

The Enwumpening of Elias

A play in three acts by

Dramatis Personae

Elias-----Hissself
The High Wumpist-----Theysself
Chimpanzee-----Bongbo the Murder Ape
Wumpy-----Jon Hamm
Miggy-----Gengar
Gengar-----Miggy

Act 1

Scene 1

[Open: A ruined building in a forest. Although almost totally dilapidated, the moonlight shines through the canopy held back by the crumbling walls. In the center sits an iron folding chair. Sitting in the chair is Elias, unconscious. He slowly awakens in a confused state. A pregnant silence hangs in the room. Suddenly, a spotlight swings to the top of a ruined wall where the Chimpanzee sits.]

Chimpanzee: So you awaken alone in a dark wood at night and ponder to yourself: What's going on here? Exactly where, on earth, have I found myself? What time is it- no, you say, be still- what *day* is it, precisely? Was my hair this long? And these scars and cuts... where they placed there by me? Hold. You, sir. All will be answered never and in its overdue time- if you walk the path of moonlit lakes. And Hold you, sir.

[The chimpanzee takes out and lights a comically large- some might say phallically so- cigar. Fog machines start here]

Chimpanzee: Ah, there's the ticket. After all, thus is the nature of our world, is it not? And have we not your friend and mine dear old Isaac Newton to thank for all this? What have you to say to that? But hold, sir, perhaps you are of a different persuasion. "Who put all this here?" you may begin to wonder. "To what do I owe the pleasure?" my dear friend. Hold, what is to be done about all this? Have you an answer or have you not one?

Elias: (stammering) I uh this is-

Chimpanzee: Hold, you, sir. If you won't answer my questions perhaps you have ones of your own. Perhaps I've listed some for you, well I'll tell you this, my good sir, I'll not answer but any single one of yours and only once per day after all, don't you see, my friend. You cannot trust a word from mine beauteous lips, except for the ones that are true, and that's all of them besides the ones that are not.

[A pause. Elias looks to nearly begin to speak several times while the chimpanzee takes a long drag from his cigar.]

Chimpanzee: Well, get on with it. Surely you must want to know something.

Elias: I don't know where to start.

Chimpanzee: Well, I could suggest a question for yourself to ask of me, my good sir, if you like.

Elias: What should I ask?

Chimpanzee: Well, my good sir, and hold there a moment, if it were myself in your shoes, and they are fine shoes might I say, I might be just now beginning to wonder about my parched lips and empty stomach. Hold, you, sir, and I might begin to think to myself, the answers must come later after my survival is assured. How must I behave, to whence must I go? How, precisely, do I leave this mystery locale in which I have found myself? This, I believe, is the question I would ask of mine own self, where I you and you I, but then, you wouldn't know the answer either way would you?

Elias: How do I get out of here?

Chimpanzee: Well now, hold on, you, sir. I told you not thirteen of god's own green minutes ago that I would answer not but one of your questions and only once per day after all, and if you can't adhere to the rules of our little encounter then I'm afraid I shall have to take my leave of your revisionist self.

[The Chimpanzee rises and extinguishes the cigar on the top of the wall. The fog continues to thicken, as the chimpanzee turns its back to the audience.]

Elias: Wait!

[The Chimpanzee remains a moment and motions toward Elias.]

Elias: I just, I need to know what's happening? What's happened to me? The last thing I remember is sending an email to some weird website, I can't even remember the name. My hair is longer, almost three feet longer than the last moment I remember it, and I didn't have this beard. What's happening?

[The chimpanzee sighs, not a dismissive sigh nor one of annoyance, but one of pity, of melancholy recognition, of knowing and aching solidarity for someone who does not yet know the path they have begun to walk.]

Chimpanzee: My friend, you must descend down the lake by the moonlit path. Thus have they all walked afore you, and those who have strayed have fallen below, to the muck of the world.

[The chimpanzee turns to face Elias again]

Chimpanzee: You are being reborn. Fear the you that is yet to be made, for he will join a terrible rank, and do not trust the you who led you to this place, for he is not your friend.

[The chimpanzee turns away once more]

Chimpanzee: You are being reborn. Best not to make it too painful.

[Exit: Chimpanzee. Elias is left alone in a foggy dead forest, the moonlight shines stage left, and after an inordinate amount of time in silence and alone on the stage, he follows. Exit: Elias.]

Scene 2

[Elias returns to the dilapidated ruins, entering from stage right.]

Elias: Fuck.

[Elias looks around exasperatedly for a moment, and then sits back into the Iron chair, head in hands.]

Elias: I am not- it all looks the same. How am I supposed to deal with this?

[A moment of silence as Elias sits in center stage, a rustle is heard in a bush near the wall, which startles Elias. He sits staring in terror for a moment.]

Elias: Hello? Hey this is not funny.

[Elias stands from the chair, and begins to walk over towards the bush]

Elias: I know you wanted to walk off into the woods all mysterious or whatever but c'mon, help me out a bit.

[The bush remains silent. Elias approaches it.]

Elias: The woods all look the same. You said to, like, follow the moonlight or something but it's clear and the moon is full! The moonlight is all over the place. There is no specific direction!

[Elias now stands over the bush, waiting for an answer that will not come. In a moment of rage, he dives onto the bush, rustling through it, and pulling out an old golf club. Elias sighs and stares at it for a moment, before a howl sounds from the woods, startling him.]

Elias: Cool.

[Elias drags the chair up against the wall and sits in it, golf club leaning up against his shoulder, and waits. Slowly, he drifts off to sleep. Lights come down]

Scene 3

[Lights come back up on the ruin. The chimpanzee is perched back on top of the wall, where he was before, and an unconscious body lies center stage, this is Miggy. Elias, awakening again, starts at seeing another person.]

Chimpanzee: And what, pray tell exactly, are you still doing here, hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm? You have found a curious loophole my strange friend- you have not strayed from the path of the moonlit lakes, as you have remained on it, yet you have not moved from its start, except apparently to locate a sword. What do you think you're doing, or more precisely not doing, or hopefully-for your sake- not yet doing, exactly?

[Elias brandishes the golf club]

Elias: First of all, I'll be asking the questions. I'm through with these games.

Chimpanzee: Oh, and now we see fit to threaten a helpful old man who has done not but assist and inform you and only with some amount of embellishment, half-truth and untruth, and only three outright lies, after all! I should think, were our positions switched, you I, and I you, yet again in your gorgeous shoes sir, that I would thank mine own self, or in this case your own self, for the helpful direction and information! Instead you prove us different sorts of beast, my friend, for I would not brandish such a blade at so helpful and obedient a servant as myself.

Elias: I don't think you're being helpful, I think you're being difficult as some weird game. What, do you sit on that wall and wait for all sorts of people to wake up in this forest?

[Miggy begins to wake up]

Elias: And anyway, this isn't a sword! It's, like, a 4-Iron golf club. Whatever, who cares. What way is the moonlit path? The moonlight is all over the place, I don't see any specific path laid out!

Chimpanzee: And now he demands answers from me! My revisionary threatenist, I believe you will remember that I told you not five thousand, seven hundred and sixty of God's own green minutes ago that I would answer not but-

Elias: Oh my god shut up.

Chimpanzee: And now he demands Silence! Silence from a helpful old man such as myself! I believe when next we meet, I shall tell your own self significantly more outright lies! And just to spite you I shall tell not but the truth and answer in fact several questions from the next fool who asks me.

Miggy: Well that's a nice offer. Where are we?

[Elias and the Chimpanzee both start at this new figure having awakened near them.]

Chimpanzee: Drat. Well now admitting that that was an outright lie as well would be rather unsporting of me. I appear to have been caught in a web of mine own devising.

Elias: It can't possible be that easy to get a straight answer out of you.

Miggy: Well I sure would like one of those answers, if I could get one.

Elias: He told me that I had lots of questions and that I had to follow the moonlight to the lake or get lost in the mud or something.

Chimpanzee: A terrible mischaracterization of my advice, I must say!

Elias: He also said I was being reborn. Is that also happening to him?

Miggy: That's a lot to take in.

Chimpanzee: Yes, yes you both are being reborn.

Miggy: This doesn't feel much like a rebirth to me.

Chimpanzee: That's because you think of a rebirth as a renaissance. It is a reawakening to the light, a new age of gorgeous power and prestige, of new understanding and capabilities. I was not born like that and neither were the two of you.

Elias: What do you mean?

[The chimpanzee leaps off the wall.]

Chimpanzee: We are born blind, dumb, and stumbling. The Moonlight hides and reveals us. We are lost- spared from the muck of the world by nothing- save for sheer dumb luck. "Who must we be?" "To where must we go?" A rebirth is not a thing to be coveted. It is an arrogant desire- Is the world not Enough? A rebirth is a thing to be feared.

[Silence hangs over the room for a moment, then Miggy steps forward.]

Miggy: Well I'm not going to wait here with you two. I'm heading off.

Chimpanzee: Be sure to follow the path of the moonlit lakes.

Miggy: Actually I think I shall head that way, thank you.

[Miggy exits stage right, leaving Elias and the chimpanzee alone.]

Elias: There is no path.

[The chimpanzee climbs back up the wall and relights his cigar.]

Chimpanzee: Of course there's a path.

[The moonlight shines from stage left, casting Elias' shadow onto the ruined wall. Elias looks at his shadow, and then to the moon.]

Elias: If the rebirth is to be feared, then why should I follow the path at all?

[The chimpanzee finishes his cigar, and snuffs the embers on the top of the wall.]

Chimpanzee: There's only one thing worse than changing, and that's staying exactly the same. My revisionist friend, if you want to remain blind dumb and stumbling and argue with me until you can't move due to hunger, then by all means wait here. Wallow in the muck. The only way out is forward, and the only way forward follows the moonlight.

[Elias looks to the moonlight, then back to the chimpanzee. He waits for a moment, then sighs, slides the golf club through his belt, and exits stage right.]

End of Act 1

First intermission should last exactly three days.