

FAKAKTA
(Yiddish)

means

“FUCKED UP”

“SHITTY”

“THELO”

**A Thelonious P Bascomb, Dr. Seuss-like,
Fakaktaville Saga,
and Wagnerian-like Götterdämmerung
musical Theatre piece:**

**For narrator, acting-singing-dancing
ensemble**

**—and multi media (including specially
created animation film**

**for the Toddler Zig Zag fight; the Prehistoric
Crater Gator confrontation; the lyrical
interlude through space on the Magical
Gurney Barge of No Legs Billy to the Wall Of
Knowledge at Prick Prack Park Peak; the
Frisbee sequence in the Meadow they call
Mizbee; the descent from the heavens of Pina
The Hag; and the Chorus and march of the
tipsy young horny Fakaktaville men pining for
the splendid-assed Ariadne Culo Bello
and. . .)**

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PLACE:
FAKAKTAVILLE

CHARACTERS:
Fakaktaville Chronicler (Mr. FC)
Thelonious P. Bascomb (Thelo)
The Toddler Zig Zags
Huckleberry Hoot
Sally Seer
Solly Seer (Sally's Dad)
Pina, The Hag
No Legs Billy
Lord Grimpen Mire
Wall Of Knowledge Trio
Fakaktavillians
The Crater Gator
Tiny Tinny Klinny (The Tin)
The Parent Zig Zags
Ariadne Culo Bello
Lady Benedicta Bascomb
Parzival Horatio Bascomb

MR. FC
(ENTERING THROUGH THE FOG)



Good evening. I am your Fakaktaville Chronicler. Mr. FC. But I am more than that— *WILL BE* more than that: Will — later — have a more specific role in this saga tonight. — *A game changing role*, perhaps? — Wink, wink— But for now, I'll just be your chronicler. And we will navigate together through a land in crisis: Fakaktaville. Primarily

through the eyes of — and on the back of — that big hearted, romantic innocent — *The orphan*, Thelonious P. Bascomb. Who will start as a seeming jerk and end as a bonafide hero. Who will start as an insensitive, immature fellow and end as a gentle lover. Who will start as a clumsy oaf and wind up saving the world — the Fakaktaville world. Who will be earthbound on his journey — but wind up in the heavens. We will also discover why this day is different from any other day for all Fakaktavillians. *And* for orphan Thelonious, specifically. — Who is also — by the way — called *Thelo*, in our saga. Along the way, too, there will be light and there will be dark. *Deep, deep, stark dark!* Also: There will be love and there will be hate. And searches for life's mate. There will be sweet portrayals and brutal betrayals. There will be slime and there will be grime, mime — and an evil presence and a divine transcendence — And, oh! — YES! — *There will be rhyme! — a tsunami of rhyme! SO. HERE WE GO. LET'S CLEAR THE FOG! HERE'S THE PROLOGUE!*

* * * * *

*There, where the Toddler Zig Zag hatch,
Thelonious P. Bascomb meets his match!
Attacking a Toddler Zig Zag batch,
Thelonious starts to grab and snatch*

At at least *a few* Zags
From that Zig-Zagging pack. . .

THELO

—And to stuff them Into this
—My specially stitched-together
Zig Zag sack!
But — Damn it!—
—Look at ‘em zig!
—Look at ‘em zag!
Impossible to catch!
Embarrassing mismatch!



And when I go to bop and bat them
With — this — my Fakaktaville bat,
They scoot out of reach—
See?—
And avoid the combat!

MR. FC

Freeze frame please!
Every *thing* in the frame,
Every *one* in the frame—
Freeze, please!

Will you just look at those Toddler Zags,
All freeze-framed there
—In mid air.
Cute to look at.
Right?
And look at that!
They even look like
The gentle Wambat!
Right?
Except for those vicious teeth
They bare—
Ready to bite.

And look at that perplexed
Fakaktaville lad—
Our glum chum—

The orphan,
 Thelonious P. Bascomb—
What a sad sad sight!—
 Frozen
 —Frazzled there
 In the middle
 Of that teeth-bared
 Toddler Zig Zag lair—
 Feeling used,
 Confused,
 Because *he* thought

THELO

Thought? I was
“Told” that each Toddler Zag
 Would be a docile pussycat,
 As it faced my deadly
 Fakaktaville bat.

MR. FC

No, Thelo, Thelonious:
 That was wrong —
 Completely erroneous.
 A lark?
 You’re going to find out
 That this is only the beginning—
 When — In the battles to come—
 You’ll come face to face—
 With the thing you fear the most

—The dark!

The dark.

The coming dark.

But for now—

Wait!

Good grief!

What is that
musical motif?

Ah!

In the bright

Sunlight—

Enter the boy—

Who lacks all joy—

Is never coy—

(To the judicious,
will always be suspicious)

—Will always appall—

And who—

Some could say—

Started it all— . . .

The boy who always

Smells out

Where lurks the loot:

Orphan (big hearted) Thelo's,
So-called best friend—

Huckleberry Hoot.



Handsome fellow,
that.
No?
With his blazing
black
Slicked back hair—
Six foot frame —
And always—
Seemingly
At the top
Of his *scheming*
game?

But—moving along. . .
You in the sound booth
Up there—
Cut Huck Hoot's
Motif song!

Good!

And you—
Big-hearted

**Orphan Thelonious—
Unfreeze
Please.**

**And you,
Leaping Toddler Zig Zags?
— You, too,
De-freeze.
Dissolve out from the scene.
I'll bring you back
When it's time to reconvene.
[Just as soon as
I ferment
This
Newly-minted
Huck Hoot,
Newly-pressured,
Dramatic event.]**

Go!

So!

**Flash back a week ago:
When you, Huck—
Sweaty and breathless—
Breathe hard and cuss
And make a fuss—
in the meadow**

They call Mizbee—
 at the national
 Frisbee
 Tournament—
 And grab Thelo,
 From the stands—
 Where Thelo sells
 Fakaktaville trinkets?
 To the Fakaktaville
 Frisbee fans?
 —And drag Thelo
 off into the nearby
 Wood.

You up there
 In the multi media booth,
 Bring on the multi media
 Mizbee wooded Wood.

Good!
 But—
 No! No! Huck!
 Let go!—
 Release that strangle hold
 On Thelo—
 Do your phony
Make nice bit:
 See fit
 To stroke Thelo!



Don't choke Thelo!

HUCK HOOT

Oh Sorry, Thelo!
 I'm hoping
 To come into
 Some cash-back
 In this
 flashback,
 And when I get
This excited,
 I sometimes get
 Shortsighted,
 And—

THELO

I'm okay. I'm okay.

MR FC

**He's okay.
 Just say, Huck,
 What you've got to say!**

HUCK

**You gotta know,
 Thelo,
 That, just awhile ago?—
 While I —
 As per usual —**

**Was cleaning up
 At the national game
 Of Schmackajack,
 At the casino
 In County Crick Crack—?
 I heard that—
 The Zig Zags
 Were back!**

THELO

**And so is my breath—
 Back— . . .
 Your choke hold
 Almost broke my neck—
 Made me a bit of a wreck.
 Just give me a sec
 To breathe and say. . .
 —Hey!
 I thought the Zag story
 Was all muck, Huck—
 In fact,
 A myth—
 In fact—
 All bullshyth.
 In fact— . . .
 I recall—
 A year ago?—
 Though it seems like
 Such a short while—**

—And just thinking about it
 Makes me smile—
 When I had just been released
 From the Orphanage
 At Pin Head Ridge?—
 In the County of Poopyville,
 Over the County hill?—
 Across
 The famous porno designed
 Spread Legs Bridge?—
 And feeling that amazing thrill
 I felt
 When I first arrived in Fakaktaville?—
 A grateful
 Glad lad I was, too,
 Then—
 Lost all fear—
 When
 I was greeted by
Himself—
 The legendary,
 Great,
 Solly Seer—

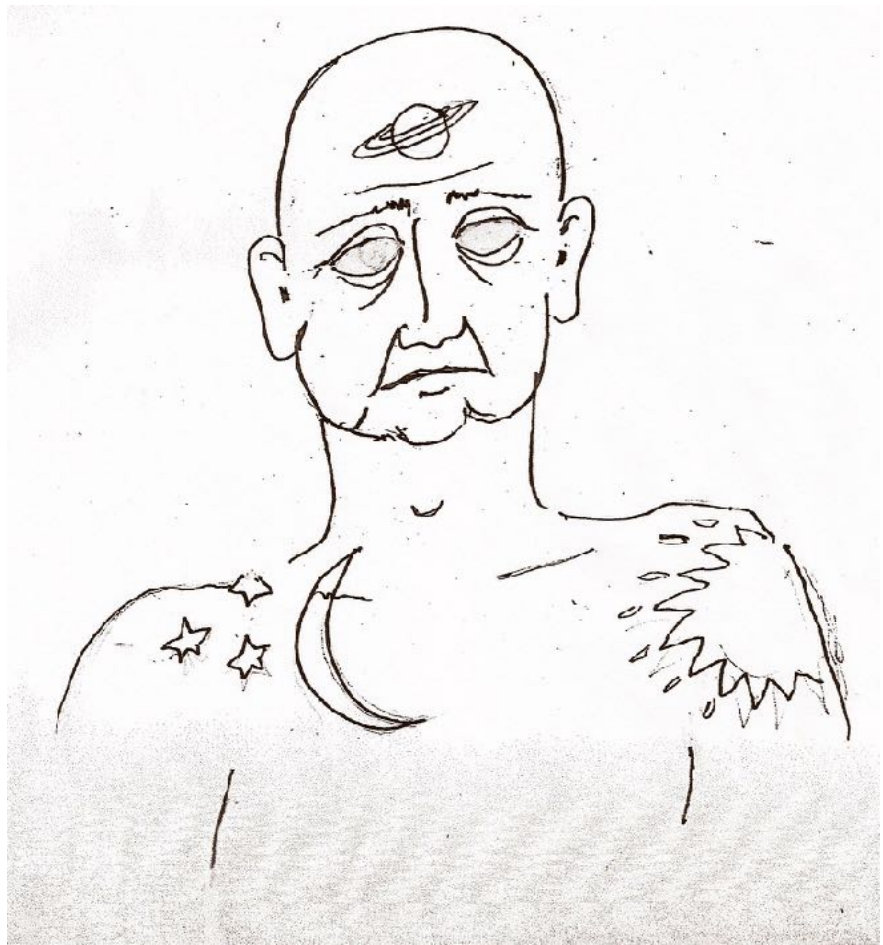
MR FC

Multi Media Booth
 Up there! —Yo! —
 Let's keep this nice
 Exposition flow

With a
Dissolve-in
here
Of a two-story
Sized
Blowup of
Solly Seer—
Great and wise

—
The tattooed
Guru
With the bald
head
And the blind
Albino eyes—

Solly Seer!



Sally's dad.
Who will later,
In the flesh.
Reappear.

THELO

. . .And where I met the girl
Who has become
My dear good friend—
A sister, you might say—
And I couldn't resist her—

Daughter of the great Solly Seer—
 So full of friendship and cheer—
 The sweet, sweet *Sally Seer* —



MR FC
 Add to the
 scene
 a two story
 image
 Of Sally. . .

THELO
 So full of friendship and cheer,
 The sweet, sweet *Sally Seer*

MR FC
 A “*friendship*”—
 And that is *all* it is—
 For now .
 —*Wink wink*—
 That Huck Hoot secretly despises.
 And,
 In an aside,
 Huck’s jealousy now arises,
 And—

In this brief
"I want"
 Aside song—
 Rhapsodizes:

HUCK

I so want Thelo
 Out of the way—
 I so want Sally
 For myself.
 I don't understand
 What she sees in him—
 He's nothing *more*
 Then a simple minded,
 Sexless, stupid
Bore—
 A witless fellow
 Who, everybody knows
 —In actuality—
 Has a *not-so-Secret* thing—
 For La Bella Ariadne—

MR. FC

Don't be taken
 Aback
 By this new two
 Story image that
 The Multi Media Booth has added
 Of Ariadne's naked



**Back.
A back —
That
Admittedly—
Dwarfs and
Stuns
With those
stunning
Naked
Buns.**

**Put aside
The mythical
Sexuality
Of this legendary
Ariadne—**

***For now—
Don't ask Why—
Not just Yet.
Because that sexuality
Is built on
A lie,
By her evil Squire,
Lord Grimpen Mire.***

**Booth!
Richard Third,
Distorted Hunched- Back,
Pock- Marked Image**

**Of the
Mire
Sleaze,
Please.
Just as a
Tease,
For a few
Seconds
Until this
Prologue
Is done
And Part
one
Beckons.
And
where
We will
then
Dive into
The
Grimpen
Mire
Quagmire.**



Second's up!

**Let the Mire
Image
Expire.**

But leave
 Two story Solly and Sally—
 Dimmed for now—
 For now
 Because
 I fear that
 Huck still needs
 This day
 To say
 His aside
I want
 say. . .

HUCK

My main want—
 If the truth be told,
 And if you're a
 True Huck fan—
 Is to be
The special man,
 Become part of the
 Powerful Solly Seer Clan,
 And will do anything I can
 To get in there—
 Where I belong—
 With this
I want
 Song.

MR. FC

**Strike the Solly Seer image,
Booth;
But keep it dim
On Sally and Ariadne,
Booth.
While we keep digging out
Huck's
Grim truth,
Booth.**

HUCK

**But
—Damn!—
I can see—
The *world* can see!—
—The world can know—
Except, apparently,
The dim witted,
Thelo—
That Sally does love
Thelo—**

SALLY'S IMAGE

**Yes,
It's so.
I do love
Thelo!**

HUCK

So Thelo's in my way
 And has got to go.
 I'll do all I can
 To ridicule Thelo
 —(Diminish Thelo)—
 In Sally's eyes,
 Until she sighs—
 Or better yet,
 Cries
 Thelo away.
 And with my usual luck
 I'll set Thelo up
 As a monumental
 Dumb cluck!
 And finally have my way—
 Today—
 And get
 You—
 Thelo—
 Out of my way. . .

MR. FC

And Huck
 Breaks out from *his*
 Aside,
 And —

As we have come to know—
 Mock-humbly,
 Turns to Thelo. . .

HUCK

No, Thelo—
 Alas and alack—
 The Zig Zag pack
 Were no myth
 And *are* back.
 Their warrior Toddlers
 Have been spotted
 (Closely knotted,
 The bravest of the Toddler brave)—
 In CrickCrackCave Nave:
 Nasty and destructive—
 Brilliantly obstructive—
 Just back from over the border?—
 And are arming to attack
 And undermine our Fakaktaville
 Law and Order!

And someone needs
 To fight and push them
 Back across the border,
 Before they unleash
 Their damned disorder.

Mr. FC

**Then,
Pretending civility—
Huck,
Again,
Becomes all humility.**

HUCK

**I don't have
Hero longings in me—
Not like you—
No-no-no,
Thelo.
I admit it.
In any fight I'm a coward,
Scared to be
Overpowered—
So so so,
Thelo,
 I'm willing
 To do my bit—
 When,
 Frankly,
 I smell
 Some money
 In the killing—

Willing
To give**

**My own hustle—
Be the brains
Behind *your* muscle.**

**And I just
Got this special skinny
From my
Four foot four friend?
Tiny Tinny Klinny?
On my FabPhone,
And I quote:**

**TT KLINNY’S VOICE
(Amplified)**

**“If I sound intense,
Huck,”**

HUCK

**Says Tiny Tinny
(Also known as “The Tin”),**

**TT KLINNY’S VOICE
(Amplified)**

**“It’s because the
Reward is immense
For us to Win—
Huck!
‘Cause it was *just* announced—
Huck—**

From the cities to the boonies—
 A reward—
 To fight the Zags—
 A reward of
 One Hundred thousand thousand
 ClooneyFakaktaLoonies!”
 “Imagine, Thelo”

HUCK

Says Tinny:

TT KLINNY’S VOICE
(Amplified)

“If we win-y—
 And with that kind’a
 Loonies grand loot pot—
 You could get on one knee
 And propose to your gorgeous,
 Hot Hot,
 Splendid Ariadne,
 And lay low
 The hated
 Thelo.”

MR FC

And what else might those
 Intense,
 Immense,
 ClooneyFakaktaLoonies

Do for *you*?
 Put them in the proper
 Context, Huck—
 And give us
 Your Huck Hoot
 Subtext, Huck

HUCK

In truth,
 There's no one fiercer
 (Or uncouth)
 (Or coarser)
 Than my four foot four
 Muscle Bound friend,
 Tiny Tinny Klinny—
 Also known as
 —“The Schmackajack Enforcer,”

TT KLINNY'S VOICE (Amplified)

Who—
 When all else fails
 To get from you
 What you owe—
 I will happily hum
 The *Ave Maria*,
 As I pull out each nail
 From each toe—
 Until you cough up

That dough
You owe.

MR. FC

And you,
Huck Hoot,
Owe Schmackajack
A ton of loot.
Right?

HUCK

Lord! Lord!
That reward's
In sight!
And I do—
I do need
At least
Part of that reward so—

TT KLINNY'S VOICE
(Amplified)

Or else Huck's
Toenails
Go.

MR. FC.

Thelo, you know,
Does not hear
Huck's
Aside

Subtext.
 So he isn't
 Perplexed—
 Not about *that*.
 And coming
 Out of the shadows,
 And finding
His spotlight again,
 Says:

THELO

Huck—
 Those myth-like
 Zig Zag's?—
 The story went—
 When fully Toddler-formed?—
 And, though cutely bald?—
 Were totally *vicious*
 When they brawled.

HUCK

More Zag myth
 And bullshyth!
 Just the sight of
 A Fakaktaville Hero —
 (— You, Thelo?)

THELO

That I?—

HUCK

That *You* alone—

THELO

That *I* alone?—

HUCK

Know how to confront—
 Are smart enough—
 Are bold enough
 To have the polish—
 To even demolish,
 The prehistoric
Crater Gator!

MR. FC

Again, good grief!
 Listen to *that* dissonant
 Musical Crater Gator
 Motif
 In the wings.
 How awfully,
 Discordantly it sings!
 And see! Look!
 A Jpeg slide show
 Of the horrible
 Prehistoric Sarcosuchus
 That caused such a deadly ruckus

When It was let loose—
 And in one chomp,
 Chomped off
 So many Fakaktavillian
 Arms and legs—



Oh!
 OH!
 Out out
 all jpegs
 And
 musical-
 grief
 Motif
 Of the
 terrible
 Crater
 Gator
 (That
 we'll—

Alas—
 Meet again later)!

THELO

I do! I do
 Know how to demolish
 That creature.
 I've heard there's a magical bat
 That can rid Fakaktaville

Of that horrible sight—
In one night!

HUCK

Of course you can.
No doubt about that;
There is such a bat;
No doubt about *that!*

But first
Thelo P. Bascomb
Conquers the Zags!
What a story!
And you know
What rhymes with “story” —

THELO

“Glory?”

HUCK

Ah Hah!

THELO

*. . .Glory, you say.
That has a nice ring,
You sing,
Huck—*

HUCK

And while you bat away inside,

I'll be firmly stuck outside,
 Where you'll see me
 Ready to thwack
 Each groggy Zag
 (Batted by *you*)
 Into *my* open sack.
 And help bring our
 Hero, Thelo,
 Glory.
 Okay?"
 — You'll help
 Make everything
 "*Hunky-Dory?*"—

MR. FC

Thelo sees how
 This can be
 So wonderful to see—
 In his hope to
 Snag the magnificent
 Bottom
 Of the magnificent
 Ariadne

THELO

yes. . . Yes. . . YES!
 I do know how
 This can be
 So wonderful to see—
 In my hope to

Snag the magnificent
Ariadne. . .

Yes. . .

YES!

Time to be brave!

Onto Zag cave!

And onto—

“Hunky Dory”

GLORY!

MR. FC

**FAST FORWARD TO
NOW—**

So.

You

—Huck Hoot

—GO!

We're back to
Where things
Are not so pleasant

—Not

—You might say

So *“Hunky Dory”*

In the present!

Now —

Toddler Zags

—You —

You dissolve back in!

Reconvene

Into this violent scene!

Bounce! —Leap

All over that cave floor,

And give



Thelonious P. Bascomb

What for!

Yes!

—Smack, slap and whack!

Yes!

—Pinch, flinch and clinch!

Yes!

—Scratch and screech!

While a surprised Thelo

Bats away

Until—

THELO

—SPARKS

SPARKS!

Fiercely sparkling!

Like the sparks from my

Migraine auras,



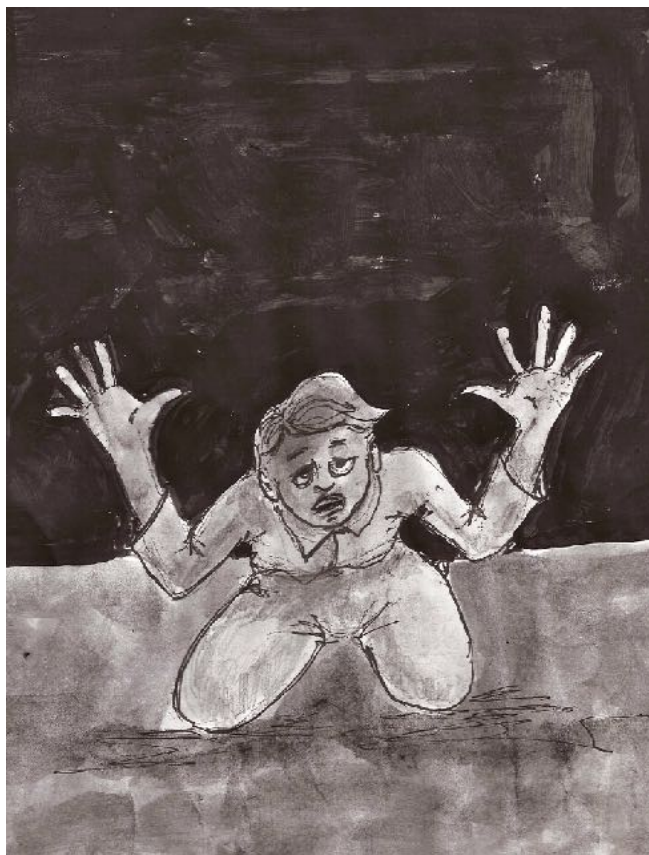
That often fill my
 Eyes
 When I struggle
 With
 A migraine
 headache *bout*. . .
 But *these* sparks,
 In addition,
 Burn my palms,
 And, for sixty and
 a half seconds,
**ALL THE LIGHTS
 AND MY SPARKS,
 TOO—**

GO OUT!

And in this dark—
 And in my fright—
 (Because suddenly
 All is night)—
 I suddenly
 Lose my will to fight.

Mr. FC

And in the dark,
 As fast as if a



**Fuse suddenly Blew—
This *orphan*,
Thelonious P. Bascomb,
Screams for a mother
He creates on the spot—
For a mother he never knew!**

THELO

**Soothe my burning painful palms, Mother!
With your magical calming balms, Mother!
And when you're through,
Hug me and console me
As I need you to do. . .
Console me. . . Console. . .
And kiss away the booboo**

In my burning palms.
 And in the aching part
 Of my aching heart. . .
And in this horrid hole,
 In my sad, sad,
 Orphan soul.

MR. FC

But.
 When the lights suddenly come on. . .
 The Toddler Zags
 Are totally
Gone.

And outside,
 In the bright,
 Moonlit night,
 In the
 Mud and the muck,
 Thelo's
So called
 Best friend Huck,
 Is nowhere to be seen—
 Is nowhere in sight.

THELO

Huck, Huck, my friend;
 In trying to help me,
 Was this the end

Of you?
 Did the Zags
 Overpower you?
 Did they run amok?
 Chase you off to
 The Fakaktavile Bog,
 In the Fakaktaville smog,
 Where you lost all your luck?
 —Were sucked down
 Into the Fakaktaville muck?

Mr FC

Alas! Thelo is so innocent—
 Never cynical or militant—
 Really believes that—
 For *poor* Huck—
 The Zags
 Fighting him—
 Might have fought
 And licked him,
 And that *Huck*
Became
 The tragic victim.

But
 I have the chops
 To chuck
 A giant video
 Of Huck at you,

**For you and I
To see.
See?**



**Huck stands there
In this video
With his sack—
Filled with live toddler
zags—
Held over his shoulder
And for a sec stops to
linger,
Then takes another
stand—
Looks directly
Into the video camera
—
Gives Thelo
And all the world
The finger.**

**And,
Without a fuss,
And with a poker puss,
And his middle finger up,
Sticks out his long,
Long tongue
At Thelo and at
Us—**

(VIDEO) HUCK HOOT

OMG!
How sad —
How ironic of me—
To forget
To get fool Thelo
To see
The other
Money-making skinny
My enforcer,
Tiny Tinny Klinny,
Laid on me—
—Of the special great value
Our Fakaktavillian
Oligarchy Bizilionaire Kings
Place on the Delicacies of
Each Zig Zag Toddler's
Dangling *Ding-A-Lings*—
Those things
You can watch,
Dangling and hanging
From each Toddler crotch—
And that—
When you massage
What look,
At first,
To be the size of a little cyst—
You'll see those delicacies

**Blow up quickly
To the size of your fist.
And when you
Are able—
Right at your
Bizillionaire Fakaktaville
5-Star table—
To sauté and baste
The bloated,
Now fist-sized,
Ding-A-Lings,
With garlic,
Olive oil
And pesto paste—
You are
In taste heaven
With their exquisite
Taste.
But, while
“Yummy in the tummy”
is beyond dispute,
The main thing is
That
Those Dangling Ding-A-Lings
Will bring me
A ton of
Loot.
And so,
I must thank you**

**For this, Thelo,
 I can go now and farm
 The Toddler Zig Zag farm—
 And conspire
 With Tiny Tiny Klinny—
 To acquire—
 Among other things—
 A Ding-A-Ling
 Delicacies Empire—
 Might even start a cooking show
 To show how to prepare—**

MR. FC

**No! No!
 Oh God, God!
 How you do suck,
 Huck!
 No! No!
 Out out
 Smirking, Smug
 Horror of Huck's
 Horror-Show
 Video!**

**Those Toddler Zags
 Must be saved.
 And Oh—
 Still another test,
 In future,**

For our hero—
 You, Thelo.
 But still,
 For Thelo,
 A long way to go.

But for now
 Listen—

. . .From Far and wide
 In Fakaktaville—
 From the borders of County Clunk,
 To the great *Solly Seer* County
 Of County Monk—
 The laughs at poor Thelo's
 Zig Zag misadventure
 Echo loud and clear:

ECHOS

Ha Ha!
 Oh, my dear!
 Ha Ha!
 Loud and Clear!
 Ha Ha!
 Can you hear?
 Loud and Clear!
Loud and Clear!
LOUD AND CLEAR!

Mr. FC

And—

Oh—

There's fear.

**Even for Solly's
Lovely daughter,**

Sally Seer—

Even for Sweet Sally Seer—

**(Now dissolving back in
In the sweet flesh?)—**

**Yesh! Oh yesh,
The unsettling news
Is heard.**

SALLY SEER

**Why, sweet Thelo,
Do you add to their belief
That you're a stupid nerd?
When you have
So called friend
Huck
Make a Schmuck—
A Dodo bird—
Of you again?**

MR. FC

**And Sally,
Deeply depressed,
Says to the cold wind**

She forces herself to endure,
While standing alone on
Moonless Monk Moor:

SALLY SEER

I know better, Thelo.
I know there's stuff in
you—
Enough *heroic* stuff
in you
That will blossom out
one day—
If my great, great dad,
Solly Seer,
Has his way.
But I can't say
More Yet.
Not permitted—
Not allowed—
Not,
In any case,
Outside my *inner*
thoughts
—Certainly, not out
loud.

Oh,
Thelo, Thelo,



My sweet Thelo,
 If you liked me
 Half as much as I like you,
 Perhaps we could hold off
 That crude crowd together—
 That is to say,
 Until you can show
 Your *Heroic*
 Way.
 But — no
 — All *you* can
 Say—
 And you said it to me once
 At the dance,
 In this County of Monk,
 When you and I
 Were slightly drunk. . .

THELO

Someday I will get what I want,
 Good, sweet friend, Sally.
 And *do* you know what I want?
 —Of course not,
 No!
 So!
 Since I'm tipsy enough—
 I'll be *lipsy* enough
 And tell you—
 And not only *you*—

But to *all* Fakaktaville,
 This, my
I want song
 I now bellow:

I want to be—
 No—I *WILL BE*
 A TRUE HERO,
 (At some point,
 No more orphan Kid Zero)
 For my dazzling
 Fakaktaville Poster girl-o
 —My saintly dream girl-o,
Ariadne Culo Bello!

SALLY SEER

And what came on cue—
 What came into view—
 What happened then—
 And I remember it well:
 (We were drinking
 Together at my dad
 Solly's wishing
 Well, then)
 When the march of the
 Topsy Fakaktaville young
 Men
 Marched in then—
 Carrying the banners

With the image
 Of the incredible backside
 Of every young man's
 Tramp-o—
 Ariadne —ugh!—Culo Bello.



And with a downbeat
 And a bang
 —After you bellowed—
 You actually,
 Romantically,
 Sang a song
 With great flare—
 No!
 More than a song:

More like a prayer

THELO

This swift introduction that I sing—
 Has put me in the deep, deep dumps.
 How to delicately sing for the first time,
 Of a legendary lady's
 Two lower, rear, plump,
 Plump-plumps.

And don't think
 It's just her flesh that I adore.
 No.
 The lush of her plumps
 Is the lush of her soul
 That I love—
 Even more.

So shush—
 Don't interrupt,
 Oh, dear friend Sally mine—
 As I sing this lady's tush
 —Her soul Divine

MR. FC

And — as a hush came over that
 Young Boys' Rally—
 Said bitter
 Sally:

SALLY SEER

As you, Thelo, loud and strong,
Sang your — *damn her!* — Ariadne song:

THELO

Her name is Ariadne Culo Bello,
And in this intro I sing
Her glory “*a capello,*”
So that the world can clearly note,
With no music-ello
In the way,
That no behind,
In all mankind,
Can possibly outclass
These shimmering globes
Of jiggling sass—
And *Ariadne Culo Bello,*
I’m sure you know,
Means,
“*Ariadne,*
Beautiful Ass.”

MR. FC

And this time,
Also strong—

**All sure and very clear,
Said
Sad sad
Sally Seer. . .**

SALLY SEER

**— You added melody
And strings
To belong,
To your *A capello*
Tango Song**



THELO

**Ariadne Culo Bello,
I know it's cheeky
to tango your cheeks.**

**Ariadne Culo Bello,
Your fair derriere
Is the handful
Each Fakaktaville
Young man's hand seeks.**

**How one wants to kneed
And squeeze them. . .
How one simply wants to please them. . .
To amour them and adore them. . .
And to stroke the very essence of each
Bubble-butt globe-ello,
That is the rear end
Of my bella,
Ariadne,
My true love.**

**Ariadne Culo Bello
I'm so glad you're not a fel-low. . .
It is always such a Feast-a
As I
Feast on your Cool Keista. . .**

It's not simply you're a cutie

That I worship your *bonne booty*. . .
 Or admire your *patootie*. . .
 Or hear a cello hum,
 As I bow your blessed bum. . .
 And I cup my hands behind you,
 And steer your sacred *culo bello*
 To the heavens
 And to all the stars above. . .

In this Tango that I do with you. . .
 Ariadne Culo Bello. . .
 My saintly love. . .

SALLY SEER

Oh, sweet Thelo, Thelo,

MR. FC

Says sad, sad Sally.

SALLY SEER

What is there about me,
 That can not manage from you,
 Not even a *little leer* for *my rear*?
 If you could, you might get
 As big a sacred erotic wallop
As you do for that fat-bottomed trollop.
 And I hate to tell you that a *bubble butt*
 is not a trait of La Culo Bello's:
 Her's are more like two

**Satanic,
 Gigantic,
 Globe-ello's.
 Mine, on
 the other hand—
 (True—like hers—
 Do not strut—)
 But are truly
 (If you'd only look)
 a *true* bubble butt.**

**But I hope. . .
 I truly hope
 That someday,
 You'll also see. . .
 Yes—
 That someday. . .
 I long to *see*. .
 That you'll long
 To steer my rear
 In a heavenly tango
 With *me*.**

MR. FC

***So Thelo stays
 here in the present
 And Sally's sad flashback
 Quits the scene. . .***

THELO

So sad, so mean—
So—
So—
So obscene:
My friend Huck gone!
The thought of it
Makes me want to gag.
How do I move on?
I damn
Damn—
Damn—
Every Toddler Zag!

PINA'S AMPLIFIED VOICE

Never, never nag a Zig Zag!

MR. FC

That warning
You just heard
Was from the dreaded
Amplified voice of
Pina, The Hag.
That's her—
Pina—
Gently Floating on Down from
On high.
See?
From the sky—?



In the past
I had the Demonic Energy
To proclaim the worst—
'Cause that's my job—

In what she
Derisively calls her

PINA

"Cute chute."

MR. FC

Pina and chute stop,
Suspended in mid
Space—
Where Pina
Makes her
Case:

PINA

The ancient Pina's
would cry shame—
Would call me
Mentally ill—
To make such a lame,
Soft,
Entrance like this
In Fakaktaville.

To proclaim
 To the innocent and
 The cursed
 — *The absolute worst* —
 While making an entrance
 That showed my clout
 in an explosive
 Burst-out. . .

MR. FC

You,
 Up there in
 The Multi Media
 Booth
 Let's see the way
 Pina used to burst out
 Whenever she needed to give
 A nightmare

Shout.



PINA

Yes!
 That's the look—
 The Pina look
 That this Pina
 Was all about:
 This *Once Was* Pina—
 This *Has Been* Pina—

But little by little
 The Pina energy
 (Like everyone else's)
 Had to go—seemed cursed,
 And de-energized
 My entrance burst.
 And I had to accept it—
 In fact,
Ordered to accept it—
 I fear—
 By the
 Undoubtedly
 Great great
 Solly Seer.

Had to promise
 To bite my tongue—
 Make the sacrifice—
 To fight my true nature—

SOLLY SEER'S VOICE

“Pina:
 Solly Seer here:
 Try to make nice.
 Try not to get unstrung
By our Hero-To-Be,
Thelo.
 Who doesn't yet know

He's to *be* a hero”

PINA, THE HAG

Enough!

This is going to be tough.

“Make nice?”

To this Thelo piece of lice?

. . .Get used to the fact, Pina:

You were *ordered*

SOLLY SEER'S VOICE

“To meet him, to prepare him

To brace and face

The ordeal he was born to face.”

PINA

Okay!

I'll stay the way

You say.

But it's against a Pina nature

And I have

To say all bets are off

If Thelo does his usual

Scoffing at me—

Like the scoffer he used to be—

And once again —

And as usual—

Thelo disses me off!

Even pisses me off!

So

—Pina—

Make your gentle landing. . .

Like so.

Gather your cute chute. . .

Like so.

Then play your phony part

With Thelo,

And hope to hell

It works—

Like

SO!

THELO

PINA!

You gave me a fright!

That's all I need now—

This hag in my sight.

PINA

Thelo,

Sweet Thelo,
I've come—
Not to berate—
Certainly
Not to
Remonstrate—
Oh no —
But to . . .
Demonstrate
My concern for you,
Thelo,
As I lead you on your way
To —
Well. . .
—Wherever.
And simply remind you
—As I always used to say—
That nagging a Zig Zag
Could lead you
—Well . . .
—Amiss—
And
Down into a scary
—Well . . .
—Abyss
And try as I may,
I have to say—
(And I hope
You take this

In the friendliest way)—
 To let you know,
 Thelo—
 That for you
 To have listened
 To Huck Hoot—

THELO

Pina!
 —Is he alive?
 Is my friend Huck alive?

PINA

Of course, my dear,
 Your “*so called*” friend Huck
 Will always survive.
 And — Yes! —
 He’s still—
 And will always be—
 A live,
 lying son-of-a-gun—
 And I should know!
 He’s my . . .
Naughty
. . . Godson!

THELO

NO!
 Friend Huck told me
 My “*Hunky Dory*” story—

PINA

About riches,
Fame and Glory?
And I suppose
He told you
The hoary
Story of
What the disappearance
Of the Zags
Was all about,
And that—
Without a shadow of a doubt—
The lot of them *just* disappeared.
No one knew why.
But I, alas
(And please don't
Think me crass),
Know the truth—
And so does my
Godson Huck
Know the truth—
Was just being. . .
Naughty with you—
Again—
Without a doubt—
Was feeding you
Some
. . .Slightly

Rancid sauerkraut!

Here's the truth:

***Because* the poor Zags**

Were different—

They, alas,

Were driven out

From Fakaktaville

And—

THELO

Pina, old hag—

I'm sick of hearing about

Each damned Zag—

That—

That—

That defamed me,

And shamed me—

And—

And your dumping on

Your godson, Huck,

Is —

. . .I don't know—

lcky—

Sucky—

Sicky!

In my mind,

Makes you

A—

**A—
A—creep!
A—kook!
—A spook!
That makes me want
To puke!
In short—
Pina, old hag!—
You're just
A sad,
Sad
Silly bag,
Whose—
Whose—
Dried up
Old
Milk-droops
And
Bun-sloops
Slope down
And sag!**

Mr FC

**That does it!
And Pina's anger
Goes over the cliff
And goes on a
Non-stop temper**



**To you?—
 You piece of turd!—
 Well here's my final
 Word:
 Behold!
 I may be**

Riff.

WAIT!

**You up there in the
 Sound and light booth—
 Make strange and eerie
 And theatrically
 Exciting,
 The lighting—
 And, with
 A lot of sound reverb,
 Disturb
 And
 Disorient
 The Ether
 In this
 Pina
 Event!**

PINA

**And I was to give
 A good word**

A good-for-nothing,
Dirty old scold—
But I'm three hundred
Years old,
And I tell it like it's
Told.
Always have.

And if there's one thing I know
—You *make-my-wrinkled-skin itch*, you!—
—You *crab-in-my-crotch*, you!—
It's my job.
So mark me well,
You *Slinkadink* slob:

Remember the time I said you'd all shake?
I knew we were in for a Richter-scale ten
Of a massive earthquake.
But everyone in Fakaktaville
Called me a fake,
Said I should jump,
Feet first,
Into Queasy Quark Lake.

Well, no one laughed,
When a short while later,
Cumquat Casino sank into a crater—

And

**Let loose the prehistoric
Fifty foot, man eating,
Crater Gator,
Who is roaming still—
And
—Oh gosh! —
Keeps creeping along,
Looking for some tasty
Fakaktaville young-man
Nosh!**

Mr. FC

**Gee! Gee!
OMG!
Look at the size of that Croc!
Dissolving in—
Following its own
Prehistoric law—
As it
—Look —
Ugh!—
Chomps away on some
Poor Fakaktavillian
In its jaw.**



**Out, out,
bloody
image!**

**We can look on you
no more!
With so many
Buckets of
Gore
Galore!**

PINA

**And how about the time
The bells at the City Hall
Failed to chime,
And I told Mayor Caroo
That the building was sinking
Into turtle-green slime?
Caroo laughed at me, too,**

Said, ‘no it’s
 Not!’
 And in no time at all,
 Caroo
 Sunk up to his neck
 In slimy-green
 Snot.

So, kindly admit,
 Before saying adieu,
 That what Pina knew—
 She damned well knew—
 And now that boob,
 Mayor Caroo’s,
 Through.

MR. FC

With nowhere to hide,
 Thelo has an aside.

THELO

(I have to admit
 That what Pina says is true.
 But I’m not about to give
 A *boo-hoo*
 To such reminiscences
 From an ancient shrew,
 Whose old legs are bowed —
 And who looks like a crow—

And speaks like a crow
That crowed)

PINA

Sorry, Solly Seer, dear—
I fear that
That Pina returns
To *old* Pina mode!

I was going to lead you gently,
Thelo,
To the edge of the abyss—
But now—
Now get ready
Thelo—
Pina's ready to unload!

MR. FC

And while she packs her
“Cute Chute”
Into her Pina back pack—
Suddenly Pina's eyes glowed—
They could glow in the dark—
And when they did
You knew that what came next
Would not be a lark,
But would be something unpleasant
Something disastrous—
— Something stark.

PINA

When the lights went out,
Where those Toddler Zag's hatch?
Hark!
That was just
A picnic in the park!

“NOW,
I predict
— NO! I know!
— That soon the whole world
Will turn DARK —
Yes!
From the house of Kinky Kark —
To the dance pavilion
At Krink-Kroo Park—
All will turn DARK—
As dark as the toilet in Noah's Ark!
And the cats will meow
And the dead will moan,
While Fakaktaville folk
Walk in twos—
Never alone.
And the scary sounds
Will give you all the croup—
Will make you all cringe,
And your shoulders droop,

**As you run to the house
 Of the great Solly Seer
 And flee up his
 Three story Brownstone stoop
 In a trance.
 But before you get there,
 You'll all poop in your pants.**

MR. FC

**Then Pina slumps down
 And sits on the ground
 And clutches her chest,
 As if bound
 And barbed
 By a barb wired vest.**

PINA

**I tried,
 I tried
 In my own way,
 To steer you straight
 To your starting gate,
 But I'm tired of your hate—
 Of ALL the hate—
 All that hating at me.
 Thelo—and ALL
 You hateful Fakaktaville mob:
 What's your beef?
 Why blame *me***

**For all of God's grief!
Blame *HIM*
HER—
IT—
WHATEVER—
if you need to whine and sob!
I've just been doing
My bloody job!
But your hate has warn me out—
Has added another
Three hundred years
To my old, old ears—
So that I can hardly hear
Or see
And/or
Have hardly any voice left
to shout.**

**So bring on the end,
Let the dark descend,
And the chaos reign,
While the old folk bend,
And the people of Fakaktaville
Play and pretend
That, in the end,
All will end right,
As they lose all their bite,
And run out of fight,
And avert their sight,**

From all of the fright
 That will keep
 Each Fakaktaville butt hole—
 Including yours, Thelo—
 So clenched,
 So tight.

So. You've won—
 You people who hate me so—
 Every mother—
 Every Fakaktaville son
 Who loathes me so. . .
 Way to go. . .
 But *what* have you won?

So, Thelo,
 In closing, I'll tell you this:
 The endgame won't be fun,
 As you all try to bring back
 The sun.

MR. FC

Then Pina gets dizzy,
 Begins to groan and sway. . .
 Does a *Witch of the North*
 And meeeelts away.

THELO

Gone.

Good riddance.
It was time
That *that* witch beat it.
I've had a tough day.
But the sun's coming up
And I've got to greet it.

MR. FC

And the sun does come up,
See?
All crimson, intense,
And dazzlingly bright.

BUT

— Just as sudden —
It all turns to

Frightening

NIGHT!

BUT

In the next second—
Again — the world gets all

BRIGHT!

THELO

Phew!
 For a minute there
 I thought I was through.
 But the sunlight, as usual,
 Has turned everything new.

MR. FC

But then
 —Listen, listen—
 A chorus of cats began to meow.
 And the frustrated moans
 From a thousand
 Incomplete orgasms grew.
 And hundreds of humping dogs
 Decoupled and ran.
 And the slow
Fade out of light began.
 And what was scarier—
 Definitely hairier—
 Was that,
 —In the space of a cough—
 All the electricity, too,
 Was turned off.

THELO

Mother, mother,
 It's dark again!
 Without my



**Aura sparks, mother!
And your orphan son
Is frightened again.
Turn on the lights
For *me*, Mother!
Turn on the lights for
Your Thelo
To see,
Mother**

MR. FC

**And Thelo turns tail
With the howling dogs,
And Thelo does
What he always
Does when he gets scared**

**— As scared as all
Crazed Fakaktaville men do
Who flee to protect
Their fleeing buns —**

Thelo runs. . .

And runs. . .

And stumbles. . .

And runs. . .

And there's just enough light still

To see where he stumbles along.

MR. FC/THELO

Stumble, stumble,
Stumble along.
Stumble steady.
Don't stumble wrong.

MR. FC

And then Thelo hears a song
Up ahead, and sees a light, too.
And the light is strong
And gets clearer—
Is now *very* clear.

NO LEGS BILLY

Thelo, Thelo—
Out here—
it's *No Legs*
Billy,
Happy-go-lucky,
Silly,
No Legs Billy . . .
Not far from you,
Come to carry you
To where you now belong.

MR. FC

And all along,

**As Thelo runs to the song,
Dots of lights—
Against the dark—
Brilliant and clear—
Thousands of them,
Begin to appear:**

THELO

**Candles, and flashlights,
And lights from devices,
Whose juice from batteries
Will soon disappear.
And the candles
Will finally out, too,
As they wax away,
And the boxes of matches
Flame out, too.**

MR. FC

**But soon,
Thelo, arrives at a large
Flat raft —**

THELO

**As large as a barge—
With a roving searchlight
And a small generator,
And a man with no legs**

**Sitting in the raft's center,
Wearing a bicycle helmet.**

NO LEGS BILLY

**Well met, Thelo!
Hop on in!
Get off that walk!**

**There are straps on the deck,
So strap on in!
And save the breath —
*Save the talk.***

MR. FC

**And No Legs Billy's
Quasi magical raft
*Takes off!***



**And races through all of the
 Fakaktaville Counties:
*Past Krink Kroo Park and
 Mizbee Meadow
 And Queasy Park Lake,
 Where — for heaven's sake!—
 Still lives the prehistoric
 Crater Gator—***

And you fly. . .

**Past Fogagaga County—
 The County the wags call
 County Skunk,
 Because of the skunk-y
 And other stench,
 And you hope against hope
 That the light
 —At Skunk—
 Will not have totally
 Sunk,
 Before you get**

**Past that stench
 And you make it to
 County Monk. . .
 Then where?
 And to whom?**

THELO

. . .To the one guy
 You fly to,
 To chase away gloom.
 And when you want answers
 To stuff you can't understand,
 And whose brand
 Of truth you'll often fear. . .

MR. FC

But in another way you'll have
 To cheer,
 Because his painful answers
 will be intelligent—
 Often elegant,
 And simple,
 And clear—and
 Oh,
 Let's hope, my boy—
 Might bring some joy—
 And, in its way,
 Save the day. . .

THELO

. . .That totally and shiny bald head. . .
 That *recently* blind and awesome man—

MR. FC

— The man whose

Every inch of his skinny body
 Contains tattoos
 Of all the constellations in the heavens—
 (Not drawn with ink,
 But with all kinds of colored booze—)

THELO

And whose every rib,
 In his rib cage,
 By all account,
 You can see,
 You can count.

MR. FC

The man they call
Lord Run-On Guru,
 Cause he doesn't
 Pause until he's through
 With giving you his all—
 Telling you what's true.

NO LEGS BILLY

The man you might fear—
 Might find him hard to cheer—
 But would have to listen to—
 If you could keep up with this
 Run-On Seer—
 Would have to give him full ear—

The master you can't get enough of—
The man you'll always love—

THELO

...The man who—
Unlike Pina The Hag,
whose thing is to spell out
The *bad* news 'till you gag—

MR. FC

...The man who can tell you
How to deal with *that* news,
And how to overcome the awful,
Suicidal blues. . .

NO LEGS BILLY

In short:
The man who can tell you how
to avoid total collapse.

MR. FC

Perhaps. . .

THELO

...The man with the wise
(But now blind)
Albino Eyes—

MR. FC

**The man you will never
Disdain or jeer. . .**

NO LEGS BILLY/MR. FC

**The one,
The only,**

THELO

—Father of dear friend Sally—

TUTTI

**Lord Run-On Guru—
*SOLLY SEER!***

END /PROLOGUE