

PIECES OF EIGHT *Cat Hearth 2010*

For one actor and musician(s).

Intro: Dance to beat of "Shave and a Haircut." Musician(s) can jam with percussion.

Scene i: Terror

Reporter: This evening our program focusses on the War on Terror. This excerpt from a speech last year by Senator Joe McMurphy:

Senator: The War on Terror can only be resolved by killing all terrified people. Then there will be no more terror.

My bill number 222 proposes to make terror illegal, punishable by prison time. You see, the problem is not the terrorists, it's the terrorees. If people didn't get terrified, terrorism would not be effective.

Reporter: Already the Terror Police are snooping into people's homes, listening in on private telephone conversations, reading emails, checking for signs of terror. Knocking down doors, arresting citizens on charges of being terrified.

This scene from a courtroom:

Judge: Evidence shows that you have been terrified. How do you plead? You're guilty. Have to lock you up. Can't have you running around the streets, showing your terror to innocent children. Send him to the terror camp where he can share his terror with the other terrorees.

Terroree: [*Song in the manner of a cowboy song.*]

Oh carry me home, to the old Terrortory,
Where the terror blows like it used to do.
Where my terror shows what's the same old story
So take me home, to the terrorroo.

Chorus: To the terroroo, to the terroroo
It terrifies me till I pee and poo
And shake my bag of rattling bones
To the tones of my moans and groans.

Reporter: Of course, there's a gentler alternative: Susceptible subjects can be reconditioned by their expert team of Terrorologists, using the Terrorometer. With sensors attached to the patient's body monitoring physiological symptoms of terror, the patient can gradually learn to diminish the terror response. This can be maintained with the help of anti-terressant drugs. Unfortunately, not many justify the time and expense this requires; thus: the terror camps, nicknamed "the Terroroo" by their inhabitants.

Because of the phenomenon of "institutionalization," many do not wish to leave when their time is up and have to be dragged away, kicking and screaming. Also there is the "revolving door of terror," so that many terrorees return again and again to the terroroo. Popular culture takes up the theme and many novels and films are made on the subject,

some actually glamorizing life in the terroroo. Youth culture picks up their habits of speech and clothing styles.

Terroree: So take off your belt, take off your shoe
Go in the machine where they look through you
Surrender your liquids, gels and creams
There are terrorists everywhere it seems.

Chorus: To the terroroo, to the terroroo
It terrifies me till I pee and poo
And shake my bag of rattling bones
To the tones of my moans and groans.

Scene ii: Sex

Hermaphrodite: The words fuck you have a double meaning, or rather the word fuck does. It means to copulate, as in have sex, make love, screw, ball, jump his/her bones, shag, roll in the hay, sleep with, make the creature with 2 backs, pillow, me Tarzan/you Jane, play the game of love, enter the tunnel of love, make babies, go to bed with, do it, make like the birds and the bees, but it also means to hurt someone or damage something, as in fuck you, fucked, fucked up, screwed up, I'm fucked, he fucked me over, he screwed me, fuck you up the ass, chinga tu madre, oh fuck!

[The following can be done with hand puppets.]

She: But do you love me?

He: Of course I love you.

She: Will you take care of me for the rest of my life? Even when I'm old and ugly and can't have children any more?

He: Well...

She: You see, you don't love me. You just like to fuck me.

He: It's true that I like to fuck you and probably when you get older I'll want some younger sexier woman.

She: Well if you want to fuck me now you'll have to marry me so the power of the Church and the state will make you take care of me.

What will we do without religion? Family values are going down the drain. Good old women's and children's values. Men just want to fuck and go on their merry way, leaving us with the children. And nobody respects old women any more. Better move to China.

Hermaphrodite: Church made a deal with the women: once you get your hooks into him, we'll make sure he stays with you. That's why women love the church. Women believe in love. And men have found a million ways to convince them that "I really do love you" so we can fuck - excuse me, "make love" - now. "But will you still love me tomorrow?" And

tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow? Yes, he replies, I'll certainly love you as long as I want to fuck you. What? I mean, yes, I'll love you forever. "until the Earth melts with the sun, and all the seas run dry." In other words, until orgasm. Do you get my meaning? Thank you, Mr. Burns. Bit of an exaggeration there, old chap. But yes, I'll love you forever, because I'm really horny right now and I just got to get some pussy you see. And so it goes...

Romance, romantic love.

(spoken word):

Fuck-love, fuck love, love fuck, randy, horny, horsey, friends and foes, that's how it goes, I need, needle in eye, flirting and squirting, oozing and schmoozing, winning or losing, go with the flow, down for the count, go down on the cunt, love your cunt-tree, fuck or flee, or fuck and flee, wham bam thank you ma'am, It's time for erotic, exotic, demonic, rhapsodic, spasmodic, episodic, heroic, stoic, flow it, flow with it, go with it, Shit. Wiz, wizard, big bang - aahh, Big bang - yaahh, big big bigger biggest bangeree oh ooh wang BANG!!

Scene iii: Drugs

Preacher: Now that the DEA has gained the upper hand in the War on Drugs, we should not falter, but continue pushing into new territory. Tobacco is well on the way to becoming a regulated drug, but think of the millions of people who abuse caffeine every day. Even small children can openly buy Coke, and any day one can see parents giving their children Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, coffee, tea, chocolate, and other mind-altering substances. No wonder Family Values are going down the drain!

People who use drugs of any sort without specific permission from medical authorities should be locked up. This includes alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, and aspirin. Why should some drugs be excepted from the rule? All drugs are bad.

It's ridiculous to argue that a person can make whatever decisions he/she wants regarding his/her body. Bodies don't belong to the individual, they belong to society. I've heard some flaming liberals argue that a person should be able to take drugs if he wants because it's his own body. But that is not true, one doesn't own his body; it is temporarily on loan from God. "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" - 1 Corinthians 6:19

In conclusion, may I propose a way to finally win the War on Drugs: install a sensor on every home's sewer pipe, continuously monitored by computer. When the presence of any drug is detected, the computer would automatically contact the authorities. Of course we would have to double or triple our prison space, but would it not be worth it to finally cleanse society of this filth?

Song: [hardcore]:

War on Drugs!
Drugs Are Bad!
Kill, kill, kill!

Drugs are Bad!
We Hate You!
Drugs are Bad!
Kill, kill, kill!
Drugs are Bad!
War on Drugs!
Drugs, drugs, drugs!
Drugs, drugs, drugs!
Alcohol, caffeine, nicotine and Ice!
Heroin, shaving cream and rice!
Money love tv and Google too!
A line of cocaine and an afternoon screw!
Drugs, drugs, drugs, we love You!
War on Drugs
War on Drugs
War on Drugs.

Scene iv: God

Salesman: You too can be a god. Just call this toll-free number. Have your credit card ready. Free trial offer. Be a god. Pick your god-name and have it embossed in real imitation gold letters on your very own badge of godhood. In the mail the next day. Once you receive your god certificate, it's perfectly legal to have people worship you. Get 10 others to sign up and you can receive your godhood absolutely free and also become the head god of your very own pantheon. Tell all your friends to become gods too!

1-800-UBEAGOD

[Song and dance, softshoe, Vaudeville]:

You too can be a god
It's not so strange, it's not so odd.
Aphrodite, Eros, Zeus and Pan
Why go through life as only a man?

Have people worship you and build you a church
You can have it in adobe, stone or birch.
They'll make sacrifices and burn incense too
Sing and dance in Your name and pray to you.

Why wait any longer? Give it a try!
Be the first on your street to Deify.

Scene v: Pieces of Eight

[Song, Rap, with Break Dance]:

Shave and a haircut, six bits.

Pirates, gold and treasure chests. Everybody looking for happiness, fortune, love. Be real. Be bold. Get your pile of silver dollars. Holler out, I'm rich! I got silver, I got gold! Life's a bitch, when you're poor. You need more. Treasure's out there, just gotta find it. Don't mind it if I do. Gotta cruise, nothin to lose, get your bits, make your bets, your eight bits, your pieces of eight. Don't wait. Bite through. It's not too late. It's right there, where you seek it, take it, break your chains, use your brains. Nothing to lose and everything to gain. Your bit of the action, bite the action.

Shave and a haircut it's all you need. 2 bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar. Get trimmed by the barber. Get all your bits trimmed. 8 bits makes a dollar, as any scholar knows. Pieces of eight, pieces of eight says the parrot.

Take the gamble, make the leap. Don't hang on to that sinking ship. The shifting sands, the crumbling rock, the slippery mud. Go for broke. Go for the gold. Go all out. Without a doubt, your fortune is waiting for you.

The end.

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