

LADIES MAGDEBATH



Danny Antonelli

Ladies MacDeath

by

Danny Antonelli

AUTHOR'S NOTE

What we know from reading history [some of us still do that] is that behind every throne there is a conspiracy linked to people who want to topple whoever sits upon that throne. The toppling comes, sooner or later. Sometimes the person on that throne dies of natural causes. Sometimes they die of unnatural causes. But one way or another the King or Queen is replaced with a new King or Queen or Emperor or Empress.

Democracy does away with this ancient process where the rule was “Might is Right.”

The toppling of the leader comes about in a peaceful way and is undertaken by the people who are being ruled. They have the ability to openly give their opinions and then act on their opinions through a process called *voting*. This voting thing has traditionally been tied to a timeline, every two years, every four years, every five or seven years, depending on the form of the democracy and its set of rules.

Currently, in one of the western states— a great world power—a would-be dictator, a would-be King and his cohort are trying to destroy all vestiges of democracy and bring their authoritarian would-be state into line with the two other great power authoritarian states currently on the planet.

This amusement you are reading is an attempt to show the machinations behind any throne. The fact that such machinations may eventually come to pass in a country that has had a tradition of democracy— however flawed that democracy might be—for over 200 years, is scary. It is scary because it could result in the death of millions in a rather short period because of violence related to the takeover, but even more scary because it could result in the death of billions because these new authoritarians are proponents of the man-made climate disaster that is currently underway.

The characters depicted in this *petite drama* are of course fictional, although their names may have some resonance because they sound just like people who are participants in the public sphere today. They are pure fiction, with only accidental resemblance to real people.

If this entertainment amuses you, I am happy. If this prank annoys or angers you, I am happy. *Ladies MacDeath* is a distraction. It is a distraction calculated to open your eyes and brain to the horrors that await you if you are trapped inside a system that is governed by one, or a coterie around that one, without giving you, the audience, any possible ability to either comment upon the evil you see, or remove it without resorting to the violence called for in tyrannicide.

The ones who conspire to kill a tyrant in this little piece aspire to become tyrants themselves, so whatever fate befalls them can be seen as their just deserts.

This merriment (with dark overtones) is written in such a way that a clever composer of music could turn it into a theater piece. In fact, I have added some classical vocal descriptions to the various members of the cast in order to give a composer a push in the right direction when writing for that particular character.

Enjoy your reading. Enjoy your composing. Enjoy your freedom as long as you have it. There are tyrants all around us, and they are seeking a throne to sit on for the time remaining them on earth.

This bagatelle will, hopefully, motivate you, the audience, to let democracy survive yet another challenge and self-correct itself so that in the future democracy will be able to immunize itself from the deadly virus of authoritarianism.

All the illustrations were generated by giving certain commands to Artificial Intelligence.

CAST OF CHARACTERS



Melanija
mezzo-soprano,
contralto



Zampa
baritone, bass-
baritone



Ivanna
alto



Miller
countertenor
or tenor with
falsetto



The Chorus
Tikky & Tokky, Mr. HEX,
Pravda Zozial, GramaGram



Jeffrey
Sprechgesang



Shakti, Lakshmi, Kali
The goddesses 3 in 1



Dotty & Hunter
Unique voices



PROLOG

Enter LAKSHMI

LAKSHMI

I stand before you here
As Lakshmi, Lady Luck
The Goddess of good fortune.
You know me probably
As good Lady Fortuna.
In the East
They call me Benten
Of the Shichi-fuku-jin.
We are all one
As I am one with Shakti
The energizing power
As I am one with Kali
The Dreadful who brings fire
I am she as she is me
As we are three
As we are one together
With acerbic Parker
Who wears a satin dress
And causes much distress
To those inflated heads
The world regards with dread.



Enter DOTTY

DOTTY

Soon you will see
That all the world's a stage
And we are very very far
From any Golden Age
Evil lurks in every nook
And every spiteful word
Politics has always been
Opera of the Absurd
Sit back, relax, because
tonight
That's what you're gonna get
A pack of the most hungry souls
That you have ever met
They never eat their fill
Of wealth and fame and power
Of blood and guts
The thrill of the kill
And all they want to devour
Will there be a lucky one
To emerge from Kali's fire?
Or are they all
Doomed to suffer
From their depraved desire?
With music and some rhymes
That sometimes trip and fall
We present this entertainment
And we wish you one and all
A night you will remember
With a hearty laugh or two

DOTTY & LAKSHMI

May love and good fortune
Always be with you!

LAKSHMI throws gold coins (with chocolate in them)
into the audience while DOTTY drinks her Martini.



SCENE ONE

The Golden Room in Trump Tower. MELANIJA'S chamber.
After overture, a puff of smoke: enter ZAMPA.

ZAMPA

I didn't have to train
The she-wolf at all,
She's a natural, a natural
Thriller, killer doll.

After we have made him King,
That stupid, filthy thing,
She will be Queen.
The Red Queen.
The Black Widow.

Soon after he is King,
That vapid, self-loving thing,
A widow she will be.
A Black Widow.
And then we'll see
If I have to kill her too.
Let's see how she can do.

If she listens to me
All will be well.
If not...
Well then, you know
All will be Hell.

Enter MELANIJA.

MELANIJA

Hell. Hell. Hell.
Zampa, are you well?
How goes your homeland? Hell.
Still under your strong spell?
(She smiles bewitchingly)
Like me?

ZAMPA

I meloni stanno maturando.
How is your pumpkin?

MELANIJA

Oh, he'll be ripe and ready
Come this Halloween.
I pour my spirit in his ear
And play the slut in between,
So if he ever has a fear
Or drinks the milk of human
kindness,
My words will bleach him clean,
White as snow,
White as ... you know: White!
White as you. White as me.
White as icy Hell will always
be!

(They laugh
together)

ZAMPA & MELANIJA

Hell. Hell. Hell.
Is empty, as you know,
The devils all migrated here
Long, long ago.
After we killed Jesus,
Who wanted to end all debt,
The fool,
We made sure Mahatma Gandhi
Would not end our rule.
Rosa Luxemburg
Fell to our Nazi friends,
As many million others
Also met their happy ends.
And then of course the
Kennedys,
Those pesky Irish brothers,
Then MLK and Malcolm X,
Actually anyone black or brown,
Even whiteys like us
If they try to banish our
crown.

Ah, Hell. Hell. Hell.
We've got so much to do.
Can't you hear the bell?
Yes, friend, it tolls for you.

Ah, Hell. Hell. Hell.
It's gonna get so hot,
On earth, anyway.
Hell. Hell. Hell.
Is doing very well.
And it's here to stay.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

I'm Tikky, I'm Tokky,
Hi, I'm Mr. Hex.
I'm Pravda Zo-zi-al,
Master of the Text.
I'm GramaGram,
And I've got news
Written in all caps.
Orchestra please get ready
The time has come for Taps!



(all together)
DEMOCRACY IS DEAD!
(Says The Man Who Would Be
King)
DEMOCRATS ARE SCOUNDRELS
I'M NOT GUILTY OF A THING
MY SOUL IS WHITE
AS WHITE AS WHITE CAN BE
I'M PERFECT
I'M IMMORTAL
I CAN NEVER BE
NEVER EVER BE
GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!

MELANIJA

Dismissed!

Exit CHORUS

ZAMPA

Well, hell, Melanija
It's a hiccup, nothing fatal
Let's get on with the show!

MELANIJA

Blood will flow. Blood will
flow.
The proud, the poor are primed
For world-changing action.
Automatic weapons always
Give them satisfaction.
And they do what I want
Of their own volition,
Even buy their own grenades
And supplies of ammunition.
Oh, wait! Hear that?
The shrieking of that owl?
It's little demon Miller
Come to fume again and howl.

ZAMPA

Don't cuddle the little beast.
He's only skin and bones.
One day we'll feast on him.
Spice up the Miller stew
With a shot or two of gin.
Farewell Darkness Incarnate,
Mother of the White Shark,
Mistress of the Abattoir,
Queen of the Dark.

MELANIJA

Nasvidenje Zampa!
Drink blood when it is hot!

Exit ZAMPA in a puff of smoke.

(with evil in her voice)
I am the witch you paid for
Zampa
But still I am not bought!

Enter MILLER

MILLER

Oh Lady, my Queen of Darkness,
I come to lay news at your
feet.
Three congressmen and a senator
Are hatching a scheme
Full of religious deceit.
Once the man you call your
husband
Has been placed upon the
throne,
They plan to murder you
So he can be overthrown.

MELANIJA

You have their names?
You know where they live?
You have some cut-throats
ready?
Ready to slice with a shiv?
With wills of iron, souls of
lead,
Hands that are always steady?

MILLER

Oh my darling Queen of the
night.
I live to murder for you!

MELANIJA

Then do, Miller, do,
What I trained you well to do.

MILLER

Happily Mam'selle.
But there is one little hitch.
That daughter of his,
The little blond bitch, Ivanna.
She is not of our ilk.
She bats her eyelashes,
Dresses in silk,
Goes to parties
With Rabbis and sheiks,
Doesn't sound like New York
Whenever she speaks.
Besides, he loves her much more
Than he loves your kid.
You know she's ambitious
Though she keeps it well hid.
And she treats me like shit
When I smile and bow.
I'd love to rape her one day,
That privileged cow.

MELANIJA

Miller, be patient.
Revenge is served cold.
Ivanna will never
Grow to be very old.
And I will make sure
You can use all your skills
While Jerrod is forced
To watch as you kill.
Now go do what you know
How to do best.
Do your job well.
I'll take care of the rest.

Exit MILLER backwards and bowing.

He is a shit.
That much she has right.
Still, it won't help her
To live through the night
When the long knives are drawn
And their blades start to
slice.
No one will escape
Whether naughty or nice.

I'll empty the world
Of T. and his kin,
After I am made Queen
And he is made King.
Oh listen! Listen!
Can you hear the bells ring?
It's time to get ready
To bring what I bring.
Melanija MacDeath
Queen of Darkness and ire,
I will cleanse this country
With fundamentalist fire
Before I fry
All the preachers and cons
Who could never afford
To be my johns.
America the Beautiful
Land of the Free?
No! America will belong
To Barron and me!

END OF SCENE ONE



INTERLUDE

Enter DOTTY and HUNTER

HUNTER

Dotty, what drags you
Back up here from Hades?

DOTTY

Same as you, Hunter:
Hate is what Hate is.
And I hate these boobies
More than I hate the movies.

HUNTER

Nixon was the crook
Who got the party started.
Then smilin' Ronny Ray-Gun
Stacked the court that farted
Baby Bush into the driver's
seat
Of the New Empire.
Now zillionaires own everything
And the crazies fan the fire.

DOTTY

Ah, Hunter, this is a musical,
We're here to sing and dance,
To bring some wit and wisdom
To a macabre romance
Between the wife of a rapist
And the daughter of a thief.
Our words must be acid,
Our comments must be brief.
Look, here comes another ghost
To throw in his two bits.

HUNTER

He should have worn
A Big Blond wig
And huge drag queen tits.



SCENE TWO

Enter JEFFREY

JEFFREY

This is where they keep me
In a bloody urn.
Melanija was happy
To see me die and burn.
I am a Jew like Jesus
They crucified me too.
Two killers with a rope—
She always sends two.
I was the greatest threat
To her bloody rise to power.
I know how much she used to
charge
By the night or by the hour.
Procuring for the pleasure
Of the famous and the rich —
Someone like me has always
Been around to scratch that
itch.
Remember Dear Pandarus?
Boccaccio gave him life.
He only tried to satisfy,
To bring a man a wife.
My name-sake Geoffrey —
Chaucer,
And that man who Shook-a-spear,
Recognized my service —
It's been here a thousand years
Or maybe more,
As long as whores — excuse me —
Have been offering their wares
A Pandarus was there
To care for them and share
The secrets that they gather
With those who want to know,
For a hefty sum of course,
That's how a fortune grows.
Until Lady MacDeath
Appeared upon the scene,
I was a host for the elite,
Gleaning what I could glean.

Their peccadillos caught on
film,
I had them by the balls:
Israelis, Russians,
Sheiks and creeps,
I pandered to one and all.
And then it came a-tumbling
down, Because of that
narcissist clown.
Yes, I expected a pardon to
come.
I had more on him than anyone.
But then she hatched
Her little plot,
And a noose around my neck
Is what I got.

With a puff of smoke ZAMPA appears

ZAMPA

Jeffrey, Jeff,
You talk like a saint.
And that you ain't.
Your name has been tainted.
Your chosen profession
Painted with scorn.
You prepared the young ones
Like a good pimp must do,
Teaching them how
To properly screw,
And unscrew lips for
information
To be sold to a business
Or to a nation,
Until I brought you Lady
MacDeath,
Who kindly took
Your very last breath,
Before you could spoil
The Master Plan
Cooked up by our comrade
That Russian man.

We dare not speak
His dreadful name
But you know who I mean
All the same —
Melanija's friend,
Who devised the whole scheme.
Ah, here they come now

Enter CHORUS

Another message it seems
From whom does it come
Social media friends?
From him with no name,
Or from him we must end?

GRAMAGRAM

I will hold the whole world
In the palm of my hand,
Watch my enemies crumble
Like castles made of sand.
No nuclear mushroom
Will I need to use.
Checkmate is always
The result of a clever ruse.
When I say Boo,
You sing Gimme Shelter!
Then my Little Green Men
All run Helter Skelter!
The ones who fear me
Call me Jumpin' Jack Flash!
Lady M and I
Will take out the trash!

JEFFREY

Sounds like your friend
Is ready to pounce.

ZAMPA

Oh, he will pounce,
He will trounce,
He will bounce,
He will weigh out their flesh
Ounce by ounce.
He's jealous and vain
And he has a mean streak,
But Lady MacDeath
Knows where he is weak.
When the time is right,
She will charm the snake,
Then cut off its head
And take the whole cake.

ZAMPA disappears in a puff of smoke

DOTTY and HUNTER with drinks in their hands

DOTTY

So now we know
The ultimate plan.

HUNTER

Kill the Orange King,
Stab the kingmaker man.

DOTTY

Don't you love to watch
The vipers at play?

HUNTER

If my Magnum was here
It'd have something to say.

Enter MELANIJA

MELANIJA

Someone haul your ashes
Jeffry my dear?

JEFFREY

You hauled mine well
Before you put me here.

MELANIJA

It was never enough
For you to have riches
By supplying creeps
With underage bitches.
You developed a taste
For power and fame.
You thought you could win
At the high stakes game.
Ghi(s)laine knows where
All the bodies are buried;
She's alive and well,
Doesn't even look harried.

JEFFREY

Her father taught her
How to live free of guilt
In the palace of lies
His newspapers built.
She knows where the films
And the pictures are hid,
And the little black book
That tells all that they did.
If she dies, the next day
It'll flood the whole net.
They keep her alive
So nobody gets wet.

MELANIJA

Soon I will have truth
Under control.
It will all disappear
Down a memory hole.
The past will be
What I want it to be,
Because the future, my dear
Is all about me!

Exit MELANIJA

END OF SCENE TWO



INTERLUDE

DOTTY

So, Hunter
What do you think?

HUNTER

More Fear, more Loathing
With an unholy stink.

DOTTY

You ain't seen nothin'
Til you've seen this little
slut
Strut her hanky-panky
And wiggle her little butt.

HUNTER

Jesus hated pussy
That was shaved too clean.
You can bet her nasty papa
Wants to see it gleam.
It's his dream to have her
On the Oval Office floor.

DOTTY

Too bad his buddy Jeffrey
Can't film it anymore.
Oh look, she's dressed up
Like an Arab houri.

HUNTER

Sucking up to a sheik
Who is forgetting how to worry.



SCENE THREE

IVANNA in hijab talking to a screen on a large laptop. We cannot see who she is talking to, but it soon becomes evident.

IVANNA

Of course MBS
I will give you Texas;
You can have all the rednecks;
Of course, of both sexes.
They love nothing more
Than killing and drinking.
Tell them any old lie,
They won't ever start thinking.
Send another two billion,
Your wish will come true.
Inshallah mighty Mo.
Love and kisses to you.

IVANNA slams the screen of the large laptop closed, then tears the hijab from her head and flings off the dark clothes she has been wearing.

Scene backdrop changes from gold to garden and swimming pool outside on a sunny day. IVANNA in a bikini looking like Lolita.

Enter MILLER in super-sexy swimming trunks on his skinny body, a straw hat on his head. He is panting like a dog.



IVANNA

Did you complete the mission
My dear little pet?

MILLER

On MILLER, my angel
You can always bet.
She thinks she is clever,
Ruthless and sly.
I can hardly wait
To watch the witch die.

IVANNA

Oh Miller, Miller,
Relax, have some fun.
Put some cream on your skin
Don't get burned by the sun.
Then we'll jump in the pool;
I'll teach you to swim.
One day you'll tear Jarrod
Limb from limb.
OK little darling?
Go get the sunscreen,
Then we'll talk about how
We'll get rid of the Queen.

Exit MILLER

IVANNA's cell phone buzzes. She picks it up.

IVANNA

Yes? Yes it's under control.
It won't be long now
Till she's deep in a hole.
Did my Daddy tell you
What I'm going to do?
No one else knows
Only me, him and you.
Keep it under your hat
Or you won't have a head.
None of us will be safe
Until she is dead.
Her and her brat
And that Zampa too.
They're all working with
That Russian crew.
Keep the jet fueled,
Keep the squads down low.
I'll call you later,
Now I gotta go.

Enter MILLER

Sweetie, are you ready
To get a little wet?

MILLER

On Miller, my angel,
You can always bet!

END OF SCENE THREE



INTERLUDE

DOTTY

Did you have these freaks
When you were alive?

HUNTER

Before I blew my brains out
They were starting to arrive.

DOTTY

Remember how tough it was
To publish what we wrote?

HUNTER

On typewriter keys,
Someone wrote Deep Throat.

DOTTY

Words had meaning;
I tried to make sense.

HUNTER

Sense has given way
To intolerance.
Not the kind we had
Toward political folly.

DOTTY

Our barbs were poisonous,
Our laughter was Jolly.
Social media they call it.
It's not social at all.

HUNTER

Naw. It's a sewer full of shit.
Like the snake, in The Fall.



SCENE FOUR

The individual members of the CHORUS are wearing T-shirts that identify them with their individual names.

PRAVDA

The Truth is the Truth
Until it is not.

GRAMAGRAM

The Truth is the Truth
Until is is bought.

TIKKY

A lie can be big
A lie can be small.

TOKKY

The question is
Who's the best liar of all?

MR. HEX

The only virtue
In the Art of War

TOKKY

Is placing the spies
Many years before.

TIKKY

Be subtle, be subtle
Said wise Sun Tzu,

GRAMAGRAM

Convert their spies
Let them work for you.

PRAVDA

Pay for Truth, pay for lies,
It's all part of the game

CHORUS

(All together)

Spies in the end
Are all the same.
They want money for nothing
And sex for free,
They don't care who wins,
They are in it for "me".
Believe what they tell you
At your own peril.
They are the ghosts
In your Christmas Carol.
The Truth is the Truth
Until it is not.
Is it the Truth
Or has your spy been bought?

A puff of smoke: Enter ZAMPA

ZAMPA

Pravda, your Master
Is out on the road
Spewing his poison,
That slippery toad.
Mr. Hex, your Master
Is juggling money,
Or maybe impregnating
Some new honey.
You know who wants
To buy Tokky and Tikky?
The same oligarchs
Who own Jesus and Mickey.
Now you GramaGram,
Keep the war going.
Our cadres of warriors
Keep growing and growing,
And growing and growing...

Enter MELANIJA in a rage

MELANIJA

Have you sabotaged
All the voting machines?

ZAMPA

Against us my Queen
There exists no vaccine.

MELANIJA

Has that worm Miller
Set the cut-throats loose?

ZAMPA

Ivanna will soon
Be a well-cooked goose.

MELANIJA

Thank Hell, after this
There will be no more voting.

ZAMPA

Tonight's Halloween,
You cannot start gloating

MELANIJA

I don't gloat like the man-
child
Who thinks he's so great.
I watch like a hawk.
I watch and I wait.
The 5th of November
Is Guy Fawkes Day.
By the 6th
Nobody will stand in my way.

A fanfare of trumpets: Enter IVANNA

IVANNA

Am I in you way
Step-mother dear?

MELANIJA

(Keeping her cool)
From me, my child
You have nothing to fear.

IVANNA

And from Zampa, the snake
Who sold you to Daddy?

MELANIJA

He's loyal and true,
Only looks like a baddy.

IVANNA

Loyal to you?
Or loyal to me?

ZAMPA

Ladies, please,
On one thing, we agree.
When democracy's dead
We will be free.
So let's work together
And get the job done.
You'll each have
Your piece of the world to run.
And our friend in the East
Will get his fair share,
Although I don't think
He'll be out of our hair.

IVANNA & MELANIJA

We'll take care of him
In our good time.
Then his share will be yours—
Yours and mine.

They smile at each other as if they are friends,
give each other kisses on the cheek. IVANNA exit
right, MELANIJA exit left. ZAMPA disappears in a
puff of smoke.

CHORUS

Can you hear the clock?
Tick tock, tick tock.

The goblins and ghosts
Roam through the night,
As both sides get ready
For the ultimate fight.
When democracy dies
They will need us much more,
To shepherd the sheep
And make sure they don't roar.
Pravda, tell us
What did Pumpkin-man say
On this, his always
Most favorite day?

PRAVDA

He raged in all caps
As he likes to do.
Listen, I'll read
The screed to you:

THEM QUEERS, THEM LEZZIES
THEM TRANSGENDER FREAKS
WE'LL ROUND 'EM ALL UP
IN A MATTER OF WEEKS
THE BIDENS, OBAMAS
AND THAT TURD JIMMY KIMMEL
ICH SCHICK DIE ALLE
DIREKT IN DEN HIMMEL!

TIKKY & TOKKY

We have a message from
A he they call Xi.
Xi owns us right now
And he won't set us free.
He says: Don't forget me,
I'm a big playa too.
We make all your phones.
We make all your shoes.
Our empire's been here
For five thousand years.
We fought and we won
The Long March of tears.

And we will be here
Five thousand more years.

GRAMAGRAM

Za Váše zdoróv'je
Or "to your health" he writes.
See you all in my home town,
The city of the White Nights.
The Four Immortal Horsemen,
We four will be.
The Quadriga reins, however,
Will be held by me.
My knights and bishops
Control the board.
Those westerner pussies
Can't resist my hordes.
Thirty years of planning
Every little thing,
And my Queen is ready
To topple their King.
The countdown starts now
To the day you'll remember.
The New World begins
On the fifth of November.

MR. HEX

Here comes a message
All the way from the moon:

Hallo daar onder
Op die bal aarde,
My new weapons systems
Are all well-prepared.
On the 5th of November
From my High Castle perch,
I'll convert you all
To the Holyton Church.
And if you don't comply
With orders I give,
I'll ship you all to Mars,
If I decide you should live.
So prepare yourselves to
worship
The Man in the Moon.
Now go kill who you must kill
I'll get back to you real soon!

HUNTER
Pure propaganda
For the masses to swallow.

DOTTY
Any warning we give
Will always ring hollow.

HUNTER
Don't worry Dotty,
They'll be joining us soon

DOTTY
In the depths of Hades
Where no one wants these goons.

HUNTER
Who knows? Nixon turned out
To be quite funny
Now that he doesn't seek power
And has no more money.

DOTTY
And Stalin spends his time
Drinking Etherial Tea.
His odorless farts
Bother nobody.

HUNTER
I sense that soon
A war will begin.

DOTTY
Yes, to miss it now
Would be a sin.

END OF SCENE FOUR



THE GODDESS INTERLUDE

Kali is a Goddess associated with power, destruction and dissolution. Kali is also known for destroying ignorance.

KALI

The ignorant masses
Of this once great land
Are getting ready to fight
For the upper hand.
The vicious and stupid
Spread lies and hate
So now I, Kali,
Come to seal their fate.
You want death and destruction?
I'll give it to you.
Wrath comes with power
And I have that too.
If you think yourself good,
If you think yourself sane,
Cover your face,
Hide your name.
The wife and mother
Is an evil witch.
The daughter and her lover
Have the greedy itch.
Maestro Zampa,
Behind the scenes,
Can't wait to hear
Both of their screams.
And you, the dead,
In the audience tonight,
Enjoy the show,
Watch the flames ignite.

The War Begins



SCENE FIVE

Remember, remember, the 5th of November
Gunpowder, treason and plot.

I see no reason

Why gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot.

Melanija and Ivanna as you can see
Want to kill the Skunk and Democracy
Destroy it all with one sharp blow
And the USA overthrow.

Will they succeed, or die trying?
Will Kali end the cheating and lying?
Wait and watch, sharpen your skene!
If democracy wins
We will have no Queen!

The stage has now been divided in two. one side belongs to IVANNA, one side to MELANIJA. ZAMPA occupies the space between them. miller runs back and forth between MELANIJA and IVANNA. JEFFREY is the ghost who drifts around to listen and comment and scare them all if he can. The chorus comments on the proceedings. DOTTY and HUNTER throw in some witty remarks.

Enter ZAMPA in a puff of smoke

ZAMPA

Over here the Queen of Darkness
(points to Melanija)
Over here the Princess slut
(points to Ivanna)
I'll make sure that both of
them
Feel the razor cut
Hell hath no fury
Like a demon scorned
Blood will flow in rivers
You have all been warned!

ZAMPA disappears in a puff of smoke

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Those my friends
Are the drums of war
We've heard that sound
Pounded out before
When the Bear of the East
Sent his wolves to hunt
It was poor Ukraine
That bore the brunt.
But now the wolves
Are on the prowl
In the USA,
You can hear them howl.
On Pravda Zozial
The Orange Monster writes
Always in all caps
After midnight.
And his Puppet Master
Who we shall not name,
Uses GramaGram
To make his claim
On Eurasia,
Like in 1984,
And to incite Oceania
Into Civil War.
The Mandate of Heaven,
AKA PinYin,
Is waiting and watching
To see who will win.

The war begins now.
Who will die first?
All are the worst,
But which one is cursed?

Enter DOTTY and HUNTER

DOTTY

Oh, this is going to be fun.
Do each of them have a gun?
They can shoot it out right
here,
So so we can clap and cheer.

HUNTER

I've loved guns since I was a
kid.
It doesn't take much to do what
I did.
People talk of courage, talk of
grit.
It's about depression. The rest
is shit.

DOTTY

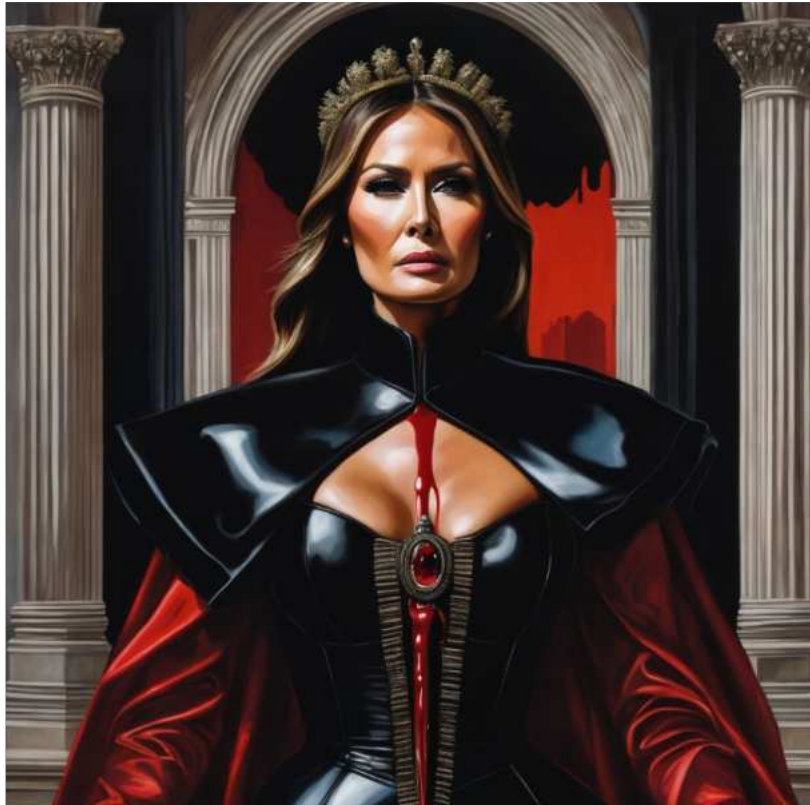
So it wasn't the drugs or the
booze?
Or the fact that you were
starting to lose
That charm and wit and all your
bite?
Tell me I'm wrong. I know I'm
right.

HUNTER

We're not here to talk about
me.
We're here like people watching
TV.

DOTTY

First person view of the action
at hand.
A million miles away in a
distant land.



Melanija steps forward.

MELANIJA

We want the same thing, don't
we little girl?
To get rid of that beast and
control the world.

Ivanna steps forward.

IVANNA

I love my father, but he's
become a burden.
His brain is full of cats and
he's trying to herd them.

MELANIJA

So let's make a deal. You can
have the West Coast.
I'll take the East, which I
love the most.

IVANNA

So you get Wall Street and
Chicago too?
No, no, stepmother, that's too
much for you.

MELANIJA

Make a counter-proposal. I'm
all ears.
What do you need to allay your
fear?

IVANNA

I'll take NYC, Boston, up to
Maine.
You can have everything to the
south of that for your pain.

MELANIJA

You want to give me the
rednecks and that drowning
state
Where the alligators will seal
the governor's fate?

IVANNA

OK. Take St. Louis, and New Orleans.
I've promised Texas to an Arabian queen.

MELANIJA

Ha ha! He'll cut off your head for a remark like that.

IVANNA

I'll chop off his right off the bat.

MELANIJA

At least we agree that we have to clean house.

IVANNA

And get rid of a rat who pretends he's a mouse.

MELANIA

Oh, Miller, my dear, can you come over here.

MILLER

(Aside)

Damn it, I wish I could just disappear.
They both look so charming and both have a smile.
God, I should be running a mile.

(to all)

Ladies most gracious. Both of you Queens.
I have always been loyal to all of your schemes.
How may I be of assistance to you?
Who shall I kill? Who shall I screw?

IVANNA

Well, you've tried to screw me
on many occasions.

MELANIJA

And you tried to screw me with
your sycophantic persuasions.

MILLER

For you I arranged slimy
Jeffery's demise.
And for you, my sweetie, I
spread rumors and lies.

IVANNA

There's no need for you in our
new world order.

MELANIJA

We made agreements, from border
to border.

MILLER

And what about your barbarian
friend from the East?

IVANNA

He was poisoned last night
during his final feast.

MELANIJA

Goodbye worm. Underground where
you belong is where you will
go.

IVANNA stabs him with a sword.

IVANNA

I wanted to do this a long time
ago.
Killing is a pleasure. Isn't
that true?

IVANNA and MELANIJA come at each other with their
swords.

MELANIJA

It will be my great pleasure to
kill you.

IVANNA

Try harder. You're too old. Not
fit.

MELANIJA

What? My tennis coach loves
each little bit.

A puff of smoke, and ZAMPA appears.

ZAMPA

Ladies. Queens. Darlings of the
Dark.
Stop. Old hounds like me don't
just bark.
I have fire and brimstone,
millions of wicked friends
To make sure I always achieve
my ends.
So put down those blades and
listen to me.
Do you want your names to live
eternally?

IVANNA and MELANIJA look at each other and respond.

IVANNA & MELANIJA

Well of course we do, you silly
old fool.
And this is how we both shall
rule!

They step forward and are about to slice ZAMPA to
pieces but there is a puff of smoke and he is gone.
The blades find empty air but continue, and both
are stabbed fatally.

MELANIJA & IVANKA

What could have been, will be
no more.

IVANNA
Goodbye evil witch!

MELANIJA
Goodbye silly whore!

They fall dead next to the body of MILLER.



JEFFREY steps forward

JEFFREY
Well, Miller will be in circle
number seven.
Of hell of course not in
heaven.
But those two will be close to
their lord and master
In circle number nine because
they wanted disaster
For the people they professed
they loved and admired,
But behind their backs they
both conspired.
Treachery. Near the center of
hell where Zampa sits on his
throne
Surrounded by ice, forever
alone.

The CHORUS steps forward.

PRAVDA

The Truth is the Truth
Until it is not

GRAMAGRAM

The Truth is the Truth
Until is is bought.

TIKKY

A lie can be big
A lie can be small.

TOKKY

The question is
Who's the best liar of all?

MR. HEX

The only virtue
In the Art of the show

TOKKY

Is to lie with a truth
That everyone knows.

TIKKY

Some evil has been removed
From a stage.

GRAMAGRAM

Perhaps some evil will be put
in a cage.

PRAVDA

As long as politics breeds such
folk,
The world will always be under
their yoke.

Exit CHORUS

DOTTY
Is this what they call a happy
ending?

HUNTER
Fear and loathing is still
ascending.

DOTTY
I need a drink. How about you?

HUNTER
For me, some coke and a whiskey
will do.

Exit DOTTY and HUNTER.





Enter the GODDESSES.

KALI

I am Mother of Time, creation
and death.

SHAKTI

I am the energy that comes with
each breath.

LAKSHMI

And I am the fortune you always
seek.

ALL THREE

Together we can make you strong
if you are weak.
We can help you find whatever
you seek.
We give you hope when the
outlook is bleak.
We humble the bold and
strengthen the meek.

KALI

Hell is cold and will melt in
my fire.

SHAKTI

I will teach you how to temper
desire.

LAKSHMI

Go home with our love and these
gifts of gold.

Lakshmi and the other goddesses throw gold
(chocolate) coins into the audience.

TOGETHER

May you have peace in your life
and grow to be old.

CURTAIN



About the Author

Danny Antonelli was born in Trieste, Italy. His mother was a functionary of the Italian government and his father an American soldier. He has lived in Zagreb, Los Angeles, Antananarivo, Nairobi, Durban, New Delhi, Baltimore, and eventually made it back to Los Angeles where he earned a B.A. with Honors in English at California State University, Northridge.

He left the USA and lived in Lisbon, Portugal, where he wrote *Shoot the Albatross*, ghosted a book for a Syrian businessman and wrote his first hit record, *O Rapaz do Cubo Magico* sung by Lara Li. He moved to Hamburg, where he has lived ever since, working as a professional lyricist, librettist, songwriter and teacher. Danny completed a documentary film, *Living The Truth*, about the life and music of film composer Bill Conti. For the 25th anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall, he composed a song, *Ich Bin Berlin*, with a video that was shown at festivals in Berlin. In collaboration with Peter Pollmann, he completed *Civilized Barbarians*, a Poetry Film with 8 individual poems/songs which had its World Premier at 3001 Kino in Hamburg, Germany in 2023.

The following are available from Amazon

Another Perfect Murder and Other Stories (1991) Asylum Arts, Santa Maria, CA

Jax Opens House (2019)

Shoot The Albatross (2019)

Beauty and The Artist and other stories (2018)

Croesus, King of Lydia: An Opera Libretto (2020)

Trump, The Musical: (Based on Real Lies) (2020)

Hard Copy (2021)

Sheol (2021)

Flex Stories for Radio (2019)

Radio Plays, Vols. 1, 2, & 3 (2023)

A Walk Around The Lake (2022)

*how I spent starless nights and stainless days
dealing death from the bottom of the deck* (2021)

Other works

diamond way, chamber opera libretto with music by Christine K. Brückner, performed at the Kleine Szene of the Semper Oper Dresden and Opera, Kiel.

Our World is on Fire (2021), libretto for an oratorio about the climate crisis with music by Rainer Bartsch