

TWO: THE ICE LAND ICE ARENA

cold eyes blue eyes cold eyes

dead eyes red eyes dead eyes

what breaks the eyes skates up and down

the eyes

up, the eyes down

the eyes, cold eyes bite

cold eyes blue eyes cold eyes

on thin eyes, you're on thin eyes

skating, wound on eyes, skating

red eyes

A-20 Aircraft— Wagner's Valkyries

knows, dives

a soldier's nerves

Chassis— grief stains, skeleton

of screaming metal priceless lie-down

Engine— auto-translation

power supply

with mess, with

Wooden Box— ice jamming

coffin-lidded

gorged on 8s

Runestone— hell-raised

audience guide

all, different voices

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FRANK ZAMBONI

Listen up all you spectating spectators out there; I don't even want to get near this pre-copulatory castration match! Brody's getting some good licks in though! Looks like we're up to about four good shots with the ol' right hookarm! And another one! And another one! Throwin' some rights, their skates are all locked up! Waltzin' all around! They are in a battle and it looks like Brody knows it. He started this thing, but will he finish? And, wow, he throws a hard left! And another left on ol' First-In-Line! Wow, he's bleeding all over the place! Look at 'em go! And another one! You know what they say: first-in-line, first-to— Oh, now Brody's pushing a little bit! Pushing a little more! And he throws a right! Wow, they're going at it pretty good! It's a regular jersey-yanker! Yes, friends. Brody's got the sweater over him! He's got the sweater over him now! Oh my, was that the left hand or the right hand?! Well, it looks like it's all over anyway. Yes, it's all over for First-In-Line and Brody comes out of it smiling! He is grinning from ear to ear! Blood, sweat, and tears all over the Ice Land Ice Arena!

SOUND: NunnhhNunnhh
NunNunNun NunnhhNunnhhh
NunNunNun NunnhhNunnhhh
NunNunNunNunNunhNunhNunnhh

FRANK ZAMBONI

Ughh, it's going to take me all night to clean up this mess. Please, somebody, do me a favor and phone up the closest meat wagon! God knows they won't believe *me* about all this red, red white.

all you 8n't en nt to ar ths pre-cpltory ation tch Brdys ging g8t 8smgd 8 lks in thgh lllllkshots w8 th ollll r8ght 88 888 888888888 888888888 hookarmnd 8 ather on hrowin 88 locked up Waltzin battle rows hrd lefnd 8

jrsyankres ear8 ear8 bldsweatttears all ovr the Ice Land Ice Arena

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Impressed with my mess?

IRIS

What kind of impression were you aiming for?

BRODY (winking)

My biggest break. A my-primetime's-up type of commercialized break. I'm no amateur when it comes to negotiations, but I'm willing to offer you my head. I'm willing to sacrifice myself to continue the species. This is an institution of unsportsmanlike policies and I'm doing my best to generate a little public interest. What about your interests? Don't you want to be remembered for devouring the best? Aren't you interested in raising the ticket prices? Raising the seats? You see the seats out there? Think about the future.

IRIS

Yes, I see them. I see the seats. But I'm not interested in any cost-controlling. I'm not looking for an elite-level pest to do some investing. Do you know what that means MVP? My hornet net's not interested in your televised MTV shootout.

BRODY

You're a same ol' story snake. That's what you are. Shedding the same ol' goaltender skins. But you'll come around. You'll coil around me one day. One day you'll lose those capoeira legs of yours and slither away from that net on your earthly underbelly.

IRIS

I feel like the stadium's stadium. I am never outside of you. You green lycra-smooth males expect me to be a symmetry of doors and windows. Something to press up against. Something to enter whenever you please. I'm not a *same ol'story*. I'm not many stories at all. Not even a half-story. Not to you. You think I'm more of a half-story stairwell, a continuation of your part. Something to ascend. A corridor to handrail yourself into. Another unsolvable crime scene in the grid garden of red and blue. A crime scene carrying a gas lamp, cowing out calcium oxide, in the limelight, in the money pit. You want me to be your jointless joint plan, your mascot passage onto the ice. You don't want me to be real.

BRODY

I want you to be real. I want us to be real. I want us to be primetime real. I want us to be ektachrome real.

IRIS

I am a nearly rectangular slab to you, pieces of a microscope-slided organism.

BRODY

What the hell do you think you're doing?!

IRIS

Generating public interest.

THE RUNESTONE RISES FURTHER UNTIL IT REACHES TOP-HEAVY STATUS NEW WORDS SLOWLY RISE OUT OF THE ICE

svans flicka

orm flicka för

ormars ormsvans

knäpp

orm ram

en orm spel

en sinnesstämning

ett spel för

ormar

tail girl

snake girl

serpent's serpent tail

snaps

snake frame

a snake game

a frame of mind

a game for

snakes