

BUSHLET

PRINCE OF TEXAS

By W. Glickman

PERSONS REPRESENTED

BUSHLET, *now* KING GEORGE the II
KING GEORGE the I, *Father to* BUSHLET
SIR CHENEY, DUKE OF HALLIBURTON
SIR RUMMY, EARL OF RUMSFELD *viziers*
SIR HENRY EARL OF KISSINGER
LORD GENERAL COLIN, *a noble Moor*
HORATIO *Friend to* GENERAL COLIN
BLAIR, *Dog to* BUSHLET

QUEEN BARBARA, *wife to* GEORGE, *mother to* BUSHLET
LADY CANDY, CONTESSA OF RICE, *vizier*
FOUGHT-IN-BRAS, *a retainer*

Lords, Ladies, Lackeys...

ACT I

SCENE I. – *A Room in the White Palace*
Enter CHENEY, RUMMY

CHENEY: The House of Bush is happ'ly home again.
Commend Lord Jeb. Now William o' Clinton's reign
Is o'er; wiped clean his ugly slimy stain;

RUMMY: As well his fool, the Duke of Tennessee.

CHENEY: And by the High Supreme Courtier's decree,
We rise triumphant. Evened is the score,
The Oval Throne regained, sans blood...

RUMMY: Sans gore!

A toast: The fields of Florida, my Lord,
That steamy realm where Clinton's ox was... gored.

CHENEY: Our service to the former realm has brought
Us to this elevated role, long sought.
The old King bursting with paternal pride,

RUMMY: His snow white Queen there strutting by his side.
While we, his trusted counselors, have ear
To his own flesh, the young King George...you sneer?

CHENEY: Methinks a scowl hides beneath the joy.
Perhaps all is not well twixt man and boy.
Last night behind the arras I was hid,
And heard the white queen speaking of the kid...

RUMMY: But hold thy thought, young Bushlet comes anon.
Let us greet the boy, and then be gone.

Enter BUSHLET, with dog

GEO II: My best time yet, by George, a six oh two!
Here, take Blair's leash. I didn't run, I flew!
Duke Cheney, Earl of Rummy, did you hear?
I flew! And now I'm sweaty. Where's my beer?
Oh, my sneakers! Would you tie my laces?

CHENEY: *[aside]* He e'er shall need our help in running races.

There, my Lord, I trust your run was sweet?
All Washing Town's astounded by your feet.

RUMMY: Nay, all the world. We hope not to offend...

CHENEY: The Earl and I have business to attend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. – *A room in King George I's Palace*
Enter GEORGE I, QUEEN BARBARA

GEO I: My Queen, our winter skies are filled with joy.
Our son – not Jeb, but George, the other boy,
Continues the Bush Reign. That name shall shine
And carry on the legacy, once mine.

BARB: But Sir, our son may yet one day display
A mind not simply bent on idle play.
And when some seasons pass, he may not bother
To tread the pathway laid down by his father.

GEO I: My Queen, thy white and weary head now rest.
The House of Bush shall bow to my request.
By my own Viziers he'll be advised.
(If our son displayed a mind I'd be surprised.)

But in my heart a blade doth twist away.
To think that knave I crushed but did not slay
Yet rules. While I deposed by cunning claw
Of that usurping Duke of Arkansas...
But now the crown's restored, my namesake King.
Anon, foul Saddam's head to me he'll bring.

BARB: My husband, hear me well. Oh let me steer
These words within the porches of thine ear:
Let thy heart be soothed. Thy loving wife
Knows well the villain tried to take thy life.
But woe can come from Saddam's severed head.
What you wish for, you may come to dread.
You spared him once, and some would say with cause.
Far better he should live with all his flaws –
Murderer, torturer, worse than whore or pimp –
Yet leaving him alive has dubbed thee "wimp".
And if our simple son makes sure he's finished
His reign shall be exalted; thine diminished.

GEO I: Dark clouds have come to shroud the clear blue skies.
Joy - a sunny day that comes, then flies.
Come, my Queen, we must dispatch a messenger
To summon old Sir Henry, Earl of Kissinger.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. – *The Oval Throne Room*

Enter BUSHLET, CHENEY, RUMMY, MESSENGER,

MESS: Alas, my Lords, I bring most grievous news.
What I must tell no tongue would ever choose:
Villains breached a wall and struck a blow.
The Kingdom's tallest towers are laid low.
Breached as well, the Kingdom's stoutest fort.
The people, sick with fear, look to this Court.
I bear this from the Duke of York, Sir Rudy,
And beg your leave, my Lord, from this sad duty.

CHENEY: The gates are breached. Call out the guards in force.
Where's Bushlet? (Underneath the throne, of course.)
Take the boy! Now I must fly. To horse!
[Exeunt with panic.]

SCENE IV. *A Room deep under the Palace*

Enter CHENEY, CANDY

CANDY: I trust these hidden quarters suit my Lord?

CHENEY: Ay. Take these lines which from my brain hath poured
And drill the lad 'til in his brain it's stored.
Now that the danger to our Court's abated
We're ready to pursue the goal that's fated.
Eight long winters. That's how long I've waited
for that bawdy lecherous villain whom I've hated
to leave. And now, with this, I'm so elated.

CANDY: My Lord, The Earl of Enron sends his greeting.
Here is his agenda for the meeting.
The man's gone mad. He says that time is fleeting.
The peasants, lacking bread to live upon,
Have found their stores of grain are nearly gone.
They sense the massive theft, the nasty schemes.
I fear, my Lord, they wish to change regimes.

CHENEY: Calm thy fears, sweet Candy, can't you see?
The toppled towers shall provide the key.
For fear will serve us well. And war's the thing
To save our asses, and that of the King.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. – KING GEORGE I's *Palace*
Enter GEORGE I, QUEEN, HENRY

GEO I: Sir Henry, we are glad to see thee well,
And welcome words of wisdom thou wouldst tell.

HENRY: My Lord, thy former vassals lack the eye,
The sweep of vision one sees from on high,
As from atop that once great lofty tower.
They see alone the lure of purse and power.
Their arrogance o'erwhelms poor Bushlet's brain.
(Such arrogance I always have disdained.)
The time is out of joint for hasty fight.
Tis well you called on me to set it right.
We must abide, with patience, and God willing,
Soon the time will come for wholesale killing.
But let no strife be seen twixt sire and son.
Thy legacy and fame will yet be won.
Have the King create a new commission.
As head, I'll quell all problems, with precision.

GEO I: Sir Henry, many thanks. Adieu. We pray
A thousand points of light shall light thy way.
[Exeunt.]

HENRY: Always trust the brain, and not the feelings.
Oh, this better not affect my business dealings. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI. *A Room in the Palace*
Enter GENERAL COLIN, brooding;
Enter RUMMY, CHENEY

RUMMY: There he broods each night, the goodly fool.

CHENEY: The general lacks the guts required for rule.
Mark, he holds his stomach like one maimed.

RUMMY: My Lord, our General Colin's... aptly named.
The Earl of Enron waits thee. Have no fear.
Take thy leave. I'll make the message clear.

[Exit CHENEY

My Noble Colin, why so black? A word:
Our plans to take Iraq, I'm sure you've heard,
Are in the final stage. And you... the man
To give the needed credence to our plan.
Our claims might sound like amateurish prattle
Without support from one who's fought in battle.
Your life among the privileged and elite,
Might pale if you persist in dragging feet.
Consider thy career, and kin, my Lord.
The question: wield or fall upon thy sword.

COLIN: *[aside]* Oh what a rogue is present! Slave am I
To this base man. My choice: conform or fly.

[Exit RUM.

To flee or not to flee, that is the question
That brings such sleepless nights and indigestion.
'Neath these knaves, my options swiftly narrow.
Is it nobler to suffer the slings and arrows...?? Nah.

[Exit with resolve.

SCENE VII. *A year later. A Field outside the White Palace*
Enter GENERAL COLIN, in disguise

COLIN: The dome, the Palace...nowhere to be found.
Something is rotten in the state of Washington!
What offense so rank to rouse this smell
As foul as from the very bowels of Hell?
Rebellion stays our legions and our fleets;
The rabble by the millions in the streets.
The House of Bush so twisted, out of tune,
The land is rife with rumors of its ruin -
Hence my return. But rumors oft are lies.
Strange armies march. I don this deft disguise
To be quite sure I shan't be recognized.

Enter HORATIO

HORATIO: Lord Colin! Oh. To see thee once again!

COLIN: Horatio. What is all this? Explain.

HORATIO: Yonder, in their green berets and kilts,
Their swords all black with oil to the hilts,
Their battle brassieres stained, their priest confessors,
Bold Fought-in-bras, and her host of brave cross-dressers,
Have come to weep and sweep up all the messes.

COLIN: A lass! Sweet Fought-in-bras. I knew her Horatio,
A woman of infinite chest, and fabulous felatio.
She served King Clinton well, with much told bliss...
But pray, what grave calamity is this?

HORATIO: One more doth tread upon another's heel,
A grievous blow that still seems most unreal:
That green White Palace ground where once had rolled
Bright Easter eggs, before the plot was sold
To Halliburton, Texaco and Shell,
To Enron's heirs, to Mobil and Bechtel,
E'n there aslant that dome so white and round,

Beneath the pure White Palace...oil was found.
Great rigs rolled in and bored into the ground.
The oil gushed. And all, alas, were drown'd.

COLIN: Drown'd? Drown'd?

MESS: In black ooze, quite drown'd.

COLIN: Too much of oil hast thou, odious wretches.
Would'st thou'd been, like Clinton, simply letches.

Enter FOUGHT-IN-BRAS, and her host.

FOUGHT IN BRAS:

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss:
How arrogance and greed erupt full blown.
Oh what a sickly Kingdom here o'erthrown.
Let us all in future, Lords, refrain
From placing such great power in such small brains.

A dead march. [Exeunt bearing off body bags