

Prologue

DE LEMPICKA: head further back

NUDE WITH PEARLS: anatomy doesn't allow that

NUDE WITH BILLOWY ARMS: we're piled up

DE LEMPICKA: (it's) monumental

THE VOLUPTUOUS NUDE: throw in some cubes, some spillings, some pulled tampons

DE LEMPICKA: o carnivorous swoon, o incidental profuseness

THE CLOTHED NUDE: where's the man that will make this a harem

NUDE WITH BILLOWY ARMS: no frame please

DE LEMPICKA: preference not modesty. no psychology. this is just white

Scene IV

[The parlour. A SANE GUEST enters, transformed, with arms elevated. BLUE NUDE in a summer frock, with legs elevated. We see ankles oohh. It is pleasant. They are both smiling amusedly and stupidly.]

SANE GUEST: Hi.

BLUE NUDE: Hi! Enter, enter.

SANE GUEST: I was just walking by.

BLUE NUDE: Will you console me for five minutes (or less) it is only so little I ask of you.

SANE GUEST: Ah, to stay again in the temperateness of the reformatory.

BLUE NUDE: *[looks wistfully]* Oh tell me, tell me, I can see you went to the galleries, not looking but the pictures the pictures and you were consoled.

SANE GUEST: *[kisses her hand lingeringly.]*

BLUE NUDE: Leaving? Oh vampiric parody of upturned eyes. There is not the tiniest of worries to worry us. We were gratuitously distressed about ourselves. We couldn't otherwise!

SANE GUEST: *[leaves.]*

BLUE NUDE: Had he but stayed five minutes! The end of the civilized world

[She hurls up her arms in a desolate signal, drops them, slouches, as if mimicking Greek despair, then catches herself, jumps, looks around, and walks to her dresser where she artfully sits down to fold DE LEMPICKA's underpants.]

CURTAIN