

OVEN  
(A TEMPORARY SETBACK)

*panel 1 of*  
*THE SPLIT PLAY*

m k e n n e d y v o l c o f s k y

*A' Traveling Yeshiva Sideshow*

volcofsky.com

*with*

MUTTER

BIG PAPA MAMA

JOBJOB

MCRASTON

*Fire-quiet stage.*

*Naked man walks on Left, bearing pieces of cardboard.  
Tfillin wrapped properly around right arm and head.  
Very sooty.*

*A dance, alone.*

*Some time.*

*The dance becomes a project with the cardboard.*

*The cardboard project-dance is interrupted internally.  
Muttering loudly, the project continues.*

*He is incapable of shouting. “<\*>” is a nasal respiratory tick, percussive & sharp.*

#### MUTTER

<\*> cunt. Stupid <\*> bitch. Goddamn mother <\*> cunt. Pinky toe ass stuffer. Bitch of the licked turd. The goddamn whore. He can stick the whole world in his twat for all I care. Whole <\*> world in his twat, the whole <\*> world and all its <\*> people, all these too <\*> many people, shove it all in his <\*> twat till the smoke trills through his <\*> clenched teeth, the smoke of all their assholes, of all the foul sounds of their mouths, all the stupid goddamn thoughts that make their crippled foul way into the talkslimed air instead of staying *appropriately* stuffed in their stonehollow brains and buried in the stonehollow earth as they cunt <\*> should be. This <\*> hollow heartguttled earth, pissed in to full like down through a pipe to its inmost guts now fullup like a bedpan with a pus hot sea catheter drooled from a clap rotten cock. <\*> hollow <\*> heartguttled earth now's made its way climbed up become now the goddamn <\*> our heartguttled sky, and

MUTTER (*cont*)

all the <\*> heartguttred stars hollowheaded <\*> moon and the <\*> empty windpipe of breathless <\*> space, heartguttred hollow moondead and <\*> ravaged, hot and poisoned and riverrundead of the piss of a million radioactive cocks full to brim with a boiling brand of sperm taste and look just like liquid mirror, cocks of sperm like the old thermometers, stiff and hot from <\*> terror, shoved in the upturned stinking shitcaked asses of their hearthollow headbones so dreamdry that any thermo-measure of any kind makes a moment out of eternity, and the cunt still would have room, even with all that deadfuzz world stuffed in it, 'cause his goddamn cunt's bigger than the <\*> world, bigger than the container it's contained in, <\*> bigger <\*> deeper <\*> more bottomless than a goddamn horny harlequin hacked in half at the ass, as bottomless as a cuntdry forgotten dream, bottomless as a wetdream just before spewing, forever sickened forever far forever <\*> *about* to love. Always <\*> ready and on the cusp of always *about, about* to love. He can shove the whole goddamn cosmos in his cunt. Still wouldn't find me a chair in there. About. About. On the cusp. Right at the edge. Borrowing for the last time. Making a passage in pleasure to be undone by the turn of a knob. Undone by reticence. Undone by giantism. Undone by a rodentlike creature that surprised us all with its speech. Undone in a very close game, not by the clock but by mystery. Undone and almost, undone and awry, undone and never felt better, undone and seen for the last time sitting smack in the middle the perfect geometric center sitting in that squeakarmed chair in a skyroofed palace of drained titanic oiltanks served as gongs to call down the gods. Struck with the hearthollow lobes of all who had stayed behind, to cheer. Two *can't* play at that game, sir. *Two* can't play at that game, cunt. No two alike, you pisslicking kosher sow. And whatever born of it, whatever sorrowed, whatever raised by the hearthollow hands and the wellmeaning gaze, whatever borne up and withstood and reviled, or put in a sweetness like a valentine or a cake, whatever looked for and smiled upon and praised, what came about from this epic and soiled game of reflection, all of it is in no one's hands, now, and left to either burn or freeze, triumph and still drown, master and still be used as a dustpan with a face.

*His project: he's been constructing a play oven with the cardboard all throughout his muttering. Finished.*

*Enter BIG PAPA MAMA, Right. Canned applause follows her on.  
She too naked & sooty, tfillin properly wrapped around left arm and head.  
Applause cuts.*

*She walks to MUTTER and he descends to hands and knees, facing away from  
her.  
She proceeds to give him a rim-job.*

MUTTER (*during rim-job.*)

I make daisies in the field of my mind for you to come and pluck and kill. I've got some here in a bunch, Big Papa Mama, gripped in a fist disemployed from punching. I'd like to place them in the vase of your heart, empty tall and transparent. Ahhh.

*Rim-job ends.  
They both stand.*

*He watches her as she pulls a hair off her tongue.*

*She begins to inspect the oven. He watches with wrapt resentment and little concentration.*

BIG PAPA MAMA

*Inspecting oven.*

I passed such a strange child on my way here this morning. He looked at me from where he was, sitting on the ground. He was completely naked, and very dirty. And I stopped and I looked at him and I said *What you need child?* And he didn't say a word. Just kept looking at me. There was nothing. No place. To put anything. His look. Nothing to reach into. His looking. He and then he started to kind of bounce, while he was sitting, sitting there, bouncing, and making some a kind of goat sound. (*The sound.*) But still looking. And then a kind of a yogurt started coming out his mouth, all still he's bouncing and goatsounding, a thickish a white yogurtish, slopping falling slapping on his lap. Running. On over his belly. On over his chin. And he's bouncing. The smell I caught it was a burning tire. And all the while looking at me and going off like a goat.

*Oven inspection over.*

*Looking at oven.*

Is it a new bug D'vee'd?

MUTTER

*The question freezes him.*

A.

BIG PAPA MAMA

*Looking at oven.*

You think?

MUTTER

Any.

BIG PAPA MAMA

*Looking at oven.*

Violent. Vicious. Foul.

*She turns back towards him, their glances touch briefly, and they stand for some time, House-facing, speechless gazes both towards the ground, distinctly apart. Bellies breathing. After some time:*

MUTTER

I'd tear my shirt if I had one, Big Papa Mama.

*Speechless downgazing continues. After some time:*

BIG PAPA MAMA

*Grabbing his face with her right hand -with a gesture that breaks the stillness with shock- she holds his chin extra-strongly in her hand, peering possessively into his eyes. He limp. After some time she speaking, not letting go.*

You don't connect things properly.

You understand?

The way you put things together is not correct.

It is incorrect.

It is not correct.

You seem to not know differences.

Have you not been taught differences?

Do you know what is different?

Do you know when something is not something?

BIG PAPA MAMA (*cont*)

Announce the something of the something.

Announce what vision that took you away.

Announce the something of the something.

Announce what is incorrect of the thing you connected.

Announce.

You make a bad place.

You build wrongly.

You have two eyes.

You build as if they were one.

MUTTER

*With his tfillin-wrapped right hand he reaches under and cups her vagina, holding it.*

*His chin held firm by her hand, his head moves for his jaw as he speaks.*

I have eyes all over my body. I have eyes too many to count. I have eyes in my eyes. I am covered in eyes.

*Her hand softens. Her eyes remain on his.*

I made according to *this*. (*He tugs her vagina once.*) I made according to *this*. (*Again.*)

I joined something to something according. In the accord I was taught *here*. (*Again.*)

In a lamplight of vagina I studied and read. In a lamplight of vagina, all mirrors covered, I ate those words. You are going to tell me, as you always tell me, that this accord I was taught *here* (*tugs*) I learned incorrectly. And I am going to tell you, as *here* (*tugs*) I always tell you, in a lamplight of vagina I was taught accord. I build such ovens. I build your ovens.

*She drops her right hand, releasing his face, and with her tfillin-wrapped left hand cups his scrotum, lifting it.*

MUTTER

What is joined is made absent. Your oven. What is connected is made null. Your oven.

What is different is made likewise. Your oven. Contact creates void.

*Their gazes joined.*

*After some time:*

MUTTER

In the force-right lengthening, measuring, a furnace arithmetic that always settles you down, I try but you won't let me, I try but you make me stop, when I could be describing you, all the way, all the way down to the pores of your hide. I could stand here and describe you so you'd have a twin you'd feel like a weak copy of. I could turn my face into a navel in the ground and vomit up words that would make you twice yourself, and doubly alone. Why should I? (*Tugs*) Accords made stand. (*He releases her vagina.*)

BIG PAPA MAMA

You let me go. (*She releases his scrotum.*) I'll remember that.

*They turn away from each other, separate a few steps, and both bring their tiffin wrapped hand up to their face, and with love smell them, caressing their own faces with them, succoring themselves with odor memory and touch.  
Their hands quiet and drop.  
After some time:*

BIG PAPA MAMA

*To him, through her back.*

I don't think with piss. And I don't think with cunt. But I don't think you would know the difference between a cock and a cunt if they both walked up to you and slapped you around from yesterday to forever. You are a hand that does badly everything it means. You attack what you have costumed in the wrong word. Bring a kind of calamity that can be traced by your footprints. I thought singing might help, because you are so stupid. But somehow you are able to put a nail through song. How is it that you are what has been sewn into my skin, that I haul along behind me like a mansized scrotum with dragging you inside? I know you do badly everything you've done. I know it I know it I know it. I cannot prove it. But I know it. And because you do it *inside me* it hurts.

MUTTER

*Sings quietly.*

Big Papa Mama

Arisen in the road

Big Papa Mama

Sittin' by the sea

Big Papa Mama

MUTTER (*cont*)

She's hot when it's cold

Big Papa Mama

So extra ordinary

*She hums the tune exactly, once through, their backs to each other, their gazes on the ground.*

*She then walks to the play oven, hovers above it for a moment, and in a sudden ecstasy of violence kicks stamps punches & tears it to pieces in large voluptuously destructive movement, breath & sound.*

*He continues to gaze on the ground.*

*Upon completing her destroying of the oven, she stands over it, breathing hard.*

*Finally she reaches down, and picks up a piece.*

*She walks over to him, and standing to his Right, facing him, as if reading a proclamation from an unscrolled parchment, she 'reads' from the scrap of cardboard she holds.*

*He continues to ground-gaze through til she ends.*

BIG PAPA MAMA

Oncé Street East, of the Colored Robes, past the tariffs of action and praise: A lightning dagger wrote in salt the names of them to be liquidated, and the names of them to be made solid.

While that disgusting child shook and spewed his filth this morning, his filth of sound and substance, I read aloud those names, over the din of his unintelligible need.

You, D'vee'd, son of the dead, beggar, builder, and you fucking lousy piece of shit, you D'vee'd WERE amongst the names written in salt.

Whether you are amongst those to be liquidated, or amongst those to be made firm, I will not tell you.

*"AT THIS TIME."*

But the time will come, and it will, when you will find yourself NO LONGER YOURSELF.

That will be the beginning.

And that's all you'll get.

I, Big Papa Mama, do.

Declare.

*She takes the cardboard scrap and tears it in two.*

*She inserts one part behind his forehead tfillin box, so that it sticks up like a diadem behind it.*

*She inserts the other part under his arm tfillin box.*

*She then grabs his scrotum with her right hand, and his penis with her tfillin-wrapped left, holding him tightly.*

*His gaze slowly rises, and meets hers.*

### BIG PAPA MAMA

Vast and wonderful, D'vee'd, is the land your hollow feet will trod.

Vast and terrible, D'vee'd, the length and breadth of your misdeeds and wrong turns.

Vast and without worth, D'vee'd, the hollow years you'll collect in a cup.

Vast and silent, D'vee'd, the man you will become.

I shove you without merit into the mayhem of your world.

I kick you through the door, praising My strength and My aim.

Through a window I throw a body bearing your name.

And all through My land, all through My house, all through the heavens that are fed through My veins, I hear Myself praised, praised and praised, for ridding this ground of your shadow.

*He reaches weak and trembling hands to her right breast, and lifts it, bringing his trembling mouth towards it, to suck. Gazing beyond his bent head, and before his mouth makes contact she yells*

### BIG PAPA MAMA

CUT!

*At her cry the stage is raped with light & he collapses, unconscious or dead.*

*She stands, hands still in the form of holding his cock & balls.*

*Throaty utterances a phrase at a time, each flying off on its own flightpath.*

Mass / Mass Me / Mass / Red Made Sit / Being / Having Made / Ow / Land The Rain

*Hands still in the form of holding his cock & balls, she raises them, places them on the top of her*

*head, and very slowly, footsteps like the phrases spoken in her previous line, hands on head elbows*

*out, she turns and walks off Right.*

*At the moment she's about to exit, without turning around, through her back, pausing a step, she*

*lowly utters*

Dark.

*Bright lights out; fire-quiet again.  
She exits.*

*After some time the sound of canned applause again. A lower volume, without  
break: rain.  
A large oven descends and settles on top the cardboard scraps, Up Right.  
Inside it fire flickers.*

*After some time, JOBJOB enters Left.  
He wears a white buttondown shirt & pants & shoes & carries a toolbox.  
The sound of coins as he walks.  
He puts down the toolbox.  
He stands over the body for some time, looking at it, his hands in his pockets  
working, making a coin rhythm.*

*After some time, with his feet he rolls the body onto its back.  
He takes a handful of coins out his righthand pocket, kneels and pours them into  
the mouth of the body, then closes the mouth.  
Then from his pockets he  
takes a coin and places it in the body's anus;  
takes coins and tries placing them in the body's ears.  
He stands again, looking down at the body.*

*After some time, he unwraps the tfillin from MUTTER's arm & ties his feet  
together with them.  
Puts the cardboard scrap between toes.  
He opens his toolbox and the applause rain sound cuts.  
He pulls out a coil of rope, ties it around the feet binding, and throws the end of  
the rope off Left.  
He stands, looking down at the body, waiting.  
He looks off Left, down at the body, off Left again, down at body again.*

*After some time, with tremendous violence, he yells*

JOBJOB

WARE'S MY BOY?!

*And after some time, with apoplectic fury:  
FUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHCK?!*

*JOBJOB stands over the body.  
He spits on it once, in angry disgust.*

Putana.

*After some time, he closes his toolbox and walks off Left, coins sounding.  
After some time, the rope tautens, and the body of MUTTER is pulled a few feet*

*Left.*  
*Then the rope slackens, and stills.*

*Some time.*

McRASTON *enters, Right.*  
*He marches on, military stride, in very slow form. He's carries a flat box with a bow tied around it. He's dressed. He wears a tie.*  
*He stops. Looks up, for a little while. Stops. Looks at the box.*

McRASTON

*To box, formally.*  
If die let dead let the royal wind puff.

*Pause.*  
*Looks up again.*  
*Untilts head.*

Rain no more.

*He extends his arm, turning his hand palm up, palm down, testing for rain.*  
*Past his hand he sees MUTTER's body.*

*Slowly.*  
What's this shit?

*Lowers his arm.*  
*He walks over to the body, standing at its head, and peruses it.*  
*Follows with his gaze the rope from feet to where it goes.*

Ripe-ning on the vine eyh.

*Taps the forehead tfillin box with his wingtip's toe.*  
*Moves the head this way, back and forth.*  
*Coins fall out of the head.*  
*Stands, perusing.*  
McRASTON *walks to the body's feet, squats down and puts his box across his own knees.*  
*He reaches to the rope, and instead of untying the feet, he tugs on it, seeing if it is attached to anything off-Left. It offers small resistance. He tugs harder, and it begins to come to him. Eventually the rope end arrives, and it is tied around a hardcovered book. He unties the book, and puts it on the floor gently. He looks at it for a little bit. Then with violence, with his left hand he grabs it by the cover and flings it back to where it came from. There's no sound of landing.*  
*Still squatting at the body's feet, box across legs, he looks it up and down.*

*After some time, he unties the rope from around the tfillin straps that are wrapped around its ankles.*

*After a bit, he unwraps the tfillin from around the ankles.*

*Still squatting, he looks the body over again.*

*After some time he says*

McRASTON

Well, somebody's got to wear it.

*He puts the box on the ground.*

*Kneeling and using his hands, he turns the body on its right side.*

*He puts its left leg over his shoulder and checks the anus, dislodging the coin from out of it.*

*Puts the leg back down.*

*Goes to the head, and shakes it, getting the rest of the coins to fall out of it.*

*Checks inside the mouth, making sure.*

*McRASTON then rolls the body back on its back, and kneeling at its head takes its whole nose in his mouth. He breathes hard and heavy into its nose.*

*After some time he stops.*

*The body hasn't changed.*

*McRASTON picks up his bow-wrapped box and stands, watching.*

*After some time a rush of air moves through MUTTER; he stiffens violently, and freezes; then just as suddenly he grabs his cock and balls with each hand, and curls up into the same form as when he first was fell. He breathes loudly and arrhythmically.*

*McRASTON squats by the body, box on thighs, and, one at a time, unhurriedly picks up the coins.*

McRASTON

*While collecting the coins, to himself.*

I could call you Cunt Louie or the One-Eyed Brush; maybe Rain-Makes-Dry, or Slap. I

could call you a taxi but I won't. *Laughs.* I could call you Hem-in-haw. Allen DeCline.

Rasteem Ergo. Javanetter Landsmann. Solibuyer Handsmith. Loot Still. Shaminer

Allofine. Walt.

*Sings.*

Oh the light got dark

On our walk through the park

When I heard the old moon sing

Singing 'Give me a match'

'I've a train to catch'

'And I've got to find a body for this ring'

McRASTON (*cont*)

Oh the great stuff of life  
Is finding a wife  
One that'll paint your face  
Sing 'I love him from nose'  
'To the tips of his toes'  
'Just this eye over here's out of place'

Oh it takes two to dance  
It's more fun with no pants  
I ate her heart raw  
She showed me the door  
I came back in  
She offered me trim  
'But it's your other heart I've come back for'

Oh find me a mate  
I can love and hate  
A shover, a taker, a shelf  
Where I can store my sorrow  
Beg and steal tomorrow  
And end up with a mate who's someone else

*Coin collecting done, he stands and puts them in his right pants pocket. Gives them a shake.*

*For the box.*  
I'm heavy now with you already.

I crush the gods that measured you and found you what they craved. A broken dagger in their throats for them a canticle of blood. I snuff out them that snuffed out you. Let theirs make yours look fucking easy.

McRASTON (*cont*)

To MUTTER's *body*.

Tom-make-mine. Salamander Fortinbras. Charles Lemming. Sorrel Betterside.

Vemerill Synopader. Tefferlimit Combratozh. Walt.

Sweetheart.

Dear one.

You stand.

*McRASTON closes his eyes, hands clasping box down at his groin.*

*MUTTER rises. He faces house.*

*McRASTON's eyes open.*

*McRASTON hands MUTTER the box, which he takes & holds with two hands beneath it, at his chest.*

*McRASTON steps in front of MUTTER, and with back to House, unties the box. He gets on one knee and, his head obscuring what he's doing, he ties the ribbon around*

*MUTTER's scrotum & penis, making a bow on top.*

*McRASTON stands up, moves beside MUTTER again, revealing his work, and removes the box lid, dropping it to the ground.*

*McRASTON removes the dress from the box.*

*MUTTER drops the box on the lid.*

*MUTTER raises his hands up by his ears, and McRASTON walks behind him, pulls the dress over his head, working hands through armholes, getting the dress correctly on MUTTER, zipping its back.*

*McRASTON stands next to MUTTER, takes hold of him by the shoulders and turns him to face him.*

*McRASTON takes a few steps back and gives the gaze, the old up & down.*

*He then reaches down and pulls the piece of cardboard out from between MUTTER's toes. He takes the other from the head tfillin.*

*He looks them over, then hands one to MUTTER.*

*McRASTON reaches over and lifts MUTTER's chin lovingly, and they hold each other's gaze for a time.*

*McRASTON releases his hand.*

*Then from his cardboard scrap he reads.*

McRASTON

Would you

Poor / beyond all horizon of feeding

Poor / past any broken mouth could suck

Poor/ 'til want is named harvest full and bright

McRASTON (*cont*)

Pour upon the parched widow of the ground  
Pour upon this over-ripe hole that mutters lies and sings  
Pour upon this crippled mask that never knew the face below  
A tender kiss  
quiescent  
to its poor desire's breathless squall:  
that it be your hand gropes 'neath that mask and sees through touch that face below;  
sees and sees and sees;  
aye, that I may know, as our lives grow old and one  
it was you alone saw the face that below this once was mine;  
and to that face,  
mine,  
mine before mine was mine,  
to that face  
you've always said  
I do.

*Some time, as they gaze at one another.*

McRASTON *raises MUTTER's hand with the cardboard in it, up for him to read from.*

MUTTER *reads over the scrap, eyes & lips moving.*  
*He gazes into McRASTON's eyes.*

*Some time.*

MUTTER *spits a coin at his face.*  
*They continue to gaze at one another.*  
*Some time.*

McRASTON *takes a step back, and traces a horizontal circle with his free hand's index finger, motioning for MUTTER to turn around & display the back of the dress for him.*

MUTTER *turns around.*

McRASTON *gives the old up & down. He 'mmmmmm's' hard.*

MUTTER *turns back around.*

McRASTON *picks up the coin, drops it in his pocket with the others.*

McRASTON

*Vaguely towards the box.*

Break bread with the sons of the earth, like a cow squeezing itself into a highchair and waiting to be spoon-fed pap.

*Towards Mutter.*

Firstling Sultan ben-Arrington. Malabride Malatosch. Eninbraiding Somasol. Falpresint Delcomair. Walt.

Good. Good. I forgot to say: Good.

*Pulls a coin out of his pocket. Displays it theatrically for the both of them.*

*To the coin.*

Good.

*Drops it back in his pocket.*

*To Mutter.*

You've got the Mona Lisa's ass.

*Sings, directly & deliberately into Mutter's face.*

Big tits a cunt like a glove and the ass of the Mona Lisa,

Big tits a cunt like a glove and the ass of the Mona Lisa,

Big tits a cunt like a glove and the ass of the Mona Lisa,

Big tits a cunt like a glove and the ass of the Mona Lisa.

*He traces a horizontal circle with his finger again, motioning for MUTTER to revolve again.*

*MUTTER turns around slow, stopping with his back to McRASTON.*

*McRASTON gives the old up & down.*

*He steps a few steps back.*

*He draws an invisible pistol from his hip, and with both hands points it at MUTTER's back.*

*His hand, with the gun in it, trembles terribly.*

*McRASTON begins to cry, not wanting to do this deed.*

*Trembling shooter's hand and crying.*

*MUTTER turns around.*

*He walks to McRASTON, one deliberate step at a time, hands down tight to his side.*

*MUTTER bends stiffly at the waist, and without his hands catches the trembling gun-finger in his mouth.*

*Instantly, shaking & crying stops.*

*With the finger in his mouth, bent at the waist, MUTTER's gaze is up on McRASTON's.*

*Some time.*

McRASTON

Factory.

*MUTTER becomes upright slowly, the gun-finger still in his mouth, their gazes still locked.*

You want to plant something, you know. I know. Shit into a cup and have it turn into wine azure gold. You know. Plant something. I know. The way they used to. Dirt. Water. Sky. Rain. Snow.

*McRASTON raises MUTTER's hand with the cardboard scrap in it, bringing it up to where he can read it. He releases the hand and it stays there. With the finger-gun stuck in his mouth, MUTTER's eyes & lips silently read it.*

McRASTON

A wind

It was long black hair waving black on a black night sky

It was urgent black words printed black on indestructible black hide

It was a black river of black blood blowing black blindness through my eyes

It puffed

And the light of my mind went out

And on this wind I rode

O sweet and free

And on this wind I sailed

O not to be, not to be, not to be

An empty hole, finally, where what was once was me

And from this heaven

Of which heaven only dreams

You woke me with the shrapnel of a thousand names

Struck a match that lit again my eyes to burn and blaze

I'm come now into love

McRASTON (*cont*)

Like in an oven's maw  
And love it is and love I want and love for ever more  
But that blind black wind  
That brought this me to you  
I smell it blowing through the air

*Some time.*

Air

*A changed song.*

Down in the hole of the peppermint tree  
Where your hand was gi'en  
A thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand no's  
Ring  
In the echo of my  
I do

*MUTTER's hand slowly falls, holding the cardboard scrap.  
McRASTON palms the back of MUTTER's head with his free hand.  
He pulls him close.  
He pulls the trigger of his finger-gun and whisper-pops:*

McRASTON

Bang.  
*And slowly slowly slides his finger out of MUTTER's mouth.*

You're a fine fine cup.

Well: We're home.

*McRASTON removes the tfillin from around MUTTER's head.  
McRASTON puts both tfillin in the empty dress-box, along with the cardboard  
vows.  
He walks casually to the oven.  
He opens it and slides the box in, shutting the oven door.  
Adjusts a knob.  
Stays by the oven, and throws his words over to MUTTER.*

McRASTON

*Pats the oven.*

Our little library has already a good start, eyh?

Walt!

We could write a book!

We could write a book with eyes and lungs and hair!

We could write a book in every language in the world!

We could write a book that shits!

Eats and shits and bleeds red blood!

Bleeds out of its mouth!

Because it talks.

Walt!

MUTTER

*Shouting, full body violence.*

WARE'S MY BOY?!

*Fury.*

FUUUUUHHHHHHHHHCK!?

*Spits dry.*

Putana.

McRASTON

*Leaves the oven.*

No no no my friend.

My dear.

Sweetheart.

My.

No.

We'll have a life we'll have a life we'll have a life. Life life life life life. Story after story after story, story story story story story story story. Stories. That's why we're here. Stories. Story story story story story story story. Go and do and see and laugh. Laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh. Go and do and come and go and go and do and be. Go and do and see and laugh and fuck and run and tell, tell everyone, tell everything, tell. We'll tell and tell and tell and tell til the telling will explode. And then what's inside the telling will tell.

MUTTER *walks to the oven, leaving McRASTON. He touches it , taking its temperature, closing in, closer.*

*Finally, MUTTER, in accord with the voice of the oven, places his right ear & cheek against its burning side.*

*His face shows what his voice does not say. He grabs the oven with both hands, and refuses to be rejected by it.*

McRASTON *sniffs the air, smelling.*

*He 'mmmmm's' hard.*

*He reaches out a hand, looking up, testing for rain.*

*There is an END.*