

# FLUTTERBYS

## CHARACTERS

COMUS	Goddess of Comedy (f or m)
TITANIA	Queen of the Ferries (f)
CAPTAIN WINKY	A Conservative (m)
DR. MALLARD	A Doctor of Feminist Studies (m or f)
ALIZON (ALLIE)	A Progressive Hero and Fairy Queen (f)
CHORUS	Flutterbys (n)

## SETTING

A paper-flowered garden, a few brightly colored cardboard bushes, a fruited tree sporting two lugubrious fruits, a mushroom headed stool. Titania takes her place upon the mushroom headed stool; alike a chorus, flitting flutterbys tiptoe here-and-there, and back again; Winky hides behind bush and tree until stirred by indigent passion; Mallard lurks about, giant garden sheers in hand; alike a pre-teen girl, Alizon theatrically poses as suits the mood.

## TIME

Director's choice.

## STYLE

Fairy-like.

## SYNOPSIS

Titania holds court among the flutterbys and passerbys, an actual court of gender dystopia in an all-inclusive fairyland.

## MORALITIES: A TETRALOGY OF TEN-MINUTE PLAYS

Pygmalions	10:28	reading time	
Gownsmen	9:38	reading time	
Thespians	11:20	reading time	(10:00 minutes, then the 1:20 epilogue)
Flutterbys	9:24	reading time	

# FLUTTERBYS

## SCENE

Titania perched perchly upon a mushroom; flutterbys circling up and down flit into scene; Comus with poise strides directly to position, there speaks the monologue.

Comus: So, who has never raised a hand?

(Points and laughs, "Ha!" if someone raises hand.)

Reminds me of where I grew up,  
Dim lights, bare walls and strangers staring.  
So everybody say, "Hey!"

(Comus prompting points to audience eliciting a  
responsorial.)

Audience: "Hey!"

Comus: So everybody say, "Ho!"

Audience: "Ho!"

Comus: Everybody say, "Hey, ho!"

Audience: "Hey-ho!"

Comus: And that's how Hitler came to power...  
Everybody say, "Hey-ho!"

Audience: "Hey-ho!"

Comus: "Hello."

(As speaking to person in wings.)

...Pallin comes when you call her.  
"Hey ho!"...Conservatives...wouldn't have me:  
Oh yes, I joined the Tea Party,  
But then they learned that I can read.  
Kicked out for knowing A-B-Cs.  
Conservatives...you can't kill 'em,  
But then, we haven't tried.  
Seriously, it is no joke,  
Laughter is an antidote. Yes,

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Yes, all good people know we should  
Contribute to the common good,  
And what is good, as we all know,  
Is that we each are free to grow,  
To seek, to feel, to find, to be  
The wonder of each single me!  
“And who am I?” you ask, I say,  
Comus! Goddess of the comedy,  
The she who is your guide today  
Throughout the telling of our play.  
So come! Laugh, chortle, follow me  
To discover what we seek:  
The truth of each, communally.

(Comus pointing.)

What though we moderns think it odd  
Progressively there yet are gods,  
Mnemonics of these awkward rhymes  
Will fashion in our plastic minds  
A goddess for the modern time,  
The current mode, the mood, the spirit,  
The prejudice, get hip, get with it.  
That’s better. Ahhh...that’s the solution,  
Obligatory evillution.  
Applaud ourselves,

(Comus claps.)

we have done well.  
What now? Guess? It’s time to tell  
The things that we already know,  
The things we see in every show,  
A theme, some characters, a plot  
That might yet be, but yet is not;  
A legend that is non-sequential,  
Players who are sentimental,  
A form which is non-consequential:  
See there! That one! Upon the throne;

(Titania sits poised, delightfully upright upon her  
throne.)

Perched high above, the she alone,

## FLUTTERBYS

Pant-suited, stiff and politic  
A queerly rich Alinsky chic,  
A winner of life's lottery,  
The presidential Queen of Fairies—  
Of Sues and Sallys, not of Larrys—  
Titania of the summer's dream,  
The weif to mighty Oberon—  
I wonder where he might have gone.  
Whoa, caution queen, do not fall,  
A stage is harder than a lawn.  
And those and these: Who are they all?

(Flutterbys flit cardboard wings extra excitedly.)

The eunuchs we shall be anon,  
The frilly things who cannot fly,  
The silly, feckless flutterbys—  
Some are girls and some are boys,  
And others, queer delightful toys.

(Dr. Mallard, in black cap and gown (emblazoned with a slashing rainbow) duck-like enters; Captain Winky in appletted business attire shuffles forward uncomfortably unbouncing the pinky winky; Alizon handsomely enters gracefully bowing and tossing kisses to imagined admirers.)

And he? The doctor, she's a quack:  
Some he augments, some she whacks.  
Hiding there is Captain Winky  
With a "p" short as your pinky.  
And she? Why him, he is our tool,  
The heroine, our fashion's fool...Who'll  
Guess? Who can know?

(Comus points to an audience member.)

Yes? You have seen?  
He shall become a fairy queen.

(Comus applauds the audience; Titania looks askance.)

Well done.

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Now, let us to the comedy.

Titania: (FQ clapping a tune to which flutterbys animated dance.)

Comus, I must say, from one God  
Unto another, "Well done."  
Now listen, listen everyone,  
"Come flutter by my flutterbys,  
Spread your wings and toe-tip fly,  
Open up, spread wide and furly,  
Polka-dotted, pink and girly;  
Twinkle high my fluterbys,  
Spread your legs and whirling sigh."  
Show our guests you're not afraid  
To demonstrate what science made  
With shears and snips and pills and stitches  
A carnival of neutered bitches:  
Come! Utter fly by my flutterbys.

(Flutterbys with sincere conceit perform for audience and players while uttering in flying tones.)

Alizon: My-my, they each are very pretty,  
Flitty, happy, fluffy, flirty...

Cpt. Winky: They seem to me to be just dirty.

Dr. Mallard: Prude...

Alizon: How rude...

Titania: Bad attitude...

Comus: That will not due...

Dr. Mallard: (Snip snipping shears.)

Will it, dude...

Alizon: Boo, you!

(Winky hides amidst the cardboard flora.)

## FLUTTERBYS

I think them fine...bright spots and lines...

(Flutterbys real or imagined flitter around Alizon.)

Such pretty colored flutterbys,  
So very much like butterflys  
Light and airy, posy, graceful,  
Fluffer-like, poised and tasteful:  
Friendly, as we all can see...

(Flutterbys blow on Alizon's ears and other parts.)

Ouu, stop it, stop, stop it tickles,  
Stop it please, I've got the giggles...  
And oh so much like you and me  
Yet with an outer worldly grace  
As something from an other place  
Where labor, effort, ache and duty  
Give way to joy, way to beauty...

(Flutterbys lightly tickle Alizon's parts.)

How fine and soft the gentle world  
Of flutterbys, delight and girls:  
Why, Winky are you such a Spike,  
What winky is there not to like?

Cpt. Winky: Plenty. Be cautious, son:  
The Flutterbys bait one and all  
With dresses, panties, boys and balls  
And other games both low and haughty,  
Foul, corruptive, dirty, naughty.  
O shun the eager smiley eye;  
Evade the swishy limply wand;  
Avoid the prissy pinkish powder  
Which bestows the sissy power.  
Be cautious son, these will seduce  
Away from honor, duty, truth.

Alizon: But, I think...

Dr. Mallard: (Mallard playfully snip-snips shears.)

Winky. Must I snip again—  
Another snip I'll reach the end

## FLUTTERBYS

And then there will be nothing left:  
What once was “Wilfred Albert Lee”  
Will be snip-snipped to just an, “Eeee!”  
Say “bye” to the old pay-tree-ark-ee,  
Winky:

(Mallard snip-snips; Winky scurries behind bushes;  
flutterbys alarmed; Winky gestures to Alizon;  
Alizon saunters over to engage Winky in  
conversation.)

Not you, no  
You need not ever fear my shears,  
Why “no”, I only castrate steers.  
O, never shall I snip the wings  
Of pretty prissy sissy things.  
Flutterbys:  
Why? I arise the teeny lowly,  
I make high the hole and holy,  
—A physic to the blooming fairy—  
Groom the airy, trim the hairy  
To make the missy sissy blossom:  
See how we slink; look how we wink;  
See we swooning, blushing pink...  
Why Alizon, they think your awesome.  
And so do I.

Alizon: But, I...

Titania: Oh yes, they like you, I can tell.  
Why yes, they like you very well.

Comus: Indeed, my queen, look, it giggles

(Noticing the tickled Alizon.)

Even when it isn't tickled.

Titania: Perhaps it is, perhaps it is.

(Flutterbys tickle Alizon's parts.)

Comus: Watch, my queen, the way it wiggles  
Even when it isn't nibbled.

## FLUTTERBYS

Titania: Doctor, tell me: What is this?

(Gesturing to Alizon.)

Have you a doctored hypothesis?

Dr. Mallard: It seems, my queen, it's giggly, wiggly.

Titania: Perceptive! Wiggly, giggly.

Dr. Mallard: Perceptive: Yes, in fact you see  
I was granted a degree: See?

(Showing-off her mortarboard.)

By a university  
In gender inequality.

Titania: Impressive! A university.

Dr. Mallard: Yes, I can think because I'm trained  
To use my feministic brain.

Titania: Wonderful! A feministic brain:  
What does it think? About it.

Dr. Mallard: About it? Oh. Like...right, "it".  
I think that I can know its mind,  
I think I can discern its kind,  
I think because I have been trained  
To use my feministic brain.

Titania: Well.

Dr. Mallard: Well. What?

Titania: Well, its mind. What kind?  
Can you make a guess?

Dr. Mallard: Of course,  
I'll peep into its consciousness.

Alizon: Peep? Into my, what? But...

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Dr. Mallard: (Addressing Alizon, testing shears)

A butt, ah yes, I think I see:  
Tell me, have you found your bliss  
With a mister or a miss?  
Hum, have you always been this way?  
With girl or boy toys do you play?  
And have you always been inclined?  
What pretty do you have in mind?  
What pretty do you have to say?

Alizon: Stop it, but...flutterbys you're tickly,  
Come on, but...come now, "Ouuu!" that's tricky.

Comus: Hum, I discern, and so you say...

(Addressing Dr. Mallard)

Alizon: But...stop, ouu-oh...and go away.

Comus: Gay?

Dr. Mallard: Yes. In my opinion, "Gay",  
Happy, ever so, and twirly,  
But I don't know: Is it girly?  
For this a governmental test  
To determine what is best,  
The goodly breast or worthless chest;  
Unbiased, of course.

Titania: Of course.

(Mallard, as if waiting)

O, why yes, of course:  
Fly now my pretty flutterbys,  
High and silly, pretty, twirly  
Leave the twinkie while he thinkies.  
Save the bait, we yet can wait.  
Go over there, pretend to nap,  
A moment till we spring the Trap.

(Flutterbys lie seductively about, and sigh.)

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Now,  
Please answer, wise and learned doc-tor:  
Is there a pill which will unlock-her,  
And is its form a lifelong factor,  
Or does it like a snip, or stir?

Alizon:           It? Alizon,  
My name is Alizon: The son  
Of Alice.

Dr. Mallard:           Hum, a “son” you say?

Alizon:           I do.

Dr. Mallard:   Well it might suppose, and yet  
In one so young...cannot be sure  
If it should be a he or her.  
My Queen, I here begin the test  
To learn for it what is best.

Alizon:           For I, for who?

Titania:           For you.

Alizon:           But she said,  
“It.”

Cpt. Winky:   No! Stop. Stop. Stop the skit.

Dr. Mallard:   Snip-snip, Captain Winky  
With a “p” small as a pinky.  
Snip-snip.  
It is too early far to tell,  
And yet with tests all shall be well,  
Allie.

Alizon:           Alizon.

Dr. Mallard:           Ah, right.

Cpt. Winky:           No, wrong!  
Right. I mean to say that you are wrong,  
This nonsense has gone on too long.

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Comus: And why does Winky have two heads?  
One for to snore and one to think.

Cpt. Winky: That has gone too far.

Dr. Mallaed: Do not interrupt, snip-snip:  
Another peep it will be gone.  
Snip-snip.

Cpt. Winky: Playwright! I protest. Blot the ink!

Comus: Snip-snip: Bye  
Bye, teeny winky pinky head.

Titania: Good doctor, my god, no violence  
Upon this happy stage,  
Besides,  
Little winkys have no consequence  
In this our better modern age.  
Leave him be.

Comus: What she said: Ignore him,  
Censoriously.

(Comus picks a lugubrious fruit; the fruit squeals.)

Oberon?

Titania: Dr. Mallard!

Dr. Mallard: Science requires a blinded test.

Comus: Blindfold Captain Winky.

(Mallard begins to blindfold Winky.)

No, not that eye, his pinky winky.

(Mallard blindfolds Winky's winky.)

No peaking. Now, Winky,  
These questions will decide the fate  
Of Alizon, and her future mate:  
Why is Barbie vagina-less?

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Cpt. Winky: How should I know.

Comus: Because she is a Republican, honey.  
Winky,  
How many conservatives does it take  
To screw a lightbulb?

Cpt. Winky: I don't know.

Comus: None, conservatives screw the poor.  
Winky,  
Why do doctors whack babies' bottoms?

Cpt. Winky: Don't know.

Comus: To knock penises off the smart ones.  
Thank you, Winky.  
Doctor, have you a diagnosis?

Dr. Mallard: Yes, Comus, I do:  
Alizon is heterosexual.

Comus: So, not gay.

Dr. Mallard: Not gay.  
Alizon is a female trapped in an icky body.

Comus: The prognosis?

(Comus again squeezes lugubrious fruit; fruit again squeals.)

The treatment.

Dr. Mallard: Positive reinforcement.

Titania: Enforcement? Spring the Trap!

(Fluttebys uncircle and springs forward the prettiest, slinkiest flutterby in lusty strides; embraces Alizon; kisses Alizon; Alizon melts.)

Dr. Mallard: O, Allie.

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Cpt. Winky: No, Alizon: No!

Dr. Mallard: I warned you.

(Mallard with snipping shears pursues the shuffling Winky off the stage; Comus twice squeezes the lugubrious fruit; twice the lugubrious fruit squeals; Titania reclining, triumph-like.)

Comus: What more does Comus have to say  
Before the ending of our our play?  
Just this,  
A proof of our hypothesis:  
God created man because  
A vibrator wont mow the lawn.

(Comus chortles.)

And this,  
Good boys evolve into a miss:  
What do you call a man with half a brain?  
Gifted. The end.

(Comus applauds the audience.)

END OF PLAY