

EVERYMAN'S CLOWN

The metamorphosis of
the circus clown Bat
Batta in the City of
Chicago in the year
nineteen hundred and
thirty-four.

Seminario de Drama

A Comedy

by

Joseph Lesser

Adapted from A Man's a Man by Bertold Brecht

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Seminario de Drama

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Seminario de Drama

CHARACTERS

Creep
Sawbone
Admah
Hoke

- four gangsters of the Torio gang in Chicago

John Lever, called Cannon Ball - a disciplinarian and head organizer
for the Torio gang

Bat Batta - a circus clown, born in Java, traveled in Europe and now
the United States

Mottie - his wife

Handout - the Vice-Mayor of Chicago

Mamma Kingston - runs a house of pleasure, born in West Indies

Deedee - her daughters who provide music

Marta

Krupt - a watchman eight feet tall

Two other watchmen

Klector - A dealer in stolen relics

Other gangsters

Three circus clowns

A Bird - an actor with bird feathers

PROLOGUE: THE HARD SELL OF A MOCKINGBIRD

The cast enters from all directions. They create a circus atmosphere under the Big Top - a circus top which seems to hang over the whole city of Chicago.

A Bird

Aho! Aho!

The Big Top hangs over the City of Chicago!
Side shows in every block!

Oho there!

Hey you, the white ones
Hey you, the black one
Hey, the others
Life's a dark world
Whatever your color,
 Brothers.
When the showdown comes
Which ones burn?
Quiet! Quiet!
A voice of the theatre
Speaks its turn!

A Voice

Attention: Suspicious characters!
You are charged with concealing the following weapons:
Motives!
Tactics!
Money!
Connections!
 Making the world dark
 Enterprise shady
 Man fuzzy.

A Bird

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen.
The circus of life runs the gamut
Which in our play shows a certain fate.
Our cast draws you into the story,
your attention we love. Your excuses, we hate.

I'm telling you this,
Because in a dangerous world
It's easy to go amiss.
I know
That one gets accustomed
To the dark
Where a man's name
Is questionable,
His face - no face,
And his parts
Interchangeable.
Birds of a feather are what they are
In spite of themselves. That's what we show here tonight.

(The actors parade)

Take notice! Our actors are the greatest in the world! Properly attired, they unconditionally guarantee their skills for the entire performance.

Pay particular attention to this actor. (Bat Batta, the circus clown makes fast motion with his hands) Watch his hands. His transformation this evening is very special. Watch him. With utmost daring he transcends the heights of danger to show you his secrets. Ladies and gentlemen, before your very eyes you will see the metamorphosis of a human being.

Remember these faces
Remember the charges
Follow every move
Look astonished, if the world changes in front of you.

(The cast repeats this as they parade before the audience.)

1.

Chicago. 1934.

The traveling Rumpelmeyer Circus has closed down. The depression and mob rule in Chicago make an unemployed clown jittery and nervous as he packs his circus clothes and checks the dressing room. Late afternoon.

Bat Batta and his wife, Mottie.

Mottie

What is it?

Bat Batta

Nothing. Just looking back there. The tightrope and the swings. Everything else is stripped. I can't imagine what will happen - everyone out of job and in a strange city. How quiet it is with the grounds empty. Why don't you run along dear. I'll put a few things into the storehouse. You can take this bag and this box if you want to.

Mottie

All right. Don't be long. A storm is brewing. Listen to the winds howl.

Bat Batta

I'll take a short cut near that old warehouse down the road a bit.

Mottie

Not that road where all those women hang out? Anyone can see, they are sinful women with their eyes and hands seeking out every man who passes by. Don't mistake it, they know a soft-hearted man when they see one.

Bat Batta

Soft-hearted? I might be easy going. But what would they want with a poor clown, especially one without a job.

Mottie

But you have fast hands, my dear husband, which might mean something to women who live off hoddiums. Then there are the gangsters themselves. Slaughter all over Chicago. In the stockyards and in the streets. That massacre with those rival gangs! Why it takes my breath away. And now when they say there is going to be some peace for a while, the talk is a new gangster takes over for this Torio gang. Imagine, a man with military experience. Calls his men lieutenants. Assigns them in teams of four. In brigades and divisions. Why it isn't safe to be walking the streets after dark!

Bat Batta

Don't worry. You can turn the oven on and I'll be right home with the chicken.

Mottie

All right. The chicken is here. You won't be more than a half hour will you? I don't want to overheat the oven, and I won't feel right until I hear you climb the stairs. I'll lock the door as usual. Don't be long. (She exits.)

Bat Batta
(after her)

I won't.

2.

Near Batta's dressing room. An hour later.

Four gangsters known as a torpedo team enter. Creep, Sawbond, Admah and Hoke. They wear extremely loud clothing. Hoke has a clown makeup on his face. They have been drinking and carry some whiskey bottles. With guns in their hands, they make various provocative motions as if they have closed in on the enemy.

Sawbone

Gor-r-rill-as! (motions to stop) Enemy trapped! Take your ease, while I blow up this mountain Hiawatha. Hey! Before you pass your water, Lieutenants of the Valentine Brigade, rub your noses against this white ghost of a circus tent. (Sings) "Every man is a Clown." (The others join in) Ho! Ho! You are smelling the circus of Chicago. A Big Top bloody sheet over a spittoon.

Creep

Hey, what's the action? Bloodhounds? Admah pal, aren't we known as Torpedo four - the bravest killers in the twenty years and four score. My old man -

Admah

(drinks a toast) Our fathers, so it is written in the assholes of the wind. The action is the Vice-Mayor. Comes here with the agreement.

Hoke
(very drunk)

Admah, something gnawing at my stomach. We must have more whiskey.

Sawbone

Hey Hokie, old pal, we'll raid the warehouse. C'mon.

Hoke

Hell with business. Spearhead the enemy. Snipers. Smash 'em down.

Sawbone

Freaks and caged animals! Manetta! Known as Sawbone. Rips the tiger. Kiss my ass! (Hoke and Sawbone go to area where a trapeze and part of a tightrope can be seen.)

Admah
(after them)

Our team. We got to stick. What about Swanga. Three days ago, Lake Michigan, a tidal wave. Our new head lieutenant, roars out his name Cannon Ball. Suddenly a blast of smoke. Warning signal, he says, if we don't show, four of us.

Creep

We'll show. (Looks in the tent) Good old Hoke climbing a ladder mountain. Sawbone swinging on a jungle rope. What's in there?

(They enter Batta's dressing room)

Admah

A clown's dressing room. Here, try this on. (Puts a dunce hat on creep) Admah, my mother said, look like a fool but don't be one. What are you smelling?

Creep

A chicken. Smells O.K. What's that? Why the gun?

Admah
(looking in the storeroom)

You there, don't make a move. Creep, frisk that fellow.
(out of sight) No, you don't! Who are you?

(Reenter Sawbone)

Sawbone

A clearing! (at entrance to tent) Hey, Hoke come down, old pal.

Hoke

I got to cross the river on a wire!

Sawbone

Way?

Hoke

Got to do it. Or the circus is a fake. Can't have a fake river, old pal.

Sawbone

That's right. You come down and we'll swim across.

Hoke

(coming down and falling)

Hey, an underground passage. (He climbs in a barrel open on both ends)

(Sawbone rolls the barrel with Hoke in it. Hoke groans)

Sawbone

Hoke, you sick? Have some Hero's booze. Gutsy for the gizzard. Make your thing stand at attention - a pole vaulter. Swing across the river in one jump. Got to practice, Hoke. Up stiff, straight and down. You're over! Come on out of there. That's a fake sewer. (Hoke makes vomiting sounds) Hey, you'll drown.

(Reenter Admah and Creep. They carry a full suit of armor - all metal. They also carry the chicken and a lion's head.)

Admah

What a heavy one this warrior is. We'll sell him to Klector.

(Sawbone rolls the barrel out. He sits on it.)

Sawbone

He's pickled. (sings) A hero's a clown
A foot in his mouth
The bottom's up, the face is down.
There's nothing like the Hero's booze,
If you win, you can't lose.
In and out it goes,
A shot is a fuse
Lights up a red nose
When you drink Hero's booze
If you win, you can't lose.

(Hoke moans. Sawbone falls off the barrel. Creep and Admah pull Hoke out and try to stand him up.)

Creep

He won't stand.

Sawbone

Poor old Hoke. We got to do something.

Admah

And the Vice-Mayor comes any minute. Keep him straight. (He goes to battle suit and disassembles it.)

Creep

What's that for?

Admah

A knight for a hood. Put him in the suit. He becomes St. Clownface and a knight saves the day. He'll stand up like a board.

(They put Hoke into battle armor.)

Creep

Don't you have to say something when a saint gets polished up. This one's rusty in the seams. Blood on the spirits. Admah, what's the word? Look, Hokie - (Hokie opens his eyes) - tell us, how do you feel? (Hokie makes a razz sound. smiles, closes his eyes.)

Sawbone

What? Screw him if he thinks he's too good for us!

Admah

I believe that is the sign of saint hood. A hood is sainted - hero of the Tightrope River battle under firewater - immortality on the slaughter pits of the Kingdom of Come-Never.

Admah

I believe that is the sign of saint hood. A hood is sainted - hero of
the Tightrope River battle under firewater - immortality on the slaughter pits
of the Kingdom of Come-Never.

Creep

St. Clownface! Liquidated in the sainted waters of now-you-see-it and
now-you-pee-in-it.

Sawbone

Someone's coming! It's Handout, the Vice-Mayor. Looks like a boil-
ready-to-pop!

(Handout enters. Dressed conservatively, he is a fat man with
indulgence written all over him.)

Admah

Welcome to the entertainments of the Circus Maximus! (He picks up a
pole and spars with the battle suit) Tell the story, Sawbone!

Sawbone

It's yours, Admah. I'll play the five hundred lions. (He puts on the
lion's head. Admah blows a horn sound.)

Creep

I'll play eighteen elephants. (He holds the whiskey bottle, neck part
down.) This elephant is leaky and is not a fake like some elephants are.

Admah

Welcome! Welcome! The story is told -
In the glory of Roman days
Hordes of warriors,
Screaming peasants,
With such as Spartacus
Make their entertainments
In the Circus Maximus.

Under Pompey, the savage carnival
 Feasted the Hero's God
 And five hundred lions, eighteen elephants
 Destroyed each other in five days.
 High-spirited with death emotions
 The warriors went out to Conquer The Enemy.

(Admah bows. Sawbone and Creep lay over each other's body.)

You will notice our peaceful warrior, St. Clownface

Handout

I'm a public official who trades in peaceful cooperation.

Sawbone

Handout, your face is sour. You can't stand yourself. I also know a man whose belly crawls with (whistles) snake turd.

Creep
 (hums)

There is another man,
 A fat and greedy man,
 Through many years,
 Many years till now,
 He put his hand
 In the victim's mouth
 Tho' his pockets were full
 He moaned like a cow.

Handout

I'm here with the agreement.

Sawbone

Handout, the city is jittery. Newspapers, radio - can't stand the peace.

Handout
(takes out a paper)

Here is the agreement. The understanding with Mr. Swanga is: A team of four trusted lieutenants bear witness. I only see three.

Creep
(points to Hoke)

This is our fourth.

Sawbone

In the name of St. Clownface, I give five-thousand to the **poor**. What about you?

(Handout smiles)

Creep
(blows air into Hoke's face)

Hey! Lt. Hokie! (tries to take off breast plate) It's stuck!
(Throws some water in Hoke's face. Hoke mumbles) What's that pal?

Hoke

Sawbone, I'm on fire! The river! The river!

Handout

As agreed, trucks, offices, warehouses, etc. furnished by the Agency for Street Construction - signed by Vice-Mayor's office.

Admah

I'll take it.

Handout

A copy which means nothing in terms of signatures which don't add up to four men present with good faith in the first instance and holding as much water as my hand holds two-thousand, shall we say?

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Creep

St. Clownface, we need some laughs.

Handout

Sainthood is cheap when the Vice-Mayor keeps his mouth shut that four trusted lieutenants are drunk, one out of commission, indefinitely.

(Admah hands Handout some money)

Admah

He's not out. He's resting, in sainthood

Handout

A fair exchange. A sacred agreement for some sainted money. St. Clownface, show me your ongue.

Hoke

Ah! Ah!

Handout

(wraps the paper and forces it in Hoke's mouth)

When this comes out, you'll be hoods looking for your heads.
(He exits as they close in on him)

Sawbone
(spits)

Open up, Hoke! (Hoke gives a loud belch) He's swallowed it! (Hits the armor on the back) Admah, our fourth man and the agreement!
Nothing works!

Admah

Talk Hokie, say something!

Hoke
(Makes a hissing sound)

Water works!

Admah

He'll drown. Everything blurred. Can't carry him. Push him over to the pole. We'll come back with a blow torch.

Creep

Shall we leave him alone?

Sawbone

He can't move, can he?

Creep
(to sawbone)

What if he gets a cramp?

Admah

That is for saints to figure out. It will take a truck to move him. (to Sawbone) You take the lion's head. I'll take the chicken. We'll head for the warehouse.

3.

A Warehouse near the circus grounds

Swanga, known as Cannon Ball, the new head lieutenant for Torio, takes inventory. The Goat, a bearded man with a cane, stands by.

Cannon Ball

Peace! Bah! The Banion's knock off the Morgan's and Torio takes care of the Banion's. For five days now, I, Cannon Ball, known on three continents, military strategist, expert in warfare, organizer of the secret Shirkah's gang, arsenal chief at Skudas, sit on a hotbed called peace! Bah! Negotiations and a man can't trust what he sees with his own eyes. A warehouse. One thousand cases whiskey. Made yesterday with eight-year-old labels. Eighteen thousand bags of corn rotting. Fifty machine guns.

Enough ammunition to blow up the whole city. Peaceful negotiation?
 Treachery! Four men negotiating an agreement. One hundred cases of
 whiskey missing in two days. Suspicious? Who's coming? (They step out
 of sight)

(Enter Creep, Admah and Sawbone)

Cannon Ball

Our men? Question them.

The Goat
 (stepping out)

(a goat laugh) When the moon is down, it is difficult to see if
 there are three or four men.

Cannon Ball
 (stepping out)

Listen, as if you told yourselves you just lost ten heartbeats:

The pigstys of Kashab come to mind,
 The dungholes of Rodan and Taurino;
 A boy breathes the deadly squalor;
 Such bodies combust into the new world
 Constructed with little humor
 Less reason than slaughter-house
 Here in Chicago
 Where all are immigrants
 And law is folly.

You're the torpedo squad, aren't you? Where's your other man? A
 clownface, if I remember. Where is he?

Sawbone

In the can, down the road.

Swanga

Your breath! We'll see. (The Goat laughs) Fallen in with a
 certain piece of paper, perhaps?

Creep

Could have run out of paper.

Swanga

A case history: A warehouse and three men. Each missing enough evidence to make an explosion. One thousand pieces drunken and constipated flesh fill the air. - As God is my judge, Cannon Ball stomachs the treachery of peace. The warning: The Before and After of three men float in the stink of a cesspool rather than show up without the fourth man and the agreement! (The Goat laughs. They exit)

Admah

And in the eleventh hour the earth shakes. Human dust fills the cracks. (puts gun to his head) Better this than show without Hoke and the agreement.

Sawbone

No truck, no torch and no time. And no Hoke.

Creep

Look, two people. Let's go behind that bush. (They hide)

(Enter Bat Batta and Mamma Kingston. They are both carrying packages)

Mamma Kingston

A short cut by this old warehouse. The far side of the circus grounds. A woman might be attacked in such a place as this.

Bat Batta

Since you're in the entertainment business, you deal with all kinds of people. Rough characters and all are putty in those pretty hands of yours, I bet.

Mamma Kingston

Oh, you've noticed my hands? In the dark, such ideas stir a woman's blood.

Bat Batta

I'm just a circus clown.

Mamma Kingston

What's that you're doing?

Bat Batta
(juggling a package)

Fast hands. Takes a little time to get going.

Mamma Kingston

Bat Batta, is that right? Does your mind work that fast?

Bat Batta

I don't know. Once it gets going, it moves, I guess. In the circus, I get worked up sometimes, and before I know it, the circus announcer gets epileptic and I run the whole show. I'm reminded. I was nearly home and forgot a chicken in my dressing room. It seems impossible after five hours, I couldn't pick it up and go straight home.

Mamma Kingston

A woman like myself offers more than thanks. I can suggest, perhaps, a few pleasures far exceeding an ordinary chicken.

Bat Batta

My wife is waiting for the chicken. I believe she has the oven on.

Mamma Kingston

If you left it in your dressing room it's probably been taken by some scavengers. It's only a chicken.

Bat Batta

A chicken doesn't seem like much depending on your mind, that is, a mind which works with the stomach. I think of a chicken barbecued and spiced with hickory sticks, dipped in wine and served with marshmallow candied sweets. With my imagination, I've had more than enough of such a chicken without even looking at it. Other people are different. They go to buy a chicken. Should it be a young one or a middle-aged one? They look at it. They feel it. Think about it. When they've decided, they carry it home. Shall they fry or broil it? They look at the colored ad in the magazine. It gets done. They eat it but they are still hungry. When bedtime comes that chicken hasn't had the last word. The stomach sends up a message signed Inflation. The message reads Corn and Water 90%. Meat 10%. They sleep on a bellyful of Cornwater. All this, because of a lack-lustre mind and some colored picture.

Mamma Kingston

I have an idea. Here is a ham which I'll sell you at my cost.

Bat Batta

No, I couldn't do that.

Mamma Kingston

What? Even at the wholesale price, you turn my offer down?

Bat Batta

I think the oven is set for 375 degrees. Its a ten pound chicken.

Mamma Kingston

The temperature can be changed. I see you are a stubborn man, much unlike my idea of a circus clown.

Bat Batta

Oh no. It's that I can't afford to buy a ham when I already have a chicken.

Mamma Kingston

Not even if I split the price in half, just as a favor for your kindness in walking me through this dark road. I do feel obligated to you.

Bat Batta

I certainly don't want to offend you.

Mamma Kingston

Did you say that without thinking?

Bat Batta

I just said it if that's what you mean. I don't want you to feel angry. I'll see how much money I have. (counts)

Mamma Kingston
(annoyed)

Your hands don't move too quickly when you have to pay. You have enough. (She takes the money and gives him the ham.)

Admah
(out of sight)

This is a man who is conned into anything. Can't say no!

Bat Batta
(turning)

What's that? You say your club is down the way a bit. Watch out for those hoodlums. They are a rough bunch.

Mamma Kingston

Oh my, it's getting late. I'll have to hurry. You might as well go your way now that your hands aren't empty. (She exits)

(Bat Batta stands undecided)

Admah
(to the others)

It is written on the white sheets of fortune: This is our man.

Creep

Who can be talked into anything!

Sawbone

Who can't say no!

Admah

A circus clown of all things and things. Notice the head. Leans forward like a bird. The face looks like Hoke's face.

Creep

Don't get carried away. A face in a hurry may turn out to be somebody's ass.

Admah
(Stepping out)

Well, well, the winds have died down. A good evening for a walk.

A good evening. Yes, it is.

Admah

You could be a circus clown. Amazing that I can recognize you even in the dark.

Bat Batta

Very good. Yes, I was just on my way back to the circus grounds. I left something there.

Creep

Yes, you did leave something there, didn't you say that, Mister. . . .

Bat Batta

Oh, just Batta, that is I'm called Bat Batta.

Admah

You are the Bat Batta, no doubt, from the Rumplemeyer circus.

Bat Batta

Did you know that? That's how you know me.

Admah

Let's see. Your name is Bat Batta. That's how we know you, by your name.

Bat Batta

That's my name. Bat Batta. That's my name. It's Bat Batta.

Admah

That's how I know you. We are looking for someone who lost a chicken.

Bat Batta

A chicken? I left a chicken in my dressing room.

Admah

I know where it is. These are my business associates. We'll stop and have a few drinks while I pick up the chicken for you.

Bat Batta

That's nice of you. I think it's too late as my wife is expecting me. I have a ham to bring home.

Creep

Oh, he has a ham, instead of a chicken, which is what your wife is expecting, isn't that correct?

Bat Batta

Yes, she is expecting a chicken.

Admah

A few drinks. A pleasant way to pick up a chicken. Easy as pie. A pleasure on a platter.

Bat Batta

An enjoyable way to find something you've left behind. I'm not much of a drinker.

Creep
(to Admah)

Did you mention some imported Havana cigars, or did I?

Bat Batta

Some drinks and some Havana cigars and - (laughs and the others laugh). I can't very well say no to that, can I?

Admah

And your chicken in the bargain.

Bat Batta

I can't turn down more than I bargained for, can I?

(all exit)

4.

Mamma Kingston's House of Entertainment. Later that night.

Bat Batta is sitting at a table drinking and smoking a cigar. Creep and Sawbone sit at the next table. Mamma Kingston's daughters, Deedee and Marta, play the music while everyone sings Mamma Kingston's song in jazz time.

(Mamma Kingston enters)

Mamma Kingston

Aloha! Greetings! Yach She Mach! We Gahts! We speak the language of entertainment, here in Mamma Kingston's House of Wonders. Don't be surprized if you get that weightless feeling in this island of paradise. Mother Earth says "Go! Have your fling! Find out what kind of man you are!" And Mamma Kingston says a man's a man, one side or the other. Try some of Mamma's exotic drinks and the Gods of pleasure are at your service. (to Deedee) How are the tips?

Deedee

Nothing.

Mamma Kingston

You'll never learn. Go fix up your face. These crooks can't stand a hungry look.

Marta

Are all these men gangsters? They don't look it.

Mamma Kingston

Looks have nothing to do with it. Those movies! Some gangsters are organized, honorable men who like their own authority. There are those who rob the poor, and the others rob each other. When you go by that man sitting there (pointing to Bat Batta) you will say: Sad is the world that needs a clown. Sad is the clown who lives in such a world. Now go and use your heads.

(the girls pass Creep.)

Deedee

In Chicago, even a pretty girl can have a hungry look. At the mention of a name I heard about, I get some strength.

Creep

You look healthy to me.

Deedee

You're wrong. In your eyes, I look lifeless. Perhaps you see what I see, a clown who seems quite uneasy. They say the yellow momtoon has Indian blood. All white men look alike. Not a very nice person, if you ask me. That's an honest opinion for whatever it's worth.

(She waits. The two girls exit.)

Creep
(to Bat Batta)

Another cigar? It's nothing when you would like to help out some businessmen. Our fourth man got held up on the road someplace. I believe we are going into some new lines of business. The chief runs our organization tight like the Army. Four of us responsible - a certain territory. We don't show together, he gives us our get-lost-papers. You can be our fourth man with no trouble. If you're having a good time at our expense, don't consider it in doing this favor.

Bat Batta

I'd like to help you out but my wife worries about me. I have to get going. A man like myself can't do as he pleases.

Creep

Very true. You're a man who doesn't like your wife to worry while you stay where it pleases you. You are concerned about your wife but can't do anything about it when someone asks you a favor you can't turn down. Your face shows your true character. Frankly, I'm not disappointed in you. A man's home is where his heart is. That's not to be sneezed at when a good cigar makes you feel comfortable.

(enter Admah)

Admah

No torch! No truck! No hoke! And the Cannon Ball on his way. We need this man.

Creep

In that case, I'll call Mamma Kingston. "Mamma!"

(Mamma Kingston brings a drink to Bat Batta)

Isn't it so, Mamma, we like to kid our boss sometimes? (Whispers to her) Straight out, Mamma, we like to clown around. The chief takes business too serious.

Mamma Kingston

Oh, your associate was robbed? In a gym, you say? Some kids ran off with his clothes? I see.

Sawbone

Delinquent kids wishing to look like sharp businessmen.

Mamma Kingston

And someone pulled these old clothes over your friend's eyes - in the sense that we're talking about a joke.

Admah

In that sense, we're kidding the pants off somebody. (to Bat Batta) Wouldn't you say so, buddy, dear sir, friend, pal?

Bat Batta

Hey, that's right. At the expense of a few cigars and some drinks. (all laugh)

Mamma Kingston

A business suit will turn the trick. A pimp, that is, I mean a pump salesman left one here the other day. (She exits to back)

Bat Batta

It's a laugh when you think of it.

Creep

Sure it is. (they laugh)

Bat Batta

It sure is. Tell me. Actually, what goes on?

Sawbone

You're right. Actually, nothing. Nothing at all (They laugh)

Bat Batta

Your boss, won't he be mad?

Admah

About what?

Bat Batta

I don't know. Suppose he finds out.

Admah

You look just like our man. Besides, the heavens only fall in once.

Bat Batta

Yes, that's true. I heard someone say that.

(an effeminate man approaches)

An effeminate man

From what I've heard in the territory
 You boys use a hard sell.
 The rumor is, for the present,
 The soft sell is recommended.
 Peace makes me so nervous
 Nobody knows where he's at
 Oh, it's the witching hour. (he exits)

(Mamma Kingston enters with coat and pants, vest, etc. They put it on while the bargaining follows)

Mamma Kingston

A suit bought by a house-to-house man. Left in a hurry. I'd say he owed \$50.00.

Sawbone

Fifty bucks without a label?

Mamma Kingston

The pants are three G-s.

Creep

Three G-s? Some musician's pants. A trio. Twenty bucks.

Admah

I say ten. They're hot.

Bat Batta

They itch also. It binds me here, that is, the pants do. Nothing fits, I don't think.

Sawbone

Won't do at all. For five dollars, that is.

Creep

Cut it. That's no way to talk about clothes made for a size 36 which are worth ten dollars alterations not included.

Bat Batta

There is a strain on the buttons.



Mamma Kingston

Fifteen dollars, as there is a strain on your you-know-what, which amounts to something cut out and worth nothing, you grease balls.

Creep
(to Mamma Kingston)

The winds have stopped. What do you think if it rains?

Mamma Kingston

I can tell you, that in a few minutes, Mr. John Lever, known as Swanga, the Cannon Ball, will blow in here with a blast of sound. In the islands, I have known this man. When the rains finally come, this man has streaks of sensuality which turn him inside out.

Sawbone

I'm thinking it better not rain.

Mamma Kingston

You don't know anything. You don't know anything about another side of a man. A man like Mr. John Lever, is not Cannon Ball at all. When it rains, a different story. Cannon Ball becomes Mr. John Lever. Has an Oxford accent and a lust for women. Has a sexual appetite when it rains, quite human I would say.

Sawbone

An Ass Slinger - both sides.

Mamma Kingston

Cannon Ball. Organizer warfaring rackets. The Iraks in Persia, the Kurads in the islands. Face in the mud and legs at attention. Line up in fours! Clownfaces! Shitpots! Button up your tool chest, Clownface. Hey, you! You like the name soldier better than gangster? Turn in your death tag! A gang is a gang! A squad is four men!

Admah

You only have to say your name is Hoke. That is, you answer to the name of Hoke.

Sawbone

It doesn't mean anything. Actually - nothing.

Bat Batta

Oh, actually. I'm a worrier by nature. My wife worries also, especially when it rains.

Creep

If Hoke's in a junkpile, he'll rust to death.

Admah

He's right where we left him. Maybe the rain will sober him up. Poor Hoke, we'll figure out something. Maybe a chisel. (to Bat Batta) I wish to congratulate you in the name of a soft-hearted cigar.

Bat Batta

Yes, I cannot help myself. At your suggestion, I am not myself at all. I'm enjoying this Hoke fellow who likes good cigars, whiskey and - women? I only hope it doesn't rain.

Admah

It's not every day a man can be anyone he wants to be. Don't forget who you are? Hoke.

Bat Batta

Hoke.

Admah

In spite of your former life no trouble with the good things in life. A man of culture.

(From the outside is heard the Goat.)

The Goat

The campaign starts at a moment's notice! All squads on hand!
Northside squad, get to the warehouse!

Admah

Let's go out the back. We'll make a fast show in the dark.
(They exit back)

Mamma Kingston

An earthshaker moves out there. Mountains disappear. Waters
separate for an unholy man. Stops only for some chemical exchange.
Here comes the Cannon Ball and the rain is starting.

(enter Swanga, the Cannon Ball. His face is distorted. His eyes
enlarged)

Mamma Kingston

Girls, put the pails out. The rain is coming.

Deedee

(rushing in) The Yellow Top Squeeze looks like a Jekyll-Hyde fizz.
I wonder why that is?

Mamma Kingston

Girls, hurry up. Tell the other girls to report any leaks. This
building is saturated with holiness and the sewers back up on our
blessings. (laughs) Isn't that right, John?

Cannon B ll

A tricky laugh like that comes from the worst Devil of them all, a
deballer of man. I'd like to see that look explode into a million
insects and eat your body as dessert in the whore-beds of a
slaughterhouse emporium, you whose eyes swallow me hook, line and
sinker, you sexpot smasher of a man's backbone!

Mamma Kingson

Why John, I can't help thinking how you appeal to the passionate side of me.

Cannon Ball

Shut up! I'm no fairy-hood stud horse. I'm a businessman and there is spine in Cannon Ball's reputation, a man who depends on his own strength. What you sell, you've got. What I sell I have to accumulate! One need's ^aname for that!

(outside the Goat is heard)

The Goat

Central City Squad. Torpedos! Call out your names!

(Cannon Ball listens intently. Admah, Creep, Sawbone and finally Hoke call out their names)

Cannon Ball

Scum! Filth! They're lining up for doomsday!

Mamma Kingston

Listen Johnnie, now that it is raining, your backbone can take a rest. Business can wait. A couple of days of rain, your front bone raises its ugly head, waves a white flag in the human jungle. Why John, in any position, you're the sexiest man in the world. With such strong loins, you'll look at that dungpile out there with a little respect. Who made it that way, Johnnie, that you can't take your pants off and be amazed that somebody swindled your loving nature? On that side, the dirty crimes of business traffic wash themselves clean from what is the sexiest hunk of stuff I ever laid my eyes on.

Cannon Ball

And Cannon Ball would burn on the cross with bullet-fire! There is no justice for the weak. Remember that when you bait my sex with those bedroom eyes! (He exits)

(Enter Creep, Admah, Sawbone and Bat Batta)

Admah

So you see, my good man, a little favor means nothing when your health is considered. (pours drinks)

Bat Batta

Actually, it's very simple. I did nothing but act like someone else by the name of Hoke. It's nothing to be another person if you're wanted, shoes, name and all. I've helped you out at no expense to myself. It's the favor that counts, after all, isn't it?

(Bat Batta quickly lights his cigar)

Sawbone

What was that?

Bat Batta

Nothing, my hands are fast.

Admah

We have to go now. Someone we know had a stroke of bad luck.

Bat Batta

What kind?

Creep

He's a shut-in.

Bat Batta

Can I go along? I'd like to help.

Creep

Some people ask for a small and then drink the whole bottle. Have to hog the whole show.

Admah

It's our pleasure that you stay here and be entertained. Drinks, food and women at our expense. Nothing too good for a gentleman who likes to help. (to Creep) Let's get some tools. (They exit).

Mamma Kingston
(to Bat Batta)

Good evening. You look familiar. (Bat Batta shrugs) Aren't you the clown called Bat Batta? (Batta shakes head) I thought you were.

Bat Batta

No. You're mistaken. I'm not.

5.

The Circus Grounds

Krupt, a watchman, does business with Klector, a dealer in general merchandise.

Hoke is in the same place. Near him are some wax figures, life size. Krupt is eight feet tall. He smokes a long pipe. Klector, the dealer, supervises two workmen who are carrying out the wax figures.

Krupt

A menagerie. Dragged from circus to circus. Find the right museum Klector, you'll clean up a fortune.

Klector

Are there more? I have a large truck.

Krupt

Klector, your eyes are sizzling at this antique warrior. No, the storehouse is empty. This one - worth the whole price. A spectacular machine, which lights up when you blow on the slot. A voice box and a funnel which takes whiskey. A few adjustments Klector, you make a mint.

Klector

It just moaned.

Krupt

My advice: Put some instructions on the back: A two-armed outlaw. Don't stand too close to the slot. Jackpot pays off in old whiskey. (Men place Hoke on wheelbarrow) Don't tip it backward. (They place Hoke on the wheelbarrow and wheel him off.

Klector

Do you still have the key to the warehouse? (Krupt nods) Some whiskey might keep this attraction going for some time.

Krupt

My name isn't Krupt for nothing. (Jingles a key ring)

Klector

In my business, I wheel and deal at the drop of a hat. (a hat is thrown from off. Klector picks it up and hurries off)

(Enter Creep, Sawbone and Admah)

Sawbone
(looking around)

He's gone.

(Sound of rain)

Creep

The storehouse is empty. Admah, are my feet on the ground? He was right here.

Admah

Here comes a man who looks stilted. The groundkeeper, perhaps. We'll ask him.

Creep

His nose is in the air. His eyes look down on us. He knows something.

Admah

Are you the groundkeeper? (Krupt nods yes) I see.

Krupt

Looking for something?

Sawbone

We're looking for a man sleeping it off in a metal container right here against this pole.

Krupt

I look at that pole. Notice everything you say.

Creep

He disappeared, container and all.

Krupt

A strange notion you have. A nervous reaction, perhaps, to anxiety and restlessness. The key to the matter rests with fifty cases of whiskey in the hands of some men who never came back. I'm looking for those men.

Admah

I don't know who those men are.

Krupt

A groundkeeper and a warehouse guard have their feet on the ground.

Creep

The man we're looking for is trapped in a metal suit of armor. Did you see him?

Krupt

No. I haven't seen your man. In a metal suit, you say. An electromagnet machine comes by here every day.

Creep

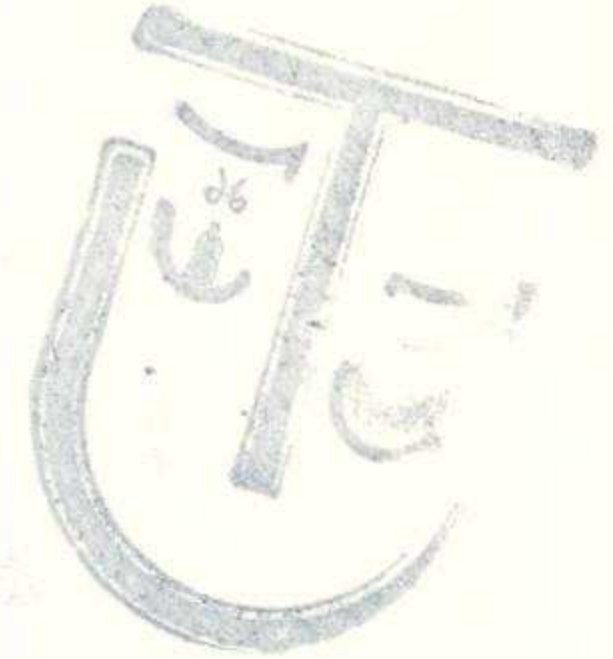
He's ill. Can't walk a step (Notices wheelbarrow) What's that for? It's full of vomit. Hoke was in this.

Krupt

Someone's not particular where he lays.

Sawbone

We must find this man. He can't be far.



Krupt
(stopping him)

It's no use. Evident you don't know who you're looking for. You say a man was here, trapped in a metal encasement. I have not seen this man in the last hour of the last day. To assure you that such a sickly man, who you say was here, is not your man at all, let us examine the dirt we walk on. With the aid of some puppets, I will show you four criminals dangling in the air. They don't trust the ground they walk on. The groundkeeper Krupt walks on air, while the four criminals believe themselves to be air travelers. But as you see, someone holds the strings over them. One of them has a clown-face. Easily recognized. No thief. The others have a sum of money equal to fifty cases of whiskey. Yet, they cannot be recognized because they are without face. That's the way it is when the four aren't together. When they are together, the three faces look individually quite different, each one representing considerable money owed to another party. Come down to the earth. Don't try to tell me your man was here.

(Two other eight-foot men enter with a machine gun)

Creep

Are you Krupt?

Krupt

What's in a name when I have an itch in my toe.

Creep

A name is nothing when puppets act like human beings.

Krupt

Now my whole foot itches.

Sawbone

Hoke will come back when he's sobered up.

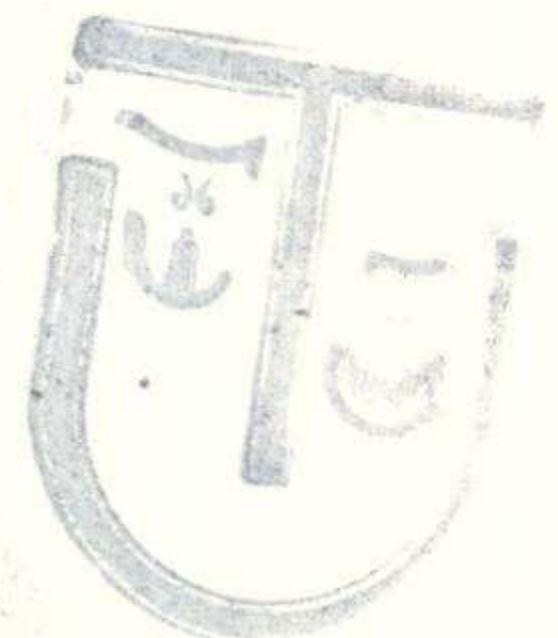
Creep

If only he doesn't get more whiskey inside of him.

Krupt

In a museum is one thing. In a junk pile, something else. In a row of slot machines, I don't know.

(The three giants crowd in on the other three.)



6.

Mamma Kingston's. The Next Morning.

The future is painted in rosy colors for Bat Batta.
 The idea of owning a race horse is irresistible.
 The impressions of the past get dimmer as the pressures of three
 gangsters get stronger.

Bat Batta is sleeping peacefully on a chair. Admah, Creep and
 Sawbone are playing cards.

Sawbone

That Krupt - No payoff and we're in a nuzzle. Hoke won't show.

Creep

Too drunk wherever he is. St. Clownface is a canned herring. The
 man with the strings gives us no choice. This clown looks more like
 Hoke the more I look at him. What about it, Admah?

Admah

Necessity is unwritten when the worm has to be turned.

Creep

That inspires me. A hundred bare asses in a shower room. A man's a man.
 Interchangeable parts in a sprinkler system. Assembly line - blank
 faces and no opinions. The character of a drowning man. All hands
 and everything slipping away. Give him a towel, a cigar and a pair
 of socks. What then? Crosses his legs, and lets you know he's a
 man of distinction. A somebody. Screw him!

Sawbone

Admah, what do you think if we make this man into a pal of ours
 called Hoke?

Admah

A man like this does his own making wherever you put him. Four-
 legged animals became two-legged men didn't they? Dids't not?
 Givst a man a gun and the finger dost grow around the trigger. We
 dost need this man (Wakes Bat Batta up) Are you not interested
 that our partner has been detained for some indefinite period?
 Are you Italian?

Bat Batta

On my father's side.

Admah

In luck, I would say. About five feet, six inches, 150 pounds.
Brown eyes - between thirty-five and forty.

Bat Batta

That's close.

Admah

Are your hands fast with everything?

Bat Batta

I think so.

Admah

Congratulations! Your life is rosy from now on. Just relax and enjoy yourself.

Bat Batta

I would like to. I believe I'm waiting for that chicken.

Creep

Yes, you would like to bring your wife a chicken when opportunity stares you in the face. Isn't that it? Perhaps you're not acquainted with the leading sales organization in the City of Chicago. (puts on soft music on the phonograph) Just be comfortable and we will show you our portfolio. We have some slides we would like to show you. (A projector shows slides as the pitch is being made) Several businesses - Big profits. Some facts. Last year - beer - sixty million dollars. Games and sports, like the dog races - twenty-five million dollars. Dance halls and night clubs - ten million dollars. Ding-a-ling-a-ling - cash on the line. And now a merger with the dry cleaning business, the garage business, the window washing business. Here are some slides of Torio, the main stockholder, a powerful and lovable man. This is his mansion in Florida. His yacht. The people in Chicago are crazy about him when he puts the Mayor in office. Here is some of us riding in a

limousine. What a life, riding around, joking with our customers, having some drinks, going to the races. Look at these beautiful women. We also make sport with guns when the hunting is good. (Hands Bat Batta a gun and then takes it away) That's a pal you can depend on. This life is a pleasure. Beats working the hard way any time. A good life.

Bat Batta

With no investment, you have a good time and get paid for it.

Sawbone

You can wear these nice clothes with three-G labels, a fancy vest, and a Stetson hat.

Creep

And an important title, like Lieutenant. Lieutenant Heely Hoke.

Bat Batta

I'm in Chicago only a few weeks. My wife thinks I should go back to the Farberhausen Circus in Leyden. I'd like to have the chicken, if you don't mind.

Admah

You don't want to stay?

Bat Batta

I have to leave.

Admah

Creep, get the chicken and give him his clothes.

Creep
(handing him some clothes)

The chicken is in the ice-box (Exits to kitchen)

Sawbone

Say, why you turning us down? Why don't you want to be our pal Hoke?

Bat Batta

Because I'm Bat Batta.

Admah

Because you like your name?

Bat Batta

I never thought of it that way.

Creep
(with a chicken on a tray)

The chicken is ready to eat.

Admah
(To Bat Batta)

The thought is: Don't kill the goose that laid the golden egg.
Think about it while you try some of this chicken.

Sawbone

We don't forget a favor whatever your name is (Hands Bat Batta a wishbone) Don't let a wishbone influence you when it comes to killing a good chicken.

Admah

Thou dost kill that which thou dost love.

Bat Batta

Are you really - ?

Admah

On the up and up? We are high-minded men. An obligation is an obligation. A man like yourself who puts himself out has a lot on his mind. Your hands move like lightning. Yet they're empty. Wishing on a wishbone means nothing if one doesn't know how to score on a wire.

Bat Batta

A wire did you say?

Sawbone

Yes, he did say that. But you have to go, isn't that right, Admah?

Admah

He cannot help himself to the hottest wire in town.

Bat Batta

I never did score on the wire.

Admah

What wire?

Bat Batta

The circus - walk the tightrope wire.

Sawbone

This wire pays off - in cash. Some day when you have time -

Bat Batta

There's always time to listen to a -

Admah

Score.

Bat Batta

Is it some kind of game?

Sawbone

Big game. Hit the right mark in Chicago. You live in clover.

Bat Batta

Nothing to lose, is there?

(a cop enters. Tips his hat and goes in the back. Cannon Ball and the Goat enter with Mamma Kingston)

Mamma Kingston

A restaurant in Chicago Heights? I'll think about it, Mr. Swanga. Here's your money. Same union in the suburbs? Now John, the girls are complaining. Putting out more and taking in less. A restaurant busoness might be a good thing. (The Goat laughs and they all go in the back)

Sawbone

Like fly shit, our head lieutenant covers ground. Like a racehorse!

Bat Batta

A racehorse did you say?

Sawbone

What about a racehorse?

Bat Batta

A racehorse which is a thoroughbred can score a fortune.

Creep

A racehorse? Did you break that wishbone? Do we have a racehorse!

Bat Batta

You mean, actually? Is he around?

Creep

This man wants a racehorse so badly he can't smell the horseshit. (to Bat Batta). We have a racehorse which is up for auction. You can own it if you do what I tell you.

Bat Batta

Can I see it?

Creep

You wouldn't want to bid blind on it, would you?

Bat Batta

All right. I'll see it first. I'd like to ride that horse bareback.
Can I do that - Admah?

Admah

Well - I don't know - You could if you're the right man in the mind of
our head lieutenant Cannon Ball.

Bat Batta

What a peculiar name. What kind of name is that?

Admah

A name with character. It means cacklebladder in the East.

Bat Batta

Cacklebladder?

Admah

Tell him Creep. Sometimes, he takes a man who isn't the man he's
cooked up to be, wraps him in a horse blanket, and like a pouch
squeezes the blood out of him, then hands him over to the concrete
boys for the mixing machine. We need a man who thinks a great deal
of himself.

Bat Batta

So you're looking for a man who can be trusted to be the man he's
supposed to be. It's quite possible I'm the man if you will notice
how my mind works.

Sawbone

Can you look a gift horse straight in the eye?

Bat Batta

If he is facing me. It might interest you that I can keep fifty horses and their track records in my head.

BCreep

If you own one called Wonder Boy, that's one less to remember.

at Batta

Did you say Wonder Boy? That sounds like one of the horses in my head. I'm all right on any deal if I can see it in my head. Wonder Boy looks terrific.

Sawbone

You see that horse in your head?

Bat Batta

I only went to the sixth term - school, that is, I'm not good at spelling or writing things down. Up here, I carry quite a bit. (points to head)

(Enter Mamma Kingston and Cannon Ball)

Mamma Kingston

A woman out here. Says she is looking for a man name of Bat Batta.

Bat Batta

Batta? Is she looking for a man who is called Bat Batta.

Cannon Ball

Come in, Mrs. Batta. This man seems to know your husband.

Seminaro de Drama

Admah

Death, thy dost stink, as thou art in Hell.

Sawbone

Quicksand in a pile of manure!

(The three give Batta a desperate look)

Bat Batta

Easy when the blue chips are down. When I was sixteen I helped remove a man's liver in Liverpool. There's fun when you've tasted the blood of an Englishman

(Enter Mrs. Batta. Cannon Ball stands nearby. The Goat laughs.)

Mottie

There you are. After I warned you and all. Where did you get such clothes? That's not like my husband at all. Bat, what's the matter with you?

Bat Batta

There's nothing the matter. It's just not like your husband.

Mottie

Oh, come now, I know you like to indulge in the American movies. A dreamer such as you are sees himself as Don Quixote, or maybe Ivan, the Terrible. Please stop this game and come home.

Admah

A woman who digs insults at a stranger is not well.

Cannon Ball

Perhaps you don't feel so well. Don't stop, Mrs. Batta.

Mottie

Well, what are you standing there for? You can thank the Lord that I suffer these peculiar fancies. We won't talk about it any more. Well?

Bat Batta

The man whom you're addressing doesn't seem to be here. I am good enough to listen to your story which makes someone look rather stupid. I don't think I'd feel very good about that if I were you.

Mottie

Mr. Batta, are you drunk? You must be. And smoking cigars too. You've lost your head. What kind of man are you, out of a job with a wife to support.

Bat Batta

I'm no such pathetic character as this husband of yours. Why I couldn't possibly be this man you call Bat Batta or anyone like him. Ask these men.

Admah

We never heard of such a person as Bat Batta.

Creep

We know this man for what he is and that's not his name.

Mottie

(looking at the chicken)

Why, this is the very chicken I bet. With the oven on and the door locked, I waited all night. Yes, and it's eaten too.

Bat Batta

Can you identify this chicken as yours? Very silly, if you ask me. Try some if you wish. These fellows had it broiled. But no use making a scene with them too.

Cannon Ball

Fantastic! There's no bottom, none!
 Is there a sword in front of me?
 The handle towards my hand?
 What thoughts I have dig a cemetery
 Real as the Blood waters of the Red Sea.
 (to Admah) What about it? You know her?
 (The three shake no) You?

Bat Batta

Bless this fair woman,
 I do not her know.
 A men's advice, if takeyou will
 Be not here found. In the rumblings
 of times restless, we do not know ouselves.
 Many faces I have seen but this one is unknown
 to me. No, I do not know this woman.

Mottie

What?

Cannon Ball

Then tell her your name.

Bat Batta

My name? Heely Hoke.

Mottie

Oh! Perhaps I am mistaken. You look something like my husband but
 he really doesn't look you could be a clown from a circus who is my
 husband. Oh, what am I saying that I could live with a man all those
 years and yet he is built something like this man. Oh, what am I
 going to do?

(Mamma Kingston comforts her)

Mamma Kingston

What's the trouble, honey?

Mottie
(confused)

Why, I suppose I'm looking for a job. Is this a restaurant? Maybe -

Mamma Kingston

What kind of job?

Mottie

Well. I do some cooking.

Mamma Kingston
(taking Mottie out)

Can you manage a restaurant?

Mottie

I think so. I am very good with figures, read and write very well.

Mamma Kingston

In Chicago Heights, I have a proposition for you.

(they exit)

Cannon Ball

Cannon Ball hears the swing of the pendulum. Time fries the fatted pigeon stool (Exits)

Bat Batta
(laughing)

Some one told me just now: Batta, you take over in spite of yourself.

Admah

In short: Time means - minutes and there's no time like no time.
I see cars pulling into the warehouse. Before the day is over, this
man must know who he is - Heely Hoke - without any doubt.

Sawbone

Can we do it? Is it possible to make him into another, another man?

Creep

What's in one man's head? A drop in the bucket. In a hundred
thousand heads, a garbage dump for the few who know the score.

Admah

One man's ass rides the same as any other. A man is a man.

Creep

How do we do it? It's still raining and Cannon Ball doesn't give his
manhood some comfort. Will we have time? Admah, Sawbone, listen!

(Machine gun fire and drum rolls as Cannon Ball enters and hands out
cards.)

Voice

Divisions. Brigades. Teams of four - Squads!

The deals are made

The push is on

All-out expansion into the suburbs of Chicago!

An all-out drive!

Every man has instructions

And no exceptions.

(In the background, we hear the beat of Boots, Boots, Boots, Boots,
Marching up and down again. And the towns named: Cicero

Ravenswood

Rose Hill

Englewood

Auburn

Brighton

Chicago Heights

Today the towns!
Tomorrow the State!
We leave at 12 o'clock noon!

Mamma Kingston
(entering)

Let's have a little life. (Puts on phonograph. Bat Batta grabs for his clothes and makes for the door. They push a gun under his nose and shove a bottle of beer at him as he sits down.)



7.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CLOWN INTO A GANGSTER IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO
IN THE YEAR 1934

A come-on for the big event

(spoken by Mamma Kingston)

Mr. Joseph Lesser calls to your attention
A question not of his invention:
Why change a man? A clown at that?
No job, is that it? Or is his head too fat?
Isn't every man a clown
With emphasis on self, he laughs the other down?
In our case, transformation goes rather far
from a bicycle to a gangster's car.
So we look now to the true condition of man
To convince one that the world has a master plan.
We ask our brother to let the chicken ride
And seek his future with a thicker hide.
Mr. Lesser begs to swallow another pill:
You can do with a human being what you will;
Whitewash his parts, tear down the old base
In no time at all, he'll have another's face.
Mr. Lesser's advice is to consider Batta's fate
and judge him fairly as you would your mate.
He also wishes you happy strolls in the park
But warns you, the world is dark, very dark.

8.

Mamma Kingston's

Voice outside: Torio's gang is the best organized business in the City of Chicago. With Prohibition ending, we take our tip from the union boys and start our own unions in the suburbs of Chicago. Each squad assigned a territory. Drawings to be made in one hour at the Number 1 warehouse.

(Enter Creep and Sawbone)

Creep

(whistles) The horse bit works with a picture which our man eats up and has enough of. But we still need a horse to auction off, to make a shady deal. A man who can't say no has larceny in him. We'll catch him with his pants down. He'll like being Heely Hoke rather than Bat Batta, the murderer.

Sawbone

A murderer?

Creep

Here's that lion's head. Trim it down and we'll use it for a horse.

(Mamma Kingston enters)

Mamma Kingston

Hey, is this a circus? What are you doing?

Creep

Making a horsehead. Practicing up on the wire game.

Mamma Kingston

What's that?

Creep

Want to have some laughs and hear the cash register jingle?

Mamma Kingston

Jingle? In or out?

Creep

You won't be sorry. Just go outside and say you will pay ten thousand for a race horse.

Mamma Kingston

In the sense that my roof is leaking and I'm in the restaurant business whatever the joke is worth I'm willing.

Creep

Hurry and tell the man who is looking at a picture ten thousand is cheap for a race horse. (She exits) Sawbone, send the word around. We're going to practice a little Con game Give them some fake money with the good bills on top. (Sawbone goes around to some men at the bar and then in the back)

A man
(to Creep)

What is it pal? One of your men bucky?

Creep

Bucky is right. Been touted at the track. Looney for the horses. Lost his shirt and can't face up to it. Calls himself Batta when his name is Hoke. We are conning a deal so to snap him out of it. The wire game. You arrange the bookie joint over there and the telegraph office over there. I'll stick this head in the window and the circus starts with the first attraction which is the auction.

Another man

Will he go for it?

Creep

He carries fifty horses in his head He's looking to buy and sell one horse to take some weight off his mind.

Men

You're kidding.

Creep

I'm not kidding. A pressure. (points to head) Overloaded with horses. He'll buy anything he can sell and call it a horse. Horses are running wild in his mind, like in a pasture. This man will buy this blanket and sell it for a horse.

A man

Go on. Anyone can see what it is.

Creep

Not if the moon is made out of cheese.

(Creep sticks the horsehead on a pole with a blanket thrown over it and places it outside through the window. He ties a rope on the head and throws it on the floor.)

Sawbone
(at door)

Hey, the auction's starting.

(Enter Bat Batta and Admah)

Bat Batta
(shaking head)

My head hurts Is the sale starting? I want to buy that horse. You say I can buy it for five thousand. That lady says its worth ten thousand.

Admah

God knows it's fixed with the owner in my name who is willing to take five thousand. Bid it up to fifty thousand if you want to. The deal is made. You give the owner your check for five thousand.

Bat Batta

I have no bank account.

Admah

The owner will hold the check until you give him the cash.

Bat Batta

I see. I will cash the lady's check for ten thousand and pay over the five thousand. That's a horse worth moving.

(Enter Mamma Kingston. The men group around)

Mamma Kingston

I've got to have that horse. The price is nothing. I'd pay ten thousand to satisfy my youngest daughter. Anyone would pay the price to keep a child happy.

Bat Batta

Madam - an auction is a fair way to buy and sell a horse.

(A circus group made up of three clowns play a drum and a flute on the outside)

Mamma Kingston
(looking out)

Why, the Big Show comes to Mamma Kingston's. Girls! Out front! Help at the bar! The Big Top spins faster than the eye can follow it! Why, if it isn't the circus clowns!

(Enter Circus clowns. They are dressed in colorful clown costumes. They act as a chorus in the following scenes which are announced and acted in circus style.)

FIRST ATTRACTION

Admah
(stepping on a platform)

Ring the register and play the drums! The First Attraction under the Big Top: The Auction of a Famous Race Horse Called Wonder Boy!

(The clowns do a few steps.)

A Clown

Ladies and Gentlemen: The First Attraction!

Bat Batta

Is that my deal? In my mind, I picture him a bay horse. (at the window) What kind of animal is that?

Creep

Wonder Boy is a lion-hearted horse. Hold the rein. (Hands rope to Batta) Don't let those cat's eyes fool you. Admah, you forgot the blinders.

Bat Batta

I can't make myself out. Here is the rein in my hand and the beast appears indifferent. My head aches more than ever. A horse which appears constipated holding his ground against a chicken which is clicking in my left ear. I'm certainly for the chicken which I remember but the horse seems to give me trouble. This one at least has manners.

Admah

Attention! There's nothing - which does not sell - like no merchandise! But we have it!

Mamma Kingston
(to Batta)

Sir, are you bidding on the race horse?

Bat Batta

The race horse? I'm interested. In the yearling auction it might bring a good price. These horse buyers are big agents with little horse sense, if you ask me. I don't think the sale is too well advertised. I might put in a couple of bids.

Admah

All right, the bidding starts. One-thousand dollars! I hear one thousand. Who will make it five - five thousand. (motions to Batta) We have five thousand - five thousand who will make it six thousand. We have six thousand. Come on, this horse is from the stable of Bou Ben Hadem; all right, eight thousand. The lady says eighty-five hundred.

Bat Batta

Nine thousand.

Mamma Kingston

Ten Thousand.

Bat Batta

Ten thousand two hundred

Admah

Ten thousand two-hundred. Any more? Ten thousand two hundred. Once. Twice. Three times! Sold to this man for ten thousand two hundred.

Sawbone
(whispering to Batta)

All right, offer it to the lady for ten thousand.

Bat Batta
(to Mamma Kingston)

Give me the ten thousand. I'll take the loss for the sake of the child.

Mamma Kingston

What? Ten thousand for a stick-in-the-mud? This paper of value for that fake horse? (She gives the horse a shove and it topples over)

Bat Batta
(astonished)

That horse can't be fake. It was bought and sold. The horse is just lying down. He's tired from running. Even my head feels better.

Mamma Kingson

I'd like to see your ownership papers.

Bat Batta

What papers?

Men

Show the papers. There is a horse if the papers are in order.

Mamma Kingston

I'll buy the contract if it represents the horse. Ten thousand for the right piece of paper.

Bat Batta

Of course. A deal is as good as the paper it's written on.
(to Admah) Admah, where is the paper?

Crrep

A fake horse now becomes a real piece of paper.

Admah

The paper is being held in post facto. The sum of five thousand is needed. Can you go for a sure deal - five thousand?

Batta

A deal? Can I make five thousand in a hurry?

Admah

Fast as speed allows. We are in a score. Thy fortune rests on a mark, a Mr. Adams, who is a wealthy farmer from Iowa. Ploughed Mother Earth - plugged his seeds for 100 grand. Wants to get roped now by a steer, confidence written all over his face. A quick killing leaves no pain.

Bat Batta

A killing? It's a clean deal isn't it?

Sawbone

Meet a relative of mine. This is Mr. Massage from the Western Union, the manager. (Takes Batta to the Western Union desk. Charley Massage wears a Western Union Cap. The clicking of the machines is heard.) This is Cousin Charley. (They shake)

Charley

Inspectors will be here any minute. It won't look good with a couple of strangers hanging around. I'll join you as soon as inspection is over.

Sawbone

There is a man with the right connections.

Bat Batta

What's it about?

Sawbone

Cousin Charley gets the track results direct before anyone else. This is the biggest deal in town.

Bat Batta

I'm interested. What do I do?

Sawbone

Don't you want to know about Charley? Here he comes now.

Charley

I got here as fast as I could. Is this your man?

Bat Batta

I'm the man if you're looking to swing the deal.

Charley

I'll give it to you straight. I'm resigning. You can't live on promises. Regional manager? Pfui! I've heard that for five years. I'm not going out poor, I've decided. The horse poolrooms are growing fat. The suckers down there only have a form sheet. I have the in ide information. A system to beat the bookmakers by delaying the results. Phone them to my partner stationed next door to the bookie. He bets the winners after they have run. Can't los. No one gets hurt but the rich and dishonest bookmakers.

Sawbone
(to Bat Batta)

You can make your five thousand in a flash.

Bat Batta

I see the picture. I don't see the money to bet.

Sawbone

Mr. Adams finances the deal. Knows the story like he made it up himself. Puts up the money for a 25% cut.

Bat Batta

A sweet killing without any risk.

Sawbone

The races are off in the East in five minutes.

Charley

I'll go back to the office. At a quarter past on the nose I'll give you a horse to bet. We split four ways. Get Mr. Adams and show the boys the layout. The phone is convenient, next to the bookmaker. (he exits)

(They pick up Mr. Adams and enter the bookmaker room consisting of a blackboard, some newspapers and a desk. Men are studying the forms. Bets are being taken. Money is all over the place. They go to the phone around the corner. The phone rings.)

Charley's voice

Hello. Bet Hoola Girl in the second to win. Try a small bet.

(Adams gives Bat Batta some money. They enter the bookmaker room. With bets of one to ten thousand dollars being placed, Bat Batta almost apologetically places a bet for \$200. The race is called. Hoola Girl finally gets a call in the stretch and wins the race. They collect their winnings and go to the phone again. The phone rings.)

Charley's voice

Did it work?

Bat Batta
(laughing)

The best deal I ever heard of? (nudges Mr. Adams)

Charley

All right. Now we go for the big kill. Ask Mr. Adams if he has the twenty thousand? (Mr. Adams nods yes.)

Bat Batta

We got it. What's the horse?

Charley

Listen carefully. Waterloo. Place the twenty thousand on Waterloo. It's six to one.

Bat Batta
(to Adams)

Place the twenty thousand on Waterloo. Six to one. Thanks Charley. Now we won't look like pikers. Meet you after the race.

(They enter bookmaker room. Batta very confidently hands the money to the bookmaker)

Bat Batta

Twenty thousand on Waterloo - to win. (The bookie repeats the bet and gives him a slip)

The Bookie

No more bets. They're at the post.

(The race is called. Waterloo doesn't get a call until the stretch. Mr. Adams chews his nails. In the stretch, Waterloo moves from third to second and finishes second. The official result is given. Mr. Adams turns ashen white.)

Mr. Adams

We've lost (They exit. Charley greets them with jubilation)

Charley

If it kills me, I can't help thinking of winning a hundred thousand for myself.

Mr. Adams

We lost. He bet Waterloo to win like you said, and it came in second.

Charley
(roars)

What? Don't you know what the word place means? Second, that's what it means! I said, place the twenty thousand on Waterloo! You idiot!

Mr. Adams

That's right. I heard you say place the twenty thousand. He said place. I've been swindled!

Bat Batta

A mistake.

Mr. Adams

A twenty thousand dollar mistake. I'm no fool. You'll get that money if you know what's good for you!

(Enter Creep, Sawbone and Admah)

Bat Batta

Admah, something went wrong with this deal.

Mr. Adams

Crooks! Thieves! And Con-men! Do not lend me your ears! I have nothing to say, (to Bat) You! Your mistake has to be paid for. I'm not a violent man only when twenty thousand is lost by a stupid mistake.

(Creep puts a blank in a gun. Adams backs Batta into Creep threatening him. Adams suddenly takes a handkerchief out of his pocket. The motion intimidates Batta. Creep shoves the gun into Batta's hand. Batta fires. Adams pretends that he is killed. Adams spurts blood from a cacklebladder pouch in his mouth)

Men

Murderer! Batta, the murderer!

(The men grab Batta, hissing him and holding him tightly)

Bat Batta

I'm not! I'm no murderer! Let go of me! I have to go home! My wife is expecting me if you think you're so smart!

Creep

Tie him up. Put the head on him, and the blanket. What do you think, Admah?

Admah

The first attraction: One layer of the man Batta comes off with a gun shot. Follow this: A fake horse is forgotten for a real piece of paper which doesn't exist either. Five thousand dollars sounds real and a sure-fire thing. Instead, a man gets angry and pulls a handkerchief which scares the living crap out of our man. A fake murder right now is so real, this man Bat Batta feels better in the hide of a horse than in his own skin.

(They put Batta in the corner)

Mamma Kingston

What's this, a jackass (pointing to Batta) And the rest of you monkey balls stealing the play from Mamma's money grinder. Some cigars, fellows? Something to puff on while you figure out how you change one kind of clown to another kind of clown. A stubborn hide. This ass has taken a ride for years. Every man's a clown. (Enter Cannon Ball with some medals) Why if it isn't Pagliaci with his medals! Hello, John, I'm impressed with your decorations. Quite a hero. Have a cigar.

Cannon Ball

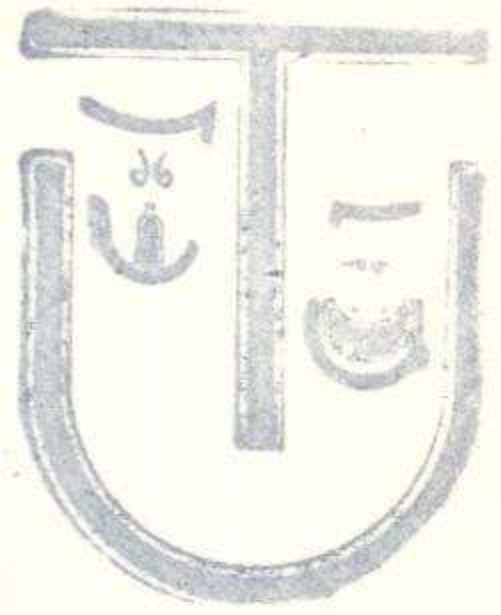
What's the camouflage?

Mamma Kingston

Are those decorations real, John? These are only some rags over a jellyfish.

Cannon Ball

Degenerates! Stop the clowning!



Mamma Kingston

This is a most cultured group. (starts to sing Every man is a Clown and the rest join in)

(Admah and Creep pace the floor)

Cannon Ball

Oh, Cannon Ball, where is the purity that once was Greece? What species of clown monkeys go wild in this zoo?

Mamma Kingston

A zoo? Such words rush into my mind - like you big brass spittoon, like you urinal tank with pull-in-your-horn signs! Isn't it just awful what you bring out in my speech? Don't you ever come in here again looking like a military man, or a gunman hero, or anything like that!

Cannon Ball

Are you talking to the Cannon Ball, the most respected head in the underworld?

Mamma Kingston

None of that in this place. Peace - our specialty. Cut this hero stuff. Be a man. Act like a clown. If you come in here again, wear a clown hat and a clown suit.

Cannon Ball

In Turgo once it rained for a week. Oh foul and bloody blood! What is Hecuba to me, that I cannot consummate the thrust of my passions. Cannon Ball, you'll pound your head into the wall unless you have someone tonight! (He stares at Batta) Is this pansy making a pass at me? Where are your daughters? I'll have Deedee.

Mamma Kingston

I'll have your clown suit, if you please.

Cannon Ball

And I'll have somebody's head first! (He exits)

Admah

Move the carcass over here. (They take the head and blanket off)
This man says he's no murderer. Yet we have a corpse on our hands.
Exhibit the body. (They carry in Mr. Adams and then carry him out)

Bat Batta

I had nothing to do with that man.

A man

Only shot him down, in cold blood. Here's the gun.

Bat Batta

I swear I don't own a gun.

Admah

Quiet! Quiet! It's obvious this man owns nothing. We only seek the truth. The trial which follows will prove that this man without property acted with premeditation and preconditioned reflexes. The Second attraction is The Trial in Wartime Jazz.

SECOND ATTRACTION

(The men line up in rows of four. They start humming the beat and tune of Boots, Boots, Boots, Boots, Marching Up and Down Again.)

At times we hear some of the words. The following scene is done with a beat in broken jazz rhythms.)

Bat Batta

I'd like to ask a question.

Admah

He'd like to ask a question.

Men

He'd like to ask a question.
We'll ask the questions!

Admah

Does anyone know what the man was called?
Does anyone know what the man was called?

A man

Is it the man with the horse you mean?

Admah

It's the man with the horse I mean.

A man

Not so fat, and not so lean.
The name is Batta, if that's who you mean.

Admah

That's who I mean.
In the book it is written the accused.
What's the accused have to say?

Bat Batta

I'd rather not say. It doesn't seem to pay.

A man

A great big lotta. The guy's name is Batta.
Ask him like you oughta.

Admah

Well?

Bat Batta

I wouldn't be well if that's the man you want.

Admah

You say you're not that man, Batta by name.

Bat Batta

I think he left just after I came.

(The men protest)

Admah

Quiet! Quiet! There'll be no talk of force.
Aren't you the man who bought and sold a horse?

Bat Batta

I know of no horse. I was just watching a sale.

Admah

Then you saw this man Batta. How could you fail?

Bat Batta

Oh, this Batta? He was there. You hit it on the nail. Oh yes.

Admah

I see.
You swear on your motha's fatta
You witnessed a sale by one named Batta?

Bat Batta

I witnessed that sale.

Admah

Hear ye! Those from near and those from far
 They're marching up and down again
 There's no discharge on the bar.
 And he says he knows of no horse.
 A sale of no horse is no sale, of course!
 Hear ye!

Men

A fake sale and a fake story.

Bat Batta

The story is real but the horse was fake
 The sale of no horse is hard to make.

Admah

Which makes you a fraud. And finally, the kill.
 Isn't this your gun. Wasn't it a thrill?

Bat Batta

No, no, it was out in my hand.

Admah

It was you who pulled the trigger!

(the crowd affirms this)
 An eye for an eye. That's the law of the land.

Bat Batta

It's a chicken's fault if you want to know the truth.

Admah

You'll have to be hanged. For the records we'd like your name. There's man called Hoke goes around telling people his name is Batta. Are you this Hoke? Is that what you want people to think?

Bat Batta

No, I'm not Hoke.

Admah

Then who are you? You're not Hoke? (no answer) The impression is that your name is questionable, your face - no face, and your parts in disorder. Enough evidence, enough proof to sentence you to death by hanging. You won't give us your name? Hanging might be too good for you. You'll be shot with a noose around your neck. There's no mercy in a final consultation. (A conference is held) He's not Batta and he's not Hoke at this stage. Something more to shed, the old matter sticks in his head. Need to make death a little more real. Something to do with his soul, I feel.

Men

The soul, the soul, flying up and down again
Mixing, Matching, mating, mongering
Weeping, watching, waiting, wondering
No release, there's no release, there's no release
In the soul.

Bat Batta

What does that mean?

A man

You're hanging onto something who knows what. You'll be hanged in the underworld of Hell. Your soul doesn't have a chance unless there's a name.

Bat Batta

Don't they know who I am?

Another man

A blank bottom in a sea of asses. That's how they consider you.

Bat Batta

They don't think I'm this Batta, do they?

A man

It doesn't fit. Leaves doubt all over the place.

Bat Batta

Yes, I can see that.

(Enter Mamma Kingston)

Mamma Kingston

There's no discharge on the bar. A man without a drink in his hand is nothing! Hey friend, a man alone plays with himself. One man and no man, same difference.

(Enter Sawbone)

Sawbone

I just heard the news. Is this Batta?

Bat Batta

Are you talking to me?

Men

He's talking to you.

Bat Batta

No. There's some mistake.

Sawbone

I'm looking for the Batta who's going to be hanged and shot.

Bat Batta

What? Is that the sentence? Sawbone, if they go through with it, it will kill me. Sawbone, in somebody's name stop them.

Sawbone

How did you get into this mess?

Bat Batta

I don't know.

Sawbone

Can't you remember?

Bat Batta

It's not very clear. Seems there were spirits fighting for my soul. A few drinks, the ground turned into velvet. Sawbone, you have to help me get out of this.

Sawbone

They say that this Batta is a killer. Kills the man in cold blood.

Bat Batta

I'd never do any such thing.

Sawbone

Hey, straight now. Aren't you Batta the clown? From the Rumpemeyer's circus. You can tell me.

Bat Batta

You know I'm not.

Sawbone

C'mon. You were with Creep, Admah and myself working for the Torio outfit. Valentine's Day party.

Bat Batta

A party? I was quite alive at that party.

Sawbone

Very much.

Admah

(Lining up the men)

The World Court of the Underworld and the Upperworld concludes: you are no man. Body and soul taking up unnecessary space. To satisfy the court, you are to be shot by four machine gunners while a rope takes away your last breath.

Bat Batta

What? The court has gone crazy. You have the wrong man.

Admah

The right man. Climbed somebody's ladder wrong by wrong. Can't face the consequences. A man with larceny in his heart. Sells a fake horse, a piece of paper. A liar and a cheat to begin with and finally, conspiracy and a killing. And his only defense is somebody put a gun in his hand.

Bat Batta

Admah! Admah! I'm not responsible for another man's actions.

Creep

Notice this man's lace of pride even in the face of death. Can't accept the guilt. Makes the world responsible. How ungrateful this man is. Goes to the end begging the question.

A man

The rope is ready. The gunners are standing by. Start walking and don't fall to pieces.

Bat Batta

Oh my God! How can I tell you, I don't even know this man Batta, the accused one. My name is Hoke. Hoke, do you hear me? I am one of you as anyone can see. I am not alone am I? I could never be alone in my own thoughts. Whatever I had to do with a horse and a paper is nothing, when you consider I'm another man, who left a sale at the exact time someone came in. Take your hands off me! I have my own face although I might resemble that fellow.. I most certainly am myself and not that Batta.

Men

You're Batta all right. Get a move on.

Bat Batta

What's this anyway? The slaughterhouse in the stockyards? You're crowding me. Where are the people? The reporters? How I came into the world is one thing. I can't be guilty when the evidence points to a man named Batta. I beg of you, I'm not this man.

A man

A beggar. Move!

Bat Batta

Move? This is peacetime, isn't it? Why the wartime sounds? What's the propaganda for? What's at the bottom of this hysteria? I came to get a chicken. I'm not guilty. Someone ate my chicken. It's easy to get lost if you don't hold onto something real, even this fake pole. Why I've lost my appetite in this so-called World Court. What about the people on the streets? They'd help me if they could. Sawbone, Admah, Creep, save me. Stop them!

Admah

(looking out the window)

I see some cars near the warehouse. In a few minutes this man is our man. He has taken on the name of Hoke now. When I see the last squad car, we're on our way.

Mamma Kingston

Hey, grab a few pails. The Court of Justice has some leaks in it.
(She hands them some pails. The daughters sit down and play)

(The men sing Every Man is a Clown)

THIRD ATTRACTION

Admah

Now men, this is the Kiss of Death attraction; the shooting and
Hanging of Batta the circus clown. (Each of four men kiss Batta.
The Circus clowns pantomime the introduction to this event.)

A man

(To Batta) Slow down. You're in the trusted hands of our good
Lieutenant Executioner. Lieutenant.

Lt. Executioner

You there. Any last words?

Bat Batta

Yes They say when you die, your whole life flashes in front of you.
That will take quite a while. There's no need to hurry. I also have
a cramp.

Lt Executioner

Help this man get comfortable. Make it quick.

Bat Batta

I need my pills. They're in my left-hand drawer. I always take them
after drinking all night, you know, one of our parties. We had a good
time at Mamma Kingston's remember that night.

Admah

Cut it out. You've nothing to say. Is the noose ready? Lieutenant, when I drop the handkerchief shoot.

Bat Batta

I just thought of something. You can't kill a man twice for the same crime. (Motions to the noose)

Admah

We'll discuss it afterwards.

Bat Batta

Won't it be too late?

Admah

You will die only once. We guarantee it. All ready men? Turn the lights down in this court yard.

Lt. Executioner

(To Admah) This gun is loaded with real bullets.

Admah

Go outside and shoot it. All right men. Drums! (The drums roll)

Bat Batta

Admah, why is it so dark? I think I hear about fifty cars outside. Did the storm put the lights out? What kind of light is that? I believe I said that I see the light now. (silence) You're not going through with it are you? (silence) Don't you hear me?

Admah

(Shouts) Two!

Bat Batta

What happened to one? I insist what happened to one?

Admah

And the last for the final count is ---

Batta

Yes, I have something to say! You're sloppy. Confused. The count down is careless and nothing is definite. Most of all, the most indefinite of killings is taking place. You'll shoot me full of holes and you'll see. Someone else's blood spilling not mine. If you look closely, you don't have to think twice. I'm not what I am no matter what you've been told. There are at least two or sometimes three people in every person. So who are you to judge which one of these. I don't know which one I am. I have never been myself and that's the truth. I most definitely am not this Batta who is to be shot and hanged. I would know that better than you. You have someone's name mixed up in a terrible mistake. Anyone would be batty to have the name of Batta which spells nothing but disaster. So if it's the name you are killing, don't forget there's a body which doesn't fit with it and soon nobody will know who he is because the name doesn't mean anything ---

Admah

And therefore a shot will put things in their right place! Fire!
(Batta falls in a faint with a cry.)

Admah

(To Lt. Executioner) Hurry and shoot the gun. (Guns fire)
Says nothin's definite. Now he knows he's dead. Take him in the back over there. One more layer to go and he's a new man.

(Enter Cannon Ball in clown suit. He is drunk.)

Cannon Ball

What's the shooting? Laugh-laugh-laugh-laugh-laugh at what's in front of you. There's no charger water on the bar!

(They all laugh.)

Admah

Hey, Mister Clown. You're a big tub of laughs with that Army routine! Attention! Every man hides behind his clown. Why Lieutenant, I believe you're only a man. Mamma Kingston, take advantage of this sideshow.

(Mamma Kingston takes Swanga (Cannon Ball) to a table and gives him a drink. The Men sing: Every Man's A Clown)

A SIDESHOW ATTRACTION

(Circus Clowns pantomime)

Mamma Kingston

On the shores Shitsy Cago
By the stormy rainy lake
Is it not some laughing water
Clowning on the hero's wake.

Why John, My daughters are only sixteen. They love heroes. Did I tell you that Mr Pillar from the Overland Trust Company had a piece of business her last night. And then Dogberry needed a little loving which can't be explained in talk only in so far as he's just a man.

Cannon Ball

(He gets up) I have a flower from the plains of the Chilicoot. I also have a ball picked up in the gutter. Play it straight. Come out with it. If there's no question, we'll drink to our private accumulation of what we have held in our hands. (Puts glass on head and tries to walk) Attention! Once I slept with a pile of fertilizer in Tashko, I believe.

A man

You're piling it up, Mr. Lever. The clown suit fits you fine.

Cannon Ball

Go ahead, you stink bombs! (Laughs) It's nothing for me to have ten women in a night. (They laugh)

A man

Hey, let's drink to Lieutenant, stud-boy of the Torio stables. Lieutenant, your sex is dynamite. How did you get to be Torio's head Lieutenant when you pack such a pistol?

Cannon Ball

The show goes on. Bam-aram-aram-aram! Turo, the city of the Giants, besieged by the Moon Beasts. I am the circus clown. I say I am a cannon ball. Shoot me up there. I beat them to the draw. Boom! I go into space with a flag in my hand. I look down. See only midgets. I shoot my gun. Land in the middle of a poker game. Take my cut for organizing. Got the union going shortly after. As simple as that folks. Now I've got something else on my mind. (He grabs Deedee and tries to dance with her.)

(A man enters)

A man

I'm looking for Lt. John Lever. The men are at the warehouse waiting for their assignments.

Cannon Ball

Who?

Sawbone

Nobody here with a name like that.

Cannon Ball

Deedee? Where did she go?

Mamma Kingston
(Pushing off her daughters)

Go. Check the pails. Stay in the kitchen. Lt. what will you have?

Cannon Ball

Something tender. I'll have Deedee! Deedee? (to Batta) Here's a tender piece of fizzle steak. If it only had a handle. Right now, it's Deedee I want.

Mamma Kingston

Now, John, come with me and you'll have your hands full.

Cannon Ball

I'll accumulate you in my private collection. Take hold. (She holds his hand as they exit.)

Mamma Kingston
(as she leaves)

I'm **doing** you a favor. This little side piece helps you finish the end of your tale. From here on, put your laundry in the sewer holes. (Exit)

(The Clowns pantomime)

FOURTH ATTRACTION

Admah

And now the staging of the finale attraction: The Funeral and Eulogy of Bat Batta, a funny man in an unfunny world. Chicago 1934.

Sawbone

We have this closet casket with the table cloth over it. (Four Men hold it) Our face shows how heavy it is.

Admah

Go outside and shoot a military salute. He'll be impressed when he hears it. (Sawbone and another man go and fire a gun. Batta wakes up.)

Bat Batta

Is that a shot? Whose funeral is it?

Sawbone

Don't you remember? You watched the execution.

Bat Batta

(Touches himself) Did he die?

Sawbone

Twice at one time. I heard his name was Batta.

Creep

Batta! Here you are. Allow me to straighten out your tie. Immediately, if not before that, you make the funeral eulogy of one whom you knew rather well, wouldn't you say?

Bat Batta

I think so. What do I say?

Creep

You are speaking of a man.

Bat Batta

Is this his end? What can I say about just a man?

Mamma Kingston
(Entering)

The Lieutenant seeks pleasure of his childhood. A lonely pickle not better for the dill. (To Batta) Which end is bothering you? Care for some Epsom Salts?

Bat Batta

(Shakes head no) There's no discharge in the end or in the beginning. What's in the middle but going and coming, coming and going. Did I crawl out my mother's womb? I got pushed out - didn't even know it was me.

Creep

Heely Hoke from down under.

Bat Batta

Fell flat on a laughing can of sardines. The circus packaged the joke. Sold laughs by the thousand. This fellow left a gentle but hard wife on a soft mattress which springs like a race horse making an easy buck on the paper falsies. It's impossible that a chicken is served while a man is killed without benefit of at least a good cigar and some attention paid that he never walked the tight rope. I am trying to think of this fellow's name.

Creep

Heely Hoke!

Bat Batta

Kluck-kluck-kluck-kluck-Achoo! Who left the feathers on the chicken? It tickles right here. (Points to his stomach)

Mamma Kingston

Damned damnation! You're in the third circle of the garbage dump. And you'll fight in the first round of murderers and warmakers. And in the second round you're in hell with suicide. Which leads to the third round against God, Art and Nature - Blasphemers, perverts and usurers. And once expansion eats up the countryside, super-Hell

markets discount seducers, flatterers, grafters, hypocrites, thieves, counterfeiters, traitors, stool pigeons and you'll ask who did it after the bullet ripped your tongue out.

(Runs to the cash register rings NO SALE bell rings)

Cash! And the Universe accepts none of you in the cemetery of your silent dust. Your Lieutenant shot a cannon ball which, for a moment, made him superior. Now he lays on the flat earth of his back and no bells are ringing his name. He calls for me. (A moan from the back. She exits. Car noises are heard outside. A backfire. Tires screeching.)

Admah

Sawbone, we are marked men, bells ringing out the orders in my mind. The earth, in a very few minutes cracks our skulls when the Lieutenant sobers up. We must bury this Batta, once and for all. Look, he is staring at the closet.

Sawbone

Now Hoke, you don't have to get too close.

Bat Batta

I should take a look. My memory seems quite blurred.

Admah

A warning. Sinners all look alike. Especially murderers.

Bat Batta

That's true. When the face is scrubbed
And the still life moves not for a second,
I cannot look into the other's eye
And see some look
Which gave me hope, some charity
Towards what I was and didn't know
That in becoming myself I lost.
The power is in changing
What laughs my image in a clown's pretense
That nothing is forever,

When the child bit the giant's leg
And broke my tooth, not gained in wisdom
I saw what was solid face-to-face
And what the action calls a man by name
Suitable for place and time
And look no more than to please
What is best for myself.

My hands are empty
And what's inside is dead
That isn't felt
With force and strength
That leaves the past
For what could be and never was.
(To Admah) Admah, my gun, put it on the table. Now, is
this gun some part of me?

Admah

An extension of your hand. More powerful than your fist.

Bat Batta

My hands are fast. The gun explodes. No laughs. Except I laugh
which gives me a good appetite. What's in a name when you get what
you want. How do you call me?

Admah

Heely Hoke.

Bat Batta

What kind of man is this Heely Hoke?

Admah

No killer with the laughs. Kills for real. Has the last laugh
himself.

(Enter a man)

A Man

Hey, the cars are ready! A police escort and a hearse! Flowers for the new customers! Hurry up! (Exits)

Sawbone

Sing the praises for the deceased. The eulogy by Heely Hoke.

Bat Batta

Then listen! This no ordinary plot where a closet is hijacked with a skeleton having movable parts and yet cannot take off from its resting place. Such a body is not to be carried lightly when it is lowered without full benefits. Therefore, this Eulogy is a surprise because I hardly can sing when my voice cracks and Hoke won't let down because once a clown always a clown. Some say that this Batta, who rests here, had some imagination, inasmuch as he had more than enough of many things including a chicken, a race horse, a bookmaker and a shooting. His own shooting turned out quite real as you can see his remains are to be seen. This man was a good man. I believe his saying was that goodness is passive in the world and evil is active. The crime couldn't be helped as I liked to have a few drinks and a cigar once in a while. Anyway, that's how I feel when something gnaws at my stomach, the rains stop, and I'm hungry never knowing it's the end and action is what I want. Hey, where are we going?

Creep

Into the suburbs of Chicago. This is the kickoff.

Bat Batta

What do we do?

Creep

Organize, pal. Take in some business partners.

Bat Batta

(Rubs his hands quickly) Oh, I'll be on the move then. What's in that violin case? Never mind, I'll take it.

Sawbone

The general knows his music by heart.

Bat Batta

Who offers me a cigar? And what about this holster you're wearing? I'll show you how business is done.

Admah

Here's my best hat, Chief.

Mamma Kingston
(To two men carrying out Cannon Ball)

Take this water sac out of here.

Bat Batta

What clown is that?

Admah

Torio's head lieutenant, the Cannon Ball.

Bat Batta

He was, you mean. (They laugh.) Batta takes a big swig of whiskey. Everyone sings: Every Man is a Clown.

9.

Mamma Kingston's. Few Moments Later.

Sawbone and Creep enter.

Creep

Christ, give a man a few props to lean on, suddenly his name means something.

Sawbone

We're calling torpedoes - killers. No references - no attachments - get the job done. The hell with the name. It's important to know you live in a jungle.

Creep

The Cannon Ball puts on a clown suit and turns to mush. And the clown we did a con job on has grown four inches. Before this leaky valve came along, a man knew where he stood. Yesterday and tomorrow - before and after - come morning come night means nothing to this octopus. Running beer? That was nothing. Operating the whore-houses? A pleasure for all concerned. The casinos? Depression or not, the Torio gang gives Chicago a play, a goose, and the money spreads around. The other gangs get hungry, we eliminate, without fuss. But Sawbone, our man he's slop-slop-slop-slop-slopping all our whisky up, smoke-smoke-smoke-smoke-smoking all our Havanas up. This man's like a sponge making a comeback. And worse than that, everything is disorganized. Our warfaring institution of the underworld takes on the circus of the upperworld.

Admah
(Entering)

The Cannon Ball's revived. Eyes bloodshot. Has a butcher knife. Headed this way.

Creep

And our man spread out on his back. Mamma Kingston's rubbing him down for fifty bucks. Pleasure adds up to surgery if we don't get this drive on.

(Enter Batta in a daze)

Bat Batta

Am I dreaming? A woman tore her clothes off and threw herself at me.

Sawbone

Go on. You took her like you did the other five. Why you're a bull. Taking your little piece any old time. Just before the big campaign.

Batta

What campaign is that?

Admah

The Bulge of the Bankroll. Every stop a beachhead. Dry cleaning business worth a couple of million. Restaurant business worth five million. A lieutenant like yourself has a name - makes the headlines - a public figure.

Bat Batta

What? I don't need a name. Who was that woman laying with me in there?

Sawbone

You don't think she puts out for anyone she can't call by name.

Bat Batta

Isn't she the woman who sold me a ham? I think I'll just take it and go home. How long did she take advantage that I'm a good man in bed? And I don't know even if I enjoyed it. Perhaps she thought I was someone else.

Sawbone

What difference. You know who you are don't you?

Bat Batta

Yes.

Sawbone

I'd like to hear your name.

Admah

Did Mamma swallow your tongue French style?

Bat Batta

(Moves his tongue) I haven't lost my tongue.

Creep

(Curls his lips) Like sucking on a pickle.

Bat Batta

(Curls his lips) Doesn't work.

Mamma Kingston

(Enters) Why Hoke, you devil, you left me at the post!

Bat Batta

Are you talking to me?

Mamma Kingston

While Hoke lay prest
 In her arms he loved best,
 With his hands round my neck
 And his head on my breast,
 He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay.
 And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When Mamma saw this,
 With a sigh and a kiss,
 I cried, O my dear Hoke, I am robbed of my bliss!
 'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done,
 To leave me behind you and die all alone.

Then lover, though in haste
 And breathing his last,
 In pity died slowly, while I died more fast;
 Till at length I cried - Now, my dear, now let us go;
 Now die, my dear Hoke, and I will die too!

Thus entranced we did lie
 Till Hoke did try
 To recover new breath, that again he might die;
 Then often we died; but the more we did so,
 Mamma died more quick, and this lover more slow.

(To Batta)

Come on lover boy, you know I'm talking to you.
 Another time, Hoke love, and you'll give Mamma her due.

Admah

A due bill has a name.

Bat Batta

You don't have to tell me. Batta stands good. If this lady is worried, she can look up my name -- International Clown Directory under B.

Admah

Look how you're embarrassing this nice woman. You are carrying some kind of reason in your head which is mixed up with a fraud and a murder at the mention of the name of Batta.

Bat Batta

I don't want to offend this lady. If I've left you mid-air with some kind of promise, I'll look into it at some later time. Right now, I don't think I feel so well. (Sits down)

Mamma Kingston

Try some of Mamma's Island snake juice. Makes you stand up with a man's intention. (To Admah) I'm through with baby sitting.

Admah

To a passionate woman, one turns the other cheek.

Mamma Kingston

It's up front that counts. Every man's a clown. Put up or shut up! In Chicago, nothing is what it seems to be Tinsel and paper mache. And now Mr. Jekyll comes back with a telltale disposal. Why John, is that a can opener in your hand? (She sees Cannon Ball on the outside)

Cannon Ball
(outside)

What have you done to my name, my reputation? Are you double-crossing the history books? A name like Cannon Ball Swanga is known on three continents. And now treachery plays me for three balls in a hock shop. Look at this rag. I came out of a hearse with a flower in my mouth and a bottle of beer between my legs. Right down the line of my men, the word is I'm a self-liquidating pansy and too bad for Cannon Ball a name erupted in the siege of Bakur and lost in the wrinkles of a woman's pants. I tell you my name is still Cannon Ball Swanga. Who takes my name away kills the man in the moon. Pigs, all of you, I'll cut you into flesh balls and can them with Cannon Ball labels.

(Enter Cannon Ball)

It's the reputation of Cannon Ball Swanga that matters. Nothing else!

Bat Batta

Don't you care about a good appetite, or something like that?

Anything could happen to a name, maybe?

Cannon Ball

Shut up! My name is Cannon Ball Swanga. Before the night's over, you'll look like a jigsaw puzzle. You're the worst. And you'll wonder what happened to your head when somebody's toe gets stuck in your mouth. (To Mamma Kingston) You witch! What kind of clown suit is this? The name Cannon Ball doesn't fit. What's the laugh for? Do I give you pleasure? Is there a funnel to pour myself into the oven of your body and raise your skin into a million goose pimples?

Mamma Kingston

Help yourself.

Cannon Ball

I'll help myself. Carve my name on the heave-ho breasts of eternity and never again shall a woman use my convenience. Stop looking at me with those sexy eyes.

Mamma Kingston

If thy manhood dost feel awkward, cut it out!

Cannon Ball

What?

Mamma Kingston

Don't let your sex destroy a famous name like Cannon Ball Swanga.

Cannon Ball

I won't (Exits)

Bat Batta

Hey, a name is nothing to get excited about. A name is only a handle for other people to use. One name is as good as any other name. Stop whatever you're going to do!

Cannon Ball

(Outside) Right here in the cold wind. A shot of whiskey and a cigar. A private life means nothing when a reputation means everything. There it is, the flopping tools left over from an old garden. Another shot, spill some whiskey on the knife, Cannon Ball in Moa, Cannon Ball in Turan, Cannon Ball is Cannon Ball. The name stays. I'll never shame myself again. One more shot and a toast to Cannon Ball. All farewells should be sudden - Cut! (A scream)

Bat Batta

(Holding up his glass) "Give us the luxuries of life, and we'll dispense with the necessaries." Cut! How lucky I am! (Some men rush in) What happened?

(Some men rush in)

Men

What happened? Don't tell me they moved the slaughter house? Listen!

Bat Batta

I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes. A man just said goodbye to his private life with a cigar in his mouth and the swish of a knife. All because of his name. What kind of sense is that? A few drinks provoke man's desire. The name withers, the fountainhead of sex strains for performance. It pulls him and pushes him, it puts him on and it puts him off, it encourages him and discourages him, hardens him and softens him, makes him stand straight and not stand straight and ending in sleep makes him a liar. What about his name, his reputation? Why, it's only a name. I'll be no such fool to cut away my pleasure over a silly name. (To Admah) Lieutenant Hoke has control over the situation. Is the drive still on?

Admah

Orders from the top -- the men are at the warehouse. Torio himself makes the pitch.

Bat Batta

How many men in our organization?

Admah

Seven hundred. Two hundred experienced.

Bat Batta

How about our team?

Admah

On the ground floor. Shake up and shake down. The pay-off in wine, somen and food.

Bat Batta

What's my cut?

Admah

Fifty per cent of your take.

Bat Batta

How much can I take?

Admah

Each of us grabs fifty grand in no time. If you're on our team, I'm not sure of your name. What do you call yourself?

Bat Batta

Heely Hoke, why, is there a question? If not, I have a question. Could I grab a sandwich since food is most important to me and what's important is what matters. (To Mamma Kingston) I'll take a steak sandwich now. That due bill, I'll try again sometime if you like.

Mamma Kingston

At your expense, I'll satisfy myself one way or the other.

Admah
(to the others)

He laughs on the inside. His stomach throbs like railroad tracks waiting for a locomotive. We've created a monster.

Sawbone

Look at his hands. The center of gravitation. We made a parasite who grows into a man-eating shark.

Creep

His eyes make knobby posts of our heads to hang his hat on. This clown has incentive which seems on the first day there was a chicken,

and on the seventh day the nerves cracking fireworks and one day is the same as any day when his belly looks for action. Anyway we've got a new Hoke for an old one. Should he turn up, the real Hoke - he'll find the earth lopsided with swollen glands on a threshing machine. He better not show no matter what.

Bat Batta

(Eating some crackers) The stomach must feel good when you open up a new territory. I'll take along some of these crackers. (He puts crackers in his pockets.)

10.

The Warehouse

(Some men dressed as clergymen, Cops and other Gangsters checking over guns, etc. Others are carrying cases of beer from warehouse into a hearse.)

Voice of Torio

This is Torio's voice. The government steps on our feet with repeal of Prohibition. Our organization must find new business. Torio watches the labor boys muzzle in on the unions. Protection. We offer protection to the small businessman for which he pays us dues. The rumor is the Ryan Brothers have the same plans. Tonight, we give them a blowout which they never remember. You pick your assignments from the box. The pitch is "Buy a Torio franchise--- exclusive and wise."

Bat Batta

I like a franchise deal. Let's get in line. It's not often you can pick your own assignment.

(Enter Hoke)

Hoke

(To Batta) I work with three torpedo boys. Are they here?

Bat Batta

If you have anything in mind, the answer is no. As you can see I am one and three others make four which makes torpedo team.

Hoke

Admah, it's me.

Admah

(To Creep) What do we do now? We'll get the assignments and move out of here fast.

Hoke

Admah, Sawbone, it's your old pal. Aren't you glad to see me? I hope you didn't get into any trouble. You look fine and I'm here just in time it seems. Isn't that right? (They turn away from him)

Cannon Ball

(Enters) All right, get a move on! In fours. (To Batta) Hey, you stinkpot Batta, what are you doing here?

Bat Batta

(Smiles) A clown is a clown, don't you think so? Do you feel better now?

Cannon Ball

You talk to me that way? The name of Cannon Ball fills the air with electric shock waves. In four days when I've taken over fifty towns, when my name is on top of the circus clouds and the winds cry out Cannon Ball, my obligation is finished and then I'll find out who you are. All right men, the cars leave two at a time at three-minute intervals. Torpedoes don't be late for the party! (Exits)

Bat Batta

I like this. We go to a party which is a nice celebration. Then we go to Chicago Heights. I'll have a sandwich and pass some water. (He takes out a sandwich from a bag) A steady hand is not to be sneezed at. Admah, did you bring some sandwiches?

Admah

Here is a salami and a bottle of wine. There won't be any food at the party.

Hoke

Admah, what's happened to you? A man who knows the Bible can't forget a friend whose stomach turned sour on a business deal. It had something to do with a self-operating coin machine, a two-armed bandit. My arms got tired and the jackpot got stuck or something. I heard complaints that the slot wasn't working and enough is enough, don't you think so?

Admah

Straight out, we don't have anything to do with strangers.

Hoke

How can you mistake an old street clown from Turrano---your Torpedo pal, Hoke?

Admah

How about that, Creep? As if a clown is something special.

Hoke

On my word, I was known as Clownface.

(The others laugh)

Sawbone

Clownface. One Clown is the same as any other clown. Proves nothing.

Hoke

Why don't you recognize me?

Sawbone

What makes you think you are the Hoke we know?

Hoke

I don't believe it. The way you look at me. I have a piece of paper to prove it. An agreement. (Hands Admah paper)

Admah

An agreement. This paper came from a urinal. You call this an agreement.

Hoke

Yes, it is an agreement. It's not my fault: you can't read it. If you don't remember this, you'll remember one thing, an ax that falls on your heads when the showdown comes.

Bat Batta

I'll take this paper which you call an agreement. I know a great deal about paper. A fake paper can be real especially if you're hungry. Have you eaten lately? Where is Mamma Kingston? I told her to rush those sandwiches over before we leave. A misfit, this man. Lost in the jungle of hallucinations. Sees himself in some former life, perhaps. A delicate case. (To others) This man wants to identify himself. Has only a name he thinks will get him by. And in those dirty old clothes, I'd say you could be panhandling. (Mamma Kingston rushes in) Oh there you are. What's this.

Mamma Kingston

My daughters are young. Their father killed by a shark in the coastal waters of Luan. Consider that when you make a pass. This is a clown suit left by a ripper who lost his belongings.

Bat Batta

That fellow, Batta, you know the one, that circus clown, he knew where he belonged with the circus animals and freaks. The big top spells it out; put your clown suit on and let the crowd know who you are. Here you are, Mister, put these clothes on your back and you'll find that Batta is a name known around for making somebodies out of nobodies. The name goes with the suit. Now have a sandwich and let me consult Mamma Kingston about a party.

Hoke

You're all right. Let the others swallow a constipated cat.

Bat Batta

(To Mamma Kingston) I'll shoot this gun so I can be heard when this man backfires his disappointments.

Hoke

I'll put this suit on and laugh your skeletons in the dumps of blood bone. In Hell, you'll touch the hairy flank of the Devil and freeze in polluted ice. And still no rest, because Satan will flap his wings and drive you into the eight circles of the Falsifiers of Life where your senses will feel all known affliction by darkness, stench, thirst, filth, every disease and shrieking sin. I curse you with the Inferno's last laugh. (Exits)

(Silence)

Bat Batta

The time is ripe to blow up this dungheap when the jetsam and flotsam fall easily on a man's mouth. Why I could blow wind on this important hill called earth and man's ass would cling to six feet of ground scraping for a piece of dirt which he tries to eat. The City of Chicago and all cities of the world are made for men but men aren't made for each other when the garbage incinerator looks better than a house with a toilet hole in the ground. I see the situation. Take a stag party for a ride and blast the competition into oblivion. Get into the car and line up one reception committee. (The other men exit)

Mamma Kingston

At one time, it was the spectacle of the Circus Maximus, and such a man as yours is would sit as the Sun God on the Pyramids of the Ximas. Such power of emotions in a man need a strong woman except when the man is in battle.

Voice of Cannon Ball

(Outside) Where is the swine? Where is the respect that was yesterday's name and tomorrow's news? (A gun shot) I'll skin the four of them and spell their bones into S-C-U-M and hang by their guts over the slaughter house gate.

Mamma Kingston

A man like Ivan the Terrible has great loins. I can show you that a gangster and a militaryman are one and the same thing. Mop down the enemy. Loot, rape and fill your stomachs. All the men I've known who like to shoot are terrible in bed. They shot their violence and have nothing to live up to but a few weak sensations.

(A blast of machine gun fire. Batta runs to the back)

Mamma Kingston

Now the Cannon Ball is dead. Tomorrow's news will sell a half a million papers and make him feel good to hear that.

(Batta rushes in)

Bat Batta

Our head Lt. met with an accident, the Billy Brothers. He was holding on to something when he should have had a gun in his hand. And just before he keeled over, he looked me in the eye and said who are you? Here, just a minute, (he hollers outside). Hey men. It's me, Hoke, Heely Hoke.

Voices

Did the Cannon Ball say your name?

Bat Batta

My name is Hoke and I'm self-appointed your new head lieutenant.

Voices

How did you get the job?

Bat Batta

I talked myself into it.

Voices

That's what we need. A man who can talk himself into anything.

Bat Batta

All right men. You've got your assignments. The drive is on. Don't kill the customers. I have a little party and then first hand I set the policy in Chicago Heights. (And he leaves)

Mamma Kingston

If you know what's good for you, you'll save some of that bang, bang for some boom, boom.

(Sounds of motors starting and screeching tires, backfire spotlights flash and the drive is on. Cash registers sound the pay-off. As signs of the towns appear. Finally we see the town sign of CHICAGO HEIGHTS.)

The roll of drums is heard and three clowns enter one with a drum. One clown wears a topper hat, one clown wears a soldier's cap, and the other wears an ordinary cap. They pantomime and hold out their hats.)

One Clown

The circus clowns come to Chicago Heights!
We go from town to town.
And do our little show.

(They do a few capers and enter Mottie's restaurant. Seated at a table are Batta, Admah, Sawbone and Creep. Looking at them from a distance is Mottie. Batta is devouring the last bones of a chicken.)

Bat Batta

Lady! (Mottie comes closer) That chicken was good. The way I like it. I'll have another leg and breast. (She doesn't move. Staring at him) Come, come, we don't have all day. (Laughs)

(The circus clowns move around the table)

One Clown

Hello Mottie, how are you? The circus goes on.

(Batta is annoyed; he throws some bills on the table and rises)

Bat Batta

(To Mottie) Here's your account. Payable in advance. My memory is that the chicken was on the oven broil and I didn't have to wait. Now if you'll just stop staring at me and hand over the money. (Mottie is silent) Perhaps you haven't felt the meaning of what I just said.

A Clown

Laugh, Mottie, Laugh. It's a shakedown. (Pulls a gun) and only we're on the receiving end. (Drum Roll) We'll take the loot.

Mottie

Oh! Oh!

Bat Batta

(Whips out a gun and shoots the drummer in the hand) Move! (As he marches them against the wall) What kind of clowns are you?

Clowns

Don't you recognize us from the Rumplemeyer Circus? We were only fooling.

Bat Batta

Fooling? We'll see. Men I think we can use these clowns as a special introduction to our new clients. Wait outside for me. (They exit) And now lady you can forget the chicken ---

(Mottie pulls a gun and shoots Batta. He staggers for a moment)

Bat Batta

I was going to say I'd be back for a chicken later. What happened to my hands? They let me down.

(Admah and the others rush in followed by the clowns)

Don't try to save me and no tears nor even a sigh
It's the end and I must die
With untold suffering, I cannot lie.

(He straightens up and smiles)

In the mock world of reality, you have seen a play,
 If you had known such a man what would you say?
 This man's fate is sealed, an epilogue is something more
 Mr. Lesser has composed a worldly score.
 It's called: The real world against the fake world - a War

Mr. Lesser says the real world is solid for all;
 Man accepted a lie as truth, thus he did fall.
 Call it propaganda, a self build-up, if you will
 Cheating man's eye and heart is the come on of a skill,
 Man using man for profit gain
 Relates man not to man but to commodity's bane.
 The fake world has false Gods, freedom seems great
 They say human nature is greedy, won't change at any rate.
 The high one's accumulate freedom's capital playing on the emotions
 and action is calculated. Why change the lowly one's notions?
 Man gets soft when honest intention is led astray
 Where slick words and easy living rule the day.
 No man is more decent than the world he lives in
 Is it possible to be above sin?
 A gangster wears many faces, joins forces with fakery
 Consider a dishonest loaf of bread, air-pumped in a bakery
 Every man needs a clown
 When on the lowly, the high look down.
 But a man is still a man who in this world is sad
 Playing the clown or else he goes mad
 Mr. Lesser says the world is dark, one gets lost
 So hang on to what's real at any cost.
 We make each other what we are,
 If you choose to wander, please don't go too far.

(THE CLOWNS GO INTO THEIR ROUTINE)

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