

2020 Kleban Prize Application

# Andrognykka! The Hello Tour!

*a cabaret musical*

# Contents

Me!.....	1
Tick! Tick! Tick! .....	3
Man With No Name.....	4
I'm The Creep You Forgive.....	5
Don't.....	6
Fire.....	8
Beausette.....	10
Venice.....	12
About My Order .....	14
Fabby!.....	16
Where Do I Go?.....	18

## Andrognykka! The Hello Tour!

Andrognykka! The Hello Tour! is a modular solo cabaret musical starring Andrognykka! (pronounced *an-droj-neek-ah*, and hereafter known as A!), a 326-year-old androgynous performer saddled with a tenuous grasp of English, perpetually touring an introductory road show as part of a cultural discharge program sponsored by the Star's native country, Chetkrupohrtvrtshrtatusk—a very long, very narrow (and very likely imaginary) country originating in middle Europe.

The score includes a compendium of original numbers, plus fractured lyrical rewrites from seven classic golden age musicals, including:

- **My Fair Laddy** — A Scottish headmistress transforms a rough lad into a 'quite delicious young lassie.'
- **Media!** — A musical version of Medea, with music from *The Sound of Music* and *West Side Story*, that traces the story of a young mother falsely accused by tabloid news media and a local politician of killing her children.
- **Perry and Beth** — An all-White adaptation of *Porgy and Bess*, set in the Hamptons.

The show's modular format allows its contents to change from night to night as it crash lands on the theater in front of you. At each performance, the show follows one of a variety of plot lines—or, alternatively, take shape as a loosely structured revue of the high- and low-lights of the Star's semi-tragic, demi-comedic almost-career, featuring tarnished rewrites from golden age musicals.

The songs compiled for this submission are excerpted from the show's modular collection known as the "Fraud Plot" compilation.

# Me!

*A! arrives at the theater with a mysterious 'mukis box,' containing tiny musicians miniaturized and smuggled into the country to accompanying A!'s show. Unfortunately, A! has bad news: the show's sets, costumes and dancing Poodlekettes have been lost—or, rather, stolen by a rival performer in Las Vegas. A! vows to go on, cherishing the one thing no one can take away...*

MANY HAVE TRIED,  
MANY HAVE FAILED  
ATTEMPTING TO TELL  
THIS MARVELOUS TALE.

SOME WERE PERSECUTED,  
SOME WERE TRIED,  
SOME TOLD TRUTH;  
SOME, THEY LIED.

EVERYBODY LACKED A QUALITY  
WHICH I'M GLAD I'VE GOT  
AND THEY HAVE NOT  
FOR THAT QUALITY, YOU SEE, IS:

ME, ME!  
THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GOING TO SEE  
FOR REST OF EVENING,  
EACH LITTLE MINUTE  
I'LL BE THE ONE RIGHT WITHIN IT.

ME, ME!  
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK  
FROM TOP OF STAGE  
TO YOUR LITTLE PLAY BOOK.

ME, ME!  
NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE  
THEN OCCUPYING SHOES  
OCCUPYING ME.

I'M A GREAT SENSATION,  
A FABULOUS STAR  
AND YOU KNOW WHAT?  
SO ARE YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE.

YOU, YOU, YOU,  
YOU'RE NOT AT ALL LIKE ME  
FOR EACH OF YOU HAS GOT  
INDIVIDUALITY.

YOU, YOU, YOU,  
YOU REALLY ARE THE BEST.

YOU, YOU, YOU  
YOU PUT ME TO THE TEST  
FOR YOU SEE,  
DON'T YOU SEE,  
THAT FOR US TO BE WE  
YOU NEED

ME, ME!  
AND I AIN'T WORTH A DAMN  
WITHOUT ALL OF YOU  
I KNOW NOT WHO I AM.

ONCE I WAS YOUNG,  
NOW I AM NOT  
LISTEN TO MY TALE  
TO KNOW WHAT I FORGOT.

MY LIFE SEEMED TRAGIC,  
I WHIMPER AND I WEEP...  
NOW, I JUST SIGH,  
THOUGH I DO IT VERY DEEP.

ME, ME!  
I'LL TELL YOU ALL THE TALE  
FOR REST OF EVENING,  
EACH LITTLE MINUTE  
I'LL BE THE ONE RIGHT WITHIN IT.

# Me! *(continued)*

ME, ME, LISTEN, YOU WILL SEE  
HOW I LOST MY FAMILY  
FOUND MY WAY.

ME, ME!  
I LIVE UPON A STAGE  
BUT LIGHTS COME DOWN  
AND IT'S MORE LIKE A CAGE  
AND I CAN'T SLOW DOWN  
AND I FEEL THIS RAGE

THEN I'M SUDDENLY HAPPY  
AND CONSEQUENTLY SAD  
AND THE WORLD GOES ROUND  
AND RIGHT GOES BAD  
AND LEFT GET FOUND  
AND WORLD GOES ROUND.

AND I FALL IN LOVE  
AND THEN THROUGH THE CRACKS  
AND WIND UP SLEEPING  
ON SOME FLOUR SACKS.

AND NEXT DAY I'M RICH  
AND AFTER THAT I'M POOR  
AND WORLD GOES ROUND  
AND I'M JUST WANTING MORE  
I'M JUST WANTING MORE  
I'M JUST WANTING MORE!!!!

*(Spoken)* Oh, excuse, I forget, is mukasil comedy...

ME, ME!  
ALL ABOUT ME  
LISTEN TO MY STORY  
SOON YOU MAY SEE  
WHAT IT MEANS TO BECOME  
MUCH MORE THAN ME.

ME,  
ME, ME  
ME,  
ME, ME  
ME.

# Tick! Tick! Tick!

*A! cooks breakfast and sings about possessing  
a very special and peculiar personal power.*

THE SUBSTANCE I ENRICH IS NOT OOO-RANIUM,  
BUT THOUGHTS THAT STICK INSIDE OF YOUR  
CRANIUM:  
THE ONES THAT KILL “I’M WONDERFUL”  
SMOTHERING “I LOVE YOU”;  
THE UNDERSIDE OF ANGEL WINGS  
WHISPER NOW ABOVE YOU.

WHEN THIS WORLD TURNS INFERNAL,  
YOU MUST—QUICK—GO INTERNAL.  
ESCAPE THE HEAT AND FIND MY BEAT;  
GIVE UP THE SOUR, TAKE MY SWEET.

WHEN YOUR LIFE FEELS LIKE CRAP  
AND YOU MIGHT HAVE THE CLAP,  
PICK UP YOUR HANDS AND DIAL YOUR PHONE  
YOU’RE NOT AT ALL AT ALL ALONE.

IF YOU’VE GOT MY NUMBER,  
I MAKE YOUR WORRY SLUMBER.  
IF YOU WANT TRUE REST  
TAKE MY NUCLEAR BEQUEST.

I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB,  
A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB;  
WITH EACH BEAT OF MY HEART,  
I WILL BLOW YOU APART.  
I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB.

I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB,  
TEN TIMES STRONGER THAN MOM.  
ONCE YOU HEAR MY EXPLOSION,  
I WILL HEAL YOUR IMPLOSION.  
I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB

THE RACE I RUN IS NOT THE ONE THAT SPEEDS  
YOUR DEATH.  
MY DAY IS DONE WHEN WHAT I’VE WON IS BUT  
YOUR BREATH.  
PROFITS MAY BE FLEETING,  
INTANGIBLE OR STRANGE  
BUT I AM NOT THE MAD ONE HERE  
I SHOW YOU WHO’S DERANGED.

I’M A NEW KIND OF FUSION,  
I DON’T GIVE CONTUSIONS;  
NO, WHEN YOU STAND INSIDE MY BLAST  
I QUICKLY TEAR AWAY YOUR PAST.

YOU MUST TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES  
FOR MY SHOCK WAVE AND GASES  
CAN BLOW YOUR MIND AND MORE AWAY,  
ERASE TOMORROW OR TODAY.

IF YOU WANT MY SERVICE  
YOU NEED NOT BE SO NERVOUS,  
I’M THE BLAST OF KINDNESS  
THAT SMASHES ALL MAD MINDLESSNESS.

I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB,  
A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB;  
WITH EACH BEAT OF MY HEART,  
I WILL BLOW YOU APART.  
I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB.

I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB.  
COME ON EVERYBODY, CLIMB ON!  
FEEL THE JOY I’M RADIATING,  
LOSE THE HATE, BE LESS GRATING.  
I’M A TWENTY LOVETON BOMB

TWENTY LOVETON,  
NEW DAWN, GET IT ON,  
TWENTY LOVETON BOMB.

# Man With No Name

*Each day, Andrognykka! decides what sex s/he will engender that day.  
In this moment, A! sings about the difficulties of being a man.*

WHEN I GET OLDER,  
I'LL GO THERE.  
MEANWHILE, I SHOULDER MY PAIN,

TURN MY MIND EMPTY,  
POCKETS QUITE FULL,  
I'M JUST A MAN WITH NO NAME.  
HALF LOST, A MAN WITH NO NAME.

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER,  
I CRIED HARD.  
NOW THAT I'M OLDER, I PRAY.

TEARS ARE JUST WATER,  
THEY OUGHTA JUST FALL,  
BUT NOT FOR A MAN WITH NO NAME;

WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO,  
WHO CANNOT KOW-TOW TO  
THE FEELINGS AT PLAY IN THIS GAME.

DON'T ASK ME HOW I FEEL,  
I DON'T KNOW.  
YOU DON'T ASK THE NIGHT  
HOW IT SHINES.

YOU WON'T LIKE THE ANSWER,  
WE DON'T TELL THE TRUTH.  
NOT US, THE ONES WITH NO NAME.  
WE'RE JUST THE ONES WITH NO NAME.

THE DAYS ARE TOO LONG,  
THEY JUST TIRE ME;  
PERHAPS I SHOULD HIRE ME SOME FRIEND.

SOMEONE TO TALK TO,  
SOMEONE TO CARE,  
BUT, OH, I'M A MAN WITH NO NAME:  
SHADOW OUTSIDE THE FLAME.

WHEN I GET OLDER  
I'LL GO THERE,  
I'LL NO LONGER SMOLDER WITH SHAME.

I'LL SAY WHAT I THINK,  
FEEL WHAT I SAY  
NO LONGER A MAN WITH NO NAME.

LIGHT UP THE SKY,  
MIGHT HAVE TO DIE,  
ME AND MY GRIEF  
FOR MY NAME.

ASK ME THEN HOW I FEEL,  
I'LL EXPLODE,  
I'LL BIND YOU AND BLIND WITH MY BLAZE.

2X

I'LL OPEN THE NIGHT,  
WITH MY HEART SONG ON BRIGHT;  
BANISH THIS FRIGHT WITH MY LOVE

I'LL BE THE MAN WITH A NAME.  
THAT'S ME,  
A MAN WITH A NAME:  
MY NAME,  
A NAME,  
MY NAME  
A MAN WITH A NAME.

MY NAME,  
A NAME:  
A MAN WITH A NAME.  
MY NAME,  
MY NAME:  
A MAN WITH A NAME.

# I'm The Creep You Forgive

*One of A!'s greatest almost triumphs was the role of a rough Scottish lad, Erroll, who is transformed into a quite delicious young lady by a finishing school headmistress named Mrs. McHiggins in My Fair Laddy. In the original production, A! performed all of the roles for budgetary reasons and in this song, a young man smitten with Erroll sings from afar of his overwhelming and somewhat unconventional attraction.*

I HAVE OFTEN STARED THROUGH  
YOUR BLINDS AT NIGHT;  
WHEN THE LIGHT IS NICE AND LOW,  
GOOD GOD, YOU ARE A SIGHT!  
IT IS INNOCENT,  
BENT, BUT NOT TOO FAR.  
HI! HI! I AM THE CREEP IN YOUR YARD  
  
IN YOUR UNDERWEAR, YOU JUST MAKE ME  
SWOON;  
WHEN YOU TAKE THEM OFF,  
I LOOK AWAY AND HUM THIS TUNE.  
TIGHTY WHITIES, LORD, WHAT I MOST ADORE:  
SEEING YOU IN YOUR BRIEFS, NOTHING MORE  
  
OH, YES! THAT SHIMMERING FABRIC;  
I CAN TOUCH YOU JUST WITH MY EYES!  
THAT SOFT, WHITE GLIMMERING FABRIC:  
HOW IT EXPANDS, CONTRACTS  
WHEN YOU BUT FLEX YOUR THIGHS.  
  
I JUST STAND AND STARE, DEEP EMOTION  
THERE,  
AND NO WHIR WILL EVER STIR ME  
FROM YOUR DERRIERE!  
  
I SO HATE IT, HOW  
YOU GOT CURTAINS NOW.  
PLEASE BE KIND TO THIS CREEP IN YOUR YARD.

*(Spoken)* You barely even know I exist.

YOU CONFRONTED ME  
JUST OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR;  
WHEN I TOLD YOU I WAS SORRY,  
YOU ASKED ME 'WHAT FOR?'  
  
WHEN I SAID I'D SPIED—  
OH, BUT HOW I LIED!  
I SAID SOMEONE (NOT ME) PEEKED INSIDE.  
  
I DID NOT CONFESS, NOT COMPLETELY THEN,  
FEELING FRESH DISTRESS AT WHAT I'D SEEN—  
REMEMBER WHEN YOU PUT ON THAT BRA?  
THAT WAS ALL I SAW.  
SO MUCH MORE THAN SOME CREEP  
YOU CAN'T SEE.  
  
OH, NO! I'VE GOT A NEW FETISH!  
COULD IT BE, PERHAPS, THAT I'M QUEER?  
GOD, NO, IT'S ONLY A FETISH—  
LIKE PLAYING DEAD AND BEING SPAT UPON  
WITH BEER.  
  
I DID NOT SAY THAT;  
I PREFER WHITE WINE.  
GOD, I'M SO CONFUSED,  
I'VE SIMPLY USED TOO MANY LINES.  
I'M A CREEP, IT'S TRUE,  
I BUT LIVE FOR YOU:  
LET ME BE ONE POOR CREEP YOU FORGIVE.

# Don't

*The theater has been peppered with flyers accusing A! of being a fraud. Fighting to remain calm and dignified, A! dismantles the little home s/he created onstage, discarding things and offering advice about what not to do in life.*

DON'T BELIEVE IN FOOLS,  
DON'T BELIEVE IN DRINK.  
HUH!  
DON'T BROADCAST YOUR RULES,  
DON'T BECOME 'I THINK.'  
HUH!

DON'T BELIEVE IN WOW,  
DON'T BELIEVE IN YAWN,  
DON'T DESERT THE NOW,  
DON'T TRY TO BELONG.

DON'T BELIEVE IN LUST.  
OH,  
TRY IT IF YOU MUST.  
BUT  
DON'T COME BACK TO ME  
WHEN IT ALL GOES BUST.  
UGH!

DON'T REACH FOR THE MOST,  
DON'T PLAY SILLY GAME,  
DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS,  
DON'T INVEST IN SHAME.

WHEN EVERYTHING LOOKS SEPARATE,  
THAT'S WHERE THINGS GO WRONG;  
LET GO OF THE INTERNET,  
SHOW YOU'RE REALLY STRONG.

DON'T BELIEVE IN WONT,  
DON'T BELIEVE IN NEED,  
LOSE IT ALL,  
KILL THE CALL;  
LET GO, THEN SUCCEED.

LIFE AIN'T WHAT IT SEEMS,  
DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE.  
HUH!  
DON'T FALL FOR YOUR DREAMS;  
MOSTLY, THEY'RE ALL PIPE.  
HUH!

DON'T BELIEVE THE TERRORS,  
DON'T YOU TAKE TO HIDING.  
DON'T COUNT ALL THE ERRORS,  
TIME IS NOT WORTH BIDDING.

DON'T BELIEVE I WANT TO,  
DON'T BELIEVE I CAN'T,  
DON'T BELIEVE THEY'LL HAUNT YOU,  
DON'T BELIEVE YOUR RANT.

WHEN NOTHING GOES QUITE LIKE YOU WANT,  
TIME TO TAKE THE TURN.  
READJUST THE WOW YOU FLAUNT,  
THAT'S HOW PEOPLE LEARN

DON'T BELIEVE IN HAVE,  
DON'T HOLD ON TO HAD;  
LOSE THE BET,  
YOU'LL BE SET,  
LET GO—NOTHING'S BAD.

I PUT MY TRUST IN LOVE,  
THE LOVE THAT JUST DESTROYS  
ALL NOTIONS OF A GIRL  
ALL OCEANS OF A BOY.

A SEMBLANCE OF SIMPLICITY,  
NOT INJURED BY DUPLICITY;  
THE LOVE THAT MAKES  
I CANNOT TAKE,  
IT BREAKS ME INTO PIECES.

DON'T BELIEVE IN HEAVEN,  
DON'T SPEND TIME IN HELL,  
DON'T GET UP AT SEVEN,  
DON'T LIVE BY THE BELL.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN LOVE,  
THE LOVE THAT JUST DESTROYS  
THE NOTIONS THAT YOU ARE,  
THE MOTIONS IN YOUR PLOYS.



# Don't *(continued)*

THE LOVE THAT MAKES  
WE CANNOT TAKE;  
IT BREAKS US INTO PIECES.

DON'T BELIEVE IN DO,  
DON'T BELIEVE IN DONE,  
DON'T BELIEVE 'I KNEW',  
DON'T BELIEVE 'I WON'.

DON'T BELIEVE IN GLORY,  
DON'T BELIEVE I WON'T,  
DON'T BELIEVE YOUR STORY,  
DON'T BELIEVE 'I DON'T'.

ALL WE'VE GOT IS ONE THING:  
IN AND OUT,  
SING OR SHOUT,  
WE'VE ONLY  
LONELY  
BREATH.

ONLY BREATH,  
ONLY BREATH  
ONLY:  
HHHHHHUH!

# Fire

*A storm of the derogatory leaflets fall from the rafters, interrupting a musical number. A! admits to being a librarian named Larry from Ohio. Wiping away tears and half the make-up from his face, Larry relates how falling in love with a woman and her brother at a community theater in Spelunker, Kansas led to a romantic obsession that shattered Larry's life, leading him to retreat into the fictional character of A!*

THE VIRUS OF DESIRE  
IS A FIRE  
YOU CAN'T CONTROL

A FEATURE OF THE HEAT  
THAT DIES DOWN  
BUT WON'T GO AWAY.

FIRE  
LOVES TO BURN,  
FIRE  
NEVER LEARNS  
WHERE TO STAY  
OR WHEN TO GO AWAY.

FIRE  
MOVES, A FLASH,  
FIRE,  
ALWAYS RASH;  
EMBERS  
SLOWLY DIE.

I STILL HAVE A PASSION  
THAT HOLDS ME,  
I AM NOT FREE.

IT WON'T GO AWAY.  
I HATE TO SAY,  
I LET IT STAY.

FIRE  
HAS NO TACT,  
FIRE  
JUST REACTS;  
WAIT AND SEE,  
YOU'LL BE BURNED LIKE ME.

FIRE  
HAS ITS THIRST  
FIRE  
WILLS ITS WORST  
I DIE  
HIGH AND DRY

WE HAVE MANY SEASONS,  
HOT AND COLD,  
WE DON'T CONTROL.

WEATHER IS OUR CRIME,  
IT ROLLS OUT  
AND GOES ITS OWN WAY.

FIRE  
LOVES TO BURN,  
FIRE  
NEVER LEARNS  
WHERE TO STAY,  
OR WHEN TO GO AWAY.

FIRE  
MOVES, A FLASH  
FIRE  
ALWAYS RASH;  
EMBERS  
SLOWLY DIE.

EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES  
IN ITS CLUTCHES,  
IT TURNS TO ASH.

PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS:  
THEY STING IN THE HAND,  
TURN TO SAND.

FIRE HAS NO TASTE;  
FIRE LAYS TO WASTE  
ALL MY DREAMS.  
I SOFTLY SCREAM, THEN PRAY.

FIRE  
LOVES TO BURN,  
FIRE  
NEVER LEARNS.

FIRE,  
FEEL THE HEAT;  
FIRE,  
FACE DEFEAT:  
SMOKE FLIES OVER ALL.

# Fire *(continued)*

THE NATURE OF DESIRE  
IS A VIRUS  
WE CAN'T DESTROY,

A RAZOR LIKE LASER  
INFECTS US  
AND GETS ITS OWN WAY,  
A WAY,  
TODAY.

# Beausette

*Our Star makes a startling confession about A!'s true nature.*

I HAVE OODLES OF POODLE INSIDE ME;  
IT REALLY IS RUDE TO DERIDE ME.  
I SUSPECT YOU ASSUME  
I'D INFECT THIS WHOLE ROOM  
IF I STARTED TO BARK  
RIGHT BESIDE YOU.  
NO, I NEVER WOULD BARK  
RIGHT BESIDE YOU.

RUFF-RUFF!

AS A POODLE, I DOODLE IN PASSION,  
RULED BY ME, NOT MERE FASHION.  
I'M NOT SIMPLY SOME FREAK,  
I'M LIKE YOU WHEN I SPEAK,  
THOUGH INSIDE I'VE A GROWL WITHIN ME.  
YES, INSIDE I'VE A GROWL WITHIN ME.

RRRRUFF RUFF-RUFF-RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF!  
RRRRUFF RUFF-RUFF-RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF!

MOCK ME IF YOU WILL,  
DENY ME IF YOU CAN,  
I KNOW WHO I AM:  
SOMETIMES A WOMAN,  
OTHERS A MAN;  
SPECIES LIKE STRUDEL,  
PART HUMAN, PART POODLE,  
I AM, I AM, I AIOOOOO!

I'M A POOCHIE WHO SCOOCHIES  
THROUGH MY LIFE,  
NECK IN A NOOSE, WHAT A HIGH LIFE!  
I RESIDE IN A BOX,  
CALL IT HOME, BUT IT'S NOT,  
TRAPPED IN MY PIE-IN-THE-SKY LIFE,  
SLAPPED BY MY WHY-SHOULD-I-LIE LIFE.

RUFF RUFF-RUFF-RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF-RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF!

I'M DISTRESSED AND A MESS IN MY MIDST,  
TRAPPED, YET I'M FREE TO CRAWL OUT  
FROM UNDER MY ME;  
WHY, YES, CAN'T YOU SEE?  
WE'RE ALL REALLY POODLES INSIDE.  
WE'RE ALL JUST ONE POODLE INSIDE.

RUFF RUFF-RUFF RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF RUFF!  
RUFF RUFF-RUFF!

THOUGH YOU JUST MET ME,  
IS OK TO PET ME:  
POODLE IS MADE OUT OF LOVE,  
POODLE IS MADE OUT OF...

LOVE LOVE-LOVE LOVE!  
LOVE LOVE-LOVE!  
LOVE LOVE-LOVE LOVE!  
LOVE LOVE-LOVE!

DOES IT MATTER I SCATTER WHO I AM?  
HA! HOW ABOUT YOU? WE'RE ALL FOOLS.  
WE LIVE IN THIS SKIN,  
WHERE'S THAT STOP, WHERE BEGIN?  
WE PRETEND THAT WE END, BUT WE DON'T;  
FEND FOR OURSELVES, YET WE WON'T  
LET THE POODLES AND PRIESTS  
ALL COLORS AND BEASTS  
OLDER AND YOUNGER  
AND FATTER AND LEAN  
LONGER AND SHORTER  
AND, YES, IN BETWEEN...

**BEAUSETTE!**

Ruff-ruff! Ruff-ruff!

**ANDROGNYKKA!**

Yes—Beausette, is that you?

**BEAUSETTE**

*(Pleading)* Mmm-mmm...

**ANDROGNYKKA!**

You wish to sing?

**BEAUSETTE**

Oui.

GIVE THIS A REST,  
GIVE UP ALL PROTEST,  
ADMIT WHAT YOU AREN'T,  
BECOME WHO YOU ARE:  
YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE  
TO GO FAR.

NO, YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO GO FAR  
TO FIND WHO YOU ARE  
DEEP INSIDE.

WHEN YOU MEET WHO YOU ARE  
DEEP INSIDE.

**ANDROGNYKKA!**

Now, who has treats for me? You?

*(Sniffing)*

I want my treats...Is that rawhide? Who has treats? You have treats in your bag? You? No?

*(Whimpers)*

I smell... oh ...not treats...is scents of your hearts!

YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO GO FAR  
TO FIND WHO YOU ARE  
DEEP INSIDE.

# Venice

*Resuming the role of A!, our Star offers simple advice for dealing with life's difficulties.*

I LOVE TO GO TO VENICE,  
I LOVE TO VISIT WHEN IT'S  
COOL AND CLEAR,  
WHEN SUMMER IS LONG OVER,  
THE AIR IS NICELY ICY  
AND IT'S NOT SO PRICEY.

(Spoken)

Ah, buona sera! Buona sera!

THE GONDOLIERS AREN'T GLOOMY,  
THEIR BOATS GET VERY ROOMY:  
SO SERENE.  
JUST DREAM AWHILE AND WANDER,  
RUN AWAY AND SQUANDER  
ALL YOUR FREE TIME.  
ME TIME.

## ANDROGNYKKA!

Sometimes, life gets lonely and I solve for this. Is pimple: I fall in love. Such exciting time, no? You take someone's hand, look in eyes, and—bank!—it hicks you. You are in love! All you want is to feel that love, and shout it to the candle tips!

COME ON, LET'S GO TO VENICE;  
I'LL NOT BECOME A MENACE,  
JUST YOUR FRIEND.  
IF LIFE IS FEELING HARD NOW  
AND EVERYTHING SEEMS CRAZY,  
THAT'S WHEN LAZY PAYS, SI!

COME DARE TO DREAM OF VENICE;  
YOU NEED TO SEE IT THEN, SO BRIGHT, SO  
BOLD.  
LOOK DEEP INTO THE OCEAN,  
GAZE UP BEYOND BLUE SKY, HIGH,  
I SO LIKE TO FLY THERE...

## ANDROGNYKKA!

Love fakes, like beautiful pattern rug before bright window... sun fakes it. Light that give love, take away. Beloved-gets weight, lover lose interest. Where does love go? Was I imagining...how to get back? I buy ticket. To reminitz. Visit past, in my mine.

I SEE YOU NOW, IN VENICE,  
REMEMBER HOW, IN VENICE;  
WE HAD SUCH DREAMS,  
WE MADE THEM THERE;  
NOT WHAT THEY SEEMED,  
WE CAN'T COMPARE  
WHAT WE ONCE KNEW THERE,  
WITH WHAT BECAME TRUE WHERE

WE REALLY,  
WE REALLY,  
WE HAD TO GO!  
TO GO...TO GO...

## ANDROGNYKKA!

Sometimes love don't just go away, fruit don't turn sour. It fakes in your hand, you cannot help, it drivels and scripts away. Try to stop, but... we are all powermess...powermess...

THINGS DIE A LOT IN VENICE;  
NO DOUBT YOU'LL GET APPRENTICED  
TO YOUR GRIEF.  
I KNOW YOU WILL NOT MIND IT,  
IN FACT, I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT  
QUITE QUITE FREEING, SEEING

A TINY GLIMPSE OF VENICE;  
BE SURE TO VISIT WHEN IT'S RIGHT FOR  
YOU.  
LET NO ONE ELSE DISSUADE YOU  
AND, NO, I WON'T UNBRAID YOU  
IF YOU DON'T GO (BUT DO).

(Spoken)

Ciao, Bella! Ciao!

# Venice *(continued)*

## ANDROGNYKKA!

I had a great love in my life. Gone, now. And when they die, in my arms, in little palazzo overlooking a not so grand canal, I wasn't losing just anyone. I was getting most beautiful city on earth melted into my heart and mammary. Yes... Yes...

YOU MUST JUST GO TO VENICE;  
LIFE IS A SHOW IN VENICE.  
WE'LL SHARE A ROOM,  
OR MAYBE NOT.  
WHO CARES? I'M THERE!  
I KNOW A SPOT:  
THE LEMON GELATO  
WHEN IT IS HOT, OH,

WE REALLY,  
YOU REALLY,  
YOU'VE GOT TO GO!  
TO GO...TO GO...TO GO...

## ANDROGNYKKA!

We will eat, we will drink, we will be so happy! And why? Because everything else, we forget. We are so happy to forget, yes? Except, whenever I remember love as it once was. Then I remember: Don't forget. And I know what to do. So do you, now.

I GOTTA GO TO VENICE;  
I ALWAYS GO JUST WHEN IT'S  
TIME TO GO.

*A! dances with invisible partner, speaks to them in Chetkrupovian, laughs, waltzing delightedly. Partner dissolves and A! is left bereft, alone.*

## ANDROGNYKKA!

Venezia! Venezia!

# About My Order

*Since it is impossible to get rights to American musicals in A!'s native country, A!'s ragtag team must 'adapt' classic golden age musicals, changing the music, lyrics and plots in an effort to escape detection. A! recently discovered a lost flop musical by Julien Ackerman and A.A. Milne, based on Milne's beloved children's tales about a certain fuzzy honey bear. A! performs an updated version of a song that later became renowned via another, much more successful musical after the composer Julien reverted from his pen name to his real name: Kurt Weill.*

HI, I'D JUST GONE ONLINE  
LAST SUNDAY,  
I HAD PLENTY OF SHOPPING TO DO,  
WHEN I SAW THAT YOUR WEBSITE  
HAD THIS SALE ON,  
IT WAS ENDING AT HALF PAST TWO.

SO I CLICKED,  
THOUGH I KNEW I SHOULD NOT.  
YES, I CLICKED  
AND I INSTANTLY KNEW.  
IT WAS ODD,  
OH MY GOD,  
I WAS SWEATING,  
DID NOT KNOW WHERE TO GO,  
WHAT TO DO!

I WAS A FOOL-  
MY BAD-  
IT WAS NOT COOL,  
'T WAS SAD.

I MISSED THE SMALL PRINT  
SAYING THERE'S NO RETURNS.  
I SAW TWO WORDS:  
NICE POT.  
I NOW KNOW BETTER:  
IT'S NOT!

## WINNIE

This is a stinking... hideous...unfortunate misunderstanding.

THERE'S A PORTAPOTTY  
LIVING IN MY BACK YARD.  
IT'S YOUR PORTAPOTTY  
ON MY CREDIT CARD.  
LIME GREEN PORTAPOTTY.  
IT ARRIVED NONE TOO CLEAN,  
ALL GROTTY. GROSS, OBSCENE.  
BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I WRITE

YOU SHOULD KNOW NOW  
I WON'T GO MENTAL,  
I AM REALLY NOT THAT KIND OF BEAR.  
EXCEPT ONCE, AND THE REASON  
WAS QUITE DENTAL,  
THOUGH I GUESS YOU DON'T  
REALLY CARE.

MY POINT IS-  
WELL WHAT IS MY POINT HERE?  
I'M A NICE BEAR AND I PAY MY BILLS,  
BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT A TOILET  
THAT IS BLOCKING OUR VIEW OF THE HILLS.

DON'T WANT YOUR LOVE,  
I'M NOT ASKING FOR THAT, GOSH, NO,  
I JUST WANT A CHANCE  
TO CORRECT MY MISTAKE.  
HAVE PITY ON ME,  
AND I'LL PAY ANY FEES.  
OH, PLEASE!

## WINNIE

You've no idea how much I've edited this. I'm trying not to be... pissy.



# About My Order *(continued)*

I CAN SMELL THE BAD AIR  
AND IT'S NOT VERY NICE.  
A RUDE SMELL, IT'S NOT FAIR:  
I HAVE PAID MY PRICE.

WON'T YOU PLEASE TAKE IT BACK  
BEFORE MY HEART ATTACK?  
I'LL PAY THE FREIGHT RETURN  
AND I SWEAR I HAVE LEARNED.

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENED, SINCE LAST I WROTE YOU  
'BOUT THAT LOO THAT I BOUGHT BACK IN JUNE.  
THERE'S THIS FELLOW LIVING THERE RIGHT INSIDE IT.  
TO BE FRANK, HE CAN'T HOLD A TUNE.  
NOW, HE SINGS DAY AND NIGHT ALL OFF-KEY;  
WORSE THAN THAT, HE'S NOW CHARGING A FEE.  
IT IS TEN POUNDS FOR ME JUST TO PEE THERE,  
THAT'S A LOT FOR ONE HONEY BEAR!

MY FRIENDS ARE MAD AT ME,  
THEY CAN'T AFFORD HIS BOARD.  
PLEASE SEND A RAIL TICKET-  
MAKE IT FIRST CLASS-  
HE WANTS HIS LUXURY,  
WE CRAVE A PLACE TO PEE.

WINNIE

Please, we just want you to take Enrico back. That's all. Just take him back right now. Today. But...

LEAVE OUR PORTAPOTTY.  
WE'VE ALL CLEANED IT A LOT.  
IT'S OUR PORTAPOTTY,  
BEST THING I EVER BOUGHT.  
ARE THERE WAYS WE MIGHT PAY  
SMALL INSTALLMENTS EACH WEEK?  
A BUSH IS NOT SO GAY.

WINNIE

Oh, one more thing...PS:

DOES THE SEAT COME IN TEAK?

WINNIE

Yours very truly, Winnie the Poop.

# Fabby!

*A! admits to a new and somewhat unconventional predilection.*

I WANT A GREAT BIG HUMP OF A MAN;  
LITTLE JIGGLE IN THE GIGGLE OF HIS CAN.  
WHEN WE JUMP INTO A SACK,  
I WANT SOME WIGGLE IN THAT BACK.  
DON'T LIKE MY GUY TOO THIN,  
GIMME EPITOME OF SKIN.  
DON'T MEAN I LIKE 'EM FAT,  
JUST WANNA SEE WHERE THEY HAVE SAT,  
FOR ME,  
FOR ME,  
FOR ME:

I LOVE FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FLAB FLABBY MEN.

NO ONE HOLDS A CANDLE  
TO A MAN WITH BUILT-IN HANDLES;  
WHEN A GUY IS NICE AND THICK,  
IS MUCH MUCH BETTER THAN A GREAT BIG—

LICORICE'LL DO,  
CREAM PIE'S RICHER;  
GIMME BOLTS IN LIEU OF SCREWS,  
CATCHER, NOT A PITCHER.

I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FLAB  
FLABBY MEN.  
I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
I DO

I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FLAB FLABBY MEN.  
I LOVE FLABBY MEN,  
I DO.

I CRAVE A GREAT BIG WRECK OF A GUY;  
THOSE ROUGH EDGES IN HIS HEDGES  
MAKE ME CRY.  
WHEN WE GO OUT ON THE TOWN,  
I DON'T MOVE UP, I TRAVEL DOWN;  
DON'T LIKE MY MAN TOO SLICK,  
I PREFER THEM BUILT LIKE BRICK.

DON'T MEAN I LIKE 'EM DRUNK,  
OR SMELLING LIKE SOME SKUNK;  
YOU KNOW,  
YOU KNOW,  
YOU KNOW:

I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FLAB  
FLABBY MEN.

NOTHING MAKES ME WARMER  
THAN A MAN'S EXPANDING DORMER;  
AND SINCE IT'S JUST BETWEEN US:  
PAUNCH SUITS ME MUCH MORE THAN...

LICORICE'LL DO,  
CREAM PIE'S RICHER;  
GIMME BOLTS IN LIEU OF SCREWS,  
CATCHER, NOT A PITCHER.

I LOVE FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FAB FLABBY MEN.  
I LOVE FLABBY MEN,  
I DO.

I LOVE A SMOOTH WIDE HIDE IN A DUDE—  
MAKES ME SHAKY QUAKEY WHEN HE'S NUDE.  
IF WE TAKE IT TO THE SHEETS,  
I WANNA GUY WHO EATS HIS TREATS.  
THICK ALL THROUGH THE PECS,  
GRAB THOSE ABS AND NAB THOSE NECKS;  
GUYS WHO ARE TOO SKINNY  
WILL NEVER MAKE ME WHINNY  
BECAUSE,  
BECAUSE,  
BECAUSE:

I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FLAB  
FLABBY MEN.

# Fabby! *(continued)*

ONCE I HAD A DADDY—  
OR WAIT, WAS HE MY LADDY?  
DON'T MATTER, HE WAS FATTER  
THAN AN ALL-BEEF PATTY THAT YOU CHEW CHEW...!

LICORICE'LL DO,  
CREAM PIE'S RICHER;  
GIMME BOLTS IN LIEU OF SCREWS,  
CATCHER, NOT A PITCHER.

I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
FABBY FLABBY FAB FLAB  
FLABBY MEN.

I LOVE  
FLABBY MEN,  
I DO!  
YOU TOO?  
MON DIEU!  
WOO-HOO!

# Where Do I Go?

*As the evening comes to a close, Andrognykka! prepares for bed and floats through a surprising dreamworld.*

WHO AM I NOW,  
WHO WAS I THEN?

THOUGHTS ALL SUBSIDE,  
THE WORLD GROWS  
SO DARK

WHO AM I THEN,  
WHO WAS I NOW?

I CANNOT SUBSCRIBE  
TO THIS BEING SOME LARK.  
CANNOT DESCRIBE  
WHERE I GO  
WHEN I PARK  
IN MY BED  
IN THE DARK,  
PAST THE SCHEMES  
AND THE DREAMS,  
THE THINKING THAT SPARKS  
ALL MY SEEMING THAT SCREAMS....

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE  
WE GO WHEN WE DIE;  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
WHERE SLEEP REALLY LIES.

WE'RE LOST AT THE WHEEL,  
NOTHING SEEMS REAL;  
DAYLIGHT COMES BACK,  
BUT NEVER REVEALS:

WHERE DID I GO,  
WHO AM I WHEN?  
I DO NOT KNOW;  
DOES IT MATTER, THEN?

## ANDROGNYKKA!

Every night we travel, go deep and if lucky, we wake up refreshed. Yes? How is that? Don't need passport, or plane ticket. Yet we travel, we go beyond. Beyond.

WHERE DO I GO  
WHEN I DON'T KNOW IF I AM?  
WHO MIGHT I BE—  
QUEEN OF SIAM?

I'M NOT SHE,  
NOT ROYALTY;  
I AM BUT  
A SLEEPING  
SHADOW.

WHO AM I THEN,  
WHEN I DOZE, ALL ASLUMBER?  
I DON'T RECALL  
ANY SHEEP, OR THEIR NUMBER.

I FORGET  
MY REGRET,  
I BECOME  
SOME BODY,  
WAITING.

## ANDROGNYKKA!

I once tie my finger to a stool of golden thread. When I fell asleep and went away, it would at least tell me how far I go at night. Right? Right?

*(A! goes to bed, falls asleep, and dreams.)*

WHERE DO I GO,  
WHEN MY DREAMS FALL AWAY,  
WHO AM I THEN,  
AT THE END OF MY DAY?

AT NIGHT I REST,  
HA, THERE'S MY TEST;  
WHO CAN SEE?  
WHO RECALLS  
WHO'S ME?

# Where Do I Go? *(continued)*

## ANDROGNYKKA!

In my dream, I look down, and end of my thread is now not stool, but entire world and is dragging me down, I am sinking into black mud! Oliver Sutton, silver scissors appear and cut my thread. Everything falls away and I am flying, yes, sorting high, across consternations, into starlife...and beyond.

WHO AM I NOW,  
AS I STAND HERE BEFORE YOU?  
GLITTER AND GOLD,  
OLD NOT AFRAID.

I'M NOT ME,  
I'M ROYALTY;  
EVERY EVE  
I'M  
SLEEPING BEAUTY.

WHO CAN RECALL  
WHERE WE GO IN THAT DARK TIME?  
WHO DISAPPEARS,  
WHO RETURNS?

WHEN YOU BREATHE  
INSIDE THIS SHEATHE,  
WHO IS IT  
WHO CANNOT,  
WILL NOT,  
REMEMBER...?

WHO AM I NOW,  
WHO WAS I THEN?  
THOUGHTS ALL SUBSIDE;  
THE WORLD GROWS SO DARK:  
WHO AM I THEN?