H A W K I N G

A Play by

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A Multi-Culti Cast – 6 in all playing a host of Characters – in order of appearance

HAWKING, physicist, disabled and wheelchair-bound (Christiana)

VULCAN, or HEYFESTUS, smithie to the gods, lame (Bruce)

GENERAL FUCHSIA, The Titans RogueFORCE Enforcer, scourge of VULCAN (Kate)

HOLIDAY, a songbird of the gods, deaf-mute (Kimberly)

DAVID BLUNKETT, blind, ex-member of Tony Blair's Cabinet (Aditi)

ANNA KRONISMA, Pre-Socratic Philosopher (Annelise)

HERMES, the winged god (pronounced air-MAY), hunchbacked ,

heavily-scarved, Press Secretary to the Titans (Kiseung)

PYTHIAS THIRST, the world-renowned artist, (Bruce)

ONI AIDA, about-to-be world renowned artist, armless, shortened legs,

pregnant (muy embarazada) (Marvette)

IO, the woman turned heifer by the jealous HERA (Annelise)

AESCHYLUS, the Tragedian (Kate)

Time - The Eleventh Hour, or, if you will, where They keep it

Space - The Inner Sanctum of the Royal Observatory in Greenwich, England

We hear chants of STEPHEN STEPHEN ANSWER ANSWER.

Then a great door is shut and the chants are no more.

VULCAN, in white tuxedo,

stumbles on,

tripping behind a limp figure in a wheelchair.

HE locks the chair

GENERAL FUCHSIA, Rogue Enforcer for the Titans, on VULCAN's tail

GENERAL FUCHSIA

Forty thousand more troops, my bleeding arse

Make short work of it, Festus

VULCAN

Vulcan is the name

GENERAL FUCHSIA

Hey, Scatman, chain this mutha to his rock

No mercy

No fear

Tries to keep the info fo' hisself and his uthas

We'll make sure we'll stop reform in its tracks

Says it what?, spreads the wealth??

The wealth must not be spread

The bread must not be bread for others

The bread must be bread for *brothers*

And you know what *brothers* I mean

Not the brothers *you* brothers mean

But the brothers *we* brothers mean

Goebbels calls it Der Bruderbund

The Big LiePie in the SkyBox

You want to watch your favorite team

cream every other team

This is Sport, you lame emeffer, I never curse

And it's not the sub for VI-O-LENCE

It *is* the VI-O-LENCE itself

Now strap this mutha 'cross the chest, the wrists and legs, but don't

Make a martyr of hisself

The Titans want him alive throughout the day

After that we'll see what they say

We shall overcome his brother self

I have a dream, Brother Fest

We are here on the mountain

And the mountain does not lie

He will never get off this rock

And this indeed may be the day he will die

VULCAN

I resist chaining him at all, General Magenta, he's my kin

GENERAL FUCHSIA
General Fuchsia, I'm the Electric Magenta, Dud Dude

VULCAN
General Fucksya –

GENERAL FUCHSIA
What did you call me, Boy?

VULCAN
Fuchsia, pinkish purple, purpleish-pink

GENERAL FUCHSIA
The color *blood* wants to be

Forty thousand more troops!

And we shall have them in spades, in browns, yellows and reds, *Spade*

Post-racial, my bloody arse

POSTAL, I'll go if I don't get those troops

Counter-insurgency

Bring it to the table at the end of the day the bottom line

Can I enlist any more clichés? Enlist! There you have it.

We don't need a "few good men"

We need forty thousand every time we turn around

And we do TURN AROUND!

O, and women too, right, forgot about them, you know, *women,*

Like skirts, WACS, WAVES

Remember World War Deuce

Goebbels remembers, THE BIG LAY, I mean, THE BIG LIE

Cross your legs, ladies and Germs, and close the gates of hell

VULCAN

I can't make any sort of decision

I'm not The Decider, nor are you, General F-f-f-ff—fff-

GENERAL FUCHSIA

Watch it, Blood, or Crip, or whatever your tag is

VULCAN

Nor can he, if he's chained to this rock

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

Next you'd have me drive a spike through his chest

Look at him

He cannot resist

VULCAN aside.

(I must do it for him)

Back to Vulcan addressing GENERAL FUCHSIA.

He is bound to a chair already chained like Prometheus before him

He who stopped mortals from forseeing doom

Before his act –

GENERAL FUCHSIA

Theft!

VULCAN

He placed in them blind hopes

He put their rubber to the road

He Vulcanized mortals, gave them the fire of belief

GENERAL FUCHSIA

Chained to this rock

Don't delay

Wrists and legs

Do not dither

The "guests" will be arriving soon as the Titans decree

They'll make an attempt, a failed one I fear,

to extract from him the precious words

No know we watch you, Sambo

You think Simon Lagree be mean 'n mutha

Fuchsia up yours like no one otha

GENERAL FUCHSIA out.

VULCAN

How do I reconcile

This one is my brother my charge

Why don't I free him and make a run for it

That's the dumbest the noblest

What price noble

They'd find us

Hunt us down in a second

I can't do what's right what's best

I should be protecting serving

I'm Vulcan,

The ur-Dale Earnhart Junior,

I used to race

big Time, tires burned

crashed smashed squealed peeled

but I can't anymore

Too lame, the car careens careers

took away my license

the MVD, the Motor Vehicle Deities

got me a few DWI's,

Driving While In-tuxedo-cated

DUI's

Driving Under the Investigated

took my Chevy to the levee and the levee was dry and broke

Ninth Ward, come back, Big Ward, Shane, Big Ward, come back

I do dig the ooze from those trees

Rubber when it burns like a tire 'round some snitch's neck

down home in the Good Olde RSA we call it 'necklacin',

fitting punishment for consorting with The Man

as we send up cars in smoke in the banlieus of Paris

named after the mortal who stole away with Helen

and started the Iran/Iraq

Greek/Turk,

Athens/Sparta,

Iran/Iraq again,

Trojan/Gulf,

Iraqui/Americani,

Israeli/Gaza,

Serbo-Croatian-Muslim,

Protestant-Catholic/Oirish,

Guelphs/Ghibellines,

Saracen/Crusaders

Pharisees/Saducees,

Hamas/Fatah,

Turks/Armenians,

Cypriots/Turks/Greeks,

Shia/Sunni/Kurdish,

Uighur Separatists

Paki/Indie/Sikh

Hutus Tutsis

Barbarian/Vandal/Goth/Visigoth

that's War spelled with a capital 'W'

Vulcan the Lame, how did I get this way?

Perhaps born misshapen, do you think that?

Some say it was Hera who hurled me down

When she gave birth, I was such ugly stuff

It spread all ‘round and every beauty sneezed

The press they did their spin

Olympus, Congress, all throughout this town

Protecting guilty parties from the tough

Inquiries, while seizing so-called ‘welfare queens’

The authorities of god police, dicks

I hate this dictatorial state

    but bide my time I must

Until the ripeness comes

When I can ‘carpe’ the ‘diem’, in this I must trust

Now this is what happened really, ladies and sperms

The CEO honcho at the biggest of firms

The one who scubas at the Fed’s Club Med Made-off-with-our-money

Greenspan’s Greenspan, the snorkeling Midas in the Fort Knox bed

‘Twas Papa Zeus, that em-effer so fat,

Threw me down a flight of Olympus crags

When I dared to say, when he raised his hand

To Mama Hera, that he got more sags

    down his dugs than any goddess in the land

Mama Hera was telling him for once and all ways

that his affairs with mortal ladies all

Would be his downfall and she would ravage his days

That's when cigar-chomping Zeus the Mighty, three inch ash about to fall

aimed his thunder bolt and lightning flash

at her hallowed hollowed womb

I stepped in front the despot, his pot all sloshy,

his hands liver-spotted, eyes rheumy,

O, this god did shake!

"Shoot if you must," I said, "but don't touch a hair on that old grey head"

Then Mama Juno became enflamed,

she'd missed her last touchup

and we could see the roots down to the red of her burning boots

She kicked me a swift one

And Em-Effer, the God of Gout, hurled me south

as insults poured from her mouth

An instant orphan, I had been cast out

I came up lame and still I heard them shout

abuse and curses vile,

What's that about

but evil 'genitors who hate and flout

the rules of nature,

torture children,

doubt their self-worth,

stuff their faces with wines and cakes,

nectar, ambrosia, ‘til it’s coming out yellow from their sockets

jaundiced, flatulent, shuffling about to avoid their own stink

toothpicks holding open eyelids staving off the blink

mouthfuls of smegma, sucking from each other’s sink

arthritic, sclerotic, un-erotic, cirrhotic, infarcted with plaque pockets

embolismic, phlebitic, afflicted with St. Vitus dance-shakes

My own Pater and Mater shall live forever,

but the immortality that they possess

has them older and older without cease, with ever less and less

But I, Vulcan, stripped of my deathless self, look forward to my utter demise.

In the mean and cruel time, I drag my hulkin’ self

from smithie job to smithie gig

with *this* one being my fifty-fifth

and 55 means retire alive, says my union chief

Fresh from negotiating with the Big Guy Hisself

higher than Zeus, smarter than Hera or Juno

My Union Leader is a Polski named Bruno

What do I say – I’m a Union Man through and through

Now who have we here, my brother, my charge

Why do I now forge this chain

to keep him secured to this chair

even though he cannot possibly escape

move, speak,

feel, touch,

can he?

think, can he?

Some say he thinks thoughts not thought before

thoughts *before* thought

thought before *thoughts*

pre-thought

does he hear?

Did he at one time speak?

HAWKING

This is the Day of My Death

Yet I feel a surge of Life

“In the days of Kronus and when Zeus was newly king”

VULCAN

Every man knew the day of his death

Every woman and child were judged by judges alive

All were in their clothes, swaddling and otherwise

Everyone knew when they’d breathe their last breath

HAWKING

As do I

You were met with Force,

You came here whipped on by Force, the Enforcer, General You-Called-Him-An-Unclean-Name, Magenta, I've magenta'd him before

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua"

HAWKING and VULCAN

"Force bereft of reason falls of its own weight."

HAWKING

This is the Day of My Death

"Is the day so young?", Romeo asks us

At that opening point, he's not even met -

Juli-ETT

It's been RosaLINE for whom he pines

A cousin of Juliet Capulet

Romeo might have asked –

"Why have you chosen to be celi-BAIT,

"Why simply can't you be my fate?

"We'll roll around, with lust abound

"And rock and romp and pound and pound!"

HAWKING chants this a la MARAT/SADE by Peter Weiss.

"We Want The Revo-LU-tion NOW"

"How came I to this *being* and is there hope for reversal?"

An actor ends one play and begins another rehearsal

Yes, I spoke at one time and now do again

I feel a surge of life

always **darkest** before the dawn

or duskest before the dark

I know not which will sooner be my plight

Whose tons of angels will sing me on my flight

With cherubs dancing on a pin

please, Lord, if you *do* exist

I thank you for the right to sin

VULCAN

The right to sin, ah, yes, it is your right to sin

However, rights to sin are under laws

And laws are under Justices of Law

And those Justices under the Law

will pin you to the rack

and punish you for

sinning expeditiously

HAWKING

Sinning expeditiously, what a joy!

VULCAN

So fast you don't recall

when you did it

how you did it

with whom you did it

VULCAN & HAWKING

But you **did do** it!

HAWKING

Sounds like fun.

VULCAN

O, your IDEE of fun. Strapped to this chair –

What can you have but thoughts amorphous, say,

Does anything begin to tickle hair

Your short and curlies, are they still in play

HAWKING

You've got me by them, that I won't deny

You want my pubes, methinks,

Now where the fecking sh*te am I

We now become aware that clocks are everywhere,

all shapes and sizes looming over and around us.

VULCAN

Where? This is where you'll be until you die

Unless of course the gods decide to make

Your mortal hide immortal as your fate

A turning off, a turning on, a flick

Of a switch is how they whimsically do it

Who gives them power, yes, the question smarts

They tend to answer not, but pass it by

As if it's not a lie, as if the shake

Of dice once more they hope will exculpate

Their hopeless lechery so sick

Debauchery is what consumes them, screw it

I hate them, their growing salaries, farts

So wet they make a Roman vomitorium

Smell fragrant, appetizing, wanting more of Yum

HAWKING

A valiant burst, expressing wondrous thoughts

I couldn't ever match your noblest words

Where am I, clocks everywhere, what god wroughts

Wrights, divine playwrights 'gainst the weakest birds

VULCAN

You are in Greenwich Cruel Time, the vaunted GCT

I've never been here myself, so it's all quite new to me

HAWKING

The GCT, I've not been here for years

I was invested, how do you say, by Time

They put me in a sort of chair, unlike

The one I'm in right now, a kind of mime

Appeared, Marcel Marceau of sorts, and put

Some questions to me, and as I refused

They said they'd throw the switch, and then I'd die/my fears'd

Be realized, I'd die before my time/this mime

I didn't know what this Marceau was signing to me

What were his questions, his flailings about,

As they put the lethal injection in my arm

The needle pricking me/I didn't know the answers

The noose was around my neck

My back was to the wall

Harold Lloyd the movie with him on the clock

Me on the clock, me on this clock

Round and round, flung through space where Time began

Where Time begins

Don't beat me to a pulp

Don't tie me to the rack

Don't guillotine me

Draw and quarter me

Put me in the stocks and tan my hide

Stop all ways to kill me

Let me live outside of Time

Let me escape this horrid mime

Who is he

And who am I

They rolled me in and had me in the loo

Then I awoke and I'd survived the haze

Allowed I was to enter the august

Fraternity of Physicists Supreme

They let me sign the book right under Newt

And burst into applause when lifted I my pen

And put it back, the pen that Isaac used

At last at last, our brotherhood now fused

Well, brother –

VULCAN

Don't call me that.

HAWKING

Well, sir –

Your turn to roll me in and have me in the loo?

In a Brooklyn stationhouse, a nightstick doing its duty,

Wrecked him?, damn near killed him. Abner Louima.

I'm not strapped until you do it. Well, sir, will you?

VULCAN

Don't matter if you're strapped anywhere, here

there, wheree'er, you're strapped without being strapped

you're a bloody crip, you get around **not** at all

if you were rolling down whatever hill

widout no escort, and I ain't talkin' 'babe',

you'd be up sh*te creek widout no paddle

you'd be on a slick-backed horse widout no saddle

and you'd tumble and roll down faster than a greased pig

could oink hisself with his throat slit big

and you'd crash and burn mos' likely sudden

you'd come to no good in de dirt n' de mudden

HAWKING

Why would you do this, Vulcan?

you'd me roll

from bend to bend,

because I'm close to I.T.?

I.T., do you think?

InforfuckingmationalTechnonofullofsh*te!

is what we should be seeking

The bloody answer to everything now!

Tie me up and of course I'll take a bow

But I won't, I won't tell you everything

'cause this Everything Bagel of Life is reeking

reeking with too much garlic

too much raisin, sun-dried tomato, onion, egg, bloody blueberry

what's wrong with PLAIN

Perhaps the answer to everything is the bialy,

what the bagel wants to be

if it were truly allowed

in this perfect kosher world

Please understand that the world in which you move

or I should say the world that moves you

there are Titans running kosherless delicatessens

they put mayo on their corned beef, holding their mustard

their gefilte fish is gobbled down by fressers

their notion of dessert is katsup drizzled on custard

But, indeed, the Titans are certainly not Semites

and speaking of Louis Farrakhan,

which of course we weren't,

a Black Muslim,

accused of anti-Semitism, said,

"How can I be an anti-Semite?

it would be like being against myself."

Ariel Sharon dead and what comes after

He has his massive stroke and the response?

Hamas says the world is about to be rid of one of its greatest criminals

Israelis on the street say, "He got what he deserved.

He gave away Israel's land to the accursed Palestinians."

Tough crowd. Man, I do not want to have a stroke in Israel

Sympathy? Screw that.

Hamas? Israelis on the street?

Who could be further apart?

Yet, they look alike, sound alike, the same gutterals

and they hate each other

Northern Ireland? The Catholics, the Protestants

they look alike, sound alike, the same same

and they hate each other

Cyprus? Greeks, Turks? They hate hate each other

look alike, sound alike, they give not a fecking sh*te

All the bloody world over, we look, sound alike

and we bloody hate each other

Sunnis, Shiites, what is that about

The Prophet, may he be blessed and blessed again

Something about his son-in-law 700 years ago

Denied the 700 virgins at his martyr's death

Stop STOP with the suicide bombings,

You can go to heaven if you like, Abdul,

But we're running out of virgins

you bloody fool

VULCAN

What of the blacks and the whites, the yellows and the whites,

the reds and the whites, the browns and the whites

the whites and the whites

They all bloody hate each other!

HAWKING

Well, that's true, of course, but what can I do

I, a lowly physicist, who understand fuck all

about the universe

my greatest attribute that I admit I understand

fuck all about the universe

when, in fact, I am supposed to understand

fuck all EVERYTHING about the bloody universe

when I understand fuck all about the bloody universe

Did I say I understand Bloody Fuck All about the Bloody Fuck All Universe?

`

VULCAN

I'm not sure I understand precisely what you're saying

Is it that you don't understand

VULCAN & HAWKING

Fuck All about the Universe?

HAWKING

That is correct, my evil smithie, now chain me to this chair

which double chains me, as if I have a shot at getting out,

you piece of refried turd

frijoles negros turdos!

VULCAN

I will not accept your abuse!

HAWKING

My abuse of *you*? Well, that's a good one

You have the power, I have the glory

Is that the way it works, my unctuous son

If I had a sword at my hip,

the glory and the power would be reversed

then I'd accept your curses

with equanimity and we'd see whose pusillanimous

pusball foot, oozing –

VULCAN

You got your myths confooz-ed

I's Brother Vulcan, I'm lame, I gots me a gimp leg

from bein' tossed by EmEffer God of the Gout

I ain't Philo-Titties with the suppurating foot stinkin' up de high ether

You lookin' for dat sword at yore side or the bow in the quiver of Philo-Titties –

HAWKING

PhilOCtetes – Phil LOCK- TI-TEEZ

And while we're at it, what's this Union Boozwhah you citing?

You're a Union man, my withered bony arse

Word has it, you the steward of your shop, skimming off the top

With not a good word or deed for your brothers and sisters in the trade

Sucking up to management, doin' their dirt, affixin' false labels,

"Made in the shade of Honduras" in spotless factories, air-conditioned,

"No Child Labor Left Behind", Vulcan Master

who you be kiddin', as you getting' those kids to work faster and faster,

UnderBossMan of the Bossman?

Martinet Suckass Brownnose Cockcleaner HersheyHighway Nutcracker

VULCAN

Takes one to know one, dead man rolling

We gwine hear ‘bout yore high crimes and Missa-‘n-Missus-de-meaners

the tabloids report –

HAWKING

The tabloids!

VULCAN

The broadsheets, the inter-bloody-net, the b-b-b-b-bLOGS!

that your divorce -

HAWKING

Lies! Mendacities! Prevarications! I’m a scientist

interested only in pure thought

that is, with the possible exception on some occasions

of special importance in the history of Impure Thought

VULCAN

Just like in slave-time - slavemasters interested only in pure sold and bought

O, they were scientists and I’m a scientist

and this here is

the pure physics of the physical

the bio-chemical of the mio myo

my turn to make sure you are secure

and prevented from revealing the I.T. of the Me Be

HAWKING
The I.T. of the Me Be. What is that?

VULCAN
As if you don't know, smarty pants.

Unbeknownst to HAWKING, VULCAN exits.

HAWKING
I do believe my pants need changing, my smalls, as it were.

You wouldn't mind terribly, would you, now?

It'd be awfully good of you, old chap

Wouldn't want me to sit around, 'cause how

Would I be able to maintain a dry lap

If you're getting my drift, awfully drafty up here there

Down here, up, down, all around these clocks

I say, have you vanished into thin air

Where are you, SquarePants?

Hey, SpongeBob?

Sponge Bob Square Pants!

Mutha MUTHA!

Be there or be rectangu – LAIR

Gobsmacked, smack me over with a gob of feathers

Beat you blind, mantan your leathers

What am I saying,

HAWKING sings from West Side Story

"Say it loud and it's music playing

"Say it soft

"and it's almost like praying"

except I don't believe in the Devil

and if I don't believe in the Devil how can I believe in God

What is it, this Greenwich Cruel Time indeed?

May you be bloody found, Heyfestus, Hey

May you be bloody bound, Hulkin' Vulcan

May your legs be crushed under a semi's 18 wheeler

May you drown in a bootblack's vat of Shinola

May you shine every shoe on every foot in every bus station in hell

What is that sound?

There is a sound indeed – birds of all sorts, cardinals, bobwhites, owls – a bloody aviary.

HOLIDAY emerges, flies, if you will.

SHE's an enchanting, avian deaf-mute.

SHE speaks in sign language.

HOLIDAY

My name is Holiday, your Bird for all seasons

as if you needed any reasons

for a temptress to invade your thoughts so innermost

I know that what Heyfestus says about your fantasies,

isn't accurate, as if you're a ghost

of your former self and cannot walk the walk

that Lame-O thinks is needed

to be other than a Girlie-Man,

He, that Surly-Man

who wouldn't know a woman if she beat

him o'er his neck and kicked him 'cross his gimp

sat him on her lap, squeezed him through his seat

bit him through his lip, took his whores, the pimp

he is, and sold his stash for piles of cash -

HAWKING

Stop there, you sound so spurned, as if you're not fair

and just, befitting birds of other feathers,

whether what you say is such reality

as Sinatra says, Use your mentality,

it don't behoove you, starting out,

you've got him under your skin

don't you know, little fool, you never can win

I'd like to take you, Holiday my dear, sit on my lap right here, my dear

HOLIDAY

We must keep professional distance, sir

I have respect for you and you for me

The gods forgive, humans err

HAWKING

The U.S. Marine Corps does neither

HOLIDAY

Nonetheless, stretch forth your hand, touch my cloak

for he who touches my cloak shall be saved

be he leprous, Priapic

be she gangrenous or Sapphic

HAWKING

If I could do that,

slide my hand over under your cloak

I'd caress you as no man or woman has

and your lovely touch would speak words not seen before

And what do you say, the gods *forgive*?

not in my lowest or grandest time on this earth

Humans err indeed, non-stop, our very breaths

give the lie to our lives

lies and lives – that very "v" separates them not at all

But why are you here if not to soothe some sensual need

for me and perhaps for you?

HOLIDAY

I'm your gatekeeper, I set up your phantom toll booth

Your isles of conclusion which you get to by jumping

Numerous visitors will attend you, that is, if I allow

I'm your screen, your filter –

HAWKING
Would that I could run my juice through you

HOLIDAY
I would distill your neutral spirits

HAWKING
Nothing neutral about my spirits

HOLIDAY
And make you a designer vodka for the very top of the shelf

HAWKING
Please slip out of those wet clothes and into a dry martini

HOLIDAY
I thought you liked them a little dirty, or so I've read

HAWKING
Martinis or clothes?

HOLIDAY
I'm studying marine biology.

HAWKING
Won't you do anything I tell you? Aren't you my laboratory assistant?

HOLIDAY
I'll take in anything you say and I will assist you in this process

whereby your visitors will try to convince you

HAWKING

Of my wicked wicked ways?

Errol Flynn

Casanova of the Cosmos

I can't convince you, can I

Tell them they all can wait, tell them so,

but, wait yourself, would you consider taking off

just the slightest part of your clothing, your blouse

or if this isn't quite your thing you'd doff

just so I could look, cat, I'd be your mouse

so frightened would I be to have a little peek

please, darling, I can hardly squeak, it's just

it's been so very long

HOLIDAY

And it will be very much longer indeed

HAWKING

Hard-hearted Hannah

HOLIDAY

From Savannah, GA

Hannah Holiday.

HAWKING

Billie, my beauty.

Seen any good signs lately?

HOLIDAY
"If you outlaw guns, only outlaws will shoot their children."

HAWKING
I like that, that is, not the shooting-children part.

HOLIDAY
The future is a boot stomping on a human face.

HAWKING
Orwell.

HOLIDAY
Dick Cheney quoting Orwell

HAWKING
Dick Cheney before he dicks you.

HOLIDAY
What mens' room?

HAWKING
Jocko Sullivan's, New Haven, 1973. I was at a conference at Yale. It was the summer of the Watergate hearings –

HOLIDAY
I know.

HAWKING
Ah, a youngster with a sense of the past.

HOLIDAY
DICK Nixon before he dicks you. Same difference.

HAWKING
In fact, not. We thought Tricky ruthless. Cheney simply without ‘ruth’.

HOLIDAY
History doesn’t repeat itself, but it can rhyme.

HAWKING
Mark Twain.

HOLIDAY
Samuel Clemens.

HAWKING
Roger Clemens.

HOLIDAY
The Artful Rodger.

HAWKING
To whom do you allow me to grant my audience first?

HOLIDAY
Yes, someone here to see you, ProfesSORE

He’s tapped his way right up here, war’s in store

unless the two of you can find some common ground

the Titans and Olympians will shake the earth all ‘round

He sees himself, if that’s the word, that ‘sees’

As one convincing proletarians with his street cred

He brings back to mind “Better red than dead”

He’s got quite a story as you’ve heard

and you’ll hear it again with embellishment

he’s most adept

at tapping, snapping, rapping and the like

He was in the Prime Minister’s Cabinet, a Member of Parliament

He moves with great ease, his dog at his side

He’s blind, you see,

But he’s just been sacked for (a sex Scandalle) a bird he kept,

he met at a water park on a water slide

They slid and slid ‘til greased so easy she

took hold of him and both became quite free

Now here he is, the Master Prevaricate

David Blunkett, the blind man you love to hate

HAWKING

Blunkett, indeed.

Enter DAVID BLUNKETT, blind, with a stuffed seeing-eye dog,

addressing HAWKING,

BLUNKETT

There was a party where I rolled you in

HAWKING

Many where you rolled me in, your dog leading the way

BLUNKETT
The dog leading the crip leading the blind

with our black armless artist not far behind

HAWKING
Oni Aida, armless, shortened legs, pregnant, what a babe!

Spurned my advances, wanted a gay, not a straight disABE

I said, “Try me out, you don’t know where this nose has nosed”

“No,” she said, “I got calluses from too many phalluses.

Body-fucked, mind-fucked, what’s the diff, it’s all just getting hosed.”

BLUNKETT
But still she came along, party after party and that one in particular

‘Una Mehicana fiesta’

With sleek females vying for our attention, Ole!,

I, blind, you, cripped, she she, what could be sexier, more *come hither*

The men snickered, their eyes rolled

And there we were, the center of the pin

With all those angels dancing on Ascension Day

Rising rising like the Christ, that’s you, *come thither*

We two –

HAWKING
Come dither - don’t forget Oni Aida, she of the stumps

and a most magnificent rump

BLUNKETT

We three, so crushed by Fate, fee fi fo fum

discarded as infants, auctioned off we would have been

if anyone had thought we were worth anything

sent to ‘schools’ for the unsighted, the unsightly,

thalidomide camps, iron lung gulags,

psychiatric prisons for toddlers -

sorry, you didn’t do much toddling, now, did you

HAWKING

O, I toodled, toddled, only later was I stricken

when the life of my mind went slow to quick’n

Odd how that happens, the body destroyed

the brain goes wild, as if a Jew were Goy’d

It’s as if all sense’s lost forever

No nothing, no nohow, all zero, all *never*

Then suddenly, it’s there, in front all around

All becomes clear

Bound!, that’s it

You’re Prometheus Bound

That sounds rather grand, so be it, it’s mine

We all must obey when we’re given a sign

BLUNKETT

O, Hawking, you weren’t given any sign

You’ve fashioned yourself from a mold thrown away

Let's admit, my friend, we all have to pay

For the sins of our fathers, their very worst line

I toddled, after a fashion, banging into restraining bars

feeling my way to the walls of cattle cars

HAWKING
O, Blunkett, you weren't put into cattle cars

BLUNKETT
In the jail of my mind I was

"O God, I could be bound in a nutshell

and count myself a king of infinite space…"

BLUNKETT & HAWKING
"…were it not that I have bad dreams."

HAWKING
Oni Aida makes art with a brush in her mouth

BLUNKETT
She makes art with her mouth indeed

and there was that time –

HAWKING
Spare us the graphics, graphomaniac monster –

BLUNKETT
Monster I am and Monster I will remain

alongside the so-called giants, the Titans who rule the earth

who've been around since well before our birth

We three pulverize them, literally turn them into dust

We terrorize them

Olympus or bust

tetanus them with our reddest of rust

It's our "disabilities", as they're so euphemistically called

Our "disabilities" is what we vomit all over their white-wined fish

and red-wined beef

So we look up to the gods

from the rim of the Grand Canyon

and down too far on high

We are the ones who'll destroy them

eating the pie right out of their sky

HAWKING

How are *we* destroying *them*?

BLUNKETT

Holding out our deformities, our less-than-perfects

right up their cocksure noses

From bloody dust they art and from dust they shalt return

HAWKING

You've said it, from dust they art and from dust they shall return

and we've had a hand, more perhaps, in their demise

But what good did it do us or does us now? Especially now.

With only the day left

Did you know that Einstein made silent movies?

BLUNKETT
What do you mean, he *made* silent movies?

HAWKING
Silent *movies.* He *made* silent movies.

He had a somewhat high-pitched voice –

BLUNKETT
So he never made it into the talkies.

HAWKING
At Princeton he was often spotted doing pratfalls in the less-travelled corridors.

HAWKING
But there's no use going on Amazon –

BLUNKETT
To look for their Queen, the one-breasted Penthesilea,

who cut off her right breast

better to pull back her bow

and reach for her quiver

HAWKING
Makes you all aquiver –

or going on Yahoo –

BLUNKETT
To look for Jonathan Swift, Gulliver's Travels and *his* Yahoos

dreadful half-men half-beasts

bringing to mind Oliver Cromwell

who stabled his horses in Dean Swift's St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin

Cromwell –

HAWKING
Hold it. Cromwell. Oliver. Puritan. 16 something.

BLUNKETT
40.

HAWKING
Ah, the 40's. The War! The Blitz!!

BLUNKETT
Wrong 40's

HAWKING
There's always the 40's. Cromwell comes to power. The first thing he does –

BLUNKETT and HAWKING
- is close down the theaters!

BLUNKETT
Now there's someone we should write a play about.

With his horses stabled in Dean Swift's St Paddy's Cathedral.

HAWKING
You already said that. Back to the Yahoos.

BLUNKETT
Dreadful half-men, half-beasts. In the Land of the Houyhnmhnms, the horses who ruled, who had no word for 'lies'. There were no lies in the Houyhnmhnm world. But the wretched Yahoos, their servants, dirty, foul, stupid, sclerotic, cirrhotic –

BLUNKETT and HAWKNG

Tories!

HAWKING

Now Google – no classical literary connection there.

BLUNKETT

Barney.

HAWKING

Barney? The giant purple reptile parents love to hate?

BLUNKETT

Barney Google. Google him.

BLUNKETT and HAWKING (singing)

With his Goo Goo Googley eyes.

HAWKING

But not even Google will find you Albert's movies for none of them have made it to the digital age, the digitalis age, better-called -

BLUNKETT

The man who's concocting the answer to everything –

HAWKING

Except Barney Google and I am not 'concocting' anything

BLUNKETT

Do you know why the Titans want you out of the way, silenced, killed?

HAWKING

Generally, yes; specifically, no.

BLUNKETT
Generally, they sense you have the all-encompassing answer explaining it all.

HAWKING
Explaining = MCSquared

BLUNKETT
Specifically, they haven't a clue.

So, Old Man, the Day of your Death and the tempus is fugiting.

HAWKING
You know it's the Day of my Death?

BLUNKETT
It's all over FaceSpace and MyBook. Kajillions of hits already.

HAWKING
Really? Who knew?

BLUNKETT
Just kajillions.

HAWKING
What if you knew?

BLUNKETT
I know. I just told – knew what?

HAWKING
The Day of YOUR Death.

BLUNKETT
Why would I want to know that?

HAWKING

You could plan.

BLUNKETT

Plan what?

HAWKING

The rest of your life?

BLUNKETT

Why would I want to do that?

HAWKING

I'm not making myself clear. Or perhaps I am.

Is it perhaps that you don't want to know?

BLUNKETT

Old Man, what was your first clue?

Do you?

HAWKING

I do. I know. It's the end of the day. End of story. Comforting.

BLUNKETT

Really?

HAWKING

No, it's not bloody comforting. I want to get up and bloody dance, you bloody fool.

BLUNKETT

Not bloody likely.

HAWKING

What if I gave it to you?

BLUNKETT
I have it. The Day of your Death.

HAWKING
I'm not making myself clear. Or perhaps I am.

BLUNKETT
What you should be giving me is The Final Solution.

HAWKING
I'm no Nazi, crypto, neo or paleo. And with only the day left, it's unlikely I'll become one. You say it's all over SpaceFace and LookBook?

BLUNKETT
You haven't seen?

HAWKING
Where'd *you* see it, BrailleMail?

BLUNKETT
May the gods strike you dead. That is –

HAWKING
That is – did you hear that Rush Limbaugh's going deaf? Soon he'll be –

HAWKING and BLUNKETT
Deaf *and* dumb!

HOLIDAY doesn't like that.

BLUNKETT
Stephen, your declaration is everywhere.

We hear the creaking of that giant door.

We hear the chant STEPHEN STEPHEN ANSWER ANSWER

Until the mammoth door is once again shut.

HAWKING

What exactly does it say?

BLUNKETT

I'll beam it up.

BLUNKETT beams it up on his IOFone.

HAWKING

I can't read Braille.

BLUNKETT

You're so helpless.

HAWKING

No kidding.

BLUNKETT

It says – onthesamepage –

HAWKING

What do you mean – on the same page?

BLUNKETT

The name of your blog, silly.

HAWKING

The name of my blog is OnTheSamePage?

BLUNKETT

Yes.

HAWKING
How would I know?

BLUNKETT
I quote – "December 18, 2 Thousand whatever -

The real performance date of day and year is given here.

- on or about 8:45 p.m. GMT – this will be the time of my death."

HAWKING
Just "on or about"?

BLUNKETT
That's what it says.

HAWKING
I mean, you couldn't exactly set your clock by it. It's not bloody Faust.

BLUNKETT
It is not bloody Faust.

HAWKING
Does it say anything else?

BLUNKETT
"Stay tuned for an important announcement."

HAWKING
I can't imagine –

BLUNKETT
What?

HAWKING

How this came to be.

BLUNKETT

You're having a dropoff in imagination?

HAWKING

Perhaps I am.

BLUNKETT

Then it's time to talk turkey

HAWKING

My dear Blunk, what's in it for you?

How much are they going to pay you, hey?

BLUNKETT

O, why pay me, I am paid enough –

HAWKING

O, I don't mean pay like in money, but like in payoff?

BLUNKETT

I repeat – I am paid enough.

Like the man who cleans up after the elephants

in the circus and someone asks him, "why

do you do this year after year, please why"

and the man replies, "What would you have me do,

leave show business?"

No response from HAWKING, then –

HAWKING
O, the punch line‘s arrived. Great.

BLUNKET
Do you know from whence I’ve come?

HAWKING
From roaming the earth and patrolling its petroleum fields, dear God.

BLUNKETT
At the age of four –

HAWKING
You were trundled off to a boarding school for the blind

Where you were beaten blind, that is beaten deef

They held you by your ankles upside down

And slammed you against the wall until you left your mind

all over the floor of the abbatoir

with the rest of the bloody beef

You became at age 18 –

BLUNKETT
We’re skipping

HAWKING
The light fantastic. At 21, you had become the district ‘Gauleiter’ –

BLUNKETT
Change the term.

HAWKING
Left, right, what's the bloody difference. The leftists in 1933 ushered in Hitler whose physicists did everything they could possibly do to find the fecking bomb – the answer to blow us all away -

HAWKING
- and all I do – ALL I do – is try not to blow us all away –

with my everything answer to Michael Caine's universal question

HAWKING & BLUNKETT (singing)
What's it all about, Alfie?

HAWKING
Gauleiter Blunkett –

BLUNKETT
Fascistic!

HAWKING
Meanwhile you kept moving up the

easy-greasy-you-got-a-long-way-to-slide

political ladder, all the while your views moderating

BLUNKETT
I deny it. My views have remained steadfast.

HAWKING
You were made Secretary of This and Minister of That –

HAWKING
What perks have you been offered

to have this little conversation with me

to dissuade me from furthering my own expedition

BLUNKETT
It would be the end of history.

HAWKING
And we wouldn't want that to happen – again!

My death? The End of History?

Mr. Fuko-Fucky-yama

BLUNKETT
Francis and I are very close.

HAWKING
May you diddle each other into infinity.

Now it's time for you to leave. I have a special Holiday session coming up.

BLUNKETT
She has an 'Internship', this Holiday?

HAWKING
Advanced Lap Dancing and my lap needs to be danced upon five times a day

or I will burst and die

BLUNKETT
Reminds me of the old joke, something about National Health –

HAWKING
A woman is taking a tour of a hospital where she sees a man in the corridor masturbating.

She points this out to the doctor and he explains that the man has a serious disease and

unless he is relieved five times a day, he will fill up and die. National Health provides. She accepts the fact and moves on. Then in a single room she sees a beautiful nurse fellating a patient. When she remarks to the same doctor, he replies, “Same disease, private health plan.”

BLUNKETT
It’s time for you to submit.

HAWKING
To better jokes?

BLUNKETT
Give up your ‘expedition’, as you call it.

HAWKING
I’ve given it up.

BLUNKETT
Relieved.

HAWKING
Five times a day.

BLUNKETT
Now what are you saying?

HAWKING
I’ve given it up because I have the answer. On this The Day of my Death.

You sure you wouldn’t like to know yours?

BLUNKETT
Not a chance. Now what is the Answer?

HAWKING
It’s so painfully simple that even you will understand it.

BLUNKETT
Then you will give it over to the gods and Younge Tony?

HAWKING
Heavens, no. But you’ll be interested to know that whatever is my fate,

The answer is in safe hands, someplace safe, quite quite safe.

Now be off and let me have my Holiday

BLUNKETT
I won’t try again.

HAWKING
I trust not.

BLUNKETT
They have their ways and you will suffer.

I’ll be at the Chelsea Arts Club splayed over the snooker table

if you’d care to send over Holiday or whomever

Adieu.

BLUNKETT bows and leaves.

HAWKING
Alright, who’s next, in fact give me the entire list

Let’s get on with the badgering and the moleing

and the toading and the frogging

and the weasleing

especially the weasleing

HOLIDAY

I don't have a list as such, sir

but there was a rather rude woman on the line a sec ago

and if my sensors are correcto, she's in the anteroom now

ANNA KRONISMA

Here I am, Anna Kronisma

HAWKING

Anna Kronisma, positively patrician, Patricia. Here you are.
I haven't seen you in 2500 years.

ANNA KRONISMA

Seems like just yesterday.

HAWKING

In the Groves of Academe

Yes. You're one of the long-lost pre-Socratics of note

In that cradle of democracy with ten percent eligible to vote

Buggerers, slavemasters, pedophiles,

a marvelous array of human misery, stupidity

and greed

But great olive oil, retsina and feta

when finally what more do you need?

ANNA KRONISMA

Pre-Socratic?

Yes, The Soc Man was anything but democratic

A hitchhiker's guide to the Hershey Highway if ever there was one

With a shrew of a wife name of Xanthippe, hair held together by chopsticks in a bun

thought she be whey kewl with her lipstick Lesbos, no fag hag she

as they choreo-poemed, danced muff to muff down by the sea

But 'Rates, we taught him all he knew

But pre-Socratic –

I'm a philosophist and a pre-physicist, my dear boy,

Laying the groundwork for such as yourself

I'm here to bring you a sword, so to speak

It's the best offer you'll get any old week

HAWKING

A sword in the sense of the Gospel Christ

how would I wield it?

You, who are outside of time

There's a clue there

You are an anachronisma

Your clock gains, loses seconds not in the way these clocks do

These clocks are exact to within a nanosecond, every, o, it doesn't matter,

every something, I 'm losing it, I recall faces,

but equations I'm getting shaky on,

I used to be able to recite fone numbers, zip codes,

email addresses at a single bound, leap tall fire hydrants,

duck into phantom toll booths for a quickie three minutes

with the Holiday of the moment

I used to think it mattered, those nanoseconds piling up

drippingly expanding the universe

but I don't any longer, just as I no longer believe

that black holes swallow everything

although once I did, perhaps it's chartreuse holes that swallow it all

Every molecule, atom, nanosecond is surrounded by, inundated by, subsumed by –

ANNA KRONISMA & HAWKING

Lint!

HAWKING

No strings attached?

ANNA KRONISMA

Not my theory.

HAWKING

And you're just *green* with envy?

ANNA KRONISMA

Not Greene at all. Neither Brian nor Michael.

HAWKING

What is there below the surface of the earth, do you suppose?

And who is this who speaks of stringy pasta with or without the meatballs

Is it spaghetti straps from prom dresses,

Is it lasagna with its cheesy noodles ringing the globe, all underneath

It all just seems silly putty, slinkies, hula hoops, pet rocks, MP3 players –

ANNA KRONISMA
O, Hawk, my good man, you've not been living under a rock.

HAWKING
On one, so to speak.

So to speak – What is it that you want from me – some sort of declaration

That you may use as an endorsement?

Have You Instant Messaging in Ancient Greece?

Big Box Stores ringing the Acropolis

strapping your slaves to giant spools of lint

Lint Plantations producing bales processed through Lint Gins

I can see it now, on your billboards

ANNA KRONISMA
An endorsement for my organization

Pre-Physicists without Borders

HAWKING & ANNA KRONISMA
Les Pre-Physiciennes sans Frontieres

HAWKING
Yes, Pre-Physicists without Borders, an indispensable organization.

With carnage, drought, pestilence, famine raging over, ravaging,

the Darfur region of the Sudan,

who do we send in but a team of les Pre-Physiciennes sans Frontieres,

with a bagful of sun-dried quarks

and the most powerful telescopes that would make Galileo gasp,

telescopes allowing the victims to see their victimizers miles away,

but still not having the strength to avoid them

ANNA KRONISMA
But if the *victimizers* come halfway to their victims

and then they come halfway *more* to their victims

and they continue to come halfway *more* to their victims –

HAWKING
Don't say it

don't say they will never get to their victims

because they will always get to their victims

This is why we must move to OUTER SPACE

In twenty years the world will need another complete world just to satisfy the needs of China. I've just returned from there, as you know.

ANN KRONISMA
You were greeted like a rock star, which of course you are.

HAWKING
Prometheus, the original Rock Star, Jagger once and always going out of his mind, Richards beyond beyond, having just fallen out of a tree and having come through brain surgery, the man for whom the Times commissioned an obituary in 1988, none of these guys had anything on Pro Me, talk about pyrotechnics!

HOLIDAY is quite agitated.

HAWKING
I feel you, Holiday, where are you, behind me? I can't turn and you can't hear

HOLIDAY comes in front of HIM.

Why are you being coy, child? Who do you not want me to see?

The Winged-One?

Hermes, the messenger of the gods?

In swoops HERMES, heavily-scarved.

HERMES
AirMAY, my dear boy, and heavily scarved

HAWKING
Two of you, hey, the Philosophist and the Press Secretary

HERMES
As Head of the Titanic Press Club I'd like to ask you one more question before I give you our Titanic Press Club windbreaker

What in the cosmos do you think you're doing?

Do you not realize the gravity, I dare say, the mercury, of your situation?

HAWKING
Ah, Mercury, if we break your little bulb at the bottom of your tube, and your poison spreads all around us, will we not be PCB'd, you and the Titans of General Electric befouling the Hudson? The Thames? The Elbe? The Vistula? The Liffey? The Rhine? The Tiber? Chafing at my shores?
How is it, AirMAY, that you would market me, play upon my pipe, so to say.

HERMES
We have an announcement to make.

HAWKING
You two horses are joining hands in Holy Fetlock

ANNA KRONISMA
Hermes and Anna

HERMES

Anna and Hermes

HAWKING

But you two are about to be blown out of the water

By which I mean the waters of the Delta and the Bayou

The Waters of the Alligators – as in See you, later

After while, Crocodile

The Jig Be Up

HERMES and ANNA

What do you mean?

HAWKING

Your little Blackwater consulting firm on the side

O, no, I shan't go into the naked raves in Afghani embassies

Urinating on each other over balconies awash with Cold Duck

Or some such swill – Have you no taste?

When your firm has been hired at the cost of untold riches

To guard the Green Zone of Baghdaddy and BagMommie

And you're romping wid duh dogs 'n duh chains 'roun duh necks –

HERMES

Not us!

HAWKING

'n duh fotos! Swagger fagger dagger up up – EVERYWHERE!

ANNA

It wasn't me!

HAWKING

‘Twas you. And you.

And you’ll probably both escape

Because there is no one else to do your dirty work

The people who hire you can’t figure how to hire anyone else

So the allegations – “Ah resents duh allegations and I deny duh alligators” -

of your atrocities in atro and Afro Cities

from Mogadishu to Ougadouga

In those famous “failed states”

Remain allegations and go unpunished

But not before your secrets are revealed

What about you two? Would you like to know the Days of your Deaths?

HERMES

Heavens to Mergotroyd, no.

ANNA

Not the slightest curiosity. I want it to be a complete surprise.

HERMES and ANNA

Of course, we’ll die the very same minute. O, the delicious excitement.

HAWKING

We’ll have to see about that.

ANNA

Can you guarantee, you who see ahead?

HAWKING

I who see ahead see what you don't care to see, but in lieu of that, I see that you Anna will be Appointments and Events Secretary to the Titans, a sort of Desiree Rogers muscling the timid Secret service.

Running for Speaker of the Rock, Hermes?

Secretary of Lying-in-State, how about Head of the Page Program, the PP Brigade, you Twitterer of all underage pages
You Consigliere of the Velvet Mafia, you cleaner up after the Pink Elephants

HERMES
Watch who you insult, you are in no position –

HAWKING
Position? AirMAY Erect, Turns Page – that's your position

HERMES
Gay-bashing will get you nowhere

HAWKING
Gay-bashing? Me? What about you, Log-cabin Republican,
if that isn't the *definition* of gay-bashing.

And you, Anna, arranging for assignations on C Street, is that what it's called?

ANNA
I don't know of what you speak.

HAWKING
Of what I speak, Anna, my lovely is he prayer meetings with all the Famosos Filandererosa, oaying the husbands of mistresses on their staffs, the governors, the senators running off to the Appalachian Trail or is it Brazil?

So let us now play a bit of "You Bet Your Political Life" because I've already bet it all.
Where's George Feniman when we need him.

HOLIDAY will play George Feniman to HAWKING's Groucho Marx from the latter's TV program of the Fifties, "You bet Your Life".

Our next contestants are a happily-married couple of 22 years. And in those 22 years of blissful wedlock, you have sired 19 children.

HERMES and ANNA play along.

HERMES and ANNA

Nineteen little rugrats.

HAWKING
Must be a pretty worn-out rug. How many times have you had to replace this rug? Never mind. So Anna Karisma –

ANNA
Kronisma.

HAWKING
So, Anna Kareninisma, throwing yourself under a choo-choo –

ANNA
KRONE – isma!

HAWKING
It's my pogrom, I mean program, and I'll cry if I want to.

ANNA
Every single one of them is an outstanding scholar and award-winning homemaker.

HERMES
The first time we ever met –

HAWKING
Did I ask you? It's my program.

HERMES and ANNA (singing)
And you'll cry if you want to.

HAWKING
My program –

HERMES
You rock, I mean YOUR rock.

HAWKING
Very funny

HERMES
Not really.

HAWKING

So 22 years and 19 little beasties. I been smoking this cigar for longer than that, but at least I take it out once in a while.

Rim shot.

Now, Anna Krone, it's my program.

ANNA
You rock, I mean YOUR rock.

HAWKING
You say you have a degree in Socratic Hemlockian Boy-Buggering?

HERMES
That's my degree.

HAWKING
So, Krone, your degree must be in Xanthippian Sapphistic Pit-Bullbusting Palinistic Lipstick Lesbos.

ANNA
With a minor in You-Betcha-Goin'-Rogue

HAWKING
So between the two of you, let's get to the sausage

ANNA
I have the answer.

HAWKING
The pork rinds, the scrapple of existence

ANNA
All that is is not Earth Wind and Fire

ANNA and HERMES
But – Big Finish – LINT!

HAWKING
All that is is lint – You're right! You've guessed the secret word. And here comes the duck with fifty smackers in its mouth.

A stuffed duck descends with 50 smackers in its mouth. HOLIDAY gives it to the happy couple.

HAWKING (continued)
Congratulations and now for your final question for all the marbles –

Who is buried in Grant's tomb?

ANNA and HERMES are unsure, but finally blurt out –

ELVIS!

No, I'm sorry, it wasn't Elvis. He's left the building.

Alright, the show's over gang. Hermes, what's with the alligators?

HERMES
Alligators?

HAWKING
I quote – "The biggest player in the alligator luxury goods game has been Hermes. Stolid men wade into shallow tanks and pull the alligators out by hand. Biting happens. After the gators are killed with a stab to the brain, they are skinned and sorted: heads and claws for the French Quarter souvenir shops, meat for the Cajun restaurants, guts for turtles, dogs or anything else whose tastes run that way."

Your taste, Hermes, runs that way.

HERMES
In the days of Christopher Marlowe there was a garrotte in which I would have put your head, You would have been in a sort of seat and the garrotte would have twisted you, that is, I would have twisted your neck until it snapped, chickenly, before you could wheel across the road. Before you could get to the real torturers –

HAWKING
Add torture to torture, twist how you MAY
Now Zeus, hear this: yet me you will not stay

HAWKING
(to HERMES) Winged-hound of Zeus

(to ANNA) Zealot of Zeno

ANNA
And you can't prove a thing. And you will fail at impeaching any of us.

And now we need you to sign this and we will skedaddle.

HAWKING
I won't even bother to examine the document

O, is there someone here who has my back?

HOLIDAY snatches it away and furiously signs as SHE reads.

HOLIDAY
"Being of sound mind and body, or at least sound mind, I hereby renounce

All claims to IT or IS or whatever it or is is called. I shall go to my eternal demise

having not delivered it, or is, to Man or Woman.

Furthermore, I pledge fealty to my Lord and Commander,

Cosmo K. Cosmos"

HAWKING
O, you snakes in the splendiferous grass

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things"

Be gone and take your scarves, your wings

Your sophistry, your Frontieres blingblings

ANNA KRONISMA
It's all that is, remove all , Lay Hermes

HERMES
You haven't heard the last of us this day

ANNA KRONISMA & HERMES exeunt with a flourish.

HAWKING
"Let Hercules do what he may
The cat will mew and dog will have its day"

Yes, Holiday, hold my calls

Now mix me a martinus

HOLIDAY
Don't you mean 'martini'?

HAWKING & HOLIDAY
"When I want two, I'll ask for them."

HAWKING
So, Holiday - Billie, Judy - what are your goals

And do you do this for others

Has this Royal Observatory become some sort of half-way house

for clock watchers, time-card punchers, hedge-fund managers

investment bankers –

Do you know the difference between a pigeon and an investment banker?

A pigeon can still make a deposit on a BMW!

O, but it's all changed, the TARP has been re-paid

And as Sonny and Cher said,

The banks, I mean, the beat, goes on

HOLIDAY
Do I do *what* for others?

HAWKING
Physicists Anonymous in Twelve-Step programs?

HOLIDAY
What for others?

HAWKING
Do you *know* Spinoza?

HOLIDAY
Intimately.

HAWKING
Leibniz, Descartes?

HOLIDAY
I know not to put Des Cartes before Dey Horse.

HAWKING
I haven't heard that – for about fifty years.

HOLIDAY
The world evolves, revolves; graduate school does not.

HAWKING
O, you're in graduate school. That's depressing.

HOLIDAY
It is depressing.

HAWKING
You can't find better things to do with your time?

HOLIDAY
Didn't you come up through those ranks?

HAWKING
I suppose I did. That doesn't mean –

A man in a wheelchair has rolled on.

Man
I've just rolled in from The Big Apple and, boy, are my arms tired.

HOLIDAY
You are, sir, I must say, sir, that we have no *wheelies*

other than the Maestro

Man
Well, you do now, my dear

The "Maestro" knows me perfectly well

HAWKING
Pythias Thirst, what a nice surprise!

PYTHIAS
Word does get around and I thought for old-time sake –

HAWKING
You snap away and snatch my essence for yet another photo-realist display of folderol-cum-fetus. The last time you put my image, chair and all, in a plexiglass case –

PYTHIAS
Foaming with formaldehyde –

HAWKING
- surrounded by abortions of one species or another Pope BeneDICK the 16th excommunicated me.

PYTHIAS
I didn't know you were a Papist.

HAWKING
According to Pontiff Himmelfart everyone's a member of the One True Church.

PYTHIAS

Is he any worse than that Opus Dei Dude kissing airport runways in 212 countries, you'd think he'd have died of tarmac poisoning ages ago.

HAWKING

Much worse. Now he's making a play for the racist sexist LGBT-bashers in the Anglican eyries, the ones hiding under the organ or behind their organs of mass instruction –

HAWKING and PYTHIAS (singing)

"Hail Britannia, Britannia Waves the Rules!"

PYTHIAS

I have a new plan.

HAWKING

Heaven help us.

PYTHIAS THIRST begins snapping away.

What segment of the establishment will you alienate me from this time?

PYTHIAS THIRST

Why would you even care when your time is up?

HAWKING

Do you mean why would I even care *because* my time is up?

PYTHIAS

Yes.

HAWKING

Or why would I even care as to *when* my time is up?

PYTHIAS

Yes.

HAWKING

My time is up?

PYTHIAS

It's all over –

HAWKING

All over?

PYTHIAS

RaceFace Clued Dude. Gakillions of hits.

HAWKING

Not BlinRing or KewlFool?

PYTHIAS

Them too.

HAWKING

And wouldn't you like that same, shall I say –

PYTHIAS

Comfort?

HAWKING

Cold Comfort Farm indeed.

PYTHIAS

I want no part of coldness.

HAWKING

Then you won't have it. Remidn me how you came to prominence.

PYTHIAS THIRST

In '96 that faux artiste who put the sheep in the plastic case with the formaldehyde –

HAWKING

What's his name? DH, Designated Hitter.

PYTHIAS THIRST

Designated Hitler, if you must know.
The case in which I injected black dye, turning the white sheep

HAWKING and PYTHIAS

Black!

HAWKING

Thank you.

PYTHIAS

Insuring my reputation as 'enfant terrible horrrifique the First'!

HAWKING

So this time you'll submerge my figure, chair and all in formaldehyde –

PYTHIAS

FormaldeHYDE Park. You'll be suspended on a soapbox in all the colors of the rainbow and you'll be dressed as –

HAWKING

Peter Pan.

PYTHIAS

You guessed it.

HAWKING

With the fetuses that would have become Tinkerbell, Wendy and Princess Summer Fall Winter Spring.

PYTHIAS

Who?

HAWKING
Sorry, that's Howdy Doody and I'm Buffalo Bob. Or am I Clarabelle?
I mean Tinkerbell, Wendy, Tiger Lily and Nana.

PYTHIAS
You're a seer!

HAWKING
Why not mix media, so to say, and do the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit, the Paraclete with wings drenched in BP oil off the North Sea?

PYTHIAS
Brilliant, but that's already in the works and for the very next time.

HAWKING
I'm so glad I do what I do. I'm glad

Because I wouldn't know how to do what

anyone else does, especially you

Do you like science?

No one says/asks that.

They say/ask – Do you like Art, Music, Movies, even, LordLoveaDuck, Television, but no one says –

PYTHIAS
Asks

HAWKING
Do you –

HAWKING and PYTHIAS
Like Science?

PYTHIAS
Well, do you?

HAWKING

Yes, I like Science and I need Science. Or so I thought.

PYTHIAS
But why don't you love Science?

HAWKING
Who are you, C.P. Snow? "Two Cultures an the Scientific Revolution"?

Who reads that anymore?

Do you like/love Art?

PYTHIAS
Do you believe in God?

HAWKING
Two ways which suggest I do. One – There has to have been a Being whop set the whole of existence in motion. That's the Science Part. Two - If God didn't exist, we would not have dreamt God up. That's the Art Part.

PYTHIAS
But what of the gods – plural?

HAWKING
You mean as the ones who have me trapped in this body, this chair, on this rock when they're about to check me out? Or so they say>

PYTHIAS
As does every social link known to cyberspace.

HAWKING
Really? What about BlacksBack, ChinksLinked, GaysWays, StraightsMates, and LGBT'sS-H-I-T's, or for that matter ArtsFarts?

Alright, are you Bette Davis or Joan Crawford?

PYTHIAS
Which were you last?

HAWKING
I don't recall.

PYTHIAS

A one and a two and y’all know what to do

HAWKING & PYTHIAS THIRST
"Yaren't evah getting out of that chair, Blanche.

Yaren't evah getting out of this house."

THEY are mirthful, but it doesn’t last.

PYTHIAS
Give it up, Stephen, ‘Yaren’t evah getting out of this predicament.

Y’aren’t evah gonna give that answer to no one.

HAWKING
How can you be so sure, Pythie, that I haven’t been trying to give it over to everyone.

PYTHIAS
Try harder.
Now you could give it to me and I could smuggle it out in my camera?

HAWKING
Are you sure it takes that form and isn’t it possible

that you’d have to put my whole head in your little camera

to make sure you had every last bit of it?

PYTHIAS
Bring me the head of Stephen Hawking

HAWKING
Or the brain of Ted Williams

PYTHIAS
Could you simply whisper it to me, that is, if it’s in an equational form?

HAWKING
No, I‘m not about to tell you

There’s only one person I might reveal this to

PYTHIAS
And she may be here.

HOLIDAY swoops on and, with a few flourishes,
sets PYTHIAS off.

In comes ONI AIDA, armless, shortened legs, muy embarazada.

HAWKING
Oni Aida, as I live and breathe, girl, you are such a pearl

ONI AIDA
More like an onyx, ‘cause I’m so onyxpected.

HAWKING
Ooo, you hurt me.

ONI AIDA
I’m the last to visit, first to sympathize

The ones who’ve come before, well, want you dead

HAWKING
Sounds like they’re going to get their wish. You’ve seen the social links?

ONI AIDA
BlacksBack, I’llBeWhiteBlack, PutThisInYourBlackPocket, BlackDon’tCrack, BlackDoCrack? Yes, seen them all and I dare repeat, the ones who’ve come before, want you dead

But I recall our times together, yes

With Blunkett, saw him as I entered, he

Saw me not, but I know he heard me shuffle

His dog saw, Hound of the Baskervilles, the bitch

Who keeps him honest, “Have you water? Prize

for anyone making sure she’s well-fed.”

Ourselves across the snooker table taking turns

so to speak, in the shade of that massive oak

and green felt, stroking those tiny pockets

HAWKING

I recall you shook your shortened legs

and twirled your melons, bobbing, sweaty,

cooled by the ceiling fan

and that - that “scientist”, that mathematician, that Richard

playing his bongos in gay strip clubs

that astro - ph- ph -physicist who rides his Harley

through the streets of SoHo

ONI AIDA

Richard Feynmann, Bongos Bombs and Boys -

HAWKING

challenging you to a round robin snooker tourney

ONI AIDA

Have you seen me yet?

HAWKING

I see you now.

ONI AIDA

In Trafalgar Square?

HAWKING

Amidst the pigeons and the Nelson?

Let us see the Nelson!

We see a video of Trafalgar Square with the Lord Nelson statue at one end of the square surrounded by tourists and pigeons.

And where are you?

We see a video of a no-armed, shortened-legged, white marble-statued larger-than-life pregnant ONI AIDA surrounded by tourists and pigeons.

ONI AIDA

Like me, do you?

HAWKING

Very much. I always have.

ONI AIDA

I know that.

But do you like me sculpted, in marble, and, o, so white?

HAWKING

Why are you white?

ONI AIDA

Well, I'm not really, am I?

HAWKING

But why are you there?

ONI AIDA

The artist –

HAWKING
Pythias Thirst, yes, he who put a black embryo into a solution of red dye encased in plastiscene to demonstrate –

ONI AIDA
- that he could put a black embryo into a solution of red dye –

Pythias wanted to challenge existing notions –

HAWKING
What about non-existing notions?

Why are you there?

ONI AID
To challenge the macho Admiral Nelson image. Why should there not be a *female* image as you walk, stroll, roll, through Trafalgar Square?

HAWKING
Because Trafalgar Square is commemorating war and all its testosteronic glories

And that is what is going on this moment in Waziristan

Or all the rest of the world's trouble spots that are erupting and about to erupt– it

is all about whose god's dick is bigger – it has nothing to do with anything else

My god's dick's bigger than your god's dick.

Religion, bloody religion in all its forms

– and may we now please do the only

thing important between us – re-create

HAWKING & ONI AIDA
The snooker table at the Chelsea Arts Club.

HAWKING

It wasn't as if I could play snooker in the ordinary way, but I could will the balls, so to speak, and it had to do with the physics of the balls, the physiques of the balls, so to say –

ONI AIDA

Banging into corners and each other, off the rails, so to speak, so to say -

HAWKING

Angelita mariposa, you are my butterfly, my little angel

ONI AIDA

I have arranged for both of us to be taken to my end of Trafalgar Square

Where our snooker table has been delivered

Where we shall perform and I shall deliver

HAWKING

Ah ha, perform and deliver! From end to end, from Lord Nelson to Oni Aida,

How glorious –

ONI AIDA

And you will give over –

HAWKING

Perhaps I will –

ONI AIDA

You have agreed –

HAWKING

Perhaps I have

We'll have the snooker, and perhaps that will be it.

ONI AIDA

Then, the snooker.

HAWKING

Then, the baby. With me.

ONI AIDA

O, yes, I shall have this baby. With me on the table right there in the midst of all of us,

Blood and afterbirth mixing with the felt

And then my time will have come, I'll have my own rock

Where? America

The U.S. Naval Laboratory where they have the clock

That keeps the time, nanosecondly,

in case this one's on the blink

And, yes I shall, I will deliver my baby

to carry on the struggle

A baby I know I'll never have a chance to kiss

ONI AIDA & HAWKING

Or nary a tiny snuggle

ONI AIDA

For I shall be whisked away –

HAWKING

How do you know this?

ONI AIDA

Because I see ahead

HAWKING
What do you see for me?

ONI
Your impending death.

HAWKING
And you? Do you have an impending death?

ONI
I cannot see.

HAWKING
What if I could?

ONI
I wouldn't believe you.

HAWKING
Why not?

ONI
Because, finally, I don't trust you. I know only that I shall be whisked away and I shall not see my baby again.

HAWKING
My children, my children – I needed to protect them

but I couldn't.

I used to sleep next to them, my chair beside the bed

They'd roll around and wrap themselves in each others' folds

Their mother – well, their mother –

I'd wake every hour or so, as is my wont.

making sure they hadn't been strangled

hadn't suffocated, choked on their own throw-up,

kidnapped, incinerated, all the things the tabloids

report happening with dispiriting regularity

and there they were, still rolling around or perhaps still

in each others' embrace

As their mother – well, their mother –

They'd wake early and I'd pretend to be asleep

I don't know why, well, sometimes I was,

but mostly I didn't want them to worry

that I'd been worrying

It was easier for them just to assume that

I'd been comatose throughout the night

I'd have my bit of time with them throughout the day

they'd come to the laboratory,

I'd pretend they were being a nuisance

so they'd see me in my "official capacity"

and know me in all my "importance"

when all the while I was dying to embrace them

and have them wheel me away

even as they were too young to wheel

And their mother – well –

and now, well, I haven't slept beside their bed,

beds now, for several years, and shan't again, I fear

They're off – well, they're off

ONI AIDA

My daughter I shall name Calpurnia

Not for Caesar's wife and her warning to him

"A lioness hath whelped in the streets

And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead

Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the clouds…

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol…

O, Caesar, these things are beyond all use,

And I do fear them."

but for the maid in 'To Kill a Mockingbird'

When Calpurnia takes Atticus Finch, the white man in this Southern town

to her Black church, she teaches him a thing or two

Indeed, Julius Caesar mocks his bird Calpurnia

"How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia

I am ashamed I did yield to them

Give me my robe, for I will go"

And go he does, off to his death

What will it be, Stephen?

HAWKING

What will it *be*, my dear?

ONI AIDA
How will you spend your last moments/your last thoughts?

HAWKING
Are you my death? Brought you the guillotine?

Injection lethal, hanging from the old oak tree

How ‘bout the firing squad, just as mean

Unusual and cruel punishment, see

The crip, he dangles, swaying in the wind

The chair he’s strapped in might as well be juiced

The cocktail, poisons for all that he’s sinned

Now throw the switch, give him an extra boost

Perhaps he’s drawn and quartered, knives like sharks’

Teeth ripping up his theories, unified

By one dance of geometry, the marks

Of time won’t ever make him deified / justified

What am I but a piece of sodden earth

Who should have never seen the light of birth

ONI AIDA
Dear Mister Stephen Hawking, how are you

You must be mulling over who you are

You’ve been on the brink so very long and now perhaps you’ve arrived

Who’s arrived is IO. HAWKING sees HER, as do we, but ONI AIDA does not.

HAWKING

You see her, don't you?

ONI

See whom?

HAWKING

Io, surrounded by flies.

IO

I resisted Zeus's whisperings, coming as they did to my bedroom night after night.

I am chaste, or was, and wanted no part of his debauchery

Then the oracles drove my father to drive me out to the fields

where I stayed night after night again assaulted by Zeus's ministrations

of lewdness, lechery, lasciviousness, never had I heard such untethered speech

Finally, he took me, I could no longer stop his horn from goring me

There Zeus covered me with clouds as to hide me from Hera who had come to investigate

He turned himself into a white cloud and me into a white heifer

Hera was not amused. She demanded me as her present and of course, he relented.

She tied me to an oak tree and put me in the charge of Argos Panoptes, he of the 100 eyes

HAWKING

So as to keep you away from Zeus.

ONI AIDA

To whom are you speaking?

IO

Zeus ordered Hermes to kill Argus, or at the very least, to lull all one hundred eyes to sleep. Hera was not fooled and ordered me to wander the earth surrounded by the gadfly ESTRUS to drive me into madness.

HAWKING
Yes, it is ESTRUS that drives you into madness

IO
I crossed the inland sea between the Caspian and the Aegean and for a while the ESTRUS was too wet to sting me

ONI AIDA
The ESTRUS? Driving you into madness?

What drives men so very mad –

HAWKING
But the smell of estrus
The ex-Mayor of Washington, D.C., Marion Barry, was arrested in a sting operation at the Vista International hotel for possession of cocaine. But it wasn't the 'cocaina' that befell or befuddled or lured him on. It was the smell of estrus, the woman, whom he knew, who called him with the promise of her smell. *That* is what drove him mad.

IO
My own smell drives me mad.
Her deep smell drove him bad.

HAWKING (to IO)
What have you come for, my dear?

ONI AIDA
It's been so very long since you called me that.

IO
I've come for the cure.

HAWKING (to IO)
You think this is Lourdes?

ONI AIDA

What do you mean?

HAWKING (to ONI AIDA)

She's come for the cure and she thinks I'm the Miracle Worker, some sort of Helen Keller Redux.

ONI AIDA

What do you mean?

IO

The cure for my lack of foreknowledge.

HAWKING (to IO)

Your foreknowledge?

ONI AIDA

My foreknowledge of what? When I shall give birth? Terribly TERRIBLY soon.

ONI

The moment of my death so that I'll know when I'll be released from this madness.

HAWKING (to IO)

I won't give that to you.

IO

But you do know it.

ONI AIDA

You won't give what to me?

HAWKING (to IO)

I know it.

ONI AIDA and IO

You're being cruel.

HAWKING

More cruel if I give it to you. Trust me.

ONI AIDA

I can't.

IO

I won't. There's nothing I can get from you.

I take my leave and see you when? One, two

Or more lifetimes will pass or more

I'll see you on some distant shore

HAWKING (to IO)

That's what I see as well

God speed, my dear, farewell

IO leaves.

ONI AIDA

What drives me so very mad is when you speak as if I'm somewhere else.

HAWKING

You have my complete attention.

ONI AIDA

Then I'll speak of the universe so very far

Has offered secrets that reveal its life

The galaxies are far away and Mars

Is still a mystery without a wife

to keep him peaceful, so he goes to war

And what is this war for but injured pride

And what are we doing about it, or

What are you scientists, your heads inside

Is where you hide, what will you, Scientist

Now do about it - stopping war – we're pissed

at you for doing nothing – Union of Concerned Scientists

what have you done to bring us peace?

There are more wars than ever before

So explain why we are killing each other at unprecedented rates

Filling each other with older and older hates

What are you going to do about it and when

Why can't you stop the violence and bring an end

to this gazing through telescopes at things so far away

when the shit filling our noses smells worse and worse each day

HAWKING

We've had our chance, you're right

There's nothing we do right

We'll never make it right

We don't know day for night

Our telescopes that would give Galileo an attack

are worthless and none of us has each other's back

I surrender once and forever to the will and testament

of those bitter gods, dying slower than I

but laughing all the way to Hades

Let's go together, Oni Aida, let's join hands with Holiday

and drift off into the eternal mist

But first I must be kissed by both of you at once on each my cheeks

And then I'll go to those Olympian peaks

and smite those wretched Immortals

steal their ambrosia, quaff their nectar

belch and retch all over their clouds

And end war as we know it once for all

Then I'll come back down and we'll have ourselves a ball

ONI AIDA does/says nothing.

What's wrong, my dear, isn't that what you want

or are you in the pay of them too

Or, my dear, is it simply that you can't

You talk the game but it's the game that you can't do

ONI AIDA

It's that you, time and again, and I use 'time'

advisedly

Abrogate your responsibility and you make a joke

of what is the most serious matter at hand

in the history of this very young universe

The world is imploding, but at least the Titans,

like Atlas holding up the world

are doing what they can to stave it off

and what do you do?

With all your “perhapses”

You - are – perhaps - out - of - your

Tiny Little Mind!

HAWKING

I am *not* out of my mind,

tiny, little or otherwise

I may be OUT OF MIND

or very nearly

I am certainly OUT OF BODY

because I have no use of it

and it seems, no, not seems, madam,

no, I know not seems,

It has no use for me

This body

Yet, I’m very much *in* my body

My BODY is very much ME

Indeed I am *not out* of my body

My body houses me

It contains the me that *is* me -

- that would be parsed –

Some of the me that *is* me

You who have so many appendages

Oni Aida, ‘brazos y piernas, esclitos ’–

Peculiarized arms and legs,

Motorized legs and arms

Tell me, what is your body,

mine so slumped and bizarre

Yours so ravishing, ravished

Let us revel in our physical awfulness

Let’s be beyond whatever there is to be beyond

Let’s engage, indulge, imbibe –

I was at the corner of 7th Avenue and Bleecker in 1971

and there was this blind vet from Viet

This Viet Vet

This ‘Nam Slam and he started screaming –

“Please, someone help me across the street

Please touch me

No one has touched me

I’m a Viet Vet and I’m without an able body

But my body NEEDS to be touched

And helped across this street

PLEASE someone help me."

ONI AIDA

And you didn't help him

You didn't touch him

He was a crazy, dirty, diseased muthafucker and he stank of piss and shit

And he was not going to be allowed in the cheese shops

And the espresso bars

Because he was blind and he stank of piss and shit

And he was 'feo', 'mucho feo'

And he walked with a club foot,

and the cars stopped, but skidded,

and they wanted to ram his

already rammed ass

And you did what, Stephen?

HAWKING

Flew back to the UK

I was already barely able to sign my name

There was a ceremony at the Royal Society of London

To invest me in the pantheon of Physicists

I was already in a wheelchair

And I was very slowly signing my name in a book

That "bore on its earliest pages the signature of Isaac Newton"

When at last I finished, there was a stirring ovation.

ONI AIDA
"Stephen Hawking was a legend even then."

HAWKING
Is the answer there

Is the answer anywhere

The question, now what is it

Let us go and make a visit

ONI AIDA
I'm going to have my baby, that's the 'answer' enough for me

If not Trafalgar, then here and now, just you wait and see

ONI AIDA turns and leaves.

HAWKING
Holiday!

HOLIDAY
Yes, sir?

HAWKING
Be Caesar's wife Calpurnia for me today,

and tell me not to go to the Senate

that you've had a bad dream,

seeing my bosom oozing blood from many wounds

HOLIDAY
I shall be that wife for you today, kind sir.

Stay here, do not go forth, send Mark Antony –

HAWKING
Or Blunkett – or Hermes – or Anachronisma – or Thirst – or Vulcan or Oni Aida –

HAWKING
Or should we perhaps send you, Holiday

HOLIDAY
'Tis so?, my good lord, not me, why would you send me?

HAWKING
Because you've been stage managing these appointments all the while,

have you not?

HOLIDAY
Yes, I suppose I have.

HAWKING
And you tried to steal my fire, so to speak, my secret, have you not?

HOLIDAY
That would imply, sire, that your fire, your secret, the answer to IT all, the IT or the IS,

was in a form that would allow it to be stolen

and you yourself have raised the question that IT or IS

is indeed not in such form

HAWKING
Then what form is it in, my dear young thing?

HOLIDAY
Sir, do not call me your 'dear young thing'

I have the power –

HAWKING
You have the power, you were about to say the sort of power you have?

We hear ONI AIDA in contractions.

HAWKING
Oni, hold on, my lovely!

HOLIDAY
The power to bring down the wrath of the Titans upon you.

Hear the rumblings in the distance

We do indeed hear rumblings.

HAWKING
Yes, the rumblings in the distance. It's what you've always wanted, Holly, may I call you Holly?

HOLIDAY
It is what I've always wanted, kind sir, and I'd prefer that you not.

HAWKING
Ah, gentle Maedchen, how do we yet begin?

HOLIDAY
Or do we?
I think we end.
I accept the mission.

HAWKING
Why would you?

HOLIDAY
As you say, that grad school stuff –

HAWKING and HOLIDAY

BORRR – ing!

HAWKING

No, you're to stay here.

However much you've betrayed me, I have your back.

HOLIDAY

Kind sir, I give you my beak.

HAWKING

Your beak for my hawk. All for my very own?

HOLIDAY

You can only imagine where this beak has been. And yes the time is near at hand. Say it now, kind sir.

HAWKING

I say what I've always wanted, Judy, Billie, every seductress, torchsong singer, cocktail waitress for every golfer on earth.

HOLIDAY

I'm your birdie.

HAWKING

You're my eagle as well.

HOLIDAY

Your double eagle.

HAWKING

Gnawing through my liver as the Titans have commanded you.

HOLIDAY

I'm free to gulp and gnaw as I see fit.

HAWKING
You are a living sand trap, the eternal triple bogey.

HOLIDAY
I'll heave your bag and hook you into the drink.

HAWKING
Not before I replace your divot, my dear.

HOLIDAY
My divot is irreplaceable, kind sir. This is the 19th hole.

HAWKING
And you are the Ultimate Hole-in-One.
"
Ente lente, currite, equi noctis"

HOLIDAY
Do us your best Faustus, good Doctor.

A Very Old Man has hobbled on.

Very Old Man
Not so fast, you dirty talkers. I ain't lettin' you get away with that Aristophanes bilge.

The rumblings more intense.

HAWKING
You're Aeschylus, ninety-one strong and about to expire

AESCHYLUS
The author of Prometheus Bound, but it was of course old by the time it came to me

I'm either ninety-one or I've written ninety-one plays or both

I've done lived and writ

And what, O gods and goddesses,

we're *all* Alzheimer's Afflicted

I guess,

What does that mean?

Perhaps it means,

What is the name of that disease

When you can't remember things

O, terrible disease

The end of everything

HAWKING

J'accuse –

AESCHYLUS

Ah, Dreyfus, now there was a soldier for you.

HAWKING

You were a soldier.

AESCHYLUS

I fought the bloody Persians at Thermopylae, or perhaps that was another battle and perhaps I wasn't there. No matter, but I was around for Pericles' oration, I think, and I have to tell you that you're making a mistake in not revealing your discovery and, by the way, saving your life. Stem cell research will have you Riverdancing in no time.

HAWKING

O, Michael Flatley, isn't it pretty to think so?

AESCHYLUS

The last line of – "For Whom The Bell Tolls"?

HOLIDAY
It *is* lovely to think so.

HOLIDAY will leave unbeknownst.

AESCHYLUS
It's not as if it's fire, this revelation, that you want to give to mankind.

It's not as if you really *are* Prometheus.

HAWKING
Really? Perhaps this IT will die with me.

AESCHYLUS
Don't let it die. Give it to the guardians and be done with it.

HAWKING
The Godians wouldn't know what to do with IT.

AESCHYLUS
Of course, they wouldn't. They're already thinking they can just bury it at the Yucca Flats as if it's some sort of yellowcake with which to process uranium or some such, I can't say I altogether understand the chemistry.

HAWKING
The chemistry is that there is no chemistry. It's physics, my dear man, and even I didn't get it until last year or month or day or 7 P.M this evening. It has a sort of Citizen Kane/Rosebud quality, I'm happy, no I'm exultant to tell you that much.

AESCHYLUS
So it's a child's scooter or a Red Flyer wagon denied you all these years?

A bit of the Uncertainty Principle to it?

HAWKING
Denied us all. Uncertain that when I get it, it will be precisely what I don't want and I'll go back to my blocks and senseless things.

So, why are you doing the Administration's bidding? You're not up for re-election to the Writers' Collective? Are you still censoring drama, you the very first Lord's Chamberlain?

AESCHYLUS
There are worse things than tying plays to the stake and burning them.

I have a confession to make.

HAWKING
Ego absolve te.

AESCHYLUS
I forgive you too.

HAWKING
Don't tell me you're not 91.

AESCHYLUS
True.

HAWKING
You were born at the stroke of midnight, I'm about to have one, January 1st, 490 B.C.

AESCHYLUS
So that means –

HAWKING
In thirteen days, and the hours of change, you'll be 2500 years old.

AESCHYLUS
Too bad you won't be around for the blast.

HAWKING
Well, I have a different plan. For all of us.

Come forth, Vulcan, and bring all my visitors, as General Stanley Magenta calls them.

Yes, I was aware of his psychotic ramblings. Come forth all you senseless blocks.

Vulcan, give us the Rapture with your capture!

Let us spread it all over SpaceRace. You've been waiting for it.

Here comes The Announcement!

VULCAN comes forth with BLUNKETT, ANACHRONISMA, HERMES and PYTHIAS THIRST in tow, all furious and furiously ad libbing.

HAWKING
Schweigen Sie, meine Kinder!

THEY shut up on a dime.

Where is Oni Aida? Holiday!

HOLIDAY rolls in ONI AIDA on a gurney. SHE's in labor.

Gather 'round her.

VULCAN herds THEM into a circle, shielding ONI AIDA from our view.

SHE gives birth.

The rumblings of the earth and sky return.

We see the offspring – a she-wolf perfectly formed.

HAWKING
We need but Romulus and Remus and our day is complete.

The rumblings more.

“Gather ye rosebuds while ye may

Old Time is still a flying

And this same flower that smiles today

Tomorrow will be dying”

HOLIDAY sits in his lap and THEY begin to roll.

BLUNKETT
Blunkett here, a bit of water for my dog, please!

ANACHRONISMA
Goin’ Rogue, PitBull LipstickHappy Bite!

HERMES
Press conference, bring it on
Snap you Gators, OW!

PYYTHIAS
Formaldehyde. Art for art’s sake lite!

AESCHYLUS
Thermopylae, ninety-one years, ninety-one plays and counting.

ONI AIDA
My darling, eat of my flesh, drink of my blood

My flesh has put forth and I want you all to be mounting

HOLIDAY clinging harder to HAWKING.

HOLIDAY
Faster, Stephen, faster.

HAWKING (singing)

Homo homine lupis –

Man is a wolf to man -

The rumblings take over.

HAWKING and HOLIDAY together at last,

and all the rest,

tumble into the abyss,

and all the perfect clocks tumble with THEM.

We hear the chant of STEPHEN STEPHEN ANSWER ANSWER

From the bottom of the abyss, we hear HAWKING'S voice.

HAWKING

This is The Answer!

We hear a giant popping of balloons all over the universe.

The End.

The End.