

SAUNA

(WITH GREAT JOY)

Innocent! Let's take poison!

INNOCENT

What?

SAUNA

And then—let us make love!

INNOCENT

Sauna, please—

SAUNA

No! Visualize it. We'll set up all the spotlights. We'll make them all — magenta, maybe. And we'll aim them down on the trampoline. and there we'll be. Naked. entwined. Like twisted dough in a magenta oven. And they will come upon us and they will see — beautiful bodies; relaxed, finally. But — with smiles on our faces — No! Not smiles! Sort of, "Up yours" smirks.

INNOCENT

Peasantmania's Heloise and Abelard. And where they bury us, there magenta roses will grow. And the legend on our tombstones will read: "UP yours. They died. . ." relaxed?

(HE grabs SAUNA by the throat  
and pushes her back)

Doing "it?" The great "it?" No thanks, Sauna! I already had "it," from your sandpaper sister! The poison? It won't be some slow-to-sleep sedative that starts to work just after our climax and gently soothes us to our final rest! No! It'll be the kind that burns out our magenta love nest! Entwined!? They'll find us entwined, all right! From clawing at each other to stop the pain! And you know who'll find us first? The rats!

(SOUND: RATS)

They'll chew on all that twisted dough! They'll bite out our noses, our mouths, our eyes!

SAUNA

Innocent, please —

(SOUND; RATS OUT)

INNOCENT

(Embracing her now)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sauna, But death hurts and this place is not Arcadia and all we can do is run and everywhere we run few people will want to make music and why did she protect me from all this and I WANT NO MORE BULL SHIT!

(Suddenly HE stops.  
Then HE grabs her, claws her,  
kisses her all over.

Lights out below. Lights up above  
JESTER and GLORABELLA)

C'mon. —	GLORABELLA
Wait a minute, Glorabella.	JESTER
But we've got to catch up with Inny.	GLORABELLA
Can't you forget him?	JESTER
Why should I?	GLORABELLA
For one thing, he may have forgotten you.	JESTER
Never! Inny's my friend. He'd never--	GLORABELLA
—And I need you!	JESTER
Please don't start that again.	GLORABELLA

JESTER

I don't mean for ripky-pipky only.

GLORABELLA

Then what do you need me for, if not for ripky-pipiky?

JESTER

I need you to be with me when I disappear.

GLORABELLA

Where are you going?

JESTER

I don't know. But pretty soon there'll be no need of me. Pina will take over. No surprise. I always knew it would happen. I've been hoping for it to happen. I'm tired, Glorabella. Tired of all the tricks. This is what I mean. Years ago, I developed this beautiful magic act. It happened by accident. I was doing the old bit of striking a match

(HE does so)

which, when I asked a woman to blow it out,

(Indicates for GLORABELLA to  
blow it out. SHE does so.

turned into a rose.

(The match becomes a rose)

The same woman reacted so beautifully that I took her scarf

(HE takes GLORABELLA's scarf)

and turned it into a cane.

(HE does so)

By this time she was completely confused and the audience loved it. So I press in on her by producing a lollipop from behind her ear.

(HE does so)

And from her blouse.

(HE does so. GLORABELLA screams!)

She became hysterical. Turned and bent away from me.

(GLORABELLA does so)

The audience was besides itself. It would have loved me forever if I had produced a lollipop, as it passed my mind to do, from between her two half pumpernickel loaves.

JESTER

(Continued. Indicating GLORABELLA's buttocks)

But something came over me. I gently turned her around.

(HE gently turns GLORABELLA to him)

And, with just my swaying hand in front of her face, I mesmerized her. Through art, I meant to exorcise some fear in her. She began to talk.

GLORABELLA

(Mesmerized)

Inny and I played together over the years. We played doctor many times. The last time we played doctor -- during the examination period -- I got a case of what Inny used to call, "the cutes;" and I grabbed his stethoscope. The stethoscope was actually a large bottle top from a large bottle of prune juice that was cold to the touch when it touched the tip of my ripening tomatoes. Inny grabbed for the bottle top stethoscope. But even when I got over "the cutes," and tried to offer the stethoscope to him, he kept grabbing at me, at my tender tomatoes, and behind me, kneading on my two half-loaves of pumpernickel. I told him to stop, but he wouldn't. And I got frightened and began to cry, "stop, stop!" Then he backed off and dug his knuckles into his eyes and rubbed like he was going to rub them back into his brains. And he said, "Suddenly I feel, I feel. But I know so little." I didn't know what he meant then, Now I do. I feel. I feel. And I want him to finish the examination!

(JESTER snaps fingers. GLORABELLA snaps out of it)

JESTER

This was a whole new thing for me, you see. So I threw out all that other stuff. The rose from the match? Here.

(HE shows the trick's mechanism)

The cane from the scarf? Here!

(HE shows the trick's mechanism)

The lollipops? Here.

(HE shows the trick's mechanism)

And then I'd draw them out of themselves. And I'd be whatever I'd have to be to get them to spit out their inside crap. Husband, wife, lover, enemy, friend. Not overly cruel, you understand. I'd always shape the revelations. Extract choices. Keep it all within bounds. I used, in short, art, because I was, after all,

JESTER

(Continued)

an artist. I don't know what did me in, exactly. My own feeling was that there was honesty in the result and honesty could not be tolerated by the Mainlanders. They stopped the audience from coming to see my act. But Jesting is all I know. So I went back to sheer trickery and the audiences were allowed back to see me. It made me mad. And I took out my rage on the audience. Verbal hostility. That they loved. I rubbed their own shit in their faces! That they loved! The audience got bigger. So what? By being dishonest to myself, I've destroyed any honest creativity in myself. By being dishonest to myself, I destroyed myself. So it's about time I disappear; like most waste — ffuughssh! — by myself, right down the crapper. . . .Then I met you. Sweet. Loyal. Pretty. Saying what you mean; meaning what you say. They'll get you for being yourself, Glorabella. Come with me before they do. I'd like you to come with me, wherever I go.

GLORABELLA

O. I feel a great sadness and gentleness in you know. So I know you mean well. But I'm Inny's companion.

JESTER

And you want him to finish the examination?

GLORABELLA

What examination? I don't know what you're --

JESTER

But Innocent is finishing the examination. Look, Glorabella . . .

(Forces HER to look down.

SHE hides her face in his shoulder)

Don't you see? It's time for you to disappear, too. C'mon, Glorabella -- ffuughssh -- right down the crapper. With me.

GLORABELLA

(After a pause)

All right.

(Lights out above. Lights up below)

SAUNA

(Sitting on edge of trampoline.)

SINGS:)

UP ABOVE, THE GOLDEN ANGEL  
CRIES FOR ALL OF HER WOUNDED BRANCHES.  
BUT THE SADNESS OF THE TINSEL,  
SILVER TEARS NEVER REACH THE GROUND, OH.

CARDBOARD BELLS KEEP SWAYING ON A STRING,  
NEVER TO SING. . .NO ONE CAN SING.

ANGEL HEAR, IT CUT MY FINGER;  
RED DROPS FALL ON THE PLASTIC SNOW, OH.  
DROP BY DROP, ON BROKEN BRANCHES . . .  
SEE -- THE TREE. . .IS ME.

INNOCENT

Why so sad, Sauna? It was great! Now I understand. Tired, but relaxed. Sauna,  
that other time with Magda wasn't good at all. But this -- so worth wanting  
again and again. Right?

(Pause)

And this trampoline! Superb! Beautiful! And I was in charge all the way. Zap! Zap!

(Pause)

Sauna, what's the matter? Wasn't I any good?

SAUNA

Oh, Innocent: I can't be a wise guy anymore. I love you.

INNOCENT

Sauna, don't . . . the pain . . .

(GLORABELLA and JESTER rush down)

JESTER

Hide!

GLORABELLA

They're all coming!

INNOCENT

Who?

JESTER

Agate, Confidence, Magda -- everyone!

INNOCENT

Sauna, Glory, let's go--!

JESTER

NOT OUT THERE! THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

GLORABELLA

It's all right, Inny; You and Sauna go. I'll be all right here with the Jester.

SAUNA

No. Inny, Glory, over there. Quick.

(GLORABELLA and INNOCENT hide  
behind a wall of balloons)