

AI

(Off stage, we hear crys of 'Puuuuuuuuu'.
THREE KYOGEN enter dressed as mosquitoes.)

AI KYOGEN: (singing)
When the wind is still
and the sky is dark,
We will buzz from far to near
Looking for a drop of something fresh
To bite upon the rear.

We buzz through the swamp
So we can't see a damn thing
But we can smell blood.
So hungrily we sing:
(repeat 'When the wind...')

ONE: If I dine on rat again tonight, I will
surely get sick. I hope we can find a more
succulent host.

TWO: I am certain I smelt something very
tasty. On a night as still as this, we can
travel miles if we have to. (singing)

We buzz buzz buzz low to the ground
Hungry mosquitoes, we
Searching for some tasty human blood
To fill our empty bellies

All: When the wind is still
and the sky is dark,
We will buzz from far to near. (Etc)

TWO: Oh, look, oh look, I spy something very
mouthwatering and fresh!

ONE and THREE: Eh?

TWO: Two large pieces of innocent flesh.

ONE: Mmmmm. Let me at them!

THREE: Wait a minute, wait a minute! Be
careful! He sleeps with his mouth open.
Remember what happened to our other
companion, old Harry the Mooch!

ONE: What?

TWO: What?

THREE: Well, he tried to drink from a sleeping
lip. The food was snoring and he was
swallowed up.

TWO: Horrible, horrible.

ONE: There is plenty of other flesh to bite.
(approaches) Hmm. I think I'll try a
piece of his foot. (draws closer but is
repelled.) Net! Net! Net!

TWO and THREE: (Variously) Net! Net! Net!

[They all sit down.]

ONE: Wait... if we but wait... maybe....

TWO: Maybe....

ONE: Maybe they will have to leave the net.

THREE: Maybe they will have to... go.

TWO: And when they step out side of that
circle...

All: We will wait.

[They wait. Presently, Kyogen TWO and
THREE get fidgety.]

ONE: E-HEM (beat)
It is said, 'Waiting Builds Character.' By
this they mean, "Food does not grow on
trees." And they also mean, "Warm blood
flows for those who wait."

(Pause)

The anticipation of food is an aspect of
food itself. The more one waits, the more
one appreciates his comestibles.

In one's life, one finds one must wait for
any number of things: For night, for the
rain to stop, for mating season, and, yes,
even for food. These are all important
things and important things are to be
waited for. It is these things that make us
who we are.

So it is said, "Waiting builds Character"

(Pause)

I'M STARVING!

[Suddenly they all stand and travel in a
haphazard pattern around the stage.]

ALL: (Speaking variously) No, I'm too
hungry! How long? I can't, I can't! I'm
dying, I'm dying. I'm starved!

THREE: (Stopping) Stop! Stop! We won't have
to wait long!
Do you see what I am hovering against?

ONE and TWO: Eh?

THREE: It is the old grave mound. It is
quivering ever so slightly. I think our old
friend is afoot.

TWO: MMMMMmmmmouth-watering.

ONE: Oh, sloppy seconds! The blood he
leaves is always cold.

THREE: Still, better than swamp rat...

TWO: He can always draw them out. And if
we're quick, we can get them while they
stand there petrified like these old pine
trees.

All: Puuuuuuuuuuu!

THREE: The devil song! Sing the devil song!

[Song]

ONE: Poor Mistress Leads had all she had
Too many children and all of them bad
When she had the thirteenth son
She cried, "The devil take this one!"

TWO: The Devil in Hell, you know, he heard.
He took Mama Leads at her word.
He taught the son all he knew.
Into a monster the child grew.

ONE: Mistress Leads then made a pact
To try and get her child back
The contract to fill with any dead men,
The family of Leads was the first to end

THREE: So the dammed will send heaven more
souls.
And corrupt the bodies of the lives he stole.
Watch where you step in the sandy swamp
There are vines that grab and trees that
stomp.

ALL: Thirteen times thirteen times thirteen more
And only the Devil is keeping score.
Thirteen times thirteen times thirteen more
Sets one at last on the heavenly shore.

Puuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

THREE: Let's find the demon and hover around
his light.

ONE: Eh? Light? Not the light! We hate the
light.

THREE: It will surprise them!

TWO: You are a tricky insect.

ALL: (Singing as they exit)
We buzz through the swamp
We can't see a damn thing
But we can smell blood
So Hungerly we sing.

When the wind is still &tc

[Exit]