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Mound

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On earth

The Bodies

The Dirteater
Two Uniformed Men
Two Uniformed Women
Woman In The Torn Summer Dress

Cy
El
Ray *a family of men.*
Sammy
Slo

Grass covered stage.

Two holes.

One hole c.s.r., the Other Hole d.s.l.

Next to (s.r.) the Other Hole a mound of dirt.

A stick with a blank white strip of paper on it stuck in the top.

Unlit darkness.

At the foot of the mound a naked man, small and slight, sitting cross-legged. Earth dirty.

He's eating the dirt. Handful by handful, with intense, slobbering concentration.

O.s.r. a television, tuned to broadcast TV, is turned on. The TV light flickers onto the stage, the sound very audible. The TV is the sole light source. Plays.

Enter s.l. Two Men in green uniforms. They have facemasks on.

The Dirteater sees their approach, gets up and attempts to flee.

The Men catch him, hold him down, take the dirt out of his mouth with their hands.

They beat him, punches and kicks. He bellows.

He falls silent as the beating continues.

They finish.

One Man wears a mask over a mask. He takes the top one off and puts it on the Dirteater's face.

The Men pick him up by hands and feet, and take him back to the mound, throw him down on it.

On the way they dangle him playfully over the c.s. hole.

The Two Men exit, s.l.

The Dirteater sits at the foot of the mound, and begins to try to eat the dirt, prevented by his dirteater's mask. He keeps trying.

The TV plays on.

A while.

The TV cuts out.

Darkness & silence and the Dirteater.

O.s.r. low light clicks on.

Enter s.r. Two Women in green dress uniforms.

Part of each uniform is a hat with a bare lightbulb attached above it.

These head-bulbs are now the sole light source.

They carry-drag on the body of a Woman.

*The body not young, not elderly. Smearred.
A dirtied, Torn Summer Dress pushed up showing its exposed sex.
Barefoot. Mouth open. Head dangling, long hair dragging on the ground.
They carry it slowly and sloppily by an arm and a leg, and shove-throw it
down into the c.s. hole. The Women exit, s.r.*

Darkness & silence and the Dirteater.

*Stadium lights thrown on with a lever sound of authority, mechanical
enormity.*

*Enter s.l. 5 men in suits & ties & fedoras, with shovels.
They range in age from early twenties to about seventy.
They stand around, looking uneasily in the direction the women went off
in, looking at the graves, looking at the Dirteater, looking at each other.
They begin.
Each taking a shovelful of dirt, walking it from the d.l. mound to the c.s.
hole, and dumping it in.
Turning around and repeating.*

*The Dirteater gets up and, all throughout, wanders the grass, a filthy
naked grazing insect animal, both upright and on all fours, tearing up
clumps, trying to eat.*

Digging.

I'm going in the car. SAMMY

No, you've got to stay and help. EL

I'm not. There's enough of you here. SAMMY

She needs your effort too. EL

SAMMY

Since when?

EL

Since now. Since always. Since forever. You just never wanted.

SAMMY

This? Now? What she wants from me? I'd a given her this long before. You? That hole is the only thing not buried here. And 'less you want need dig the wrong way I'm going in the car.

SAMMY impales his shovel in the ground, leaving it standing, and exits, s.l.

Digging.

RAY

Better off those guys don't do this. Standing around watching people die over the dead. What kind of a. Stand around the place and watch til it's over, and then just walk on in and start dumping the thing full. Like it wasn't what it was, like it was something with nothing in it, with just dirt, like it was dirt on dirt, in their green stupid suits. At least they could hide their faces someplace. You know. Stand off someplace, not be seeable.

EL

Maybe they could wear hoods. Black hoods.

RAY

That would just be stupid. Medieval. What the fuck. You should go off with them.

EL

Or with him, huh. Huh?

RAY

Yeah too. Him. With him. In the car. That's where they should wait. In their car. Their dumb green truck. Til it's all done. Til everyone's not here anymore. Then they should come out.

EL

In their black hoods.

RAY

Shut up.

EL

I'm just filling in your sentence. Just filling it in, see.

RAY

Just keep filling this in. Shovel some in your mouth.

EL

They're just doing a job. They're gettin' paid. They're gettin' benefits. What're you getting? All of a sudden. All of a sudden the hard worker. The protector. The righter of all what's wrong. What's this? It's ugly, man. You see it? It's ugly. You've been waiting for this. That's what it seems like. You've been waiting for this, and now you've got what you've wanted.

RAY

What I wanted.

EL

What you wanted. This gig. Right here. The benefits. This.

RAY

Just keep shoveling.

EL

That's what I'm doing. But what are you doing? Ray? What are you doing? You're doing something different than all the rest us here. You're *doing* something, man. You're *doing* something. What the hell are you doing?

RAY

I'm doing. I'm *doing*. *I'm doing*. That's what. That's WHAT. I'm doing.

CY

Ray him always want do shovel. Ray him always want know ground. Ray him can't wait make dirt face. Ray him hand just itch for now.

RAY

Et tu shit fay. Den's zaaall Rayus.

EL

All you all the time Ray. As always as so.

RAY

Yeah you know. You know always. You always know what's the real thing on.

EL

Here I do. Because everyone sees Ray. It's not like you. So everyone can see.

RAY

And what should I do El? What should I do? Should I stop? Should I go in the car and smoke too? Should I? Should I go get banged up and listen to you guys cut down this hill? Should I El? I'm wanting this. This is exactly what I'm wanting. I didn't know. I didn't know. I swear. But this is what I want. What I'm doing. Here with all you. Should I not? Should I not? Should I El?

EL

What hole you stopping Ray? I think that's the simple question you beg by showing up and muscling in with us now. That's all. No need to answer. It's a question that is posed is all. You being here. Blistering yourself like never before. So it's a natural question. In this natural circumstance. A natural turn of thought. Nothing unnatural. You can see that Ray.

CY

Personally I think this is all unnatural.

EL

Do you Cy?

CY

I do. I think it's all a major turn for the worse in relation to what's natural. And I think the fact, the very fact, that Ray feels compelled to be here — You, Ray, who's never even swept a floor in your entire adult life, not that you've had any other kind — I think that he feels compelled to be here and do this signifies there's nothing very natural about any of this. Any of this at all.

SLO

One man's cunt is another man's mother.

EL

Which was she to you Slo?

SLO

That's a kind of chicken and egg trick question isn't it El.

EL

Could be Slo, could be. If you've got threetoed yellow feet. And although I've not seen you barefoot, I suspect you still could answer. So which was she?

SLO

Forget I said it. Shouldn't of opened my mouth.

EL

Maybe she shouldn't have opened her cunt. Would've saved us both the hassle.

SLO

Or maybe I should just shut yours.

EL

That's right. 'Cause mine talks back. You don't like cunts that do that do you Slo.

Digging.
SAMMY enters, s.l.

SAMMY

She's in the car.

RAY

What?

SAMMY

She's in the car.

EL

She's in the box Sammy.

SAMMY

She's in the car.

EL

We put her in the box and then we put the box in the ground.

SAMMY

She's in the car. Sitting behind the driver's seat.

CY

I knew something like this was going to happen.

EL

You knew Cy? You KNEW?

CY

I knew it E. I knew it.

EL

Sammy. Just help us out here. You shouldn't have gone off alone.

SAMMY

No. I should have. Or we wouldn't have known. But she's not in there. She's in the car. And she wants us all to quit and go home. Since she's not even in the hole.

EL

She's in the hole. She's in the box. Not the car. The box. *This* box.

SAMMY

None of you want to come? You're all gonna stay here and do useless work. Meaningless. It's all meaningless work now, you get that? When no one's down there it's pointless. Right?

EL

Sammy. Just have a seat here, right on the dirt here. Smoke. Stay. Relax man.

SAMMY

The box is *empty*. She's in the car. And when the box is empty, so's the hole. And so's the dirt. Empty dirt. Just dirt now. See? Just a hole. *A hole*. But you're all gonna stay and continue, like nothing has changed. I can see that. Like nothing's happened. Alright. Alright. But she wants to go for a drive. Since we're out here, already. And, apparently, since I'm the only one available to go to the car at the present time, I'm gonna be the one who does the driving. So you guys have fun here with your tools. I'm taking her for a drive, probably to the water, and then I'll be taking her home. We'll see you there.

Turns, begins to exit. Turns around.

And oh yeah. She says get rid of the dairy. The shiva will have to be postponed, indefinitely.

Turns, begins to exit. Turns around.

And she wants meat tonight. You hear? Meat.

Turns, begins to exit. Turns around.

And Kolinsky's doesn't expect the shovels until Monday.

Exits s.l.

CY

And I bought this suit with vacation money.

EL

SHE'S IN THE BOX CY.

CY

Then where the fuck is Sammy going?

EL

Wherever he's going he's going alone. Alright? Alone.

Digging.

SLO

I've always liked dirt. Yes I've always liked the dirt. Smelling it. Wet. Squeezing it up. Rubbing down with it. Cool. The smell the most though. If you could smell ache that would be what it smells like. Dirt aches, when you smell it. A good endless ache. If it's good dirt, like out here, like this stuff from down there. Not what's in cities. Even city parks. Not the same. Not at all. There's no ache in city ground. There's no deepness to it, it don't really come up from anywhere, just sits on things and hangs on for dear life. Not like out here. This stuff has no underside, no bottom. Goes on and on and on forever. That's the ache in it. Because it doesn't end, and look. We do. Anything that's just hanging on. I don't want much part of. Did you ever put your dick in the ground? Stick it in dirt? You've got to let out a sigh, a big deep sigh once you get it in there. Something happens. It's a relief. If you're cold it's warm if you're hot it's cool. Maybe like sucking a tit when you're a baby. Just hit's that spot, a spot that can't be reached any other way. Motherfucking earth is right. Greater cunt not be found. Best. All of it. All of this.

EL

What all of this I don't get Slo is why the fuck you are here. Which is I think why no one responds to you. Why are you here? Your phony accents. What are you doing here?

SLO

Why shouldn't I be here El? You own the bitch now too?

EL

I own the bitch? That's what I mean Slo. Own the bitch. You don't give a fuck and you never did.

SLO

She did though. That ever crossed that inch wide stream of yours? She gave a fuck. And I knew it. And she knew I knew it. And I'm here.

EL

Yeah you're here.

RAY

I shouldn't be here and now Slo? You want be here all alone, El? That it? Only you got the ticket here today? Somehow you're the only one's been invited? She dies and you're the only one knows? You and her, that's all that's in the end, a? You little prick. You and her, just like you always wanted.

EL

You're sweating, Ray.

RAY

It's what are *you* doing here El. That's what it is. It's what are *you*.

EL

"It's what are yeeeeewww."

SLO

The way you thought you were the light of her life, El. She thought it was just sad. Just sad, if you want to know. You were shining down on a empty room, El. Those were her words, not mine. 'That bright light of his is illuminating a tiny room, and no one's in it.' Her words to me, El. While we banged.

CY

No one says illuminated while they bang. God.

SLO

No you're right, Cy. I'm paraphrasing.

RAY

No. She was the type to say illuminating while she was fucking. She was.

CY

She said it with you Ray?

RAY

Not exactly.

CY

Not exactly?

RAY

No. She did once say 'magnificent glow' when we fucked, once. 'I feel a magnificent glow emanating from us,' is what she said.

SLO

Emanating?

CY

Emanating? Well if she said emanating then illuminating wouldn't be surprising at all.

SLO

Except that I was paraphrasing and never heard her say it.

EL

I don't imagine you listen better fucking than you do any other time, Slo. Which is to say not at all. Except maybe when you've got your dick in the mud. I'm sure it's to the music of the spheres you're listening in on then.

SLO

That tiny, tiny room. That's what always made your light seem so bright.

EL

At least when I fucked her I listened, Slo. I fucked her and I LISTENED.

SLO

We did too. We all did. And we heard you cry, El. Like a baby.

Digging.

EL

Last time this happened you weren't even here Slo. Huh?

CY

Last time El?

EL

Last time Cy. When she was s'posedly going. The great listener here never showed at all. Remember?

CY

That seems like a long time ago, El. So long it's not even the same people. In that sense none of us here were even here, then. So I'm not sure what it matters.

EL

No Cy you wouldn't be. You never will be either. But Slo knows. Knows what it matters and what it doesn't.

CY

And why won't I ever?

RAY

El's shitmouth's waggin' Cy. Don't mind it.

EL

You shut the fuck up Ray. You know shitmouth right well. Your whole body's one big smile since you got here. Sickening to watch and know. Like you got her bones replaced

EL (*cont*)

your foul teeth already. Smiling dead her. Just keep moving the ground. Be here because why you are, and don't add anything uglier than that g force face of yours.

RAY

I've got the blisters to prove.

EL

You do. I know. You do. Your money. See your reflection in that shovel's face.

RAY

You're not making me ashamed.

EL

No. Mud's just dirt been cried on. I ain't changin' nothin'.

CY

Why won't I ever El? Why don't you tell me?

EL

Cy. What is it you want to know? Why it matters that Slo here wasn't here the last time she decided—or didn't decide, maybe— she just was going? Well it couldn't really matter to you since, really, you were too young. That's why you think we all were a different bunch then. And for you, you know, you're probably right. It may have well been a different bunch. You weren't fucking her then, yet. Cunt wasn't part of what you knew, yet, then. You are last, Cy. And so a great part of the world will always be hearsay to you. Theory. A great part of the world won't even change for you when all of us are boxed. We are all kinda boxed up already for you. But Slo should have been there. She is his wife, to us. To you too. All of us. But he cut down all attempts made to him. He made silence of all our calls. He risked not a word. He cunted us right in our face. Like he's done today, by showing up.

CY

What makes you think I can't understand that?

EL

What makes you think understanding it means you KNOW?

CY

E. Experience happens in the mind, too. Two thoughts crossing each other out can change a man too. Doesn't always have to happen from the world outside, El. The world outside's got its glove in your head all the time anyways. We're here coverin' her up with it to end it. The world outside never goes away, E.

EL

What's that then if it never goes away? Huh? What's that?

CY

I think Sammy's riding her to the water El. I still think she's in the back seat with Sammy. I think we should go home and we'll find the both them there. I do.

EL

THEN WHY ARE YOU SHOVELING?

CY

's got to be done regardless.

Digging.

SLO

El's one story house. Just like the one we're here building. One story. Can't tell any other to him. One for all.

EL

You'll make my mind the culprit here Slo?

SLO

For what?

EL

For you?

SLO

For my what?

EL

For your ... *being*.

SLO

Being?

EL

Yes. For your being at all.

SLO

My *being* made your being here at all possible.

EL

And you think that entitles you to something? That itself?

SLO

Well what should it deny me of?

EL

THIS.

Digging.

SLO

You know, the first time around, with her going, even though El believes otherwise, I was present. Not here, at the grounds. But I wasn't so far away as he says. I had the chance to recline, in her box, before they brought it here. The first time. It was lined with white satin, and it was very padded, very soft. It was narrow on my shoulders, but would have been fine for her. Had a smell of glue and driftwood, a kind of soursalty burned smell. Douglas wouldn't close the lid on me. Said it was professional ethics. Which were already being distressed by my reclining in someone else's box. I wish I could have fucked her in it. She would have liked that. I would have. I lied in there and watched the sun set between the lid and the body, through that crack, very orange, coming through the mortuary house window. Very calming. Til Douglas wanted to close. And then I left. But I was here, see. Just not *here*.

EL

Here here.

CY

Where were you Slo?

SLO

Cy?

CY

Where were you then, when you weren't here?

EL

Who owns the bitch now, Slo? Who's own? Whose a crying fucker?

SLO

After I left the mortuary I went to walking. It got dark and I felt it. You know. I felt what was going on. She was dead.

EL

You're a good man.

SLO

I decided to go to the Sand Bar, for a couple. I had one, and was working on another. And then this whore came in soaking wet, half her hair burned off. She looked like she died in a shipwreck. A sea corpse. Eyemakeup blackening both eyes. Hair burned and coming out in wet fists. Hands blistered and singed. Seaweed still wrapped on her legs. High heels leaking. And smelling like burnt feathers in a pan of rotten fish. Said she was giving a customer lipservice down on the boardwalk and he torched her hair with a lighter. She had to jump to douse the flames. Her money was soaked so I bought her a couple.

EL

What a fine man, is he?

SLO

She couldn't have been yet twenty. Right beautiful. Big wide bloodshot yellowgreen eyes. Tiny breasts. Legs up to her tits. Very frightened from her first experience of homicidal sexuality. I pointed out to her, while she began working on me, that the penises of the presidents were hidden on our money. That nothing below the belt was ever shown. That what was below the belt was actually the bill itself. That this was the crutch of our then still hobbled economy. Not that it mattered to her. But. Mmm. She was masterful with her tongue. She couldn't use her hands.

RAY

Slo.

EL

Keep digging Rayus.

SLO

After she finished off me, Willie, Neil and Two-Hit we went to look for this bastard. We walked the whole boardwalk until morning, with her head soaked in honey and sperm and wrapped with a bar towel. We cut an arm off the aloe plant on the windowsill by the entryway there — it's still there, you know, that amputated spot — and she rubbed that to her hands as we walked. By the time morning came we had to leave what for the flies and bees chasing her. Never finding the arsonist. So I accompanied her back to her room and stayed with her for another day. Taking care of her was more important than showing up here for a dead woman.

EL

Yes yes.

SLO

And by then the thing here would have been done so I left and eventually went home. And it turned out our cunt here decided it wasn't even her time yet. She left me a message I got it when I got home. 'You think your life's more important than my death?'

SLO (*cont*)

You fucker. You die next.’ So that’s where I was Cy. Receiving bitter messages from beyond the grave.

EL

And head as well.

SLO

That’s right El.

EL

So how’s that Cy? How’s that now?

CY

Well at least I know now. It’s good. At least he told me.

EL

That’s right Cy. It’s like I said. You’ll never be sure why it matters.

CY

The truth is E you’ll never know what I think.

EL

Think? Think Cy? Thinking *hurts* Cy. *Thinking* causes destruction. And you are afraid to think for that very reason. So don’t suggest your thoughts are beyond me Cy. You use your mind like a kidnapper uses a blindfold. Just so’s you really don’t know who to blame. You’re hoping someone comes and unties it, gets rid of it, and then you’re free. Be ransomed. Unblinded. But that’s not thinking Cy. That’s a autohypnosis. That’s all lungheavy godbabble. That’s. That’s a lot of shit, son. But it’s not thinking manboy. It’s anything but. It’s taletelling for fairies like you. You and your goddamn goodness-inherent-in-the-world mania. You and your undefended heart. You being good just so’s you can win the whole pot, steal it out from under everyone’s nose. You good and greedy what you are. Your greed is your goodness. You and your malicious good.

CY

I’m not stealing nothing E. But maybe I got something you lost.

EL

Well then shovel me right in with our illuminated emanating cuntty corpse here. Shovel me right down to her. Plenty of dirty dirt to go on down. Room for one to five down here. Plenty for me and my tiny room.

RAY *begins crying*.

CY

E get out of there.

EL

And while I'm here why don't I just make sure she's here, yes?

CY

Leave it El. Don't.

EL

Make sure I actually have some company here.

CY

E.

EL

You don't think so do you Cy? You think the box is full of nothing don't you? Let's see.

CY

E stop.

EL

You and your dungchewing emptiness. Well I'm sure that's exactly what's in this box.

CY

Stop!

SLO

No let him. Let him open her up. Letch yr daddy open her up. Let him see he's the only fucker really believes she's not down there. Let him. Letch yr daddy see. And then you can just leave him down there. 'Cause he'll not want be coming up. He'll not be coming up. That's as sure as night.

EL

That's right Slo. The more you know.

RAY

Crying hysterically. Throwing dirt.

You little fucking bastard! You little cocksucking fuck! It's you! You! You deserve to be down there, not her! You! You little prick! You *should* be down there! Good!

Good! Stay down! Breathe dirt! Die!

EL

You throw worse than you shovel, Rayus.

SLO

Go on El. See with your own eyes. You deserve it.

EL

I do. You're right. I do. You've always been so. Good to me. Thank you.

End of EL.

SLO

Well that's that. He doesn't even get a box. Throw his shovel down with him. We'll give Kolinsky's the cash. Say we're keeping one in memorium.

RAY

Whad he say when he screamed Slo?

SLO

Ray I was here just like you. I didn't make it out.

RAY

Cy?

CY

Nothing. I don't think he made a word at all. Nothing. Just noise and then it ended. Did you see?

RAY

Me?

CY

Did you see what was inside? Was she?

RAY

Cy you still think? No. I couldn't see. His head was in the way. And the tears.

CY

I hope Sammy gets back. I hope she's enjoying the water.

Digging.

CY

I don't know Slo. What am I supposed to do. Hate you now forever? Just because you made that mistake, way back then? I'd be angry at you from here on out, and then what? I'd lose the both of you in one day.

SLO

There's El down there now too Cy.

CY

Well. You know. I don't even miss him. In fact I'd rather it be him down there than her or you, if you want to know. I feel good about shovelin' him over. He's always so mad. So angered. All he did was make things unpleasant for all the rest of us. I never saw really what he had to be so mad for. That was two things she'd always talk to me about, when I fucked her. How you really was a good man. Really, Slo. And how El and him being so angered was because he was the saddest and scariest of us all. Because she said when her and El fucked it was like he was trying to run away and destroy the entire world. Like he was trying to pile-drive the planet into dust. Kill everything. She said she'd try to bring him some peace, try to bring him down, make the fucking slow and gentler. Make him remember it was a joyful thing. Look in his eyes. But if she did all that he'd fall out of her. Soften up right away.

SLO

That's when we'd hear him cry.

RAY

I once found him butt-up with a funnel in his ass, trying to get the rain to run in.

SLO

What do you do Ray?

RAY

I did what you'd do Slo. I kept real quiet and pissed in it from a distance. And our boy down there, he smiled.

Digging.

The grave is full. A mound made.

SLO plants the stick with the blank white paper on the top.

All impale their shovels in the ground, put their fedoras on the handle ends.

SLO

Stands on the mound.

Down there now.

SLO (cont)

Down there now, in this good cunt of the ground. A place to be. Finally, a place. The world a body never ever to leave you again. No more the danger of space. You know boys? The bars of the earth close over you. Its arms and legs wrap you 'round. All the way home. You should have known her before she had all of you. Her pussy, lord. Her cunt was the sweetest looking hole I'd ever see my all lifelong. She'd part her black lips to show a bloodred fire like the everlasting furnace of the night. Fantastic. Cunthair like eternal sugar cane. So tough smooth and juicetasty. And she'd wrap tight on you and so heated and wet, those lips would swallow you and that fire draw and spark and run you through wild melt everything in its way, leave your mind a puddle of colors and reflections you never knew if you ever really thought or saw them or not. It was like puttin' your cock in a wet warm fivehundred volt socket with her pretty eyes at the top. My god her pussy. Sweet lord. It was night then it was day and then again. We never knew which. Fucking hell I don't know how we didn't starve. Sweet holy jesus' cunt. Her pussy changed, though, after each of you passed through. A little less well defined. A kind of fifteenth round beauty. But still. You all know. It was an aesthetic wonder. An untongued mouth whose silence made us hard. Our cock tongues. The torn coin of a slave meeting its twin and purchasing freedom. We fed that mouth back the word it could only speak in dreams. Physical word_{ah}. The word only it could have thought. We became the living word, moving in that mouth. And it the mouth, shaping, speaking us. As one flesh we spoke, fucking. All of us. Fucking her finally the thought of the body, and the speech of the body, were one. One. And that's what prayer is, boys. That's what prayer is. You boys. So lucky. Not orphaned like me. So you could know her. Know your home. Fuck her. Taste her. Be with her. Have her. A very right blessed group of boys you are. Very right blest.

CY

Right very.

RAY

Right very.

SLO

Amen.

And so. This is no unhappy occasion. This no hour of devastation, nor of loss. As, fucking her, we became the living word of her body, and she, being fucked, became the living voice of our word, she, now, is become, the living word of this silent ground. And as our bodies found speech in our fucking, now the ground, being fucked, has found its voice, the voice it too could only dream.

RAY begins to doze standing up, a fist around his shovel handle.

And this voice is her body. That cock_{ah}, is her body. The greater cunt has swallowed our lesser, but not lessened_{ah}, cunt. And now, no matter where we are, we'll know. We'll know. We'll know, no matter where we are, in our times of greatest despair, of most profound loneliness, —because they will come; it will arrive— we need not be lonely any more. We'll know. We'll know, in the moments of our darkest need, in our most far-chased and bitter exile, —for we shall need, and we shall find ourselves, in an instant,

SLO (*cont*)

without warning, far, far from home— we'll know, we need not be exiled any longer. No more. No more no more. For the means of our return, our redress, our salvage, are now at hand. No more no more. For the means of our succor and sustenance, our relief and release, our soothing, our everpresent sanctuary, is here. We'll know. We'll know, in those times, wherever we might find ourselves, we can go, we can kneel, we can get down on bended knees, offer our sadness to the open air, press our hands to the earth, stick our cocks in the ground and, once again, come!,

SLO falls to his knees, pulls out his prick and holds it with one hand
be right at home!

SLO penetrates the mound, beckons the others.

RAY is pushed awake, wordlessly instructed.

All pull out their pricks, mount & penetrate the mound.

Humping.

Halleluyah! RAY

Dayenu! CY

Amen. Amen. We have not lost. We have not lost. We've gained. We have gained. A pussy the size of the world. SLO

Fucking mother earth! RAY

Laughter.
Ah. It is good to laugh. It is. SLO

Mound fucking and laughter.

Easier with him gone. CY

Sammy? RAY

CY

No Ray. *Him.*

*They all come, noisily, holding each other's hands, and finish.
They help SLO up.
All wipe off, zip up, rehat, patting SLO in congratulations for his eulogy.*

Dusting off, preparing to leave.

CY

Hey Ray.

RAY

A.

CY

You ever fuck a girl under 10?

RAY

Sure. Two of 'em. Not at once, but yeah. I think one of 'em must have been closer to five. I didn't like it that much, the younger one. It was kinda like tryin' to write your name on a wall with your prick, no hands. Just felt like too much effort and not enough in return.

CY

She cry?

RAY

No. She stared. And made funny shapes with her hands.

CY

American Sign Language.

RAY

You know Cy it probably was. Her mom was deaf and probably was just supplementing her disability check.

CY

Couldn't hear the little hole scream.

RAY

Even if she did.

CY

I once did a four year old. It was like jerking off with two prosthetic hands. I liked it. I remember clearly the impulse to just throw her away after, you know, just toss her like a basketball. I had to force myself to *place* her down. She made a sound like baby birds in a nest.

RAY

Nothing matched our girl here.

CY

No. Nothing. Never will, no doubt.

SLO

Somethin' 'll grow here on her. Somethin' will. Even with a dead pussy she'll keep bearing. Somethin' 'll grow. You'll see. Somethin' 'll live.

*They stand around the mound, watching it.
Long.*

SLO spits massively on the mound.

SLO, RAY and CY silently exit s.l., without looking back, shovels over their shoulders, CY carrying the extra one, trailing slightly behind.

*CY stops and lets the others move on without him.
He turns around and walks back to the mound, looks down at it for a little.
Then he leans down, shovels balanced over a shoulder, scoops up a handful of dirt and eats it, chewing and watching the mound.
Having finished the dirt he reaches to the stick and paper, pulls the paper off the stick, puts it in his mouth and eats this too, chewing and watching the mound.
Having finished the paper he kicks the mound, once, forcefully, and turns and exits, s.l.
The stadium lights are thrown off, with the same lever-sound of mechanical enormity, authority.*

Darkness & silence and the Dirteater.

The TV light is clicked on, s.r. Plays without sound.

*CY enters, s.l.
He walks to mound. Stands on it. He undoes his belt, pulls down his pants and underwear, squats down, and with copious gas, shits a baseball.*

Leaves it where it falls.

From his shirt pocket he takes out a piece of white paper, wipes himself with it, and, with his pants still down around his ankles, attaches this to the stick on the mound.

He pulls up his underwear and pants, tucks in his shirt, redoes his belt.

As he zips his fly he is sucked up into the sky and disappears.

The TV light clicks off.

Darkness & silence and the Dirteater.

O.s.r. low light clicks on.

The Two Uniformed head-bulbed Women enter, s.r.

Their head-bulbs the only light source.

They pantomime carrying a body, dragging it to the mound, tossing it heavily into a grave, make the gesture of washing their hands of it, and turn and exit, s.r.

O.s.r. their head-bulb lights click off.

Darkness & silence and the Dirteater.

SAMMY enters, s.l.

He still wears his suit, tie pulled loose, hatless hair disheveled.

He's carrying a small pillow in a white pillowcase under one arm.

He walks slow, head down, hands in his jacket pockets, with sharp sudden glances around, as if expecting attack.

He arrives at the mound, the foot of it, d.s.

He tosses the pillow on it.

He sits on the mound, knees hugged in, facing House.

He feels the dirt with his hands.

He takes off his shoes and socks, puts his socks in his shoes, his shoes neatly to one side.

He kneads his toes into the dirt.

His paranoia seems to subside.

He takes a white candle and book matches out of his suit's inside breast pocket.

He lights the candle and plants it in the dirt on the top of the mound, twisting around behind himself to plant it.

He puts the spent match and the matchbook back in his inside pocket.

The candle now the only light source.

He lies back and reclines on his right elbow, on the pillow, lying beside the burning candle, gazing at it.

He unzips his fly, pulls out his penis and with handfuls of dirt strokes himself onehanded, gazing at the candle.

He brings the head of his penis as close to the candle as possible, stroking himself, flinching when it gets too hot, then starting over.

Seducing and chastising wordsounds from his mouth.

He is in no rush.

The Dirteater moves, making a sound.

SAMMY immediately stops his stroking and sits up, peering around.

As he does he sees the baseball, and grabs it impulsively.

Still sitting, holding the baseball he puts his penis back in his pants, zips up.

He draws the ball back, prepared to throw it.

SAMMY

Yeah?

He scrambles to his feet, on top the mound, and stands ready to throw, searching the dark.

I said: Yeah?

The Dirteater appears at the foot of the mound, and picks up the candle, illuminating his masked face.

SAMMY whirls around, prepared to strike with the ball.

Aaaaahhhh!

Stamping

AaaaaaAaaaaaAaaaaaAaaaaaAaaaaah!

The Dirteater doesn't flinch.

Promising.

SAMMY picks up the pillow, puts it under his arm.

He puts the arm holding the ball over the Dirteater's shoulders, and walks him d.l. to the spot — an earthy stain in the grass — where the excavated dirt had been prior to the burial.

He turns the Dirteater around, takes the candle from his hands gently, plants the candle in the ground.

He places the Dirteater's left hand in the pillow case, pounds it with the ball like a mitt a couple of times.

Wordlessly pushing he instructs him to squat, behind the candle and in front of the Other Hole.

SAMMY goes back to the mound, mounts it, rubs the ball up with dirt, peers in at the Dirteater.

The ball is up by his face. Its odor takes his attention.

He sniffs the ball. Takes in the smell.

He winds up and lobs a soft pitch at him who's now become his catcher.

The Dirteater catches the ball in the pillow, throws it back.

Same thing again. And again.

The pitches get more strong, and the Dirteater's technique gets better and better, catching and throwing.

SAMMY

Pitching and catching.

Save me some.

Y'know?

Save me some. That's what I would have asked.

Save me some while I stood sideways to let you all through, let all you pass.

Y'know?

Before I ever even got there, before I can even get there, have a thought of me, y'know, one small thought. Save me some.

Because I would have. That's what's allus been my problem.

Because I would have.

Because I think I would have, but would I have? Ever?

If it was you I would. No problem.

If it was any other person, any other person off the street, pulled arm-first out of any room, off any bus. Any one of any person of any place, and instinct would have. I believe it would.

Not even me. Instinct. Me without the name. The hand inside my glove.

We're gonna get you a glove.

But them?

Would I?

For them?

As Sammy?

You Sammy, you Sammy, what would he do?

You Sammy.

You Sammy with the toe, and the lollipop, and the way behind the fence, and the looking inside secret boxes and even more secret trees. You Sammy with the car with crooked teeth. You Sammy with the house that no one knows. No one believes.

You Sammy.

That's all of it.

That's the whole thing, see.

My mother — she says that when she speaks to me.

You Sammy.

That's her way in.

When we fuck, me and her, she says that in my ear.

But that's not what I mean. It's.

She tells me, when we're fucking, that I'm really the best of all her boys. Because I do one thing, one thing that they don't do, which makes me, for her, in her eyes, better.

Better, y'know, in a soulful way, a way she means meaning heart or feeling or what's good not often in others, in people, in how they are, who they are, in really who they are when all the skin melts away. Better-than in flavor, I guess, y'know, better-than in some way you can't see but you can taste.

Not better because of what I *do*, or how I *look*, or any of their things.

Things in the world outside. No-oh. Never.

SAMMY (cont)

She tells me I'm better because of who I am *for* her, *with* her. Which really is my instinct she's really commenting on, which really is what makes a man really who he is.

Who he is when he's not who he is, y'know.

I say Mom.

When we fuck.

I say Mom, in her ear. All over her, really. I say it over and over.

It comes from a place I have no say in. I can't stop it. It just comes.

Always did, from the very first time we were together.

Even while I'm getting off, y'know.

Mom.

It's like eating by talking.

That's why she says you Sammy's the best of her boys.

Because none of the other's — not one — call her Mom when they're fucking.

Because me calling her Mom means I really *recognize* her when I am with her, fucking her.

And that, she says, you Sammy, is evidence of a man who's realized the treasure of having been born.

The Dirteater drops the ball. He makes no move to pick it up. SAMMY's voice begins a gentle coax and crescendos to a pitch of violent hysteria.

SAMMY

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

Pick it up.

PICK IT UP.

PICK IT UP!

PICK IT UP!

PICK IT UP!

PICK IT UP PICK IT UP PICK IT UP PICK IT UP PICK IT UP PICK IT UP PICK IT UP!!

Exhausted, SAMMY walks to the Dirteater, who has not flinched, and picks up the ball. Puts it in his pillow, holds it there.

SAMMY

Promising.

*SAMMY walks back to the mound, the Dirteater tosses him the ball.
Pitching and catching resumes.*

SAMMY

I wish she *was* fucking dead. The cunt.
Really? Really you do? Really?
Really.
Made me drive her around for six hours just to take in the air out here. "The sea air."
Take in the air. Like a goddamn vacuum. Bitch.
Her little pretend death like I'm on vacation?
We're parked at the bluffs she's sucking my cock when I have a life to get back to?
When I want to go home?
The old bag!
Sorry. Sorry. I forgot you had no glove.
Y'know you'd think if you hated someone enough, if they've drunk your jism enough
times it would kill them.
Not my mother.
I'm a canteen in her desert.
Presently, I've got no life to get back to. That's what true. Presently. That's why I came
hard. Sorry.
But still I got to get back home.
When I bury her I'll dig up the treasure of having been born, finally.
And I'm not gonna save them some.
It's pretty obvious.
I won't.
I really really won't.
Her Ray and Slo din't save me a motherfucking bone.
El and Cy already gone back to the city without even offering me a motherfucking ride.
They drove me here!
Lab rats.
I won't.
In the old days I used to love being at the house out here. There were so many places to
not be found.
I can't sleep there tonight.

But I thought I'd be alone here.

*SAMMY catches the return toss, stands and looks at the Dirteater. A
thought changes him.
SAMMY puts the ball on the mound and walks to the Dirteater.
He pulls him up to standing, takes the pillow off his hand, drops it on the
ground, looks down at him, hands resting on his shoulders, gazing at him.
SAMMY kneels down.
He looks up at the Dirteater.
He puts one arm around his waist, puts his other hand under the
Dirteater's scrotum, pulls the Dirteater to him.*

*He draws his face close, about to take him in his mouth.
He looks up at the Dirteater again.*

SAMMY

Circumcised.

*SAMMY bends the Dirteater backwards over one knee and dangles him over the Other Hole, a hand on his throat. Terrorizing him.
SAMMY draws the Dirteater back from the hole, stands him back on his feet.*

SAMMY stands, takes up the candle, takes up the pillow, and walks back to the mound.

He replants the candle, lies down on the mound and pillow again, reclining on his right arm, his back towards the Dirteater.

He pulls out his penis again, and begins his onehanded stroking of himself, with handfuls of dirt, bringing his penis' head as close to the fire as he can.

Seducing and chastising wordsounds from his mouth.

The Dirteater doesn't move, remains standing.

SAMMY continues his industry.

After a while he falls asleep, achieving nothing.

SAMMY sleeps.

The Dirteater stands.

As is.

Behind SAMMY the head of a shovel begins to urge its way out from inside the mound.

Pushing, striving, pressing, turning.

It penetrates into the air, continues to move vertically, until the entire pole is protruding up from the mound, behind SAMMY, who sleeps.

The shovelhead turns right and left, peers around like a periscope, is satisfied, and then is slowly withdrawn, back down into the mound.

SAMMY sleeps.

The Dirteater stands.

As is.

The candle burns, near SAMMY's crotch.

*The dirt beneath the candle begins to move, swelling.
The candle tips over, goes out.
A face presses up out of the dirt, a face using its face to exhume itself.
Vertical ascension, neck, shoulders, arms down by its sides.
THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS.
After enormous effort, she finally wriggles free of the mound.*

*SAMMY sleeps.
The Dirteater stands.*

*On her knees, THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS reaches
an arm down into the hole she's left behind, all the way to her shoulder.
She hauls up an arm attached to a body, helping it out of the mound.
It is EL. He wears his suit and fedora, and is barefoot.
She and EL never look at one another.
Once EL is out of the mound, on his knees he reaches down into the hole
he's left behind, and pulls a lit candle out of the mound.
They are both filthy.
On their knees with their hands they rebury some of the dirt they
displaced.
From their candle they relight SAMMY's.
EL and THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS stand up.
She and EL, using both candles to see, gently brush the dirt off one
another's face, out of each other's eyes, mouth, ears and nose.
They replant SAMMY's candle, near his crotch.
EL and THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS walk, carrying
their lit candle, u.s.l., to the far u.l. corner of the stage.
They turn around, face diagonally in towards c.s., and kneel down on the
grass, candle planted in the ground before them.
They wait.*

*SAMMY sleeps, his candle burning.
The Dirteater stands.*

*The dirt under SAMMY's candle moves again, the candle tips over again,
goes out.*

O.s.r. the TV light is clicked on. Plays without sound.

*A hand emerges from the mound, where the candle stood.
The hand sniffs the air, peers around like a periscope. Sees what it wants.
The hand reaches and grabs SAMMY's cock, and begins to pull it down
into the mound.
SAMMY stirs, but doesn't wake.
Seducing and chastising sleep-wordsounds from his mouth.
The pulling continues.*

*The hand pulls him so hard he is pulled belly-down, on the mound.
He wakes, and begins bellowing, flailing arms and legs, trying to pull
himself out of the grip of the hand.
The bellowing comes in waves of cries and silences; it is a humping
rhythm and movement that is made, with alternating sounds of agony and
sweet pleasure.*

*The TV light clicks off and SAMMY abruptly stops, going limp.
He breathes heavily.
A while.
He gets up on his knees and in a clumsy hurry pulls off his pants and
underwear.
He gets on all fours and begins to dig like a dog with his hands.*

SAMMY

Mother?
Mother?
Mother!

*Going head first, SAMMY eventually disappears into the mound, the
word "Mother" accompanying him as he goes down.
When only his legs remain to be seen, they straighten, twitch, and their
movement stops.*

As is.

THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS and EL stand.
The Dirteater gets down on all fours, and resumes foraging.

THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS and EL walk to the
mound.
*She carries the lit candle, and plants it at the foot of the mound.
She lights SAMMY's extinguished candle and gives it to the Dirteater,
who now uses it for light to forage by.
She and EL never look at one another.*

EL

*Neatly folding SAMMY's abandoned pants and underwear, placing them
on top of the shoes.*

Do you like fish?

THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS
*Tidying up the dirt around the mound, around the legs, filling in holes as
best she can.*

Yes, I love fish.

EL

Refixing the stick with the shit-smeared paper.

Do you like feet?

THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS

Placing the baseball on the pillow, on top of the mound.

Depends whose.

Why, are you cooking?

EL

Standing, brushing off his hands.

Fish foot for two, al fresco.

THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS

Contemplating the placement of everything.

Laughing.

Al Fresco! That was the name of the boy who gave me my first kiss!

They both laugh, looking at the mound and legs.

After the laughing subsides, they train their gazes skyward.

Looking up for a while, searching and seeing.

Their hands search each other out, timidly, and join, while they gaze up.

As their gazes return to the mound, their hands part.

EL

I was hoping for rain.

THE WOMAN IN THE TORN SUMMER DRESS

Let's eat if we're going to eat.

They sit on each side of the mound, she s.l., he s.r., backs on an angle towards one another.

With extremely guilty faces, and frightened deeply of being caught, without looking they each slowly reach down, take a pinch of dirt, raise it and put it in their mouths.

They chew.

O.s.l. a branch breaks.

All three hear it, and freeze, looking s.l.: after a heartbeat, the two dive and blow out their candle, and the Dirteater blows out his, all simultaneously.

The stadium lights are thrown on, with a lever sound of mechanical enormity, authority.

The three are frozen in place, staring wild-eyed s.l., in terror.

Hold.

The three, the mound, the Other Hole.

Blackout.

End.