

# How Horribly...

By Derek Sonderfan

**THE PLAYERS**

NARRATOR – A NARRATOR

ALEXANDRA – A YOUNG AND SINGLE GIRL

WELLINGTON – ALEXANDRA’S BEST FRIEND; A NICE GUY

VINCIBLE – ALEXANDRA’S CO-WORKER; MUCH SHADIER

BUNDIT – VINCIBLE’S LACKEY

HARV – THE LOUD, OBNOXIOUS BOSS

VIC – AN ECCENTRIC WAITER

THE CHORUS – A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO SING

*Lights up to the narrator stage center*

NARRATOR

In days of great and noble gentlemen  
 And tales of maidens and unerring love,  
 In days of chivalry and bravery  
 And secret plots wrought by a vengeful soul,  
 In days of sweet romance and lustful glares,  
 And princes, famine and long-standing war,  
 So many tales have in this time been set.  
 And thus do I purport to speak a tale  
 Of jealousy and friendship; of love and war  
 All masked behind a vivid tapestry  
 Of those enchanting days of which I spoke.  
 And thus the curtain must arise and show  
 Our female lead, alongside the drug store  
 At which she earns her keep. And sooner still  
 Comes danger wrapped in camouflage. Behold.

**ACT I, SCENE I***She exits. Enter Lady Alexandra, smoking a cigarette*

ALEXANDRA

Oh boredom! Oh you wretched entity!  
 Thou make'st the pharmacy at which I work  
 An agonizing place of hellish pain.

Sweet end of day, to my arms hither come.  
 What ho! For Wellington doth now approach.

5

*Enter Wellington*

WELLINGTON

Good tidings, Lady Alexandra fair.

ALEXANDRA

Though not what I'd requested, this will do,  
 For friends of truth are rare, and he is one.  
 Salutations, Wellington. Thou look'st well.

WELLINGTON

And I to only a geranium  
 With sweetest scent and most aesthetic stalk  
 Do thee compare, my sweet cashier, my friend.

10

ALEXANDRA

Speak truly, Wellington, doth business grim  
 Or recreation lead you to this place?

WELLINGTON

A bit of both. I have been sent anon  
 To set about and finish right the needs  
 Of the Medusa whom my father wed.

15

ALEXANDRA

The insidious goat-faced matriarch?

WELLINGTON

Aye, the same. She asketh for remedy.

ALEXANDRA

What's that? Why asketh she for remedy?  
 Hath illness struck the withered battle-ax?

20

WELLINGTON

Indeed, like a scimitar. But were my  
 Discourse laden not with such metaphor.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, a horrid thing it is you utter!  
 Bets I you'd fail without her stately presence.

25

WELLINGTON You misconceive my sarcasm.  
 I nary wish atrocity upon  
 The very cause wherein I do exist!  
 I bite not the hand that pays the phone bill!

ALEXANDRA  
 Thy wit hath not eroded, Wellington. 30  
 It like a marble statue stands in tact.

WELLINGTON  
 What ends would'st my wit consequently meet  
 If from my personality it fled?

ALEXANDRA  
 So lit'ral is thy mind! Some compliments  
 Do come in shape of metaphor, my dear. 35

WELLINGTON  
 Oh you foul-mouthed banshee! Thy words are darts.

ALEXANDRA  
 And strike they that colossal target that,  
 In thy ineptitude, you've proudly bared.

*They laugh at this because this is their style of humor. They may  
 be the ONLY ones who find this funny, but oh well.*

WELLINGTON  
 How doth work progress?

ALEXANDRA To say anything 40  
 But sluggishly would be a foul untruth.  
 Conveniently, I have reprieve for lunch,  
 Where sanity, by God, shall quick be saved.  
 Without it...forgive my forgetfulness,  
 But my thoughts consume me. 45

WELLINGTON What thoughts would dare  
 Intrude upon our weighty dialogue?

ALEXANDRA  
 These breaks for lunch we regularly take;  
 Their merit truly you can not deny,

Ignoring, even, health and hunger's need. 50  
 I have, as such, conjectured here this thought:  
 The level of one's hunger to the rate  
 Of one's dear sanity is opposite.

Ergo, lunch breaks amplify sanity.  
 And wherefore make I mention of this thought? 55  
 Sanity, on the whole, is happiness,  
 And nourishment amplifies sanity.  
 The conclusion? Fat people *are* jolly.

WELLINGTON  
 I do declare a prior ignorance  
 Of that small nugget of sagacity. 60

ALEXANDRA  
 Keep mindful that my theories do assert  
 To be no more than merely that: theories.

WELLINGTON  
 Hear hear! Oh, whilst you are in earshot still,  
 I'd like to issue to thee a proposal.  
 Mayhap on tomorrow's stately doorstep 65  
 Could'st I entice thee to accompany me  
 To the cinema?

ALEXANDRA 'Tis a plain request...

*Enter Vincible carrying guitar case, with Bundit following*

VINCIBLE  
 Behold, it's Alexandra in her pomp  
 And IBM whiz Wellington beside. 70

WELLINGTON  
 My eyes! What's this? I chance to see this bard,  
 This Vincible approacheth. Hail, minstrel!

ALEXANDRA  
 Forsooth, his stately majesty hath now  
 Elected to reveal to us his face!

Make known this feat throughout the spacious lands. 75  
 Wellington, go at once and with haste make  
 Arrangements for our late lethargic friend.  
 We shall divinely feast tonight!  
 WELLINGTON My liege,  
 Thy order I obey. Much gratitude... 80  
 VINCIBLE  
 Silence! Must I endure such infantile  
 Antics whene'er I arrive minutes late?  
 Harv displayeth greater empathy.  
 WELLINGTON Ha!  
 Thy boss? If he did'st live in ancient times, 85  
 He would the Trojans fault for laziness.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 We proffer our apologies, piqued sir,  
 As it was in jest.  
 VINCIBLE All is forgotten.  
 Young Bundit, with thy duteous affair 90  
 Now, like Soleil Moon-Frye's career, complete,  
 I have no formal need of thy dear aid;  
 And furthermore, I thank thee for the ride.  
 BUNDIT  
 A greater satisfaction to my heart  
 Could this not give but by thy blessed words. 95  
 VINCIBLE  
 As taskless is thy status and thy state,  
 I bid thee hence that I might with my friends  
 Commence to fraternize and "chew the fat".  
 WELLINGTON  
 Does he contest to label us as friends?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 That seems to be his gist. 100  
 WELLINGTON Mayhap he finds  
 Our clever and insistent sarcasm  
 To be as truthful as we find it false.  
 How could'st a person be so thick?  
 BUNDIT  
 I thank thee, noble Vincible, for this; 105  
 The kindness thou hast resolutely shown.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Yes yes. Now do begone!  
 WELLINGTON He is an oaf,  
 But as vindictive as he is, I spy  
 His faithful lackey Bundit still at hand. 110  
 ALEXANDRA  
 When shall he learn?  
 WELLINGTON It seem'st that he, so like  
 A faithful viewer of the UPN,  
 Is glutton for repeated punishment.  
 BUNDIT  
 Hey! I like UPN. 115  
 WELLINGTON That is thy loss.  
 VINCIBLE  
 One warning, Bundit, should suffice. But now  
 You doth insist on more. I say begone!  
*Vincible slaps Bundit. Bundit slaps Vincible back. They slap each  
 other for a bit.*  
 WELLINGTON  
 It is apparent that our insults still  
 Do greatly overestimate this goon. 120  
 If Vincible were king, I sooner would  
 A nomad be than serve in his lame court.  
 How dost thou, trusty friend, put up with him?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 In truth, I act as though he were a fish.  
 I, on occasion, pay attention so, 125  
 But otherwise I merely let him be.

BUNDIT

All right, I see that I am truly matched!  
 I shall thus turn and in my mighty Saab  
 Retreat. Good day, Sir Wellington; and ma'am,  
 The object of my friend's affections, bye. 130  
 And Vincible, I shall thee later see.  
 For though I do desireth not to part,  
 A hindrance to thy job do I become.  
 And this is one thing I desireth not.  
 Forsooth, I go! 135

*Alexandra and Wellington clap*

WELLINGTON           A wondrous exit speech!  
 ALEXANDRA  
 More fitting, I daresay, could'st I not give  
 If I a laptop and a weeks' time had.

*Bundit exits*

VINCIBLE  
 I often question if the end result  
 Doth merit thus the grief I must endure. 140  
 Alas, my Lady Alexandra queen,  
 Before I on my toils of work engage,  
 Would'st thou please give ear to my melody?  
 These words did I pen some great time ago.  
 I want no more than thy opinion, please. 145  
*He strums guitar and sings*  
 "There walketh in the golden dawn,  
 A girl with elegance unmatched,  
 Whom I've seen, and with love dispatched,  
 I'll snare her like a helpless fawn.  
 In twain we'll stride, beneath the moon..." 150

WELLINGTON

Balladeer, though it pains me to intrude,  
 I must, as you have fractured at this point  
 My discourse with this Michaelangelo.

VINCIBLE

But Michaelangelo did sculpt all males.

WELLINGTON

Be quiet for a moment and then speak 155  
 Once Alexandra has to my request  
 Thus given her superb decree upon't.

VINCIBLE

I grant that I thy manner liketh not.  
 Now hold thy base concerns a moment more.  
 Not any of my words, I do with sway 160  
 Proclaim, shall tolerate omission! Hush!  
 As I hath stated, fair Alexandra...

WELLINGTON

I shall permit this juvenility  
 No more, Vincible! End it here, I beg!

ALEXANDRA

Wellington, let Vincible speak this once. 165  
 We shall at once return from whence we stopped  
 When he hath finished.

VINCIBLE

I am much obliged.  
 But lo, I have a grave and blackened heart.  
 I fear that loneliness may once again 170  
 Come straight on me like a bad hangover.  
 It suits my case, then, to extend to thee  
 An invitation to my noble home  
 When thou hast finished work tomorrow night.  
 What say'st thou? 175

WELLINGTON

I refuse to in this mute  
 Paralysis one moment longer stay.  
 For I, too, have an offer thus laid forth

To which the lady has not yet replied,  
 And rightfully am I a closer friend,  
 So there do I deserve attention first. 180

VINCIBLE  
 I am three years thy elder, Wellington,  
 And furthermore, a common trade and post  
 I share with Alexandra. Thou hast no  
 Pedestal in superiority. 185  
 Therefore it stands, I have earned first reply.

ALEXANDRA May I intrude a word?  
 VINCIBLE  
 Certainly, sweet Lady Alexandra,  
 If you answer foremost my inquiry.  
 WELLINGTON  
 I daresay I should not remind thee, sir, 190  
 Of that dread plight you with thy boss have caused  
 At the hands of thy chronic tardiness.  
 Let not *this* go beyond control as well.

VINCIBLE  
 That is all! Many chances did I give.  
 As payment for thy impolite display, 195  
 I shall'st proceed in mine honest actions.

WELLINGTON  
 Of what actions do you speak, boisterous sir?  
 VINCIBLE  
 I challenge thee, Wellington, to a duel.  
 WELLINGTON  
 A duel?  
 ALEXANDRA Though this course is preposterous, 200  
 I can'st but help enjoying it so slightly.

WELLINGTON  
 Oh sir, you jest. What hast thee to duel with?  
 Have you a sword? Have you a lance or spear?

*Vincible holds up his guitar case*

Plans ye to fight me with thy instrument?  
 Are you daft? 205

ALEXANDRA So strange is this debacle,  
 Yet so alluring all at once, I note.  
 VINCIBLE  
 You escape with not this much ease, young knave.  
 Thy fate, like Yahtzee dice, hath just been cast,  
 And running only drags it doubly long. 210

WELLINGTON  
 Suggest, then, the weapons for our battle.

*Vincible holds up two sticks, one much larger*

VINCIBLE  
 A simple choice do I to thee present.  
 Deliberate and plot thy silly plot  
 Then wisely choose. Is thee content with that?  
 I see. At present am I handicapped, 215  
 But I 'spect my prowess to compensate.  
 Thy valor doth impress me, I admit,  
 But Alexandra's hand shall not be claimed  
 Without the bitter battle won. Prepare!

ALEXANDRA  
 Do I dare root for friend or colleague now? 220

WELLINGTON  
 Vincible...

VINCIBLE Enough! I have had enough!  
 Thy parrying skills amaze me, truly.

*Wellington breaks Vincible's stick*

As does thy swipe. I demand fair contest.  
 WELLINGTON  
 What with? I am the victor, and as such, 225

I take claim on what rightfully is mine.

ALEXANDRA

How utterly deluded yet how cute

Is it that these two gentlemen do see

Me as a well-earned prize. How will this end?

VINCIBLE

You are the victor, noble Wellington,

230

Like I am composèd of astroturf!

You fill me with rage!

WELLINGTON

Bewildered am I

That anything may fill a vessel so

Full already of braggadocio.

235

VINCIBLE

Thou know'st not the bounds of thy insolence.

WELLINGTON

Assuredly the boundaries of my slight

Are no wit larger than thy vanity.

VINCIBLE

Oh, thy tongue is just as sharp and austere

As is the music of Limp Bizkit bad.

240

Remain here for a minute more, doomed sir,

So I may'st slay those whimsical beliefs

Of a supremacy that ne'er you'll have.

*Vincible exits into pharmacy*

WELLINGTON

What say'st thou, Alexandra? Dost thou wish

To embark with me on tomorrow's eve?

245

I bid thee answer now, ere the return

Of the absurdly foolish boy who dares

Contend to mention that he be so much

Considered an acquaintance of thy grace.

*Enter Vincible with two Wacky Noodles*

VINCIBLE

Here, a trial that favors nor me nor you.

250

ALEXANDRA

I brim with expectation like a child.

How odd is my reaction now.

VINCIBLE

En garde!

WELLINGTON

You hath taken this childish obsession

Beyond the realm of good taste, Vincible. *[whap]*

255

More patience can I feasibly not show. *[whap]*

I beseech thee... *[whap]*...right... Vincible in name,

Or so thou art declared, and soon shall'st I

Make thee, as well, vincible in manner!

*They duel, and before Wellington delivers the final  
blow, Harv steps out and declares...*

HARV

If you're not in here in ten seconds, Vince, you're fired. 260

You hear me? Fired!

VINCIBLE

I bid thee farewell, princess of my heart.

*Vincible exits into pharmacy*

ALEXANDRA

The one doth flatter and other fights.

WELLINGTON

And thy answer, m'lady?

ALEXANDRA

My answer?

265

You dare possess the raw audacity

With which to formulate those sorry words

After such abysmal antics? Good day.

WELLINGTON



My friend, I do bequeath to thee mad props.  
This win doth not a smile deliver. Why?  
Surely you still enjoy my oft defeat? 15

VINCIBLE  
As Mother Nature savors Sol's bright beams,  
So do I thus in victory rejoice.

BUNDIT  
And yet thy face is overcast with gloom.  
Why? Wert thy place of work the only cause,  
I would leave this bombardment of query, 20  
But feareth I a root much worse than this.

VINCIBLE  
More fierce than Winter's unforgiving wind  
Is thy perception, loyal friend of mine.  
'Tis the truth. The bane of my spirit dwells  
Within the loathsome surname Wellington. 25

BUNDIT  
Is't merely one man who incites such ire?

VINCIBLE  
He, who hath besmirched my name in plain view;  
Who hath like a devout love of Star Trek  
Crushed forthright any chance of sweet romance  
By the theft of Lady Alexandra 30  
From my very fingertips; and who hath,  
By malice solely driven, disparaged  
My practically pristine rapport with Harv,  
Who thinks me now as lackadaisical.  
And still, you ask, "Is it merely one man?" 35

BUNDIT  
Receive my true apology, kind chum.  
I knew not from what place thy anger came.

VINCIBLE  
'Tis understood. I know that mine own mood  
Sway'st not from you. Redress this, if you will,  
My foul state, though it whelms my fragile mind. 40

BUNDIT  
I would then rather try to ease thy grief.

VINCIBLE  
How plan ye this?

BUNDIT  
Envision a croissant;  
For this be metaphor for thine own life.  
While momentarily devoid of butter, 45  
The future holds such taste for thy croissant;  
With oven-baked and flaky crust so pure,  
And steam like Heaven's fragrant vapors rise...

VINCIBLE  
Dost thou still blather onward, brash Bundit?  
Why, my attention fell short long ago. 50

BUNDIT  
Oh.

VINCIBLE  
I need a tactic, some silent plan  
By Midnight's birth, so that by two days hence,  
Young Wellington will his mistake regret.  
Lady Alexandra will mine thus be. 55

BUNDIT  
How, Vincible? No plan hast thou offered.

VINCIBLE  
Now silence thy unruly tongue, Bundit,  
Lest I oversee it muted. Commit  
Thyself to my aid solely. Think, Bundit.  
What hast thou derived? 60

BUNDIT  
Thou should'st, I feel, seek  
Revenge. Against Wellington.

VINCIBLE  
I know that!  
Would I rather have befriended a dog  
And kept me from this aggravation so. 65

BUNDIT  
A plan do I present to thee, my friend.  
Once Wellington prepared for romance comes  
To where the night should quick unveil itself,

Remove a vial of toxin from thy robe And slip it through his meek digestive track.	70	VINCIBLE Out with it!	95
VINCIBLE I have no toxin and I have no robe, And death is not fundamental goal.		BUNDIT Before any credits roll, Thou should straight to Wally's Bistro with haste. Upon arrival, make thyself appear, In shrewd disguise, as a waiter. And when	100
BUNDIT Would'st thou, instead, remove a bludgeon stick From out thy pants and kindly rearrange His facial features to thy favor. Well?	75	Thy rival should arrive, basking in his Moment of thin, temporary glory, You shall'st assume duty as their waiter!	
VINCIBLE Oh silly round man that I call my friend, Thy mind is active with such violent thought. No violence shall intrude my masterpiece. With ample wit and cunning acumen Plan I my triumph into happiness.	80	VINCIBLE You ninny! Thy brilliant scheme for vengeance Is that I strike my pride and wait on him? That showeth greater beating than it would Denote a turn-around, you senseless fool!	105
BUNDIT No injury?		BUNDIT Hold there, fair Vincible, and grant me please One moment's more ear. I was not finished. Once masqueraded in waiter's garments, You thence proceed to turn the evening foul! Before the day, or nay the very hour, Does pass, Lady Alexandra will'st brand The whole ordeal a cursèd night indeed. Wellington, ridden with embarrassment, Will limp away, his head between his legs! A more spectacular embarrassment Would this be than Shaquille O'Neal's acting.	110
VINCIBLE No.		VINCIBLE Thy intellect is keener than thy looks. This plan of which you speak is ripe with hope. You may, in all thy mental stumbling so, Have stumbled thus upon a diamond mine. Insert once more that sweet video game, My trusty Bundit, for I again have The quenchless thirst for utter victory!	120
BUNDIT No poison?			
VINCIBLE No.			
BUNDIT Hmmm,	85		
Where plannèd is this tryst on the morrow?			
VINCIBLE Tryst?			
BUNDIT Lady Alexandra and her date.			
VINCIBLE First to the cinema, and afterward On to Wally's Bistro and Taco Bar.	90		
BUNDIT Wally's Bistro and Taco Bar, say you?			
VINCIBLE Yes, yes! Wally's Bistro and Taco Bar. Why dost thou such a petty question ask?			
BUNDIT Only that I now know a solution!			

NARRATOR *[entering]*

Okay, I've been fairly polite so far, but this is getting a bit too extreme. I mean, they're playing Playstation, but absolutely *no* reference is being made to the fact that, for some reason, everyone is talking in classical speech. How ridiculous is that? I mean, never once has any explanation been given for all of this. Are we as an audience supposed to just accept this convention, though it is so remarkably unbelievable that we find ourselves disbelieving even the narration? You're quite lucky I'm not saying my given lines, because they're equally inappropriate. I mean, okay, I'm now supposed to be saying how the "stones of the path of devastation have been with mortar secured" or something like that. Absolutely ludicrous.

And what's with the names? I can understand maybe the Wellington bit, it could be his last name. Maybe he's Fred Wellington or something. And Alexandra is fine, except they all call her "lady" and she seems to bear no queen-like affiliation. And don't expect any either; she doesn't anywhere in the play. But let's get serious. Vincible? I think the only reason the playwright used that was for that one vincible/invincible joke in the first scene. Seems entirely a waste. And finally, Bundit. Bundit? I'm not exactly a playwright myself, but I'm sure I can come up with a dozen better names than Bundit. Sal is good. It fits the character well, I think. Maybe even Preston. That would fit the character and even stay within the same pentameter. In fact, for your own benefits, you may want to mentally insert the name "Preston" wherever you hear the name "Bundit". Bundit doesn't come back out until the next act, but remember that for later.

Oh, as a narrator, I suppose I should set up the next scene. Wellington is sleeping the same night as all this took place. He wakes up because he had a nightmare. And then he talks about it. Enjoy.

ACT I, SCENE III

*Lights up to Wellington, asleep. He wakes.*

WELLINGTON

Hark! What ill lies coiled in yonder shadows?  
 Who feeleth spite against mine honest breast,  
 With claws of sin-struck steel and eyes like spears?  
 Or is mania the seed of my fright?  
 I've seen a sight more horrid than the Cubs, 5  
 More terrifying than Eva Gabor.  
 The dream displayed itself more clear than glass,  
 Or Jersey tap water, after some time.  
 'Twas at the place of holy marriage set,  
 With some old pastor's voice the only sound. 10  
 Of love he preached; of cherished vows he spake,  
 'Till Lady Alexandra said, "I do."  
 But now the nightmare overthrows the dream.  
 Before I, like my wife-to-be, had sworn  
 My binding pledge to the right owner of 15  
 My heart's regard, the tide already turned.  
 For high above the altar's steady bow,  
 Sat Vincible in lechery bedecked.  
 And as the words, "I do" were on my tongue,  
 This villain, clinging to a sturdy rope, 20  
 Swooped down and snatched my then betrothèd bride.  
 They started their ascent, and he dropped her.  
 Another gallant swoop made he, this fool,  
 With Alexandra clutched within his arm,  
 And as before he dropped her once again. 25  
 One final dash he made and took her up  
 And thence he made his devious escape.  
 On exiting the church, quoth he, "Ha ha."  
 How foul a beast imagination is.

But yet, this fanciful illusion hath 30  
 My fears thus set on edge. Fear, yes, I feel,  
 Though be it not so great that it disrupts  
 My life in general, not largely so,  
 But here can I not readily deny  
 That by some lot am I a target thus. 35  
 And Vincible, once man of no concern,  
 Becomes, by his design, mine enemy.  
 How tragic be the ends my good luck wrought!  
 Pray God my nightmare was but the offspring  
 Of a vivid mind and that tuna fish. 40  
 But if, by chance alone, this incubus  
 Holds in its images the slightest truth,  
 And plans this Vincible a sabotage,  
 I fear I should'st to Wally's come prepared.  
 But yea, what if in armor come I thus 45  
 And lo, the evening travels then unhitched?  
 Surely Alexandra would find me weird.  
 Oh plaguèd is my brain with all these ifs.  
 Sweet pillow, please present a solution.  
 What has become of me now that I should 50  
 Converse deeply with a sack of feathers?  
 Methinks thinking only confuses me.  
 To sleep I shall, and let my inward fears  
 Thus slowly fade out with my consciousness.  
 Good fortune do I wish upon my Fate; 55  
 As lay I in the safety of my bed.

NARRATOR

Where are the lords, attendants, and servants? How much of an Elizabethan comedy can this be without people in the background carrying spears and saying immortal lines like, "Halt," or "My liege"? The only research the playwright did was probably see a bad Shakespearean tragedy. Obviously, he had

little actual knowledge... *[the runners who are changing the set are making quite a bit of noise]*...Do you mind? I'm trying to do some helpful exposition. See, the other actors don't have to put up with this. When they go on, they get silence. I have to contest with techies clanging around and fumbling with the set pieces. See him? That's Scott, the stage manager. And if it is any testament to how shabby this production really is, he is also playing Harv. Yes, they've doubled the stage manager as an actor. That other guy over there is just a techie, I think, but he helped with the lights or something.

Well, just for kicks, let me do my prepared exposition:  
 The blocks of plot hath been procured—wrong use of the word, by the way—and now  
 Discover we if the resulting date  
 Doth lead to Babelonic grandeur so  
 Or if the edifice, now buttressed not  
 With sturdy base but with uncertainty,  
 Will'st to the floor in equal grandeur fall?  
 And as the lights rekindle and reveal—rekindle and reveal?  
 Eesh. I don't think those are at all appropriate—  
 And as the lights rekindle and reveal  
 Wally's Bistro and Taco Bar. Now watch  
 And duly with the denouement engage.  
 You know, as much as I knock this show, I can't get enough of saying Wally's Bistro and Taco Bar. Wally's Bistro and Taco Bar. Wally's Bistro...*[she exits, repeating this]*

ACT I, SCENE IV

*At Wally's, Enter Wellington and Alexandra*

WELLINGTON

And so, get this, the obstetrician spake,  
 "If that monkey to thee belongeth not,  
 Then what, in all truth, is it doing here?"

And said the owner to the doctor so, "Crossword puzzles!" Get it? I love that one. Speak truly. Art thou enjoying thyself?	5	ALEXANDRA Bring forth to me water.	
ALEXANDRA So eager is thy mind! Patience, prithee. Let not thy zeal for this date, my sweet date, Cut short the tender progression of it, But let us live it first, impatient boy.	10	WELLINGTON VIC And I the same. A choice more fitting dare I not suggest. I durst not overstay my welcome, nay, But minutes scarce shall slip before I come With drinks in hand.	30
WELLINGTON Ma'am, I want only for thy happiness.		<i>Vic exits into kitchen</i>	
ALEXANDRA Long for happiness thyself, Wellington, And mine, like a captain's men, will follow.		WELLINGTON ALEXANDRA What an emphatic man!	35
WELLINGTON Thy words do comfort me, kindly lady. But now no waiter comes.	15	It were as if he were the trusted one To hold upon his shoulders our green Earth Rather than be trusted with our order. I fear deeply for what he may bring back.	
ALEXANDRA Sweet Wellington, If I at present knew thee not, I would Not pause but think you wanted rid of me By hastening the order of the night!		WELLINGTON Fret not, Alexandra, I know this place, And Wally's Bistro hath not failed me yet, Nor do I expect that to begin tonight.	40
WELLINGTON More contrary to this could I not be. Forgive my rushèd mind; it means you well.	20	<i>Enter Vincible in waiter's garb</i>	
ALEXANDRA Before a vein should rupture in thy head, Relax. As surely as I speak these words, Here to our table comes a waiter now.		VINCIBLE Good evening, my fair guests, and welcome be To this fine restaurant. I am thus yours Should you, by chance, require anything. Can'st I some drinks now fetch to wet thy palettes?	45
<i>Enter Vic</i>		ALEXANDRA I fear there's been an error on thy part, For not two minutes have even transpired Since parted we from our strange waiter so.	
VIC Good tidings, sir and ma'am, and I impart Upon the both of you a fond welcome. With outward pride reveal I my name: Vic. Can'st I entice thy tongues with beverages?	25	VINCIBLE This error bravely rears its head to us.	50

Are you decisive in this observance,  
 Or could'st thy mind, now pained with hunger so,  
 Be playing tricks upon thine watchful eye?  
 WELLINGTON  
 As surely as I speak...  
 VINCIBLE I asked the girl. 55  
 ALEXANDRA  
 More certain of this sight could I not be,  
 Save if we presently possessed our meals,  
 Or if he stood, as did he once before,  
 Behind our table, taking our order.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Very well, m'lady. I beg thy grace. 60  
*[aside]* How foully has my plan already gone,  
 That I have lost the opportunity  
 To win my Lady Alexandra's hand.  
*[to Alexandra]* I shall to this mistake commend myself.  
*[aside]* Oh foolish Budit, whose bittersweet words 65  
 Seemed wrapped in golden promise for my hands,  
 And my hands only, to remove the case.  
 And now the plan is caged in poison oak  
 Behind a limitless electric fence.  
 Here stands I, enshrouded in the garments 70  
 Of a layman; I cringe upon the thought,  
 And were the normal waiter not present,  
 My current situation would be gone.  
*[idea]* And were the normal waiter not present,  
 My current situation would be gone. 75

*Vincible walks over and creeps behind the door to the kitchen,  
 waiting for Vic to come out.*

ALEXANDRA  
 Forgive my apprehension, noble sir,

But as of now this evening has been odd.  
 I hesitate to think which direction  
 Could'st Fortune pull our evening, up or down.  
 WELLINGTON  
 Oh, speak no more lest cursèd be our night! 80  
 The moments that preceded thy own speech  
 Were, in my mind, so full of ease and lax.  
 But now, wrought by thy grave pessimism,  
 Those awful thoughts my naïve brain confound.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 I'll say no more, let this thy warning be: 85  
 Calm down! Thou art too infant for ulcers.

*Enter Vic, who is tackled by Vincible and dragged offstage*

WELLINGTON  
 So right you are and more, you cannot be,  
 Unless you infer that infant am I.  
 So, fair Alex, how liketh thee thy job?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 My work is like the music industry: 90  
 It cares not for the value, as do I not,  
 But, quoth a modern literary genius,  
 "It's all about the Benjamins, baby."  
 VINCIBLE  
 The greatest of apologies do I  
 In staid earnestness to thee both offer, 95  
 For this, the mad confusion and mistake.  
 It hath to this restaurant's attention  
 Been revealed an imposter's dread presence.  
 To fortune of the crew and guest alike,  
 This charlatan unmaskèd now remains 100  
 And left in solitude for punishment.  
 ALEXANDRA

Wally's Bistro hath *never* let you down?  
 WELLINGTON  
 Enough of thy insistent sarcasm.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Many thanks to you, our loyal waiter.  
 Hast thee a name unlike our waiter Vic? 105  
 VINCIBLE [*looking around the table*]  
 Yes. Menu...c.  
 ALEXANDRA Menuuc is thy name?  
 VINCIBLE It's French!  
 WELLINGTON  
 How odd, may I so boldly ascertain  
 That though thy name be French, thy speech is not. 110  
 VINCIBLE  
 That's sort of strange.  
 WELLINGTON I'll say; it's downright wrong.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Must thou belabor such a paltry point?  
 Now let he in his proper state thus be.  
 WELLINGTON  
 I do, my dear, provide mere train of thought. 115  
 ALEXANDRA  
 We need not make an insecure old man  
 Out of our most benign of waiters so.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Please do as thou art bid, [*under breath*] thou wretched pain.  
 WELLINGTON  
 Should'st thou be performing some proper task  
 Befitting of a waiter? Inasmuch 120  
 As knoweth I, this *is* a restaurant.  
 VINCIBLE  
 I'm sorry, dear sir, for my grotesque delay,  
 For a grave detriment must it thus be  
 Against that marathon it seem'st you've joined.  
 Inform the chefs to double-time their work! 125

ALEXANDRA  
 Two ravenous coyotes have I seen  
 Deprived for countless days of nourishment  
 Who proved more cordial to each than you two.  
 Menuc, could'st I the daily special have, 130  
 And garnished with a side of fries, I bid.  
 And since our other waiter is no more,  
 A diet Coke would I prefer to drink.  
 WELLINGTON  
 Pretell, does the burrito come with rice?  
 VINCIBLE  
 Sure.  
 WELLINGTON  
 One plate of that, I bid thee bring hence. 135  
 To wash this down, no more than water bear.  
 VINCIBLE  
 I must away to bring thy orders forth.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Not nearly as dynamic as the first,  
 Though certainly no less unusual.  
 WELLINGTON  
 With teeming hostility greets he me! 140  
 Such men as that should from this state be cast  
 Or else be made to watch infomercials.  
 VINCIBLE [*into a cell phone*]  
 Bundit, I fear the gravest might befall,  
 Far worse than a Men With Hats reunion.  
  
*Bundit enters talking to Vincible on the phone*  
 BUNDIT  
 Well speak of it; come out with all thy grieves. 145  
 VINCIBLE  
 Wert thou outside until I would leave?  
 BUNDIT Aye,

And like a trust-worthy conspirator  
 Come I now prompted by thy beck'ning whim.  
 Thy look'st so grave. Sir, let the cause be known. 150  
 VINCIBLE  
 No longer use the cell. I hear thee fine.  
 Now has this nuisance Wellington—his name  
 Alone is cause for me to burst forthright—  
 So shown the rudeness I loathe but expect,  
 But adding to these, my problems withall, 155  
 It seem'st as though the lady, shrewd and bright,  
 May chance to see behind my faultless guise.  
 BUNDIT  
 And hath their joy enveloped thus the night?  
 VINCIBLE  
 But see thyself.  
 ALEXANDRA So... 160  
 WELLINGTON Yeah.  
 ALEXANDRA Oh.  
 WELLINGTON Hi.  
 ALEXANDRA Oh boy.  
 VINCIBLE  
 If ever any date be better spent, 165  
 Then I be strewn with feathers and a beak.  
 BUNDIT  
 A motion more absurd could'st I not think.  
 But had thou such an aviary skin,  
 What would'st thou be? I speculate a wren,  
 Or no! a lark. A booby! A booby! 170  
 WELLINGTON  
 I should for the waiter's brief return hope.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Yup.  
 VINCIBLE This calamity upon thy head  
 I shall with heavy hands secure, Bundit.  
 Alas, if thou dost treasure thy thick skull, 175

Thither go and right some wrongs, lest that head  
 Be rendered quarantined for weeks to come.  
 I do not care what plan thou might derive,  
 But help undo this twisted knot you've tied  
 Before another type of knot *they* tie! 180  
  
*Vincible exits into kitchen.*  
 BUNDIT  
 I direly need deception in my clothes,  
 For as mere Bundit, no aide can I give.  
  
*Bundit stays on, and looks for a possible solution as to what to do.  
 Wellington, unsure of what to do, starts to tap on the glasses and  
 stuff around, and Alexandra gets very aggravated and makes him  
 stop.*  
 WELLINGTON  
 Why seem'st thou to detest me now?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Thou seem'st to take in levity this night.  
 This is not like the presidential race: 185  
 This is a grave affair.  
 WELLINGTON I think no less.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 But here tonight lays romance coiled within  
 Like those amusing cans of springy snakes  
 And yet you treat me in thy olden ways. 190  
 WELLINGTON  
 If it ain't broke, don't fix it, I've heard said.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 And yet thou upgrade'st thy home computer  
 Near daily, striving thus to make it better.  
 Why can'st relationships be like that too?  
 WELLINGTON

I thought this was a date and not a trial. 195  
*Vic enters and slowly approaches the table. He is not sure what to say because of everything that has happened.*

VIC  
 And once again come I to serve in truth  
 And all sincerity, for it's my oath.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Art thou the charlatan whom Menuc spake  
 Was foul and wrong within this business' eyes?  
 VIC  
 I know not of this Menuc, but surely 200  
 He's not as proper in this garb as I.

*Bundit pulls Vic aside. Wellington and Alexandra continue their conversation quietly.*

BUNDIT  
 A word, my food-hand friend, for that may be  
 Sufficient to disclose my purposes.  
 What would it take, my gentle workingman,  
 For thee to give thine own habiliments 205  
 From thine own back and thus bestow to me?

VIC  
 Don't blaspheme this attire in such a way!  
 WELLINGTON  
 Now freely speak. Have I been any less  
 Than gentlemanly on this night?  
 ALEXANDRA No less, 210  
 But similarly nary any more.

BUNDIT  
 I mean no disrespect! Such reverence do  
 I give to thy profession; so much so  
 That I do wish no more than t'follow thee.

VIC  
 I may entreat thy wish, but never think 215  
 That my garments will I concede to thee.

ALEXANDRA  
 An opportunity more suitable  
 Than now shall not be nigh, dear Wellington.  
 WELLINGTON  
 And that is all? I've missed my only chance?  
 BUNDIT  
 But it is fitting, no? That I be fit 220  
 In habit more adapted to the trade?

VIC  
 Of course, but not my garments.  
 BUNDIT I insist.  
 VIC  
 But I insist more fervently. Be gone.  
 BUNDIT  
 Give me thy clothes, thou foolish wretch! 225

*Bundit chases Vic offstage into kitchen.*

ALEXANDRA  
 The night is not complete. Thou can indeed  
 Still salvage dignity and my affects.  
 WELLINGTON  
 Then I, in truth, shall do no less.  
 ALEXANDRA No more!  
 Thy prattling is enough to choke a moose. 230  
 Now act upon thy words.  
 WELLINGTON An actor am  
 I not, but may I prove a gentleman.

*Enter Vincible*

Please bring the finest drink, my dear Menuc.

*Vincible takes glass of water, which he means to spill on Wellington, and Wellington ducks and it hits Alexandra*

VINCIBLE

Oh, m'lady! Profuse apology 235  
Must spill from out my mouth, as water has  
So spilled from out my cup, that thou absolve  
Me from my brazen act of clumsiness.

ALEXANDRA

Oh noble sir, do not apologize.  
I shall with an electric hand dryer 240  
Thus make my blouse no longer quite so damp.

*Alexandra exits off stage to bathroom.*

VINCIBLE

Though not my foremost target was this girl,  
The cause doth render the correct result.

*Vic and Bundit appear from the kitchen, Bundit holding Vic's dress shirt and chasing Vic.*

BUNDIT

I need thy pants! Give me thy trousers now!

VIC

Thou art mad! I bequeath my slacks to none! 245

BUNDIT

No more excuse will I hear. I need pants.

VIC

If thou continue, sir, in thy brash ways,  
I'll have thee on the street or I'm not Vic!

*They exit back into the kitchen.*

WELLINGTON

What meaning lies behind this action, sir?  
And not the action of those fools I speak, 250  
But what of spilling water on my date?

VINCIBLE

None more than accident, I pray. But oh,  
What luck! Now that I'm face-to-face with thee,  
Art thou as Wellington so known in name?

WELLINGTON

I am. 255

VINCIBLE There is a call for thee.

WELLINGTON Thank you.

VINCIBLE

And now with Alexandra in a tiff  
And Wellington thus taken off the scene, 260  
No more remains but my proud victory!  
How simple was it, too, to trick these fops.  
But dressed in waiters garb I shall not gloat,  
Nor reap the noble accolades I garnered.  
And once I change my clothes, my attitude,  
And duly thrust forth that Vincible mojo, 265  
I will have won her hand! None can stop me!

### INTERMISSION

VIC

How horribly has my day thus transpired!  
So on the eve does blow a fuse by me,  
Declaring all the power in my house  
Be rendered helpless and incompetent.  
And as this morrow boldly reared its head, 5  
My clock with silence tries to waken me.  
An hour or so like this transpireth then  
Until my boorish landlord rapt my door,

And with ungraceful, loud, obnoxious tone,  
 So near unhinged my entrance with his voice. 10  
 With similar inflection spake he thus:  
 “Why dost thou, meager tenant, make me wait?  
 I want my rent! Pay pay pay pay pay pay!”  
 A gross hyperbole was that, as he  
 Did speak that word no more than just four times, 15  
 But I to the pentameter do stick  
 Like small children to fly tape. That was wrong.  
 Where in my tale of woe did I leave off?  
 Consolidate shall I, for feareth I  
 Might with my rantings lose my audience. 20  
 At length I made it effortfully here;  
 My steadfast place of work, where first I’m met  
 With apathetic customers, and next  
 I, at the hands of another waiter,  
 Face abuse to mine pride and to mine head. 25  
 And now, were that not punishment enough,  
 A silly squat man tries to steal my pants.  
 And for this toil will I receive a tip?  
 I nary would depend upon it.

*Enter Bundit, who tackles Vic to the ground.*

BUNDIT Now! 30  
 I have thee and promptly will have thy pants!

*Bundit strips Vic of his pants and flees into kitchen. Vic, until his line, tries to find something to hide behind, eventually taking a tray off a nearby table. Vincible enters and sits at the main table.*

VIC  
 How horribly has my day thus transpired!  
 VINCIBLE

So ready am I now that in my prime  
 My readiness would pale in strength to this.  
 Moreover, I look good. 35

*Enter Alexandra*

VINCIBLE Alexandra!  
 What wondrous chance that I might find you here.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 This knowledge you possessed since yesterday.  
 I told thee at the pharmacy of this.  
 VINCIBLE  
 It was inconsequential at the time. 40  
 How art thou doing?  
 ALEXANDRA Before I answer,  
 Hast thou the insolent Wellington seen?  
 It seem’st that he from out my sight hath flown.  
 VINCIBLE  
 How unintelligent is anyone 45  
 Who knowingly from Alexandra flees!  
 Although I wish the sympathy I give  
 Could readily be turned to daffodils,  
 I knoweth how to make this day worthwhile.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 You underhanded... 50  
 VINCIBLE Why am I thy mark  
 To pierce with defamation’s nasty barb  
 When it was Wellington who from thee fled?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 You’re absolutely right. Where was my head?  
 I shall’st not give my offering of wrath 55  
 To thee, for whom it was intended not.  
 Continue with thy proposition, sir.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Why with those seemly clothes, though dampened so,

Should thee thus turn thy heels and homeward go?  
 So stay, I bid, and share with me thy time 60  
 As if thy fair affections had I won.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 It is a decent offer that thy make'st,  
 And I my hunger can't with truth deny.  
 Kind Vincible, you have thyself a date.  
 VINCIBLE  
*[aside]* I can't seem overjoyed, despite the strength 65  
 With which the urge compels my heart to shriek.  
*[to Alexandra]* The gladness that I feel is measured thus  
 But by thy satisfaction of this night.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 How quite unselfish art thou, Vincible.  
 But dare I send thee to the battlefield 70  
 Without a proper tactic to engage,  
 Beware! The waiters who do labor here  
 Are scarcely capable of walking straight  
 No less than bringing forth thy chosen meal.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Now armed with knowledge of the restaurant 75  
 Come I thus boldly to this kingly seat.  
 WELLINGTON *[reentering]*  
 There is no call for me. Where is Menuc?  
 Where is that babbling waiter? No matter.  
 What lies before me? No, it cannot be!  
 VINCIBLE  
 So how shall'st we begin our rendezvous? 80  
 WELLINGTON  
 In all her splendor sits my date, that's plain,  
 But sits she next to Vincible, not I.  
 What does he here? What business hath he here?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 That best not be apprehension I sense.  
 WELLINGTON

So I've been duped. A wicked friend of hers 85  
 Hath masked himself to be a wicked servant.  
 He shan't laugh last, for as the owner Wally  
 Shall I present myself, and with such spite  
 As would a hardened convict send to fits,  
 I shall seek due revenge. I thrive tonight! 90

*Wellington exits into kitchen.*

ALEXANDRA  
 But now we must for Menuc's swift return  
 Here sit and wait with patience strung up high,  
 Just like the audience of Shakespeare's plays  
 When act five stumbles onto stage at last.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Menuc? Why does that name sound familiar? 95  
 Ah yes. I heard come from behind that door  
 The owner Wally swear with deafening voice  
 That Menuc, for his fixed ineptitude,  
 Was hence sent from this place for timeless stay.  
 Assume'st I some other bungling lad 100  
 Shall to our table come and botch things up.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 How knowledgeable art thou on matters  
 That only moments before did transpire.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Right place, right time, supposeth I. I guess.  
*Vic stands up and tries to sneak away from the scene.*  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Ah, Vic! I do persuade thee to attend, 105  
 As thou did'st once before, to meet our hunger.  
 VIC

Thy timing is not great.  
 ALEXANDRA                   Why yes, I see.  
 But we shall speedily present our choice.  
 VIC  
 Well, then. Good tidings be thine, ma'am and sir           110  
 And I impart to thee a fond welcome.  
 I am, as was and will hereafter be,  
 Named Vic and I...  
 ALEXANDRA                   Formalities aside,  
 My kindly Vic, I bid thee strictly cast,                   115  
 For these herein are by myself declared  
 The rules to follow for the remainder  
 Of what might be salvaged from this wreckage  
 Of a date. I, just like it was before,  
 Will'st have the daily special ere I starve,               120  
 And nestled in its wing, a side of fries.  
 My friend, the sly yet noble Vincible,  
 Will likewise have the same, yet on his fries  
 So lightly smother it with melted cheese.  
 VIC  
 To drink?   125  
 ALEXANDRA   And for that which our tongues desire,  
 We each so calmly ask for sodas. Please.  
 VIC  
 My pleasure and my sacred duty too  
 Is it that I may'st please thy appetites  
 With delicate cuisine and frothy drinks.                   130

*Vic exits into kitchen*

VINCIBLE  
 Does any staff wear trousers, dare I ask?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Oh did I mention yet that this waiter

Is quite unusual? If thou thyself  
 Had noticed not until this very point...  
 VINCIBLE  
 I know not how I could'st anticipate                   135  
 These drinks that he describes as *frothy*.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Although the lack of pants comes as a shock,  
 The strangeness hath persisted for some time.  
  
*Enter Bundit from outside in waiter's garb behind Vincible*  
 BUNDIT  
 Ah, so there sits the dreadful enemy  
 Of my friend Vincible, at an arms-length               140  
 From my shrewd plotting. Oh, easy target,  
 How dost thou plan to thus my skill confront,  
 When thou can'st my dev'lish plot even see?  
 Ha ha! In the name of great Vincible  
 I shall'st dethrone thy paltry line of heirs,             145  
 And Vincible triumphant shall thence rise!  
 ALEXANDRA  
 See there, as if to illustrate my point,  
 Another waiter stands beset by clouds  
 Of impenetrable, stark confusion.  
 VINCIBLE  
 To alter my steadfast gaze from thy face               150  
 Would an injustice to my spirit prove.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 A flatterer art thou? I object not,  
 Though, for wert Wellington a step of praise,  
 Thou would'st a sturdy staircase ever be.  
 BUNDIT  
 My friend was right! This date flows perfectly!       155  
 I must begin at once my evil plot.  
 Oh how to clinch the victory. Oh how!

I could'st store rabid squirrels in their fries!

*Bundit exits into kitchen*

ALEXANDRA

I concede, I had thought you as a beast  
Desiring me as dinner or a fling,

160

BUNDIT

I have no rabid squirrels. I am foiled.

ALEXANDRA

But with thy sly persuasiveness and charm,  
You hath a foolish whim my scruples made.

BUNDIT

I could like Hell's wrath drive my mighty Saab  
Right through the wall and thence disrupt their date.

165

VINCIBLE

Would'st I were anybody but myself,  
I'd thrive in guilty knowledge of my hoax.

BUNDIT

But my insurance would'st not cover that.  
I could a fierce tornado summon here!

VINCIBLE

And could a man with guilty conscience live?

170

BUNDIT

Or simply make an accident a victory.

*Bundit exits and passes Vic with drinks in hand. Vic avoids Bundit because, after all, Bundit did steal his pants.*

VIC

Just like a faithful watchman do I come...

ALEXANDRA

And still not donning pants.

VIC

Still without slacks,

I come with my perception and my wits,

175

And none-the-least-of-which, thy frothy drinks.  
Enjoy and if thou needest anything,  
Simply yell!

*Vic exits into kitchen.*

VINCIBLE

A good man. We must tip well!

So answer now this question. What say you?

180

Dost thou a worthy venture deem this night?

ALEXANDRA

Where yesterday it would the greatest pain  
Inflict upon mine heart to bear this truth,  
I must today confess that it is so.

VINCIBLE

Those words like bells within mine ear do ring;  
Like a triumphal cheer emerging from  
The lips of every loyal citizen,  
Thy words do splash warm hope upon my face.  
Like a deft cauliflower in the rain...

185

ALEXANDRA

Please! No more metaphor! I understand.

190

VINCIBLE

Ere my zeal were less potent could I stop,  
But as it concretely fills up my soul,  
I find I, like the salmon, swim upstream.  
Like a hallow rabbit in a brothel...

ALEXANDRA

O why, may'st I so boldly dare inquire,  
Is it that when a man, through toil and luck,  
Miraculously a girl's interest holds,  
Dost he proceed to, with his clamoring,  
Confound the work that he's already done?

195

*Enter Wellington dressed as Wally, in a silly hat and an equally silly mustache.*

WELLINGTON  
 By way of introduction, I am Wally, 200  
 Proprietor of this establishment  
 That thou art deftly captivated by.  
 But here I stand and do with grief report  
 That those said drinks contaminated be.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 What, these? 205  
 WELLINGTON Aye, none but those delicious drinks.  
 They have some chemical that'd make thee sterile!  
 ALEXANDRA  
 What, both of us?  
 WELLINGTON For men the symptoms are  
 Much graver and severe. This chemical 210  
 Doth often render ones appendages  
 To from their sockets fall and thence they lay  
 Upon the ground like earthworms after rain.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 I knew 'twas trouble in those frothy drinks.  
 WELLINGTON  
 I will thus confiscate for thy safeties. 215  
 VINCIBLE  
 Before thou goest, owner of this place,  
 As thou allege thyself, what is thy name?  
 WELLINGTON  
 'Tis Wally. The point?  
 VINCIBLE What is thy last name?  
 WELLINGTON  
 These drinks are poison! Let me save thy lives! 220  
 VINCIBLE  
 What is thy last name, Wally?  
 WELLINGTON Bistro. Yes.

VINCIBLE  
 Ha ha! How odd that thou would'st nary know  
 Thy own full title, for that the owner  
 Of this bistro be Wally Thrappleberger. 225  
 ALEXANDRA  
 How dost thou know this, Vincible?  
 VINCIBLE Remove  
 Thy veil-like hat, dear owner, and thy mustache.  
 WELLINGTON  
 How can one move his mustache?  
 VINCIBLE When 'tis false! 230  
  
*Vincible rips off Wellington's mustache and hat, revealing Wellington, who is so frightened that he runs from the scene.*  
  
 And there can I condone not that offense,  
 That he would outright cheat thy eyes by mask.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 I'm nearly shocked, but never fully shocked  
 That I could'st not win humor by his game.  
 VINCIBLE  
 Deception is no game I do declare; 235  
 'Tis artform, and a master he is not.  
  
*Enter Bundit with a large bowl*  
  
 BUNDIT  
 So peaceful in his state doth he exist,  
 Without the knowledge of the sullen fate  
 That doth await him right around the bend.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 These mad events unease me so, but I 240  
 In contract to my appetite shall stay,  
 Assuming thou shall merely be a date.  
 VINCIBLE

Thou hast a point, my lovely confidant,  
 And I shall 'st humbly in thy presence sit.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 A truer gentleman have I not seen 245  
 That would, as thou art wont to do, thus sit  
 And in obedience as if a dog,  
 Not innuendo nor advance dare make.  
 BUNDIT  
 And here it all begins. *[to Vincible]* I have thy meal;  
 Thy pasta laden with delicious sauce. 250  
 VINCIBLE  
*[turning]* I ordered not this pasta but the fries.  
  
*Bundit pours sauce all over Vincible*  
 BUNDIT  
 In the great name of Vincible come I,  
 Prepared to thus renounce thy meager name,  
 And...ummm...oh, hi there Vincible.  
 VINCIBLE You twit! 255  
 You utterly incompetent buffoon!  
 In all my time of breathing on this Earth,  
 I've not encountered such a shiftless fool  
 That my strong patience wanes in manner such 260  
 As it doth wane with thee, nitwit Bundit!  
 A simpler task could 'st I have issued not  
 Than to undo the havoc thy plan raised,  
 Unless I levied that you do no more  
 Than look confused and regularly drool,  
 Though now my mind is filled with images 265  
 Of thee, Bundit, failing at this as well!  
 BUNDIT  
 Here in this bowl remains residual  
 Meat sauce with which I can douse Wellington!

VINCIBLE  
 Oh downfall of my life! Oh bane of me!  
 Begone from my sight! 270  
 ALEXANDRA Stunned do I remain!  
 Oh Vincible, with sugar-coated words...  
 VINCIBLE  
 Another thought hath struck my tattered mind,  
 And though this very act to Bundit would  
 Come as a sharp surprise, I must relay 275  
 This declaration. I shall leave this place  
 Lest Alexandra's mind be polluted  
 With the toxins of Bundit's foolish deed!  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Too late.  
 VINCIBLE Imbecile! 280  
  
*Vincible exits the restaurant. There is a lengthy pause. Alexandra sits.*  
 BUNDIT Greetings.  
 ALEXANDRA Good tidings.  
 BUNDIT  
 Oh why like lemmings to a cliff dost thou  
 In frightened, conquered manner run?  
 It would the most appalling waste ere prove 285  
 If thou should 'st leave abandoned thy dinner  
 And homeward journey, when thou could 'st return  
 And share with me a most romantic night.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 An unforgettable event indeed.  
 I think not, Bundit. 290  
 BUNDIT I am more charming!  
 I have not that lingering funny odor  
 That oft from Vincible does emanate.

I brush my teeth more often! He has gout.  
I watcheth not South Park! 295

*She exits*

That didn't work.

*Bundit flops into a chair. Enter Vic with two plates of food.*

VIC  
And here comes I, with plates of nourishment  
Of highest quality in hand. Oh no!  
Where to hast thy lovely date departed?  
Oh, tis you. 300

BUNDIT I pray you give absolution  
To my theft of thy trousers. Here they are,  
And when I duly do retrieve my pants,  
I shall in quiet reparation trade.

VIC  
For now my mind is properly perplexed! 305  
Were you the gentleman who at the start  
Accompanied the lovely girl hither...  
But you're not. And wert thou the gentleman  
Who later acted as the heir to her...  
But him you are not either. 310

BUNDIT Struggle not  
With vapid thoughts or paradoxes, sir,  
But let me choose betwixt those meals you bear  
So that my worries may I while away,  
While munching on a scrumptious Wally's meal. 315

VIC  
In truth, thou hast no date?  
BUNDIT You speak the truth.  
Now let me in my isolation be.

*Bundit is about to eat*

VIC  
Oh why like some Henry David Thoreau  
Dost thou insist on stubborn solitude? 320  
It would the most appalling shame ere prove  
If thou should'st cherish dinner all alone.  
Why settle for this when thou could'st concede  
And share with me a most romantic night?  
We've even now displayed the self-same pants. 325

BUNDIT  
On second thought, it seems my appetite  
Hast like the Magic Johnson late-night show  
Thus vanished into tiny wispy clouds.  
And like my appetite, I too must go.

VIC  
Could'st I at least retrieve my pants from thee? 330  
BUNDIT  
At later time, as now I'm quite freaked out.

*Bundit exits the restaurant*

VIC  
How horribly has my day thus transpired!

*Blackout*

NARRATOR *[entering with a bottle of an alcoholic substance]*

Hi. My name is Dierdre. I figure if I'm going to bitch and  
moan like I've been doing, I might as well introduce myself to you  
all. I'm twenty and an actress. I've been acting since I was six. I  
was in a toothpaste commercial. "The sun is bright, but my teeth  
are brighter!" Guess you don't remember that one. Ah well, it  
wasn't incredibly successful. The only reason I bring this up is  
that when I'm famous, they're going to dig up that commercial

and run it during all my talk-show appearances, so I might as well not be ashamed of it.

Actually, up until this play, my career was consistently climbing. I was professionally trained in the theatrical arts at a community college in Arkansas, where I played such roles as Antigone and Kim in Bye Bye Birdie, among others. I did some community theatre after that including a spectacular performance of an original drama called “The Tall Glass of Death.”

All right, I get the hint that you’re not particularly interested in my resume. I mention it only to alleviate any doubts you may have about my acting credibility from this miserable performance, and I assure you, it’s all in the script. The director wasn’t exactly a walk in the park either. I know I should be content about this show because, after all, it does pay the bills, but what about artistic integrity? Should I concede my honor for a few bucks? Absolutely. But I’ll at least complain in the process. I like the costumes though. And the props too. The sets aren’t bad. I mean, a bit minimalist, but...oh well. And speaking of the lousy script, here’s Act 3, Scene 1.

*She exits. Lights up on the pharmacy, enter Harv and Alexandra. Alexandra does the entire scene from behind an Information Center counter. There is an overhanging part above her which is stocked with cigarettes.*

HARV

Alex, tidy up the shelves and take inventory of the smokes. Oh, and while you’re up there, get me a pack of Winstons.

*He exits into aisles when he gets his smokes*

ALEXANDRA

Oh inventory, from the hottest depths  
Of Hell come ye to fray my tortured wits,

Already now beleaguered from this day. 5  
Into thy clutches, vilest inventory,  
Do I with bland duress commend my soul.

*Alexandra begins to tidy up*

Oh find thy rightful place my precious things.  
Three times eight packs of Parliaments have we.  
And thrice five Marlboro’s upon this shelf. 10  
I spy in stacks of four some Camel lights.

*Enter Wellington*

And Lucky Strikes...whoa! We have Lucky Strikes!

*Wellington approaches counter*

Good morrow, sir. What can I do for you?  
WELLINGTON  
Now now, my friend, what blasphemy is this  
That should this strict formality demand? 15  
Speak common to me, as if now was then.

ALEXANDRA

How very common may my speech become  
When I am bound to five pairs of iambs?

WELLINGTON

No. I refer to the use of this ‘sir’.  
Not now nor never was I ‘sir’, you know. 20  
So even at this workplace, my name stands.

ALEXANDRA

Good morrow, sir. What can I do for you?

WELLINGTON

How strange you are this day, my wacky friend.  
For though you are adorned in cashier’s garb,  
The face behind I see remains the same. 25  
So as the Alexandra of before

I pray you in such truth address me such.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 My friend of long, immeasurable time,  
 It clear comes out that lies bespeak me not,  
 And you, of plain and simple valor are, 30  
 Will not a fabrication just accept.  
 Speak I may, but sugar-coat I will not.  
 The night before this day was hideous  
 In word and manner and in end result.  
 And though thy common company I like, 35  
 I can't defend abominations thus.  
 With some deluded mindset came you hence;  
 With equally deluded actions bared,  
 You quite exacerbated then the night  
 With thy unthinking acts of lunacy, 40  
 And when the stanchions of night did'st crack,  
 You vaulted sprightly from the dreadful scene,  
 Evoking cowardice and flaw of which  
 I thought thee were bereft forevermore.  
 Thy grave attendant do I now become, 45  
 But friend is earned as title, not received.

WELLINGTON  
 And as before I question once again:  
 Why dost thou with such bitterness accost  
 A friend, in name and truth and character?  
 Would'st thou have sooner dated Vincible 50  
 To hold in lamination thy delight?  
 If he is worthier, then thus he is.

ALEXANDRA  
 For though this Vincible is low in class,  
 Unfailingly is he to himself true.  
 He thrusts no pantomime; he tells no lie. 55  
 How shameful must it be that he himself  
 Is boorish and uncouth. But he is true.

WELLINGTON  
 Dost thou imply that I have from thine eyes  
 Kept secrets of myself and of my heart?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 The words I've spoken linger here for thee. 60  
 Dismiss them if thee choseth, or adhere;  
 The choice remaineth up to thee alone.

HARV *[entering]*  
 Alexandra, get back to work. The afternoon rush is going to  
 start soon. Wellington, stop harassing Alex. I'm tired of  
 constantly telling you to leave my store. Get out of here  
 before I have to call you in for loitering.

*Harv exits into aisles*

ALEXANDRA  
 Now let me be to please my fiery boss.  
 WELLINGTON  
 In truth, I need some pharmaceuticals;  
 My matriarch is haunted still by germs,  
 And some solution does she thus require. 70

ALEXANDRA  
 So go! You know this place! They're in aisle three.  
 Please leave me be!

WELLINGTON            My thanks I give, dear friend.  
 Oh horror and abysmal grief; you strike. 75  
 At length have I her faithful friend become,  
 And like a light switch, once on and now off,  
 Her friendship has, as if one clapped two times,  
 Now shut itself from out my reach. And who  
 Would be the man to clap his hands? Oh guess.  
 The vilest of them all; that Vincible. 80  
 I can't allow this miscreant to walk  
 On such terrain with trespass on his foot.  
 Oh to the Robitussin I must go!

*Wellington exits into aisles*

ALEXANDRA

Could'st I be cursed with worse companionship?  
 As hard I climb, I at the bottom stay. 85  
 As console reacheth me from only me,  
 I contemplate in almost silence true  
 My hopeless fate. I thought my solitude  
 Would be eradicated by my friends.  
 Oh from these woeful thoughts do I retreat 90  
 And steadfast I my irksome task resume.  
 A dozen packs of these Virginia Slims  
 I dutifully observe upon this shelf,  
 And markèd be these numbers on this page.  
 A half score packs of Tareyton's exist... 95

*Enter Vincible and Bundit who approach counter*

VINCIBLE

Alas my beauty, my Alexandra.  
 Whose locks of charming silken strand cascade  
 From out thy roots approaching thus to greet  
 The bottoms of thy blessèd scapulae.

BUNDIT

Oh yes, my Lady Alexandra fair— 100

VINCIBLE

Be quiet, Bundit. In silent service  
 I pray you henceforth go and bring me back  
 Some aspirin. And please retrieve for me  
 Some flasks of hair-care products that purport  
 To bring about an added fluffy bounce 105  
 To what would otherwise be lifeless hair.  
 It hath been said that actions do resound

More audibly than words. This doth apply  
 To thee, sweet Bundit, much more than to most.

BUNDIT

Right away. 110

*He exits into aisles while Wellington peeks around the corner to see Alexandra and Vincible*

ALEXANDRA

Oh hold thy tongue, Vincible.  
 Before more brashness from thy lips should pour,  
 Bold sir, implorèth I thy ear to hear  
 The words my heart dost urge my lips repeat.  
 As yesterday approached our meager lives, 115  
 I'd thought you as a pert and showy dolt  
 Whose goal in life was constant insolence.  
 But glimpses surfaced on that dread evening;  
 These glimpses did profess to prove me wrong.

WELLINGTON

And there stand thy pernicious enemy. 120  
 And like a chisel that doth cleave a brick  
 In twain, he severs thus the loyal bond  
 That ere betwixt my friend and I did stand.  
 Now hear my creed! By nightfall, mark my words,  
 This Vincible will dead forever be. 125

*He exits back into aisles*

ALEXANDRA

But somehow in thy imbecilic plot,  
 My cunning and persistent little man,  
 Thou hast my affectations deftly lost.

VINCIBLE

I pray my words shall'st remedy this plight.

ALEXANDRA

Thy words I nary wish to hear. So hold 130  
 Them resolute against thy heart and spend  
 Them not on me. Of worthless price they are.

VINCIBLE

In absolute sincerity, that plan  
 Of which thee sharply spake was not my own.

ALEXANDRA

Oh Vincible, go straight from out my sight! 135

VINCIBLE [*while walking away*]

In truth uncharacteristic of me  
 I plainly speak. That horrid strategy  
 Was never mine; but levied by another.  
 The squalid, ignorant, effeminate,  
 Despondent, blathering, inactive, dumb, 140  
 Derisive, impotent, uniquely dull,  
 Obese, obtrusive, fallible, puny

And wretched sloth of human refuse built:  
 The one and only botch-maker, Bundit!  
 And for the awful plan he somehow hatched, 145  
 The punishment shall'st so severely come,  
 When lifeless lays he on the icy ground.  
 As surely as I taunt, he dies tonight!

*Vincible exits the pharmacy*

ALEXANDRA

And now Harv's task of utter pettiness  
 Commends again my spirits by the horns. 150  
 But were my irritation not so great  
 I would already now be finished here!  
 Alas, at least I have as compensation  
 The luck that drove all customers away.

*Bundit appears with the stuff Vincible asked him to get. He approaches counter.*

ALEXANDRA

Of course, I speak and Fate with haste replies. 155

BUNDIT

My fair cashier, hast thou beheld the sight  
 Of Vincible in this vicinity?

ALEXANDRA

My gentle patron, he's already gone.

BUNDIT

Oh. Well, since opportunity riseth,  
 And since external forces did our time 160  
 Together shear into mere seconds flat,  
 I boldly ask thee for another chance.  
 While I the handsomest may never be,  
 And most ingenious dare I not suppose,  
 And strongest will I ne'er insinuate, 165  
 And sensitivity is not my strength—

ALEXANDRA

My disbelief hast grown so gross immense  
 In these five minutes that have just now passed.  
 No! Please go bark thy self-deprecation  
 At one who might, in blissful reverence, 170  
 Appreciate thy leechlike presence so.

I need it not, nor do I want it now.

Now while my sanity is still intact,  
 Albeit hanging by a spider's spindle,  
 Retreat and burrow back within thy hole! 175

BUNDIT

Humph! I perceive the time-honored slogan  
 Assuring that the customer is right  
 Applieth not to this coarse pharmacy.  
 Because of thy poor patronage, cashier,

I shan't these beautifying agents buy, 180  
But shall forthwith return them to thy shelf!

*He exits into aisles with aspirin and shampoo. Wellington appears.*

WELLINGTON

I have upon a lengthy search unearthed  
The medication that could'st be the cure  
Of my sweet mother's painful ills.

BUNDIT [*reappearing*] Ha ha! 185

I in profound defiance acted thus  
By not returning as I had just voiced  
Those products to their shelf, but scattered them  
About the floor! Ha! But Alexandra's  
Frigidity and bitter words of wrath 190

Shall not go unavenged! The buck stops here!  
She knows not what she has just turned away;  
This manly, kindly gentleman of which  
In steadfast shape and size am I composed. 195  
By Nature's sunfall on this very day,  
The former date of noble Vincible  
Shall be reduced to former living being.

*He laughs maniacally and exits the pharmacy.*

WELLINGTON

I thank thee, friend, one final time for now.  
And must once more apologize.

ALEXANDRA Once more? 200

WELLINGTON

This is true. I'm sorry for the first time.

ALEXANDRA

You'd best leave.

WELLINGTON But before I from here go,  
What plans have thee to occupy this night?  
By nightfall I should'st from my burdens part. 205

ALEXANDRA

Augh! What is wrong with all of you male types?  
Why to thy senses doth defeat remain  
An absolute intangibility?

HARV [*hearing the scream*]

Is everything all right? Oh, it's you. Wellington, I already  
warned you once! 210

WELLINGTON

I only seek my change and out I'll go!

HARV

Get out! Now!

*Wellington exits the pharmacy*

HARV

I swear to God I'm going to kill that kid. If not tonight, then  
one of these days, but I'm going to kill that kid.

*Harv exits back into the aisles*

ALEXANDRA

We're out of Newports; so it seems to me. 215  
And wow, we're equally bereft of lights.  
Of Dorals, Winstons, and the Salem brand,  
We have twice seven packs I do add up.  
And of the Kool's we have what I would'st call  
A swath of cigarettes. No cause for fret. 220

*Lights fade while she writes these down*

NARRATOR

You know what I am? I'm not a narrator. I'm a diversion. The actors are backstage right now getting changed. I'm nothing more than scene change music. So my entire part was implemented only to waste time. Isn't that great? I don't really mind, though. I kinda like this play now. Everything is much funnier when you've had a few drinks. Just a few, mind you. I sort of made it a personal credo not to drink before performances, but I whole-heartedly believe I never made any rules about drinking performances. Like, for instance, I was in a production of *Miss Julie* just before this, and one night, I was having some personal problems that I decided to wash away with a few bourbons, and wouldn't you know it, Jean lopped the parrot's head off and I couldn't stop laughing. The director bitched, the critics moaned, Jean threw a hissy fit in the dressing room, but come on. He cut off the head of my favorite parrot. *[she starts laughing]* Ooh, now that I come to think of it, look at *Oedipus Rex*. You know what he does at the end of that? He gouges his eyes out with hairpins! *[laughing quite hard]* Jesus, that's a good one. And Iago! *[near hysterical laughter]* He's a funny bastard when you think about it. Whew. Well, this might possibly be the best damn play I've ever been in. Quite possibly the last one from what I gather. So, if you'll kindly excuse me, Vic is waiting for me backstage.

### ACT III, SCENE II

*Lights up to the pharmacy interior, later that day. Alexandra is still behind the counter, though she is clearly cleaning, getting ready to close the store. This goes on for a bit. Finally, Bundit enters the store. He is dressed in all black, somewhat like a bungling robber. He sneaks to the side and picks up a magazine which he starts reading. Eventually, Harv comes and accosts Bundit.*

HARV

The store's closing in fifteen minutes. Do you need anything?

BUNDIT

Dost thou the owner of a navy blue  
Rust-ridden Acura Integra know?  
With plates that read BFJ-Q19?

HARV

Yeah, that's my car.

5

BUNDIT

Thou hast in hastiness left on thy lights.

HARV

Oh, thanks.

*Harv exits. Bundit goes back to his magazine while Alexandra leaves the Information Center and starts to wipe down the counter top and other cleaning stuff like that. Bundit stealthily makes his way to the other side of the pharmacy [off stage] where he picks up some bottles of medicine. He comes back on stage. He opens up a can of soda and begins putting many many many pills in the soda. It should be very noticeable to everyone but Alexandra. He might even use a funnel. He swirls around the soda and ultimately makes sure the pills are well dissolved. He casually walks over to the Information Center and puts the soda down. His voice is thinly disguised.*

BUNDIT

Here, ma'am. I think this soda thee forgot.

ALEXANDRA

Oh. Thank you gentle customer. Can'st thou  
Entrust me with thy business inquiries?

10

BUNDIT

I have no need at present for thy aid,  
My wholesome clerk. *[aside]* Though yesterday did tell  
A different tale.

ALEXANDRA

Forgive my meddling mind;

That voice in which thy speak'st, it sings a tune           15  
 Of which I surely know but truly can'st  
 The title recollect. Do I know thee?  
 BUNDIT *[using a silly voice]*  
 Doth this voice please thee more than did the first?  
 I can, if thou would'st favor, speak as such.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Forget it; for it was a trifling thought.                   20  
 BUNDIT *[same silly voice]*  
 Well, on my merry way, supposeth I.  
 Forget not thy carbonated beverage;  
 If so, it would a flagrant waste ere prove.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 I thank thee.  
 BUNDIT *[aside]*                   Challenges are scarce today.           25  
 'Tis like the shooting of a mackerel  
 Within the confines of the Great Salt Lake.  
 Hold on...  
 ALEXANDRA I wish to thee a fruitful day.

*Alexandra goes about her business again, occasionally reaching for the soda, but getting distracted by more cleaning. Bundit goes back to the corner and reads his magazine. Harv walks back inside and Bundit immediately scurries to the other side of the stage, behind the counter. Harv looks confused for a minute, but then goes to the back of the pharmacy again. Bundit peeks out from behind his magazine. Vincible enters. He is carrying a large sword in his right hand and does everything sort of briskly. He does a decent job of avoiding Alexandra's gaze and he, too, picks up a magazine and begins loitering. Finally, Alexandra sees him and walks up to him. Vincible also disguises his voice a bit.*

ALEXANDRA  
 The pharmacy is nearing close today.                   30

Can I my duteous assistance grant?  
 VINCIBLE  
 No thank you, willing clerk. I shan't be long.

*Things continue as Alexandra cleans. Vincible looks over and sees Bundit in the corner. Slowly, he walks over to Bundit, still looking at his magazine. Finally, as he's only a few feet away, he draws his sword, but Alexandra happens to look up. He reaches out for the can of soda to make his sword grabbing look natural]*

VINCIBLE  
 Just reaching for a beverage. Is this thine?  
 ALEXANDRA  
 I am not sure, so I give full permission  
 To drink its sweet sweet nectar.                                   35  
 VINCIBLE   I thank thee.

*As Vincible's about to drink, Bundit rushes in. He can't kill his best friend. Too bad he's going to die anyway. Ha ha ha ha ha!*

BUNDIT  
 I beg thee, sir, do not this liquid sip.  
 It is for her lips only, *[aside]* as am I.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Despite thy shrewd insistence, kindly sir,  
 I can't recall possessing such a drink.                                   40  
 BUNDIT  
 And once again I do entreat thy trust;  
 This can of saccharine is wholly thine.  
 ALEXANDRA  
 Well, other sir, as this belongs to me,  
 I do thee sanction to imbibe as much  
 Of that refreshment as thou need'st.                                   45

*Vincible takes can.*

BUNDIT

Oh wait!

*Bundit grabs can from Vincible.*

How foolish art the man I know as me.  
For I did'st make this purchase earlier.

VINCIBLE

With this established so, may I beseech  
Thy grace to offer me a sample? 50

BUNDIT

No!

Now go about thy merry way, esquire!

*An awkward pause. Vincible walks to other side of the stage and Bundit, upset his plan isn't working, decides to put the can back where it was so Alexandra could have some. Harv walks in and notices the two customers.*

HARV

Shop's closing soon. Can I get you boys anything?

*No one says anything. Harv shrugs his shoulders and walks over to help Alexandra tidy up the shop. There should be circulars on the ground and such. Eventually, Vincible gets an idea and walks over to Harv.*

VINCIBLE

Art thou the owner of an Acura,  
With license plate BFJ-Q19? 55

HARV

Yeah?

VINCIBLE

Thy lights are glowing as if it were night.

HARV

No they aren't. I just checked.

VINCIBLE

Oh. Maybe that suspicious character  
Who was, mere moments previous to this, 60  
Destroying thus the windows of thy car,  
Perhaps this gentleman had shut them off.

HARV

What?

*Harv runs outside at the same moment Wellington manages to sneak into the door and into the pharmacy. Wellington is carrying a bottle of hand lotion. He sees Vincible and immediately darts over to the information center to talk to Alexandra. Bundit also crosses to the information center and tries to offer the soda to Alexandra, who is engrossed in the private conversation she is having with Wellington. Vincible seizes the opportunity to lunge after Bundit with the sword, and Bundit scurries into the heart of the pharmacy, Vincible following. Seeing that they are alone, Wellington then speaks up.*

WELLINGTON

A favor, kind and gracious friend of mine,  
Must I impose to thee. If Vincible, 65  
Who now is occupied with other stuff,  
Doth randomly appear within these walls,  
Apologize on my behalf, I pray,  
And proffer this lotion as recompense.  
It is a pleasant blend that greatly would 70  
His callused guitar-plucking fingers soothe.  
And thank you kindly, Alexandra dear.

ALEXANDRA

If our paths dare to cross, this will I do.



A trap! although successful to the hilt, 95  
 And Heaven's spite, that cost my life to wilt  
 Much like the Phantom Menace's movie worth,  
 Hath struck me and removed me from this Earth.  
 Now with mine arms extended do I fly  
 To greet the vast expanse. Alas, I die. 100

*She dies. Bundit has heard this and he draws out from behind the counter to look at her. He crawls up to her and slowly caresses her face. Harv comes on stage with sword drawn and stops when he sees Bundit and the late Alexandra. During Bundit's speech, he is doing everything he is saying.*

HARV

What happened?

BUNDIT

I knoweth not. But when I reach to touch  
 Her slovenly attire, I feel it such  
 A gruesome accident. And when I dare 105  
 To stroke her silken strands of perfect hair,  
 Her absolute impeccability  
 Rings clearer than the moon's tranquility.  
 And when I reach to touch her gentle hand,  
 I feel some venomous solution land  
 Upon my flesh, and like an oily lance 110  
 Throughout my veins without regret advance  
 Until my blood is o'errun. Death is nigh.  
 The poison is too strong. Alas, I die.

*Bundit dies. Vincible runs around the booth with sword drawn and he sees Bundit and gets ready to stab him, not knowing he's already dead. He looks over to Harv and puts his sword away.*

VINCIBLE

Oh sorry, sir.

HARV For what? 115  
 VINCIBLE This awful mess.

*Wellington runs on stage and realizes he basically has no weapon against two guys who have swords. He is out of breath.*

WELLINGTON

This was, methinks, the wrong direction quite.

*Harv draws his sword and chases Wellington back off the stage. Vincible looks down at Bundit.*

VINCIBLE

Unhand the girl, most vile of miscreant!  
 I say to you, once friend of mine, get up.  
 Talk! Bundit speak! Bundit? What farce is this? 120  
 Now rise at once that I may take thy life!

*Wellington runs back on stage followed closely behind by Harv. Wellington dashes and ducks behind Vincible, and since Harv is blindly chasing, he stabs Vincible.*

Alack, for I am struck!

*Vincible goes to clutch his abdominal wound and ends up stabbing Wellington who is close behind him.*

WELLINGTON

And I, like him!

VINCIBLE

Oh Death, thou vindicator of my soul,

WELLINGTON

I knew not when my taking was thy goal. 125

VINCIBLE

You, like the serpent,  
 WELLINGTON Like the albatross,  
 Have come in guise  
 VINCIBLE and thy gain is my loss.  
 WELLINGTON  
 And as the metal slides throughout my guts, 130  
 VINCIBLE  
 No more long-winded charged laments; no buts...  
 I must now dub me captain to the helm  
 WELLINGTON  
 Of this dread ship toward the heavenly realm.  
 BOTH  
 Oh from this fruitless earthly place we part;  
 Thou can't more pain inflict upon our heart. 135  
 And once more to this shameless world; goodbye.  
 No longer shall we speak. Alas. . . we die.

*They collapse near where Alexandra and Bundit are laying.  
 There is now quite a pile of people on the ground, all dead with  
 various things around them. Harv gives them a good look.*

HARV  
 Oh shit.

*There is a long pause. One might even expect the play to end. But  
 finally, Vic comes into the pharmacy.*

VIC  
 Oh blessed turn; the slightest drip of luck  
 From out thy tap doth fall, when once I thought 140  
 That Fortune's spigot parched and dry did'st run.  
 For here mine headache needs some swift relief,  
 And hark!—this pharmacy now open lies!  
 I crave some drug, some panacea pill

To quell within my case these awful pains. 145

*Vic notices everyone dead.*

Oh no, mine eyes, cast not thy virgin gaze  
 Upon this rude display, this horrid plight.  
 What dreadful cause should halt so many lives?  
 How horribly has my day thus transpired!  
 When from my bed I sprung this very morn, 150  
 I found I, born from last night's travesty,  
 Do now in hopeless unemployment wade.  
 And worse than this, my landlord, swelled with gall,  
 So effortlessly evicted me from home,  
 Just like a Benedict would turn his back 155  
 Upon his eggs. And now, oh spiteful now,  
 A sight most hideous do I behold.  
 A cataclysmic pile of folk are felled  
 In lifeless trance on cold linoleum.  
 Oh eyes, why can't thou like my landlord be 160  
 A traitor thus and turn thy back to this?  
 My knees, they buckle so; my head doth spin.  
 My elbows quake; my stomach churns and churns.  
 My brow is dampened and my palms grow moist.  
 My legs support my body not; I swoon. 165  
 I do in earnestness require a drink,  
 Lest I do faint and, though in decent health,  
 Be taken for deceased! Ah, there's my cure!

*He sees the can of soda left by Bundit and he drinks it. He chokes  
 a bit.*

Oh Fate, whom I already now despise,  
 You strike with vengeance and... 170

*He dies suddenly. Harv, having watched all of this, steps up, and says to the audience...*

HARV

Alas, he dies.

*Harv slowly exits into the back of the pharmacy. The narrator walks slowly in front and delivers the final speech.*

NARRATOR

And so our tale of love and merriment  
 Has sourly turned into a tale of death.  
 Where once enchantment filled the airy skies,  
 Now pestilence and pharmaceuticals  
 Do permeate with fixedness the air.  
 And lo, for nothing more than feelings spent  
 Such blood was shed at Mercy's restless hand.  
 Was Vincible at fault, or was it Harv?  
 Could'st Alexandra been the cause, I ask,  
 Or blame we Wellington, or maybe Vic?  
 Was Bundit piloting this gruesome craft?  
 Oh place thy blame where darest thou, my peers,  
 But ask in honesty this question so:  
 Wert thou all culpable of apathy  
 Which, by a lack of intervention then,  
 Has stolen from their grasp these actor's lives?  
 If by the second intermission's end,  
 You had in reverence for these actors souls  
 Demanded straight a forthright termination  
 Of this drama, would not these people live?  
 And yet I ask again, would they be alive?

*[While exiting]* See, that whole thing seemed more Greek than Elizabethan. And that last line had eleven syllables without

adhering to the convention of making the final syllable a feminine ending. And even my rants are scripted!