

The Deveil's Camel: A Notivity

Act one scene one

[Deveil and Fool at the fountain's foot]

Deveil: Ask me a penny  
Fool: for your thoughts?  
Deveil: th'aren't any  
Fool: but money?  
Deveil: Shall we agree?  
Fool: I've no idea  
Deveil: Exactly so  
Fool: So why a penny?  
Deveil: For any face thereon.

[Deveil draws the horse to the fountain to drink. Horse demurs.]

Act one scene two

Somewhere a letter arrives

Chorus: Open it for us!  
Reader: It is open  
Chorus: What does it say?  
Reader: ...it's for me...  
Chorus: You are one of us  
Reader: This form suggests a private address  
Chorus: Read it to yourself and we will all hear anyway  
Reader: I see [takes up letter and reads]  
*The horse transforms into a raving camel*  
*Nobody can be held accountable—so perhaps*  
*It is better to drop it*  
Chorus: Tell us of the camel  
Reader: [searching the letter] Ah!  
*The camel has no owner—in which case*  
*It might be killed without regret.*  
Chorus: Does it not own itself?  
Reader: what does it matter?  
Chorus: How could it not?  
Reader: I see [faced with such urgency the letter is folded, tucked away and soon forgotten].

Act one scene three

[A Camel is brought into the marketplace for a mock trial]

Camel: I cannot defend the indefensible

Crowd: We mean to kill you guiltlessly  
Camel: Who is to have the carcass?  
Crowd: What does it matter?  
Camel: How can it not? Whoever claims me is the guilty party.  
Crowd: What if they're not even here?  
Camel: Mere plot. An army kills for a distant king  
Crowd: We have no king!  
Camel: One will always self-elect themselves, under a different name.  
Crowd: Maybe it's you? 'The Camelking, The Camel! King! The Camel King!  
Camel: Do you intend to kill me still?  
Crowd: Kill the king! Kill the king!

[Camel slopes of disgustedly to the swept agora where a tree stands in preparation for the hanging].

Chorus sings:

*4 men are not enough  
to lynch a camel up  
4 men might try all day  
the camel has no where to be*

#### Act one scene four

[the ghost and the fool]

Ghost: Upon my floor  
Fool: Where's it you stand?  
Ghost: Already said  
Fool: and so your answers are...  
Ghost ahead of you  
Fool: and you have died  
Ghost: as you may know  
Fool: and so must I  
Ghost: your questions know  
Fool: asking myself  
Ghost: we meet in death  
Fool: are you myself  
Ghost forever sung  
Fool: and where is that  
Ghost: before your ask  
Fool: when will I know  
Ghost: and nor do you  
Fool: You have no face...

#### Act one scene five

[The fool's soliloquy]

And once again  
And once again  
The camel's draught is dragged amain  
the deveil dances with his ghost  
the crowd the chorus and the joke  
are strung up on the hanging tree, the Christmas tree, the ha'penny  
and choke there as is destiny  
I'll never tell if you don't ask  
And when I do you have to laugh  
You need not look because, you see  
You know the truth inside of me.

*The fool erupts into the market—The truck ploughs into the stalls.*

*"All mankind is our enemy!" announces the saint.*

*"Zarathbrustra was wrong. God isn't dead. It's mankind. Mankind is dead."*

*It has taken two thousand years for this knowledge to filter through our exuberant dialogues. Man is dead. Born dead. Opened to the idea of life, of perpetual salvation, he is dead. IN this season of goodwill—the truck ploughs into the trinket stand—the lights and baubles scatter—blood, real blood pools in the gutter—and a vigil immediately sets a shrine. All events pass into memorials. Man is dead—all mankind. We wait attentively for the first words of the babe: "Mama!" "That's right dear heart, Mama is gone!"*

*The world empties like an ashtray—the junk drawer opens to the floor. Mascara rolls under the stove—the keys never find a fit.*

*Up to our ankles, up to our knees, the sewer of Humanity slurps in the breeze. The townsfolk gather to sing their praise:*

*"Fack you you cant, you plague of plastic rice!"*

*A new dawn is risen to feed our wants. Empty of nutrition each meal is a burial. Amen.*