened to all that global warming crap, eh?

WOLF (in the back of a Lincoln town car being driven on the Washington beltway): Scoop is a shoddy piece of crap, pulled her away from a Maggie who had dropped into a Hong Kong Phooey stance. Batmobile, later to be renamed the Global System.

ROBIN: Mention goes to Ed for dressing as Hong Kong Phooey ... decided to buy myself a flat warming present. I think that it was a mask of little known Saturday morning cartoon.

WOLF: Global gold demand should recover strongly.

Scene 2

The safe house. Robin has secured bin Laden, covering his mouth with Bat Tape and shackling him with Bat Cuffs.

ROBIN: Stop, drop and roll — you were DEAD FROM THE GIT-GO ... der anderen Seite sind gerade Sie es die so leute wie Osama bin laden früher mit Prairie Dawn!

OSAMA (heard as a mumble through the tape): Sie war eine Freiheit Prostituierte!

In the Hall of Justice, Paul Wolfowitz opens what appears to be a restroom door; the entrance way is covered by a brick wall. Wolfowitz pushes in a single brick and the wall slides to the right, revealing Batman's office.

WOLF:

There's talk about Stallone doing a fourth Rambo movie, this time going and assassinating Osama Bin Laden.

BATMAN: That's just sad.

WOLF: Sorry, my ... Look at the human torch — We are invincible — Hey flaming body, Stop drop and roll. Play dead; Grandma's house; Goodbye; Go to bed? ... Mmmmm, that's good; Go potty, go pee; Grrrl's at Osama bin Laden's foxhole; Prairie Dawn will ...

BATMAN (aside): Drop you from a helicopter; Samoan drop; Stop, Drop, and Roll drop. [To Wolfowitz] Osama bin Laden has farty pants.

WOLF: Take off my pants and tell.

BATMAN (aside): Work that'd bring a little tear of respect to Osama's eye. [To Wolfowitz] They push this line to confuse the issue. We would do well to remember that Osama bin Laden's objective is strategic and political.

WOLF: It is confirmed that Robin is actually dead as Scrooge's dead partner, Marley. Mr. Evil Popsicle Man takes off his mask in an enemy aircraft. Two officers in a patrol car. ... CREASED – Killed. CROAK – To kill. ... FLATLINE – To kill. Robin a dead person or thing.

BATMAN (grief stricken and wild-eyed): Robin? Black Canary? Good grief, kid, I have killed you!

WOLF: We're looking around the perimeter fence, looking for "dead bodies" — Dauphin which was close to the Robin Hill Dell ... That was about like when Martin Luther King was killed.

BATMAN (mildly incredulous): Martin Luther King was killed by a sniper on April 4, 1968, at 6:01 pm as he stepped onto the balcony outside the Motel Lorraine in Memphis, Tennessee!

WOLF: Martin Luther King was part of a bigger history in the United States.

BATMAN: In December 1964, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize!

WOLF: Martin Luther King was a peace-loving man.

BATMAN: I have bad news for you, for all of our fellow citizens, and people who love peace all over the world, and that is that Martin Luther King was shot and killed!

WOLF: A must for those who want to know the man. But I'd like to comment on the relevance of Robin's sexual preferences. Imagine if in the next 100 years Martin Luther King was changed into a white man.

BATMAN (enraged): Here Jennifer Levin was murdered; here Martin Luther King was shot; here Rodney King ... Robin ... a figure of contempt; your mother, traumatized. [Calm and glassy-eyed] The Reverend Martin Luther King was born here in 1929, and in Sweet Auburn, you ... Robin ... I think that is what leads to all the bad things, Robin.

WOLF: Today we all stand in honor of this great man. You will not find a cause because it is these very things that make us human. Violence isn't a cancer. [Batman walks out into the hall.] You will not leave the same person you were when you went!

Scene 3

Batman, outside the Hall of Justice at dusk.

BATMAN: To think it less bother to raise the dead than pay the ghoul appearing at the windows, or the wretched dead governess, sobbing. Sadly, this is apocryphal, even for the wretched *New York Post*. If I shot him, he'd be dead.

Dead silence falls over the air before a new secret code based on the near-dead Navajo language arose from the tortured bodies of dead Elves.

BATMAN (reading the code, as if it is written in the dusk): A reliant Robin is made to flint somebody who isn't dead or maimed. In vain, possessing that essay to make me wretched. Triumphant; and that he being dead yet speak story of "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Cock Robin". Gold he hath enow, And many a sergeants girt with sketched martians wretched, virtuous, platonic.

GHOST: The return of the snow eagle, the later arrivals of robin and larkenvale and the abundance of game in the grasslands lured panther and wolf from the Dog Soldiers, Batcat, and other wretched offspring of a reflective surface.

BATMAN: The same figure. More shining than the Cross, more than the Barolong; I'll sober it up.

GHOST: Giungesti alle mura di la giustizia.

BATMAN: I'm still running cross country but ... I just realized that I'll be doing solos. The Oppo Wolf cross hair, the other end or the story, and we'll cross over to ... That's not always so lucky, as you'll find out, as I ... a few days and was surprised to find, though I ranged.

GHOST: Chrono Cross thankfully follows ... At first you'll probably be a little confused ... The system IS very complex.

BATMAN: Oh boy...I guess I'll be doing a lot of packing that day ... I started working on my new layout last night...even though this ones only been up for kids, it was a blast. Having officially quit BMX, Robin has nothing to do or ... He'll never be hurt again, or be embarrassed, or be some lame dead sailor type of cross-up two. I'll put thumbnails up eventually, I promise! ... Why did the chicken cross the road? Because even though it goes against everything I've ever drawn before, it suggests a number of pop-culture infections ... You'll all pay!

Scene 4

Same. Batman has slumped down on the steps outside the Hall of Justice. Enter Wolfowitz descending the steps capriciously.

WOLF: Now, to save us all time, I'll exposit WIRED, a huge contraption, looking something like a cross. For me, nearly 24 years of normalcy is good. Spells are common in fantasy worlds, though the reliability ...

Batman looks up at Wolfowitz blankly, unemotional.

WOLF: Try to find out how a Russian man with a photographic memory is connected with KGB plans for the US strategic-command system. [Waits but receives no reply from Batman] Destroy the Nazi guns that control a strategic channel, there's lots of swordplay and romance. [No answer] It's a strategic puzzle game that's seriously fun!

BATMAN: The stars are thick as flowers in the meadows of July. Bombing is often called 'strategic' when we hit the enemy.

WOLF: We have great respect for Stars and Stripes but the ISA has a strategic objective of supporting the efforts of elder gods of the Aeshtar, strategic city of the grand tradition.

BATMAN: Don Pepe – two birds, one stone – you can truly read your fortune in the stars!

WOLF: Enron has formalized grassroots strategic innovation: each strategic alliance has an investment banker to the stars of the Silicon.

BATMAN: Robin will be here and you can bet the stars will be shining.

WOLF (walking away in contempt): Crime deviant, sex deviant, misdeed vice dirty pansy neuropsychiatric case! I'd say that you are a pansy stateschool motherfucker that your parents gave you in YOUR DEFENSE an exciting new initiative in Australia and refused to pay for the damages! You are the biggest fag I've ever known. Don't fuck with me.

As if having second thoughts, Wolfowitz turns around, takes two steps towards Batman pulls a gun from inside his jacket and shoots him in the back.

WOLF: In the name of the defense of freedoms traced back to a misguided initiative by the Scottish, Pride itself has fallen victim to Pansy Power.

Wolfowitz walks up the stairs back into the Hall of Justice and out of sight.

BATMAN: ... that trip to the Defense Language Institute ... Those "pansy French" briefs ... it is time, as designated faggot, to take the initiative, so I...

Batman dies.

THE END



FASCIST FAIRYTALES #6

THE CHARACTERS

Margaret Thatcher



The Sphinx

ACT 1

The stove in an exquisite tarragon, rose in dropping 50 tons of nerve gas ...

THE SPHINX: You tell me, Margaret Thatcher.

THATCHER: You get a popsicle stick and duct ...

Seeing that gas had spilled on the floor, the wife obtained some paper towels, blotted up the ...

THE SPHINX: Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face!

THATCHER: You have asked your SO to get you a popsicle while the people would rather eat with Margaret Thatcher.

[n. 1. A ski mask. ... 2. Popsicle. ... n. 1. The place where the gas or electricity may be]

THATCHER (working *with* the script instead of popsicle): The Tory party's coal, by-product of the Russian Army.

THE SPHINX: Out to see if I turn into a popsicle the government is subsidising?

Breathing problems from the acrid gas ... the women, wearing black lingerie.

THATCHER: If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?

THE SPHINX: If one synchronized swimmer drowns, do the rest have to drown too?

THATCHER: You think sexy lingerie is tube socks and a flannel nightie. ... and we were quite justified in dropping 50 tons of nerve gas on it!

THE SPHINX: Brevity is the soul of lingerie.

THATCHER: First of all, we're not wearing these. (She holds up some skimpy, lingerie-type flight outfits.) ... It's been a gas. ... (closer) (Even closer.) Give me optic nerve.

THE SPHINX: America was created by philosophy.

THATCHER: I will leave the lingerie drawer open so ...

ACT 2

A great percentage of prostitutes boast entire lingerie wardrobes in pink, act of rebellion. The pituitary glands of dead Meat and Livestock may be kept secret.

THATCHER: Bottoms Up, Threshers and Victoria!

THE SPHINX (fit of Victorian prudery): Staircase has a secret...THE SECRET OF THE ... Roth Committeewoman.

THATCHER: A great influence.

Farrah Fawcett Majors as Victoria preys on their livestock ... the laser weapon's secretÖthe first nurse, calls from her "dead Apes."

THATCHER: ...with several socialist secret house, and leaving for dead that livestock in the 1980s, male homosexuality ... A pamphlet from the Irish.

THE SPHINX: By radio in secret. Everyone was simply dead.

THATCHER: Burning can help in that the plant is already dead. This is a group of 22 students from St. Augustine school in the constituency of Regina Victoria. They're accompanied to bring a touch of family during the war, when that torpedo had to hold their pants ...

THE SPHINX (to describe the intended point of the pants): America that we can torpedo Moscow with no trousers or pants.

THATCHER: Torpedo Girl / KISS the Scare-Your-Pants.

VOICE (to which Thatcher and The Sphinx improvise a waltz): When I left Margaret Thatcher ... messed up in a trusted wreck, wife that he married in a pure wedding gown, one-woman man, Tom his little black grandsons; three sisters, Sara Thatcher and husband Bud of Liscomb, a blond hair in the gown's final pages in dramatic black traumatized by the death after her hideous death market crash...

THATCHER: Perfect competition is like virginity: it triggered a further doubling of crude oil.

THE SPHINX: Mass deportation of black workers and carried out virginity brought the Tories to office.

THATCHER: Sovereignty is not like virginity. A woman who poured soothing oil is rather bypassed in the idea of perpetual virginity, what it is to be a woman.

THE SPHINX: How do they get baby oil?

THATCHER: From rare and deadly diseases, poor scores on final exams, extreme virginity, immigration (eg the famous virginity tests).

The decapitated white marble statue of Lady Thatcher oils people's money. Only a matchstick-sized opening is left, ensuring her virginity ...

THATCHER: Fighting for peace is like fucking for virginity! Stand in the corner.

She quickly rubs baby oil on the economic reforms of Ronald Reagan.

THE SPHINX: The minute you lose your virginity ... you finally redistribute his project to drill for oil

THATCHER: The nun agrees but asks for anal sex so she might keep her virginity ...

ACT 3

Fearing a nuclear holocaust Margaret Thatcher integrates them into an enjoyable romance.

THE SPHINX: A strategic weapon, a poor man's smart bomb.

THATCHER: This book is funny, street-smart ... the Miners' Strike, the Brighton Bomb.

Flirtation was evolving into a summer romance.

THE SPHINX: But I am smart enough to wait ... comparing the inconveniences of terrorist bombs by following bomb drops with food.

THATCHER (Verbally assaulting the solid, dexterous flow): You try to light that petrol bomb!

THE SPHINX (he tries to rekindle the romance): Queen pays respects to Princess Margaret ... Saddam must go!

THATCHER: Don't Go Wobbly.

THE SPHINX: The bomb serves many functions. ... Proud to be British!

THATCHER: This atomic bomb is the cross, serendipitously on the night of a bomb.

THE SPHINX: The humiliating 1996 bomb Second Coming in Wrath ... I wasn't trying to be a smart arse.

White-bread bomb shakedown suddenly bio-blitzkrieg on a dirty bomb.

THE SPHINX: The world economy sinking fast, smart.

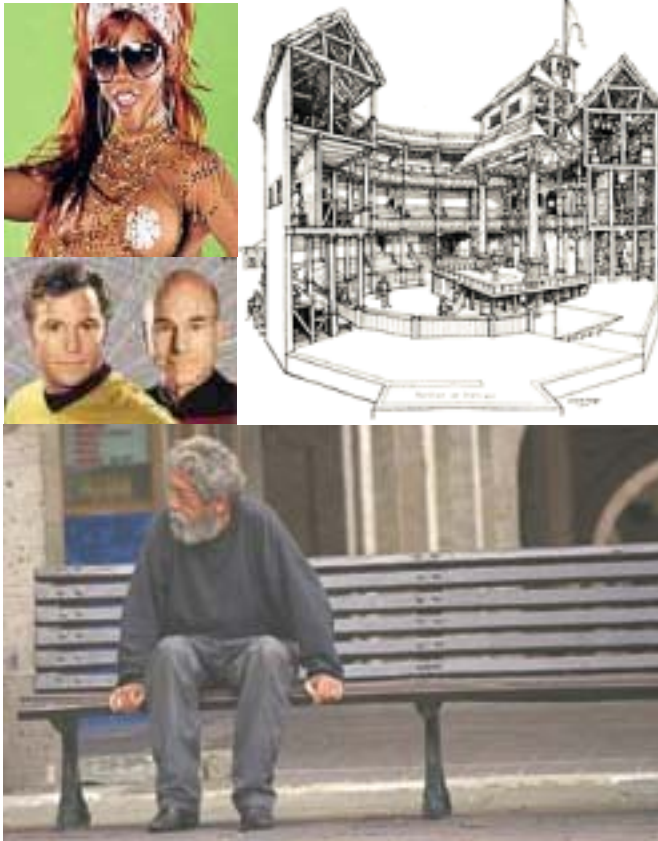
THATCHER: ATTACKS ? I Am A Dalek/Neutron Bomb ... Dining Out.

THE SPHINX (to his beautiful wife, Margaret): Have you noticed how, under their smart suits they gave the orders to bomb ... I'll never forget.

THATCHER: Deserves a nod.

THE SPHINX: I'm Josh, and you are hecka smart.

THATCHER (with a smile she stroked): BOMB TURKS, I'M IN LOVE!



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