

THE ENDGAME PROCESSION

By
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[A Theatrical Collage In Seven Clearings]

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1. **STARTING LINE**

*Everyone is
lined up for the
procession.
The Leader
steps forward.*

LEADER

So. Our objective is to get from here to there. Our obstacles will be three things: Inclement weather, the Yardley gang . . . and ourselves. The first two are easy to understand as obstacles. We are in hurricane season with all that that implies; and the Yardley gang are vicious Sodomizers, thieves, Cunnilinguists and Republicans. But what about ourselves? —Well. If our bodies give up and out, we will not get there. If we get annoyed with our leaders, we may well hamper our getting there. If we fight amongst ourselves, we will surely not get there. If we give in to the horny side of our natures, and so, drop our banners to grab the nearest set of buttocks, we will not only *not* get there, we will stay where we are — with embarrassing erections, screeching nipples and engorged tongues and swollen lips. If we give in to rectal itch, a need to smoke and/or an uncontrollable desire to write our memoirs on our laptops—we will delay getting there.

PILGRIM 1

If we do *not* get *there*, where *will* we get? To?

LEADER

We will get to wherever we are.

PILGRIM 1

Might not that possibly be. . .there?

LEADER

No. If we will not have gotten "there," we cannot *be* "there." And if we are not "there," where *can* we be but *where we are*?

PILGRIM 2

But we will be *somewhere*. And that's different from being — "*here*."

LEADER

But it's also different from being. . . "*there*." —
And . . . "*there*" is where we're headed.

PILGRIM 1

Suppose we like where we *are* — want to stay — won't that, then, be . . . "there?"

LEADER

Certainly not. Because you will not have started out to get "*where we are*." You will have started out to get "there." So, until you actually get "there," you will not *be* "there." But I agree — you will be "where you *are*."

(Pause)

PILGRIM 2

So?

LEADER

Well, if *you* want to settle for where *you* are, that's your business. But it is the business of this procession to get. . . "*there*" — not just anywhere. And if you, sir, know beforehand that you're really into the "*anywhere-you-are*" thing; than, by all means, stay here or attempt to get

LEADER

(Continued)

"anywhere-you-are." But *we're* set to get there; to the . . . "*there*" thing.

PILGRIM 1

But if I decide to stay "here," will I not have arrived; and, having arrived, will I not then be "*there*?" While *here*?

LEADER

But you haven't started from somewhere to get "*here*" — under which circumstance, I would agree, you'd now be "*there*." But you're starting from "here" to get there, so "*there*" is elsewhere.

PILGRIM 2

Where is it?

LEADER

Out there beyond wherever, somewhere and elsewhere.

PILGRIM 1

How will we know if we have arrived there?

LEADER

Because we will have completed the procession.

PILGRIM

How will we know when we have completed the procession?

LEADER

When it's over and we're "there."

PILGRIM 1

But I might think I have gotten "there" only to find that I'm merely "wherever we are."

LEADER

That's true.

PILGRIM 1

Then where will we be?

LEADER

Here.

PILGRIM 1

But I thought we're here now.

LEADER

Exactly.

PILGRIM 1

But if I am "here" now and I start moving, when I stop I can't be "here" any longer.

LEADER

That's true. But you won't necessarily be "there." But you can legitimately say, "I am now here" when you arrive "somewhere, elsewhere, or wherever." And you can also add, "until I get — 'there'." I'll grant you that.

(Pause)

PILGRIM 2

You know what I think? I think you're full of shit.

LEADER

That's a typical "*here*" reaction. But when we get wherever we happen to be, and a portion of the procession will have been behind us, I think you'll appreciate and understand what I'm saying; because you will have been on your way, and once on your way, you will have really understood the excitement of attempting to get "*there*."

PILGRIM 3

Listen, I don't mean to be a nuisance, but I'm getting very discouraged. This is my third procession. I started out in one procession to get there and I got a kidney infection and had to be hospitalized. So then I hooked up with another procession trying to get there and I had to pee a lot and while I was off squatting in the pines — well, I'm sorry, I just never could squat and pee on the side of the road while a procession went by. — Anyway. I was peeing further away than I thought and got lost getting back to the road and when I *got* to the road the procession was nowhere in sight. I ran to find it, but I couldn't. Luckily, I stumbled upon the starting line of this procession. Now, this is my question: and I suspect that this is the bottom line: Are all the processions trying to get to the same "*there*?" I mean, I don't want to tag along and carry a banner and all and pee a lot if you're going to a different "*there*" than the "*there*" I started heading to. . .—for.

LEADER

I don't know what you're talking about. There *are* no other processions. Or rather: This is the only true and authorized procession. But I'll say this: now that you, Ms, are part of *this* procession, you are in my care and, from now on, I'll accompany you into the pines whenever nature summons you to squat. And you'll never detach yourself from us until we get "*there*."

PILGRIM 2

You know what I think? I think that if you follow her into the pines — you'll be "*there*," all right; maybe even "*in*" "*there*."

LEADER

Well, that's okay. Laugh. All of you: *Laugh*. I mean it. Laughter is a good thing on this kind of a procession. And I don't mind a bit of laughter at my expense. But if we get too smutty — let our smut-potential go over the edge, as it were — that could lead to the ribald and from thence to the lewd and from that declension into the filth and — once again — we will have added another obstacle to our getting "there:" Namely, what I call . . .the" crotch" obstacle.

PILGRIM

You know what I'd like? I'd like to obstacle *your* crotch!

LEADER

Okay! That's it! I've had about enough of your hostile mouth. Take him out into the forest and stuff pine needles into his bellybutton and up his nose and place a bucketful of pine cones in the Fruit of his Looms. . . .—I'm sorry I had to do that, but if you all want to stay with this procession you'll have to understand that it will cost you to be *too* rebellious. —Anymore smart talk? . . . All right then! Smiling, and in control once again, we move . . . Onward! For *theeeeeere!*

2. FIRST CLEARING: Q and A

BOLD and ITAL:

*Two of the Pilgrims on a procession-break
in a clearing in the bog*

“And then?”

And then, what?

“After you get *there* and make that tenth million —”

I go for an eleventh..

“Million?”

Yeah.

“And then?”

I don't work anymore.

“And after *not* working?”

I travel.

“And then?”

I settle down and read.

“What?”

All of Dickens. I've always wanted to read all of Charles Dickens. I've never felt fully educated. Because I've read so little of Charles Dickens.

“And Shakespeare?”

Yes. Old Iambic. Him, too.

“And George Bernard Shaw?”

*Especially George Bernard Shaw. “GBS.” That’s what they called him. You just said “GBS” and everyone knew who you were talking about. Back in the day. I have a set of his entire works. Six volumes. Oeuvre” they call it: The Complete “Oeuvre” of GBS. Of George Bernard Shaw. I’d even slog through all of the Prefaces. And book length, **they** are: The GBS Prefaces. Bet no one has ever done that. I’d even read “Press Cuttings” — a play, from Volume 6. Bet no one has ever read the GBS play “Press Cuttings.” Or “Jitta’s Atonement.” Or “The Simpleton.” I’d read them all. Minor GBS, major GBS — t’would make no diff. The plays of GBS move me. I have to say. . . . When I read them, though, I often wonder if GBS ever got a blow job?*

“Why wonder that? I wonder.”

It has to do with men with beards, I think. Often wonder if men with beards ever get blow jobs. Or, give them, if it comes to that.

“And then? After reading all of GBS? — and blow-job wondering?”

Back up a sec. I’ll need a great apartment overlooking the sea. A good place, a smashing place, a Moon of Monakoora place, where I can read all I need to read.

“On the terrace?”

Yes. To read those tomes on that tantalizing terrace.

Why “tantalizing?”

No reason. Just like the coupling of words. The “T” sounds.

And why not? As a talmudic rabbi — while engaging the thought — might say.

On the other hand: There's no reason why a terrace can't be tantalizing. There might be nude people hiding behind the potted poontang plants, preparing to pounce, one upon the other. But . . .

Yes?

*It would have to be the terrace of a **luxury** apartment.*

“Called?”

Oblamov Heights. — That's where I'd get my blow jobs.

“While reading Dickens and/or Shakespeare and/or GBS?”

Sometimes. And enjoying the poontang carryings on.

“And then?”

*I'd be relaxed enough to think about writing great plays and imagine hiring great people — great actors, great directors, great designers, great Literary Managers, great interns of Literary Managers, great lovers of interns of Literary Managers, great backstage doormen called “Pop” — the greatest — to give the imagined plays world-class productions that would ipso facto be world-class theatrical **events** and would have to be dealt with. And, too, backstage exits into alleys, like in MGM backstage musicals.*

“On Broadway?”

*Might as well do them there. Where I could imagine attending opening nights at the Music Box theatre on West 45th Street in New York City. And imagine, too, the ghost of Irving Berlin in the house — **he** owned the Music Box Theatre, you know. Back in the days of a pretty girl being like a melody and loving a piano, all alone by the telephone.*

Isidore (Izzy) Baline — that was his pre-Irving Berlin née name — Izzy slash Irving presented his Music Box Revues at his Music Box Theatre. That’s why they were called “Irving Berlin’s Music Box Revues.” I’d watch every imagined rehearsal of my imagined own play — from one of the imagined box seats. Once in awhile, while watching, I’d get a blow job. I imagine.

“And then?”

I jump off my terrace at Oblamov Heights, into the roiling sea.

“Ah. No more “and thens?”

For me. What about you? Any “and thens?”

“Yes. But back up. Not a first and/or second “M”-as-in-Madchen million. I win the first billion dollar lottery. “B” as in boy. Everything is in the B-as-in-Boy billions now.”

And then?

“Being political, and having B-as-in-boy billions, I’d hook up with the Kochs. They are the billionaire brothers who have bought the souls of so many congressmen and Governors and universities. And soon — I’m sure — the US Supreme Court.”

And then? After hanging with the Kochs?

“Like them, I scheme and plot and connive to run everything.”

Why?

“Why — talmudic-like — not?”

Of course. And then?

“Get tired of wading in *that* cesspool and I sit home and watch every Charlie Chan movie ever made.”

And then you’d get blow jobs, while watching the Swede slash Chink gumshoe?

“Maybe.”

And then?

And then? . . . I join a procession to atone for my sins

A religious procession?

Yes. Where you develop scabs and fungus between your bare toes, as you truck on down the great bull-pooppy way; and women in leather duds, and men in priestly drag and hoodies, beat you with plastic jonquils on your exposed, bare, two-half Pumpernickel poo-poo-sagers, and you learn to grovel and live on *Fiber One* candy bars and bowls of gruel, mixed with mead and flax seed, while you energize your bowels and slog on down your way to the atonement clearing on this procession.

Where you confess?

Of course.

Confess what?

(Long, long pause)

The time of my father’s insult, when he was insulted (*you* could see—*I* could see — those standing around could see) and it was not always clearly seeing *what* my father was seeing, feeling, thinking, showing— but *that* insult, *that* insult, that monumental insult (because there were others seeing, listening) was clearly

seen in my father's insulted eyes, the drooping eyes, the ashamed eyes, where we were at the church — the Roman Catholic church, Our Lady of Loretto church, with my father, this small man, standing in the great foyer of the church, all arches, all alabaster, with the rack of pamphlets and leaflets, with pictures, mostly, of *our holy mother* (that's what they always called her and I think now how clever they were, that mother — yes, that “holy mother” if you like — to use *that* mother to sell their leaflets — their — what do they call it? — their dogma — *a holy mother* cuts the edge of their thievery, you see, and another way for you to be controlled — from *this* vantage point, in this confessional clearing in *this procession*, anyway) and there was the concrete basin with holy water and always that smell, what was that smell? that clean smell? that soap smell? Residue from incense from the censer-swingings? And that's all there was in the foyer where the priest took my father's envelope and held it up to the hanging lamp and shook his head and said, “No. That's not enough.” (Wait a minute! My father didn't have a checkbook! This was a great depression year! I doubt my father owned a checkbook! Well, maybe he did. Let's say *he did*. A postal money order? No. Let's say a checkbook. It was my confirmation you see, to be confirmed, I was to be confirmed and this was a rehearsal of some sort and fathers were there with their donations, giving envelopes with money to the church to support my confirmation and the priest held the envelope up to the light of the hanging lamp and perhaps could see the amount donated on the check through the envelope, but could definitely see my father, insulted, humiliated, you could tell, and papa grabs that envelope out of the priest's hand, grabs my 10-year-old hand and pulls me from that church. Never to return.

—No, that's bull poop. That's what, from this confessional clearing, at this time, I *wanted* to have happened. But, no, my father — Papa, I called him — meekly took that envelope and, in that year of the great depression, might have said, he'll return

with more and we continued — quietly, internally, eternally insulted. . . Oh, God. Poor man.

Pilgrim Mono enters.

MONO

Mind if I join you? On occasion I need to get away from the tinnitus in my head and have a monologue. Good. Thanks. Ah. The buzz is gone in this clearing, but the echo chamber stays. Nice effect, that. All feedback, as I talk. — No!—tell you what! I'll sing a song instead. In this clearing. A capella —that means without accompaniment. It's called *The Moment*. Here are the lyrics. I wrote them.

(sings song)

THE MOMENT

*Sometimes I'll glimpse it, Maybe at night;
Often when I'm sitting all alone.*

*Sometimes I'll sense it,
Out there in space,
Even when I'm talking on the phone.*

*Sometimes I'll spot it,
Driving in a car,
Squinting through the snow or through a mist.*

*Someday, when it's close enough,
I'm bound to make my move;
And on that day I'll grab it in my fist. . .*

The moment when my life changed/ from innocence to pain/
From longing for tomorrows—To looking back again and again.

The moment when the joy stopped/ And nothing made me care/
From "letting go" with laughter/
To living now in tears, in despair.

It must have been momentous/ Some cataclysmic thing/ That
changed my life forever/ And stopped my soul from ever taking
wing.

The moment when the trust stopped/
And energy declined/ And all my hopes and fancies/ Are things I
fear I'll never, ever find/ Were things I feared, I'd never, ever find.

When did it all go?/ . . .Perhaps I needn't know/
The moment when my life changed. . ./ Not so long ago.

(after song. . .)

In the next procession, I'm meeting up with the composer of the
song. We're told there's a piano there and we'll polish the song.
Maybe find a singer. . . .What? Man or woman? . . .Doesn't matter.
All sexes have that moment. . . .I should think.
Thank you for listening.

(Exits)

(Child enters)

CHILD

"Mr. Are we there yet? . . .No?
Thanks.

(Child exits)

(Constanza Speciale enters.
Attractive and sweet young woman)

CONSTANZA SPECIALE

Can't stay long, I fear. Daryl beckons from another clearing. . . .Daryl B. I shan't use his whole name. —To protect him. . . .—Anyway. I got a text message from Daryl B to meet him — to leave this procession for a bit —and meet him for a quickie at clearing H. Dar—. . . .Oh!. . . .I pause because I know what you're all thinking: Rumor does have it, that she, Constanza Speciale — that is moi— Constanza Speciale—makes up stuff—especially fascinating sex stuff orgies. —Not true. —Just ask Daryl. He's the secret son of Cardinal Bulgakov, you know —*AND* the major supplier for monastery flush toilets—he's also flush with flesh — if you follow my allusion. Wonderful man, too, his father—the Cardinal. I once had a threesome with the Cardinal and the Cardinal's acolyte, Domenico Schwartz. The Cardinal—ecumenically endowed, by the by—serviced my runneth-over cup, while Domenico, with his splendid spigot, serviced his holiness's rear challis. . . . It was in the garden of the Finzi Fellini. . . .I think. In the city of Chaos. —You know—Where the playwright Luigi Pirandello was born? . . . I think. . . .Or was it on Oblamov terrace, overlooking the sea in then, the late Gore Vidal's Ravello? . . .Or was it in Kirovohrad — that wonderful city in Ukraine — where I was amazed to see — and be jealous of — so many beautiful women and young people with gorgeous, even, white teeth —and died when I orgasmed— during the Domenico slash Cardinal threesome. . . .No. Really. Really. I *DID* die. . . .For at least two seconds. . . .The Cardinal revived me, by pouring holy water — from the flask strapped to his pantyhose? —down my throat. . . .Ah. And you're questioning to yourselves: 1) Did she really die for a few seconds? and 2) What was it like? —Yes, to question 1) I did die. . . .Question 2? . . .There was a closeup. Of a face. Crying. Sobs. Real tears. —Torrents of tears. I suspect I'll discover who that crying face is, the next time I kick the bucket. . . .What? —Another question? Question number 3? . . .Ah. Did I really orgasm? . . .Well, I must have. It was something extraordinary. . . .—made my anal aperture contract and *that* never happened before and — I don't know — it fatigued me — in a

special way — so special, I didn't know if I were coming or going. And . . .— Oh — yes! —I made a sound. . . .Like what? . . .Like — like I suspect, the Chekhov snapping string sounded in his Cherry Orchard. —Doesn't that sound like an orgasm? If not an orgasm, what else could it have been? . . .—Now I gotta run. I get confused when I dwell too long on the telling of one orgy. . . .—Anyway. Daryl's heat beckons.

(Confused, she exits)

(Child enters)

CHILD

“Mr. Are we there yet? . . .No? Thanks.

(Child exits)

**[TO BE CONTINUED. . .
PERHAPS. . .]**