



## **Future Primitive, Part 1**

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## **Part 1: Porn on the Bacab**

by J.L. Dale

## Characters

DRUNK

MUSCA/CONTRACTOR/OBSCURA

LYDIA/DAUGHTER

RUSTY/PATRICK

COUNT

GULF

BAR PATRONS/PAPARAZZI

## Act 1

[The setting is a standard bar, several tables, a jam band with instruments that have various tubes and wires circling in and around them, a single exit (stage left), a door to the bathroom offstage (stage right), and a section of bar to the extreme downstage (stage right) oriented so those sitting at it face the audience - the DRUNK and MUSCA sit here]

DRUNK: MUSCA, listen MUSCA. They are already amidst that youthful burning fervor. We have three. Don't get to know them, please, MUSCA. Do not fall into their words, for they are close knit and will close in on you, even when they tear at each other as they do now. I have warned you, MUSCA, and I will no more.

COUNT: Let us reconcile this straight away. You, RUSTY, yourself, choose to portray the live-about world and the activities therein as petty jibes - chuckles within a grand limerick. Thou, possessing of the atheistic disposition, must truly recognize in what pitiful situation this skillfully entombs we denizens.

RUSTY: My damnedest friend, COUNT, thou, like the penny-thrift urchin that slouches, putting his cage and cardinal in and around with twine, hast skewed my once solid statement, even turning it back to front. For verily, these matters must be juggled as truth, hard and centered, existing with nary a consideration for the well-framed theories of man, who happens to inhabit my encompassment, thus.

(COUNT turns his face toward GULF, who is rather enthralled by the flavor of his curd and chip)

RUSTY: But I must bow upon your feet and chew thine capped knees, for thou, in most high honor, and without question, have upheld my thesis.

(Both look in astonishment at RUSTY, who blows at the cherry of his cigarette)

GULF: COUNT endorsed no such thing, and thou knows it plain.

RUSTY: For all thou-st draw in, as you are well to do, I have monitored but folly from thine drippy jawl, GULF, sir. Concrete in his reply did our COUNT avow to my discourse, for in such as was his huck-able objection did it equal the sum of my whole. And so, with your instant camaraderie dost join his faith in my words.

(COUNT coughs in amazement)

COUNT: Only in the illumination of thine blistery ego.

RUSTY: How else should universal truth flourish, but by way of the shadow's interplay with a most-goodly shining altar of truth. (Notices LYDIA across the room.) But, regard you now cave dwellers, for I think my wings are but hot.

(GULF forgets the argument, and props his head upon his hand to stare across at LYDIA)

GULF: The virgin battlements of our lives ...

RUSTY: Hardly accurate; her pickers seem but crack with ring, GULF-boy. Thou are without Song. That timid faun did Solomon summon to meadow for a purpose all too bright.

COUNT: (Perking up) Why then, let us boisterous mimicries merely position but the devil rather closely to the Inferno's gate.

DRUNK: And as thus they did, approaching the fair beast with nary an inclination for which hat the ring had been graced and proceeded to assail her all at once, much to her flatterment. But she soon did attempt harmony from the lads, crying out.

(The three stand before LYDIA's table)

LYDIA: Well, bumpy-boys, you are but flattering my head with windy words.

DRUNK: Flattery, yes, listen, listen.

COUNT: Hardly, hardly. We but proposition the guards-women of your surely present lust agent.

(Behind them, three men harass a woman, who struggles to avoid them. However, this should not immediately draw attention away from the main characters.)

LYDIA: With truth, though my winter puppet could stand to simmer against the hot plates before my table's edge, I am but Christian and thoroughly wed.

RUSTY: Try not to offer up the Canary upon the altar once more, but did you not spy the merry duo that also bears thine own affliction and stellar disposition, thrown about they were without this joyful place, stripped of all clothes and partaking most eagerly in the very actions of which we petition thee.

LYDIA: Again fellows, you wish to dig but of depths too shallow. I adhere to an orthodox calling unlike the merry makers that copulate in public by Word properly twisted to support the exertion. I am tethered fast to an honest man who has, as thou have not, pledged his fever-some life to my waiting service, and so I keep the ropes free, with no offense made to your friend present (Motioning towards GULF), free of trying weights, at least upon the Earth we reside. To think, if we are to intersect at fates end, we shall commence resignations of lust before either Devil or God.

DRUNK: But you, Senor Bar MUSCA, have about you the aura and demeanor of a certain CONTRACTOR that will shortly appear within the fine walls about, offering up the opportunity that will soon consume our thriving protagonists.

(MUSCA rises and motioning, heads off to the bathroom exit)

DRUNK: (To the audience) At this the boys, all at once, gave in to steadfast reasoning and, upon receiving the rhapsodical notes that did resound from the establishment's sounding player, took to the boarded floors in whimsical movement, even calling along the chaste LYDIA.

(The band begins. RUSTY, COUNT, GULF, and LYDIA begin to dance. As they do the three men forcefully drag the woman into the bathroom. Her screams are silenced by the music.)

DRUNK: And upon this joyous calling did enter the barbarous CONTRACTOR, having just departed his site of labor, with perked ears and eager feet. Who, when the tones of celebration came to rest upon the tired boards, found himself limply hovering near the structure which had provided and now resumed the order of retreat for our trio. GULF, being closer to the Earth and its labors, assailed him first, saying ...

(Enter CONTRACTOR from stage left)

GULF: You carry your hardships along, sir. Do shake off that earthen debris and join three dogs for a lap? (He motions to the bartender, four drinks)

CONTRACTOR: The night howls my good fortune, just as I was step to think its beat otherwise.

(The CONTRACTOR sits at their table)

COUNT: Thou simply required the whistling wind through cleaved-hair, and the pole's rotation. Now, we masters demand, as the ale loosens the gate, a recitation of position and a bard's work ethic.

CONTRACTOR: (Clearing his throat with a laugh) Gents, or as you like, I carry out the late inspirations with as much verse as the ballast-stone of garpike. My loom has escaped to pasture and moths have ransacked my old tapestries, but so it is the fret-less heart-strings resound audibly when plucked by the warm hands of kindness as are pasted south all your arms.

(They receive their drinks and begin to drink, save RUSTY, who sits with his arms crossed, regarding the CONTRACTOR, silently)

GULF: Then out be out.

CONTRACTOR: (He guzzles, unashamed, pausing to rise and bow) I announce my farce, a soulless CONTRACTOR, deprived of faith in

earthquakes, as par requirement. Truly, I am the phlebotomist to the colossal patient beneath. (Waves his hands downward and sits.)

RUSTY: (Barking) Thine needle has struck this nerve, succubus. Administer the antidote or back to the citrus-hide with ye.

CONTRACTOR: Call off the wars, and kennel the hound, boys! Our mother cadaver, Terra-firma, is deemed out completely by this boreful necrophilic on a common work schedule fit to check sneaks. The horn, she screams, plunging the bit by bit, (His hands turn 'round fingers) mamma moans pleasure, and climaxes to the second horn, once more.

RUSTY: (Leaning forward) And the instantaneous birth? There must sprout offspring from this penetration!

COUNT: (Frustrated) Yes, occupation implies wage and task, product; keep games to the board and card.

CONTRACTOR: A descent ...

GULF: Repent! (Raising his hands)

CONTRACTOR: ... as an attraction ...

COUNT: Abstraction. (Dropping his head)

CONTRACTOR: ... for the ticket buyer.

RUSTY: A wicked liar! (Points at the CONTRACTOR)

CONTRACTOR: (Shrugs) COUNT my words rhyme for rhyme, but fail deny their call of prospect.

GULF: (Grinning devilishly) A hole ride, eh?

COUNT: (To GULF) Snuff that cigar, doctor!

RUSTY: (Eyes lighting up) GULF, thy cess-pools have baked long in the sun, stewed proper, and washed debris from my solution!

GULF: (Misunderstanding) A slip ...

RUSTY: ... into genius, no less. Comrades, prop our dingy guest aloft soft shoulders and await me, puffing, without.

(The CONTRACTORS head lolls loose, lubricated)  
(GULF looks to him quizzically)

COUNT: A needle ever sharp and a plot woven through! Get the opposing lean, GULFy.

(COUNT and GULF bear the CONTRACTOR up, he walks unstable, but manages the door)

CONTRACTOR: (On the verge of exit) Off to play, we are. Mop the deck! And tip the juke!

(The three exit stage left)

(RUSTY charges LYDIA's table, where she has re-seated, alone. The three rapists emerge from the bathroom, laughing to each other.)

LYDIA: Again, eager prick?

RUSTY: LYDIA-revisited, my neck is extended (She laughs) in the full bend, though I should hope not well enough to visit my own end. (She smirks) I request thine assigned numerals.

LYDIA: (Crossing her arms) For what plot?

RUSTY: Such illuminated by bulb, your very inclusion, and image, dictated to celluloid by the shine of tomorrow.

LYDIA: Cinema bound?

RUSTY: I offer up the details apparent only within my own request.

LYDIA: (She jots on a napkin, mumbling to herself, playfully) The serpent-charmer in possession of apprehension ...

RUSTY: (Snatching the note) ... is never love struck!

(He winks and leaves her, crossing to the exit, is hailed by the bartender and plays out his table, smirking at LYDIA)

RUSTY: (Shouting, sing-song) Morroway with electric eye and LYDIA-revisited.

(He laughs to exit stage left and is hailed by the group of rapists, who he seems to know. They all walk out together, laughing)

## Act 2

[Set is a construction site, DRUNK stands downstage stage right holding a VHS video camera. MUSCA (dressed as the CONTRACTOR) stands beside him silent as ever, holding a shovel, stage right is an open section of ground within a tent which houses certain costumes, stage left is an industrial lift (big enough for four people) which has a rolling curtain behind it to portray a downward movement into darkness.]

(DRUNK and CONTRACTOR are onstage. RUSTY, GULF and COUNT enter stage right, conversing)

DRUNK: Beautiful Musca, you should look pregnant with delight, really. The boys have done it, lured the sweet beast to their trap of ecstasy. Ah, here!

COUNT: Now sing thy airy plans so that we may regard their disenfranchisement properly, eh, Mr. GULF?

GULF: Ay, as the dashing fellow speaks, RUSTY!

RUSTY: Yes, well the thick shell of a golden hatchling has partitioned the reason for our current engagement. However, if that yolk shall nourish thine fancy, a quick slip into stretching robes shall be in order.

(The three put on tight jumpsuits.)

GULF: (In a crude mimic of ballet) And now with the swan twirls and what not? Right, COUNT?

COUNT: (Testing the elasticity of his suit) I suppose a certain limit of humor has been breach now.

RUSTY: Fair, fair, trembling nerves ... Oh, but the bits also!(Handing them both large costume drill-bits, motioning for them to slip them on. Doing so himself, the props fit just straight out from the groin.)

COUNT: Ahem, right, the clocks empty.

RUSTY: Indeed! My thieving ploy regards the batty bitty we nearly crunched at the liquid party.

GULF: (Chuckling) Together our edges are sharpening in anticipation.

(Count and Gulf crudely rub their tips together and laugh)

RUSTY: It was a phrase she spun in particular, perhaps it was offhanded in intent or rather betraying an unspoken longing. This later we shall wish our coins into for strike she walks now ...

(LYDIA walks, semi-waddles, from stage right in a globular costume painted as Mother Earth, wearing a confused and seeking consternation)

DRUNK: In truth I have pulled a terrible cloth over your eyes, Musca. This prideful saint called Lydia has more to her than our facade may reflect. Exactly her offense? In truth, it was a romantic affair. She saw a means by which to secure her parents' marriage. She would assail them not with acts of rebellion, but words. And thus she built a twisted and illogical thing inside of her. Her parents were so bewildered that they were forced to communicate often upon her account. However, her poor psychology wears a heavy coat of scar tissue from such precise surgeries. The fellows are falling more into her trap than their own, for she has sent a quiet bulletin to the authorities of this extremist society. They'll soon materialize.

LYDIA: You make odd films, sir. I have played parts of marked confusion before, but a planet? Well that should be a little difficult to exact a method upon.

GULF: What? Rusty a filmmaker? Laughable!

LYDIA: Wha ... ?

RUSTY: Right! As ever fellows (jabbing them) ... I believe the correct term is auteur, sans the pompous connotations that must proceed just after such a title. But we have little time for titles, as the sun must align just so to cast upon us proper illuminations. Our setup is that of a black comedy, a group of protest to oil drillings from within the stone itself.

(The two catch wit immediately, but COUNT first)

COUNT: It is a political thrill in guise, madam! Our goals are lofty, but we communicate with the larynx of the fool.

GULF: Yes, we promote the idea of direct action by defacing sit-ins and demonstrations.

LYDIA: Ah, well, as the mask must hide a beast ...

COUNT: (To GULF, quietly) Or our bits!

LYDIA: ... so also will the intention fall in line.

RUSTY: Er, precisely, but let us now step ready and light upon this dubious stage. The blocking will become apparent as we descend.

(Laughter from COUNT and GULF as the four move)

LYDIA: Should there not be present the electric eye of future record to mark our motion?

(The laughter continues)

RUSTY: Oh, ahem (shoving them), yes, whereabouts is that handy cam layman? OBSCURA? Senor Obscura?!

(MUSCA has been enjoying the laughter, but at the pause looks to DRUNK for clarification.)

DRUNK: That's your calling, chum.

(The joy leaves MUSCA's face)

DRUNK: Now, now, it is your employment as an avatar. Is it not? But the elegance has lost its charm by now, so you may simply approach, without the clandestine restroom visit. A name change is the only thing necessary.

(DRUNK removes a name tag from his pocket and sticks it to MUSCA's chest. It reads: OBSCURA.)

DRUNK: Come now, you get to watch the activities with inspection. Go on. (MUSCA lifts the shovel and shrugs slightly) Oh yes! Here. Your implement. (He trades the camera for the shovel) I'll take care of the trenches and you to watch the trenching (he winks), Senor Obscura.

(MUSCA becomes OBSCURA as he approaches the lift. Trading his slouch for a perked step.)

OBSCURA: I am here and only, auteur. Your direction is a commandment and my hand bond to your wish. My eyes perceive the angles of angels for you alone.

RUSTY: Yes, very well. Climb aboard this ferry of destiny and shove her off as you come along. If you please.

OBSCURA: Certainly.

(With all five upon the platform, the lift is activated, and the backdrop slowly rolled from a landscape to black. The sound of the operation decreases, but remains constant)

DRUNK: Ah, what a burden of destiny upon those pulleys and tackle.

RUSTY: Indeed. Now, roll on film-taker. (To LYDIA) Improvement in direction and all only comes through a thorough review of the past.

GULF: And the special features. (Laughter.)

OBSCURA: Yessir (and begins to fumble with the camera).

RUSTY: The tension of this scene is paramount. Our faces must remain straight and our pacing tight.

COUNT: As our lips ...

(OBSCURA is nearly beating the camera)

RUSTY: (Ignoring COUNT) Senor Obscura, what is troubling your motions so?

OBSCURA: It is the bastard device, itself. My boon and minor appendage to your inspirational art is wickedly stubborn.

RUSTY: (Now tired of the game, and ready to spring his trap) (Intensely) Man, it was a facade! Not an appendage, but a necessary parasite. Lay it by and mute the world. I even compel you to lie down in resignation as you restrain your earshot. Fire and damnation, indeed!

(OBSCURA drops the camera and pantomimes trying to claw his way from the hole)

LYDIA: What was that, again?

DRUNK: (Listening with excitement) The seed trap sprung!

RUSTY: In the saloon, when we assailed you. That ring was your shield, but with stipulation - heaven or hell (COUNT and GULF begin to rub their hands together).

LYDIA: That is the formality of time and space upon we adherents.

DRUNK: She keeps face!

RUSTY: But we have conquered those, my dear! The beauty of such things! Though the celluloid veil was not ideal, only necessary. Now we may commence, as you promised, within the rings of inferno itself (making a sweeping motion with his arms).

LYDIA: I was preserving prides, not relinquishing passes, fool!

(DRUNK returns quickly after stepping off stage. He drags a large firehose. The four are locked in an intense stare, as OBSCURA continues to claw.)

DRUNK: (Ecstatic) And the shell trap too! But not by my own hand, of course. (He places a large silver police badge on his chest) Authority! (Pointing at it.) Only of the most conservative nature (winking to the

audience). (He activates the hose toward the five, who react appropriately as the light illuminating the lift is obscured by streams of darkness.)

GULF: The forecaster spoke none of this today!

LYDIA: It is my cavalry from your bubbling plot to penetrate, but they were supposed to extract my person!

COUNT: Perhaps your ring-man had a change of heart with a bird that reaps joy from luring the hunter into a god-damned bog!

(The light begins to disappear to darkness in a line below them, mimicking a filling up of the hole. OBSCURA was trying to save his camera for a while, but gives up and instead sits and holds his breath)

RUSTY: Well, friends, at least hell will be a tad bit quenched as we make the passage.

LYDIA: (Angry) If the deity has chosen this terrible plot to end my time, I shall expire a reaped fruit. Boys, I want the bits.

(They stop and stare at her change of heart. LYDIA holds her arms open)

LYDIA: Proceed and ravage. Your final fill, doggies.

(The three approach and begin grinding their tips into her globe. Their side of the stage goes dark.)

DRUNK: Fairly righteous way to expire, no? (He deactivates the hose.) But don't worry they were granted just enough time to each get a full rotation.

(The four are heard moaning offstage)

DRUNK: Oh, damn! Musca! Throw off that mask already!

(MUSCA emerges from the shadows, wringing out his soaked clothes.)

DRUNK: You're actually no more an Obscura than myself the hand of destruction, but we do our best. Eh, Musca?

(MUSCA gives DRUNK a terrible look, as gurgling screams are heard offstage)

DRUNK: Oh, cheer up and cultivate a grin on that mug. The paparazzi draws near - the true cameras on sin! (Laughing.)

(All goes black)

### Act 3

[Set is the same, save the lift has been replaced by a railed and built-up hole. The backdrop have been replaced to its original position. Police tape has also been stretched around the hole and the tent. A flock of photographers are gathered around the hole, flashing their lights. DRUNK sits on a stool upstage right, drinking coffee, dressed as a cop. He looks off at the audience, rarely acknowledging the action around him, save to dump more whiskey into his mug]

(PATRICK enters stage right and makes his way toward the crowd, climbing through caution tape. He carries a Polaroid camera around his neck. He stands at various points around the hole as the other photographers become satisfied and leave him alone)

DRUNK: Right, this one sets up real nice. Secluded location and the emergence of a devil ... well, in a moment. Musca will, as always, serve our supreme purpose. But he was water-logged, so I'm sure he'll be grateful if we just let Patrick over there snap on to his heart's content.

DRUNK: That's boring. Let's give him the Goodman Brown treatment, shall we?

(MUSCA as SATAN enter, crawling up onto center stage and approaching the unaware PATRICK. The SATAN outfit should be cheesy)

SATAN: (Tapping PATRICK on the shoulder, somewhat hesitantly) Nice instrument you have there, my boy ...

PATRICK: (Not totally shaken by the appearance of SATAN. PATRICK points to DRUNK and the few remaining costumes hanging in the open tent area) I think those costumes are evidence, guy.

SATAN: I won't have another argument over authenticity just to accommodate your expectations. I'm the cosmic fuck up.

PATRICK: Alright, frank enough. Anyway, yeah, I love this camera.

SATAN: Care if I give it a look over? (Pointing)

PATRICK: Um, yeah, sure. (Hands the Polaroid camera to SATAN while fanning the shots he already made)

(SATAN paces, examining the camera, but soon trips, fumbling it into the hole with a resounding splash)

PATRICK: I should have seen that coming, right?

SATAN: Shit, I'm sorry, dude. I can manifest a new one, but it'll be cursed.

PATRICK: What?! But you dropped it in!

SATAN: Hey, now. It wasn't intentional. I can only do so much.

(Bubbling and buzzing can be heard as red light flashes from the hole. DAUGHTER emerges dressed in a child's bee costume and holds PATRICK's camera, her feet unseen within the hole. Perhaps, some fog, perhaps)

DAUGHTER: I am Hobnil, the daughter of four. I was fashioned as the earth was still a giant pool for the feathered-fish to swim through. I was taught the art of beekeeping and camera mysticism by the Obscure One, who raised me in the total absence of the void.

(DAUGHTER, PATRICK, and SATAN freeze)

DRUNK: (Crossing from his stool perch, toward the three) Now wait, wait! I pulled your soggy bottom from that column of muck, Musca. How did you manage a kid in moments?

SATAN: (Un-pausing momentarily) (As in a holy trance) I remember being above, then there were commandments, but I was unable to obey them due to uncontrollable circumstances. I was tortured in a multitude of ways. Not to mention the crushing assault of my rejection. (Again pauses)

DRUNK: (Laughing loud and returning to his stool) Catch the wave coming, avatar. Milton was blinder than you may think.

(As DRUNK sits, the three unfreeze)

SATAN: Christ, a damned Avalonian. Watch it, fella. They're twisted.

DAUGHTER: How many moral sides are there to an argument?

PATRICK: What? Is she like a Sphinx thing?

SATAN: More like muse and enchantress.

DAUGHTER: Colors of the chess board?

PATRICK: Er, two?

DAUGHTER: How many colors to the world?

PATRICK: In the spectrum?

DAUGHTER: The arms of St. Justice number two. But Vishnu would be more ideal. Or Cthulhu for his multitudes.

PATRICK: (Looks to SATAN, who shrugs) For judging good and evil?

DAUGHTER: Shakespeare called man a question. Camus said the only true question was suicide. Both had been blinded by the limits of life, this is man's blindfold - death.

PATRICK: I'm dead! Did I fall in? (Looks to SATAN)

(SATAN scratches his ass and gives an informative, yet informal sign suggesting the contrary)

DAUGHTER: If the man beside you represents evil, and God is watching over, then what are you?

PATRICK: A free agent?

DAUGHTER: (Relieved) Finally. It's like talking to a limp carrot. If you do not decide, but merely examine the decision at all angles to see without your blindfold, you may venture closer to existence.

PATRICK: But to not decide ...

DAUGHTER: ... is a far more precise and brave decision. The arms of my tree have four arms - one for each direction, color, and time. However, unlike the decisive hands of the almighty, the middle trunk was also valued, rather than being used as a fulcrum point for judgment.

PATRICK: The system, no, the decision itself worshiped?

DAUGHTER: A balance brought about by overcoming the question, evoked by seeing the argument within the whole frame - a microcosm upon the planes.

SATAN: Wait, then how can one act without actually making a decision?

DAUGHTER: Foolish deity, there is no decision making.

PATRICK: Fatalism!

SATAN: (To PATRICK) Not so harsh. She called me a deity.

DAUGHTER: Hardly, when one knows themselves as just another vessel, the path becomes clear and alien. The lineage of answers is apparent. A crescendo to the next question.

PATRICK: The future is not know, but unsurprising to those that see clearly.

DAUGHTER: Then now you should look upon things, clear and resolute. (Hands PATRICK the wet camera.) The eye will fix upon the question rather than the answer. From this, the audience will also see the question with no implications. Compel with brevity and foresight.

PATRICK: (He checks the camera) It works! Thank you, bee of the hole.

DAUGHTER: You must number the strokes on a tulip, else place rotting voids upon its petals. This is the way: be only aware, all else will destroy.

(DAUGHTER slips back down into the water, light fading)

(PATRICK looks at his camera, studying)

PATRICK: (Aside) Only the whole question, huh?

(PATRICK raises the camera and points it toward SATAN)

DRUNK: Oh ... lights!

(DRUNK plugs in a cord on his side of the stage and a hidden spotlight comes on behind SATAN, illuminating crossed caution tape, which creates the imposing shadow of a cross behind SATAN)

(PATRICK takes a picture and removes the Polaroid)

PATRICK: SATAN, you're too easy.

(Fade to black)

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