

Enough w/ Intelligence, Forever, Hoorah, Amen

a play

X-22: Howdy, hello. For the children of tomorrow, try tasty Hell-O's! (Exits.)

(The stage is invaded by ugly, cubist props entering in from the sides on mostly hidden human legs. Enter Polonius.)

Polonius: Hark!

(Enter Polorius and X-22.)

Polorius! Hark!

Polonius: To thine own self be true.

Polorius: Aiee! (Dies in a torrent of heavensent blood-acid daggers.)

X-22: Hello, Hell-O's lovers! Hello! HaHa!

Polonius (stepping over Polorius's steaming corpse.): Egad. The tragedy

Polorius's voice (from the wings): It is a far, far better thing

(The cubist props freeze in their slow advance.)

X-22: Hell-O's!

Polorius: No more . . . no more forevers

Polonius: Eh?

Polorius: No more . . . no more forevers . . . amens . . . no more intelligis

Polonius: Eh?

X-22: Hell-O's! Hello for Hell-O's! Hooray for Hell-O's!

(The cubist props, distracted by X-22, continue their advance.)

Polorius: No more . . . intelligis . . .

Polonius: Intelligence, do you mean?

Polorius: Intelligis . . .

Polonius: Intelligences?

Polorius: No more . . . forevers . . . no more . . . forevers . . . no more

(The cubist props stop around Polonius and the corpse.)

(Polonius sighs meaningfully.)

(Three of the boxes develop ditherally speaking apparatus.)

Box 1: It's not true.

Polonius (startled out of his thoughts): What? What? Who?

Box 1: None of it: None of it is true.

Box 2 (supportively.): Not even a tad!

Polorius: No more No more No more

X-22: Hooray for Hell-O's!

Polonius: They're so tasty. (He's falling into a strange trance as he breathes in the steam coming off the corpse.) Exquisite corpse

X-22: Hell-O's! Hooray for Hell-O's!

Polorius: No more . . . forevers . . . amens

Polonius: Intelligs

X-22: Hell-O's! They're brillig!

Polonius: Intelligs

Polorious: Forevers

Box 1: It's not true. None of it.

Box 2: Not a smurt of it!

(Box 3 makes as if to speak, but changes its mind.)

Polonius: Brillig (Suddenly stands, eyes wide.) To thine own self be true!

X-22: They're brillig!

Polonius: Snick snack, fair friend!

(X-22's head suddenly rolls off. This does not, however, prevent it from continued speech.)

X-22: Hell-O's! They're brillig!

Polonius (ponderously.): Shall we cavort . . . ?

Box 1: Now you're mistaken as well.

Box 2 (jumping on what he perceives to be Box 1's new emotion.): Oh boy

Polonius (to no one in particular.): My name, you should know, is not really Polonius.

Polonius: No more . . . intelligis

X-22: Hell-O's!

Polonius: It's really not.

X-22: Mmm!

Polonius: I've always aspired to greatness, greater, the greater, greater things

(Box 3 makes as if to speak but then, apparently, changes its mind.)

Polonius: I I I aspire to be Horatio.

Box 1 (evidently very surprised by this turn of events.):
Horatio?!

Polonius (sighs): Yes, Horatio

Polonius: No . . . more (Raspy death-rattle-like sound—still from offstage.)

X-22: Try Hell-O's! Their delicious!

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