

This is the funny part
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Scene:
(possibly france)

Players:
Jacken
Rolpho
Ted



Jacken: Murderer!

Rolpho: Adulterer!

Jacken: Schemer!

Ted: This is the funny part.

(a torrent of dishes falls from above their heads and litters the stage, never to be picked up)

Rolpho: That was my mother!

Jacken: That was my lover!

Rolpho: That was my lifeblood!

Ted: This is the funny part.

(a blizzard of cream pies whir in from offstage, coating the players and the stage and any scenery that might be leftover from a previous production, never to be cleaned up)

Jacken: You destroyed my home!

Rolpho: You ravaged my fields!

Jacken: You ate my spinach!

Ted: This is the funny part.

(monkeys cross the stage in a whooping clatter, leaving unpleasantries behind, never to be cleaned up)

Rolpho: Because of your acts, I will never be a father!

Jacken: Because of your abominations, I am a father!

Rolpho: Because of your machinations, I am ruined for the priesthood!

Ted: This is the funny part.

(baseballs fly in from off stage, clobbering the leads, preferably in the privates)

Jacken: Cruel, cruel fate!

Rolpho: Cruel, cruel, Jacken!

Jacken: Aye!

Ted: This is the funny part.

(at this point, the audience may throw their water balloons, aged fruit, and expired credit cards upon the players)

Rolpho: When will this life finally end?

Jacken: Let's make a pact!

Rolpho: Let us not dally!

Ted: This is the funny part.

(Rolpho and Ted run each other through making a terrible mess in the process—a mess never to be cleaned up)

Ted: Huh.

(Ted wanders the stage, kicking through debris, checks the bodies for life, nearly abandons the stage, returns)

Ted: Well. Let that be a lesson to us all.

(the monkeys are unleashed upon the audience)



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