

THELO (PART 2)
(LYRICAL CELESTIAL INTERLUDE
ON ROUTE TO SEEK
THE ROCK OF KNOWLEDGE
AT PRICK PRACK PARK
PEAK)

MR. FC

You in the
Multi-media booth,
Please bring on
The heavens
And the stars. . .

Ah!
—Like so!

You in the sound booth
Please bring on a hum—
Let it quietly
Vibrate and strum,
Unalloyed,
In the void. .

Ah!
—Like so!

And you,

No Legs Billy—
 Come on in
 —Take charge
 Of the scene
 On your magical
 Gurney
 Barge. . .



Ah!
 Like so!

With an awed Sally
 Seer,
 Strapped in;
 And a strapped-in
 Thelo,
 Struck dumb.

I'll be there—
 But. . .
 On the sidelines
 This time—
 Out of sight. . .
 A new person
 Will come

—A someone,
 I just

. . .cannot. . .
 Face.
 And so—
 For a short bit of time—
 While everyone sings—
 I'll stay dumb. . .
 In the Wings. . .
 Where I'll
 Pace.

NO LEGS BILLY

And,
 If truth
 Be known,
 I mean
 To come
 Into my own,
 And show
 Some surprising
 new depth
 In this
 scene.

SALLY

Listen,
 Listen,
 No Legs Billy:
 What am I hearing?
 I thought

There was nothing—
Nothing and
Silence,
Out here
In the
Stars.

NO LEGS BILLY

Oh, yes, there's something—
Somethings, I mean:
Billions of lights
From those billions of
Stars—
And, look!
See that
Blinking red light
Way out there?
—That's
Mars.

SALLY

But what *is* that sound?
I'm surprised there's a sound.
There's a sound
Where one thought
There'd be
Nothing but
Silence.

NO LEGS BILLY

My Barge system's
Guidance
Tells me
We're nearing a galaxy
—See?
Not too far?—
—Ahead and above?
That's the Galaxy called
Simeonov—

And the sounds
That you hear
Are the sounds
Of soft strings
That vibrate—
That overlap
That slight-snapping
Snap of a snap.

And heart-breaking sounds
They are.
Even in the heavens,
Out this far—
Where there
Can't be *rain*. . .

There *is* pain.

(In those
Heart-breaking-sounds,
There's pain)

As everywhere—
And always—

(And take it
From someone
Whose
Bit-off
Legs-pain
Come With him
Everywhere
And always—
Again
And
Again
And
Again)

—There's pain.

You
Soften
Thelo's
pain here,
Sally;
Sing softly

To Thelo,
 Sally.
 This isn't
 Fakaktaville,
 After all,
 Where
 Hardly anything
 At all
 Is real:
 Out here you can say—
 You *must* say—
 And must sing—
 What *you*
 Really
 Feel.

SALLY

. . .Thelonious,
 Thelonious,
 Those sounds
Are
 Heart breaking,
 But
 Somehow
 They're
 Soothing, too.
 —Please
 Snap free
 And

Agree—
Snap free
From
Your
 Pain,
And
Find them
As soothing
—(The sounds)—
As
They
Are
To
Me.

Thelonious,
Thelonious,
Break through
Your Shock.
Look around
At the magic:
The sounds
And
The billions of stars
And see—
Really
Look
All around—
And

See
What
There
Is
To
See.

I'm here, Thelonious—
It's Sally, Thelonious—
Strapped in,
With knees-to-back
Touching you.
Needing to hug you—
De-shock
And protect you:
My dad,
Solly Seer,
Made *that*
Clear.

Please see
Me,
Thelonious—
My face can't reach
Your face—
Or eyes,
To kiss them—
So blink them
—Your

Eyes—
 Better yet:
 Let the
 Cries
 Come,
 And tear-clear the shock
 And the pain away.

. . . .

And see. . .
 Ahh please,
 Please,
 Dear Thelo. . .
 Please
 Again. . .

Please
 Turn. . .
 And
 Please
 See
Me.

—Oh! Oh no!
 Billy, Billy!
 Those sparks again—!

NO LEGS BILLY

Thelo's having his aura's again
 (Son of a gun!):

Those aura's we saw before?—
 All agog?—
 In the Prologue?
 And saw again
 (Son of a gun!)
 In Part one?
 —Recall?

SALLY

Yes.

. . . I see your aura's,
 Thelonious!
 I choose to think
 That they light up for me.
 I know they trigger
 Your migraines
 Thelonious:
 Unbearable pain—
 Blinding
 Headaches—
You once
 Described
 To me.

I see your aura's,
 Thelonious!
 I feel your pain
 And your— . . .

THE VOICE OF LADY BASCOMB

Thelonious.

Thelonious.

THELO

Mother!

. . .Mother? . . .

That's mother's voice,

Right?

Is that

The *real* mother

I once had?

SALLY

Is that—

The mother that

Thelo once had?

NO LEG'S BILLY

Yes, Sally!

Yes, Lad!

None other—

Thelo's mother!

Let's all

Give praise!

She's pulled

Thelo

Out from

His
Painful
Daze!

See that comet tail,
All ablaze!
Surfing the cosmos?
That's her—

MR. FC

Mr. FC—
Fakaktaville Chronicler—
Here again—
Entering
The scene again—
I confirm it,
Yes,
That *is*
Thelo's
Original
Mum—
The new character here—
For you—
That's her.
And in my heart
There's a
Sad, sad,
Painful stir.
I know what she's seeking—

You see—
 Because I do know her—
And she knows me—
 Though she can't see me—
 . . . This *narrator* now. . .
 For the moment. . .
 And that's good—
 Because—
 In actuality—
 The pain would
 Be awful
 If she *could* see me. . .
 But soon—
 But soon—
 And this I guarantee—
 . . . Soon enough,
 In this saga,
 She *will* see me

. . . And I know what
 She's seeking
 (Oh God, I know). . .
 She's seeking
 A place—
 A galaxy place—
 A Bascomb place—
 A family
 Burial

Bascomb
Place—
Somewhere
Out there
In
Space.

Oh! Oh!

It hurts to the soul
That I know so much
Of the pain up ahead—
A pain
That I dread—
And
That
Fills up
My soul
With a
Soul-wrenching
Sob.
But that's what
I'm here for—
There's no way
I can
Shirk my
Job—
A job—
Though I long to—

I can't
Dismiss—
And look!
The comet's stopped—
Hovers out there—
There—
Out there
In the
Abyss!



And all those
Star-stuff
Jig saw pieces
From that
Comet tail—
See?
Coming together—
See?
The completed puzzle
Making a beautiful face—
Thelo's
Mum's

Face—
See?
So beautiful—
So—
In space—
—So. . .

NO LEGS BILLY

So
 . . .un-prosaic—



Creating
 A celestial
 Beautiful
 Face-Mosaic—

MR FC.

And,
 Whole-faced
 To her Thelo—
 She'll Have
 Her
 Say—

THE COME-TOGETHER
 JIGSAW FACE
 OF LADY BASCOMB
 IN SPACE

. . . "I see your aura's,
 Thelonious!"
 That's what I said

When they first
 Lit up for you.
 You were just five,
 And those painful migraines,
 Your mother felt, too,
 And knew they were special
 And told you that then.

I tell you that now.
 That you'll light up the night,
 When Fakaktaville
 Needs that light.

NO LEGS BILLY

Gone, gone!
 The auras are gone!
 But the millions
 Of stars
 Still make it all bright.

LADY BASCOMB'S FACE

Know I'll be here now,
 Thelonious.
 Know that That I'll help you
 No matter how rough—
 No matter how tough—
No matter what stuff

They —

THELO

Enough!
. . .Enough.

What should I say,
 Mother?—
 All I *can* say,
 Mother . . .
 —Afraid, Mother!
AND
 —Betrayed, mother!
 I feel
 You betrayed *me*,
 Mother.
 I feel —
 I feel—
 And forgive this
 Un-son-like fuss—
 But
 I feel
 you betrayed
Both
 Of
 Us,

Mother.

THE FACE OF LADY BASCOMB

Abandoned you— Yes:
 There were reasons for that.
 But I never
Betrayed you,
 Or us,
 Thelonious—

THELO

“Abandoned”—
“Betrayed”—
 I *don't* see the difference,
 But it's not only you—
 It's Huck Hoot
 Who betrayed me,
 Mother.
All
 Of Fakaktaville
 Betrayed me, too—
 First —
 With their vicious behavior:
 Made me their fool—
 Then—
 Now
 Making me
 Some kind of a
 “Savior!”

THE FACE OF LADY BASCOMB

You are.
 You may be.
 Listen carefully to me,
 My son,
 It's your destiny—
(My Parsifal son—)
 It's your destiny.

THELO

I'm so afraid:
 It's all so unknown
 And I feel so
 Bad—
 So scared
 To the bone—
 So
 So
 So. . .

Alone.

Bravado!
 Bravado!
 It all was
 Bravado,
 Those stupid,
 Hero-longings,

I'd stupidly
Shout out
About.

This Parsifal thing
Has me all in a daze,
In a craze—
Nothing seems
To be what it seems!
I don't understand.
Mother,
What it
All
Means!

THE FACE OF LADY BASCOMB

Thelonious! Thelonious!
Soon! Soon!
Son!
Your soul's
Had a terrible Fall.
But
All
Will come clear
As long as you see—
Really see—
Your
Sally—
Your

Sally
Seer—

SALLY

Yes! Yes!
Your Sally is here.

THE FACE OF LADY BASCOMB

See her,
See her,
Knees-to-back
Here—
But she'll
Give you the rest of her—
Give you
Her all,
When you
Get To
The Rock—
To
The
Great
Knowledge
Wall

THELO

Huck Hoot—
Grimpen Mire—
The Crater Gator—
My threatened Ariadne—
Huck Hoot's

Disgusting
 Gourmet
 Zag Toddler
 Jewels,
 Threatened, too—

How can I confront
 All that?
 So hazy!
 So crazy!
 So crazy!
 It's all so
 Crazy,
 too!

SALLY

It's true—
 Thelo's mother—
 Nowhere
 Near
 A Lark.
 It's all
 So terrible!
 It's all
So stark!

THELO

And what about
 The dark. . .
 The dark. . .

The dark?
 In the face
 Of perpetual
 Dark?
 I feel
 Hopeless,
 A helpless,
 Kid—
 I feel such a
 Brainless
 Brat—

NO LEGS BILLY

Forget all
 That,
 Thelo!
 When we get
 To the Rock—
 To the wall—

(And we're almost there!)

When the wall
 Will yield
 The Frisbee
 Shield,
 And the
 Magical
 Bat
 Of
 Combat—

You'll take it
 All in,
 Then your
 Hero life
 Will
 Begin.

THELO

For what?
 To do what?
 Have a victory dance,
 When Thelo,
 The Hero,
 Leads a victory
 Quadrille
 Over Victory Hill
 In Fakaktaville?

The very thought of it
 Gives me a chill!

And
 Maybe. . .
 Maybe. . .
 And maybe. . .

I'll have to kill!

And
 I know—
 I know
 I don't have

The will
To
Kill!

NO LEGS BILLY

I'm just your driver,
Thelo,
But I've been around,
Thelo—
Often act silly,
I know—
Stay on
The outside,
Looking in
On *the dregs*—
Those Fakaktaville
Men with
Two
Legs.
While
My
Legless-legs
Endure pain,
Constantly—
But nothing
Like pain
I go through
When I see
The pain that

Fakaktaville
 Two-Legs-Men,
 Do to
 Each other—
 Smother each other—
 OR—
 Bit by bit—
 Bite through
 To the soul—
 Fulfill their
 Killer role—
 They just
 Can't get
 Their fill of It—
 The Thrill of it.

MR. FC

Yes,
 You *can*
 Kill,
 Thelonious.
 And
 Of course
 You can thrill
 To the kill
 Of it, too!
 You're a man
 From Fakaktaville now,
 And

Men from Fakaktaville
Do kill—

Will kill.

If they have
Hate enough
In their heart—
The killing
Can start—

Will start.

NO LEGS BILLY

I've seen them—
The Legs-Men,
Thelonious,
Even kneeling in church—
Even wailing in a Mosque—
Even nodding at
An Orthodox seder.

If there's hate
In their hearts—

They *can*

All—

All—

All

Can

Murder!

MR. FC

Luck! Luck!

You plucked
 From the deck,
 The joker,
 The absurd card,
 That will change
 Your behavior.
 So face it,
 Thelo:
 You *are*
Now
 The Fakaktaville
 Savior:
 Licensed to kill—
 To murder!
 The flip of the cards—
 The toss of the dice,
 Thelo—
 Whatever!
 It's your luck.
 Your Mum
 Calls it destiny—
 Whatever —

NO LEGS BILLY

And pardon
If
 what I say
 Makes you blench—
 Yes,

I ask you,
Please pardon
My
(Bitter)
French:

Cause it's all fucked up
In Fakaktaville!
And *You've*
Been chosen,
To de-fuck
It all!
And—

. . . Oh! Oh.

OMG!

It's Solly—
Solly—
It's Solly
Seer!
Interrupting—
And
Coming
In Clear!

My

InterFakaktaSpace

Ear bud

Has

An

InterFakaktaSpace

Solly Seer

Alert—

From That

Huck

Hoot—

MR. FC

—That

Huck

Hoot

Pimple-pus

Pervert. . .

There!

Out there!

That spot—

Out in space?—

Projected

Against

The blackest

black hole

In

The

Universe
—It's not
A Mirage—
It's the man
To curse!

Immerse
Yourself
In
That
Flickering
Image
Of
That
Flicking
Fakaktaville
Brute:

The
Evil
Incarnate—
 Huck
 Hoot!

HUCK HOOT
[PROJECTED FLICKERING IMAGE
AND SPEECH IN THE SKY]

Hoot here.

Re Grimpen Mire:

His rage on fire,

Mire,

As you know,

Wants To let it

Come down;

For All Of It To Come Down,

Here—

There—

And

Everywhere—

But his dark

Could not reach

As high as

Prick Prack Park —

Our highest peak.

So he Gave some light

To

Those men

Who

Deal in Fakaktaville

Treasury shares—

The Fakaktaville

Bazillionaires!

For years

They've had their sights

Set on

The mineral rights
 At Mount Prick Prack Park —
 Our highest peak—
 Where
 Bonehead
 Thelonious
 Is headed.
 Now they just plan
 To attack
 And
Take it.
 They've formed
 FakaktaDragoons
 Of
 Fakakataville
 Goons —

(Not led by me—
 Never fear—
 Huck Hoot
 Always stays in
 The rear—
 I got them
 To Get
 Tinny Tiny Klinny—
 — *The Tin?*—
 To Lead,
 If they wanted

To win.
 —And he did
 And *they* did) —

And they're
 On their way.
 They've spent
 Tons of loot
 To find a fast
 Route
 To get to
 That Peak
 When
You
 All
 Get there,
 And I say —

THELO

—Say “betray:”
 That's all you
 Need to say,
 Huck
 You betrayed me,
 Huck!
 I can't forget that.
 I won't —

Huck—
 Forget that!

HUCK HOOT

Blah Blah!
 Who cares
 What you forget—
 Or remember—
 Come to that.
 But I'll give you
 Blah blah
This
 To
 Blah blah
 Remember:
 The next time I see
 Your Ariadne—
 (If Mire didn't
 Dismember her)—
 And after I
 Retire Mire—
 Take his place—

 (And now that
 Sally I don't crave—

SALLY

Crave? Crave!
Talk about deprave!—

HUCK HOOT

She's
—Ugh!—yours
In fact)
—Your Sally—
Your prize
That I also now despise
As much as you!—

SALLY

Good! Good!

HUCK HOOT

After Mire, I retire—
And if Ariadne
Is still a
Fat bottomed prize—
I'll finally pry apart
Her glorious thighs
And—

MR. FC

Projection's down—
We've lost

Contact!
 And —
 See—
 Thelo's so
 Consumed with hate—
 He can't see straight.

Keep your course
 No Legs Billy!
 Full speed ahead!

Have faith,
 Thelonious—
 Let the rage take over—
 Overcome your fear—
 It's all about to
 Come clear—

NO LEGS

We're more than near,
 Thelo—
 Miles ahead of them,
 Thelo.
 Get over your scare,
 Thelonious. . .
 Because we're
 Not just
 "Anywhere". . .
 Because we're

Not
Here
 Anymore—
 We're. . .

THERE.

TUTTI

SALLY

Yes!
There!
What's
There,
Theo?
What's there
That you
Need
To See?

MOTHER

Your
Destiny
My son

THELO

. . .My
 Destiny. . . ?
 My

*“Bonehead”
Destiny?*

NO LEGS

Your “bonehead”
Days
Are Over,
Thelonious.
The next faze
Of your journey
Is about to begin;
The one that gets you
To beat Solly Seer’s
Clock!

*AND IT’S TIME
TO
DOCK. . .
TO DOCK
WHERE?—*

TUTTI

At
THE
ROCK!

END PART TWO

Pg 23?

MOTHER/SALLY

[We love your auras,

Thelonious.

You'll bring them on

When the whole world needs light.

We'll know what they cost you—

The whole world will know—

They'll come—

The auras—

Whenever Fakaktaville

Fights off the night.]