

STARMAN

A Comedy in Three Acts

by Jordan Paul Sullivan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Main:

KENDALL/OLIVIO - an artist, dancer

KENNETH/OLIVIA - an entertainer, singer; brother of Kendall

ZIGGY - the Starman, an extraterrestrial being

ARIUN - Ziggy's obese slave

KING PHILLIP - an exhibitionist

MOTLIQUE - Phillip's advocate

GENERAL - a General in the U.S. Army

COLONEL - a Colonel in the U.S. Army

Supporting:

NEWSCASTER 1

NEWSCASTER 2

SCIENTIST

EINSTEIN

CINDERELLA

DYLAN

TENNESSEE

CROWD OF MEN AND WOMEN

ACT I
Scene 1

(A compact, dimly lit apartment room. The radio is playing a waltz. Suddenly, the music stops, and static is heard. A "breaking news" jingle sounds off, followed by the voice of a male newscaster:)

NEWSCASTER 1

This just in. There are unconfirmed reports that a massive object has crashed into the foothills of Saddleback Mountain.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

We now have two separate videos showing the object fall from the sky. Governments around the world are denying ownership of the vehicle. (brief static) Experts from China, Russia, and the United States are in consensus about one thing at least: no man, no life form, could have possibly survived such an impact.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

The dust and debris are starting to clear. The crater appears to be just north of three miles in diameter.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

This just in. A man has emerged from the debris.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

Retraction of previous statement. A *being* has emerged from the impact crater... Does the being, this alien, mean peace, or does this red-haired extraterrestrial pose a threat to humanity and our delicate civilization? Stay tuned.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

The alien has spoken. He says his name is Ziggy. He does not mean harm! He wishes... (confused) to be entertained. He only wishes to be entertained, thank God! He comes in peace. Let us entertain the alien.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert, explosions are heard in the background)

Seek shelter immediately. This is NOT a test of the emergency broadcast radio network. We have reports of nuclear detonations,

spanning from New Mexico, to Germany, to East Siberia and North Korea. Back after commercials.

(Enter KENDALL. KENDALL is a washed-up female dancer, age 40. She is wearing a dancer's leotard. She reclines along the floor and pants and catches her breath, as if she's just finished a dance routine.)

NEWSCASTER 1

U.S. Military leadership has put out a statement: the explosions appear to have some correlation with the moods of this alien creature who calls himself Ziggy. According to our reports, this Ziggy, is being kept in a bunker-turned-extemporaneous-underground-government-facility somewhere near the former Dana Point Harbor. Military leadership reports that the alien has become distressed by his mere proximity to human labor.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

Governments all over the world are in agreement: work, in all its forms, must come to an immediate end. I repeat: it's imperative for the human race that every man, woman, and, yes, child, stop working and channel their finances and labor towards entertaining Ziggy.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

This just in, we can't explain it, but somehow the world marches on. By some miracle of physics or dare I say, entropy, as if a glitch in the very code of the universe as we once knew it, the sick are being healed, the food is growing more efficiently than it ever did before, strawberries are growing in the goddamned deserts, commodities and nourishment are being distributed, housing is being erected, erections are being... more on that later.

(the music resumes, then another breaking news alert)

The world marches forward, on and on, all without labor. Gold is infinite. Health is infinite. Food is infinite. There is no currency but *ENTERTAINMENT*. The most powerful man in the world is now the adult entertainer: WhirlingViper69. Ziggy is just obsessed with this man's, well, erotic, performances.

NEWSCASTER 2

Now, does that make Ziggy a homosexual?

NEWSCASTER 1

Well, Ziggy has the form of a man, but he isn't human, Dallas. Technically, the term would be *exo-sexual*.

NEWSCASTER 2

Anthropologists have long been hypothesizing that man, not woman, is the more beautiful of the sexes, if we're speaking of more objective or mathematic aesthetic reasoning... woman's beauty is social, similar to how we as humans might find a bull more beautiful than a cow with its sagging, bulging utter.

NEWSCASTER 1

Dallas Hale, here. This just in, Chip Gutscek has been fired for deconstructing beauty standards on public radio and comparing a woman's breasts to bovine anatomical structures... Our story of the night, Whirlingviper69, the apple of Ziggy's alien eye, and now the most powerful man in the world, who, I'll say it again, masturbates for a living, has officially changed his name to: KING PHILLIP.

(KENDALL stands up and turns off the radio.)

KENDALL

Either months have passed and everything's changed, or I've miscounted the seconds and everything's the same. Mankind desired to be distracted by entertainment, and now the Starman wishes to be entertained, in turn. Come on! What is... entertainment? A euphemism. A whore, but not Felicity or Roxy, we call her: *entertainment*. An escort. Harlot. The Whore of Babylon cometh, cameth, cums a mighty storm. Men lose themselves, give into the whore's indulgences, entertainment's culminating noise makes men feel less alone; that infertile snatch... echoes the stillness of their tears. But my art. My art CONFRONTS. What does that make me? An old bitch, snagged in the teeth. (she examines herself) The beauty is gone. Men don't cope well when my greater art, it confronts them. The Starman wishes to be entertained? I depart from the void of this apartment, at 39 years of age, with one last mission before this hag succumbs to her 40's. I shall confront the Starman, face to face, with my art: the face and dancing figure of a has-been.

(Enter KENNETH, KENDALL's attractive younger brother, age

20. He slams the door as he enters.)

KENNETH (furious)

Did you really believe you were helping the situation with that... that... that bullshit?

KENDALL

Well if it isn't, Kenneth! The world-famous castrato.

KENNETH

Soprano!

KENDALL

In a studio apartment! You stoop below your station.

KENNETH

Do you have any idea how many people just died in Siberia?

KENDALL

The price of poetry.

KENNETH

The infants?

KENDALL

The infants make no art.

KENNETH (annoyed)

We need to get you out of here.

KENDALL

What really brings you down to your sister's apartment?

KENNETH

I'm concerned! Here, I brought disguises.

(KENNETH pulls out a black and gray wig)

KENDALL

You expect me to wear that? A graying wig, Kenneth. It's the exact color and length as my own hair!

KENNETH

Oh, no. This one's for me.

(KENNETH puts the wig on.)

KENNETH

I can't stand it, sister!

KENDALL

Huh?

KENNETH

These people won't leave me alone. Everywhere I go they want my autograph, a picture; I'm their favorite person, their reason for living. Oh, I blame the camera: it's the most hideous invention man's contrived. Human beings were only made to lay our eyes upon so much in one lifetime. There's too much! They took a picture of me sitting in the woods.

KENDALL

It was confusion, I'm sure. They must have assumed you were composing a song.

KENNETH

Here. Tie your hair back.

(KENNETH hands her a corset)

This is to flatten your chest.

KENDALL

If you look like me when you disguise yourself, and I look like you when I'm wearing my disguise...

KENNETH

What?

KENDALL

AND, we're running off *together*... Do you catch my drift?

KENNETH

If I look like you, and you look like me? What's the problem?

KENDALL

Well... Then what's the point of the disguises in the first place?

KENNETH

You'll look dashing as a 25-year old man. We need to get out of here. Did you hear that? I heard a car pull up. They're here!

KENDALL

I don't hear a thing.

KENNETH

They'll be here any moment, sister.

KENDALL

The government really thinks I had something to do with...

KENNETH

They KNOW. I know. I know people, people who don't often know things, and they know.

(KENDALL finishes putting on the disguise, all except the wig.)

KENDALL

And these government people, what do they plan on doing to me?

KENNETH

I'd rather not say it aloud.

KENDALL

And what the hell do YOU plan on doing to me, looking like this? Where are we going?

KENNETH

To King Phillip's harbor.

KENDALL

Oh, over my dead body.

KENNETH

You want to know what they have planned for you? The OPPOSITE of entertainment. Hurry!

KENDALL

The opposite of HIS entertainment.

KENNETH

Whose?

KENDALL

The Starman's. That's what I aspire to be. Let humanity submerge me in its opposite. My art will be rectified.

(KENNETH begins tying KENDALL's hair back. He puts a wig on her. KENDALL now looks like a 25 year old man. KENNETH forces KENDALL out of the apartment. Minutes later, TWO MILITARY OFFICERS break the door down. Nobody is there. They inspect the house. Lights off.)

Scene 2

(Inside the military base. A holding room. ZIGGY, an alien with a red mullet and powder-white face, sits in a metallic chair inside a holding room. There's a table in front of ZIGGY with an apple upon it. ZIGGY fixates upon the apple. ARIUN, ZIGGY's slave, who appears to be an obese clone of ZIGGY, hovers, almost out of site, in the the upstage right corner of the room. ARIUN is in cuffs.)

ZIGGY

The glean and the contour, the absorption of red and shadows, that call out for infinity. How the neck hunches. Bends. The wood, and the crimson-skinned universe. Is it not a miracle, Ariun?

ARIUN

I believe they gave you that to eat.

ZIGGY

They expect me to consume it? I won't partake! You know how much I despise tragedy.

ARIUN (reflexively)

You mean, because of...

ZIGGY (angry, interrupting)

Yes, *because of...*

ARIUN

Shouldn't we be focused on getting out of here?

ZIGGY

You're free to go, Ariun, anywhere you'd like.

ARIUN

Free to visit anywhere, but not free to stay.

ZIGGY (spiteful)

Oh, is this the type of *slave* I've groomed you to be? You don't know how good you've got it! I treat you like a brother.

ARIUN (holding up his cuffs)

You put your own brother in cuffs.

ZIGGY

You deserve the cuffs.

ARIUN

Because I didn't laugh at your joke.

ZIGGY

It was a thoughtful joke, delivered with punctuality and force.

ARIUN

I hadn't the slightest inclination to laugh, Master.

(ZIGGY becomes uncomfortable.)

ARIUN

What is it?

ZIGGY

There were so many bombs, Ariun. What are these devices they call "bombs"? And why am I being blamed?

ARIUN

Remember when you-know-who interrupted the comedy, and you felt those, what's-it-called.

ZIGGY

You despise me!

ARIUN

No, Master.

ZIGGY

Why else would you remind me of such a painful insult?

ARIUN

You told me to set off those bombs.

ZIGGY

Liar! You're an untrustworthy slave.

ARIUN

After you felt the what's-it-called... You ordered me to destabilize their heavy elements.

ZIGGY

Yes, to send a signal to The Kingdom.

ARIUN

You wanted to alert them, as to our location.

ZIGGY

I've changed my mind, Ariun. Don't bring The Kingdom here! How much damage did you cause?

ARIUN

There was damage.

ZIGGY

Tell me!

ARIUN

This race has a habit of stockpiling their heavy elements.

ZIGGY

Stockpiling their heavies! What are they, attempting to forge a star of their planet!

(ZIGGY laughs a little too much.
ARIUN does not laugh)

ZIGGY (temperamental)

How much damage did you cause?

ARIUN

There was damage.

(ZIGGY's attention shifts. He observes the apple, with concern)

ZIGGY
What's happened to it?

ARIUN
To the apple?

ZIGGY
It's different now.

ARIUN
It appears to be decaying. You're familiar with decay, Ziggy.

ZIGGY
Somebody get in here! Salvage the poor being.

ARIUN
Calm down, Ziggy.

ZIGGY
The organism can't sustain its own existence. General! (He screams) General!

ARIUN
And you wonder why we're out here, exploring the heavens, instead of managing The Kingdom.

ZIGGY
What was that!

ARIUN
I'm gone!

(ARIUN disappears)

ZIGGY
Get back here slave!

(ARIUN reappears)

ARIUN
You beckoned?

ZIGGY

Get out!

ARIUN

I'm gone!

(ARIUN disappears. Enter
GENERAL, and COLONEL)

GENERAL

Ziggy, they're entertaining you. The people quit working. They entertain you; they WILL entertain you. They will spend their lives performing for you. Please, just, give me a moment. I'll bring you the monitor, so you can watch their work... I mean, their entertainment.

ZIGGY

No need. I've my third eye.

GENERAL

His third eye?

COLONEL

We believe it's some sort of technology, sir. It's how he saw, you-know-who do that you-know-what, even after he broke the monitor.

ZIGGY

Ariun!

(ARIUN reappears)

ARIUN

Yes, master?

(Enter ARIUN. The GENERAL and
COLONEL don't appear to notice
him.)

GENERAL

Who's he talking to?

COLONEL

Is there someone else in this room, Ziggy?

ZIGGY

To King Phillip's Harbor, Ariun.

ARIUN

Yes, Master.

(Exit ARIUN.)

GENERAL

We have a four-man camera crew in King Phillip's Harbor, Ziggy. Get the monitor, Colonel. We fixed the monitor for you, Ziggy.

ZIGGY

There you are, Phillip. Do your tricks, my boy. I'm at ease again. I'm almost at ease.

(ZIGGY grabs his crotch)

COLONEL (to GENERAL)

I'm gonna take a wild guess and say the goddamn pervert is..

GENERAL

Colonel, enough!

(ZIGGY begins to moan.)

ZIGGY

I'm there. I'm almost there.

COLONEL

General, the Starman appears to already be watching his beloved "King Phillip."

Scene 3

(King Phillip's Harbor. A futuristic version of Dana Point Harbor. The harbor has been renovated, and has the appearance of exorbitant wealth. A large, arching wooden double-door upstage center. This door leads to the theatre. Upstage left, another smaller but more ornate door. This door leads to King Phillip's private

"performance studio." MOTLIQUE,
Phillip's fool, is in
conversation with ALBERT
EINSTEIN and CINDERELLA.)

MOTLIQUE

King Phillip now possesses territory that's roughly the size of
the former Russia, Mongolia and Poland combined.

EINSTEIN

It's simple arithmetic. This power structure is not sustainable.

CINDERELLA

I once witnessed a pumpkin transform into a horse-drawn carriage
and even I find King Phillip's rise to power... rather... stupid.
The man masturbates for a living.

MOTLIQUE

King Phillip is an *artist!*

EINSTEIN

You think too much of yourself, Motlique. A man without a sense
of humor cannot be taken seriously.

(All of a sudden, as if
possessed, EINSTEIN snatches a
purse from CINDERELLA.)

EINSTEIN

I've got your daddy's gold, you working-class bitch.

CINDERELLA

Give that back.

(EINSTEIN dumps the gold from
inside the purse onto the
floor.)

CINDERELLA

You'll be sorry you did that, you pork-nosed Jew.

(EINSTEIN runs away. CINDERELLA
follows him doing a Nazi March.)

MOTLIQUE

I understand King Phillip's greatness, his inner truth, his vision! Those of you who refuse to open your eyes and admire his stunning velocity will be pale white and silken, sulking, when you're left in the puddles of his wake.

(Enter KING PHILLIP. He hands a spunk-filled tissue to MOTLIQUE.)

MOTLIQUE

I am grateful! How was he?

KING PHILLIP

The sneeze went well and pleased his sensibilities. Have you heard the news, Motlique?

MOTLIQUE

What news? Good news?

KING PHILLIP

Unfortunate news. We're no longer the Starman's stand-alone favorite.

MOTLIQUE

Impossible! Your art is unrivaled.

KING PHILLIP

Either my loads are becoming stale to his palate, or there's talent out there finding new and imaginative ways to capture the Starman's attention.

MOTLIQUE

We've a monopoly.

KING PHILLIP

A wide moat.

MOTLIQUE

There is none whiter, none stickier, none with your diffusiveness.

KING PHILLIP

Nonetheless, we seem to have ourselves some competition. There's the one-eyed juggler.

MOTLIQUE

We'll snatch out the other eye!

KING PHILLIP

The dog with three legs.

MOTLIQUE

But... can it dance with two?

KING PHILLIP

And then there's Kenneth, of course. He's a marvelous singer.

MOTLIQUE

He's brother to...

KING PHILLIP

Don't mention that woman by name, dear fool. That name is a man's undoing.

MOTLIQUE

I'll take care of Kenneth, and that sister of his. We have a doctor here, and the medical arts no longer require his scalpel.

(MOTLIQUE makes a gesture synonymous with "we'll cut their throats")

KING PHILLIP

Whoa! Motlique. Come on, my darling fool. What kind of kingdom do you imagine we're erecting in this harbor? I'm a man who entertains other men to earn a living, tugging at a noble dream, ejaculating not only jissom here and bestial groans there, but words and visions that are free of pain, and... innocent of violence. I'm an honest man, and though it be hard, as I often am, this is the nature of what we do. All I am is honesty, for in my profession there isn't much I can be humble about, nor hide. Be good, my fool. Have sympathy. It's actually quite tragic, the tory of that poor fellow, Kenneth. The soprano and his dancing sister.

MOTLIQUE

Neither has been seen for days.

KING PHILLIP

I fear the worst, and hope for the best. Kenneth seems like a good person.

(Enter KENDALL in disguise as a young man, and KENNETH in disguise as an old woman.)

KING PHILLIP

Who goes there?

KENDALL (as OLIVIO)

Olivio, sir. Long be the king.

KENNETH (as OLIVIA)

And I am Olivio's sister, your girthitude.

KING PHILLIP

And your name, my beauty.

KENNETH (nervous)

My name is... um... Kendall.

KENDALL (to KENNETH)

What the fuck?

KING PHILLIP

You're not thee... no you're too beautiful to be that wretched hag. That name, it isn't suiting for my harbor. This name is a pumice plug in the way of our explosive rise. Please, choose another name. Let's go with Olivia. A popular name amongst the beauties of decades past.

KENNETH

Is it?

KING PHILLIP

The guards let you in, which means, you two must be here to audition. What's your talent?

KENNETH

I sing.

KING PHILLIP

A singing haggetha, not so promising.

KENDALL

I am *an artist!*

KING PHILLIP

You are, I am, who's not?

KENDALL

My art is unique.

MOTLIQUE (sycophantly)

Surely, he doesn't mean that his art is unique, in the same way that your art is unique, my king. Which is to say the most unique.

PHILIP

Show us your wares. First the young fellow. For we know the Starman's predilection.

(PHILLIP nods to KENDALL, who stands in place.)

KENDALL

I only dance for the Starman.

KENNETH (panicking)

Olivio is fierce in his talents.

PHILLIP

Then dance for us.

KENDALL

I give you my word.

MOTLIQUE

Your word means nothing.

KENNETH (flirtatious)

I give you my word as well, my King.

KING PHILLIP

I'll take your word. The turgidity of it slips from outer rim to the depths of my ear, like a counterpoint of familiar melodies. I'll take it you sing well?

KENNETH

I do sing well.

KING PHILLIP

And what is the subject of your songs? Dentures? Adult undergarments? An elegy for your misplaced walking stick?

MOTLIQUE

The inevitable loosening of the stools.

KENNETH

I sing... of love!

KING PHILLIP

Ah, love.

KENNETH

And sex!

KING PHILLIP

And sex?

KENNETH

Animal sex. My songs mix animal sex with much sugar.

(KING PHILLIP and MOTLIQUE begin laughing, amused by the thought of an old woman singing about sex.)

MOTLIQUE (laughing)

You and King Phillip should collaborate, for the Starman!

(MOTLIQUE and KING PHILLIP laugh harder)

KING PHILLIP

Sing for us!

KENNETH

(singing, with the voice of a frail old woman)

I miss your smile

I miss your lips

KING PHILLIP

More sour than sweet.

KENNETH (continues, singing)

But what I miss the most

Is the way you pop those hips

(ALL start laughing, including
KENDALL)

KING PHILLIP

Oh god, I'm dying. (sarcastic) The hip has popped out.

MOTLIQUE

As has my shoulder from too much laughing.

KING PHILLIP

I'm smitten, Motlique. (Concerned, realizing he may actually be turned on) Something tingles. (He continues) the Starman will enjoy this act. Give us a moment.

(PHILLIP and MOTLIQUE take a few steps
towards upstage, and whisper to one
another)

KENNETH (to KENDALL)

Why are they laughing?

KENDALL

What's sweet in youth becomes comedy in old age. Don't worry brother, I'm sure your fans will swallow your salty batch as they did your sugar.

KENNETH

Why can't you ever be happy for my achievements?

KENDALL

When you achieve, a small part of the earth dies.

KENNETH

The entertainer despised, by the artist's *higher* foulness.

KENDALL

Your nuance is none, your penetration is a flaccid inch.

KENNETH

Your experience is unenvied, sister.

KING PHILLIP

We've made our decision. The singing hag stays. The young man, Olivio, the dancer, there's little demand for your... moves, or lack of them.

KENNETH

We come as a team.

MOTLIQUE

Only *performers* can stay.

KENDALL

I'm not a performer. I am poetry. I possess not only unbridled imagination, and child-like expression, but a discipline of form, to boot.

MOTLIQUE

Leave, now.

KING PHILLIP

Wait! Please. Don't leave. Both of you, stay a while in my kingdom.

MOTLIQUE

My king, what gives? I can tell this dancer rubs your girthiness the wrong way. He rubs mine likewise.

KING PHILLIP

Yes, but the old woman doth rub me expertly, does she not you? We can compromise. Olivia, I, King Phillip, humbly... be... be... (he gets caught up on a word) Motlique, a royal, kingly, word that starts with a *Bee*, what is it: it means to beg. Bee-something, bee-sike, bee-seeks?

MOTLIQUE

Beguile?

KING PHILLIP

The king hereby beguiles Olivia to stay in his harbor, free of daily obligations or mandates to perform. Your brother may stay as well.

KENDALL

I do believe King Phillip has become smitten by you, Kenneth. Smuggle your godhead well.

PHILLIP

Think on it awhile, but don't be too long, Olivia. Motlique, with me.

(Exit PHILLIP and MOTLIQUE)

KENDALL

From here on, you sing of King Phillip, and nobody else.

KENNETH

I refuse to... what's the word, to bee... bee-something... it means to trick. Bee...

KENDALL

Besiege?

KENNETH

I refuse to do anything of the sort, sister. Not to His Tumescence. It's a fools errand to besiege a man as engorged, as sturdy, as powerful, as King Phillip.

KENDALL

You will, or I'll out you.

KENNETH

And out yourself as well? You've everything to lose.

KENDALL

The sublimity of Earth to gain.

KENNETH

There's nothing to gain here, not for you.

KENDALL

The stage is right beyond that door. We're so close to the Starman.

KENNETH

And why do you wish to be close to the Starman?

KENDALL

You wanna know?

KENNETH

Tell me you're not planning something stupid.

KENDALL

Stupid, perhaps. But what I do, I do out of necessity.

KENNETH

What the hell are you planning?

KENDALL

Are you sure you want to know?

KENNETH

Not at all. But so help my soul, you will tell me.

KENDALL

As you wish. I am going to confront the Starman.

KENNETH

Confront him? Have you lost your better senses?

KENDALL

The Starman will know me all, pleasant and tragic, as I force my art upon him.

KENNETH

Don't be a fool, sister. Nothing is worth your freedom, your life.

KENDALL

If you only knew the sublime, as I've known the sublime.

KENNETH

I've known beauty. It may not be your ideal of beauty, but I've known my own version of beauty.

KENDALL

And her name was Beatrix.

KENNETH

Fine. I will do as you say.

KENDALL

I've convinced you?

KENNETH

Whatever I must do, I do it for your safety. I will do as you say, sister. I'll sing for the king. But please, dig deep into your soul and try to recognize, this mission you've embarked on, to justify some art, which you allege is of a higher form, it's nothing more than zeal, an unfortunate by-product of your imagination. Your imagination, sister, it is sick. Your zeal for the earth, for the sublime, is no different from the men who once sacked cities, or who raped entire societies of women in

the name of their own chosen idea of the sublime, and what it meant to their imagination. I will sing for the king.

KENDALL

That's all I ask.

KENNETH

But the moment his girthingness debuts his... full turgidity, I'm done, I'm a mute, and I won't be sing-songing along any longer.

KENDALL

Giddy to sally forth. Desperate to flee at the first sign of a struggle. What a man you've become.

KENNETH

As if you'd spread your legs for that stallion.

KENDALL

I'd take it all and more, for my idea of the sublime.

KENNETH

If I'm a whore, sister, you're a whore. Methinks we're both simple whores.

Scene 4

(Inside the military base. The GENERAL sits in an armchair. A knock is heard upon the door.)

GENERAL

Come in.

(Enter the COLONEL and a SCIENTIST.)

COLONEL

Sir, the Starman is, um...

GENERAL

Well...

COLONEL

That bastard... he's...

GENERAL

He's upset again? Refusing to eat? Is he bored?

COLONEL

I'm afraid not, sir. He's, well, he's... gone.

GENERAL

Gone?

COLONEL

Vanished, sir.

GENERAL

Nothing just vanishes.

COLONEL

The Starman has vanished.

GENERAL

He must be somewhere.

COLONEL

My line of reasoning, sir.

GENERAL

And what of his vehicle?

COLONEL

The ship is here, and still not functioning.

GENERAL

Who's this?

COLONEL

This sharp-lookin fellow? Well, about the ship, General.

COLONEL

Tell the general about that, what-have-you, chemical stuff you did, you know, with the genes, the genetics.

GENERAL

Let the scientist speak. Tell me of your chemistry, and what it's revealed.

SCIENTIST

Genomic analysis, sir. The being, the Starman, he appears to have incredibly robust and efficient exons compared to any organism we've ever studied here on planet...

COLONEL

You scientists don't have any goddamn *peripheral* vision. You think the general, a well-occupied man, needs to know about goddamned exons?

SCIENTIST

What I believe the Colonel wants me to, um, relay to you, General, is that the Starman appears to have an (clears throat) an odd number of chromosomes.

GENERAL

So what?

SCIENTIST

The Starman, sir. It's possible that he's, it, they, well...

COLONEL

He's a fucking re-TARD, sir.

GENERAL

Hold your tongue, Colonel. Go on, man.

SCIENTIST

Well, I bring this up, only because it may help explain why the Starman is so emotionally volatile and prone to whims, rather obsessive whims. This is, after all, a being from an advanced and intelligent civilization, with highly efficient exons, and in spite of all that, his behavior is extraordinarily...

COLONEL (infuriated)

He's a goddamn re-TARD.

GENERAL

Colonel!

COLONEL

Sorry, sir.

SCIENTIST

That's not what's important.

COLONEL

I'd say it's pretty goddamned important.

SCIENTIST

It's not pressing.

COLONEL

I'd say it's pretty goddamned pressing. Know thy enemy. Goddamned scientists. No fucking peripheral vision.

SCIENTIST

We managed to interpret some of the Starman's journal entries and, um, creative, um, sketches.

COLONEL

Listen well. This is where it gets good, sir.

SCIENTIST

The Starman often draws himself in front of... what appears to be a castle, with his mother and father, and they appear happy... but then the narrative, it devolves into a medieval... what's it...

COLONEL

A goddamn tragedy.

SCIENTIST

The father goes mad. He casts his first-born son out, and the mother weeps for the son who's been dispatched to live among the stars. The mother hangs herself in shame for not protecting, um...

COLONEL

The re-TARD.

GENERAL

Damn it. Enough!

SCIENTIST

The Starman and many like him are explorers, of sorts. We believe they're on a mission. The core of their home planet seems as if it is going to solidify, in less than a thousand years, and so they're in dire need of a new planet to call home, with a young core.

GENERAL

What happens when a core solidifies?

COLONEL

Never mind that, General. It's not pressing. Listen to this. Go on, chemist.

SCIENTIST

The explorers have a straightforward set of orders. If and when they locate such a planet, with a young core, and our own planet seems as if it would qualify, then, at that point, they have a procedure.

COLONEL

A goddamned procedure!

SCIENTIST

Yes... An outline of actions, which are to be promptly executed.

GENERAL

Which are?

SCIENTIST

In short: Any native flora or fauna with an IQ less than 2000 should be cultivated for food, or culled down to an ecologically sustainable population size.

GENERAL

Jesus Christ.

COLONEL

That would be genocide, sir.

GENERAL (outraged)

Genocide!

COLONEL

Of every goddamned race too. Ecologically sustainable!

GENERAL

Oh, we'll show those bastards ecologically sustainable.

SCIENTIST

We can't keep the Starman here.

COLONEL

More importantly, we CANNOT send him home.

GENERAL

We have no options. We've spent months trying to "eliminate" him. Bullets. Poison. Anoxia. He's impervious.

COLONEL

An impervious goddamned pervert.

SCIENTIST

The Colonel does have a plan, and, to my shock and awe, I do believe it's feasible.

GENERAL

What's this plan? Colonel?

COLONEL

What if we were to fix the Starman's ship and then trick the re-TARD into flying, bam, straight into the sun.

GENERAL

And you think this will work?

SCIENTIST

His biology baffles us, sir. But this, this is basic physics.

GENERAL

If that's what it takes, then that's what we'll do. This is war, gentlemen.

COLONEL

First things first. We need to find the goddamned Starman.

ACT II
Scene 1

(ZIGGY is walking down a corridor by himself when BOB DYLAN and TENNESSEE WILLIAMS pass him. They don't seem to recognize ZIGGY.)

ZIGGY

Is this King Phillip's Harbor? Are you two residents?

DYLAN

It all depends what side you're on.

ZIGGY

Do you live and work here?

DYLAN

No, we're only passing through.

TENNESSEE

Careful young chap. There's rumors of a man that way who bears ill-will towards the Starman. There may be risks ahead, undesired risks for those resembling the being from above.

(Exit DYLAN and TENNESSEE. Enter ARIUN, sprinting from behind. He catches up to ZIGGY.)

ARIUN

Before we arrive at the harbor, there's something I must confess.

ZIGGY

Try to keep up. Why are you visible? You shouldn't be visible.

ARIUN

Sorry, Ziggy. The chains are heavy.

ZIGGY

Don't blame the cuffs. You eat too much.

ARIUN

Before we arrive at the harbor...

ZIGGY

Out with it.

ARIUN

You know how your royal eminence has been appearing before all humanity and requesting that they stop their work in order to entertain you?

ZIGGY

I sent you out and bade you make such mandates, Ariun. Yes. You know I hate to talk while I'm walking.

ARIUN

Well, you'll hate this as well.

ZIGGY

I already hate it.

ARIUN

The humans have never seen you.

ZIGGY

They know my command. How do the humans know my command, if they've never seen me? You're such a fool.

ARIUN

The humans think... that I'm the Starman.

(ARIUN runs off.)

ZIGGY

You tragic little slave! You didn't take my form when you appeared before them? Get back here! I thought the chains were heavy.

(ARIUN stops before the stage right exit and looks back at ZIGGY, as if he's begging for mercy and understanding.)

ARIUN

I forgot, Ziggy.

ZIGGY

When have you ever represented your Prince in your own form, Ariun? You expect me to believe you just... forgot?

ARIUN

I forgot to *alter* the first time. Then after, I thought it wouldn't matter much. I just, didn't think...

ZIGGY

You just wanted to play Prince. For your ego! Admit it!

ARIUN

I forgot, Ziggy. That's all.

ZIGGY

Did you appear before this race, claiming to be ME, while wearing chains?

ARIUN

No, sir!

ZIGGY

You commanded these people wearing your cuffs and made me out to look like some unfortunate slave!

ARIUN

No, sir.

ZIGGY

I never took cuffs off you!

(ARIUN removes his cuffs, as if it were nothing. This enrages ZIGGY. ARIUN notices ZIGGY's rage, and runs off.)

ZIGGY

How dare you! Get back here! Oh, I'm going to ruin him. Wait till I get my hands on you, Ariun.

(repeating what he heard earlier, aloud to himself)

There's a man ahead who bears ill-will towards the Starman.

(he thinks to himself)

That's what those poets told me. In King Phillip's Harbor? Of all places. Hey Ariun. When someone bears ill-will towards a rock, what do they do to it?

ARIUN

They break it open.

ZIGGY

Oh, yes! And when someone bears ill will towards a stream, what do they do to that stream?

ARIUN

They dry it up with rocks.

ZIGGY

Is that bad for the rock or for the stream? How about when someone bears ill will to a slab of meat?

ARIUN

They stick a knife in it.

ZIGGY

Ah! Yes! Ariun! Ariun!

ARIUN

Yes, master.

ZIGGY

For the sake of consistency, um... When we reach the harbor, you will keep up your ruse, and pretend that you are, in fact, me. You will be the Starman.

ARIUN

And you'll be my slave? Is this another test?

ZIGGY

Come on. Put the cuffs on me.

(ARIUN, skeptical, slaps the cuffs on ZIGGY. They continue to walk.)

ZIGGY

Now, how do you take them off?

(ZIGGY tries his best but cannot remove the cuffs. They exit.)

ZIGGY

How do you get them off, Ariun?

Scene 2

(King Phillip's Harbor. MOTLIQUE approaches KING PHILLIP.)

MOTLIQUE

The construction of the theatre is complete, my king.

KING PHILLIP

Great! And what timing! The Starman will be arriving any moment now.

MOTLIQUE

Certainly, oh wholest of growers. The Starman comes. He doth arrive, the same time every day.

KING PHILLIP

Oh, no, Motlique. The Starman comes this time, in person, or rather, in physical form.

MOTLIQUE

The Starman is coming here... to our harbor? Oh, my king. If you had but an inch of strategy for the horsepower your fist doth employ. Why would you keep this from me?

KING PHILLIP

Relax, Motlique. All is fine.

MOTLIQUE

My investment, your gaping holiness. Your, well, your art. It's irresponsible, to take such casual attitudes towards the in-person arrival of the Starman.

KING PHILLIP

The theatre is ready. Your words.

MOTLIQUE

It is. However, my king, I have a worrisome doubt.

KING PHILLIP

Speak, Motlique.

MOTLIQUE

As they say, a pinch of salt, and the tongue desires more, but a handful of it, and the mouth chokes for water.

KING PHILLIP

What's your concern? That the Starman will grow bored with me, once he has access to me all? I'm two steps ahead of you, dear fool. I... King Phillip... have a new trick.

MOTLIQUE

A new trick?

KING PHILLIP

A downstroke.

MOTLIQUE

This is nothing new.

KING PHILLIP

A *third* downstroke.

MOTLIQUE

A third downstroke? With no upstrokes or backstrokes to balance your foregone tugs?

KING PHILLIP

A third downstroke, with two such qualities of strokes preceding, Motliques.

MOTLIQUE

Just hearing it moves me, like the first three notes of Zarathustra, or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Sweet God! All the more reason for a buffer.

KING PHILLIP

Feeling woozy, Motliques?

MOTLIQUE

I don't mean for by stomach, my King. What I mean is... When we must convince a horse to move in a certain direction, we dangle a carrot before the nose. We certainly don't feed him the carrot. The Starman shall not chew on this kingdom's carrot, or else, I warn you, this cart, my kingdom, or, our kingdom, it will stall, like a ship lodged in the sand.

KING PHILLIP

You need a buffer! A string for the carrot!

MOTLIQUE

I volunteer to be that string, the middleman, the wedge, between the Starman and your kingliness.

KING PHILLIP

If you want an audience with the Starman, Motlique, you only need to ask. You've been nothing but loyal to me, and I know you'll continue to be so.

MOTLIQUE

I am supporter of the arts. Nothing more.

(ZIGGY and ARIUN enter. KING PHILLIP attempts to greet ARIUN, whom he believes to be the Starman.)

KING PHILLIP

Starman. At long last.

(MOTLIQUE intercepts, and forcefully shakes ARIUN's hand.)

MOTLIQUE

Starman, I am at your service. Motlique is the name. You may not know the strings, but I am them, I am him, he who holds the king's unpeeled carrot, and plays the invisible notes that tells it, *dance*, for you.

ZIGGY

Might the Starman consider taking these cuffs off? For I am the Starman's *faithful* slave. There's no need for cuffs.

ARIUN

Speak not, slave.

MOTLIQUE

Come! Let me show you to your theater.

ARIUN

Where is the dog with three legs?

MOTLIQUE

Peggy is not with us, and I've a feeling she won't "be with us" much longer.

ZIGGY (to ARIUN)

You and that dog! Enough of it.

ARIUN

A creature reduced to a third of its limbs, and yet it dances.

ZIGGY

I told you. It aggravates my melancholia.

ARIUN

You want to spend the rest of your life avoiding the realities that you find discomfoting? It's a terrible mindset for a slave. Ha! My apologies, Motlique. Where were we?

MOTLIQUE

This theater, you must see it, Starman. In time, King Phillip will perform, but let's give him his space. You know, entertainers and their pre-show rituals.

ZIGGY

I want to see the theater!

ARIUN

Lock my slave in the stocks.

ZIGGY

How dare you!

ARIUN

I want to see the theater.

ZIGGY

Ariun, I want to go. Please! Ziggy promises he will never put cuffs on a faithful slave again.

(KENNETH and MOTLIQUE lock ZIGGY
in the stocks. ARIUN and
MOTLIQUE exit.)

ZIGGY

Ariun. You know I don't like the stocks. Father used to put me here. Ariun! Oh! King Phillip! Come closer. Its' me. I am the Starman.

KING PHILLIP

You might be "a" Starman, but you are not "thee" Starman. This is your lot in life. You should get used to it, poor fellow. It would be best for you.

ZIGGY

Spray me with your magic!

KENDALL

Now's our chance. Sing, Kenneth. Distract the King. Give me some time with the Starman's slave.

KENNETH (reluctant)

I wanna be your lover,
I don't wanna be your friend.
I wanna stick two fingers, where
Them two legs end.

(ALL laugh)

ZIGGY

I'm enraptured. I know that voice!

KING PHILLIP

Two fingers! The ring won't fit, old beauty.

(KING PHILLIP approaches KENNETH. He puts his arm around him.)

KENNETH

Let's take it slower, my King.

KENDALL (whispering, assertive)

Take the King AWAY, Kenneth. I just need a minute here, to speak with the slave.

KENNETH

Let's take it faster? Your explosiveness, may I request a word with you, (he becomes squirmy) um, in your private chambers?

(Exit KENNETH, with KING PHILLIP following. Only ZIGGY and KENDALL remain. KENDALL approaches ZIGGY, believing he is the Starman's slave.)

KENDALL (to ZIGGY)

You there, in the stocks, you poor fellow, lowly slave, you and I have much in common.

Father's coming back. Quick. Let me out! I don't want the boot again.

Is the Starman your father? This is how he treats his own son?

Let me out! Whatever you want, it's yours. The Kingdom? The Earth?

You can't give me what I want.

Just let me go.

I would, but I can't. I don't have the key, poor fellow.

I feel it all again. I don't want to feel it. Mother hangs and her drool spill on the garden flowers. Entertain me? Do you sing? Can you make a Starman laugh?

I'm not an entertainer.

ZIGGY

Ziggy needs joy. Please! Ziggy needs laughter, and the company of others laughing. Without company, what is life but a quickening towards death?

KENDALL

Your master will be overjoyed for death when he sees me on that stage. I need you to convince your master to let me on that stage.

Anything. It's yours. Just, help me take my mind off... of what claws away at Ziggy's memories.

My art won't distract you. It'll only make it worse.

Nothing is worse.

Entertain you, I cannot. No. But move you, oh yes. Into sleep, and out of it, where even in sleep you'll be aware of your harshest memories, your agony. You'll see your death, but not as noble. but, still you'll desire death.

ZIGGY

Prove it. Show me this art of yours. No! I'm afraid! And again, I need to be moved, to be anywhere but here. I am suddenly afraid again. I have more doubts; a heap of doubts. Go ahead and

move me with your art. I'm but a poor slave. Nothing can be more tragic than Ziggy, locked away in the stocks.

(KENDALL begins to dance for ZIGGY. KENDALL's dance is an interpretive routine, in which a mother births a baby, suckles it and then dances about with rheumatic knees and hands. She suddenly cannot find the baby. She begins to crawl about frantically in search of it. She imitates the action of cutting her own throat and falls to the floor, after which, with eyes closed, she begins thrusting her hips into the air as if making passionate love to the sky. ZIGGY has a meltdown over what he's witnessing, as if the dance has struck a personal chord for him.)

ZIGGY

Stop it! This is your art? I know who you are. Oh, I no longer wish to be moved.

KENDALL

My mother died in the war. Then it was just my father, and my brother, and I was a teenaged girl. Then they executed my father, and it was just my baby brother, and I was a young dancer. There's nothing romantic about it. It's not inspiring. It's not a sad song that heals grief. It's just a song of death. Do you feel death in the motion of my hips?

ZIGGY

My mother is dead, like yours.

KENDALL

And the slipping of my ankle. It's sprained. Do you know what the sound my ankle is suggesting? Your mother is better off dead.

ZIGGY

You bitch!

KENDALL

Your father would be better off dead.

ZIGGY

My father deserves death. I will kill him.

KENDALL

The buckling of my knee. The kneecap may be broken. The crunch of by buckling kneecap speaks: You will not kill him. Such is life. Rarely does one get revenge when he most needs the satisfaction of that revenge.

ZIGGY

Stop this dance. This is awful! This device isn't meant for me, Father. It's more suitable for the worker races. I am a prince.

(KENDALL laughs.)

KENDALL

You're not like the Starman. There's need to pretend you're something more, not with me, poor slave.

ZIGGY

I'm a prince! You are the dirt that formed you.

KENDALL

The Starman has made you despise your very worth. Be at ease. Tomorrow, I plan to avenge all those who are like us.

ZIGGY

Those who most need vengeance rarely achieve revenge. You just said so yourself. You should listen to yourself, if for no other reason, so that other won't have to.

KENDALL

Tomorrow, I castrate the Starman's prized stallion. I know a good deal about a man who's on his knees.

(Exit KENDALL.)

ZIGGY

There must be something wrong with my translator. I may be the Starman, but I don't own a stallion. Am I alone here? Oh, God. Not the boot again, Daddy. Release me! Is anyone out there?

(Enter the COLONEL with AGENTS.)

COLONEL (offstage)

There he is.

(The AGENTS place a burlap bag over ZIGGY's head. They force open the stocks with a crow bar.)

COLONEL

We fixed your ship, you son of a bitch. General says it's time for us to say ta-ta to your sojourning, Star-Trekking, Space Invading, ass.

ZIGGY (to COLONEL)

You're a site for sore eyes. Take me from here.

(Exit ALL. Enter MOTLIQUE and ARIUN.)

ARIUN

Oh, crablesnasm of the hinderflesh. Where hath gone Prince Zig.. (stops himself) Where's that foolish slave of mine?

MOTLIQUE

You left your slave in those stocks. I remember.

ARIUN

Crickle-hick! We need to flimph-gae-in' find him! Dispatch a search party.

MOTLIQUE

Whatever that slave may have done for you in the past, I can do it and sevenfold more. I can bend over! I can cough, I can settle accounts and answer ooh's, aw's, and uhh's of any nature.

ARIUN

This has gone wrong.

MOTLIQUE

Starman, I beg of you... You arrived just when I was in search of a new client. You and I, good Starman, we can disseminate our fluid creations among the cosmos.

(Enter KENNETH, pursued by KING PHILLIP, who clearly has an erection.)

KING PHILLIP

Come back; my silver-coated mare. Let me listen to that plaintive whinny from above.

KENNETH

I must tell him I'm a man; no, I cannot reveal that I'm Kenneth; he'll pummel me till I'm dead, in the sort of heat he's in right now. (to KING PHILLIP) Um... Not today, my king. I'm an old fashioned mare, the type of girl who prefers to wait till after.. dinner.

KING PHILLIP

Don't wait too long, lest something younger and more loose-lipped should take your place.

(MOTLIQUE grabs KENNETH, then begins to improvise:)

MOTLIQUE

Tomorrow evening, Starman, in honor of your fallen slave, who you'll forget in no time, I offer you this main event, at our theatre's inaugural show: at seven o'clock, in our brand new theatre, you will bear direct witness to the thrilling courting ritual of two of our finest performers: King Phillip, and his beloved songbird, Olivia.

ARIUN

A courting ritual! Oh, the thrill!

MOTLIQUE

And with such ease, he's forgotten about his slave.

ARIUN

What slave? Oh, that's right. Where hath gone...

MOTLIQUE (interrupting)

And King Phillip, quick, say something!

(MOTLIQUE coughs.)

KING PHILLIP

And... I will deliver magic, pure and undefiled.

ARIUN

I am fascinated by the King's magic. But... I've seen it often. More often than my poor slave looks upon his little cuffs.

MOTLIQUE

The king has a new trick!

ARIUN

A new trick? Oh, tell me, what is it?

MOTLIQUE

Waiting is an essential part of entertainment. It's half what you see, and half the anticipation: imagining what it is you might be seeing.

ARIUN

Then, I'll wait.

MOTLIQUE

He will wait!

ARIUN

And I will hold the meats!

KING PHILLIP

Hold the meats?

ARIUN

The King's ritual, I've noticed, is often followed by the consumption of meat.

KING PHILLIP (defiant)

My performance concludes after I do what I do. The meats are not part...

(MOTLIQUE shushes KING PHILLIP,
and stares him down.)

MOTLIQUE

What would the king's performance be... without the *consumption* of meats?

PHILLIP

Indeed.

ARIUN

Tomorrow night, during the main event, I will be on the stage. I will hold the meats!

MOTLIQUE (aside, to PHILLIP)

He's confused the post-entertainment hunger for the show itself. We're here to please him. (clears his throat) The Starman shall hold the meats!

(KING PHILLIP, in a raging heat by now, attempts to approach KENNETH. MOTLIQUE grabs KENNETH and keeps him from KING PHILLIP.)

MOTLIQUE

The lovers will be kept separate until the show. We don't want our main event taking place in the backstage.

(Exit MOTLIQUE with KENNETH stage right, then exit KING PHILLIP, in frustration, stage left, followed by ARIUN.)

ACT III
Scene 1

(Inside the military base. The
GENERAL's private office.)

COLONEL

Project Icarus is a-go, General.

GENERAL

It's the fate of our planet.

COLONEL

It still feels pretty goddamned wrong.

GENERAL

He vowed not to mention a word about our planet if he should
ever return to his home world.

COLONEL

You can't trust the fate of the planet to some *r-word*, sir. I
can't even say it.

GENERAL

The fact that he's an... *r-word*... has nothing to do with it.

COLONEL

Of course not, sir.

GENERAL

It's military strategy.

COLONEL

It's a sound strategy. According to our braintrust, he won't
even be aware of what's happening.

GENERAL

We're sure about that... that he won't know until... he can no
longer know.

COLONEL

The ship's course is set for the middle of the sun. We've turned
his ship and his monitors into a flying stage. It'll seem and
feel, from inside the cabin, as if he were flying towards an

apple. You remember how much he adored the sight of that apple, General?

GENERAL

That I do, Colonel.

COLONEL

It'll be painless. In theory, it will be.

GENERAL

Good. He's not... evil. Pray it ends fast.

(Enter ZIGGY)

GENERAL

Your ship is ready, Ziggy.

ZIGGY

The comfort of man won me their affection, and now man's brutality revolts against me. I can't stand it here! Where's my slave?

COLONEL

What slave? You came here alone.

ZIGGY

Your eyes can't see him. Where is Ariun? Find him!

COLONEL (to GENERAL)

He really is a re-TARD.

GENERAL (to ZIGGY)

If we can't see him, Ziggy, then how should we find him?

ZIGGY

Follow the scent of your species' decadence.

Scene 2

(The Roman Colosseum stylized theater of King Phillip's Harbor. Enter KENDALL and KENNETH. KENDALL takes the knife from the platter of meats on the table.)

KENDALL

Today, brother, is the day. I castrate the king.

(KENDALL holds up the knife)

KENNETH

Castrate? Come on! The man is an exhibitionist, who, though he feels entitled to what I exhibit... The penalty is too much.

KENDALL

The penalty is for what he's done to the theatre, and all the performing arts. So, I will take his performing part.

KENNETH

Am I not just as blameworthy?

KENDALL

You are. I should have taken yours, back when I used to change your filth.

KENNETH

Somebody's coming.

(KENDALL crawls beneath the table of meats.)

KENDALL

I'm under the table, Kenneth.

KENNETH

No shit.

KENDALL

Keep singing. The tablecloth is thick. I can't see much. My knife will aim for the silence, the dark notes.

KENNETH

You will not be using that knife for anything, you hear me? Kendall! Kendall?

KENDALL

Keep singing!

(Enter ARIUN, followed by MOTLIQUE and KING PHILLIP.)

ARIUN

I will hold the meats.

MOTLIQUE

Right this way!

(ARIUN stands in front of the table, and lifts high on the air several slices of meat: a steak, a sausage, a slab of pork. He holds the meats as if making an offering to the gods. KING PHILLIP begins rubbing the thigh of KENNETH, who appears anxious and concerned.)

KENNETH

You're standing tall this morning, my King.

KING PHILLIP

I'd rather be on my knees. Take your skirt off, gentle lady.

KENNETH

Of course, my king. But first, King Phillip.. A song! For what's a courting ritual without sweet, sweet music!

(singing)

*Touch me, hold me, my king.
Patience is still a virtue.
Lonely as a virgin is true,
Her love will wait for her ring.*

KING PHILLIP

That song! I know that song. It's by the singer, what's-his-name... Kenneth. Is it not?

KENNETH

It is the song of that man. Do you enjoy his songs?

KING PHILLIP

His lyrics are much too conservative, traditional.

KENNETH

He's your competition.

KING PHILLIP

Stiff competition.

KENNETH

Not stiff at all.

KING PHILLIP

I assume all my competitors are stiff as I might be. Capitalism, even in this form, is survival. Remove your dress.

(KING PHILLIP removes KENNETH's dress, to reveal thick pants underneath.)

KING PHILLIP

You've short beneath your dress! You want me to work for it. I am even more in love.

KENNETH (singing)

*Listen, listen, my dear,
This can't wait till our wedding day,
There's something I need your to hear:
I'm a woman and... I'm gay.*

KING PHILLIP

Your humor knows no bounds!

(ARIUN receives a transmission)

ARIUN

Yes, Ziggy?

(ARIUN receives another transmission)

ARIUN

On my way, master. (to MOTLIQUE) I am being called back! Motlique, come hold the meats.

MOTLIQUE

It would be an honor!

(MOTLIQUE grabs the meats. Exit ARIUN. KING PHILLIP rips off KENNETH's pants, revealing a second skirt beneath his pants.)

KING PHILLIP

And a tiny skirt beneath your shorts! Ha! Take that off.

KENNETH

Wait! I've nothing underneath.

KING PHILLIP

Then we're almost finished. So be quiet.

(PHILLIP covers KENNETH's
mouth.)

KING PHILLIP

I will sing a song, for you.

KENNETH (muffled)

No, only I will sing.

(singing)

Wait till the end of the night

When the moonlight, and the starlight...

KING PHILLIP

(singing aloud)

I'll wait till the morning bright

When the dawn, your eyes

(KING PHILLIP bends KENNETH over
the table, and lifts the skirt
up.)

KING PHILLIP (continues to sing)

Greet me with their first site

Awakes between my thighs...

(KENNETH screams bloody murder,
and grabs hold of his crotch,
where his genitals bleed
profusely red, implying that his
penis has been sliced off.
MOTLIQUE drops the meats, and
KENNETH's penis gets mixed in
with the steaks, sausages and
drumsticks. MOTLIQUE panics and
grabs anything he can scoop up
off the floor, including the
severed penis of KENNETH.)

MOTLIQUE

I'm sorry, Starman. I dropped them. But, look! I'm holding the meats again. I'm holding the meats! I'm holding the meats! I'm holding the meats!

Scene 3

(Inside Ziggy's ship. ZIGGY and ARIUN in their seats.)

ZIGGY

Isn't it beautiful, Ariun. The bulge, and the infinity of redness.

ARIUN

You know that's not an apple.

ZIGGY

Of course, I know. I've traveled the stars since I was a child. You think I'd know how to avoid a meager yellow one.

ARIUN

You'd be in good graces with your father, Ziggy, if you just informed him of your discovery.

ZIGGY

OUR discovery, Slave. I mean, Ariun. My oldest friend. My fat friend. No, I won't be telling Father about this planet.

ARIUN

Why not?

ZIGGY

There's something in the way a woman moved.

ARIUN

You should tell your Father.

ZIGGY

You're free to go.

ARIUN

Go where, Ziggy?

ZIGGY

Anywhere.

ARIUN

Anywhere. That's such a constriction.

ZIGGY

Then stay where you are.

ARIUN

That's also a constriction. Please, for me, Ziggy... tell your Father.

ZIGGY

I can't. I love them.

ARIUN

You love them? You just said, you despise them. Who do you love among them?

ZIGGY

All of them.

ARIUN

We can't go home. If we don't tell your father, we have no choice. We must continue to circle the stars.

ZIGGY

Somewhere out there, there's a mother who cares for me. A mother who'd love a son for his survival, not her own needs, in spite of whatever doubts may arise within her tender heart. I want to stay here, close to the earth and all its sublimity. There's always more to see, Ariun. I want to keep on watching.

Scene 4

(The theater. A continuation of the scene before last.)

KENNETH

Oh, my god!

KENDALL

Brother!

(KENNETH's wig, falls off.)

KENNETH

You've neutered me, sister.

KING PHILLIP

You're a man!

KENDALL

I touched my brother's genitals.

KING PHILLIP

You're a man! My God! You! Cut out my eyes!

KENDALL

Gladly! Once I've cut off my hand.

(ALL scream.)

MOTLIQUE

I'm holding the meats! Starman, I'm holding the meats.

(MOTLIQUE holds the meats and KENNETH's severed penis on high, not realizing what he's holding in his hands.)

Scene 5

(A busy street. KENDALL dances as people come and go. KENDALL is missing her right hand. Her dance picks up pace and she appears willing to dance until she falls dead or until people notice her art. When she is near death, people begin to gather around her, hoping to witness the moment she drops dead. Once she obtains an audience, Kendall becomes disillusioned and quits her dance.)

KENDALL

Is this all?

(Exit KENDALL.)

MAN 1

The Starman has left.

MAN 2

Thank the lord. The entertainment had become so tiring. Struggling to please one another everyday. Constantly reinventing acts.

MAN 3

Now's a prime time for disruption.

MAN 1

Back to work!

MAN 3

Back to work?

MAN 2

Do we have to go back to work?

WOMAN 1

Is my medical degree still valid?

MAN 3

Is there still a law to uphold?

WOMAN 2

Back to serving the needs of men.

MAN 1

Better than serving the Starman's fancies.

(ALL grumble, and then disperse.)