

**RICHARD  
FOREMAN**



**/ubu** editions  
2001

Now that Communism is Dead My Life Feels Empty!  
By Richard Foreman

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NOW THAT  
COMMUNISM  
IS DEAD, MY LIFE  
FEELS EMPTY!

(REHEARSAL SCRIPT)

RICHARD FOREMAN

**/ubu** editions  
2002

NOW THAT COMMUNISM IS DEAD MY LIFE FEELS EMPTY

(Room. Faces on the walls. )

FREDDIE: (on his knees, scrubbing)  
Thank god this terrible job is almost finished, cleaning up this left-over  
mess. Am I right, ladies and gentlemen?  
(Fred enters, Freddie collapses)

FRED:  
Wake up, Freddie. Wake up, my friend.

FREDDIE:  
—where am I? Hey— This is now, right here, an unrecognizable environ-  
ment as far as I'm concerned. I mean— if this is the future, man, I don't  
like it.

FRED:  
But there's no problem with the future, my friend.  
(Freddie runs off)  
The future arrives all by itself

FREDDIE: (Returns with guitar)  
Surprise!— Nothing in this world is automatic, man.

FREDDIE: (others fall down)  
Hey. I feel terrible about all these unconscious people.

FRED:  
Wake yourself up with some delicious fruit, my friend—it'll change your  
mind approximately fifty per cent, maybe.

FREDDIE:  
Fifty percent?

FRED:  
A delicious fifty percent

FREDDIE: Why do I want my mind fucked up— by some half eaten fruit.

FRED:  
Half eaten fruit? The best kind, my friend, because by the time your  
intentions are fully realized,—you've caught up with yourself completely.  
But whenever that happens — you feel empty inside am I right? Right?  
So many things are dead things, my friend—this is why certain people

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see emptiness in the midst of plenty.

FREDDIE:

Listen—if my own life feels empty, I say...

(Others have left)

Where did everybody go?

FRED:

What do you say about that, Freddie?

FREDDIE:

I say this cannot be explained by history turning itself inside out—

(Steal his guitar—offer fruit bowl)

What the fuck? Come to think of it, who cares? I got my own private stash! Pretty good!

FRED:

Listen! Some new things under the sun are never new things under the sun.

(Turning a crank)

One and two and one and two and— Nevertheless, such things, when they are new things...

FREDDIE: (re-entering with guitar)

Here we go!

FRED:

—Should work—right? But nobody gets such new things to work

(Pause)

Why don't things work?

FREDDIE:

Why don't such new things work! Why don't these god damn things work, because they aren't working!

(Red flag runs by)

I just saw something— flashing by.

FRED:

Listen—maybe they're not working— because you have to wind them up

FREDDIE:

OK. I'll wind them up right now.

(He collapses)

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Fuck.

FRED:

Hey—I like those three hundred and fifty dollar shoes he's wearing.

FREDDIE:

Get your own expensive shoes. I just saw something scary, but I'm still not giving you my beautiful three hundred and fifty dollar shoes, man.

FRED:

But I really like them  
(All run off and return)

VOICE:

Careful, don't move.

FREDDIE:

These are my shoes, man

FRED:

I like them, Freddie, even if they belong to you personally—I like them

FREDDIE:

Get your own, Fred. These are my private shoes and you can't have them

FRED:

I don't know why I like your shoes so much. Why do I like them so much?

FREDDIE:

I like them too

FRED:

We both like them

FREDDIE:

You like them

FRED:

Yes.

FREDDIE:

"And I like them. The difference is—these are my shoes.

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FRED:

Hey! If I can't have your shoes, then at least I want to dance like I have always dreamed of dancing

FREDDIE:

You can dance by yourself, Big Boy—

FRED:

Hey—

FREDDIE:

Wearing your own shoes, that's your personal choice, man.

FRED:

No, Freddie, I think you're going to hold it against Big Fred for a long time if he dances by himself

FREDDIE:

I like to see people dancing by themselves

FRED:

Really?

FREDDIE:

Gotcha!

FRED:

Well, it's true I'm, ha ha ha, good at it. Everybody says— hey! that Big Fred, he dances good

FREDDIE:

Go on and try. I promise I won't laugh

FRED:

I've never seen you laugh with sincerity, Freddie

FREDDIE:

Sincere Freddie doesn't find much around here to laugh at. Notice,  
(he falls)

Oww! Even if I feel like laughing, I won't laugh

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FRED:

If you don't think I'm good at dancing

FREDDIE:

I've seen you dance by yourself. I think you're good at it, man. And I'm very sincere.

FRED:

Maybe I'll dance later

FREDDIE:

Yes, that would be a good idea. You do it later in private.

FRED:

We both do some of our things in private, Freddie.

FREDDIE:

Is there something wrong with that, Fred?

FRED:

Do you think there's something wrong with that, Freddie?  
(turns)

Look at this box came for you— which you'll probably want to open in private, because there's a brand spanking new— guess what?

FREDDIE:

I can't guess.

FRED:

A head inside this box

FREDDIE:

I hope not

FRED:

Oh yes, there's a head inside this box stuffed full of whatnot, who knows?  
It belongs to you.

FREDDIE:

Put it outside in the garbage

FRED:

Even if it belongs to you?

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FREDDIE:

It certainly don't belong to me.

VOICE:

Red Communism is dead, my friend.

FRED:

Ok. I'll put this outside for later

FREDDIE:

Come to think of it—I never took the opportunity to look inside that box!

(Table with box enters)

What's in that box?

FRED:

This is a different box, Freddie

FREDDIE:

Ok, it's a different box, and what's in it? What the hell's in it?

FRED:

What I keep in this box is my dog.

FREDDIE:

A dog in a box.

FRED:

Right. Sometimes, because I like my dog so much, I take it out— for a walk. Like this. But, this is risky, of course. Why is this risky? Because dogs bite, Freddie. And some dogs bite really hard “Bite hard. Bite really hard!”

I feed my dog through a small drawer in the front of the box.

Notice. Okay, watch this. When the drawer is open, food can be placed in the drawer. You'll have to imagine the food.

But when that drawer is open, like this—Fred's dog inside has no access to that food, so, i.e.— he cannot bite. Oh, did that hurt?

(all run off and return)

VOICE:

I wonder what I'm going to say next

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FRED:

Now, pay attention, when the drawer is closed, Fred's dog does have access to that food. Yum yum yum.

FREDDIE:

Don't be disgusting, Fred.

FRED:

It's perfectly good dog stuff, okay?

The drawer is closed, when the drawer is closed there is no opening to the outside world, so once again— i.e.— the dog cannot bite.

FREDDIE:

Bravo to you, Fred

FRED:

Is this a sincere "Bravo", Freddie?

FREDDIE:

I am sincere about this one thing.

FRED:

Then thank you, Freddie, thank you for that sincere bravo.

FREDDIE:

You're welcome, Fred.

FRED:

Next please. Now that we have a basis for enjoying ourselves, Yah? Let's all notice please of a certain snazzy something, i.e., what Fred is wearing.

FREDDIE:

What's special about that?

FRED:

This is what Fred sometimes wears when he is walking his wonderful dog.

FREDDIE:

Are you—

FRED:

Yah!

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FREDDIE:  
Right now—

FRED:  
You know it—

FREDDIE:  
In front of our very eyes—

FRED:  
Yah!

FREDDIE:  
Walking your dog?

FRED:  
Walking my dog.

FREDDIE:  
Walking your dog?

FRED:  
Walking my big dog.

FREDDIE:  
Walking your big black dog?

FRED:  
Walking my big black dog with the fur and the sharp teeth and other things.

FREDDIE:  
Walking your dog, Fred?  
(Dance. Stop)

FRED:  
Okay, who likes this outfit best? Okay, Fred's dog likes this outfit —at least this is what Fred thinks. I think so, too, but of course Fred doesn't like talking about himself. Most of the time, Fred keeps his dog box hidden from people. Because deep down inside, since people are basically good, deep down inside, at least I hope so.

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FREDDIE:

Bravo to you and your little friend, Fred.

FRED:

It makes people think less of Fred —to think that Fred keeps his dog prisoner— in such a box. Am I right? Thank you for ministering to my many bleeding wounds.

FREDDIE: When all else fails...

FRED:

What's failing around here, my friend?

FREDDIE:

Well, I don't know yet, but I'm predicting

FRED:

What?

FREDDIE:

Gimme a minute— a pet dog licks up all pain and trouble, am I right?

FRED:

Listen— I never underestimate my dog

FREDDIE:

Now, instead of letting that dog howl all night long locked up in that there box—

FRED:

—My dog's happiness— This is important to me

FREDDIE:

Happiness is important to me, too... right?

FRED:

It looks like it.

FREDDIE:

Ok. But lets talk about something even more scary— hey!

(Tied up)

Unhand me. What a revolting development.

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FRED:  
I am always ready for scary subjects

FREDDIE:  
Ok. Since you're victimizing this unregenerated idealist over here.

FRED:  
You?

FREDDIE:  
Oh, I am!

FRED:  
You?

FREDDIE:  
That's what I am! And you've got me approximately hog tied, let's talk about something else Fred keeps in his box.

FRED:  
Like what?

FREDDIE:  
You know what.

FRED: (looks around)  
Okay, under the circumstances, I'm happy to tell you, I keep private documents of course in a certain second box.

FREDDIE:  
Ooh, I'm dreaming about a certain box just stuffed with documents that are old, faded and smelly.

FRED:  
Smelly? Of course they smell bad. Gotcha!  
(Others run off)

FREDDIE:  
Would somebody untie me please? Hey! Would somebody untie me!

FRED: (peeks in room)  
No no no no.

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FREDDIE:  
Why not, god dam it!

FRED:  
I don't mind opening my box to show you some of these smell bad documents. Here's a good number of permanently sealed envelopes

FREDDIE:  
Time to reveal those secrets, Fred.

FRED:  
Why not? On the other hand, you understand the problem. It's private material.

FREDDIE:  
For your eyes only?

FRED:  
That's very understanding of you.

FREDDIE:  
Then you might as well put them back in the box., Fred

FRED:  
Sure, why not?  
(looks in box)  
Uh-oh—!

FREDDIE:  
What?

FRED:  
Oh my god—look at this

FREDDIE:  
What?

FRED: (holding dead dog)  
Here's my dog.

FREDDIE:  
You mean, you keep your smelly dog in the same box with your valuable documents.

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FRED:  
Maybe I got confused

FREDDIE:  
Lucky your documents didn't get damaged

FRED:  
Oh, it wouldn't have been my dog's fault, because he—or it—is apparently already dead

FREDDIE:  
That must be hard for you, Fred

FRED:  
No. Thank god. This was not my favorite dog—  
(all run off and return)

VOICE:  
I'm losing control.

FRED: (as big Dog ikon appears)  
That one over there, that one is my favorite Dog.  
(Runs to pose)  
Take my picture please. Take my picture with my favorite dog.  
(flash , Fred holds his eyes)  
Oww! That was cruel. That was so cruel to me.  
(Tied up to pillar)  
You want to play rough with Big Fred? Okay, I know how to play rough.  
I'm rough and tough with little girls like you. Just take your nasty little giggles and shove them down the toilet.

VOICE: (as Big eye appears)  
It's over. the play is now over. It's over. It's over.

FRED:  
That's okay with me because I will just savor this powerful moment.

FREDDIE:  
Hey, what about me?

FRED:  
Calm yourself, stupid Freddie.

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FREDDIE:

Well, it's about time you untie me, right now. I don't find this being tied up stuff funny.

FRED:

I don't find this upside-downside, inside-outside tied up stuff funny either, my friend.

(Breaks free of his chains and dances)

FREDDIE:

Okay, that looks like fun over there—

FRED:

It is fun over here!

FREDDIE:

Fun, huh? Can't you tell when I'm trying to cut you down to size with my powerful sarcasm?

FRED:

Too late. I'm having fun. Because everybody is here to have fun. That's it, I'm afraid.

FREDDIE: (girl with wrapped gift goes to him)

Hey, your little white washed filly over here is tempting me with goodies when I'm hog tied like a trust up water buffalo in heat.

(She explore his pocket)

Hey, that deep dish pocket maneuver is a little too intimate for this post-teenage punkster over here.

FRED:

Thank God— Communism is dead, my friend. A system which treated human beings like dogs—as opposed to other systems, of course, one, two, three, piece of cake, the now victorious capitalistic system, of course

FREDDIE:

I believe it, I believe it!

FRED:

Call that capitalism with muscles, my friend— which treats people like dogs somewhat less often, of course, than the dead Communist system which also treats people like dogs.

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FREDDIE:

Did I just hear something about dogs?

FRED:

What did you hear?

FREDDIE:

I know about dogs.

FRED:

What dog in particular?

FREDDIE:

This is my dog, this is my dog in a box.

FRED:

I never said such a thing.

FREDDIE:

Piece of cake, Fred.

FRED:

Yum yum. Yum. Untie my friend, my friends.

FREDDIE: (untied, but gains handcuffs)

Thank you for having a little consideration, Fred.

FRED:

Don't mention it, Freddie.

VOICE:

I am not a Communist

FRED:

But of course not.

FREDDIE:

There's still one thing that is not one hundred percent clear to me.

FRED:

Christmas on Earth, my friend.

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FREDDIE:

That sounds okay, but—One little thing is not clear to me. Some people are still depressed about things. Why does that happen? Do I know? Do you know? Nobody knows. Does Fred know? Fred? Fred? What happened to my friend, Fred?

(Lollypop into his mouth)

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god— I can well see how having a pet dog could make life —feel

(Howls and collapses, Fred crawls into room)

Hey, was that dog talk? What's your opinion, Fred? Hey, what happened to my friend, Fred? Hey, Fred! Here I am. This is fantastic. I found myself a comfortable chair, Fred!

FRED:

I know you feel bad, Freddie—

FREDDIE:

No, I'm comfortable.

FRED:

Well, that's start maybe. But it make you feel better if I give you my special injection

FREDDIE:

Wait a minute? Are you some kind of communist, Fred—?

FRED:

How do you make that connection? Injection? Communist? There are no more red Communists, Freddie.

FREDDIE:

Wait a minute, that could be a red communist truth serum.

VOICE: (red flag runs through)

I am not a communist.

FRED:

What did you just see, Freddie?

FREDDIE:

Nothing special.

(All run off and return)

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VOICE:

There will be no paradise here on earth, my friend. Please, stop dreaming of paradise, here on earth.

FRED: (Injecting himself in the neck and collapsing)

Nothing's a hundred per cent, Freddie. But when one is desperate, one makes oneself available—

FREDDIE:

Looks like things are going ok for some people around here.

FRED:

I'm glad you feel that way, Freddie.

FREDDIE:

Yeah, my life feels empty, god damn it— why is that happening to me of all people?

FRED:

Okay, we'll sit down together. We figure it out in collaboration.

FREDDIE:

I can't sit down, guess why?

FRED:

Tell me why.

FREDDIE:

Because I'm too agitated, you numbskull.

VOICE: (as Indians run in with bows and arrows and Freddie fights with one)

Here comes everybody. Here comes everybody.

(Others run off and Fred is lighting a pipe)

There will be no paradise here on earth, my friend. Please, stop dreaming of paradise, here on earth.

FRED: (tosses away his match)

Problems with my devil-may-care attitude, Freddie?

FREDDIE:

You let something dangerous fall on the floor, Fred

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FRED:

Ah— That's a dangerous match, Freddie

VOICE:

Careful, don't move.

FREDDIE:

Oh, I wouldn't dream of moving.

FRED:

Nearing the end of my journey... an ordinary kitchen match, very convenient for people who start fires

FREDDIE:

Houses, trees, whole cities on fire—

FRED:

Oh, let's not set poor, little cities on fire, please

FREDDIE:

I know nothing of such things.

FRED:

Ok, my friend,  
you can make up your mind  
to produce changes in your life  
that promise—no more than a delicate maneuver can deliver  
— I'm talking about speed, surface mail, my friend.

FREDDIE:

Ok.

FRED:

Ok!

FREDDIE:

I can submit myself— to multi-dimensional analysis  
that doesn't analyze the already obsolescent data data data of hard fact  
but rather  
really gets into the you-know-what esoterica

FRED:

Oww.

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FREDDIE:  
of feelings as plain as  
the nose on somebody else's face..

FRED:  
Face it. I'm alarmed by that face

FREDDIE:  
Face it, man, I'm kinda charmed by that face,  
so what's the real dope of this?

FRED:  
You have to ask, smart ass?

FREDDIE:  
Oh please, wipe me out?

FRED:  
Not this time, my friend,  
Because whenever the imagination's my subject  
I better pull out my anti-bullet revolver

FREDDIE:  
Oh no!

FRED:  
Bang- bang.

FREDDIE:  
Dead.

FRED:  
To shoot better than mathematics  
— because the number of bullets turns into a guess what—  
being hurt bad by spiritual depth, my friend

FREDDIE:  
Did I just hear about —?

FRED:  
Bang.

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FREDDIE:  
Bang.

FRED:  
Bang.

FREDDIE:  
Death, my friend?

FRED:  
That's never spiritual, my friend. Because all that plumbs...

FREDDIE:  
Yum yum.

FRED:  
You like it?

FREDDIE:  
I like it.

FRED:  
He likes it.

FREDDIE:  
Oww.  
(others run in and write on blackboards)

VOICE:  
When the messiah comes... bite hard, my friend. Bite very hard, when the messiah comes, bite very hard, bite very hard.

FRED:  
Tomorrow's missed opportunities.

BOTH:  
Hey... hello there.

FRED:  
why do I feel like a house on fire?

FREDDIE:  
My head spins, of course.

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FRED:

Listen, my friend—  
putting out blazes is one hellofa way to extend your sphere of influence—

FREDDIE:

— but I don't wanna see that happen  
because you, me, and a couple of close friends expecting  
to participate party-time  
while we are  
still in mint condition—

FRED:

Oh yeah

FREDDIE:

Oh yeah

FRED:

Oh yeah

FREDDIE:

Oh yeah

FREDDIE:

Wait a minute, boys and girls in your own special category.

FRED:

Oh, let's not set poor little cities on fire, please.

FREDDIE:

That was never my intention.

FRED:

Ok. As an emergency measure— Let's all step down hard wherever a certain somebody could be lighting a little fire

FREDDIE:

If it hasn't happened yet, my friend— then it's just a bad guess where to do such stepping

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FRED:

OK. Life is full of bad guesses. Fire!  
(all stamp)

Bad guess #1.  
(Stamp)

Uh-oh—Bad guess #2.  
(stamp)

#3, #3, #3. —  
(all step-dance)

VOICE:

Red Communism is dead, my friend.

FREDDIE:

I wish I still had a box of matches  
(all run off, then return)

VOICE:

I have nothing to lose.

FREDDIE:

I wish I had a little box of matches I could call my own, because then I  
could set lots of things on fire.  
Christmas on earth—Christmas, Christmas!

FRED:

Stop talking like Christmas, please! I have no Christmas in my life, my  
friend—because my whole god damn life feels empty, please—and  
together we get to the bottom of these things, my friend, is that a  
promise?  
Courage my friend— Together we will dare to name these secret things.  
And I, me, big Fred, I will dare to name the name of dirty, rotten, red,  
red red Communists—flashing back and forth—back and forth.

FREDDIE: (Overlapping)  
Yes, yes!

FRED: (overlapping)  
—inside my head with red flame-like things making the whole world like  
something on fire! Something big on fire!

FREDDIE: (overlapping)  
Oh, oh, oh— dirty rotten Communist dogs, dogs, dogs!— all we can do,

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my friend, is to start dancing our legs off like crazy inside those flames that are burning such wild ideas around in my brain!

FRED: (dancing)

— so look at me—look at me start dancing my legs off like crazy from those flames that are burning wild ideas into my brain—

FRED: (dancing)

Those dogs of death are dogs of confusion—!

FREDDIE:

These are dangerous people, Fred—with dangerous egalitarian ideas, certainly  
—but aren't they supposed to be dead? All of them —dead by now?

FRED:

Hey—! Maybe not!

FREDDIE:

You mean— some of those wild, crazy Communists are still hiding around here someplace.

FRED:

Nooks and crannies, Freddie. Like—under the bed, for Christ sake

FREDDIE:

Oh, I hope not—

FRED:

They are not hiding under the table because, guess what? We never had a table—so where the fuck are they possibly hiding?

FREDDIE:

A whole new world is falling upon us, my friend – It is possible those communists have disguised themselves. It is possible they are now hiding inside things like space people.

My God— look at this—

(Space man)

—you don't know things about space people?

FRED:

Yes! But the fucking problem with space people is, maybe space people

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don't exist in reality—

FREDDIE:

Well ok , then we can forget about things catching on fire

FRED:

No, no, no— when there's no more possibility of things— you know, catching on fire— Do I go dead inside? Oh my god.

(Demons cross stage)

FREDDIE:

Don't you get it? —some of those fucking communists have disguised themselves with virile and handsome mustaches. Eyes on fire, bombing to hell things that are comfortable in my life, such as you know, where I live, my own house for Christ sake—

(Fed returns wearing a lampshade)

Hello.

FRED:

How come you never invited me to your house, Freddie?

FREDDIE:

That's not the point

FRED:

— your crummy house which is completely in bad taste I am positive!

FREDDIE:

My taste in impeccable.

(Tangos with the crowd\_

VOICE:

Red Communism is dead my friend. Here comes everybody, everybody. Here comes everybody!

FRED: (wrapped in a blanket)

You never-never ever share things like that with me, Freddie!

FREDDIE:

It is possible to share things without calling yourself a communists, and why are you wrapped in that moth-eaten blanket?

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FRED:  
Because I'm cold and lonely!

FREDDIE:  
Cold and lonely?

FRED:  
I will never dance with that big body of yours!

FREDDIE:  
I too— am cold and lonely— So how do I warm myself in this cold and lonely world?

VOICE:  
Bite hard, my friend. Bite into that very hard, my friend.

FRED:  
I admit this, just like you, Freddie— I am just dead inside.

FREDDIE:  
We're talking about you, not me.

FRED:  
You too are running on empty, my friend

(Some run to ropes)

FREDDIE:  
Ooh, I see ladies exercising for a future that includes, I suppose, delectable goodies – so where's all the good stuff?

FRED:  
Look into the past, my friend.

FREDDIE:  
I can't help it. I'm running on empty.

FRED:  
Oh, I believe you. But let's make one last big try—  
(Covered with red flag)

Oh shit.  
(All run off, all return to tableau)

Oh Shit.

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FREDDIE:

Who's doing okay here? Me. I'm still willing to give a hundred per-cent—right?

FRED:

Something is missing, my friend

FREDDIE:

What's missing? Right. I get the picture.

FRED:

Do you have bad dreams like I have dreams?

FREDDIE:

Everybody dreams when the lights go out.  
(lights out and return, Fred turning a crank)

FRED:

Oh my god. Christmas on Earth, my friend!

FREDDIE:

Are you trying to share your dreams with me?  
That's not possible, I'm afraid

FRED: (as his crank is taken)

Eh, you strip me of my toys.

FREDDIE:

I don't know what you're talking about

FRED:

You want the shirt off my back, my friend? Listen everybody.

FREDDIE:

Cut it out.

FRED:

Hey, he wants the shirt off my back!

FREDDIE:

I do not.

NOW THAT COMMUNISM IS DEAD MY LIFE FEELS EMPTY

FRED:

Oh, of course you want the shirt off my back! And deep down inside—  
Guess what?—I want the shirt off your back on top of that—

FREDDIE:

I have drawers and drawers and drawers stuffed with clean shirts that fit  
me perfectly

FRED:

Oh sure and what else—beautiful back yard gardens with the delicious  
fruits of your desiring? Which are in fact —half eaten fruits my friend?

FREDDIE:

That's disgusting to me

FRED: (as fruits arrive)

Someone must always take a first bite, my friend

FREDDIE:

I no longer choose to participate in such whirligig whatchamacallit stuff.

FRED: (holds fruit)

One of the most potent ideas I ever had, years and years ago, was the  
idea that in the center of each individual, delicious fruit, was a pit, and  
that pit was, Guess what? a radio receiver in the center of the fruit. And  
the whole fruit—helps—the radio in the center of the fruit, with mes-  
sages, reaching out to an entire world hungry for that delicious fruit.

FREDDIE:

That could be potent poison fruit. Remember that cute little fairy tale or  
something?

FRED:

No, I have no memory of such things.

FREDDIE:

Okay, which one of us takes a first, tentative bite—

VOICE:

Red Communism is dead, my friend.

FRED:

Here's an idea... you still hungry?

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FREDDIE:  
I'm always hungry.

FRED:  
We have to share, my friend.

FREDDIE:  
Share? Then there isn't enough for both of us?

FRED:  
Gotcha! Legions are in the streets, Freddie.

FREDDIE:  
What does that mean?

FRED:  
We have to share, my friend.

FREDDIE:  
Hey, where'd everybody go?

FRED:  
Out into the streets, of course.

FREDDIE:  
Okay—so let's brave the streets outside like old fashioned heroes! Come on!

FRED:  
You?

FREDDIE:  
Me.

FRED:  
And the people I care about most, I suppose.

FREDDIE:  
Hey, we oughta be able to find some nice restaurant along the way.

FRED:  
Careful, my friend, we don't know our way around this city like those big

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cocks of peace flying in god knows what direction.

FREDDIE:

We could follow our noses to kingdom come, my friend

FRED:

Legions are in the streets Freddie

FREDDIE:

I don't believe that

FRED:

Look out the window

FREDDIE:

There is no window

FRED:

Turn on the radio—

FREDDIE: (smashes into dog ikon)

That's no radio, that's a big dog

FRED: (flags fill stage)

You hear that Freddie—legions are filling the streets

FREDDIE:

This does not worry me—

VOICE:

Legions, legions are in the streets, my friend.

FRED:

You are turning things upside down, my friend—

FREDDIE:

This does not worry me, because I am one of those people who, no matter what happens—I just GLIDE through my whole, long life somehow, see what I mean?—

FRED:

Garbage, this is garbage.

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FREDDIE:  
Garbage indeed

FRED:  
Garbage for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, right?

FREDDIE:  
You are what you eat, man.

FRED:  
Okay, I admit it. sometimes I dance. And just like everybody else, I dance  
dance dance.

FREDDIE:  
Shit in your pants, Fred?

FRED:  
You want shit in my pants, Freddie? I'll show you shit in my pants!

VOICE: (all dance)  
Red Communism is dead, my friend.

FRED:  
I'll show the whole world shit in my pants.

VOICE:  
Red Communism is dead, my friend.

FREDDIE:  
Cut the music, cut the music! Nobody around here dances unless I'm  
the center of attention.

FRED:  
But Freddie, you are always the center of attention.

(all run off, and return)

FREDDIE:  
Are you people putting me on?  
I must admit. I like being the center of attention. And thank god I am.

VOICE:  
Careful, don't move.

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FREDDIE: (left alone)

Oh no no no! Never say that I experience no anguish.

Oh no— Because all men of distinction, if I may say so, experience anguish—

but mine is different, because unjustifiable!

— like a pure alcohol! That's right, distilled

to make possible clear and lucid analysis

—the result of which—

(Screams and falls down as one rushes in and aims a spear at him)

Here I am, hovering in the middle of my anguish

— my eyes looking up into a threatening hole

in the middle of the sky

that moves whenever that same hole in the middle of my eye moves

—so when I disappear, and I do—God dam it— nothing changes!

(Holds his chest)

But oh my God— what is this thing fluttering inside my chest?

FRED: (enters)

The same thing is fluttering inside my chest, God dam it!

FREDDIE;

Okay, okay, can I calm myself if I put my hand on my chest and press down really hard— ?

FRED:

You are pressing down on the human heart, Freddie—

FREDDIE:

Whoever does this to me is not really my friend, my friend!

VOICE:

God is dead, my friend.

(Drag in Gorilla, Fred cuts off it's head)

Here comes everybody. Everybody.

FRED:

Well, almost everybody, I suppose.

But in the meantime...

FREDDIE:

Meantime?

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FRED:

Oh come on, Freddie.  
(Collapses)

FREDDIE:

Well, I don't know, but, that sounds like forever to me.  
(Collapses. Dogs crawl over both of them and start rubbing against them)

FRED:

Forever, Freddie?

FREDDIE:

Why the hell not?

FRED:

Oh, I am your friend, my friend, because sometimes I steal even the bread from your mouth

FREDDIE:

Yes!

FRED:

And the air from your lungs—

FREDDIE:

Yes, yes, yes!

VOICE:

Oh, —wagging his tail now, licking his friendly tongue now— Man's best friend in the hour of this great need—  
(Big hand down from the heavens)

FREDDIE:

What the fuck?  
I am a relatively sane person,

FRED:

Oh right.

FREDDIE:

And a relatively good person, I suppose. But my whole life long— what the fuck has it done for me, God dam it?

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FREDDIE: (red flag runs through, and box in on table)  
I can't help it, but I just have to ask, what's in that god damn box?

FRED:  
Look. Once upon a time, long ago, there was a specific name for this wonderful thing which eludes, always, mere human understanding.

FREDDIE:  
Right, but it was a bad name! Because there is no accurate name for this unknowable thing.  
(All run off, and return, and start erasing blackboards)

VOICE:  
I wonder what I'm going to say next.

FREDDIE:

Okay—

FRED:  
Not okay!

FREDDIE:  
Do we say its a good thing, that there is no name for this invisible thing?

FRED:  
No. this has its unfortunate aspects also my friend.

FREDDIE:  
Bastard!

FRED:  
Son of a bitch! Because what has no name vanishes. Not meaning, exactly, that it is invisible. Is it visible, in fact?

FREDDIE:  
Okay, am I one hundred percent visible, in fact?

FRED:  
I am of two minds on this question.

NOW THAT COMMUNISM IS DEAD MY LIFE FEELS EMPTY

FREDDIE:

Shut up! —That's because I am, guess what?

(Runs around room as angel descends)

More than you can possibly imagine you son of a bitch. Me, me and my own personal angel. Me, me, an angel.

FRED:

Evidently, a specter is haunting us, my friend.

FREDDIE:

Oh no, a true angel coming to save the whole world by escaping from this genuine bucket of shit.

FRED:

Wait a minute, escaping from this world does not save this world.

FREDDIE:

For Christ's sake, if I escape something, then it changes. Now, open that goddamn box.

FRED:

Careful, my friend, if I open this box, something dangerous gets out.

FREDDIE:

That's okay, because here we got a lot of pictures of cute little dogs.

FRED: (hand in the box)

Wait a minute, what happened to my dog?

FREDDIE:

There was never a real dog in that box, but I better have a look for myself.

(Puts in his arms, stcrams)

VOICE:

All dogs are dead , my friend, all dogs are now dead—

FRED: (angry)

Oh sure, I need my face licked occasionally, God dam it!

(tableau, red flags + magic, dog gods?)

NOW THAT COMMUNISM IS DEAD MY LIFE FEELS EMPTY

VOICE:

Bite harder, my friend, because—  
I am no longer man's best friend, but the opposite, my friend.  
—someone mysterious, with a superior mind  
who whispers easy things to do—  
just for the mysterious pleasure of new adventures.

FRED:

Get away from me. I know the end of this story!

FREDDIE: (pulling him back)

I don't want to hear the end of this story!

FRED:

Get away from me, get away from me—  
(Runs off)

FREDDIE: (running after him)

I 'm trying to save you from YOURSELF, God dam it!

FRED: (Crashes back into the room and falls to floor)

Where am I?

VOICE:

When the Messiah comes, bite hard, my friend.

(all run off, return to look at big eye. The a crash and Fred falls  
again to floor)

When the Messiah comes— Bite very hard when the Messiah comes, Bite  
very hard!. Bite very hard!

FRED:

I know the end of this story.

FREDDIE:

I know the end of this story.

FRED: (onto trapezes)

Guess what, Freddie? I really know the end of this story.

A hole, opens in the sky over the city. And men, like us— oh yes! we  
climb a specific mountain— in order to look into this hole—which is like  
the hole of blindness— In the center of the eye...

which moves —whenever the eye moves. And these big, strong men, bet-  
ter than blind—

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FREDDIE:

I know the end to this story.

(Pause)

FRED:

No, I know the end of this story.

(falls to floor)

These men, shuffling in their beautiful new shoes—

FREDDIE:

Shoes that never really belong to them, god dam it—

FRED:

These men, on there knees, balancing on a high rock, falling at last, up into a hole of which they know nothing.

FRED:

And having disappeared—

FREDDIE:

Right

FREDDIE:

Strangely enough. Not a goddamn thing was different.

(Enter table with large hidden object under a cloth)

Am I right?

FRED:

Right. As always, my friend.

(They run off)

VOICE:

Meanwhile. Meanwhile. Back in the city of terrible surprises, clocks were climbing the stairs to a room like this room.

(Clocks in, Fred enters slowly to look at object)

Till someone with a superior mind, well prepared for all such surprises, understood that all expectations were fulfilled. Though terrible things were happening, of course, because the superior mind, well understood that all such things were quite wonderful, really, though invisible, of course, to all such people trying their best to understand such very important things...

(Takes off cloth—babies inside a large glass bubble. Freddie starts

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hitting the bubble with a sledgehammer)  
Here comes everybody. Everybody. Here comes everybody.

(Blackout)  
It's over. The play is now over. It's over, it's over.

THE END

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