

Temptation At The Shores Of The Morning Star

CHARACTERS

VENUS, *doting romantic and hapless demiurge*

NITROGEN, *breezy naive zephyr*

OXYGEN, *ever so slightly less breezy, but just as naive, zephyr*

SUN, *the Sun*

HYDROGEN, *envoy of Sun and probably an allegory for the Holy Spirit or something else equally contrived*

MERCURY, *the planet unlucky enough to be halfway between the sun, Sun and Venus*

CHORUS OF CARBON ROCKS, *Venus' ill(?) -fated children*

SILENT CHARACTERS

WATER, *obviously liquids can't speak*

GAIA, *irrelevant planet watching from a distance*

ACT I

Scene: by a canyon on the surface of Venus.

[NITROGEN and OXYGEN have just received their names. Feeling grounded in identity, the pair discuss existence while being doted upon from a distance by the resplendent Venus.]

OXYGEN: As I breathe! What a rousing song that was! –

NITROGEN: – And with such splendid poetry has she bequeathed these names to us! The names themselves aren't bad either.

OXYGEN: O, and that beautiful voice! That was surely the most profound moment I've ever born witness to.

NITROGEN: Brother – and that's another new name for us – I feel like I've awakened to a whole new state of being!

[VENUS descends eminently from above humming to herself, NITROGEN and OXYGEN somehow not noticing]

OXYGEN: Aye I've never felt more alive! –

NITROGEN: – and I'm only slightly disorientated by it all! – (but I don't know how much I can speak for the reader...)

OXYGEN: How can we ever hope to thank her?

VENUS: *[sneaking up close to NITROGEN and OXYGEN, flitting her eyes and wearing a lascivious smile]* I can think of *one* way you can help me.

OXYGEN: Here she is, the planet of the hour – although you sing more like a Goddess.

NITROGEN: Before you snare us into your nectarous flytrap again, would you mind answering a curiosity of mine?

VENUS: Ask away my little amino, I can tell you anything.

[VENUS longingly brushes NITROGEN's cheek with her hand]

NITROGEN: You have gifted to both my bother and I two of the most incredible names, but I must confess, with much embarrassment, that I don't know what they mean –

OXYGEN: *[butting in]* – if they mean anything at all. And if we're bellowing confessions, then I have a similar admission to make. The only thing I know about it is that it's a beautiful one –

NITROGEN: – after all, it came from you. *[both start nodding]*

[VENUS sits down onto a nearby rock, crosses her legs, and then puts her left index finger to her chin in contemplation.]

VENUS: Well...

‘-gen’ means something that produces,

NITROGEN: And ‘-nus’ one that seduces?

VENUS: While that’s not completely false...

OXYGEN: You sure make this heart pulse!

NITROGEN: Now how about nitro’s meaning?

VENUS: O let’s not be silly.

OXYGEN: You can’t give him a little gleaning?

VENUS: I-it just sounds chantilly!

OXYGEN: And what of ‘oxy’?

VENUS: – ‘Aleph’s sheen’!

NITROGEN: ‘Bully’ says her jury.

VENUS: Okay fine I will come clean,
I stole them from Mercury!

[VENUS stands up, distraught, and grips both NITROGEN and OXYGEN by the arm.]

O but you do like them, though – you already said so! – isn’t that what’s most important? (knowing him, I’m sure they have some obscure meaning or other...) Even *more* importantly you’ve already promised to help me – which is to say – ‘thank’ me. *[winking to the audience and then guiding OXYGEN and NITROGEN’s hands to her cheek.]*

NITROGEN: I may be an airhead, but even I know that isn’t *quite* true.

[VENUS pouts] There’s no need to mise, Ms., I was only a little curious. *[sounding slightly disappointed]* I’m really not overly concerned about what my name means, or where it came from. (So much for ‘anything’...)

OXYGEN: Don’t worry, my ariaing inamorata, we’re always happy to lend a hand! With a voice like yours, how can we say no? *[she gently lets go of their hands]*

NITROGEN: But I'll admit I'm still feeling a tad unsated, would you mind at least telling us the meaning behind your name instead?

VENUS: (I think it'd be easier for *everyone* involved if we don't open *that* box of worms – I'd hardly have a hope of sealing it back up!) That's a rather convoluted story, and not a very interesting one anyway; how about I show you the meaning of *something else* entirely?

[VENUS begins leading NITROGEN and OXYGEN, one on each arm, towards the edge of the stage]

(Now where could they have wandered off to...)

[A CHORUS of carbon rocks begin to emerge from their hiding places all around the area.]

CHORUS-LEADER: O, that bloodless temptress is at it again! What manner of storm has she got brewing this time? Can't she just leave us be? We're really no different from the rest of these stodgy rocks – apart from our stand-out colour; or lack thereof. So much for hiding in the dark!

CHORUS:

We never will be left alone,
Us private garden flowers grown
 Out of a divine womb.
She tries and fails to make a son,
Why does she do it; just for fun?
Fat lot of good her divinity's done,
 When we're still yet to bloom!

The days we spend are growing tiring,
With mother's passions always firing,
 O, she's such a pest!
Really we're happy enough as rocks,
We don't need to share your golden locks
Or be *those* kinds of building blocks,
 So please give it a rest!

[the CHORUS notices VENUS wandering around with NITROGEN and OXYGEN under her arms.]

We only have a single parent,

It's tiring enough, a second she daren't!

No please God Almighty!

On dual thoughts maybe that's the key...

Since she's not an architect like "He",

A dad could make us really "be" –

Work it, Aphrodite!

[The scene changes to a (relatively) bright point in the Milky Way where the sun, SUN, has been trying in vain to overcome its boredom; all the while MERCURY, VENUS and GAIA are slowly dancing around SUN at their usual orbiting distances]

SUN: O, where did all the love go? I used to sing, and they used to dance, *[looking that the planets]* until one day I ran out of songs... but they kept dancing, and then I realised they were never even listening to me! At least I had the songs back then, and even more blissfully – the ignorance! *[SUN sighs; MERCURY flinches]* Oops! *[covering own mouth]* I need to be more careful.

[SUN goes back to despairing contemplation before not long after aiming an inquisitive glare at VENUS]

Do I hear something? (That can't be; my planets, they don't speak...) But it sounds like Venus in sighing back at me – in an uncannily familiar cadence. No, no, actually – in fact I hear two of them, blowing about like zephyrs! O, if only I could go and have a closer look at what manner of atmosphere is brewing down there; I do wish I could dim down this light-bulbous body of mine sometimes!

Wait a mercurial minute, maybe the signs are in my sighs! –

MERCURY: *[to himself]* Please not again!

SUN: Yes, that's it! Maybe I can condense my essence into a gas, and bellow my eyes to Venus so I can see what all the commotion is

[SUN closes his eyes and takes a deep breath in] Okay...

[as SUN exhales, HYDROGEN falls out of his mouth (the logistics of this are the stage director's problem, not mine).]

HYDROGEN: Wow, I feel lighter than air! Not that it matters much in a vacuum...

SUN: Hydrogen, liste-

HYDROGEN: Are you talking to me?

SUN: Yes, that's what I'm calling you.

HYDROGEN: Well, why don't I get a song out of it like the others?

SUN: We don't have time for that, sorry.

HYDROGEN: O, what happened to your humble eternity? Well whatever – I can't imagine it would've been very good anyway. What kind of idiot names a gas after a liquid?

SUN: *[burying his face into his palm]* O Heavens, why did it have to come out with an ego... (and foreshadowing...) Look, I don't know, it's just what came to me, alright! Maybe you'll find out why later... Look, do you see that planet in the distance? *[pointing at VENUS]* I need you to go there so I can see what all the hub-bub going on atop its surface is about.

HYDROGEN: Huh? How is that supposed to work?

SUN: You're my son, or something to that effect – but you're also me.

HYDROGEN: Well that sounds stupid. And besides: you're already a sun that's also you.

SUN: No wait, I mean you're more like my 'spirit'. (one with an attitude unfortunately...) Can we please not worry about the semantics? It's important that we keep this metaphor from falling apart or the author will be furious!

HYDROGEN: Okay fine, I'll play along.

Can I at least get one verse before I head off – for old time's sake?
[SUN lightens up a bit and smiles]

SUN: Oh, if you insist! Let me see...

I needed someone to act as my eyes,
Instead I exhaled a big mouth that cries –
Thus the reason you're hydrogen!

[HYDROGEN begins setting off on its journey]

Such arrogance from smoke without fire,
If you're as smart as you think, pray, why are
You heading to Mercury then?

VENUS: *[suggestively yelling in the distance]* O yes, yes! That's the spot!
Right there! Are you coming yet? Over here, I've found them!

*[Scene changes to the dusty grey surface of Mercury, craters abound.
HYDROGEN is wandering alone.]*

HYDROGEN: Hello? I heard there was some “hub-bub” going on around here? (Did he make a mistake? This is the most boring place I’ve ever been to.)

[MERCURY enters]

MERCURY: Oh? It’s been a while since I’ve had a gust. Who are you? I’m Mercury.

HYDROGEN: My name is Hydrogen.

MERCURY: Well that’s stupid; why are you named after a liquid?

HYDROGEN: (I could ask you the same thing...) Look, I know it’s a silly name – unfortunately I didn’t get a choice in the matter. I was asked by my father, the sun, Sun, who is also myself... or, something... to... *[trailing out]*

MERCURY: What manner of Plutonic nonsense are you talking about?

HYDROGEN: (Wait no, let me remember...)

[with pomp, after a pause] “I am the sun, Sun’s Helio Spirit given form, and I’m here to see what the commotion happening on your surface is all about!”

MERCURY: I think you’re a bit late for that. Nitrogen and Oxygen – that’s what I call them, anyway – left a long time ago. You see I chose the name Nitrogen because it has an atomic property that produce-

HYDROGEN: *[MERCURY continues rambling on the background.]*

Oi you sun-burnt kook, nobody cares. Are you even listening to me? Can you shut up for a minute and tell me where they are?

MERCURY: Oh, sorry about that. I love talking about these sorts of things, but I haven’t anyone to share them with since N and O – that’s what I call them for short – started flapping off to the harpy queen herself, Venus’, nest.

HYDROGEN: *[staring out into space in deep thought]* *[MERCURY, talking over the top of him: “and you see the interesting thing about Oxygen is that...” etc]* Then why on earth was I told to come here?

MERCURY: *[covertly to HYDROGEN]* Psst, hey I’d steer clear of using that word if I were you. It might be a bit confusing for *[points at the audience]*

HYDROGEN: Well why on *this* miserable abode then?

MERCURY: *[contemplating]* Hmm... Maybe you were asked to come to me first and relay a message for me to pass on? I *am* the divine herald after all.

HYDROGEN: (Pass on to whom?) Uh, yeah that must be it! *[Deluding himself so as not to wound his pride]* Well, now that I’ve efficiently

completed the first of my tasks, I suppose I'll be on my way then...
[HYDROGEN begins swaggering off stage-right, MERCURY gives him a quick salute.]

Wow, Venus is quite big – and bright! *[After a few more strides – realising his mistake – HYDROGEN turns around and begins walking towards the other end of the stage.]*

MERCURY:

I can't believe they left me to go
waft off with a hussy.

Did I think too long on names for them?

Well sorry that I'm fussy!

I know my surface is quite hot,

But hers is even hotter –

Especially when you go twirling

Her clay like a potter!

And then when a new friend comes,

It's in-and-out with nonsense,

Such a foolish air for one

Supposedly so non-dense!

I'll admit I'm sad they left my home,

To go and found a brand new Rome.

Was that last line too queer?

Imagine how things could've been,

Like shown them what their names mean,

Teach them word tricks or alchemy!

If they had stayed here...

ACT II

Scene: back on the surface of Venus, this time inside of a small, romantic(?) basin.

[VENUS, NITROGEN and OXYGEN are standing by the CHORUS of carbon rocks.]

NITROGEN: So these black rocks are all you wanted to show us? No offence, but this makes for quite a lousy gift. I almost want to say this is some sort of punishment.

VENUS: They're not just any rocks, my flit-witted wind-sprite; these are my children – made all on my own.

OXYGEN: *[pinching one of them by the cheek]* Oh, can ever I tell! Their beauty is a mirror to yours; such ebon-air sheen; such demure!

VENUS: Yes, well as I was saying; I made them on my own but it seems they were missing something – some kind of 'masculine creative' force – because as you can see they've turned out rather ugly.

[OXYGEN stands back up and returns to VENUS and NITROGEN's side.] It appears that I've fallen prey to an *itsy-bitsy* bit of hermaphroditic hubris. *[VENUS shows her embarrassment for a moment before switching back to her more confident demeanour.]*

But they say you should never abandon your children – and more importantly; never give up on your dreams! *[grabbing the pair by the arm with one hand each]* Now this is where you come in; *[shooting both of them a quick glance]* you are a pair of young, virile, 'masculine creative' forces with enough gas to go all day and night – are you not?

OXYGEN: *[sounding smitten]* I-I don't know... a-are we?

[VENUS squeezes their arms and in unison the trio sit down on a nearby rock, intimately close]

CHORUS LEADER: O mother, this is growing far too lewd to be doing in front of your own children – bastards or otherwise!

VENUS: *[almost whispering]* Uh-huh; *[nodding sensually]* and do you know what happens when a young, virile 'masculine creative' force – or sometimes two of them for the more liberally-minded, or lucky, of us – like you, 'cohabits', we'll say, with an equally youthful, *[her*

voice starts gradually raising in volume and pace with each following word] gorgeous, alluring, resplendent, beautiful, passionate, funny, intelligent, beautiful-

CHORUS: You already said that!

VENUS: Immutably perfect, humble, gentle, loving goddess of a 'feminine creating' force like MOI! *[recomposing herself]* Sorry, I mean: like me?

OXYGEN: *[still smitten]* P-please tell us...

CHORUS: The atmosphere is going through the roof!

VENUS: *[whispering again, directly into his ear]* How about I show you instead?

CHORUS: O, won't Chastity's bow come and shoot us! This is simply too much!

CHORUS LEADER: *[looking at an audience member]* You, I see you there! Don't just stare, do something!
[Meanwhile VENUS has begun leading NITROGEN and OXYGEN over to a dry lake-bed that some of the CHORUS members are residing in.]

CHORUS:

We've changed our mind we do not want
One father lest two.

We'd rather not be present for
What you're about to do!

Isn't there another way
To so-called 'cohabit'?

Keep your randiness at bay
You're acting like a rabbit!

Isn't this supposed to be done
In a private bed?

You've got a whole theatre of people
Watching it turn red!

[VENUS sits the pair down on the edge of the bed and puts her hands on their shoulders, then starts slowly leaning in to them.]

We've all heard stories of your passion,
And enough about your charms.
You're a lover and a temptress,
How many must you harm?

A fuller life is not worth living,
If we have to watch
Our own mother giving her bed
Post another notch!
We really wouldn't be that sad
To return to dust;
But it's clear you want it bad,
Get it over if you must!

Better the devil that you do know
Than the one you don't!
Unless you're in the throes of passion,
Then you surely won't
Want a lover too familiar,
Instead a lover who
Is a little breezier –
Or maybe even two!

[The CHORUS members all close their eyes and look away in trepidation.]

CHORUS LEADER: Brace yourselves for seismic activity!

[VENUS stands the pair up and turns them around to face some of the CHORUS members.]

VENUS: Okay, if I'm correct all you need to do is infuse some of your 'creative' energy with them and it should turn eventually them into beings like us. Well not like 'us' us – I mean the actors playing us.

NITROGEN: Are you sure this will work?

VENUS: Well, not quite... but I overheard Mercury mumbling some esoteric nonsense one time (I hope I interpreted it correctly) – and I think there's also some rudimentary science or advanced religion (or was it advanced science and rudimentary religion?) behind it – so I just figured it'd be worth a try. Oh please just give it a go, I so very badly want this!

[The CHORUS of carbon rocks tentatively begin opening their eyes and turning back towards the trio.]

OXYGEN: Anything for you, my hopeless home-star. Come on Nitrogen, let's at least try. We did make a promise didn't we?

NITROGEN: I guess it can't hurt...

[The pair step forward towards the CHORUS LEADER; they stare at him for a few seconds with their hands on their hips in thought.]

OXYGEN: I don't suppose you know how we're to go about this 'infusing' process?

VENUS: You're the men in the relationship; I thought you'd be experts at this.

[All three are now staring silently at the rock with their hands on their hips.] Why don't you try blowing on it or something? You are big burly winds after all.

[NITROGEN and OXYGEN look at each other and shrug, and then start blowing air on the CHORUS LEADER.]

CHORUS LEADER: *[writhing around in discomfort]* What are you doing? What manner of inert idiocy are you trying to accomplish here? Cease this flatulence at once! Hey, are you air-headed flurries listening to me!? *[they start blowing harder]*

NITROGEN: Is it working?

[The CHORUS LEADER begins trying to stand up and run away. The other chorus members start hiding behind the scenery and each other]

VENUS: Yes, look – he's growing legs! Keep going!

CHORUS LEADER: Oh this is just awful! You squalling chinooks, get away from me! Keep your draughts to yourselves! You're not my real dads!

VENUS: My precious baby, he's already rebelling! – a chip off the old block! *[Swooning]* Ah, they grow up so fast...

CHORUS: *[poking their heads out while NITROGEN and OXYGEN chase the CHORUS LEADER around]*

Oh mother you've found quite the pair,
To cause our brother such despair –
 We think he's had enough.
If he takes more he'll lose his mast,
Lucky that he can run quite fast,
He must be of an athlete caste –
 A diamond in the rough.

If we're not careful they'll come for us
We'd better not kick up too much fuss –

Lest we're made to suffer.
Mother please quietly hear our begs,
It looks so tiring to have legs,
Can't we lay here in our dregs,
And avoid the ghastly puffer?

It makes no sense to birth the ground,
By blowing hot air around;
So why do you still think
You can make people on whim?
Wind alone is not a stim,
If you want to make us swim –
We need something to drink!

CHORUS LEADER: *[still frantically running away from NITROGEN and HYDROGEN]* O why couldn't you just have sex like normal storming gods!

[While the chase is still going on, HYDROGEN ungraciously falls from the ceiling onto NITROGEN, knocking him out.]

OXYGEN: Brother!

VENUS: Hey, you! *[looking down at HYDROGEN]* Who in sun's blazes are you? And haven't you heard of sending a herald beforehand? Can't you see we're trying to make babies – this is a very private affair!

[HYDROGEN dusts itself off, gives the unconscious NITROGEN a pat on the head and then jumps to his feet. He takes a curious glance at the audience before turning to VENUS and giving the same look to her. The CHORUS LEADER lays on the ground, exhausted, trying to catch its breath]

HYDROGEN: My name is Hydrogen and was sent to this planet on behalf of the sun, Sun, to find out what was going on down here – but truthfully I'm a little afraid to ask.

OXYGEN: 'Hydrogen'? Why are you named after a liquid?

HYDROGEN: Oh don't get me started. I barely even got a song out of it.
[The CHORUS begins gathering out in the open together to watch the drama unfold.]

VENUS: Well, Hydrogen; considering where you came from, are you perhaps a third brother zephyr sired by the sun, Sun? Maybe you can help us out here...

HYDROGEN: No, no. We've already been through this enough times. I'm the other part of the metaphor.

VENUS: So, can you help us or not?

HYDROGEN: How would I know?

[VENUS leans in close to HYDROGEN]

CHORUS: Here we go again!

VENUS: *[puckering up and flitting her eyes]* Well... there's only one way to find out, you know.

HYDROGEN: *[stepping away]* I'm sure there is, but I'm happy to remain ignorant if I can get this pointless trip over with as soon as possible. Look, I'm just going to get going. Sorry about your friend.

[HYDROGEN begins walking off, towards the still laying CHORUS LEADER. VENUS and OXYGEN kneel down to tend to the also still laying NITROGEN. As HYDROGEN gets to the young rock's position, he trips over it]

HYDROGEN: Hey you speckled piece of flint, watch where you choose to take your naps! As if this bleeding day hasn't been bad enough now I've got dumb kids trying to thrust me into the dirt! Didn't your Promethean steamer of a mother ever teach you to-

[OXYGEN leaps to his feet ready to pounce]

OXYGEN: Halt, you ignoble scoundrel! Nobody dares blow a gale on my child but me (or him *[pointing at NITROGEN]*)! And don't you dare talk to the lady in such clumsy allegories! *[OXYGEN starts charging at HYDROGEN.]*

VENUS: Take my breath away – what a man!

[HYDROGEN starts getting dizzy.]

HYDROGEN: What's happening to me? It feels so... warm

VENUS: *[OXYGEN is about to tackle HYDROGEN.]* H-he's volatile – he's going to explode! Oh, my poor babies – I can't bare to watch!

[she collapses over the top of NITROGEN's body to shield her eyes.]

OXYGEN: Take this you useless soul-sucker! *[OXYGEN lunges at HYDROGEN]*

[The area where HYDROGEN, OXYGEN and the carbon rock were spontaneously blows up in smoke and the basin floods with WATER (again: the stage-director's problem, not mine).]

ACT III

Scene: The middle of a vast lake filled with WATER – the flooded basin from ACT II. [WATER is laying on its side on top of a table; NITROGEN and VENUS are ducked down behind it.]

SUN: *[off-stage]* What was that noise? Why did I just feel a shiver?
[A mouthful of water spurts up out of top of WATER; NITROGEN and VENUS surface immediately after.]

NITROGEN: Bleugh!

VENUS: *[arms crossed covering her breasts]* I'm glad to see at least someone's okay. Say, aren't you cold? You seem to have lost some of your... lustre. By which I mean your shirt.

NITROGEN: It's not a problem. I'm more capable of handling cold temperatures than others. *[unwittingly smothering and smacking WATER's face with his hands; WATER starts writhing in discomfort]*
What about you?

VENUS: That's one of the few things I'm not capable of doing! It must be some kind of miracle that I didn't lose mine too! *[putting her arms down and sticking her chest out to reveal that her clothes haven't actually come off]*

NITROGEN: What happened here anyway? Last thing I remember Oxygen and I were trying to inseminate your child so it could evolve; next thing I know I'm awoken with a loud bang and suffocating buried under this bizarre wobbly ground that's halfway gaseous.
Speaking of, where is Oxygen anyway?

VENUS: Nitrogen, my wheezy breezy, I...

NITROGEN: N-no, you don't mean?

VENUS: *[putting her hand on NITROGEN's shoulder]* I'm sorry... He was trying to protect one of our babies, and of course, me, from a volatile little hot-headed bombast named Hydrogen – before combining with him in an explosion and turning into *[putting her other hand on WATER, accidentally whacking his testicles]* this.
[softly sobbing] And I don't know where your friend Gaseous is either! *[starts crying uncontrollably]*

NITROGEN: Hydrogen? His name sounds similar to-

VENUS: *[calming herself down; wiping tears from her face]* No, no; he was set-up as the holy spirit allegory.

NITROGEN: Ah, I see.

[NITROGEN puts his hands on WATER's face and begins a melodramatic elegy.]

O brother what has Hydrogen done to you – why won't you talk to me?
Your bravest deeds going hush – your mouth melted to a sea.

VENUS: O honey, your scansion is all over the place!

NITROGEN: My soul sings more melodiously than any tyrannical meter can ever dictate to me!

VENUS: Yes but these bleating husks don't realise that. *[pointing at the audience.]*

NITROGEN: *[continuing his elegy]*

There's a familiar smell all around and it smells just like nothing.
I know it's got to be you, I can smell it in the air.

[OXYGEN surfaces, gasping for air.]

VENUS: O – my wuthering kite! My flushing tide – you're alright! I was so worried about you! Are you okay?

OXYGEN: I could barely breathe! I feel a bit better now, although I do feel like there's a bit, how do you say... Less of me.

NITROGEN: *[physically measuring OXYGEN with his hands before embracing him]* You look about the same I'd say.

OXYGEN: Well, you can blame the child we'd to cast in this part who didn't practice their bloody lines for that!

VENUS: *[NITROGEN and OXYGEN are still showing physical affection in various ways]* Is it just me or do you two look more, handsome? – and I'm not talking about your bare chests. Looking at both of you together like this it appears almost, well... almost as perfect as me!
[NITROGEN hugs OXYGEN from behind and rests his chin on the top of OXYGEN's head.]

NITROGEN: Do you think?

OXYGEN: What makes you say that?

VENUS: (Well you stopped blowing so much hot air around for one!)

Oh I don't know; forget about it, I was just being silly! *[short pause]*
It's hard to explain; you just seem more... 'natural' in this state
(whatever 'natural' is supposed to mean).

NITROGEN: Did you hear that? *[Ruffles OXYGEN's head; the pair go back to standing beside each other]* It seems she likes me more, or least likes more of me.

OXYGEN: That's not what she meant *[VENUS nods]*. I'm the only one that understands milady. Just look around you at these oceans – the oceans of my love. *[spreads arms out, slapping WATER in the face and testicles while doing it]* Ouch!

NITROGEN: I thought this was a lake?

VENUS: Speaking of unconditional love's endless oceans; did you see my babies while you were down there? Please tell me they're safe.

OXYGEN: I think they're fine; I tried to make sure but they kept blowing bubbles at me whenever I got close. They seemed quite comfortable under there I must say.

VENUS: Sounds good enough to me; we can come back and check on them later. I need to get out of here, I'm freezing! *[shivers]*
[The trio swim to the edge of WATER and exit the lake one at a time. They slowly begin walking off towards stage-left]

OXYGEN: *[making enthusiastic marching strides]* What an up-draft!
Has the atmosphere always felt this light?

NITROGEN:*[stretching arms]* I must say it does feel a waft less stuffy.

VENUS: *[yawning sensually]* My lewd hysteria is even fanning off into a more manageable delirium.
[The trio exit stage-left]

[Scene slowly changes to night; the CHORUS emerges from under WATER, now in the form of bizarre looking fish-like creatures.]

CHORUS:

What a refreshing nap it's been,
Now feeling all brand new –
Rest from the strange events we've seen,
And look how much we grew!
Turns out all it took was water
And not blowing blanks.
We can leave behind all allusion

To nasty public wanks!
It may have seemed impossible
From the way it started
But before too long we'll be claiming
That seas have been parted!

It feels like there's a lesson here
About meaning or something queer,
"The power of a wish"?
Something like "out of it can grow,
Beauty, laughter or a show"!
But how the bloody hell would we know –
We're just flouncing fish!

So we'll make one up for ourselves;
Multiplying past our twelves.
Endless seas abound!
Not smart enough for philosophy,
We'll try our hand at artistry –
Or dumber still, the economy –
Purpose by the pound!

Surely we won't head for ruin,
Before the evening tides are due in,
And our fruits uneaten.
It's too cliché to tell the fall,
So please don't do it to us all –
Don't turn our mum into a thrall
And conflate her with a Satan!

CHORUS LEADER: *[chorus still singing in the background]* Hey, stop it!
Don't you dare do what I think you're doing! *[addressing the audience]* For Astarte's sake don't let him end this bleating play –
he's going to kill us!

CHORUS: *[singing while the CHORUS LEADER is talking]*

We're really serious we'll spoil
More of the trite you boil!

You're hardly stirring the pot
If you turn us into oil!
We'll read ahead in this lame text
Unless you let us sing –
We'll tell them of the crap that's next
To do with Saturn's rings!
Hey are you even listening,
Do you not have a heart?
The author is the real one here
Who blows like a fart!

[The CHORUS keeps singing until after the scene ends – praising the author's genius and originality the whole time.]