

PART 1
MR FC

You up there
In the multi media booth,
Time to face the truth.
Time to raise the stakes.
Outdo your Prologue job,
And bring on the multi media
Fakaktaville frightened mob.



Ah! Yes!

**Hundreds of acres
Where thousands
Stand *and* kneel
And sit—
With thousands
Of dripping candles
And flashlights,
And lights from devices,
Like each
Fab Phone,
Brazenly
Lit.**

***And*
Thousands all
Band ‘round the
Three story brownstone
Where Solly Seer —
—With the recent
Albino blind eyes—
And whose nickname is
Lord Run-On—
And his daughter,
Sally—
From the door
On the top of the
15-step stoop,**

**Are about to
Come on,
And face,
This
Disparate,
Desperate,
Fakaktaville
Massive
Group.**

**Keep your fears alive-
You Fakaktaville old—
You Fakaktaville youth—
As our Solly comes out
And takes
His dive into
Dark
Truth.**

**Attend,
Commit,
Be totally alert,
Don't tune out,
Or
Fall into a trance.
Solly Seer now makes his
Run-on startling entrance—
Without arrogance—
With a bounce**

And a tear—
 Before this
 Night of fear
 —A fear
 That spreads and smolders—

Yes!
 Solly —
 Better to address
 Miles and miles
 Of the mob—
 Makes his
 Startling entrance,
 On
 Daughter
 Sally's
SHOULDERS!

SOLLY

The overall theme is beating the clock — and it's all about hate and it's all about shock —and — perhaps 'bout my dying —and no — I'm not lying — and though I seem strong — you're wrong — just living on a surplus energy-induced boost — And for the moment — I'm back boosting my *Lord Run On* persona's non stop's chops — 'cause I rarely take a *pause* — and I've little use for the fluctuation of most punctuation — *BUT for dashes* — 'cause I always loved to dash through my dashes — And *still* —at the

moment —have some of the energy of some of my dashes — because — because —(oh my frightened flock) — ***BECAUSE you and I have got to beat the clock*** —But first things first — blow out your candles and click off your flashlights — all your devices — Override your fright and preserve what's left of *our* precious light — Without a shadow of a doubt depend on *my* two hundred thousand altar sized fat week-long — long-burning candles before *they* burn out — and *why* I may die — AND — I call on Thelonious P. Bascomb to get up here and help his dear friend Sally steady me and ready me— while I fill you all in from on high — *you* —my frightened flock — *as we race to beat the clock* — and please make haste, Thelo—yes ***YOU*** —get up here —don't waste time — because — though she's tough and trying hard —my darling Sally's tiring hard — can't hold me up long —and there's little time —and hardly *time* —even — for what's deep in every Fakaktavillian's bones —***RHYME*** — or not — cause we've got to face the fact that we've had a world changing shock now — *and we've got to beat the clock now—*

THELO

I'm here.

I'm here to

Help Sally now.

SOLLY

Right, good — that's good — Thelo's here — He's the other pillar — balanced now — I'm steady on their shoulders — see? — the shoulders of my strong Sally and her Thelo P. — and since I — as you can see — am as skinny as a celery stalk — or a piece of chalk — and my ribs are wash board ripples — so skinny — even lost my nipples —



THELO

Solly!

SALLY

Daddy!

THELO/SALLY

They're snapping
 Photos of us
 Each on their
 Fab *Phone*—
 Clicking away—
 Blinding us—
 While we
 Hold you up
 On this
 Top top stoop
 Of your
 Brownstone!

SOLLY

STOP WASTING BATTERIES — taking photos of me
 on your Fab Phones — Get hold of your *thinking*
 hormones — Get truly smart like your smart phones —
 Focus on *what's to be* — forget your addiction to
 celebrity — And don't blind Sally and Thelo's eyes, I
 say — ***STOP CLICKING AWAY!***

THELO/SALLY

They're stopped!

SOLLY

— God I get glum when you all continue to be so dumb — And yes yes — because I'm recently blind and full of sighs with my now albino eyes — my sharp hearing hears your mumbling, grumbling, stumbling, — and I know that you snobs in the different groups and mobs out there are shocked at my calling Thelo up — *This silly pup* — right? — *This boob* — right? — This boob —lacking the lube of smarts in his brain cube — Right? — But when I tell you — you who want to form against him a *cabal* — that the P in this lad's name stands for *Parsifal* — the pure fool hero of legend — a fact that few ever imagined — or even Thelo ever knew —

THELO

That's true.
I always thought that
The P
Stood for
Punk.
That's what my
So-called mocking friend—
Often
Drunk—

Who slept in the
 Top bunk
 Above me—
 Called me!

SOLLY

Then know — therefore —that we may have a pure fool hero in the making here — who — perhaps can save us here — *But more about that later* — because — *it is racing — that old tick tock —and you and I have got to beat the clock* — and this exposition has got to be fast — because my week-long two hundred thousand slow burning candles wont last beyond the week — and that clock hand is so so so damned fast as it rotates and notates that doomsday is near — I sense it — I sense that it's stark — So mark the truth as we face and deal with *your* blasted dark— yes blasted for *you* because — mind —I've lived in the dark for a year now —when I was suddenly stricken blind — the day my great uncle — the evil Lord Grimpen Mire — and I'm sure that I'm right now — that *he's* — Lord Grimpen Mire — he's the cause of our dark plight now— Because —one year ago — for the first time in years — he contacts his blood kin —the Solly of the Solly Seers — calls me on our Fab phone's Face-to-face App —and sets his trap—

MR. FC

**And we Flash back
To that
Face to face app time,
When the crippled,
Lord Grimpen Mire—
Also known as
Richard third—
Demanding to be heard—
Put the fear to his
Great nephew,
Solly Seer,
In that Fab Phone
Face to Face
Word of fear—
And with Mire's soul
In some kind of
A jail-like cage—
And with an
Inconsolable rage—
Set in motion
A thru-line way
To this
Dark, dark,
Day.
And
Lord Grimpen Mire's
Last year's
Image,**

**We now install,
Appearing at least
Ten feet tall.**

**LORD GRIMPEN MIRE
TALKING MAGE**

**Look!
Look
In this flash back
At my crippled back
And
Body-not-so-jolly,
Great nephew,
Solly.**



**Alright—
I confess—
God
Made me a mess—
From the time
I was born,
And torn
From my
Mother.**

**And I did not think it odd,
‘Because I always thought
I had the right to show—
therefore—**

That I had this

Quid-pro-quo
To deal
With God:
Believing
He'd continue to
Let me get even—
As long as I can —
On my
Disgusting,
Hated—
Fellow
Man

—With their
Hot toddies
Of put-together
Bodies—

And in the process
I made God
Seem even tougher—
By being part of the fun
He seemed to have,
By making
People suffer.

Like—
When God chose
The Mizbee Frisbee Franchise

To beat at play the
County Cranchize Franchise
That started a
Run-of-the-mill
Riot?—
That I had thought
Too quiet?—
So / sent in goons
Who started
Muscling and
Goon-ing around,
Until the Franchise
Game became
A
Fakaktavillian's
Killing,
Slaughter,
Ground.

And what about when
God created that
Richter-scale ten
Of a massive earthquake
At Queasy Quark Lake?
Yes, Fakaktavillians
were dumped into the
Earth's open crater—
But it was I
Who put the

Finishing touch on that,
By —
Later—
Stepping on the hands of
Those hanging on
The ledge
Of the crater's edge,
And fed them down to the
Prehistoric
Crater Gator.

Oh,
I could go on spinning tales
Of
My hand
In the hand
Of polishing
Each gem
Of God's
Delightful
Mayhem.

And I thought
That by playing,
And being,
A major part
Of *HIS* game,
That one day
(And without a doubt),

God would reward me
By having my
Soul and body
Straighten out.

But
No,
It just got worse!
It just *gets* worse!
The curse
Continues
And I think God
May have changed
His mayhem game code
And has turned to you—
Moving into
Solly do-gooder
Mode—
Maybe gave *you*
Your place in the sun—
To maybe have some
Mayhem fun.

You'd better hope
That's what you've won.
'Cause with what power's
Left in me,
I'm turning to you
To see

**What *you* can do
For me.**

**You had better hope
It was not my folly
To give you one year
To urge you on
To find a way
To find the answer
—Or nix it —
—A year—
Hear?
To talk to
—Now—
Your God—
For my broken body—
To fix it.—
Do you hear?**

**You better pray
You do—
Hear.**

**If you do not
And a year
From now
The deadline is gone—
And you missed it—
And I'm still all twisted—**

**With a hump that grows,
And with gnarled up toes,
And a nose that spreads—**

**And —
If —
In that year,
I'm still not able
To pass
A well-formed
Turd—
And they still call me
Richard 3rd—**

**With a baby-making organ
That was once my standing joy,
But is slow to rise now—
(And I admit that now,
in public,
My Solly boy)—
And as a result,
I am livid to say,
Even keeps my concubine,
Ariadne,
And
Her gorgeous ass,
Away—
So, of course,**

**I'm forced to force myself on her
 —As I was forced to force myself
 On my “good” wife—
 When she finally
 Found too repugnant,
 My twisted body
 And
 Twisted
 Life.
 And if—**

THELO

**Wait!
 Stop!
 Freeze frame
 That stinking
 Flashback!
 I'm having an
 Anxiety
And
 A migraine
 Aura
 Attack!**

MR. FC

**And the sky lights up
 With the aura lightning
 Thelo sees—
 Through flashes**

That lighten the sky—
 That Thelo Parsifal Bascomb
 Now sees
 And makes him start to sway!
 And his knees begin to droop!
 And Thelo steps away
 And topples Solly
 Onto his
 Brownstone
 Stoop!

THELO

My Ariadne!
 My Ariadne?
 This evil fellow
 Forces himself
 Into my darling
 Ariadne Culo Bello?
 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MR. FC

And daughter Sally—
 Frightened,
 Half insane now—
 With the dread of
 Thinking Solly's
 Fallen and dead now—
 Crying and
 Going

**Half *Mad*—
 In a pietà,
 Cradles on the stoop,
 Her Fallen
 Dad.**

**And the crowd—
 Too impotent to rail—
 Starts to quail
 At the
 Fright of the sight
 On the Brownstone stoop—
 And
 The spread-out
 Thousands
 Begin to
 Waaaaaaaiiiiiil.**

**Sustained—
 The choral wail
 Rolls like
 Low rolling thunder—
 And is
 held
 under:**

**CROWD
 WAAAAAILLLLLLLL. WAAAAAILLLLLLLL.**

Mr. PC

**And Thelo's
 Aura lightning
 Quickly goes,
 And his knees
 Go *all* droop,
 And he falls
 And joins
 Sally and Solly's
 Pietà
 On the floor
 Of the floor of
 Solly Seer's
 Brownstone
 Stoop.**

THELO

**Oh Golly,
 Solly,
 Forgive me,
 I'm sorry!**

MR. F C

**And Lord Grimpen Mire's
 Flashback
 de-freezes—
 Resumes—
 And
 Mire**

Fumes.

LORD GRIMPEN MIRE

**And if,
In a year,
These are not corrected—
Well —
Something super
Dire
Will punish you—
And when it comes
You will know it came
From your great uncle,
Lord
Grimpen
Mire.**

Because—

**When the *great upheaval* came
And you and I lost power—
Some power remained
For you and me
And I urge you to use yours
To see and fix
In the mix
What's wrong with me—
Or I will use mine
On you If you do not.**

**And to show you
 I can still mean business—
 I'm bookmarking this page
 Of my monumental rage—
 —Will now brutalize
 Your eyes
 With a temporary
 year long act—
 By stretching
 Across them
 A temporary
 White
 Albino
 Cataract**

SOLLY

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

LORD GRIMPEN MIRE

**So accept my cheer,
 Solly—
 My now
 For a year
 Blind nephew dear!
 Smell your way
 To a solution
 For me,
 I say,
 Before**

The
Year
Flies
Away.

MR FC

And we pause,
And
Freeze Frame
The twisted face
Of Mire's
Past
Face—
For
A
Short speech
Interlude
From Solly
To
intrude.

SOLLY

The man's a one-man lunatic band — Thelo, Sally —
Help me *stand* — There — Good — Grimpen — Grimpen
— you're deranged — How could I arrange anything
with my blind albino eyes in this one year's time? —
With these blind albino eyes *you* laid on me? —
Anyway — my hands were full — dealing with the
growing spate of hate that suddenly was

the swill that was my fate to confront in Fakaktaville
 this year. — *“Smell my way?”* — The only smell I
 smelled this late was the smell of hate and had to deal
 with— and jeepers creepers — but it was hard to be
 wise *without eyes* —without peepers— and —

MR. FC

And from reversing gears,
 And into this present tense,
 Lord Grimpen Mire—
 Still
 An immense
 Ten feet tall
 Lump of a man—
 Again
 De-freezes—
 And,
 All animated,
 Appears,
 Erupts,
 And
 Interrupts.

LORD GRIMPEN MIRE

It *was* my folly,
 Solly,
 To give you this year,
 Because
 Now,

**There's something
Immense
In the present tense
That's eating
On my insides,
Too,
Solly dear—**

**Chomp chomp—
Hear it?
Stomping on my insides—
Hear it!
Stomp stomp.
Hear it?
Making my
Concubine prisoner,
Ariadne,
Happy.
Romp Romp.
Schlomp Schlomp.
But prisoner she stays.
Even after I die—
She stays.
That's what it's all about now:
Ariadne stays prisoner now—
No how,
No way,
To get out.
Hear it?**

Hear *her*. . .

**ARIADNE'S AMPLIFIED
VOICE**

**Please, Please,
Please help
Ariadne. . .**

THELO

**Is that her?
Is that Ariadne?**

SALLY

**Yes, yes,
I once heard her voice. . .**

**ARIADNE'S AMPLIFIED
VOICE**

**Please, Please,
Please help
Ariadne. . .**

SALLY

**Pitiful.
Can't help
But pity her.**

LORD GRIMPEN MIRE

**That's it.
From her pit,
That has little air,
Just one more thing
I'll let
Ariadne say.**

**ARIADNE'S AMPLIFIED
VOICE**

**Please, Please,
Please help
Ariadne. . .
Before my fabled bottom
Withers away.**

THELO

No! No!

LORD GRIMPEN MIRE

**Yes, yes!.
And,
In that hideaway pit,
That has little air,
That's it.
In a week there will be**

No air
There.

THELO

No! No!

LORD GRIMPEN MIRE

Sorry,
Solly mate,
It's all too late.
I know it.
I know it.
It's over for me.
It's over for Ariadne
And it's over for you.
From Ariadne's
Fabled bottom,
I found a way
To get you all
In the dark—
And in the dark
You all will stay.

Always believing
I,
At least,
Could get even —
And out of spite,
I DID,

But.
Now.
No way to redial
Or to be in denial.
Nothing more to say:
Old Grimpen Mire
Ain't gonna stay.
But now in the dark
You all will stay,
And you'll never find the way
To turn the lights back on.

(And I thank
Ariadne's
Fabled
Bottom
For that)

Lord Grimpen Mire
May soon lose his crown!
(And if
The word "*crown*"
You're not buying —
Try *dying*!)
But in the
Dark
You *all* can —
You all *will*—

In the dark
 Drown—
 And I laugh
 to the heavens—
 If *Grimpen Mire*
 Can come
 Crashing down —
 Then to all
 Fakaktaville
 I shout:

LET IT *ALL* COME DOWN!
 LET IT *ALL* COME DOWN!
 LET IT *ALL* COME DOWN!

Over and OUT!

KAKAKTAVILLIANS

Waaaaaaaiiiiiiiiii!!!!!! Waaaaaaaiiiiiiiiii!!!!!!

SOLLY SEER

Listen — Listen — Stop the wail! — You're all so quick
 to fail—Yes—Yes — Another shock — *but there's still*
time to beat the clock — I don't give up — My strength
 is back — I'm not that stupid — *That* silly — Soon as
 that crazy bastard blinded me — I sent poor No Legs

Billy and his magic cart to the *Rock of Answers* at Mount Prick Prack Peak — our highest peak — shrouded with clouds —for some answers to seek — I knew Lord Mire was so mired in his getting-even arrogance dance — that he never thought about The Rock — Not a chance — And anyway — how could *he* seek the Prick Prack Park Peak? —When THE GREAT UPHEAVAL came our way— back in the day — besides a crippled body — Mire was left windless — with no means to climb higher than the top parapet at Castle Mire —And in his rage went off half cocked — mocked —yes— did a mock on The Rock — While I — for my part — was given —after having his poor legs bit off by the Crater Gator — was given No Legs Billy — All of Billy’s art —*AND* his magic cart — Go Billy — Go ahead — Tell the crowd what The Rock said.

NO LEGS BILLY

**Sally is the answer,
The Rock Of Answers said.**

**Thelo P. Bascomb
Is the answer,
The Rock of Answers said.**

**First test for Thelo
At the Rock
Is
That
He must pluck out**

The Fakaktaville
Thermos
Bat—
And
Yield
The magical
Frisbee
Shield —
Unlock them
Both,
Embedded
In
The Rock—

Then he must pluck
Them both
From
The Rock—
Release them both
From the Rock

SOLLY

And then The Rock
Said something cryptic.

NO LEGS BILLY

“Before things
Get apocalyptic,

**Solly Seer
Must gather
Hundreds of Thousands
of candles
In his blind year.”**

SOLLY

**And I have—And look —Thelo’s turned white—
See?— Just look at his fright as he grasps the
plight in sight because of the journey he’s about
to start — to switch back on the light —eradicate
this perpetual night — *and* free Ariadne—And has
got to face *God knows what* —but he’ll have my
darling Sally — to help him rally his strengths —
and what he’ll discover are his courage and his
smarts—**

THELO

Will I? Can I?

SOLLY

**Yes, you will—Yes, you can — And you’ll discover
my Sally —who I always knew had special powers
but never quite knew what they were— Now we’ll
find out if that power will tower above the evil she
will face— and the *Rock of Answers* will set out
the case — to fight the evil dark-dark Mire face—
And I— No! — Blind or not — while No Legs Billy
is away — I’ll have plenty of help coming my way**

— with lots to say — from a presence that is
 about to get your tongues to wag and your throats
 to gag—And here she is —Pina The Hag!

MR. FC

A pair of luminous eyes
 Light up a path
 And Pina hobbles in
 From the crowd;
 With a soul full of wrath—
 Pina hobbles in
 (Looking waisted and sick)—
 On a gnarled walking stick—
 And the crowd cowers back
 With its usual Pina fear—
 As Pina inches up the steps
 To the
 Albino-Eyed
 Blind
 Solly
 Seer.

PINA, THE HAG

I'm wasting away by the minute,
 But grab my stick, Solly Dear.
 I'm trying to stay focused
 In the minute;
 But,
 Hells bells,
 I can hardly

Stay in it —
Not a second—
Not one minute!
And my days of predicting
Are nearly through—
But what minutes remain
I'll devote to you
Solly—
Do my best
To be your eyes,
And keep you afloat.
And while my rotten
Godson,
Huck Hoot
And great nephew,
Lord Grimpen Mire
Gloat,
This I can
Float
By you:
Of the two—
Huck and Grimpen—
Grimpen—
Though dangerous still—
You may
Soon count out.
But don't count out
Huck—
Because,

Soon to make
His final fall,
He'll claw and bite.
Like a trapped rat
against the wall.

But
Have no doubt—
Have no
Second thoughts
About the slimy
Creature in the muck—
And I don't mean
The Crater Gator—
I mean
My slimy godson,
Huck!

MR FC

You up there—
You up there in the
Multi media booth—
Let's see a ten Foot video
Of Huckleberry Hoot—
That uncouth,
Youth—
Look!
Giving a zinger—
Again—
His middle



**Finger—
Again—
To
Thelonious—**

**God!
He's a real pimple pus!**

Listen to what he's saying to us:

HUCK (Image)

You haven't seen anything, yet:

The Crater Gator

Is now the pet

Standing guard

In Lord Grimpen Mire's

Yard.

The toddler Zags I raise

Will feed that Croc

While I separate the Toddler

Dangle Ding-A-Lings

And sauté those delicacies

For our Fakaktavillian

Oligarchy Bizilionaire Kings.

And if and when

Grimpen Mire

Might expire—

Then—

I'll join Tiny Tinny Klinny—

Perhaps set free

Ariadne's ass devine,

And make it mine—

Then spread the fires

Of my reign of fear,

And get

To replace—
 In Fakaktaville—
 The
 place
 Of
 Solly
 Seer.
 Lots a' luck.
Your friend Huck



MR FC

Superimpose
 A distant image
 Of Ariadne's famous
 Rear

And what does that
 Recurring image mean?
 Does it seem
 To suggest
 A deeper blow
 To Thelo? —

THELO

Do I understand this right?
 For Thelo, now,
 Three fights:

One:

Save my Ariadne?

**And,
Two
(With some luck)
Defeat my now hateful
So call friend,
Huck?**

And three

SOLLY

(The biggest fight!)—

THELO

**Turn back on
Every
Fakaktaville
light!**

**I can't!
I can't!
I don't think I can!**

SALLY

**You can, my Thelo!
With me beside you,
Fighting with you—
Oh, yes,**

Oh yes we can.

THELO

Oh, God. . .
I feel an aura
Coming on!

SALLY

Yes.
See.
It's a stronger one
And lighting
Up the sky.

NO LEGS

Can you keep it
Lighting up the sky?

THELO

I
don't know. . .
I
don't know. . .

FAKAKTAVILLIANS

Try,
Thelo
Try.

NO LEGS WILLY

Try,
 Thelo
 Try.
 In a minute
 We'll be flying
 Through the sky.

THELO

Not tough enough,
 Not strong enough—
 Not I.
 I can't
 Keep the
 Aura going.
 Not I—
 Not I—
 I'm blacking out—

FAKAKTAVILLIANS

Look!
 Look!
 He'll never do!
 Our Parsifal's
 Passed out!

SOLLY SEER

**Wrong, wrong!
He'll be all right.
Sally,
Help me
Get Thelo To
Billy's barge. . .**

NO LEGS BILLY

**Not just a barge
Now—
A magical cart
Now.
I've retrofitted it
Into what I call
My special healing
Gurney,
And
We'll short cut
The
Longer
Land
Journey,
And
Race—
Instead—
Our
Thelo and Sally—**

**To the Rock
Through
The
Short Cut
Of
Starry
Space.**

SOLLY SEER

**Then aim your magical gurney—No Legs — for
the sky —and fly!— Get Thelo and Sally to the
Rock — See that Thelo *DOES* yield from the Rock
the magical Frisbee Shield and Thermos Bat of
Deadly Combat —Don't be shy —sly or tend to cry
as you fly — And for heaven's sake don't give up
and die—One week to get it won! — One week to
get the job done!— One week to get the answers
from The Rock—One week for Thelo P and Sally
to do WHAT?—At the Rock?**

FAKAKTAVILLIANS

BEAT THE CLOCK!

BEAT THE CLOCK!

BEAT THE CLOCK!

SOLLY

YEAH!

END— PART 1