



 MickleDesignWerks

KRYPTIKA (an upscale comedy sketch)

[Scene: a palace party in Monte Carlo. In this monologue, a Russell Brand type will attempt to seduce a mute Lindsay Lohan-ish princess, and recover some jewelry she may or may not have swiped.]

(Aside) “Oh, my feet hurt, and she is sitting down in the last armchair. It’s terribly unfair...but she is so...so...”

“Excuses-moi, Mademoiselle Kryptika. You know I am yourszzzz, ahem I am yourszzzzz- Ahem (??) I am your Zorba!” (Pause.) ”Sorry, I just need a little winding up. Hola, senora! I am your Zorba sin-Ger...”

“Come on! How can you not remember me? I clutch my chest-a! Do you not know-a, ya got my heart-a, it’s-a racing 2000 miles an hour? It’s true, here-” (Holding out ‘heart’) “-you are, Mademoiselle Kryptika. And how expensive- ahem- expansively radiant you are tonight. Wow!”

(Holding a stern finger up) “But yet, it’s a stra-a-ange political world out there.” (Wagging finger) “So, naughty young princesses? better be watching they head!” (Furtively) “Psst. Watch out for bitter snipers. Stalkarazzi. With rifles. They stop at nothing these days, ya know.”

(Strolling over to an imaginary punch bowl, pouring a ‘drink’) “Now I’ve spiked my third fruit punch, but unfortunately there is nothing much left to munch on... Just a sec. Uh oh. Who’s that new player striding across the gallery room? Keep double checking to see if she’s tracking him too.”

“Hey, some multi-nation diamond mogul was just rolling by. You want that guy, Kryptika? Huh? You want that guy? Well, well, well. You’d better hurry, he’s leaving around the corner. That fool is driving an” (grudging) “Opal. Gold dentistry pimping like he was divine... Here, let me help you with that limp arm, come on, be polite now and wave Bye Bye.”

(Spitefully) “He’s just SO happy with his engineered global universe.” (Quickly circling behind K.) “Like an iPhone, I bet he’s the latest Apple of your eye, isn’t he, darling?... What’s he got inside that I don’t?”

(Into her other ear) “I’m sooooo curious. What *are* you trying to pull here, Kryptika?” (Massaging her neck) “I hear you are devoutly seeking to land a Man of Quality? Of gentility? Dis moi, demoiselle, I think it’s high time you look at me! Over here, eyeballs, hel-lo-o!”

(Lisping) “I bet that, dethpite a-a-all these choitheth you thee here, you are feeling th-tymied, right? Why-” (leaping around to front of K., using a deep voice:) “-have you been avoiding me?” (Squinting) “Ooo, laser beams instead of eyes. Well then, I shall just take a couple of steps to the right. And leave you behind, to your own devices...”

(To himself) “Politely, she will continue agreeing with the regime and its staffers, of course, of course, politely ignoring all their GHASTLY crimes.” (Faking a laugh, snatching a glass from some server’s hand) “Let’s have another sherry! A toast! to those leaders who were once praised by revolutionaries and imperial jokers but now...” (Sobering up) “the third world joke is running dry!” (Smile fading) “Running dry, running dry, ah my. YES EVERYBODY! IT’S TRUE. The supply lines are running dry, so we’re all... gonna... die!” (Sadly) “For what it is worth, here’s mud in your eye!”

“Oh dear. Kryptika, here we are again, eye to eye. What? You made me feel bad, so leave me be now! But wait, wait, first, let me ask you one question: what DOES have worth on earth, princess Kryptika? Is it: sprawling on the ground, trashed, during vacations in Aruba?” (Pause.) “Mademoiselle Kryptika, relaxed and rolling around on the breezy shore! The sun, the warm ocean...and every inch... of me... Mm-mm-mm... What else worthwhile could there possibly be? That you hope to score? You’ve already GOT everything else.”

“You’ve bought me low, you know. (Grandly) “Don’t you want to sell... high?” (Examining her jewelry) “High R.O.I., like for

example, those bloody Boer War diamonds on that necklace you are rocking tonight. Ooo. Priceless!” (Taking a closer look) “Hm, but I wonder what could they BUY us? Does your ambition sparkle more than your bling, darling? I can’t decide, darling.” (Putting arms romantically around her neck, magically unclasping her necklace.) “Pardon me, but I’ll be taking away this piece now! I know it is long overdue to be returned to its rightful owner.”

(Giddily dancing away, dangling the necklace, taunting) “Diamonds! Diamonds are always calling out to you, Kryptika, can’t you hear us? Try us! Try us! It’s just borrowing unless you buy us! After all, Kryptika,” (Loving on the necklace, stroking it) “it was their South African sparkle that smuggled YOU into such high society, oh, prettiest of the ball!”

(K. takes a pistol out of her purse: it stops him) “Oh. Oh well, in THAT case I’ll be slowly reaching for the sky, darling. I didn’t notice you were packing heat ... en route back from Bondage-a-gogo, I presume. Here’s the ‘necklace’, safely back in your very persuasive hands. There you go. Ahhhh.” (Unfazed) “What a beautiful day. Lovely curtains.”

“You know, as I look at your face, I am so drawn in. Now seriously, don’t deny me! Don’t deny me access to your sexy, shapely little... (Stepping back) Uh oh laser beam alert! I meant, um, access to your shapely... clique! Your friends, yes, just look at all these hot chicks with all their tight, pinchable asses, all shoe-horned into WASP-ish fascist fashions. Look at us, we’re models, everyone walk this way, talk this way. Fashions that they cocoon in just to, like, please the flippest masses, pshaw.”

“So these are all, like, your pals, Kryptika? (Lisping) “Your strange posse of fat debutantes in party hats, omigod! What an odd bunch. Bet they just lo-ove being undressed. In my mind.”

“Yikes! Baby would you put away that damn GUN... Oh! Oh! ouch oops! (Falls down) See you’ve made me slip and trip, but perhaps it’s just that you like to watch radicals crawling on their asses? Trying to g-g-get away from your cockroach spray, but soon, dahling,” (hypnotic voice) “once you relax deeply and put

that silly pistol away...the rebels will obey, anyway. Like, okay you want kow-towing? Here I am, on bended knee, see?"

"And as I was saying, O princess, us rebels promise to obey you and your multichannel...your glorious MTV multi-Diamond Channel! Your huge, sweeping multidimensional, New World Order!!"

"Where all you have to do is order up from the Menu of the Day. So Madam, you wish to order up the...palatial, multi-million dollar Aquarium?" (pause.) "To live in. Dishy! Will you be rare, medium or well done?" (pause.) "Splendid choice. The Glass Tank! Ooo. They'll be killing themselves with envy, you know. The little people will be dying to see all those priceless goodies you'll accumulate. Including-

(Suddenly snatches away her pistol) "This! Aha! Now the tables have turned again, eh, Mademoiselle Kryptika! Does the metal feel cold against your forehead? It's like a return to the chilly age of highway stage coach robbery! A golden age that's alas passing away." (Debonair, aside) "And, though they were dandy in their own way, I think all robber barons should be" (angrily) "FIRED-" (Tossing the 'gun' aside. Sitting down on K's lap) "-from this play. Phew. Good thing it wasn't loaded."

(Stroking her hair) "All better then?... Now listen to me, Kryptika. With Honesty, and, by, um, rising above all the blood diamond bling" (glancing over at the tossed gun) "with no further gangster-wishes, you'll find that the most important language is:" (Throwing a passionate fist in the air) "Truth! Speaking the Truth!" (Leaping up, as if to preach) "Truth, for which I, I yearn! I yearn!"

(Slowly) "...always to serve you, princess, as I turn, in slow motion, like a P.A. Replacing this here waiter, balancing hors d'oeuvres on his silver tray which I'll now take, merci, as I say" (French accent) "Mademoiselle? Encore du caviar? Please deeg in, but do not peeg out, like certain officers across ze room have done. Some of zose arrogant militareests are murderers! Zut alors! Monsters! But while zey buy endless upgrades, for zeir hi-technology toys weeth which zey like to play, I will speen round

my media message, child. Check it, I'm a lay it on you b-boy style:"

"You be down for some mo'? You just loadin' and lockin down your sense of security, with some high tech show. All them gidgety-gadgets be Superexpensive... Just like you, all sparkle and glow. Just a little" (Rubs on her lap, like a male lap dancer) "pricey tinsel for a ho ho ho."

"Tray onto side table. Done. But oh! Aren't you such a pretty fish, Mademoiselle Kryptika, and I'll drink to that! So beautiful, and inspiring too, I must confess. And I hear you are quite the mighty night-life goddess? Tasty, but--oi, this glass is history! (Tosses away the glass. Crash.) "Now I know I'm much too sexy for ya. Here, or in Berlin, or in Odessa, I like hittin' on ya in ya tiny dress-a." (Wiggling eyebrows alternately, then aside) "I'm just fishing for that one perfect swimmer..."

(Squeezing her face with one hand) "Well? Are you the one? Will you be a big baby pouting" (Shaking her face) "after your inevitable decrowning?" (Removing her tiara and tossing it away) "There. Tiara, schmiara. Without all your shmancy packaging, how exotic are you underneath? Oh la la!!! Can't complain. Still quite exotic indeed!" (Making her stand up, faking a 'ripping' sound. Hand upon hip) "Jethuth Chritht, hon. Did you rip zith gown thtepping on or off the catwalk? Thank God I've got needle and thread on me. It's just tho dangerous out on that runway, thithter. It'th like ithce up there!"

(Standing up slowly, rubbing against K on the way up. Hetero voice) "We've got to set free your BURNing desires, don't you wanna FLING?" (As if tearing the gown strap off her shoulder) "it all off? One spaghetti strap, two spaghetti strap. ALL the way off! That's better. Let zese puppies breathe." (Maneuvering her back against the wall) "Oui oui, for zis naked ritual bliss, with you sandwiched up against the wall, will be like ancient wiz-" (closer and closer) "-dom, let's you and me share our first precious kiss... then... Please oh please mmmm your lips like pretty neon jewels!!"

“No? Very well, never mind, I can still make love to your neck and arm, all the way down to these flashy rings on these greedy fingers.” (Aside) “Later, me gonna have to sing praises to your bling bling. And, yes, even to your shiny tiara, miss. Me I prefer to sport me a man hat...when I’m grinding all up on ya oh oh oh OH YEAH!!” (Hip pumping, then fake ‘climax’ against her) “UGH!” (Pause.)

(Suddenly Pepe le Pew accent, slow dancing with K.) “Seriously now, Kryptika. Eet eez only you and me, oui oui oui, my o my cherie! Now baby, tell me truthfully, who are you working for zese days? KGB? KKK? What do you say? Which way do your agendas point today?” (Dipping her close to the ground) “Aujourd’hui, ce soir, it’s time to oink. If I lay you down, sweet princess, perhaps would you like to boink?” (Tipping head back and yelling to the ceiling) “OYEZ!” (British nobleman’s voice) “Why, what a splendid idea.” (They lay down on the carpet by the hearth.)

“Exercise! I can do pushups carefully over you, so as not to touch your precious hoo hoo...But what say we quickly conclude this preliminary interview view. By steering and guiding me... more deeply into you.” (Easing body down onto K.) “Are you now feeling more wild?” (blinking sweetly) “My semi-innocent child? Through your gown, I feel you wanting me to PLOW through ALL of your FLOWers and ALL your DEsires! Squeeze me hug me! Immobile and silent still, frankly... you and I need to be a mated pair so come on, Kryptika! Let me through your flaming hoops already! “

(Aside) “Ah, she starts gently bumping against me uglies, down under. Think I’m about to-” (Rolling over together, so that K. is now on top) “flip for her! Literally. But what’s this? She rolls me back again, so I’m on top! Hmm... Your way is indeed cryptic, uh-huh. Your code is rather like your nipples, when I go to bite them: oops! Uncrackable, as yet, by my cipher busting department. Fear not, I haven’t got barracuda teeth.” (Gnashes teeth on her nips.)

“Come o-o-on, let’s get up! Let us escape and hide in some room. I shall lead the way! Let us go, Kryptika, before the

empire collapses upon our heads. We can't get into very much trouble down here... but upstairs??" (Playfully) "Ooo, I'll race you up the banisters, my pet!" (Aside) "Ho, I shall hide in one of these chambers. Ooo, l'amour-r-r! And which one shall be the bedroom of sin? She's catching up with me, that little rutting fox. I can't wait to play with my eel in her sandbox!"

"Aw, there you've caught me, my love, with that Deadly serious look in your eyes. But Kryptika my pretty, I have to know something first. Are you pure?" (Pause.) "Are you at least 50% pure?" (Pause.) "Not even a smidgen pure?"

"It'll be a Monte Carlo gamble then." (She breaks away and flops herself down on to the bed) "Whore, go on and keep rolling yourself round on these silk sheets of... allure. AND THAT'S ONE FINE ASS YOU GOT, Kryptika, that's for sure. Teasing the leading play-ah— (Jumping on the bed) "Your sexy kisses become my cure."

(Madly embracing.) "I think she's a kissaholic! But it's alright! Cuz I'm secretly advancing." (Edging a hand up her thigh) "I'm up to her 21 yard line, can't stop me! It's third and go. Hm. The coach is signaling, go for the touchdown pass..." (Grabbing her panties and suddenly yanking them off) "Her pricey fabrics shred! OH YEEEEEEES!"

(A mutual ripping off of clothes while:) "Oh is this a Brazilian wax, my sweet? Thanks! (Dirty dancing on knees with K.) "This house music beat is rad, this magnificent 4 poster bed is neat—" (Ripping away the remainder of her clothing) "in which we shall soon be fucking free! Baby," (Singing) "You are so beautiful... to me! You can leave the bling bling necklace on."

(Stopping, wide-eyed, scanning the walls) "Oo I feel like my inner space is all connected to outer space!"

(Scans the ceiling. She straddles.) "There's this tantric DJ downstairs, but he's missing out on the loveliest pair!" (Mocking) "All dem uptight London MPs who've been bought off by BP. They're all GETTING OFF tonight on BPMs & MP3s! All dem cocktail prisses." (Bobbing heads together in time to the music) "Yes, they are drinking deep from the Fountain of Hypocrisy" (Grinding in time to the music) "while

Kryptika and me, we'll just be riding the boogie da beat, ever more hypnotically...." (He magically removes her necklace.)

(They make love, fade out.)



T.A.G.G.E.D.S.L.A.G.S.

(Two Artsy, Gregarious, Gorgeous, Educated, Damn Sexy Ladies as my Generous Sponsors)

I spot her kicking the keg.

But I choke. Being such a social retard and a terminal wanker, it's inevitable. As she turns to me, a lustrous and fluid German accent rolls off her tongue.

Ach, it shivers me timbers. It tents my eyebrows upwards, in fact.

She then reaches to the left and pulls closer the head of her pretty friend. The two of them, cheek-to-cheek and looking mighty flirt-astic for a cellphone photo op.

“Ve are havink such a wonderful evenink!”

Then, casually as all anything, the fraulein asks me: “So...do you do threesomes?”

(What? What? What kind of soiree have I crashed?)

“My girlfriend here und I,” she continues, “Ve tink ve vanna spice up dis party, ja! And ve know ALL about you. So you like to come upstairs vit us? Ve vill test if you are any good or no.” She winks. “I am super serious, you know. We tink you are hot.”

Her girlfriend giggles in agreement. But with my tight schedule? In my pocket, I flick my cellphone to SHUT UP.

And I get stuck in this button-pushing moment, scrambling to recalibrate my ENTIRE reality. Am I recovering quickly enough? I don't know. Who are these two, really? Industrial spies? “You say you know all about ME?”

I am rubbing hot little circles onto the ice cubes in my Grey Goose greyhound, and staring down at one sensitive neck.

Oh, they've got to be pulling my leg. They know all about me? Not likely. I cock my head back a bit. My smile descends into a belly laugh. A dynamic duo? Of delightful dolls? Yeah right. Pinch me, I'm dreaming! I can't even tell what age these sassy euros are: 25, 35? It would be good to nail their ages... before they nail me and then assume they can charge me mad coin for such premeditated pleasure!

What the heck. I decide to test out their phony invitation. Imagine my surprise as I am reaching up under the blouse of hottie number two, when she adds:

"Ja, Radiance, we found you because we vere looking up '**scorpiocraft**' on ze Internet. Sounds like some kind of prehistoric flying vessel, ha ha. Scorpiocraft! Anyway, boom! We find your artvork und odder vebites and ve get totally addicted! And ve say to each other, your music and books is zo funny and trippy und sexy and sci-fi and sometimes very disturbink. And yet very deep und educational too."

"Really?" I respond with disbelief, twirling her nipple like a ham radio dial. "Well. Thank you for appreciating my artistry and all my hard work, mademoiselle." Still playing along, I add: "Perhaps the word has been getting around a bit, then. You like my magnum opus, then? It's been a lifetime of work, really."

The blond leans in to pant into my ear: "Very amazink." I am enjoying caressing her tits immensely. "You do have a broad, international perspective, MC Radiance. Ve appreciate where you are comink from. Oh. My name is Duna."

Her girlfriend adds into my other ear: "Und I am Luna. We tink your whole package must be publicized much more, okay?" She runs her hand up my pant leg. "Show it to ze whole world! Rrrrr. So do you mind if we both help you out yes? Okay, okay, listen: ve vant to be your sponsors of ze Radiance scorpiocraft!"

Duna says: "Ms. Luna und I, ve vant to become your private multi-media patrons, yes? And ve vould like to spread wide for you..." Duna is grappling with my belt buckle. "...some publicity because..."

Luna finishes her sentence: "...because we haf been feeling a buzz tonight!" She gives me a wet kiss. "And also ve are, how you say, feelthy rich. SO. We haf nothink, I mean nothink better to do vith our money! Ha! Tchuss!"

Luna's liquor hand flies in an awkward circle. Half of her rum and coke exits the glass and ends up dripping down the tie of some dude next to the oven.

"Well ladies," I wink, "That must be the sign that it's time for us to get wet? I'm certain I'll be waking up any second. But until then it all sounds deeply appealing." My hand has instinctively flipped open my work cellphone. "Although, now that I think about it, first...first..."

"No no no work!" Duna grabs away my cellular and holds down the off button. She takes me by the hand. "First, first you are comink upstairs to play, big boy!"

They start to maneuver me across the kitchen. Ah well. Duty calls. I must not get distracted! I must not get distracted! Oh please don't let this be a con!



CUM AND GET IT, BABY

Are you ready?
I spread you
knee from knee I'm coming
in your world like a
honeybee. I know just how to flow
your
molasses, don't think I'm just an
owl
in glasses! I'm more than merely
going down:
I'm showing you my kingly
crown! Now sweetly
turn your booty round eyeballing
what's erect and
proud!

It's getting taller
cuz you're a
star, babe. You're on my limb,
are u too
far, babe? You're bobbing,
bobbing on my knob now, like a penguin
head
tick-tockin' as I'm growling like
a timber
wolf. You sexy angel,
raise the
roof! I'm rubbing
softly
upside down your pussy
cat likes to
meow!

Oh, this is the deepest way (you know me)
Soon back for more, like Wile E. Coyote.
C-C-Cum and get it, baby.

Don't need to beg,
it's clear you're glowing!
Our love's a giant
web that's growing.
Don't make me fetch
da monkey
wrench! I shall untighten you
yet, wench!
I wrap you up,
like an octopus. Your skin
responds (*yeah, I'm good at this*).
You ache now
for more than a slow bed, so I
pound you deep with my shaft-head!

With large white
concentric ears, I hear you
screamin', but it's not from
fears
of my purple wang
in his black triangle,
rotating in you
from every
angle! No, don't be timid!
Clamp on!
Grab it! I'm down your hole
like the white
rabbit! We're royal, baby,
but not angry
swans, so let 'em hear us
squawkin' with full
lungs!

Oh, this is the deepest way (you know me)
Soon back for more, like Wile E. Coyote.
C-C-Cum and get it.

And in my head:
Girls, girls, girls
Like dancin' luminescent green

flies
y'all flirt around but I don't
know why
Maybe you gals should all stop and
tango
with my purple thang in his
triangle!
You need eight legs to hold me
tighter
like some kinda turquoise-legged
spider
I'm gripping you because I'm all
male,
unfurling love like a seahorse
tail.
Take turns glinting in my
skies
piggybacking like dragon
flies
Up waterfalls we'll go, to grant all your
wishes...
You want longer sail times,
o angelfishes?
Let's journey upstream back to heaven
on my big black
seven-forty-seven.
Our passion spasms
bold and
bolder, heads flip
flipping shoulder-to-shoulder.

Aw, cum and get it!



THE DANCER'S TATTOOS

She exits the stage area,
struts slowly by me in her thigh-high black boots
and her half smile.
This go-go dancer:
is she a stripper?
I am not sure yet.

Lackadaisically she sprawls herself
on the catwalk just to my left.
Like a highly relaxed kitten,
enjoying my presence,
she rolls on her side toward me,
pulling up her knees a bit, getting comfortable.
Like a kid getting tucked in by invisible hands.

The dance club? Totally deserted.

We have had some prior intimacy, obviously...
I can't quite remember when
but I think it might have been at some party in Paris.
So I lean over and can not resist
tenderly kissing her warm thigh and exposed hip
until she sighs...

She asks me to stop.

“Why? Come on. The DJ can't see squat, honey.”

“Not now. No... Meet me tomorrow. St. Paddy's Day.”

She is still on the clock.
Has to remain 'professional.'

Unless she really means:
“Stop. Don't be touching on my hot bod
until I'm getting brain-dead
on green beer first!”

I can tell she ain't Irish
but this ain't no time to split hairs.
She just offered me a date for the weekend, whoo whee!
And I'm needing one, badly.
École Normale. French University.
It is grinding both of us down, apparently.
I ought to be grateful for any break in the clouds.
Why should I not just walk away tonight, content?

Because she ought to welcome my attentions now, dammit! Such
a slow night. Slow business night.
Without me, it will be hard for her to stay motivated,
to keep her eyes on the prize:
'Must... Work... Way... through College.'

[Hey - if I were a girl, that's probably how I would be working it
too.]

Perhaps my dancer just wants a good night's rest.
To recharge her batteries so that she will be *primed*.
Primed to give me her best!...
during my upcoming night's
private St. Patty's Day performance.

Realistically, though, she is just a tired party girl
on a slow hump day night.
I can respect that.

I have an idea.
"Let me bring you some joe, honey. Perk you back up,"

"OK, honey. With honey. I like honey," she mumbles sleepily.

I scoot across the red-lit club to the courtesy coffee maker
that sits on a low table between the kitchen door and the bar and
I pour a Styrofoam cup of the brown stuff, warm not steaming.

I snag two straws from the holder.
I float back to her lovely side and
dip one of the straws in the reviving liquid,
cap my finger over the end to create some suction,

then hold it just above her mouth.
“Spread those lips like you want it, baby! Doctor’s orders.”

She obeys.
I release one strawful into her parched need.
She swills it around, contemplating...
and soon she wants more, more, more!

“Ah what the hell, bring over the whole damn POT!”

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Within an hour,
her fierce pupils are boring like Black & Decker drills
right into my retinas.
I started the evening as Coffee Paramedic.
Now I’ve become The Confidante.
The Good Buddy.
She’s shared stories about all her tattoos, so far.
“You know what?” she intimates.
“I’m going to get me a tat up my vagina!!”

I shudder.
I’m starting to admit that perhaps this dancer’s mind
is not as solidly put together as her body...
Ahem! A “colorful” personality, to say the least.
I really really hope she meant to say “near” her vagina,
not “up” her vagina.

She tosses her brown hair aside unconcernedly.
“Then, I can get rid of all these!” she avows.
She grabs a handful of her fat-beaded necklaces.
Makes the motion of ripping the baubles from her body.

Is she bored of the whole Mardi Gras concept?
(Admittedly juvenile.)
I don’t know what that hoopla is all about anyway.
Is she tired of flashing her tits for peanuts?
Now she wants to do something raw,
something provocative,
something terrible and extreme to herself.

Something hyper-caffeinated!

and surreal and wack

and indelible and black.

Just to shock those few who are privileged enough

to glimpse her precious pink love-tunnel.

And I can almost imagine such a tattoo...

It would be worn as a badge of honor by someone like her.

To me, it all sounds masochistic and unnecessary.

I pray that this fiendish ink operation

is not on the agenda for later tonight.

Still: a tat on the Inside?

Whoa. What a great way to win bets at a bar...

And this is how I get reacquainted with the Dancer.

Because I am not dismissive, and

I take her loony comment as an interesting opening

(pun intended.) She's a human and a woman.

We will go on to have a long and fascinating talk
that continues past closing time.

All about Art, and about the ins and outs

of God's most delightful gift to mankind: PUSSY!

O, praise be and thank you up there for that one!

