

ZERO TO INFINITY

A Political Farce

By Al Schnupp

Characters

ZERO A Crude Opportunist.
MAXIE Wife of Zero. A Woman of Desire.
HORACE The Consummate Manager.
INSPECTOR OODLES A Man of Disguises
MINNIE Assistant to Oodles.
ACTOR A Male Who Plays Several Roles.
ACTOR B Female Who Plays Several Roles.
ACTOR C Male Who Plays Several Roles.
ACTOR D Female Who Plays Several Roles.
ACTOR E Male Who Plays Several Roles.

Various Locations in the Country of Groad

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This play contains numerous fabricated words and malapropisms

SCENE ONE

The Call

The Home of Zero and Maxie

MAXIE Zero, it's time to get off your kadoodles!

ZERO What's knawing at your burrbone now?

MAXIE Life is kipping along, and what do you have to show for yourself? Nothing! Soon you'll be kaplutzed. Without a single accomplishment to your name.

ZERO My god, woman. I drive a slogtrug for Pa, one of the richest men in the orb.

MAXIE Your Pa's a splutz.

ZERO Don't pooka Pa. Whenever there's an oolala, Pa is paid lots of dings and dongos to set up his platoon of privies.

MAXIE Spare me!

ZERO Those privies are prize-winning.

MAXIE That's your highest ambition? To drive a slogtrug?!

ZERO Brogs alive! Somebody has to do it.

MAXIE Every night you come home, smelling of slurge. It's disgusting. You could be so much more.

ZERO Bahfoeey.

MAXIE With a little frapeze, you could be Boinker of Groad.

ZERO Me? Boinker of the most accotatious country in the orb?

MAXIE Indeed.

ZERO Why would I want to become Boinker? I get to noogle all the women I want here in Drudgeville.

MAXIE Swoo on Drudgeville. I hate Drudgeville. It's a mucky old town.

ZERO Tillywits! What's come over you?

MAXIE I long for the wingwang of Weaseldork.

ZERO Weaseldork?

MAXIE I wish to eat in hobclobby restaurants, attend the opera, and resuscitate myself in luxurious spas.

ZERO Why this quilly for Weaseldork? And what makes you think I want to be Boinker? I'm not a politician.

MAXIE Who says the Boinker of Groad must be a politician?

ZERO By giggers, Maxie, you're right.

MAXIE Imagine, Zero. Millions of people going to the polls and picking the button that says *Zero*.

ZERO God, that's titillating. It invigorates my gooseyclop.

MAXIE Envision it. There you are, on election night, on the gramaloo, everybody shouting, "Zero! Zero! Zero!"

ZERO My god, woman, you know how to whamsackle my snorkflew.

MAXIE The inauguration. Picture it. Everybody in the entire orb, erectus, moved to tears, as you're sworn in.

ZERO Maxie, who put this pidorkle in your head?

MAXIE One of the most hackerdash men ever to have lived. A true genius. Horace Hickborne.

ZERO Who's he?
 MAXIE Perhaps if you read the inksplotch, you'd know. Horace Hickborne is Chairman of the Ratchet Party.

ZERO You are quite the schlecker, Maxie.
 MAXIE Horace is convinced you could become the next Boinker. In fact, he agreed to manage your campaign.

ZERO Maxie, I'm not a gasserbag. My brain is aplumb. We have no donges. I'm Zero!
 MAXIE Your Pa has a gaggle of donges. If he gave you his gaggle, Horace says he could jumpstart the campaign.

ZERO Pa won't part with his donges.
 MAXIE True. The man is a fistercuff. But you're his only heir, poised to inherit his grabose upon his death.

ZERO Forget it. Pa plans to live a very long time.
 MAXIE Perhaps fate has other plans. Perhaps your Pa was meant . . . all along . . . to have a short life.

ZERO I beg your pardon?
 MAXIE And it is up to us . . . to see that fate is carried out.

ZERO Maxie, are you congorting a plot to do in the old man?
 MAXIE Zero, I'm vavoozed! You wish to thruck your Pa?
 ZERO I have the perfect way to recuse the crackerjack without getting caught. In no time at all, Pa's donges will be ours!

MAXIE Then you'll do it? You'll run for Boinker?
 ZERO Who can stop me? I'm Zero!
 MAXIE So what's your plan?
 ZERO All the slurge from his privies is dumped into a vat, which generates a noxious gas. I'll simply fill a bottle with those toxic fumes.

MAXIE Excellent!
 ZERO When Pa is asleep we'll sneak into his bedchamber, uncork the bottle and ramrodel it under his nose. Within minutes, the old fart will die of asphyxilation.

MAXIE What a gluecose idea!
 ZERO The gas will vanish without a trace and we'll be rich!
 MAXIE Ruckaroo! It's going to happen! I feel it in my surger. You *will* be Boinker of Groad!

ZERO When do I get to meet Mr. Hickborne?
 MAXIE As fate would have it, he's here! Drinking a cog on the veranda.
 HORACE (Enters to the accompaniment of carnival music. He is dressed in the style of barker). Allow me to introduce myself! Horace Hickborne, Chairman of the Ratchet Party.

ZERO You overheard our conversation?
 HORACE Don't worry. Your secrets are safe with me. Aren't they, Maxie?
 MAXIE Horace is the most rackorue man I know. You can depend on him.
 HORACE By the time we move into Boinker Mansion, I will know everything about you, Zero. So, frapease. Consider me part of the cluckshum.

MAXIE Oh, we do.
 HORACE Look at you, Zero. The very profile of a Boinker. Honestly, Zero, you fit the role sagrociiously! Of course, we can all use a little makeover. We'll do

something with the hair. Perhaps alter the chin. Rearrange teeth. Change the wardrobe. But, enough! First things first. Zero, it's time to thruck your old man!

ZERO (With MAXIE and HORACE, bumps fists, and speak in unison). Thruck Pa!

SCENE TWO

The Tribute
A Funeral Home

(ZERO, MAXIE, and HORACE are gathered around a casket).

MAXIE Your Pa never looked so good.
 HORACE Thank the mortician. He cut off his uglies.
 MAXIE Horace, I hope this is a cheap deadbox. There's no sense in spending dongs on a defizzed man when it could be lathered on the living.
 HORACE Relaxatate! The deadbox is lambulated cardboard. Bottom of the line!
 MAXIE Cherries jubilee! (Exits).
 ZERO The old sot sure looks repined.
 HORACE The downtaker did a nice job - fluffing his head fur and realigning his piston. Don't tell Maxie, Zero, but our attorney, Mr. Bucket, discovered your Pa didn't bequeath his gaggle to you, but to Arnie Brewster.
 ZERO Arnie Brewster? Who's he?
 HORACE No idea.
 ZERO You mean some morphus stranger is slogged to get all Pa's dongs?
 HORACE Sizzle down. It's only a minor setback.
 ZERO I need that gaggle if I'm to become Boinker of Groad.
 HORACE Don't worry. Mr. Bucket will destroy your Pa's will and replace it with one he wrote. You'll get the dongs you deserve.
 MAXIE (Returns). Ziggerzots! There must be a thousand lurchers outside the funnel home!
 HORACE As I predicted!
 ZERO Gads! A thousand lurchers wanting to pay flumage to Pa?
 HORACE They're really here to see you, Zero.
 MAXIE To see Zero?
 HORACE The porker is about to become the richest man in Groad. They wish to plaster him with their poohs and pahs.
 MAXIE Really?
 HORACE Watch, Zero. They'll give you their best full-tooth smile, agree with everything you say, and slather your ribside with chumchum.
 ZERO Shall we let them in?
 HORACE Open the door!
 MAXIE Everybody, look glum.
 HORACE Thank you for coming, Mr. Updredge
 A--UPDREDGE I wouldn't miss it. Such a tragic calamoire!
 HORACE Mr. Updredge is publisher of Groad Gazette. Largest inksplotch in the country.
 A--UPDREDGE I hope you apexed your father's obituary in the Gazette. We devoted a whole page to him.

ZERO Pa was a blipzoo. I never gave him two shits to the wind.

A--UPDREDGE Well, Zero, if you ever need exposure, the Gazette is at your service. My paper is overlooked by millions of people.

ZERO You'll be hearing from Horace! He promised my pretty contours will be slathered on every inksplotch in Groad.

HORACE This is Miss Greedo. Head of Consolidated Energy.

B--GREEDO Such a tragic loss, Zero. Your Pa was a genius.

ZERO Slatertot! I hated the old fart!

B--GREEDO Zero, your father purchased all his lubatrolics, from me. I hope you stay in the privy business and intersex with Consolidated.

MAXIE Of course, he will.

B--GREEDO Who's this?

ZERO My wife, Maxie.

B--GREEDO Sorged to meet you, Maxie. (To ZERO). Keep the contracts coming, Zero. Don't disappoint me.

HORACE Dolphie! You old finkledick! (To ZERO). Dolphie is Chief Schruncher of Sputnik Transportation. Biggest manufacturer of whiz machines in the orb.

C--DOLPHIE Your father will be missed. I supplied him with a fleet of powerful whiz tonkers to pull around his privies.

MAXIE And fine tonkers they were.

C--DOLPHIE Zero, you look salutious. The tonnage around your midriff is very doseedosee!

ZERO Well, donkey dor to you, too.

C--DOLPHIE Zero, may our partnership be thick and long!

OODLES (Enters with MINNIE, who carries a case. OODLES is wearing a disguise: mustache, beret, and artist frock. He speaks with a French accent. He feels the face of the corpse and seems to be committing the face to memory.)

HORACE This is Mrs. Stringent. She founded GaggyMart, longest chain of jugular stores in Groad.

ZERO Charmed.

D--STRINGENT I'm so sorry about your Pa. What caused him to fizzle?

HORACE We haven't a clue. The flesh-hacker hasn't filed his report yet.

MAXIE We suspect he choked on his chortie.

D--STRINGENT Well, the man was a gruckster. No matter where I built a GaggyMart, your Pa would set up his privies for the carpenters. They loved his crap shacks.

HORACE How many GaggyMarts have you built, Mrs. Stringent?

D--STRINGENT Three thousand, fifty seven. I won't stop until every town in Groad has one. (Observing OODLES). Heavens. What is that slicky man doing?

HORACE I have no idea. (To OODLES). Excuse me. What are you doing?

OODLES Is zer a problem?

HORACE Why are you rucking the corpse?

OODLES Eet ees imperative I finish my task.

MAXIE Horace, have this corpse rucker thrown out!

HORACE WHO ARE YOU!!

MINNIE Constract your voice! Zee masture ees twyng to get a zense of zee spirit of zee defizzed man.

HORACE I demand a litigation!

OODLES Pierre Pluo. And my assistan, Mademoiselle Cardou.
 HORACE Please. Scradoodle! Foreigners are not welcome here.
 OODLES But I am obliged to make a sculpture of Monsieur.
 HORACE Nobody wishes to have a replica of the old man.
 OODLES I promised im.
 MINNIE Pierre swore to it. Ee swore to fashion ze sculpture.
 ZERO A sculpture? Of Pa?
 OODLES Oolala! You are son of zee defizzed. No? There be no mistake. (Places hand on the face of ZERO). The resemblance is garbolic. It could be you in zee deadbox!
 ZERO You must be splogging!
 OODLES I swear. Your father trolleyed me on zee telephone. A pipsqueak ago.
 MINNIE I heard zee entire conversation.
 OODLES "I wish to ave a sculpture of my carriage," he said. "But, of course," said I. "Eet is an urgent matter," he cried, "Zee sculpture must be cwafted instantly, for I sense I'm about to defizz."
 MINNIE Pierre gathered togezer his tools and eer we are!
 (Flips legs out from under case. Sets unit on floor. Flips top of case back to reveal clay bust with unformed features).
 OODLES (Very serious). Your Papa ad a premonition zat ee would defizz.
 MINNIE Why do you suppose zat was?
 HORACE Fruckle the sculpture! (OODLES places hand on face of corpse). No touch!
 OODLES But I must mesmorize ze face if I'm to duplicate it in clay.
 MAXIE Horace! Bazooka these foreigners!
 OODLES Listen! Pa Zero speaks!
 ZERO Really?
 HORACE I'll expedite them with gunpowder! (Exits).
 ZERO What is Pa saying?!
 OODLES Ee says two sculptures!
 ZERO Two?
 OODLES One of im and one of you!
 ZERO Me? A sculpture of me?
 OODLES Indeed! You are es legacy, no?
 ZERO Maxie. Did you hear? My cartilage in stone!
 MAXIE No! No souvenirs of Pa.
 ZERO (Reconsiders). Why would Pa want a placard of me? He hated my shank.
 OODLES You don't believe me? Place your ands on Pa Zero's lynix. I am certain you will receive za same message.
 ZERO You want me to touch him?
 OODLES Oui.
 ZERO The corpie will talk?
 OODLES Naturally. Escargot.
 ZERO I can't.
 OODLES No problem. We touch clay instead.
 MINNIE (Demonstrating). Place your ands eer. Like so. Press ze clay. It feel merveilleux.

ZERO Really? (Touches bust gingerly). Like so?
MINNIE Is not a soufflé. *Both* ands. Press! Arder! (Places her hands on top of the hands of ZERO). Like so.

OODLES Excellent. We done. We go.
ZERO What about my sculpture?
OODLES No worries. I return. Au revoir. (OODLES and MINNIE exit quickly as HORACE enters with BUCKET, the attorney).

MAXIE Mr. Bucket!
E--BUCKET Where are these shysters?
MAXIE Gone!
HORACE You let them get away?
MAXIE Should we hunt him down and have him debrained?
E--BUCKET Did they ask any flishy questions?
MAXIE Brogs alive! Do you think the shuckster suspects Pa Zero was murdered?
HORACE Zero, you didn't blather anything, did you?
ZERO Not at all! I simply pweezed his baboo of clay.
E--BUCKET What?!
MAXIE You should have seen Zero. Like a blitzo. Adrift in laleeland.
E--BUCKET Oh, dear. (Rubbing his fingertips). Your lines and loopies are now imprinted in the clay which he could use as evidence . . . in a court of law.

ZERO Does this mean I can't be Boinker?
E--BUCKET Never mind. I have palm-slapping news.
MAXIE Jubliee!
E--BUCKET My negotiations in court were looty.
HORACE Excellent.
E--BUCKET The will of your Pa -- as rewritten by me -- stands.
MAXIE Rewritten?
OODLES The document needed a few minor uptouches. You will inherit the entire gaggle, brackerbrickers and all. Here is your first installment. (Hands ZERO a pouch of money and, one-by-one, a stack of papers). Also, the flesh-hacker's report and his final bon voyage.

MAXIE (Reading). "Defizzed from natural causes" . . . "no indication of fecal play" . . . (Next paper) "I wish to have an external flame on my grave" . . . Right. . . Like that will happen. (Next paper) . . . "the house and all its furnishings are transfused to my gorgeous daughter-in-law, Maxie" . . . How sweet.

E--BUCKET That was my handiwork. In your Pa-law's version, he had other names for you.

MAXIE Well, let's get some shovels and throw the old geezer in the mud! (Takes money pouch from ZERO. Exits).

HORACE Any word on Arnie Brewster?
E--BUCKET He remains a mystery.
HORACE I'm worried Mr. Brewster might oxidize our plans.
E--BUCKET Don't worry. If Mr. Brewster transfluxes, I'll undulate him!
HORACE I like how you scraggle the law, Bucket! The mark of a gorgatious attorney!

SCENE THREE

The Announcement
Groad Memorial Plaza

(A--BUZZ, B--FAY and C--CHO are reporters. They hold microphones and notepads. Some may have elaborate earpieces. They may address the audience or cameras).

A--BUZZ We interrupt our blitztron to bring you this cracking story.
 B--FAY I'm in Groad Memorial Plaza where, shortly, we expect a blumper announcement.
 C--CHO A cardiac arrest is forthcoming.
 A--BUZZ It's hard to speculate what the news might be.
 B--FAY All the gramaloo stations are represented.
 A--BUZZ It's absolute mayhem. A media frappucinno.
 OODLES (Enters with MINNIE. Both are in disguise. OODLES sports thick, bushy eyebrows). Perfect timing. How do I look?
 MINNIE Magnificent.
 OODLES My eyebrow keeps falling off.
 MINNIE Perhaps I didn't use enough goopie. And me?
 OODLES You, my dear, are completely unrecognizable! Truingly ravishing!
 MINNIE What a lovely plaza. A perfect place to be matrimony-ied.
 OODLES Where's the blow pipe?
 MINNIE Here. In my front hand.
 OODLES Aim for Zero's neck. The effect will be immediate.
 MINNIE I practiced all morning. My tracheotomy is good.
 OODLES Is the voice trap machine on?
 MINNIE Yes, Professor Ooodles.
 OODLES When the truth serum hits Zero, he'll instantly confess and every word will be clamped inside this voice trap.
 MINNIE Our mission will be accomplished. Oh, Professor, someday I should like for you to try the serum!
 A--BUZZ Someone is shucking on stage.
 B--FAY Everybody! Pickle down!
 C--CHO We are ready to hurl.
 OODLES Oh, futz. Where's my pass press?
 MINNIE You're holding it, my chipmunk.
 HORACE (Enters and stands behind podium). Air-punchers and wind bags, thank you for coming. In just a splatz you will be introduced to Zero, man of the upcoming hour. Zero plans to porpoise the water of Groad and matasticize our beloved land. Give a big chumpie cherro for Zero!
 A--BUZZ Oh, my god!
 ZERO (Enters and takes his position. MAXIE accompanies him and stands to the side). Salutroops! As you've heard from all angles, our country is in a state of upregious indeckofusion. It's citizens are flamdoozeled. Members of the Sickie Party cannot interlude with cronkers from the Screwzer Party. Dogs may become man's worst enemy. The cost of scum remover has skyrocketed. The weather has turned foul. Mealy bugs are propogating and war is breathing down the chimney flue. But all that will change because I hereby announce my

candidacy for Boinker of Groad. Join me, friends. Together let's march to Weaseldork and seize Boinker Mansion! (Steps aside).

C--CHO Is this possible? A country lead by Zero?

B--FAY There you have it, folks. The new face of politics - Zero.

HORACE (Slaps ZERO on the back). That was a splentatious speech. Full of Zeroisms!

A--BUZZ What qualifications do you have to hold public office, Zero?

ZERO I'm the richest man in Groad!

HORACE That is to say, "rich in compassion . . . a wealth of experience. . . tons of intelligence!"

OODLES Zero! Where were you the night your Pa defizzed?

ZERO You bugger plugger. I'm gonna torque your toozer.

HORACE Zero was plucking his wife, Maxie, when the old man defizzed. She can a-testify to that.

B--FAY Are you affiliated with any party?

ZERO Yeah. The party with the most loopie juice and loosely jointed ladies.

HORACE The man is a joker. You gotta love it!

MAXIE Zero will be the official candidate of the Ratchet Party.

OODLES There's rumor your Pa was murdered. Any comment, Zero?

ZERO I scabber!

HORACE The old geezer died from natural decay. If you don't believe me, quarantine the flesh-hacker's report.

ZERO (To HORACE). If that juicer don't besleeve his questions I'll have him debrained!

C--CHO What's your platform?

HORACE Zero is for stuffing everyone's bacon with turkey.

MAXIE (Steps forward). He will lock up the boogeyman.

HORACE Zero will abolish headaches.

MAXIE He'll outlaw tornadoes.

HORACE Forbid the sale of measles. Under his leadership, it will be the era of Zero truth, Zero justice, Zero compassion, Zero equality!

OODLES Now! Blow the dorf!

MAXIE If you love Groad, embrace Zero. Ouch! (Slaps the side of her neck). What the gabork was that?

MINNIE Did I hit him?

OODLES No! You spitzed his wife.

HORACE Thank you, harpies. (Starts to exit).

MAXIE I know Zero is my side saddle and I know I promised to whizzle him until death do we cojoin but sometimes the man is a shit.

HORACE What!?

ZERO I beg your pardon?!

HORACE This is all a duplicity stunt. Pay her no heed.

MAXIE Now, Horace, on the other hand . . . (HORACE drags her offstage).

HORACE She jests. With a little sugar, we'll get her sweet levels back to normal in no time.

MINNIE Inspector Oodles, what now? Shall we thump Maxie? Perhaps she knows if Zero defizzed his Pa!

OODLES Excellent idea, Minnie. We will obtain Zero's confession from Maxie.

ZERO (Approaches OODLES). Where do you think you're going?

OODLES We simply wish to squeegee your wife. She seemed quite smitten with perpendicular pains.
 ZERO You look familiar.
 MINNIE Perhaps you've see us on the gramaloo, compacting the news.
 ZERO I don't watch gramaloo! Sure as thumplings, I've seen you before. I don't like your muzzle.
 HORACE (Runs on). Everyone, clear the area! Plicker bomb alert! Plicker bomb! Plicker bomb! (All exit quickly). Not you, Zero!
 ZERO We'll be blown to nuggets!
 HORACE It's a hoax.
 ZERO A hoax?
 HORACE A lie. Designed to scatter the crowd! We're in trouble, Zero!
 ZERO Fang diddle.
 HORACE Your wife is back there. Tied-up. With a shoe in her mouth!
 ZERO Why did she do that?
 HORACE Not her! Me! I tied her up!
 ZERO Why?
 HORACE Someone infused Maxie with truth serum. She was yammering away, non-stop, . . . about everything! I don't like reporters. We need to hire body guards and distribute sling shots. Here. (Hands ZERO a prod). Take this rod. Buzzer anyone who gets too close.
 ZERO How does it work? (Shocks himself). Jasafat! Jigger up the snout. My thongue ith numb.
 HORACE Nonsense.
 ZERO No. Weally. I can't thalk.
 HORACE You're fine. You just blew a gasket.
 ZERO I'm thelling you, my thonge is thiwithed up in a thight knot, like a thlug. A thollen thlug.
 HORACE Tonight's the fundraiser. Will you be able to talk?
 ZERO I don't thwink I can.
 HORACE Mangle your tongue. Chew on it. Bite down.
 ZERO My thwoat ith throating.
 HORACE Schriffe almighty! You have to be able to talk!
 ZERO I'm thorry.
 HORACE Damn! Let's get you to a doctor.
 ZERO I dispithe dothers
 HORACE Who gives a torque! I'm not going to cancel the fundraiser!

SCENE FOUR

The Fundraiser
A Swanky Hotel Ballroom

MAXIE (Wearing an outrageous gown, is greeting the guests). Mrs. Stringent! Salutations. Welcome to Zero's Campaign Offkick.
 D--STRINGENT (Has a balloon, with a painted face, that is attached to her wrist. The balloon represents her husband). I wouldn't miss it. Your husband could be the next

Boinker of Groad. This is my husband, Floyd. The creep is so boring I refuse to let him speak.

MAXIE How is business?

D--STRINGENT Superb. We opened three GaggyMarts this week.

MAXIE Congratulations! Mr. Updredge! Chorpled to see you again.

A--UPDREDGE Hello, Maxie. (Referring to his balloon, which has a face painted on it). Have you tucked Lucy, my mattress partner?

MAXIE No. Charmed to make your acquiescence, Lucy.

A--UPDREDGE You'll have to excuse her. She has sores on all three lips. It hurts to talk.

MAXIE Perhaps she could keep Floyd company.

A--UPDREDGE Truthfully, Maxie, we shouldn't be here.

MAXIE Why?!

A--UPDREDGE I was ordered to appear in court.

MAXIE What a horrid deelappy!

A--UPDREDGE It's nothing. Often, I'm slunked into court for printing fibbies in "The Gazette."

MAXIE Talk to Horace. Perhaps he can have the judge defizzed. (Turns attention to DOLPHIE, who enters with a balloon with a face on it). Hello, Dolphie!

C--DOLPHIE Maxie! Don't you look riveting!

MAXIE I hope your danglie is crammed with donges . . . and you're feeling generous.

C--DOLPHIE I'm pumiced with donges. This is Fancy. Temporarily indespised. Her jaw is wired shut.

MAXIE How unfortunate!

C--DOLPHIE Not at all! She lost a hunch of pounds and the house is as quiet as a whistle.

MAXIE How is business at Sputnik Transportation?

C--DOLPHIE A bit sluggish. The competition has taller, stronger crutches. I'm hoping Zero can change that if he becomes Boinker.

MAXIE I'm sure he can, Dolphie. (Turns her attention to MISS GREEDO, who enters with a balloon, on which a face is painted). Miss Greedo! Galloping embraces!

B--GREEDO Maxie! (Smiling broadly). Always a pandemic!

MAXIE Who's the handsome sportster?

B--GREEDO This is Hank. My day boy. Normally he locomotes at a lubricated level but today he has laryngitis.

MAXIE Hello, Hank.

B--GREEDO Just imagine, Maxie, if Zero is elected Boinker you will be First Female.

MAXIE Isn't it tritting? I trust things are going well at work?

B--GREEDO Consolidated Energy continues to consolidate.

MAXIE Keep us in mind when we pass the dong cup.

B--GREEDO I need a drink. Where's the flosset?

MAXIE Next to the toiletries. Please. Go, chug some loopie juice.

HORACE (Enters). How's it going?

MAXIE Gippy.

D--STRINGENT Horace, darling. I know you have a shine for Zero, but the boot's a little dull. What about a wax and polish at Shimmer Clinic? I'd be happy to pay for a good buffing.

HORACE Thanks. (Addresses crowd). Everyone, please take your seats.

MAXIE After a brief address by my husband, Deedeedo, star of the slippy screen, will swish us with a few musical contorts. This will be followed by a seventeen course meal, free-lance dancing, ruckus games, and unrestrained incantations.

HORACE So, Ladies and Groindiggers, without further farefan, it strocates my joybutton to present the man we hocus tonight: Zero! (All applaud).

ZERO (Enters and takes the spotlight), Don't let me stop you. I love hand-thrashing. (Will have numerous, awkward gestures as he delivers his speech). Well, isn't this a peachy dory group of snugly rich old chums! Grapes to you! And many happy thumps for coming. Hold on. I'd like to unloop my belt a prick or two. There. Perhaps I should upsize my trousers, too. Begging your condolences! Well, as you know, I just announced my candidacy for Boinker and, tonight, we beseech your assistance. What say you? Will you suckle me? Will you help flotata the campaign? Hail. Hearty! Ho! Thank you! (Sits).

HORACE (Rises). Ho! Indeed! As Zero implicated, we beseech your assistance. Any contribution will be frackticiously rewarded. When Zero converses Boinker Mansion he'll be sure to lollywag each contorker here. All it takes is a few dings and dong.

C--DOLPHIE Will you impose a tariff on all foreign whiz machines?

HORACE Indeed! If Zero is elected, all Groadites will be expired to buy whiz machines manufactured only by you.

A--UPDREDGE Can you slap a lawsuit on The Post? And prohibit it from publishing?

HORACE After clipping the laws, "The Gazette" will be the only inksplotch in the country!

B--GREEDO Dolphie? Would you re-engineer your whiz machines so they gullet twice as much fuel as they do now?

C--DOLPHIE No problem.

B--GREEDO Zero?

HORACE Consider it done.

ZERO Consider it done.

A--UPDREDGE The Globe!

D--STRINGENT Will you require every town to build a GaggyMart?

HORACE Of course. We'll call it a charitable program for the poor.

A--UPDREDGE The Chronicle.

D--STRINGENT Well, groindiggers, I'm impaled. You have my vote.

HORACE Your vote, yes, of course, and, I hope, a few dong.

B--GREEDO How many do you want?

HORACE The more the merrier!

MAXIE We need dirt diggers, manure spreaders, nutcrackers, bumper thumpers, and air drops.

A--UPDREDGE The Inquirer.

HORACE Don't be shy.

ZERO Give generously now. I will fill your coffins later.

C--DOLPHIE Well, the Ratchet Party has my support.

A--UPDREDGE Count me in.

D--STRINGENT To whom do we write the check?

HORACE To Zero Investment. (A, B, C and D will write checks and give them to HORACE).

ZERO Be sure to include lots of Zeros! (General applause).

MAXIE Is it time for our entertainment?

HORACE Yes! Bring on the bangles!

MAXIE As promised, the glockus Deedeedo has consorted to swag us with a few musical locomotives. Deedeedo, come on out! (Pause). Deedeedo, are you back there? Deedeedo? (OODLES and MINNIE enter from the wings. OODLES carries an accordion and wears lederhosen. His cheeks are red and he wears a badly-cut blond wig. MINNIE has pigtails, an Alpine outfit, a tuba).

OODLES Ve are sorry. Deedeedo has been dolloped wiz diphtheria.

MINNIE Deedeedo says not to vorry. She a stronk Deutch voman and be soon vell.

OODLES Ve are here to take her place.

MINNIE I vill yodel vile Fritz accompanies me on ze klina pump piano.

MAXIE But I just saw Deedeedo an hour ago.

OODLES It vas unwooseecal case of diphtheria. Wery powerful. Quick – like blitz bomb.

MAXIE Will she be alright?

OODLES Ja, ja.

MINNIE She vas discarded to ze krankhouse. Doktor Shrank will resuscitate Deedee. Now, ve perform.

ZERO I love yodels.

OODLES Perhaps, Zero, you vood be zo kind as to provide the oomp to our pah pah.

ZERO Of course. What do you want me to do?

MINNIE Vy, play za tuba. And set ze beat for my yodels.

ZERO But I never trucked a tuba.

OODLES Is easy. Just blow into ze lip cup and tap ze middle bobber. (All applaud as ZERO slips the tuba over his shoulder. He is about to blow into the mouthpiece).

E--BUCKET (Enters). DON'T TOUCH THAT TUBA! (Runs to ZERO and grabs the tuba).

OODLES Damn! (OODLES and MINNIE retreat to one side; ZERO and E-BUCKET struggle with one another and move to the other side).

ZERO But I want to toot my horn!

E--BUCKET The blow hole may be poisoned. (Extracts handkerchief, wipes tuba).

MINNIE What if Herr Bucket discovers the snake inside?

OODLES Don't fritz, my leapkin. Ze snake is wery crafty. Zero must first honker za horn; only zen vill zee snake siffer out and bite him on zee lip!

MINNIE Even sough za snake isn't poisonous, ve pweetend it is.

OODLES Precisely. Zat vay, Zero, sinking he is about to defizz, vill confess his crime. Za truth vill finally be aus geht!

MINNIE Oh, Inspector Oodles, you know oodles and oodles.

D--STRINGENT What's the uphold?

A--UPDREDGE Can we get on with the show?

ZERO You want I should shock the tuba with my buzzer stick?

OODLES Halt! DON'T FRITZ THE TUBA!

ZERO (Shocks the tuba).

OODLES Got in himmel.

(ZERO pulls out a dead snake. The crowd exits. MINNIE and OODLES hide. HORACE, ZERO, MAXIE remain).

MAXIE Thank bullion they didn't abbersconce with their checks.

ZERO I never got to play the tuba.
 MAXIE Did those glockenspielers look familiar?
 HORACE Zero, you were a disgrace. We need to lacquerdash your image.
 ZERO A disgrace?
 HORACE During the speech you flaggered your arms about like a torpedo. You exhumed noxious fumes and your far side eye twittered.
 ZERO You're an old quagmire! What the hoodle do you know!
 MAXIE Horace is right.
 ZERO I thought the speech was plumpadorus!
 HORACE Zellzot! Tomorrow we are taking you to Shimmer Clinic for Politicians for an overmake. Their staff will innerupsidedownout you.
 ZERO I don't like the sound of that. (MAXIE, ZERO, and HORACE exit).
 OODLES (Emerging). Ze Shimmer Clinic!
 MINNIE You know it?
 OODLES Ja! I vill contact ze Clinic and haf zem add my name to zer list of zeir consultants.
 MINNIE You're a famous nosepoke, Inspector Oodles, but suppose the Clinic turns you down?
 OODLES Haf no vittles. Mine methods are firesure. A bush in za hand is worth two birds in za head!
 MINNIE Inspector Oodles?
 OODLES Ya?
 MINNIE Do you think I would benefit from a makeover?
 OODLES Don't be a goosebump!
 MINNIE I think we should just arrest Zero and lock him up.
 OODLES Don't yump to conclusions, my leapkind.
 MINNIE We know Zero defizzed his Pa!
 OODLES Nine. Ve suspect! Ve haf inkling. But ve cannot verify zat fact. We need ewidence. We need a confusion.

SCENE FIVE

The Makeover
 Shimmer Clinic

D--WANDA (Greets HORACE, MAXIE and ZERO). Welcome to Shimmer Clinic, where we transform lusterlack politicians into sizzlers! I'm Wanda, the manager.
 HORACE This is our subject, Zero.
 ZERO Transform, my shank. There is no need for any corrective agill. I'm perfection!
 MAXIE Zero, don't be a dragger foot. We only want to gloss your image.
 D--WANDA I like you to inhude our first consultant, Miss Groad.
 B--MISS GROAD (Enters. Her voice and movements have a mechanical quality). Hello, I'm Miss Groad.
 D--WANDA Anyone who wishes to be Boinker must know his public. It would behoof you, therefore, to commit a few stalagmites to memory. Learn some vitalous phrases. Study your demon graphics. They will serve you quackingly.
 MAXIE I've been saying that all along. Know thy pubic. Haven't I, Horace?

D--WANDA To upsize your education, Miss Groad, who represents the average citizen of Groad, will instruct us in the ways of Groadeism.

B--MISS GROAD Thank you. I'm Miss Groad because I embody Groadeism in every sense of the word. We have 14.3 guns in our house. Every Sunday we sashshoe to Steeple House and humgrate God. Before my 2.4 children could trombone the tricycle I taught them to prostrude the flag of Groad. We have seven gramaloos which we watch seven hours a day seven days a week. I wash dishes with Jubilee. At after past five we shop at GaggyMart. Everyday I apply a fresh coat of wishbone. Our son plays nailball, which our daughter, who studies sidestepping, despises. We are six feet in debt. My husband drives a green whiz machine. Next year I will divorce him. I'm Miss Groad.

D--WANDA Excellent, Miss Groad. She is the bull's tail! Pin your donkey on her and you'll win! Let's discuss apparel. Seth?

C--SETH (Enters with manikin on wheels in gray suit). This is our most popular version. It is a middle-of-the-gray spectrum, unrudified suit, with snappy lapels, nappy pocket drops and obedient buttons.

ZERO You want me to slip my orvatious bacon in that lockerbag?

C--SETH This fabric comes in slate, smoke or charcoal gray.

ZERO Zellzot, no!

D--WANDA Consider our second version.

C--SETH This option has a daring liner and six less counting threads. Manufactured in Groad, the fabric is treated with slickerspry. Epithets will not stick to it.

MAXIE Excellent! Zero is often a target of behuffs.

C--SETH Notice how it glows.

MAXIE Oh, Zero, this really would radiate your figure!

D--WANDA Anyone associated with the gramaloo adores this suit. Can you believe that sparkle?

B--MISS GROAD We have seven gramaloos which we watch seven hours a day seven days a week.

C--SETH The suit comes in slate, smoke or charcoal gray.

MAXIE What do you think, Zero?

ZERO I hate 'em!

D--WANDA Whatever vision you choose, we lacquerdack a pink and green shirt.

ZERO Pink and Green. The colors of our flag!

B--MISS GROAD Before my 2.4 children could trombone the tricycle I taught them to prostrude the flag of Groad.

ZERO Instead of a pink and green shirt, how about a pink and green tie?!

MAXIE Oh, Horace. I think Zero's on to something!

ZERO It's brilliant! I'm brilliant!

HORACE Pink and green it is.

D--WANDA We'll have it made within minutes. In the meantime, why don't you parspend with our next consultant, the newest instructor at Shimmer Clinic. His name is Igor. (Calls). Igor!

ZERO Horace, I want to be on the gramaloo. Can I be on the gramaloo?

HORACE Absolutely! We shoot our first gramaloo commercial next week.

OODLES (Enters with MINNIE. OODLES wears a grossly overdeveloped muscle suit under his shirt. He has an eye patch, several scars and tattoos. MINNIE wears a belt of pelts. Their complexions are ruddy). Borsha! I Igor. This Zelda.
 HORACE I was expecting something a little less . . . primal.
 D--WANDA This is Zero, who stroves to be next Boinker of Groad. Please harpie him while I finish a few chores in the hubhole. (Exits).
 HORACE What . . . kind of consulting do you do?
 OODLES We . . . perform magic!
 HORACE Like sawing someone in half?
 OODLES It can be done!
 MINNIE You tell us problem. We make problem disappear.
 HORACE (Interested). Oh?
 OODLES Misbehaviors. Naughties. Pricklers. Overhead bills. We make all go away. Poof!
 MINNIE What naughties have you we should scrunch?
 MAXIE My gooshie. You muck away the nasties?
 OODLES I crack neckbone of anyone. Just give me name.
 MAXIE Did you hear that, Horace?
 HORACE Thank you, Igor. We won't be needing your services.
 MAXIE Not so fast, Horace. Remember that photographer?
 OODLES We have a culpy.
 MINNIE What's his name?
 MAXIE I'm not suggesting you defizz him but a bogish whooping would be sweetly.
 HORACE And scrunch all his photographs.
 OODLES What is name of him?
 MAXIE We don't know.
 OODLES No fritter. We find him.
 MINNIE Who else? It give Igor special joy to crack neckbone of toads in family.
 OODLES I defizzed my own pa! Do you want me to defizz your pa, Zero?
 MAXIE His pa is already defizzed.
 OODLES How did he defizz? Who snorkled him?
 HORACE The man died of natural decay!
 OODLES Have you a tweaky uncle? Perhaps a naughty sister?
 MAXIE Zero is an only child!
 OODLES How's your mum? Be she a sweet and goosey lady?
 ZERO One day she spundled her crutches and rode off. We never saw her again.
 OODLES I sorry. Me heart ache for your lost mum. I hope your Pa was a good femur to you. Tell me. Was your Pa a chum?
 HORACE Enough about Pa Zero!!
 ZERO Not another word!
 HORACE Where exactly are your headquarters, Igor?
 MINNIE We not from Groad. Igor and Zelda from cold country. Near Artic Circle.
 HORACE Igor and Zelda. Are you matrified?
 OODLES We like Blue Babe and Ox Bunyon.
 MINNIE You think we make a good coupling?
 OODLES There are ways many to defizz a man. What, you think, Zero, is best method?

ZERO I can think of several.
HORACE Zero, enough!
B--MISS GROAD We have 14.3 guns in our house.
HORACE Where is Wanda!? Isn't that tie done?
OODLES I hear story your Pa had other children.
HORACE Preposterous!
MAXIE It's a lie!
OODLES One never knows. My Pa was father to thirty-seven nupkins. If any unexpected saplings show up, Zero, let me know. I poof them for you. (OODLES and MINNIE exit).

D--WANDA (Enters with A). This is Nester, our makeup consultant.
A--NESTER Welcome to Shimmer Clinic. Are we feeling snappy? Is everybody flaxing? Voters adore politicians with blinky teeth. Does our Zero have a dazzling smile? Or must we give his choppers a scrub?

B--MISS GROAD I wash dishes with Jubilee.
A--NESTER (Pulls back the lips of ZERO). A good scrubbing seems in order. Who eshews your stranglies?

MAXIE A queer barber from Drudgeville.
A--NESTER Clearly, it needs renovation. I suggest more gray on the gables. A Boinker should have fourteen percent cremated hair.

MAXIE What about the First Female?
A--NESTER Her stranglies should be stiffed and stuffed to the right. To keep the quaff incubed, spray it with habberdachery. (To ZERO). Now, I'm going to brand your forehead.

ZERO Will it hurt?
D--WANDA Only if you want it to.
A--NESTER The tattoo is invisible. No one will see the message, but it will be perceived nonetheless. What would you like me to write?

ZERO (To HORACE). What do you prolix?
A--NESTER Most clients have "trust me" branded on their skin.
ZERO What about "saint?" That'll noose 'em.
D--WANDA A good, honest choice. Saint is spelled S. A. I. N. T.
A--NESTER I know how to spell, (Stares down WANDA). B. I. T. C. H.
MAXIE Horace. What's wrong? It looks like you're about to blow.
HORACE Zero . . . may have a brother or sisters?
MAXIE It's the first I've heard of it.
B--MISS GROAD Before my 2.4 children could trombone
HORACE Would you shut up!
D--WANDA You're looking quite fused, Zero.
ZERO I'd like to have a look. (WANDA gets a mirror).
D--WANDA All primed and pruned.
ZERO I rip quite a figure, don't I?
MAXIE What do you think, Horace? How does Zero look?
HORACE Like a fat, shiny, polished Zero.

SCENE SIX

The Commercial
A Sound Stage

(The crew prepares to shoot a commercial of ZERO).
A--TOM (Operates the old, bulky, uncooperative camera. He checks a gauge on the camera). When it reaches four hundred degrees, we'll be ready.
ZERO I think my suit is a size too small.
MAXIE Oh, Zero, it fit perfectly two weeks ago.
C--JACK (The coach addresses ZERO). Would you like to trapaise the script before we begin?
ZERO Bugger off! I have it rotisarized! What do you think I am? An idiot?
OODLES (Enters with MINNIE. He has a monocle and cane. His speech and movements are affected. MINNIE has cat eye glasses, enormous earrings, and a boa). I hooooooooope I'm not late.
E--NED (The director). We already have an acting coach.
OODLES Oh, noooooo. I'm not a viruosoooooooo of the stage. Although I could be.
E--NED This is a closed set.
OODLES Apparently you didn't get the noooooootice.
MINNIE We apologiiiiiiiize.
OODLES We hail from the Office of Oversight. Division Six. Department of Ethical Advertising Among Politicians. Think of us as watchdogs. Grrrrr.
E--NED I never heard of such an organization.
OODLES Well, it exists, whether you heard of it or nooooooot. Every commercial of a pooooooooolitical nature must be shot under our supervision.
A--TOM Three hundred seventy five.
MINNIE We won't get in the way.
OODLES We simply wish to verifiiii iiiiii the accuracy of the script.
A--TOM Four fifty.
MINNIE Misrepresentation . . . in any form . . . will nooooooot be tolerated.
E--NED Are we ready?
ZERO How much acting do you want?
C--JACK Zero! Be yourself.
ZERO No acting? But I'm quite the twidler.
C--JACK No twidling! Just say the lines!
ZERO Okay. Okay.
A--TOM Seven hundred.
E--NED Action!
ZERO "Hello, Zero. I'm Boinker" I'm sorry. Can we start over?
E--NED Once more. Action!
ZERO "Hello, Boinker. I'm Zero." My fault. Once more. I have it. Honest.
E--NED Again.
ZERO "Hello. I'm Zero, candidate for Boinker. 'What does Zero stand for, you might ask.' I'm just a chummy ah-shookels ordinary citizen. Like you, I dream of a warm, snuggly bed."
E--NED Cut.
ZERO Damn!

C--JACK The word is "life." A "snuggly life."
 ZERO It just doesn't sound right. It don't come natural to me.
 C--JACK We're not changing it!
 ZERO "Bed" seems like absolutely, rehogishly the right word.
 C--JACK Stick with the script.
 ZERO "Bed." You'd think I could remember that.
 C--JACK Not bed! Life! And could you tone down the windmillitus?
 ZERO You don't like the way I move my hands?
 C--JACK One twirly. Okay. But this (Demonstrates by thrashing his arms wildly).
 What is that?
 ZERO Horace, did you hire this bruxum?
 HORACE He's the best broomer in the business.
 ZERO I want him fired.
 MAXIE Zero, clap your trapper!
 ZERO Horace, where's the corker of loopie juice you keep in your pocket? (HORACE
 hands ZERO a flask. ZERO takes a chug).
 E--NED Take it from "Like you, I dream" Action.
 ZERO "Like you, I dream of a warm snuggly life . . . (Long pause). Hello, I'm Zero."
 E--NED Cut!
 ZERO I can't recongeal the rest.
 C--JACK Take a break. I'll get the cue cards.
 ZERO Thank you. I could use one. This is hard work. (Walks to OODLES and
 addresses him). What do you think?
 OODLES We're not here to criticize your acting . . . but . . . the way you walk. It's
 soooooooo like your father.
 ZERO You concoursed with Pa?
 OODLES On numerous occasions. I swear, watching you, Zero, it's like Pa Zero is back
 from the dead. It's soooooooo spooky.
 HORACE Is everything dappy, Zero?
 ZERO This man says I look like Pa come back from the grave.
 HORACE Oh, fillyfaddle. You're imagining things.
 E--NED Can we continue?
 ZERO Horace, can I have another snorkel of loopie juice?
 E--NED Zero. Zero! Zero!! In this segment, walk to the table while saying your line.
 (ZERO takes another swig from the flask of HORACE).
 ZERO Easy.
 E--NED Ready? Go!
 ZERO (Walking, very stiffly, toward the table). "If elected, I will lock up the
 boogeyman. Pick up gun."
 E--NED Cut. Pick the gun up. Again.
 ZERO "If elected, I will lock up the boogeyman," (He picks up gun). "Pick up gun."
 E--NED Cut! Don't say "Pick up gun!" Just do it!
 ZERO I understand! Don't pick up the gun. Just say it.
 C--JACK No! Pick up the gun. But don't say you're picking it up!
 ZERO Got it!
 E--NED Go ahead.

ZERO (To himself). Really? Like Pa? “If elected, I will lock up the boogeyman.”
(Picks up gun).

OODLES Whyyyyyyyy is Zero picking up a gun? Is he going to kill someone?

ZERO Who said that! Who said I killed someone?

HORACE Just ignore the officers.

ZERO They’re police?

OODLESS Just sign here. (Displays clipboard with papers).

ZERO Was I sexy enough? Did I show my manhood?

HORACE It was a studly performance!

OODLES (Referring to papers). To verifyyyyyyyyyy we observed the shooting.

MINNIE Is this a real gun?

OODLES (To NED, who is about to sign the papers). Not you. I require the signature of Zero.

ZERO Shooting?

MINNIE Does it go bang bang?

A--TOM It’s a prop.

HORACE I’d like identification.

OODLES (To MINNIE). The gentleman wants evidiiiiiiiiiiiiince.

MINNIE I suppoooooose he thinks we play game -- like bad cop, bad cop.

OODLES Thaaaank you. We now have signed confession.

ZERO Confession!

OODLES Sorry. Did I say confeeeeeesion?

HORACE Enough! This may be a frickle prop, but it still shoots stingingly wicked bullets!
(HORACE points gun in all directions. CREW exits).

MINNIE (Grabs gun from HORACE and begins exit). Not so fast, honeycakes! Nobody is asking you to say “I do!”

SCENE SEVEN

The Selection

Library in the Home of Horace

HORACE Zero, it’s time to choose your running mate.

ZERO Quacky. I could use a mate to plug me with goopies.

HORACE No, someone to replace you in the event you defizz in office.

ZERO Horace, I don’t like that kind of talk!

MAXIE Don’t hyperextend your wet bone, Zero. You’re going to live a very long life.

ZERO That’s what you said about Pa!

HORACE This is Tad Ripper, Chairman of the Ratchet Party

C--TAD Gorfus ado.

ZERO (To HORACE). I thought you are Chairman of the Ratchet Party.

HORACE I was. I resigned. I’m your Campaign Manager now.

ZERO Someone ought to tell me these things.

MAXIE We know, sweetie; there’s a lot to keep track of.

HORACE Potential mates are here, blixing for inspection.

C--TAD Our first is candidate is Lieutenant Berta Loon. (Enters. She has an artificial hand or is in a straight jacket).

B--BERTA (Salutes and clicks heels). Reporting for duty!
C--TAD At ease, Berta.
B--BERTA But vigilant, Officer Ripper. Always vigilant!
HORACE Berta, what makes you the plummy choice for Vice Boinker?
B--BERTA Major Horace, I bring a frosty military backbone to your operation. Every war conducted by Groad utilized my expertise as a soldier.
HORACE But Groad was defeated in all its military endeavors.
B--BERTA Precisely. Our gunfire was too low, that's why! Aim higher, I say!
ZERO (To HORACE and TAD). I say we pick her and conclude these hearings.
B--BERTA Zero, I've done reconnaissance. One of your campaign slogans is to lock up the boogeyman.
C--TAD Very good.
C--BERTA I know about shackles and cuffs. Bondage is my specialty.
C--TAD Thank you, Lieutenant. You may go.
B--BERTA We have yet to discuss war plans!
HORACE Goodbye, Lieutenant. (BERTA exits as PIPE enters).
C--TAD Here is Pipe Dreams. He's new to politics.
E--PIPE I'm tickled to be composed.
HORACE How would you be an asset to the ticket?
E--PIPE I have a dog, Barnie. That dog can single-handedly torque a herd of cows right into the stockade. That's me. With people
HORACE We need someone to herd the masses.
B--BERTA (Sticks her head in the door). There are two firemen out here. They insist on coming in.
HORACE Not now. We're busy. We'll sound an alarm if we need them.
B--BERTA I'll order a blockade.
OODLES (Barges in with MINNIE. Both are dressed in fireman uniforms. Each carries a case). How will you sound an alarm if the sensors are sprocked?
MINNIE It is impertinent we inspect and resurge each and every detector.
HORACE Well, be quiet about it.
OODLES (He and MINNIE will move install bugging devices in various fixtures).
E--PIPE I have a cow. Floozie. When her tits are scrunched, she spoos gallons of juice. That's me. With people.
HORACE Very good.
OODLES (Picks up phone. Drops it). Sorry.
HORACE Why are you doppling with the telephone!?
MAXIE There isn't a smoke alarm in the innards of a phone!
MINNIE There will be now. For your pompador.
OODLES Many a man, while flaring his pipe, has fallen asleep near the phone and caught fire.
C--TAD Can we continue?
E--PIPE I'm the hand to hire. Whatever the job – pitch a fork, peck a hen, hound a fox – I'll do it.
C--TAD Thank you. We'll regurgitate the facts and get up to you.
D--MADGE (Enters in her wheelchair. She is an old cantankerous woman). Clear the decks! What kind of floor is this? No traction whatsoever. How am I supposed to get

on? Something should be done about that. Oh, firemen! I like anything to do with a hose. What's up, boys?
 C--TAD This is Madge O'Maley.
 D--MADGE They know who I am!
 HORACE Hello, Madge
 D--MADGE Don't keep me waiting. Skip the taboos. You'll be wanting me as your Vice Boinker, Zero, because, without my expertise, you don't stand a chance!
 HORACE Miss O'Maley served in the Outhouse for sixty years!
 D--MADGE Not a chance!
 ZERO I plan to fumigate the Outhouse if I'm elected Boinker. Isn't that right, Horace?
 D--MADGE It does have a lot of cobs and webs!
 OODLES (Drops a tool). So so sorry!
 D--MADGE Have you got yourself a slogan, Zero?
 HORACE We're working on it.
 D--MADGE If you want to snarfle the fish, you need a catchy frapeze. Hey! Fireboys! Could one of you look at my chair. See if I have any spent spindles left.
 MAXIE They're installing fire alarms.
 C--TAD There's concern, Madge, given your age
 D--MADGE Oh, out with it, boy! Am I gonna croak on you? That's what you're asking.
 C--TAD You have had a few heart attacks.
 D--MADGE Those were love taps . . . priming the pumper for the next hundred years. Let's get cracking. Call our team "The Zip of Zero. The Magic of Madge." Everywhere. Banners. Blimps. Billboards. Can you see it?
 ZERO I say we pick Madge.
 D--MADGE What are you saying? Speak up, boy! You want me to throw out my titties?
 HORACE Thank you, Madge. That'll be all.
 D--MADGE I'm telling you. I can still stir the soup. (Exits).
 A--SID (Enters). Am I in the right place?
 C--TAD This is Sid Thomas.
 A--SID What should I do? Where should I stand?
 C--TAD Wherever you wish.
 A--SID Is this okay? Why am I here?
 C--TAD The Ratchet Party thinks you're a prime candidate for Vice Boinker.
 A--SID They do? (OODLES drops a tool).
 MINNIE He's sorry!
 HORACE Tell us about yourself.
 A--SID What should I say?
 HORACE Whatever you wish.
 A--SID Is there anything in particular you're looking for?
 HORACE No, but I like your tone.
 A--SID You do?
 HORACE Very much.
 ZERO (To HORACE and TAD). He's all wrong! The man's a bully!
 HORACE Hush!
 A--SID Am I speaking too loudly?
 HORACE No, no.

HORACE I think we found our man.
 A--SID Should I go now? Are we through?
 HORACE You're excused.
 A--SID (Blankly). Why are firemen here?
 HORACE Implanting and resurging sensors. To detect fires.
 OODLES The Zero house is now safely under our overlook. Should there be a fire, we'll be here instantly to ignite it.

SCENE EIGHT

The Debate
 Groad University Auditorium

(Four candidates remain in the campaign: ZERO of the Ratchet Party, LILI of the Sickle Party, JAKE of the Screwzer Party, and BLADE of the Crowbar Party. ZERO wears his pink and green tie; the other candidates wear matching gray outfits).

A—SPAR Welcome to the final debate of Boinker for Groad. I'm Doctor Spar. Let me portune the format for tonight's mayhem. Each candidate will give a one-minute opening airfuse.

OODLES (ENTERS with MINNIE They are dressed in the coveralls of technicians. MINNIE whispers to three of the candidates, who removes their earpieces. OODLES distributes new earpieces to these candidates. ZERO offers to give up his earpiece to get a new one, but MINNIE refuses him).

A—SPAR One minute, please. It appears we have a technical problem. After the opening round, candidates will respond to morbese questions contorted by myself. Tonight's debate is sponsored by the Brood of Beleaguered Voters. (OODLES nods to SPAR). I see the devices, which allow manglers to communicate to their candidates, have been replaced. Open the gates!

E--BLADE I'm Blade Watts, mascot of the Crowbar Party. Today is a critical moment

A--SPAR Next!

B--LILI Hello. I'm Lili Loath, plugging the Sickle Party. Groad is at a roadcross

A—SPAR Time's up!

C--JAKE I'm Jake Hauser, robo to the Screwzer Party. This is a defusing moment

A--SPAR Zip it.

C--JAKE That was a minute?!

A--SPAR Your opening statement, Zero.

ZERO I'm Zero with the Ratchet Party. I was born in Huckatash. Our family was poor. My mother was missing a leg. Every morning I hamstrung the papers, then walked seven miles to school. Everything I know, I learned in first grade. When I was twelve my uncle had the smallpox which scarred me for life. Life was a spinwad. But I rose out of the malankey. God bless Groad, where dreams come true.

A--SPAR Zero, you still have fifteen seconds.

ZERO I married Maxie and we moved to Poshplum. I inspired my father to start the privy business. I had a leg manufactured for my mother. My scars were removed with locosuction. Only in Groad. Where dreams come true!

A--SPAR My watch still shows five seconds, Zero.
 ZERO I inspired a privy business. I manufactured a leg. I can do the same for Groad.
 A--SPAR That concludes this swaggerlop of the debate. Jake, what is your agenda?
 C--JAKE I will transform the army into a brigade of goodwill. We will launch bread baskets at famines. Rather than harpoon our enemies, we will lampoon them. Instead of dropping bombs on rogues we will write musical comedies about them.

A--SPAR Miss Loath?
 B--LILI The Sickle Party hopes to re crackle the constitution. We need to build more fences, hurl larger projectiles, and razzle non-Groadites! Return to the boom-boom days; that's my plan.

A--SPAR Mr. Watts?
 E--BLADE My comrades will harmonize the spirit of the rocks with the soul of the wind so the mother essence can obwoo the father force to create a lappyland where every child can sense his schwing and schwang in a full idea.

A--SPAR Zero?
 ZERO I will lock up the boogeyman. I'll send a Groad flag to every hungry child in the country. I promise to widen the highways. The flow of money shall move faster. My portrait will be pinpoled at every GaggyMart.
(A shrill electronic sound is followed by a buzzing noise. The candidates cringe. From this point onward, LILI, BLADE and JAKE will repeat the messages they receive in their earpieces. ZERO will get more flustered and animated as the scene progresses).

B--LILI Is it true Pa Zero was stabbed in the back?
 C--JAKE I heard Pa Zero was shot.
 E--BLADE Didn't Pa Zero defizz from poison?
 B--LILI What kind of knife was it?
 C--JAKE Did the gun fire back?
 E--BLADE Did you test the poison on yourself?
 ZERO Professor Spar!
 A--SPAR Apparently we have technical shaggies.
 B--LILI How long was the blade?
 C--JAKE How tall were the bullets?
 ZERO (Resorts to old stand-by phrases). I will lock up the boogeyman.
 A--SPAR Please stand by.
 B--LILI Did you fondle the knife?
 C--JAKE Did the gun have a girlfriend?
 E--BLADE Could the poison tango?
 ZERO I will lock up the boogeyman!
 HORACE (Enters. Calls). Maxie, shank the power juicer! Punctuate the broadcast!
(MAXIE grabs one end of a cord. HORACE grabs the other end of the cord. They pull apart the connector. Blackout).

SCENE NINE

The Interview

G. R. O. A. D. Gamaloo Station

D--TAMMY Welcome to “The Daily Pulse,” devoted to jaunty issues affecting the orb, with your hosts, Paul and Appalling.

C--PAUL Good morning. I’m Paul.

B--APPALLING I’m Appalling. Glad you could join us.

C--PAUL Our first spiral today features Zero, a contender for Boinker.

B--APPALLING Zero is accompanied by his wife, Maxie. I understand she just published a children’s book entitled “Hog Tied.”

C—PAUL That’s correct, Appalling. It’s about a pig who’s forced to repeat first grade over and over.

B--APPALLING Before we meet the couple, let’s check with Tammy and get the morning headlines.

D--TAMMY (During this speech PAUL and APPALLING join ZERO and MAXIE, who are seated on a nearby sofa). Hello, Paul, Appalling. Making lineheads: The Center for Health says those who drive their brain in reverse may die from extinct diseases. Children are being placed on the Endangered Species List in the suburbs. The University of Hard Knobs now has a smart bomb that targets stupidity. The Secretary of State announced he’s in a coma. Honesty has declined six rungs. The election is in two weeks and Lili Loath remains the runnerfront. Back to you, Paul.

C--PAUL Thank you, Tammy.

B--APPALLING Here we are with Zero and Maxie.

C--PAUL Looks like the election is going to be an outblow.

B--APPALLING What can I say? Lili’s on a rollerblade.

C--PAUL My daughter loves Lili!

B--APPALING What’s not to love, Paul?

C--PAUL She does have a lot of Shimmer, doesn’t she?

B--APPALING The country really slurps her message: build more, taller fences!

C--PAUL Imagine. We could be looking at a female Boinker.

B--APPALING It’s about time. Guten tag.

C--PAUL More with Zero and Maxie when we return after these messages. (PAUL and APPALLING immediately jump up. They retreat to the side to sip coffee. ZERO and MAXIE remain on the sofa. HORACE joins them).

MAXIE I think it’s going really well.

HORACE It’s the best interview you’ve done, Zero.

MAXIE I agree. The best!

ZERO How do I sound?

HORACE Perfect.

MAXIE I find Paul appalling but Appalling is appealing.

B--APPALLING (Returns with PAUL to join ZERO and MAXIE). Welcome back. We continue our conversation with Zero.

C--PAUL This election sure sparked a blurg of new products.

B--APPALING Tell me about it.

C--PAUL Did you try the new Zero donut?

B--APPALING No. It’s on my “do to” list.

C--PAUL Not to lookover Maxie, did you try the pads?

B--APPALING I did! They're on my off list! Knock, knock.
 C--PAUL Who's there?
 B--APPALING Zero.
 C--PAUL Zero who?
 B--APPALING Zero's no punch to this poke!
 C--PAUL More with Zero and Maxie after this station break. (Again, PAUL and APPALLING immediately jump up. They rush for their coffee. ZERO and MAXIE remain on the sofa. HORACE joins them. He has a newspaper.)
 MAXIE Who would ever have thought we'd be here, flapping on "The Daily Pulse!"
 ZERO Maxie, I think it's time to upsize my suit again.
 MAXIE It's time you put less chunkies down your blowhole.
 HORACE Damn! Once again, Lili made the front page of the inkspotch.
 ZERO Where am I?
 HORACE Page ten. With the comics.
 B--APPALLING (Returns to ZERO and MAXIE). Welcome back. Maxie, I understand you wrote a children's book. I also wrote a children's book. It's called "Big People Who Irritate Me." Is your book autobiographical, Maxie? Let's read a page from my book. (Reads). "My Granny irritates me when she spreads butter on the wrong side of the toast." What do you think of that? If you become First Female, will you sell my book in the Boinker Mansion gift shop?
 C--PAUL That concludes our shunthunt. Thanks, Zero. Maxie.
 ZERO Can't we just defizz Lili? Like we did Pa?
 HORACE Hush! (OODLES enters, unseen to the trio).
 MAXIE Give the go-go. I'll slug the old buzzard myself.
 HORACE Plug yourself. (To OODLES). Who are you?
 OODLES Hello. I'ma youra chauffeur. Woulda you like to sorbay backa to the hotele?
 HORACE Where's Leonard?
 OODLES He wasa triggered to undertake another assignmento.
 HORACE Leonard is our official chauffeur!
 OODLES Wha cana I saya? He is tieda upo. I am excellento drivereee.
 B--APPALLING Inspector Oodles! Is that you?!
 OODLES I bega youra pardona!
 B--APPALLING What are you doing here?
 OODLES I'ma afraidia you've mistakena me fora someone elseo.
 B--APPALLING I interviewed you. Remember? You were plunting your latest book, "Crime Crunching."
 HORACE This man is an inspector?
 B--APPALLING One of the best!
 OODLES I musta contradicto youa. Please. I go nowa. (Exits clumsily).
 HORACE "Crime Crunching" you say?
 B--APPALLING It's a classic! Surely you've heard of it.
 HORACE Zero! Maxie! Gather your spools. We're going to snig that book and find out who this Inspector Oodles is!

SCENE TEN

The Parade

Groad Avenue in the City of Weaseldork

MAXIE Zero, I wish you'd simmer. It's a gluckus day for a parade. You get to strut your carcass.

ZERO In this scorchy sun, I'll swither like a porkie dog.

HORACE Your ratings will dopple if we don't march to celebrate the epoxy of Groad.

ZERO I don't give a zot for epoxy.

E--LEROY (Enters, pulling a rickshaw). Mr. Zero? I'm LeRoy. I'll be pulling you down Groad Avenue.

ZERO You want me to nestle in that contrucktion? I'd rather sidle down the street on my own two feet.

MAXIE Oh, Zero. Be reasonable. There is no way you can trundle your carcass for three miles.

HORACE LeRoy, would you look sideways? (Closely examines the face of LEROY. Consults book).

E--LEROY Is something wrong?

HORACE Is that nose real?

E--LEROY Of course, sir.

MAXIE Oh, do redress, Horace. He's not Inspector Oodles.

E--LEROY Is that "Crime Crunching" by Inspector Oodles?

HORACE Yes.

E--LEROY I love that book!

HORACE Do you know Inspector Oodles showed up, inquizzing Zero, dressed in some of the very disguises found in his book!

E--LEROY No!

HORACE And if I'm not mistaken, he'll show up today.

E--LEROY You think so!? I'd love to suckle his autograph.

B--CLAUDIA (Enters). Could I have a moment, Zero? I'm Claudia Falls, a representative of "Siblings Against Rivalry." (HORACE compares CLAUDIA to photos in "Crime Crunching." CLAUDIA displays button) Would you wear a brago supporting our cause?

MAXIE If it gets the sibling vote, he'll do it. (Pins button on his coat).

B--CLAUDIA Thanks. You're a zippo hippo!

HORACE (To CLAUDIA). Are those breasts real?

B--CLAUDIA Zellzot! (Slaps HORACE). You pecker-pock me and I'll report you to the "Pervert Patrol." (Storms off).

ZERO When does this parade start?

MAXIE Will you lactate!

D--ANGIE (Enters with several sacks). Oh, Zero. Please! Would you throw these favors at the crowd? (HORACE studies ANGIE and compares her to photos in "Crime Crunching"). They're tokens from the Zealots.

MAXIE Do! The Zealots can traloose a lot of votes.

HORACE If you favor the Zealots you'll offend the Fanatics, who despise the Hysterics.

E--LEROY The parade's about to begin, Zero.

MAXIE Let me see your wave. (HORACE executes a formal wave). Be chumpy! Show lip. This is broadcast all over Groad!

OODLES (Enters with MINNIE. They wear matching dresses and carry flags or pompoms). Here we are.
 ZERO Hello, girls!
 OODLES (In unison with MINNIE). We've here to escort Zero.
 HORACE (Studies OODLES and MINNIE intently). Nobody mentioned escorts. Who sent you?
 OODLES The Ratchet Party. (Displaying flag).
 MAXIE They do add pomposity to the occasion!
 HORACE (To OODLES). What's your name?
 OODLES Thelma. This is Theona.
 HORACE Are you one-hundred percent, genuine woman?
 MAXIE Horace, you flirt! (Swings purse and hits HORACE).
 OODLES (Has a private conversation with MINNIE). Just wait until Zero sees the impersonator we planted in the crowd – a perfect replize of Pa Zero.
 MINNIE When laying eyes on the mannequin of Pa, Zero will faint straightaway.
 OODLES I'll revive him with salties and say, "Welcome to the hereafter. Confess your crimes or it's the torture pit for you!"
 MINNIE And I shall capture every blundering word on the voice trap!
 HORACE (Approaches the twins). Maxie, look, under that girlie do. I see the real hair of Inspector Oodles.
 OODLES Oodles? Who is Inspector Oodles?
 HORACE Don't oodle me. I read your book. I've seen photographs of your disguises.
 OODLES I'm Thelma. Thelma Arnie Brewster.
 MAXIE Horace, you're right! Inspector Oodles!
 HORACE (Stunned). Arnie? Brewster?
 ZERO Isn't Arnie the jigger in Pa's will?
 MAXIE Someone, foliate! Who is Arnie!/? (Loud parade music ends the scene).

SCENE ELEVEN

The Shakedown Zero's Campaign Headquarters

(ZERO, MAXIE, HORACE, SID and CLEO are having a conference. SID is now the official candidate for Vice Boinker of the Ratchet Party. CLEO is his hard-headed wife).
 HORACE We just can't pull out of the downslump.
 A--SID What's wrong?
 MAXIE The political shitfans said Zero won the debate.
 A--SID Zero was awarded "The Actors Quarantine" for his commercial.
 (Everybody freezes. They all turn to SID and look at him in astonishment).
 Wasn't he?
 HORACE There for a minute I really thought you had composed a declusive sentence.
 A--SID I need to work on that, don't I?
 MAXIE Every day Lili climbs a notch in the polls.
 ZERO What's to be done?
 MAXIE Any word from Inspector Oodles or Brewster Arnie?

HORACE I keep telling you, there is no Arnie Brewster!
D--CLEO I say we fryball Lili!
HORACE You know, Cleo, I think your husband is our problem.
A--SID Me?
ZERO Because of you, we're losing.
A--SID What's wrong with me?
D--CLEO Sid is the perfect running mate. He stays in the groundback, applauds your speeches and maintains a perfect six-point caret smile!
MAXIE Sid is a slugtar. It's time to face the boot.
A--SID If I'm fired, who will you pick as Vice Boinker?
MAXIE Me! I fit the foot brilliantly.
A--SID A husband and wife govern the country? Has that been done?
HORACE Many times.
A--SID Sweetie, can't you do something?
HORACE Face it, Sid. You're a political sinkhole.
D--CLEO Now you back off and listen to me! As a child, Sid was a bumpling floogie, but he overcame his shiphards, and now represents all the runted people of Groad. Without him, you will alienate every Broke-Backer, Free-Roller and Brain-Bender in this country. He's their mascot!
ZERO Sid, why not be my bodyguard?
A--SID Your bodyguard?
ZERO Am I not worth protecting? You would not die for me?
D--CLEO The idea!
MAXIE He consents to be your running mate, but not serve as your bodyguard!
ZERO Will you resign mootly, or must we whack it out of you?
D--CLEO Zero, if you rackoo Sid, I'll hang your mucky underwear out for the whole orb to see.
MAXIE You wouldn't dare!
D--CLEO And there is nothing worse – for a politic – than to have his incontinence exposed.
A--SID Can you picture the tabloids?
D--CLEO You'll be the laughing stock of Groad! NO BOINKER MANSION FOR YOU!
MAXIE Horace! Zero! Do something!
ZERO I contort with Maxie! Sid goes. My Vice Boinker will be Maxie!

SCENE TWELVE

The Scam
Law Office of Mr. Bucket

(MR BUCKET is at work at his desk. MINNIE enters.)
MINNIE Dr. Bucket?
E--BUCKET C. K. Buckett, Master of Jurisprudence.
MINNIE Is that fancy way you say you am attorney are?
E--BUCKET I make, interpret, massage, but mostly ignore the law.
MINNIE Have you a minute?

E--BUCKET For you, madam, I have all afternoon – and a reclining couch. What’s on your mind? Let’s undress it.

MINNIE I have problem.

E--BUCKET Nothing I can’t solve, I’m sure.

MINNIE I want divorce.

E--BUCKET We’ll negotiate the terms over dinner.

MINNIE I no can pay. My husband rich but he no give dong to me.

E--BUCKET Don’t worry about dong. Embrace me as your counselor and you’ll be showered with riches.

OODLES (Offstage) Sushi! (Rapping of cane or walker).

MINNIE Oh! That my husband! How he learn come I here?

OODLES I know you’re in there! Dr. Bucket, I wish to see my wife.

MINNIE He must not me see.

OODLES Behoof the door!

MINNIE Perhaps I hide in vault?

E--BUCKET I keep my files there.

MINNIE I no touch nothing.

E--BUCKET (Escorting MINNIE off). Only a minute.

OODLES (Enters of his own accord. He is dressed in formalwear. He has very thick glasses, an old fright wig, and a large old-fashioned hearing aid). Bucket. What kind of fandankered name is that? Hand her over.

E--BUCKET I’m alone, sir.

OODLES Kidnapping is a serious plug, Buckie. Where did you stash her?

E--BUCKET I’m sure your wife is looning for you at home.

OODLES (Playing for sympathy, acting heartbroken). I suspect my Sushi wants a divorce. I shouldn’t love the scrimpie, but I do.

MINNIE (Enters). I can’t bear it. (To OODLES). The crackle in your pain. Did I cause your little poopee heart to palpitate? I sorry, honey.

OODLES Sushi. Give me a peck.

MINNIE Sorry to bother you, Dr. Bucket. I hold to marriage vows.

E--BUCKET If you change your mind, let me know. I drive a fast car. (Exits).

OODLES Did you find the will?

MINNIE Yes.

OODLES Where is it?

MINNIE (Points. Whispers). Inside my tittie sling.

OODLES Oh, Minnie, you sure know how to quibber my lob.

SCENE THIRTEEN

The Fallout

Zero’s Campaign Headquarters

HORACE Perhaps we were wrong to loose cut Sid. Every day his wife Cleo yammers a new nasty about Zero.

ZERO What nasties are being spread now? Make a list! Who’s been debraying my carcass? I want names!

HORACE Herb Blowhob has been springing nasties about you on the airwaves.

MAXIE Herb says you slundered your Pa and pillaged his bank account.
 ZERO Where are Smelt and Clink?
 HORACE Outside, flossing their muscles.
 ZERO Clink! Smelt! Get in here.
 A--SMELT (SMELT and CLINK, two thugs, enter). Hey, boss.
 C--CLINK Is someone causing Zero trouble?
 ZERO Find Herb Blowhob. Crench his knuckles. Extrude the man's sausages.
 HORACE Socker puck Mr. Artoe too.
 ZERO Who's he?
 HORACE Artoe writes for "The Bugle." That jakjaw says you're not qualified to be Boinker because you never cavorted in the military.
 ZERO I fought in gretless wars!
 C--CLINK Really?
 A--SMELT Really?
 C--CLINK You did?
 A--SMELT You did?
 ZERO I was awarded a Vericose Vein in the War against Logic.
 A--SMELT I'll be sockdarned!
 C--CLINK I'll be sockdarned!
 ZERO Smelt. Clink. Downsize Mr. Artoe. Gromet his tongue. Mince his thumbs. Make sure the pusspot never writes again.
 A--SMELT (Said in unison with CLINK). Yes, sir.
 ZERO Anyone who debrays Zero, dehunk him.
 MAXIE Oh, Zero. That's my puffyloon.
 HORACE Hey, look at the polls.
 MAXIE Lower than yesterday?
 HORACE No. Our numbers have gone up!
 MAXIE How could that be? All reports about Zero have been crudling.
 HORACE Lili, meanwhile, dropped ten points.
 ZERO Perhaps people think the reports spread by Cleo are coming from Lili.
 HORACE Flaming boxers! If that's the case, I know how to manickle the entire election!

SCENE FOURTEEN

The Tally

Zero's Campaign Headquarters

(The room is being decorated with balloons and streamers).
 E--BUCKET This is it. The downcount.
 HORACE (Wearing a headset). Results are in coming. Zero has a nippy lead.
 MAXIE Horace's plan worked. We spread the nastiest rumps about Zero we could concert. And what happened? Lili was blamed for the rumps; her ratings plummeled.
 HORACE Fifty percent resouting. Zero is leading, two to one.
 MAXIE Oh, Horace, let me snuckle you. (Hugs him).
 ZERO After I'm sworn in, those who didn't vote for me will be dehunked!

A--SMELT A telegram from Lili. (Hands paper to HORACE).

HORACE (Reads). "The citizens of Groad have regurgitated. Congratulations, Zero!"

ZERO I won! I won! I won!

MAXIE Well done, Horace. (Kisses HORACE).

ZERO Heavens to hellzot, Maxie. Why are you schlocking lips with Horace? I'm the winner.

MAXIE When do we occupy Boinker Mansion? I'm going to paint the whole damn hobble pink!

OODLES (Enters as himself, wearing a trenchcoat. MINNIE accompanies him. She has two Tommy guns).

HORACE Inspector Oodles!

OODLES You're under arrest, Zero.

ZERO Impossible. I'm Boinker to Be!

OODLES Does the name Arnie Brewster bell a ring?

MAXIE That name! *Who* is Arnie Brewster?

OODLES (Holding up paper). Pa Zero's other son. His lawful heir. As proof, I have Arnie's birth sertee. And from the vaults of Mr. Bucket – Pa Zero's tonest will. (To BUCKET). You said you destroyed that!

HORACE At last, Arnie will receive the dongs intended for him.

MINNIE Zero had a brother?!

MAXIE Arnie was the love child of Pa Zero and Darcy Dumplicks.

OODLES Darcy Dumplicks!? Owner of Fluffy Bottom Wipes?

MAXIE She's the one!

MINNIE Darcy stocked Pa Zero's privies with wipes and on the side she stewed him a churub!

OODLES There's no reason to arrest Zero. We'll gladly share the lard with Arnie.

MAXIE Pa Zero's name was struncated on a fiberoptic document. Struncation is a felony! By law, Zero cannot be boinker.

ZERO It was Horace!

HORACE It was Bucket!

OODLES Let the court determine who's at fault. As to the death of Pa Zero

MAXIE It was Zero! He thrucked his Pa with sludge fumes. (OODLES Handcuffs ZERO). Sorry, nubkins.

MINNIE Everyone applaud. Professor Oodles solved the riddle of Pa Zero's jinx.

OODLES (Kneels. Displays small box). For you, Minnie, my sugartart, I propose shackles of a different kind. Will you matrimonify me?

MINNIE Oh, yes. Indeed. I do. I do.

ZERO I'm to be clackered in a pribox?

MAXIE Don't flusticate. Fate has been respindled. I'll be Boinker. I'll make sure you're your clackered in a pretty pink pribox with lots of chunkies to noogle.

ZERO Maxie. Boinker of Groad? How can that be? Infinity called. The people plucked me. How can I go back to Zero!?

ACTORS A through E -- Character Breakdown by Scenes

SCENE	Actor A	Actor B	Actor C	Actor D	Actor E
1					
2	Updredge	Greedo	Dolphie	Stringent	Bucket
3	Buzz	Fay	Cho		
4	Updredge	Greedo	Dolphie	Stringent	Bucket
5	Nester	Miss Groad	Seth	Wanda	
6	Tom		Jack		Ned
7	Sid	Berta	Tad	Madge	Pipe
8	Spar	Lili	Jake		Blade
9		Appalling	Paul	Tammy	
10		Claudia		Angie	LeRoy
11	Sid			Cleo	
12					Bucket
13	Smelt		Clink		
14	Smelt	Greedo	Clink	Wanda	Bucket

A Note about the Disguises of Oodles

The disguises worn by Oodles should not be flawless attempts of concealment. Oodles is not a master makeup artist. It will add to the scene if some disguises have a haphazard, unfinished, amateurish quality. A bald cap that is askew, a scar that doesn't stick properly – these are situations that Oodles may have to struggle with throughout a scene. Hopefully the comic sense will be heightened as Oodles attempts to remain “physically under cover” while executing his plans.

A Note about the Style of Production

ZERO TO INFINITY should perform at top throttle. The actors should strive for high energy. The pace is rapid, but every word is clearly articulated. Characters are fully committed to their objectives. Actions are big. Voices are strong. Physical actions have great authority. Characters frequently touch and strike one another. A sense of playfulness and earnestness exist side by side.