

SETTING:

Church.

1

AT RISE:

CURIOSITY kneeling.

CURIOSITY

Saint Anthony,
Saint Anthony,
please come around.
Something is lost
and cannot be found.

Saint Anthony,
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Something is lost
and cannot be found.

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**Saint Anthony,
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and cannot be
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and cannot be found.

SETTING: Roof top.

GREEK WOMEN enter. One woman plays a drum who accompanies all singing.

[Note: Their speech is supposed to reflect Ancient Greek, but should be done in a made up language that suggests Greek. The italicized text I include in brackets is the meaning.]

GREEK WOMEN

(singing)

*[In 1803 we sailed out to sea
Out from the sweet town of Derry
For Australia bound if we didn't all
drown
And the marks of our fetters we carried.*

*In the rusty iron chains we sighed for our
wains
As our good wives we left in sorrow.
As the mainsails unfurled our curses we
hurled
On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.*

*Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in
Derry.
Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in
Derry.*

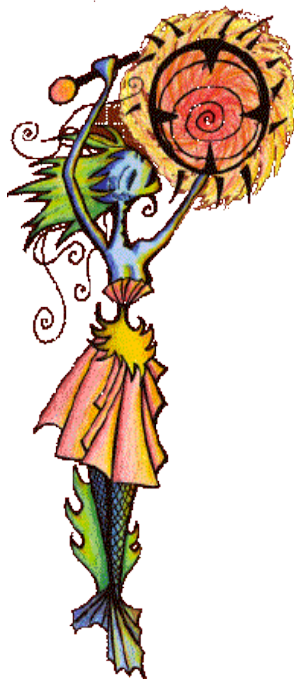
*I cursed them to hell as our bow fought
the swell.
Our ship danced like a moth in the fire-
lights.
White horses rode high as the devil
passed by
Taking souls to Hades by twilight.*

*Five weeks out to sea we were now forty-
three
Our comrades we buried each morning.
In our own slime we were lost in a time.
Endless night without dawning.*

*Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in
Derry.
Oh Oh Oh Oh I wish I was back home in
Derry.]*

(drumming continues after singing)

END OF SCENE



SCENE: A DRUMMING WOMAN alone. A FOX enters, and a NARRATOR.

NARRATOR

The Fox had been eating when it heard drumming.
Once upon a time there was a Fox.
I don't know how to determine the sex of a fox, but it isn't
important anyway.
The Fox won't be having sex.
Anyone can be a fox and this can happen to anyone.
It hasn't happened to me, not yet, but I can see the possi-
bility.
The Fox had been eating when it heard drumming.

WOMAN DRUMMING
(drums)

NARRATOR

The most
Irresistible
Beautiful
Transcendent
white sound.
It pounded like the Fox's heart.
It was the exact rhythm
of his pulse.
It was his blood crashing through the air.
The Fox was young,
as we all are, and assumed, naturally,
that the Woman was responsible.
Naturally.
The Fox fell in love and crawled to her feet.

END OF SCENE

SCENE: CURIOSITY on her knees. BEN JON-
SON enters.

BEN JONSON
Remember me?

CURIOSITY
Ben Jonson.
Remember me?

BEN JONSON
Curiosity.
What are you anyway?

CURIOSITY
What am I?

BEN JONSON
Male? Female?
What set of foul equipment did the Glorious
Creator punish you with?

CURIOSITY
That's hardly relevant.

BEN JONSON
I have to know how to treat you. How can I abuse
you if I don't know what you are?

CURIOSITY
Guess you'll have to be nice to me.

BEN JONSON
I'm not good at that.

CURIOSITY
Then it will be entertaining to watch you fail.

BEN JONSON
Where are you right now?

CURIOSITY
What does it matter?

BEN JONSON
If I knew I might be able to define you.

CURIOSITY
I'm with you.

BEN JONSON
But where are we?

CURIOSITY
In church.

BEN JONSON
How provocative of you.
Are you on your knees?



CURIOSITY
Yes.

BEN JONSON
Praying?

CURIOSITY
Well

BEN JONSON
Or reading?
Women pray, men read.

CURIOSITY
You caveman.
I'm doing Neither.

BEN JONSON
What are you wearing?

CURIOSITY
Nothing.

BEN JONSON
Look down.

CURIOSITY
Why?

BEN JONSON
Do it. Look down.
Tell me what you see?

CURIOSITY
The floor.
And God.
I'm a good Catholic.

BEN JONSON
I'm not.
You must be a man.

CURIOSITY
How do you figure?

BEN JONSON
Only men have God between their legs.
Women have the devil.

CURIOSITY
I think I like you after all, Jonny.

BEN JONSON
So I'm right?

CURIOSITY
I didn't say that.
Isn't it more important than I like you than I know
you?

BEN JONSON
No.

CURIOSITY
Why did you kill that actor?
What did he do to piss you off so much?
How did you do it?
Stab him? Dagger or sword?

BEN JONSON
You made your point.

CURIOSITY
Won't you tell me?

BEN JONSON
You wouldn't understand if I did.

CURIOSITY
Why not?

BEN JONSON
There's only one Ben Jonson.
And you aren't him.

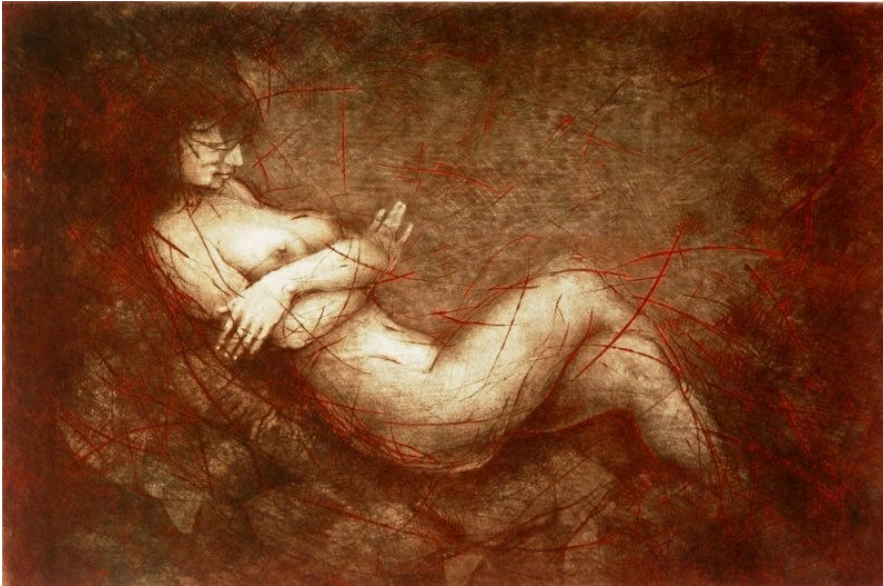
CURIOSITY
Why?

END OF SCENE

SCENE: GREEK WOMEN, and drummer.

6

GREEK WOMEN
(singing)
{
}



END OF SCENE

SCENE: Porch. FOX and DRUMMING WOMAN.

NARRATOR
The woman was drumming.
Drumming. Drumming. Drumming.
At her feet
in the dark shadow of her body.
Hiding in the darkness of her body.
The fox listened to her drumming.
He fell in love.

FOX
You are lovely. You're an artist.
You take me away with your drum.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Where do you go with my drum?

FOX
To the sunlight.
I've been in storms,
darkness and rain.
I'm deaf from thunder,
blind from lightening.



Play for me.
Disperse the storm.
Play, lovely.

DRUMMING WOMAN
(drums)

END OF SCENE

SETTING: BEN JONSON and CURIOSITY.
A cathedral with a shrine to St. Anthony.

CURIOSITY
Tell me one thing.

BEN JONSON
No.

CURIOSITY
Just one thing.

BEN JONSON
No.

CURIOSITY
In your masques

BEN JONSON
No.

CURIOSITY
You directly address women in your masques.
Why?

BEN JONSON
Why do you dress like a boy?

CURIOSITY
I don't.

BEN JONSON
Why are we in church?

CURIOSITY
No.

BEN JONSON
Why St. Anthony?

CURIOSITY
It's obvious, Jonny.

BEN JONSON
Not to me.

CURIOSITY
I'm his daughter.
I have to put him back together.

(END OF SCENE)

**CYNTHIA'S
REVELS,
OR,
The Fountain of Self-Love.
A COMICAL SATYR.**

**First Acted in the Year 1600. By the then CHILDREN of QUEEN
ELIZABETH's CHAPPEL.**

**With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.
Act VI, Scene 8**

BEN JONSON
A game?

CURIOSITY
Yes, I think it's about time.

BEN JONSON
What are you doing?

CURIOSITY
Planning.

BEN JONSON
Am I interrupting you?

CURIOSITY
Never.
What's your game?

BEN JONSON
Substantives and Adjectives.

CURIOSITY
Lovely. How many?

BEN JONSON
Five. Adjectives first:

CURIOSITY
Fresh,
Stiff,
Moist,
Slow,
Poisonous.
And your substantive, BJ?

BEN JONSON
Mouth.
Why do you find my mouth *fresh*?

CURIOSITY
Because I haven't quite yet made its physical acquaintance. And I think I never will.

BEN JONSON
 Miracles do happen.
 Why do you find my mouth *stiff*?

CURIOSITY
 Because I think, most of the time, it's unable to
 move without causing pain.
 To yourself or others.

BEN JONSON
 Am I so cruel to you?

CURIOSITY
 You can be. It's so entertaining and peculiar.

BEN JONSON
 Why is my mouth so *moist* then?

CURIOSITY
 You find verbal cruelty arousing.
 Am I wrong?

BEN JONSON
 Couldn't be more so.
 Why is my mouth *slow*?

CURIOSITY
 Because you're too intelligent to speak without
 thinking,
 and too secretive to offer personal information easily,
 and when you kiss
 (I suspect)
 the world gives you all the time you could ever need
 to accomplish your goal.

BEN JONSON
 You have to be a woman.

CURIOSITY
 If I was a man would you still be aroused?

BEN JONSON
 Why do you find my mouth poisonous?

CURIOSITY
 I've read your *Every Man* plays.

BEN JONSON
 I wrote those—I didn't *speak* them.
 Foul: point in my favor.

END OF SCENE

CYNTHIA'S REVELS, OR, The Fountain of Self-Love. A COMICAL SATYR.

First Acted in the Year 1600. By the then CHILDREN of QUEEN
ELIZABETH's CHAPPEL.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.
Act VIII, Scene 3

CURIOSITY
Your adjectives, Mr. Jonson:

BEN JONSON
Patient,
Exquisite,
Firm,
Delicious,
Rosy.

CURIOSITY
My substantive: Penis.

BEN JONSON
I hate you.

CURIOSITY
Why, sir, of all things, do you find my penis *patient*?

BEN JONSON
Because it must deal with your hysterical
gender confusion: it should be St. Cock of
Curiosity.

CURIOSITY
Why is my penis so *exquisite*?

BEN JONSON
If you have a penis, you must be a
coxcomb, a dandy and a fop.
Don't cry foul—Rabelais used it in such a
context.

CURIOSITY
Why is my penis *firm*?

BEN JONSON
You want me badly.

CURIOSITY

Is that why you find my penis *delicious*?

BEN JONSON

No, I find it *delicious* because it amuses me to imagine you attempting to use it.
Don't: Milton.

CURIOSITY

And my penis is *rosy* because?

BEN JONSON

It is *rosy*, or resembling a rose,
(my own *Epigram*, xcvi)
because your penis is, deep within its penis heart,
a vagina.
Five to four:
I win.

END OF SCENE

SCENE: GREEK WOMEN on a rooftop.

GREEK WOMEN

(singing)

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic 'til I'm gathered safely in
Lift me like an olive branch and be my homeward dove
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Oh let me see your beauty when the witnesses are gone
Let me feel you moving like they do in Babylon
Show me slowly what I only know the limits of
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the wedding now, dance me on and on
Dance me very tenderly and dance me very long
We're both of us beneath our love, we're both of us above
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the children who are asking to be born
Dance me through the curtains that our kisses have outworn
Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin
Dance me through the panic till I'm gathered safely in
Touch me with your naked hand or touch me with your glove
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love
Dance me to the end of love]

END OF SCENE

SETTING: Porch. FOX and DRUMMING WOMAN.

FOX

The hand that beats the drum.
The arm that controls the hand.
The shoulder attaching the arm.
The neck leading to the shoulder.
The face usurping the neck.
I love and need and want it all.

DRUMMING WOMAN

Do you love me?

FOX

Don't stop drumming.

DRUMMING WOMAN

But do you love me?

FOX

Please play.

DRUMMING WOMAN

But do you love me?

FOX

Play.

DRUMMING WOMAN

Answer my love.

FOX
Play my love.

DRUMMING WOMAN
If I didn't have hands would you love me?

FOX
You could play with your feet.

DRUMMING WOMAN
If I didn't have feet?

FOX
You could play with your face.

DRUMMING WOMAN
If I didn't have a face.

FOX
You couldn't live without a face.
You wouldn't be a woman without a face.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Would you love me if I wasn't a woman?

FOX
I'd love you if you weren't a woman.
You could still play your drum.
Play for me.
Play my love.

DRUMMING WOMAN
You don't love me.
You love my art.

FOX
You are your art.

DRUMMING WOMAN
If I had no hands, or feet, or face, or arms or
legs or any body that could drum
you would not love me.

FOX
No.
I wouldn't.

DRUMMING WOMAN
You love my art.

FOX
You can't distinguish yourself from your art.

DRUMMING WOMAN
You don't love me for my body or face or
womanhood.
You love my drum.

FOX
 Why does this have to be complicated?
 We were so happy.
 We can be happy again.

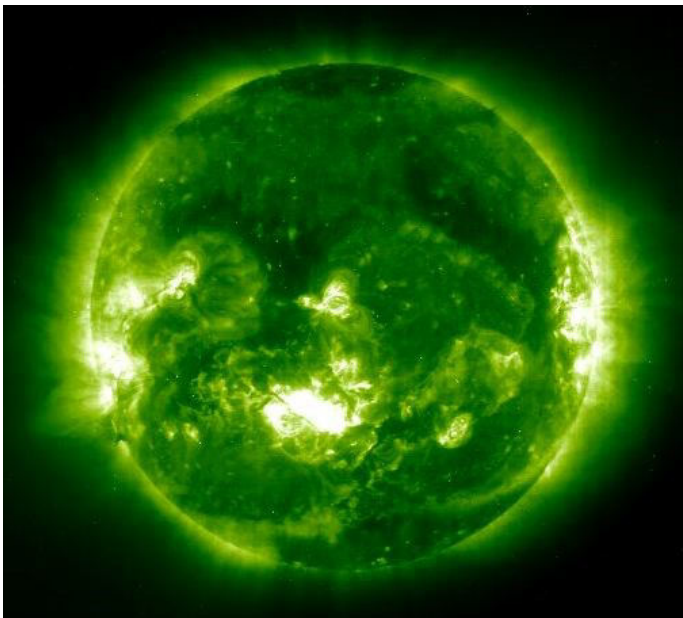
DRUMMING WOMAN
 Get off my porch, Rodent.
 Go love another drum.

NARRATOR
 The fox slunk away, hid in the shadows, the shadow of
 her body,
 the shadow of her silent drum.
 He waited.
 Until she played again.
 When she did
 it was sublime.
 And the Fox thought,
 I don't need to commit to have her drum.
 What she doesn't know,
 what she doesn't feel,
 won't matter to her.
 The Fox listened
 and his body shuddered,
 and then he listened
 and thought:
 she plays horribly.
 She's playing pain, agony, anger,
 she beat the drum, beat and pounded,
 beat her drum.
 It wasn't music:
 but the Fox loved it.
 It wasn't the woman after all,
 the pounding woman:
 it was the drum.
 And the drum was speaking to him.

END OF SCENE

SETTING: Greek Rooftop. GREEK WOMEN singing.

GREEK WOMEN
 (singing)
 [



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END OF SCENE

SCENE: The Reliquary of St. Anthony containing his Foot.

BEN JONSON
St. Anthony is your father?

CURIOUSITY
No, he was a friend.

BEN JONSON
You said he was your father.

CURIOUSITY
He is my father.

BEN JONSON
He's a saint though.

CURIOUSITY
That's what the church says.

BEN JONSON
He's a relic.

CURIOUSITY
That's what the church says.

BEN JONSON
But you're not really catholic are you?

CURIOUSITY
Why did you kill an actor?

BEN JONSON
(silence)

CURIOUSITY
Not even that much information.
You're boring me, Jonson.

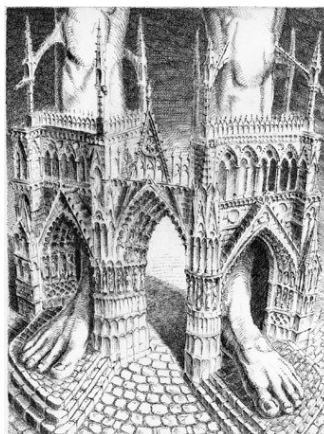
BEN JONSON
You came for the foot.
Get it and let's go.

CURIOUSITY
Foot of St. Anthony?

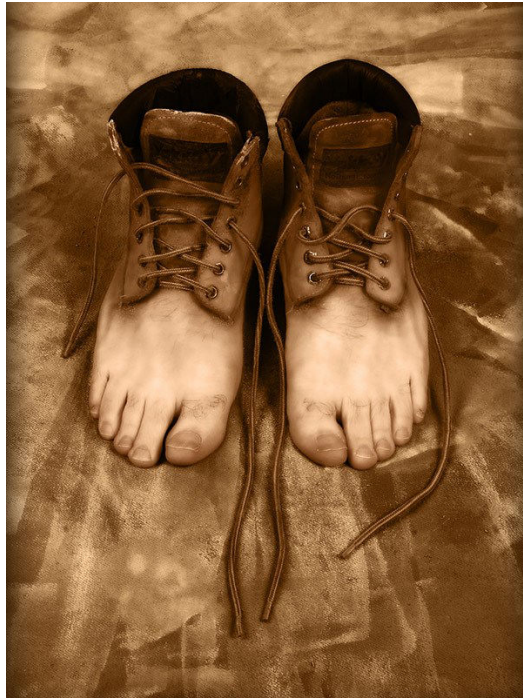
FOOT OF ST. ANTHONY

CURIOUSITY
Foot?

FOOT OF ST.
ANTHONY



CURIOUSITY
Come out of the reliquary.



FOOT OF ST. ANTHONY



CURIOUSITY
(washes the FOOT OF ST. ANTHONY)

BEN JONSON
(gives CURIOUSITY an axe)
You'll need this.

CURIOUSITY
(dismembers the FOOT from the reliquary)

END OF SCENE

Part I

The Temptation of St. Anthony

DRUMMING WOMAN
Bless me, Father, for I have
sinned.

ST. ANTHONY
What did you do?

DRUMMING WOMAN
I've been idle.
I've masturbated.
A lot.
I made banana bread.

ST. ANTHONY
Banana bread is a beautiful thing.

DRUMMING WOMAN
I gave it to a young man so he would
have sex with me.
He had the loveliest accent.

ST. ANTHONY
I think you need a hobby.

DRUMMING WOMAN
My husband has been gone two
months.
Nay, not so much, not yet two.
I didn't need this much when he was
here.

ST. ANTHONY
Do you feel freed?

DRUMMING WOMAN
So freed.
My body has been cut free.
I was pulled apart
and now
I'm sewn back together
stronger and fortified.
Fortified to Fuck.

ST. ANTHONY
You need a hobby.
But not baking banana bread.



DRUMMING WOMAN
I have no interests.
I'm not intelligent or creative.

ST. ANTHONY
Everyone is creative.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Myth.
Just like everyone can read.
I can't read.
Not everyone should.
Those things, creativity and literacy,
you can't *realize* the world
with all that crap in your head.

ST. ANTHONY
What about music?

DRUMMING WOMAN
Isn't that art?

ST. ANTHONY
Be patient with me.
Trust me.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Will music be my penance for
fornicating?

ST. ANTHONY
Sure.

End of Part I

The Temptation of St. Anthony

SETTING: Church.

BEN JONSON
Curio, my Thing, where are you?
Curio?

CURIOUSITY
Here.
As always.

BEN JONSON
I just wanted you to know,
I've been thinking,
and I came to the conclusion,
that it's pretty fucking horrifying.
Having your father all in pieces.
But is it wise to reassemble him?
Think about it:
He's been in pieces for a long time—
Can he fit back together?
Do you even have all the pieces?
How are you going to stick them together?
For god's sake, is it dignified?
(You ARE there—I heard your blood surge)
Dignity isn't just about wearing starched collars and
corsets and not showing ankles.
It's about NOT doing something you know you
shouldn't,
despite that you can't help yourself.
It's not about losing your self control.
Believe me: I've had few moments of true dignity in
my life,
and I regretted all of them.
But that doesn't mean it wasn't the right thing to do.
Our feelings have nothing to do with reality.
Curio?
Are you there?

CURIOUSITY
All I have of him are parts.
Fetishes.
Paintings that don't look like him,
stories exaggerating him,
not enough for one body,
but as totems
more powerful and real,
than his whole body.

BEN JONSON
Tell me what you're wearing.
It excites me even if I don't know your gender.

CURIOUSITY
Benny,
I'm not wearing anything.
I never feel like wearing anything anymore.

BEN JONSON
Tell me what your body is like.

CURIOUSITY
There are no words.

BEN JONSON
Take a picture.

CURIOUSITY
Only if you do.

BEN JONSON
You want to see me?

CURIOUSITY
Badly.

(they take pictures of one another with camera phones)

BEN JONSON
Send it to me.

CURIOUSITY
Send yours to me.

BEN JONSON
I sent it.

CURIOUSITY
So did I.

BEN JONSON
I got yours.

CURIOUSITY
Me, too.

BEN JONSON
I still can't make you out.

CURIOUSITY
You're a blur.

BEN JONSON
Take another.

CURIOUSITY
You, too.

(they take another picture and send, but the reaction is the same; they take another and send, and another, and another, and another)

END OF SCENE

SETTING: Greek roof top. GREEK WOMEN singing and dancing.

GREEK WOMEN
(singing)

[



]

END OF SCENE

Part II

21

The Temptation of St. Anthony

ST. ANTHONY

They are only foxes.

Who will mourn foxes?

But do I do it out of goodness or lust?

She's been masturbating and fornicating.

That knowledge taints me.

It tempts me.

Doesn't it tempt you?

She's *beautiful*.

She's *horny*.

She told me all that filth.

Did she want me to touch her?

Is that why she told me?

NO, I'M HER PRIEST!

But I'm not a priest,

I'm a man.

I'm still a man.

I'm

still

a

man.

I still have male

flesh,

hands to grip her

tighten inside her

hardening

pressing

pushing

thrusting

my body

completely into hers.

Completely.

Inside.

Her.

Foxes?!

ST. ANTHONY

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flesh,

hands to grip her

tighten inside her

hardening

pressing

pushing

thrusting

my body

completely into hers.

Completely.

Inside.

Her.

Foxes?!

(Foxes enter)

ST. ANTHONY

I slaughter you.

I skin you.

I make your flesh into a drum

for my lust.

ST. ANTHONY

I slaughter you.

I skin you.

I make your flesh into a drum

for my lust.

ST. ANTHONY

I slaughter you.

I skin you.

I make your flesh into a drum

for my lust.

(the Foxes dismember into a drum)

ST. ANTHONY
If music be the food of love,
play on.

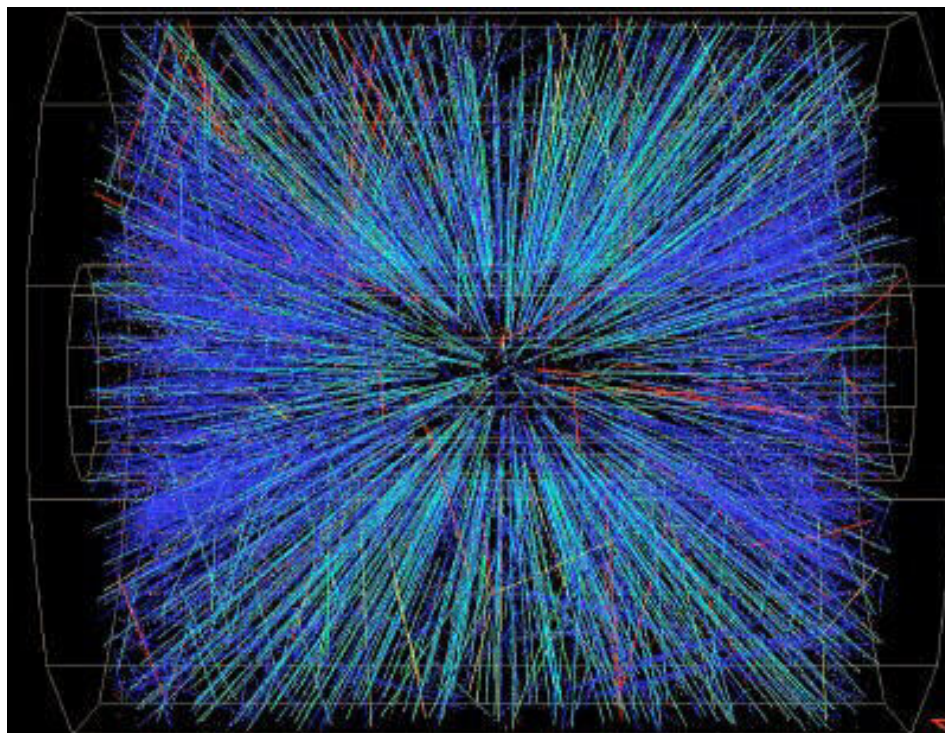
ST. ANTHONY
If music be the food of love,
play on.

ST. ANTHONY
If music be the food of love,
play on.

(St. Anthony gives in to temptation)

End of Part II

The Temptation of St. Anthony



THE ALCHEMIST. A COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1610. By the KINGS MAJESTY'S Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

CURIOUSITY

Jonson, where are you?

BEN JONSON

This dear hour

A doughty *Don*,

a *Saint Anthony* is taken with my *Curio*;

And thou mayest make his Ransom what thou wilt,

My *Curiosity*:

He shall be brought here fetter'd

With thy fair looks before he sees thee;

and thrown

In a Down-bed,

as dark as any Dungeon;

Where thou shalt keep him

waking with thy Drum;

Thy Drum, my *Curio*;

thy Drum;

thy Drum;

till he be tame,

As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Frost,

Or Bees are with a Bason;

and so hive him

I' the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,

Till he work Honey and Wax,

Till he work your Honey

Till he work your Wax,

my little *Gods-gift*.

CURIOUSITY

Do that again, Jonny.

BEN JONSON

Go get your hand.

CURIOUSITY

I'd rather have yours.

Where are you?

BEN JONSON

I'm here.

But if you could see me,

would you recognize me?

SETTING: Greek Roof Top.
GREEK WOMEN dancing.

GREEK WOMEN

(singing)

[you let me violate you

you let me desecrate you

you let me penetrate you

you let me complicate you

help me

i broke apart my insides

help me

i've got no soul to sell

help me

the only thing that works for me

help me get away from myself

i want to fuck you like an animal

i want to feel you from the inside

i want to fuck you like an animal

my whole existence is flawed

you get me closer to god

You can have my isolation

You can have the hate that it brings

You can have my absence of faith

You can have my everything

*help me
 tear down my reason
 help me
 it's your sex i can smell
 help me
 you make me perfect
 help me
 think of somebody else*

*i want to fuck you like an animal
 i want to feel you from the inside
 i want to fuck you like an animal
 my whole existence is flawed*

*you
 get
 me closer to god*

*through every forest
 above the trees
 within my stomach
 scraped off my knees
 i drink the honey
 from inside your hive
 you are the reason i stay alive]*

END OF SCENE

CURIOUSITY
 I'd know your hand.

BEN JONSON
 I wouldn't recognize you.

CURIOUSITY
 Yes you would.

BEN JONSON
 I wouldn't recognize you.

CURIOUSITY
 I'll tell you what I'm wearing.

BEN JONSON
 Go finish what you started.

CURIOUSITY
 You tease me
 Taunt me
 Attempt to objectify me.
 I resist, taunt, insult, tease, and laugh at you.
 If it wasn't for you
 I'd be too weak to fight,
 Too sweet to steal,
 Too upset and sad to have hope.
 You're such a bastard.

BEN JONSON
 Stop liking me.

END OF SCENE

Part III

The Temptation of St. Anthony

ST. ANTHONY
Here's your drum.

DRUMMING WOMAN
What do I do with it?

ST. ANTHONY
Take your hand.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Show me.

ST. ANTHONY
Put your hand like this.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Show me.

Do it first.

Show me how.

ST. ANTHONY
Tap it

Finger it

Slap it

Tap it

DRUMMING WOMAN
Show me.

Let me hear you.

I want to listen to you.

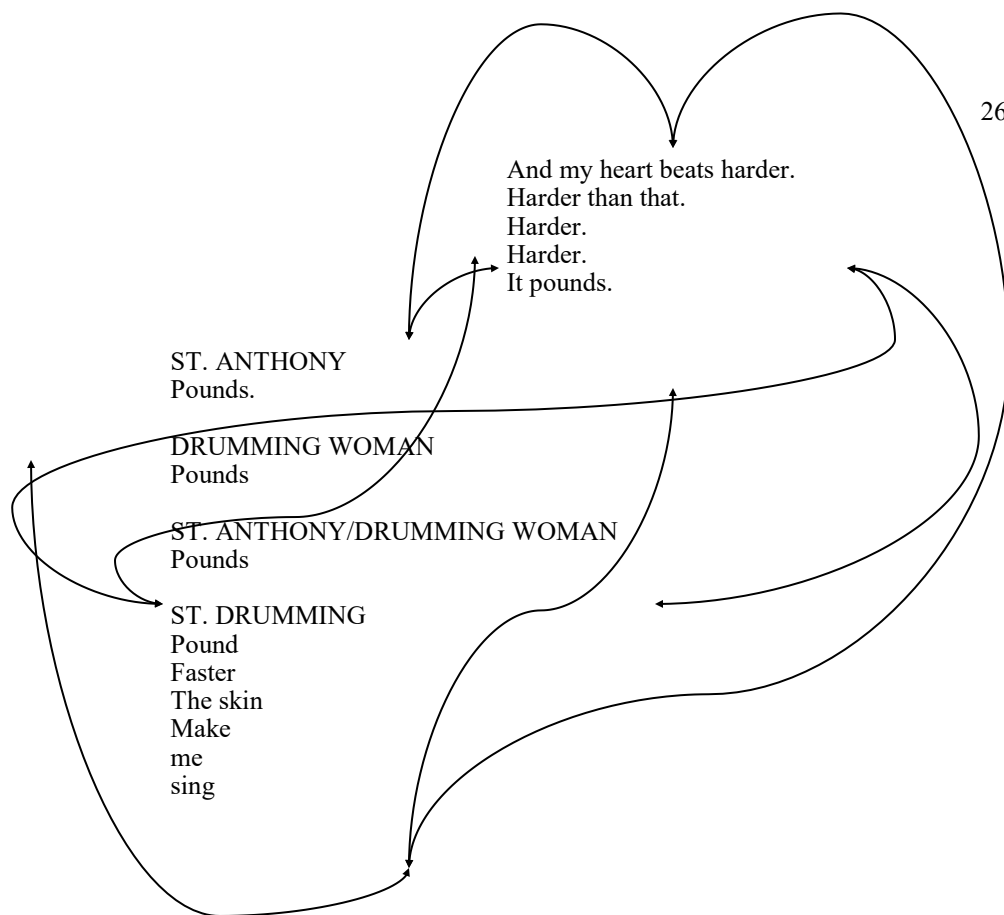
ST. ANTHONY
Gentle with your fingers,

Like this.

DRUMMING WOMAN
I like this.

ST. ANTHONY
A beat is easy.
Follow your pulse.
Follow your heart.

DRUMMING WOMAN
My pulse is faster than that.



(St. Anthony gives in to temptation)

End of Part III

The Temptation of St. Anthony

SETTING: The Porch. The WOMAN DRUMMING and the FOX.

FOX
That's not a drum.

WOMAN DRUMMING
(drums)

FOX
That's not music.

WOMAN DRUMMING
(drums)

FOX
That's language.

WOMAN DRUMMING
Anthony, can you feel me drumming?
I pound thy drum,
thy drum,
thy drum

FOX
That's my parents.
They're crying for me.
My mother
My father
weeping
through their skins.

ST. DRUMMING
(drums)
[Time time time, see what's become of me

*While I looked around
For my possibilities
I was so hard to please*

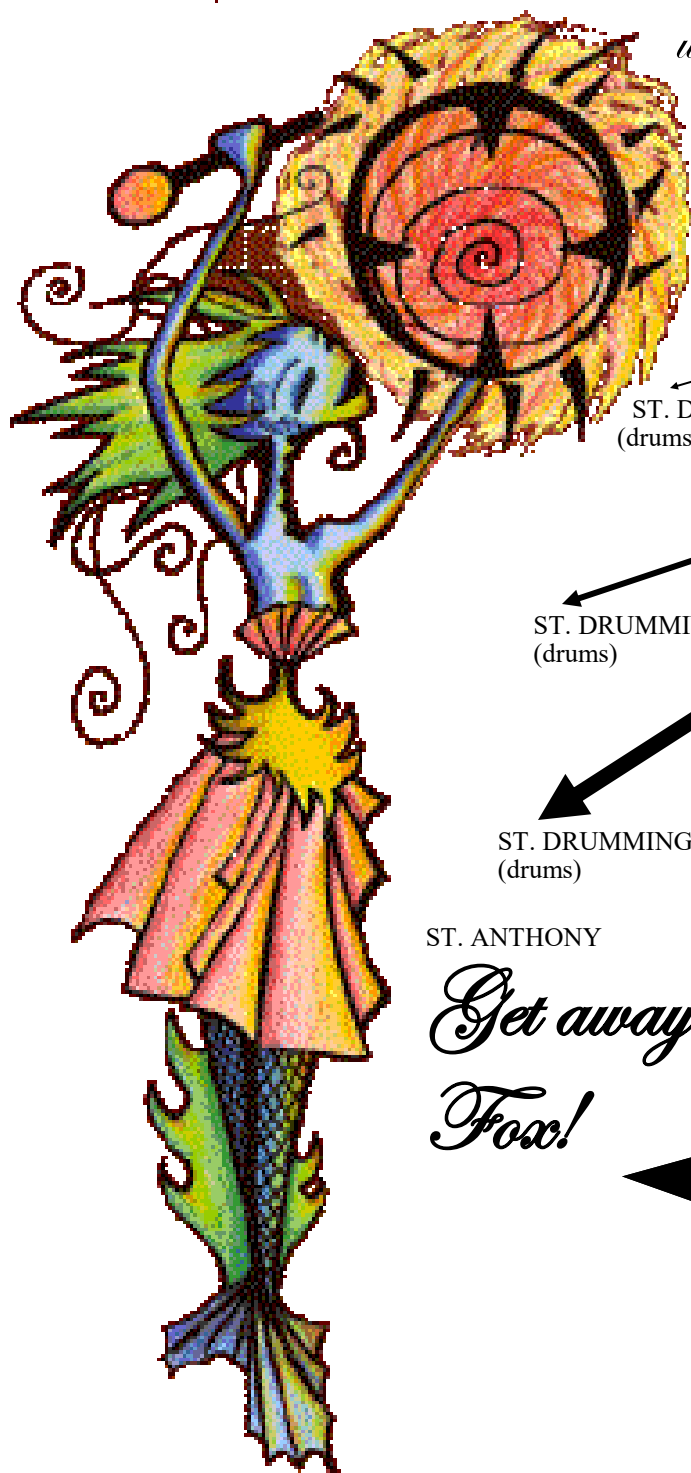
*Look around
Leaves are brown
And the sky
Is a hazy shade of winter*

*Hang on to your hopes my friend
That's an easy thing to say
But if your hopes should pass away
Simply pretend
That you can build them again*

*Look around
Grass is high
Fields are ripe
It's the springtime of my life]*

FOX
GIVE ME MY DRUM!

(Fox leaps for the drum; St. Drumming struggles with him and pushes him off)



WOMAN DRUMMING
 . You come near me again
 and I'll *burn your drum!*

FOX
 (watches)
 (weeps)

ST. DRUMMING
 (drums)

FOX
 (watches)
 (weeps)

ST. DRUMMING
 (drums)

FOX
 (watches)
 (weeps)

ST. DRUMMING
 (drums)

ST. ANTHONY

*Get away,
 Fox!*

FOX
 (watches)
 (weeps)

END OF
 SCENE



SETTING: CHURCH. Reliquary of St. Anthony containing his hand.

BEN JONSON

How does a saint procreate a child of ambiguous gender?

CURIOSITY

How does an Elizabethan playwright get his execution stayed
by pleading *clergy*?

I like the brand on your hand.

Can't play that clergy card again, can you?

BEN JONSON

What is my Curio going to do after she's collected
her *artifactual* father?

Sew him back together and teach him to talk again?

CURIOSITY

Hand of St. Anthony?

HAND OF ST. ANTHONY



CURIOUSITY
Hand?
Come to me.

HAND OF ST. ANTHONY



CURIOUSITY
(comes to the HAND OF ST. ANTHONY)

BEN JONSON
(gives CURIOUSITY the ax)

CURIOUSITY
(chops off the hand)

END OF SCENE

Part IV

The Temptation of St. Anthony



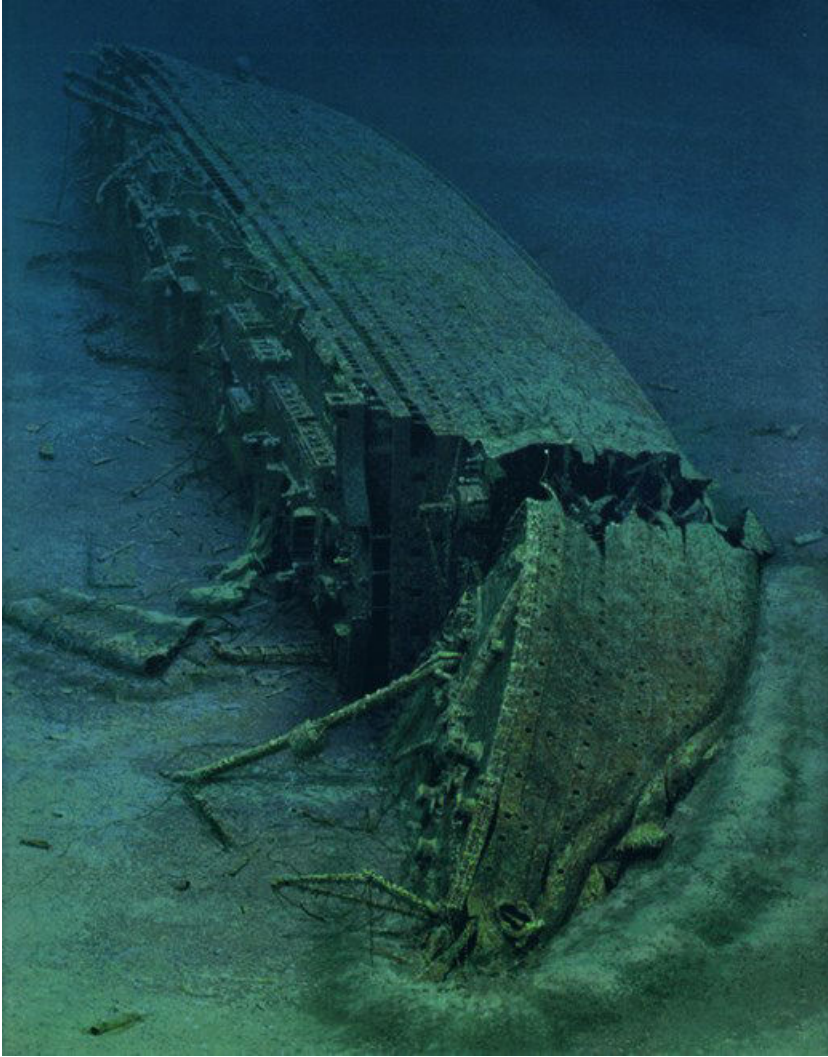
(St. Anthony gives in to temptation)

End of Part IV

The Temptation of St. Anthony

SETTING: Greek rooftop. GREEK WOMEN are singing.

GREEK WOMEN
(singing)
[



]

END OF SCENE

SETTING: Porch.

NARRATOR
The fox sat in the shadows of her hate.
In the distance his parents wept for him.
He ached.
Longing.
So alone.
He was a baby again.
Hungry.
So alone.
He could think of nothing but them.
And death.

CURIOSITY
(enters)
Why are you thinking of death, too?

FOX
My parents.

CURIOSITY
Both?

FOX
Can you hear them?

CURIOSITY
That pounding
that drumming

FOX
It's not music
it's their tears
it's not drumming
it's them telling me they love me

CURIOSITY
You have to have them back.

FOX
If only I could have them back.

CURIOSITY/FOX
We have to have them back.

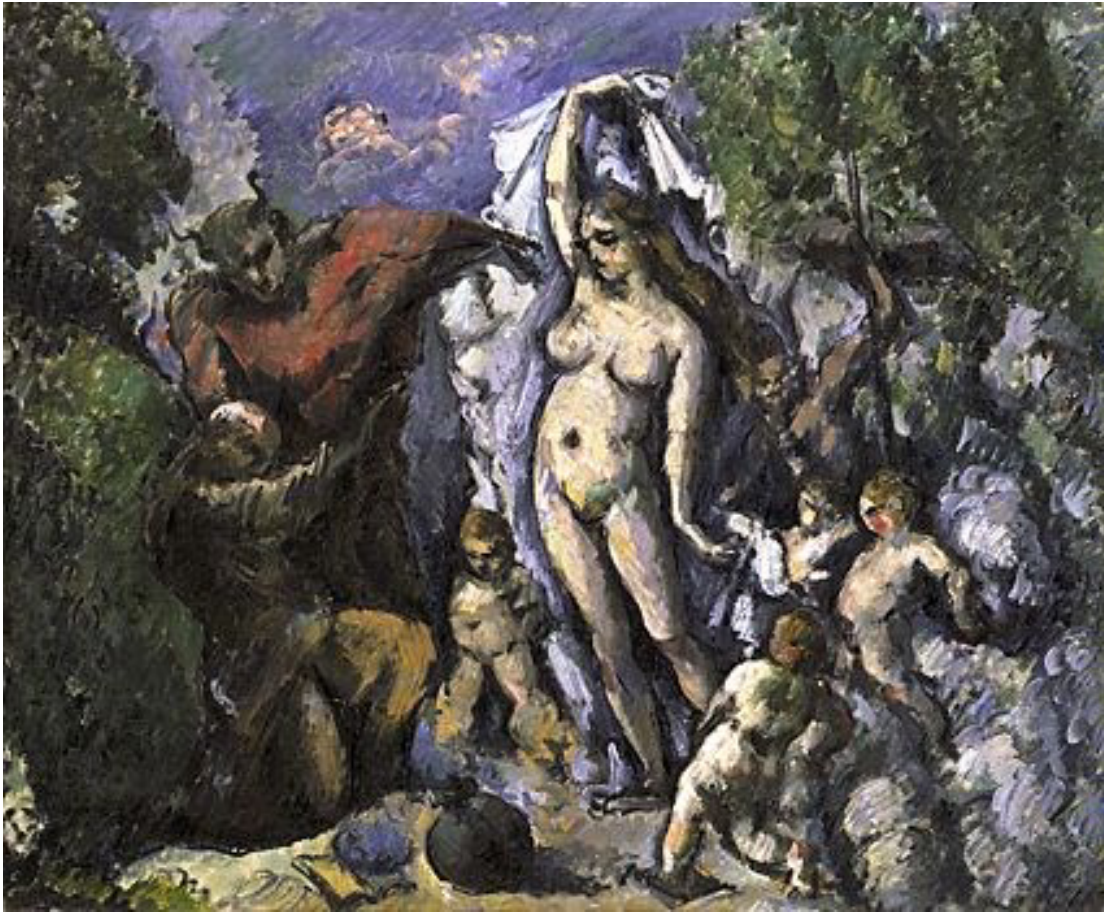
CURIOUS FOX
Hold me again.
Come back.
I'm not going to be alone
anymore.

END OF SCENE



Part V

The Temptation of St. Anthony



(St. Anthony gives in to temptation)

End of Part V

The Temptation of St. Anthony

Part VI

The Temptation of St. Anthony



(St. Anthony gives in to temptation)

End of Part VI

The Temptation of St. Anthony

SETTING: Church: the
Reliquary housing the Loins
of St. Anthony.

CURIOUS FOX
Ben Jonson?
Are you there?

BEN JONSON
I'm here.
My dear

Volpone.

VOLPONE
I still can't see you.

BEN JONSON
I see you now.

VOLPONE
Your voice is loud-
er.

BEN JONSON
But you're still
a blur.

VOLPONE
I can smell you.

BEN JONSON
I can't smell
you.

VOLPONE
I can taste you.

BEN JONSON
How can you
taste me?

VOLPONE
We need your
help.

BEN JONSON
Do you want me
to help you with
this relic first?

VOLPONE
We can manage.
We need your talents
Elsewhere.
Do you know what to
do?

BEN JONSON

It's nothing that hasn't been
done a million times before.
Careful with St. Anthony's
loins: They've been growling.
(exits)

CURIOUSITY

St. Anthony's Loins?

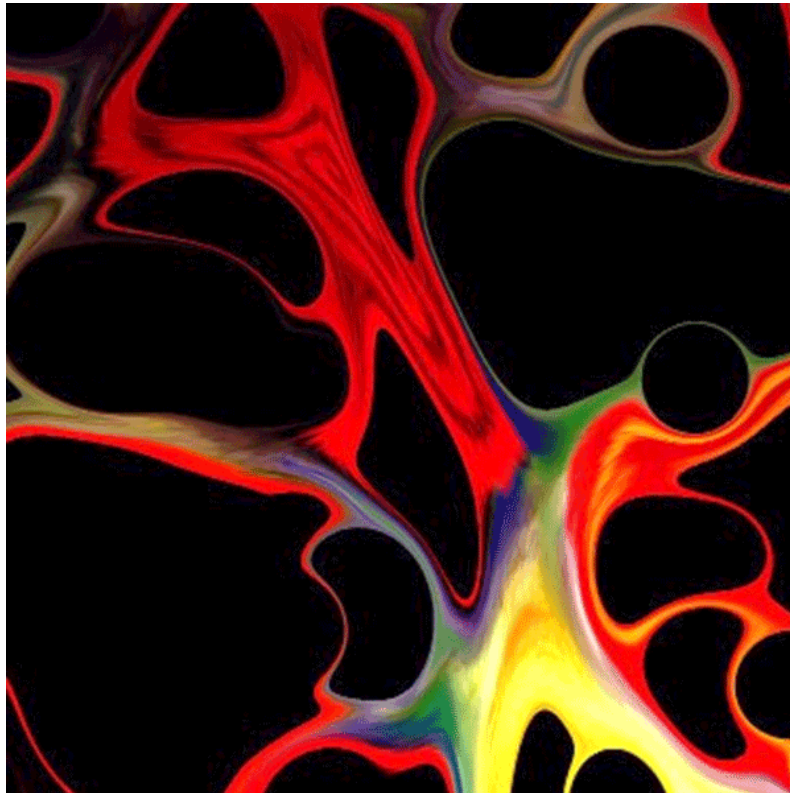
FOX

They smell awfully.

CURIOUSITY

Loins?!

LOINS OF ST. ANTHONY

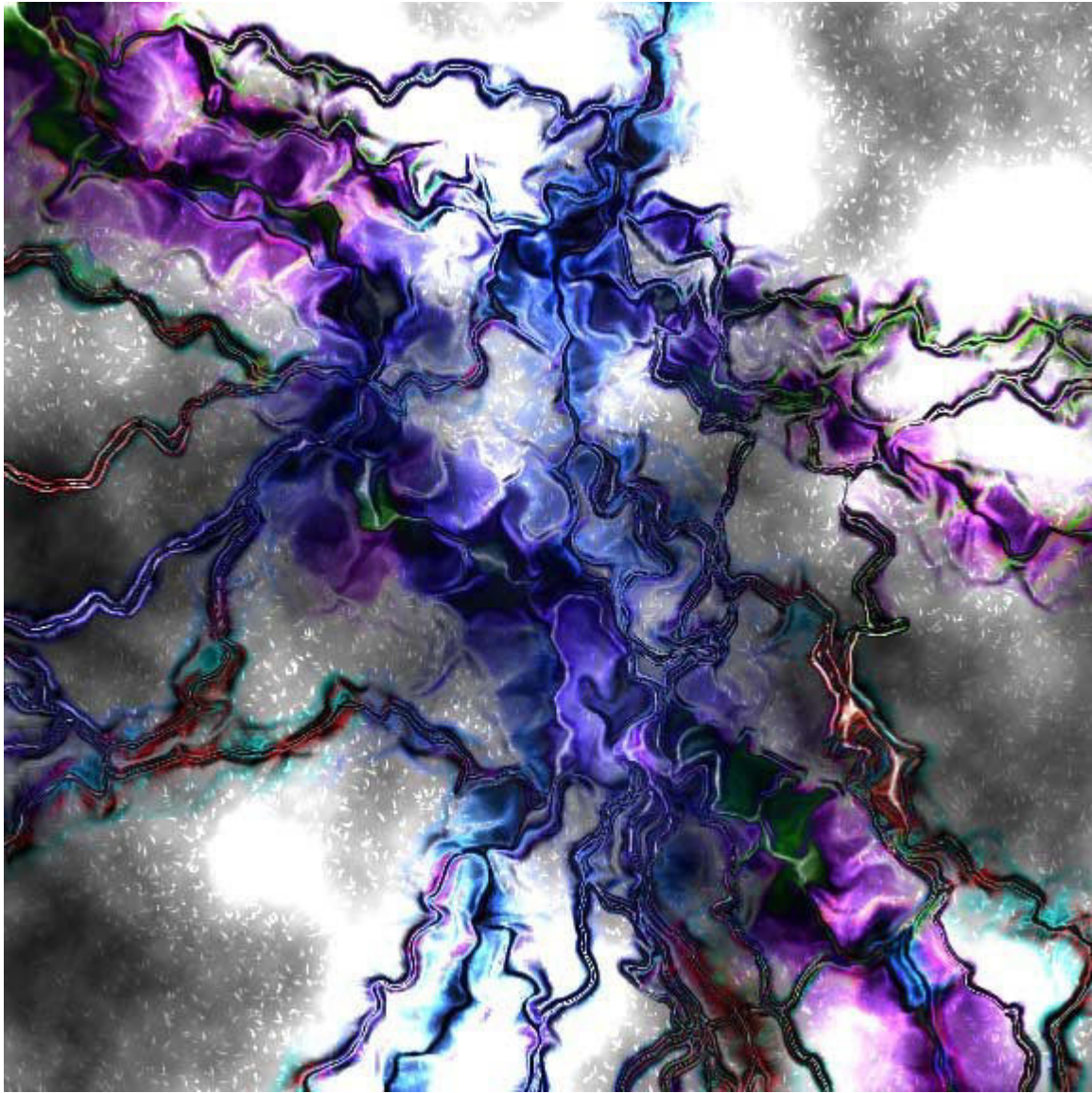


(Curiosity and the Fox destroy the reliquary as the Loins screech; an enormous fight as Curiosity and the Fox wrestle the Loins to the ground)

END OF SCENE

SETTING: Rooftop.

GREEK WOMEN
(singing)



END OF SCENE



]

(BEN JONSON enters)

BEN JONSON

Doll?
Celia?
Fallace?
Epicoene?

DRUMMING WOMAN

Jonny?
Benny?
Jonson?
BJ?
Five years later...
Ten years later...
Two months later...
You just walked out the door,
I don't even remember your face.

BEN JONSON

But you've been busy,
baking banana bread,
fucking little boys and saints.
Having my children that die.
Being my abandoned wife,
Being the drumming mistress of a priest.
Abusing animals.
Self absorbed, self obsessed, bitchy,
lonely, unloved, sad, depressed, sympathetic.

DRUMMING WOMAN

What else was I supposed to do?
 Throw myself on a funeral pyre?
 Live like a nun? Divorce you? Pine for you?
 Beg you to come back, burn you in effigy?
 They weren't little boys or saints or animals or
 children.
 Are you done fucking around?
 Tired of your whore, theatre,
 court attendance, church-going and
 actor-murdering?
 Is that why you're back?
 You want to play house again?

BEN JONSON

I want you. I want women. I want nothing.
 I want the drum.

DRUMMING WOMAN

You want what?

BEN JONSON

That. I want it.
 That's what I came for.
 I came to see you.
 I came because I missed you.
 I came because I knew I could twist you
 around my finger.
 I knew I could hurt you because you hurt me
 and I want you to hurt.
 Give me the fucking drum.

DRUMMING WOMAN

Fuck you, Jonny.
 It's mine. I learned to play it when I didn't
 want it.
 It kept me from masturbating and thinking
 of men I can't have.
 I masturbated thinking about it instead and
 it felt better.
 It's the only thing I have of St. Anthony.
 It's the only thing I have that I control.
 It's the only thing I have that I can make
 scream.
 What do you want with a drum anyway?

BEN JONSON

To hurt you, to have something you love,
 to play it and think of the joy it gave you.
 Just give it to me.

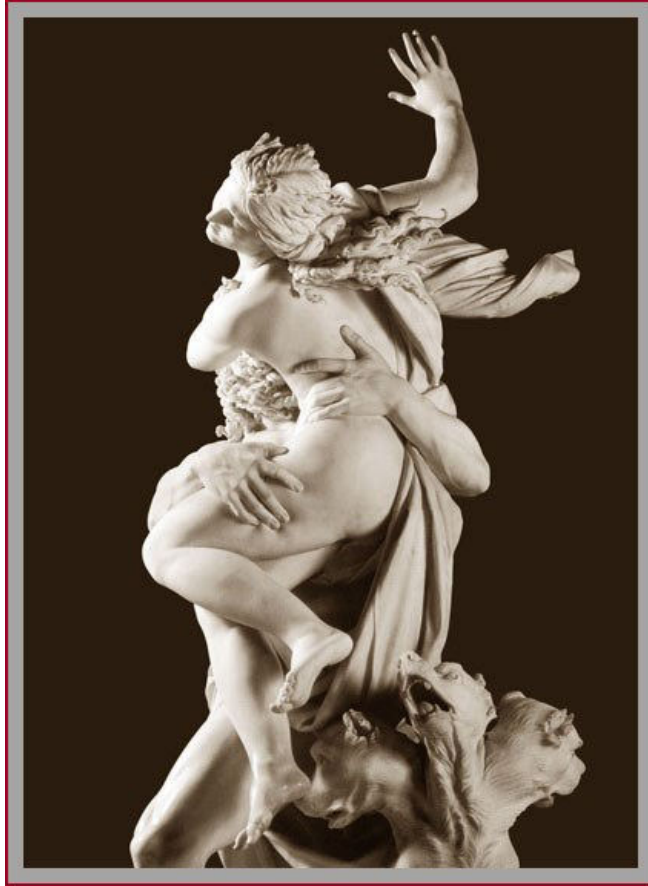
DRUMMING WOMAN

It's all I've got.

BEN JONSON
It doesn't belong to you.

DRUMMING WOMAN
There's no fucking way it belongs to you.
This conversation is over. Get out.

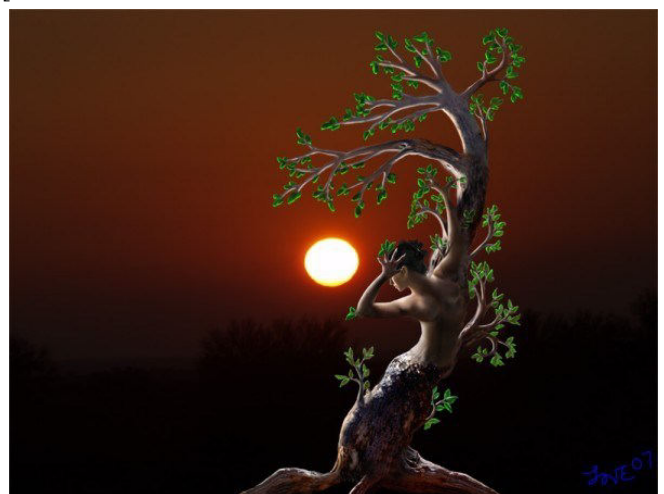
BEN JONSON
[



]

DRUMMING WOMAN

[



]

BEN JONSON



DRUMMING WOMAN



BEN JONSON



DRUMMING WOMAN



BEN JONSON/DRUMMING WOMAN
(drums)

BEN JONSON/DRUMMING WOMAN
(drums)

BEN JONSON/DRUMMING WOMAN
(drums)

BEN JONSON/DRUMMING WOMAN
(drums)

BEN JONSON/DRUMMING WOMAN
(drums)

JONSON WOMAN
(drums)
(drums)

JONSON WOMAN
(drums)
(drums)

JONSON WOMAN
(drums)
(drums)

JONSON WOMAN
(drums)
(drums)

JONSON WOMAN
(drums)
[



]
END OF SCENE

The Trial of St. Anthony

SETTING: Rooftop.

GREEK WOMEN

[Where is the criminal, St. Anthony?

Where is the heretic

the faithless

the adulterer

the weak

the demented

the flawed

St. Anthony?

St. Anthony?

We summon you

we call you

we demand you show yourself.

ST. ANTHONY?!?!]

ST. ANTHONY

Here I am.

GREEK WOMEN

[



]

ST. ANTHONY
What did you expect of me after all?
I'm only a body.

GREEK WOMEN
(become FURIES)



To be continued...

SETTING: Church.

~~CURIOUS FOX~~
~~Jonson?~~

~~JONSON WOMAN~~
~~Not quite.~~
~~Curio?~~

~~CURIOUS FOX~~
~~No.~~
~~Are you there?~~

~~JONSON WOMAN~~
~~No.~~
~~Volpone?~~

VOLPONE
Epicoene?

EPICOENE
Did you get the loins?

VOLPONE
Did you get the drum?

EPICOENE
Yes.

VOLPONE
Let me have it.

~~FOX~~
~~Let me have it.~~

~~CURIOSITY~~
~~Let the Fox have it.~~

~~BEN JONSON~~
~~Not yet.~~

~~DRUMMING WOMAN~~
~~I want to play it more.~~
~~I'll have nothing else to play.~~

~~FOX~~
~~It's my parents!~~

~~DRUMMING WOMAN~~
~~It's my life!~~

~~CURIOSITY~~
~~Jonson.~~

~~BEN JONSON~~
~~Have you ever played, Curiosity?~~
~~It makes one whole, entire.~~

~~CURIOSITY~~
~~It's not yours, Jon-~~
~~ny.~~

~~BEN JONSON~~
~~It can be anyone's.~~
~~Play it.~~
~~Curio, touch it. Pat it with your fingers.~~

~~DRUMMING WOMAN~~
~~Don't touch it.~~

~~FOX~~
~~Don't touch it.~~

~~CURIOSITY~~
~~I don't want to, Ben.~~
~~BEN JONSON~~
~~You'll feel it, you'll hear it.~~
~~It will give meaning to St. Anthony.~~
~~Curio.~~

~~(CURIOSITY plays the drum)~~

CURIOSITY
 No.
 It's not right.

BEN JONSON
 It's the only thing that is right.

CURIOSITY
 I'm RIGHT. You're RIGHT.

BEN JONSON
 No, sorry, Curio, we're wrong.
 We are both very wrong.

CURIOSITY
 You can play me. I'll be your drum.

BEN JONSON
 I don't know how.

CURIOSITY
 I'll teach you.

BEN JONSON
 I can't feel your skin to drum you.

CURIOSITY
 I'll show you where it is.

BEN JONSON
 Impossible.

CURIOUSITY
It's not impossible.
Give me your hand.

BEN JONSON

[REDACTED]

CURIOUSITY

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

BEN JONSON

[REDACTED]

CURIOUSITY

[REDACTED]

BEN JONSON

[REDACTED]

VOLPONE
Enough fucking around.
Hand it over.

BEN JONSON
(gives the drum to the FOX)

EPICOENE
(gives the drum to VOLPONE)

END OF SCENE

The Trial of St. Anthony

SETTING: Rooftop: The Trial of St. Anthony.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

THE FURIES

[Read the charges against St. Anthony:

Reckless Driving—Causing Great Bodily Harm

Hit and Run—Causing Great Bodily Harm or Death

1st Degree Intentional Homicide

Felony Murder

Homicide by Negligent Control of a Dangerous Animal

Assisting Suicide

Battery to an Unborn Child

Mayhem

Sexual Exploitation by Therapist, Sexual Contact

Reckless Injury

False Imprisonment

Taking Hostages

Kidnapping

Stalking

Intimidation of Victims

Invasion of Privacy

Lewd and Lascivious Behavior

Photographs, Motion Pictures, Videotapes, or Other Visual Representations

showing Nudity

Assaults by Prisoners

Aiding Escape From Mental Institution

1st Degree Sexual Assault of a Child

Causing Mental Harm to a Child

Sexual Exploitation of a Child

Causing a Child to View or Listen to Sexual Activity

Incest with a Child

Child Enticement

Soliciting a Child for Prostitution

Exposing Genitals or Pubic Area

Possession of Child Pornography

Concealing Death of Child

Discharge of Firearm in a Gun-Free School Zone]

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

ST ANTHONY
Not Guilty.

To be continued...

SETTING: Church.

AT RISE: EPICOENE and VOLPONE are playing gin rummy. They say nothing to one another, except "Gin" when one wins. They play hand after hand.

BEN JONSON
Where are you?

CURIOSITY
Where I've always been. You?

BEN JONSON
Smoking.

CURIOSITY
Where you've always been.

BEN JONSON
I saw the new Rambo movie.

CURIOSITY
How was it?

BEN JONSON
Pretty fucking terrible. Sixty year old man killing in
horribly violent ways.
Then it just ended.
No—ending implies thought.
It just stopped.

CURIOSITY
Did it make you feel dirty, wasting all that time and
money?

BEN JONSON
I knew it would be bad going in.
How could it not be?
What are you doing now?

CURIOSITY
Trying to fit together a hand and a foot and loins.

BEN JONSON
You of all people don't know what to do with loins?

CURIOSITY
What would you do with loins?

BEN JONSON
Describe them to me.

CURIOSITY
Hot. Long. Entangling.
Just when I think I've got them off me,
they twist around my wrist.

BEN JONSON
Are they twisting around your wrist now?

CURIOSITY
Yes.

BEN JONSON
Are you standing?

CURIOSITY
Laying down.

BEN JONSON
On your bed.

CURIOSITY
Yes.

BEN JONSON
Get tangled in them.

CURIOSITY
I can't breathe then—

BEN JONSON
Let them wrap you
and choke you

CURIOSITY
BEN JONSON
Trust me.

CURIOSITY
BEN JONSON
Where are they now?

CURIOSITY
Around my waist.

BEN JONSON
Let them squeeze your breasts.

CURIOSITY
How do you know I have breasts?

BEN JONSON
I can hear it in your moans.
To your throat: invite them.

CURIOSITY
Now.

BEN JONSON
Can you breathe?

CURIOSITY
Yes.

BEN JONSON
Tell them to squeeze tighter.
Stop breathing.

Have you stopped?
I can hear your heart beat.
Beat harder.
Harder.
Don't breathe.
Harder.
I can hear your blood.
I can hear your humours.
Now
When I count three
Breathe.
One
Harder
Two
Harder baby
Harder for me baby
Let me feel it
Three

CURIOSITY
(moans)

BEN JONSON
I love doing that for you.

CURIOSITY
I can control them now.
You still there?

BEN JONSON
I'm not going anywhere.

EPICOENE
Gin.

END OF SCENE

SETTING: The Reliquary of St. Anthony containing his Four Humours.

AT RISE: BEN JONSON and CURIOSITY enter.

CHOLERIC BILE
Get away Bastard

CHOLERIC BILE
You are unforgiveable.
What you've said is unforgiveable.

CHOLERIC BILE
I do not accept
your apology.

SANGUINE BLOOD
Oh give her a chance, poor
sweet thing

SANGUINE BLOOD
Nothing lasts forever: especially
hate. All fires burn out.

SANGUINE BLOOD
Come closer.

SANGUINE BLOOD
You're always welcome.

CURIOSITY

MELANCHOLIC BILE
I'm busy. I don't have time
for you

MELANCHOLIC BILE
Be quiet.

MELANCHOLIC BILE
Go away.

MELANCHOLIC BILE
What do you want me to say? What does it matter?
What does anything matter?

PHLEGMATIC PHLEGM
Huh

PHLEGMATIC PHLEGM
Hmmm.

PHLEGMATIC PHLEGM
Get me a beer.

BEN JONSON
We should've brought jars.

CURIOSITY
I don't want to do this. I changed my mind. I have enough.

BEN JONSON
But it's this one and one more. I'll get a bucket.
(exits)

MELANCHOLIC BILE
Give up. What does anything matter anyway?
Look what you've done to me.

CURIOSITY
Don't leave me.

CURIOSITY
Because you told me to

CURIOSITY
I want to believe that

CURIOSITY
What I've done?

SANGUINE BLOOD
I'm so proud of you
of everything you do
and are
none of the rest matters
because I'm fine
I'm very fine

PHLEGMATIC PHLEGM
You can't. Because you know it's not true.
That you'll fail because you failed me
you'll always fail
You might as well give up.

CHOLERIC BILE
You left me alone
Why
I told you to but why

THE HUMOURS
What you've done.



BEN JONSON
(returns with bucket)
What?

CURIOSITY
I can't do it.
(exits)

BEN JONSON
Well I can.
(fights the HUMOURS; wins; collects them and exits)

END OF SCENE

The Trial of St. Anthony

SETTING: Rooftop: The Trial of St. Anthony.

ST ANTHONY

I didn't do it.

THE FURIES

[Read the charges against St. Anthony:

Mass murder of civilian population, rape, looting

Mass execution of prisoners

Waging unprovoked war against China

Waging aggressive war against the United States

Crimes against peace

Waging aggressive war against the British

Commonwealth

Waging aggressive war against France in

Indochina

Waging aggressive war against the Netherlands

"ordered, authorized, and permitted" inhumane

treatment of Prisoners of War (POWs) and others

"deliberately and recklessly disregarded their duty"

to take adequate steps to prevent atrocities

Extermination of civilians

biological warfare experiments on humans

Murder of civilian slave laborers and POWs

use of chemical and biological weapons

murder of civilians, ethnic cleansing]

ST ANTHONY

It wasn't me.

ST ANTHONY

That's a lie.

ST ANTHONY

Okay, some things
are true.

ST ANTHONY

What do you expect of
me?

ST ANTHONY

I'm human.

ST ANTHONY

I'm an animal.

ST ANTHONY

I love.

ST ANTHONY

I'm not perfect.

ST ANTHONY

But you want me to be.

ST ANTHONY

I can't be.

ST ANTHONY

I'm not god or God.

ST ANTHONY

I want to be.

ST ANTHONY

I have all this power to abuse.

Isn't it my duty to abuse it?

Isn't that what you all want?

ST ANTHONY

And I am.

To be continued...

SETTING: Church.

AT RISE: EPICOENE and VOLPONE are playing Go Fish.

EPICOENE
Give me all your 5s.

VOLPONE
Go fish.
Give me all your 9s.

EPICOENE
Go fish.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Are you sleeping with Jonny?

CURIOSITY
If only it was that simple.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Are you in love with him?

CURIOSITY
If only there was a name for it.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Doesn't he treat you like shit?

CURIOSITY
Yes, and it's funny and adorable.
As if it all means something important.
Are you jealous?

DRUMMING WOMAN
I want to understand.
Label, identify, explain, clarify.
So yes: I am jealous.

CURIOSITY
I'm not taking him from you.
He's not to be taken.
He's gone.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Does that bother you?

CURIOSITY
No. Does it bother you that you can't have him?

DRUMMING WOMAN
No.
It bothers me I've lost my drum.

I have my heart
but that's involuntary.
The drum
was my voluntary
purposeful
vocabulary.

CURIOSITY
Understandable.
Explainable.
Clear.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Do you have it?

CURIOSITY
I know where it is.

DRUMMING WOMAN
Will you let me play with it?

**(kisses
her)**

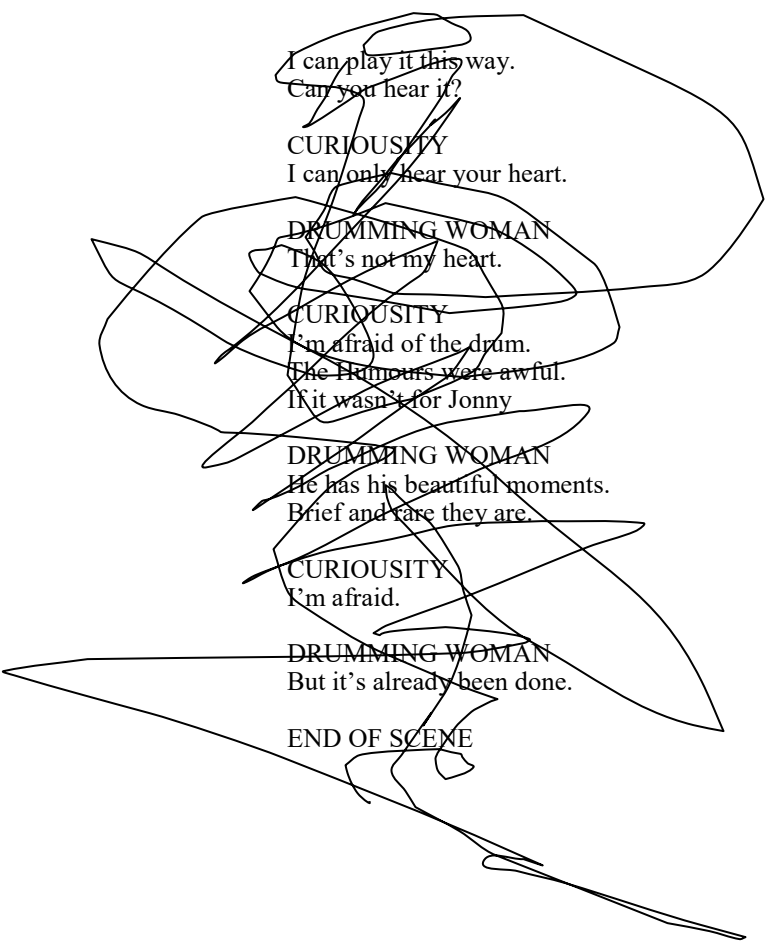
CURIOSITY
Why?

DRUMMING WOMAN
Every kiss is a selfish
vampiric
self serving
self aggrandizing act.
Love is ancillary.
The gossamer shroud we toss
over the face of our lover
as we fuck ourselves numb.

CURIOSITY
Jonny made you bitter.

DRUMMING WOMAN
My bitterness made me pick Jonny.
Kiss me again.

(they kiss)



I can play it this way.
Can you hear it?

CURIOSITY
I can only hear your heart.

DRUMMING WOMAN
That's not my heart.

CURIOSITY
I'm afraid of the drum.
~~The Humours were awful.~~
If it wasn't for Jonny

DRUMMING WOMAN
He has his beautiful moments.
Brief and rare they are.

CURIOSITY
I'm afraid.

DRUMMING WOMAN
But it's already been done.

END OF SCENE

EPICOENE
Give me all your 10s.

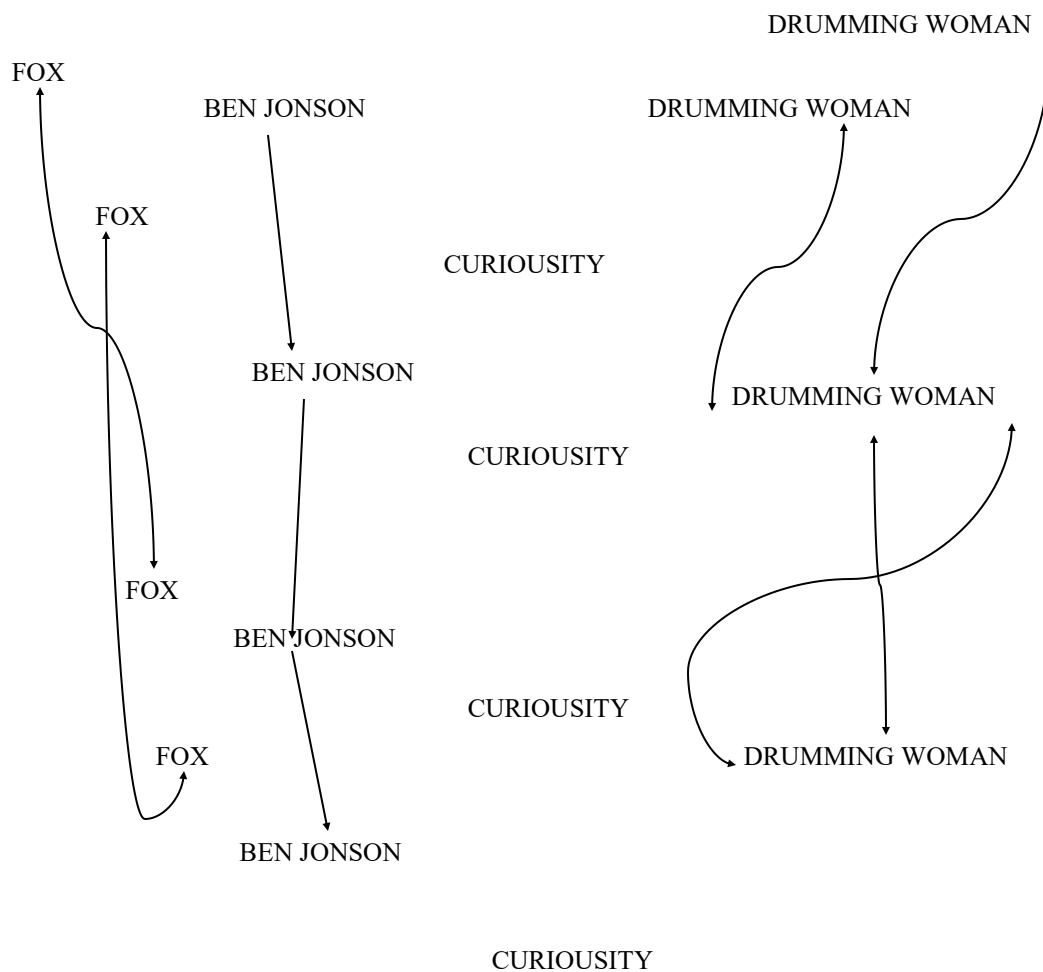
VOLPONE
Go fish.
Give me all your 4s.

EPICOENE
Go fish.

END OF SCENE

SETTING: The Reliquary containing the Drum of St. Anthony.

ST. ANTHONY'S DRUM (drumming)



ST. ANTHONY'S DRUM (drumming)

(Ben Jonson, the Drumming Woman, Fox and Curiosity seize the Drum from the reliquary)

The Trial of St. Anthony

FURIES
GUILTY
GUILTY
GUILTY
GUILTY

ST. ANTHONY
Guilty.

SEJANUS

HIS

FALL.

A TRAGEDY.

**First Acted in the Year 1603. By the KINGS
MAJESTY'S Servants.**

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

BEN JONSON

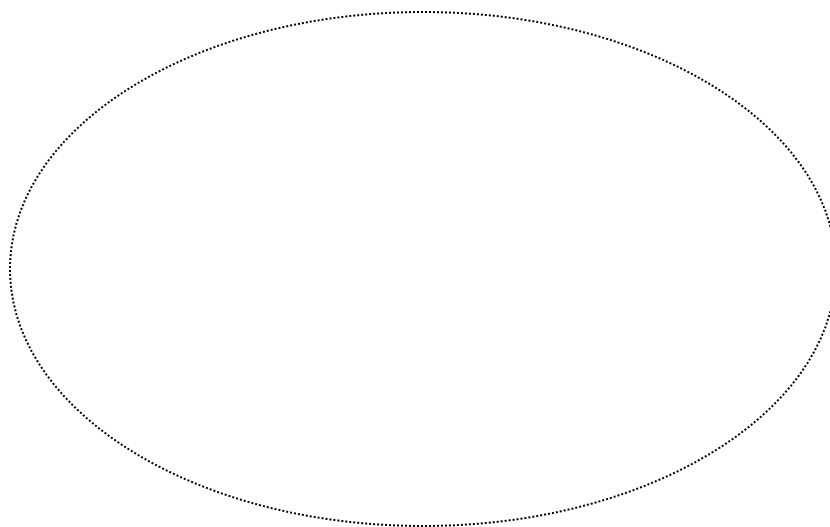
But had *St Anthony* thriv'd
In his design, and prosperously opprest
The old *Tiberius* then in that same minute,
These very Raskals, that now rage like *Furies*,
Would have proclaim'd *Sejanus* Emperor.

*(the Furies
dismember
St.
Anthony)*

Sentence by the *Senate*,
 To lose his Head; which was no sooner off,
 But that, and th' unfortunate Trunk were seiz'd
 By the rude multitude; who not content
 With what the forward Justice of the State,
 Officially had done, with violent rage
 Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand Heads,
 A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and voices,
 Employ'd at once in several acts of Malice!
 Old Men not staid with Age, Virgins with Shame,
 Late Wives with loss of Husbands, Mothers of Children,
 Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
 Run quite transported with their Cruelty!
 These mounting at his Head, these at his Face,
 These digging out his Eyes, those with his Brains
 Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends;
 Others are met, have ravish'd thence an Arm,
 And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;
 These with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
 And this his feet, these fingers, and these toes;
 That hath his liver, he his heart: there wants
 Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!
 What cannot oft be done, is now o're-done.
 The whole, and all of what was great *St. Anthony*,
 And next to *Cæsar*, did possess the world,
 Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no Grave;
 Each little dust covers a little part:
 So lies he no where, and yet often buried!

(BEN JONSON, CURIOSITY, the DRUMMING WOMAN, and the FOX catch his pieces, add in the FOOT, HAND, LOINS, HUMOURS, and DRUM—they reassemble ST. ANTHONY)

	CURIOSITY		LOINS		FURIES		BEN JONSON		FURIES
FOOT		LOINS		DRUMMING WOM-					
	FOOT		FOUR HUMOURS	FURIES	DRUM		DRUMMING WOM-		
FURIES		FOX					AN		
	FOX			BEN JONSON			DRUMMING WOMAN		BEN JONSON
	FURIES				DRUM				
HAND		FOX	DRUM				LOINS		
	CURIOSITY	DRUM						DRUM	
			FOOT		CURIOSITY		HAND		FOOT
FURIES	HAND	FURIES							
	BEN JONSON		BEN JONSON	LOINS					
		HAND					DRUMMING WOMAN		
FOUR HUMOURS		CURIOSITY	FURIES	CURIOSITY					
	CURIOSITY	LOINS		FOUR HUMOURS		CURIOSITY	BEN JONSON		
		FOX	BEN JONSON		FURIES			FURIES	DRUM
	FOUR HUMOURS		CURIOSITY		FOOT				
		LOINS							



End of Play