

CAPTAIN FUTURE MEETS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN;

or,

ALAS ! WHO LOVES A SPACEMAN?

An Entirely Original Space Operetta
by
S. and V. Schultheis

Music
by
Sir Arthur Sullivan

Acting Script
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Stephen V. Schultheis

CAST AND STAFF

Captain Future, aka Curtis Newton.....John Trimble
Otho, an android.....Ron Ellik
Simon Wright, a disembodied brain.....Himself
Grag, a robot
Little Asteroid.....Bjo Trimble
Ezra Gurney, Marshal of the Patrol...Steve Schultheis¹
Joan Randall, fiancée of Capt. Future.Virginia Schultheis
The Master of the Universe.....Bruce Pelz²

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Blake Maxam

MUSIC DIRECTOR: Bruce Pelz

COSTUMES: Bjo

To be produced during the Fifteenth West Coast SF Conference at
the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, June 30-July 1, 1962.

1. Part written for Edmond Hamilton.
2. Part written for Isaac Asimov.

The Dirty Doily Opera Company
takes great pleasure in presenting
an entirely original space operatta, entitled

CAPTAIN FUTURE MEETS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The overture, Maestro, if you please.

(Overture)

Scene: CAPTAIN FUTURE'S secret laboratory on the Moon.

(Enter the Futuremen: OTHO, SIMON WRIGHT, and GRAG, abreast, from center stage right. They advance to center stage, turn, and face the audience, OTHO stage left and GRAG stage right of SIMON. If there is a curtain, they are discovered thus.)

SONG--OTHO and GRAG

We are the Futuremen,
In the prozines we've no equals,
Produced by Hamilton
In an endless chain of sequels.
When adventure we find
Of any kind
We're slaves of the plot all day;
We have evil to fight
Morning, noon, and night,
Without any time for play --

GSO

OTHO. Oh my! Oh my!

GRAG. When adventure we find

OTHO. Oh my! Oh my!

GRAG. Of any kind,

BOTH. We're slaves of the plot, of the plot all day.

We are the futuremen,
In the prozines we've no equals,
Produced by Hamilton
In an endless chain of sequels.
In prozines we've no equals
For an endless chain of sequels --
Produced by Hamilton,
We are the Fuuu-turemen!

NOTE. Where "all" are indicated to sing the chorus of a song,
this does not include soloist(s) of the song.
All stage directions, right and left, indicate stage r. and l.

(Enter LITTLE ASTEROID, l., singing. OTHO takes a step back,
GRAG a step forward, as they turn to face her. She stops
center, slightly to their left, and continues to sing, more
to the audience than to them.)

AST. I'm called Little Asteroid -- dear Little Asteroid, G^{SO} A
Though I have never known why,
But still I'm called Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid,
Sweet Little Asteroid I!

In this occupation, with re-juvenation,
I've been here a lifetime or two;
The Futuremen's menial, I've found them a genial,
If somewhat pecu-li-er, crew.

But still I adore them, for here long before them,
I served him who brought them to life;
Who came here for science, with me in reliance,
To care for his pregnant young wife.

I brewed up the juices for and-er-oid uses,
And tenderly heated the vat;
A robot's proponent, I checked each component --
No mother could do more than that.

With Simon Wright's body uncommonly shoddy,
'Twas I who restored him to health;

(GRAG and OTHO look at SIMON)

OTHO. Tip-top shape!

AST. And infant Curt Newton, I nursed from a shoot, un-
To dear Captain Future himself. (Turns to FUTUREMEN.)

So here is your Asteroid -- dear Little Asteroid,
Waiting to welcome you home;
Oh, pity your Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid,
Always, oh always, alone!

GRAG. Cheer up, Little Asteroid. We have returned, victorious
and triumphant as usual. You are no longer alone. Ah,
Little Asteroid, how delightful it is to come back to
our beloved secret laboratory on the Moon, after a long
and perilous voyage, to find it made cheerful and home-
like by so charming and ageless a creature as yourself.

AST. Oh, sir! G^{SO} A

OTHO. (Steps forward, in line with SIMON and AST. Looks at GRAG)
Pay no attention to him, Little Asteroid. He's been
plugging 19th century novel tapes into his memory bank
again. Disgusting habit! (Turns to AST.) But why so
sad, Little Asteroid? You should be happy to see us
home once more.

AST. Oh, Otho, Simon, Grag, I am happy to see you back; but my heart is heavy with a secret sorrow!

GRAG. You mean your liver.

OTHO. Grag, why don't you just erase all data prior to the 20th century? Your memory should be the better for it.

GRAG. Otho, in this metal breast burns the soul of a poet. It's a pity that your fish-cold cadaver harbours only a dead thing.

OTHO. Little do you know, you rusted fugitive from the junk yard. (Aside.) Alas, little do they know! (To AST.) Despite the rude remarks of this tin-plated tank, Asteroid, I can sympathize with your lonely plight; but I cannot console you, for (dramatic pose, arm flung over forehead) alas! I am but a sexless android.

GRAG. Try not to feel neglected due to our depthless characters and preoccupation with the plot, Little Asteroid. We're all right in our way --in the right magazines.

AST. Oh, Grag, Simon, Otho, that's not entirely the problem. The sorrow I bear is more than that. And it must remain a secret. (Brightly.) But let us talk of other things: of your latest glorious adventure, from which you naturally emerged triumphant --

GRAG and OTHO. Naturally!

AST. -- and of the usual heroics of our beloved Captain Future. Where is our dear Curt Newton?

GRAG and OTHO. Here he comes now!

GSO A

(AST. steps forward for a better view. Enter CURT, from r., singing. By the end of his first four lines, he has stopped front center, the other Futuremen in chorus behind him, with AST. to his left.)

CURT. I'm Captain Future of the Futuremen;

GSO

ALL. And a bonified genius, too!

C A

CURT. (Smugly.) I'm very, very good,
And I want it understood
I command a right good crew.

ALL. He's very, very good,
And be it understood
He commands a right good crew.

CURT. Though human was I born,
 I hold weaknesses in scorn,
And laugh in danger's face;
 My steely eyes can stem
 The fury of a beam,
And I'm never, never sick in space!

ALL. What, never?

CURT. No, never!

ALL. What, never?

CURT. Well, hardly ever!

ALL. He's hardly ever sick in space!

So give three cheers and cheer again,
For Captain Future of the Futuremen!
So give three cheers and cheer again,
For the captain of the Futuremen!

CURT. As a pulpzine hero, I reign supreme --

ALL. There are none as good as you!

CURT. I was raised by a robot
 And a disembodied brain
And an android my father grew.

ALL. He was raised by a robot
 And a disembodied brain
And an android his father grew.

CURT. Though my education strange,
 Magnificent its range;
There's nothing that I do not dare.
 All fen my praises sing,
 For I a Sense of Wonder bring,
And I never, never ever swear!

ALL. What, never?

CURT. No, never!

ALL. What, never?

CURT. Well, hardly ever!

ALL. We hardly ever hear him swear!

So give three cheers, and cheer again,
For Captain Future of the Futuremen!
So give three cheers, and cheer again,
For the captain of the Futuremen!

(As CURT speaks, AST. moves closer and OTHO moves l. and front.)

CURT. Nothing like a hearty welcome! My it's good to be home again, in my secret laboratory on the Moon (takes AST.'s chin in hand and looks into her eyes.) and to see your poor, sad face once more, Little Asteroid. Still as sweet and sexy as you've been for the last 87 years, I see.

GS
CAO

AST. Yes, sir, dear Captain Future, sir. And you, I take it, are as triumphant and as virtuous as ever?

CURT. (Smugly.) Naturally!

(Buzzer offstage, r.)

GRAG. The entrance alarm! Who can it be?

CURT. It must be Joan Randall, my breathtakingly beautiful fiancée, and old Ezra Gurney, Marshal of the Planet Patrol and friend of my late beloved father and mother (deep breath) whom I asked to come here to discuss our latest adventure and to view the vile despicable monster we brought back as a prisoner (breath) and if it isn't Joan Randall and old Ezra Gurney, whoever it is will be splattered in bloody little bits all over Tycho Crater by now (brightly) so there's no reason to be concerned.

OTHO. Unless it's Joan and Ezra who're splattered in bloody little bits all over Tycho Crater. One never knows.

(Buzzer, in code.)

CURT. It is Joan and Ezra. Grag, our dear friends will want to see our outlandish prisoner. Why don't you bring it out, after we've greeted them?

GRAG. Right, Chief!

CURT. Well, Little Asteroid, answer the door. Don't keep our dear friends waiting.

AST. (Comes out of reverie. Curtsies.) Yes, sir. (Exits slowly r., singing. As she moves r., OTHO steps back to SIMON's side.)

Here, as pulp plots provide,
Comes the heroine to the hero's side;
Wherever Curt may go,
Joan Randall's sure her face to show,
Never to be denied
Her position at the hero's side --
Never to be denied
Her position at the hero's side --
Her position at the hero's side!

GSO
C.
A

(Exit.)

GRAG, CURT and OTHO. We'll bring the monster out,
 Introduce a note of horror,
 And that, without a doubt,
 Will create a real furoror.
 We are, we are the Futuremen,
 In the prozines we've no equals,
 Produced by Edmond Hamilton
 In an endless chain of sequels --
 Edmond, Edmond Hamilton --
 We'll move the plot along;
 Prepare our deeds to chee-er;
 Intelligent and strong,
 None are so smart as we are.

(Enter JOAN, followed by EZRA. If there are no back curtains, AST. follows and crosses upstage to exit l. CURT moves r. to meet JOAN, extending his hand. JOAN skips around him and the Futuremen, as EZRA greets CURT, and stops front center.)

JOAN. Gaily tripping,
 Lightly skipping,
 With love interest plot equipping -- GSO
 Gaily tripping, E C J
 Lightly skipping,
 With love interest plot equipping --

ALL. Bergey babe with beauty dripping,
 We the scene are now equipping. GSO
 EC J

JOAN. Heroes brightly
 Always tritely
 Welcome heroines politely. GS O
 C E J

ALL. Heroines demure but sightly,
 Heroes welcome most politely,
 Welcome most politely.

JOAN. Heroes brightly
 Always tritely
 Welcome heroines politely.

ENSEMBLE.

JOAN.

ALL.

Gaily tripping, lightly skipping,
 With love interest plot equipping;
 Gaily tripping, lightly skipping,
 With love interest plot equipping.
 Heroes brightly always tritely
 Welcome heroines politely,
 So politely

We'll bring the monster out,
 Introduce a note of horror,
 And that, without a doubt,
 Will create a real furoror.
 Heroines demure but sightly,
 Heroes welcome most politely,
 Most politely.

JOAN AND MEN. Gaily -- tripping -- lightly -- skipping. EGS
 Heroes always welcome her-o-ines po-lite-ly. CJ O

(As the song ends, JOAN has draped herself around the neck of CURT, who stands like a statue, his arms at his sides.)

JOAN. Oh, Curtis, my darling, kiss me!

CURT. But, Joan, dear, I kissed you only last month. Wasn't that enough?

JOAN. That was in a different story, you fool. I have another clinch coming in this installment.

CURT. But not until the last page, beloved; not until I've rescued you from some indescribable horror. (Reaches up and disengages her arms.)

(JOAN steps away, and turns sadly toward the audience. CURT and EZRA, conversing silently, move back and l. to the others. All action ceases. JOAN sings to the audience; only OTHO listens.)

JOAN. Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Seeking the heart of a pulpzine hero;
Sad are the sighs that hold no spell,
Lost in a plot where sex is zero.
Sorry her lot, who loves too well,
Seeking the heart of a pulpzine hero.
Deep in frustration the heart must moan,
When love is alive and sex unknown --
When love is alive, and sex unknown.

CEGS₀
J

(JOAN turns slightly r., with bowed head. OTHO steps front and l.)

OTHO. A sexy babe to see,
From Bergey cover she,
Her charms near super-human;
Her sex so glorified,
To render her the pride
And joy of any true man.

CEGS
JO

JOAN. (Sadly.) The joy of any true man.

OTHO. Unhappy now is she,
Frustrated misery
Must be her lot 'til ending;
Her kisses she would grant,
Her hero to enchant,
But he remains unbending.

JOAN. (Sadly.) But he remains unbending.

OTHO. To comfort her I would,
For I have understood
Her heart by not a man joyed;
Oh, pity, pity me!
Curt Newton's sweetheart she,
And I, a sexless android!

J^EC₇GS₀

(OTHO turns slightly l. for an instant, with bowed head; then both turn away from center and step back to group. Action resumes.)

JCE SO G

EZRA. Well, Curtis, what vile menace did you defeat in this latest escapade? (GRAG exits l., behind SIMON and OTH0.) You've summoned us all the way up here to relate another of your tiresome adventures, so you might as well get on with it.

JOAN. Ezra, sir, Curt's adventures are not tiresome! (Dreamily.) He gets the most virile look on his face when he talks about all the world-wreckers he's blasted.

EZRA. Yes, Joan, but you and I go on and on, just sitting on our cans while Curt and the Futuremen defeat one indescribable horror after another. What was it this time, Curt?

CURT. I can't describe it, Ez. Here's Grag, bringing it in now.

(Enter THE MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE, l., followed by GRAG, who covers him with a blaster.)

EZRA. That's an indescribable horror? JCE SO M-G

JOAN. (Recoiling.) A bug-eyed monster! (M.U. and GRAG stop l. of group.)

CURT. Not just any old bug-eyed monster: (Dramatically.) The Master of the Universe!

DRUM ROLL -- INTRODUCTORY MUSIC.

M.U. (Vilely.) Aye! (Takes a step or two front and sings.)

The Master of the Universe,
The menace which all races curse,
In ig-no-min-ious bondage here --

JCE SO G M

CURT. With force rays and tractor beams you've nothing to fear!

ALL. With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear!
With tractor beams we've nothing to fear!

(GRAG holsters blaster.)

M.U.: Though al-i-en my shape,
I like Bergey babes to rape;
For a non-terrestrial, my tastes are queer --

CURT. With forde rays and tractor beams you've nothing to fear!

ALL. With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear!
With tractor beams we've nothing to fear!

M.U. But when I'm loose in space,
If you meet me face to face,
My vileness will shrivel all that you hold dear --

CURT. With force rays and tractor beams you've nothing to fear!

ALL. (CURT joins.) With force rays and tractor beams we've
nothing to fear!

With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear;
For tractor beam and force ray
Will make holding him just horseplay,
Never fear!

SONG--MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I studied law, and it was my pride
To incorporate convention fandom on the side.

ALL. He incorporated ess-eff fandom on the side!

. . . Incorporating fandom was so perverse,
That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL. Incorporating fandom was so perverse,
That now he is the Master of the Universe.

A corp'rate body was such a tool,
That soon as legal-beagle I could rule.
I made my mark setting precedents
By suing all the officers for 98¢.

ALL. He sued all the officers for 98¢!

And suing all the officers was so much worse,
That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL. And suing all the officers was so much worse,
That now he is the Master of the Universe.

Though new in fandom, I gained such fame
That a Big Name Monster I soon became.
As B. N. M. I needed dough,
And I ended all my problems then by turning pro.

ALL. He ended all his problems then by turning pro!

So many times in theory did I space traverse,
That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL. So many times in theory did he space traverse,
That now he is the Master of the Universe.

I hacked and scribbled and such much did I write
That I brainwashed every reader overnight.
The System adopted by the-o-ry,
And made me vice-adm'ral of the Space Navee.

ALL. They made him vice-adm'ral of the Space Navee!

And that one vice I did so rehearse,
That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL. And that one vice he did so rehearse,
That now he is the Master of the Universe.

My love of power and my legal mind
Quickly placed me above all monster-kind.
My rapid rise and my cosmic brain
Should make the fact that I am star-begotten plain.

ALL. The simple fact is he's a mis-begotten pain!

Though heroes brave may rant and curse,
I was born to be the Master of the Universe.

ALL. No matter how we may suppress this curse,
He still thinks he's the Master of the Universe.

Now Earthmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to be as vile as me,
And have pros tremble at your lofty glower,
While every femmefan yields completely to your power --

ALL. While every femmefan yields completely to your power --

Take over fandom, and without reverse,
You all may be Masters of the Universe.

ALL. Take over fandom, and without reverse,
You all may be Masters of the Universe!

(ASTEROID enters 1.)

JCE SOG

M

A

AST. Ahem! Dinner is served. (Everyone except
M.U. start moving left.)

CURT. My, it'll be good to have a home-cooked meal again!

OTH. Yes, Grag's last turn in the galley seemed to last forever. (To GRAG.) Why d'you always have to cook everything with a welding-torch?

JOAN. (Indicating M.U.) What about him? (She lags behind.)

CURT. (Over shoulder.) Oh, he doesn't eat terrestrial food.

M.U. (Aside.) No. Just terrestrials!

JOAN. Oh! (As she begins to pass M.U., he steps back between her and exit.)

J M

ESO
CGA

M.U. Just a minute, girley! While your virtuous hero's concerned with stuffing his stomach, how 'bout you and me pitching a little woo?

JOAN. Never!

SONG -- JOAN.

Refrain, you nasty bem,
Your pass from making!
Your lust I must condemn;
I'm not partaking!
Refrain, you nasty bem,
Your pass from making!
Your lust I must condemn;
I'm not partaking!
Refrain, you nasty bem!
Your lust I must condemn!

(Aside.) I long for hero pure
To be my lover,
If way through Curt's cold shell
I could discover.
I long for hero pure .
To be my lover,
If way through Curt's cold shell
I could discover.

(She runs around M.U. toward audience and exits l. M.U. shrugs his shoulders, puts hands in pockets, and saunters front and r. Enter LITTLE ASTEROID from l., singing without accompaniment, and dusting, with feather duster, in time to tune. M.U. turns around.)

AST. I'm called Little Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid,
Though I have never known why,
But still I'm called Asteroid -- sweet Little Asteroid,
Dear Little Asteroid, I!

M.U. Ah, Little Asteroid, poor Little Asteroid. And why so sad and pensive, my charming trollop?

AST. Oh, sir, my heart is heavy with a secret sorrow. (They have taken a position slightly r. of center front, with AST to l.)

M.U. Unburden your heart to me, Little Asteroid. (Leering.) Perhaps I can help.

AST. Oh, sir, you cannot, sir. Though, indeed, you are a fine specimen of a monster. But my secret sorrow is something deeper and more tragic than that.

M.U. (Aside.) Ah, it appears that all is not well in this den of virtue! (To AST.) You can confide in me, Little Asteroid. I am not one of the Futuremen, and your secret will not pass my lips. (Aside.) Heh, heh, heh!

AST. Oh, sir, it has been so many years that I have longed to deliver myself of this guilty secret. It must not be known to another soul.

SONG -- ASTEROID

A many years ago,
Before rejuvenation,
As everyone must know,
I was nursemaid at this station.

M.U. A pregnant situation;
Before rejuvenation,
She was nursemaid at this station,
A many years ago.

AST. Two tender babes I nursed
On milk and on albumen;
My master's child the first,
The other was non-human.

M.U. Does this the plot illumine,
That one was fed albumen?
The other one was human,
A many years ago.

AST. The secret now I bare.
A mixup brought disaster.
I fed the android's fare
To the child of my master.

M.U. The truth is coming faster.
A mixup brought disaster
To the child of her dead master,
A many years ago.

AST. The human lad became
A pale, frustrated creature.
The android won acclaim
As beloved Captain Future!

(CURT takes a startled step forward. M.U. flings AST. behind him and to the right, and confronts CURT, as AST. stares at CURT in horror and sorrow.)

M.U. AH, HAAAAA! you vat-born creature,
Switched with your human teacher
Ere Hamilton wrote this feature,

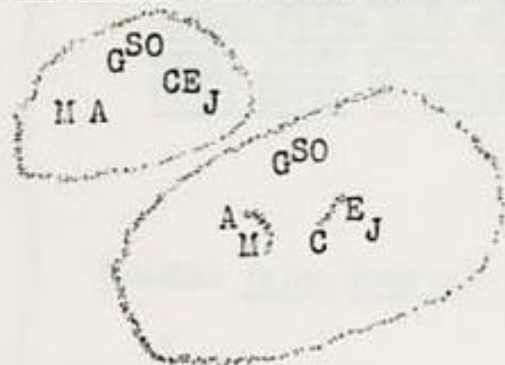
(These two lines may be spoken.)

M.U. (triumphant) and AST. (in voice broken with sorrow).

A many years ago!

(AST. runs off r., sobbing.)

(Rest of cast begins to enter slowly from l., GRAG in lead, picking his teeth with a railroad spike; followed by SIMON and OTHO; CURT and EZRA, silently conversing; JOAN trailing behind. They note what is taking place, and silently take positions center behind singers. (All have now taken their positions, unobserved by AST., whose back is to them; but noticed by M.U., who is turned slightly to the left.)



M.U. (Approaches CURT, sneering.) How, now, my pink-fleshed cadaver! Just think of the years you've spent saving Terra from one unmentionable menace after another. And for what? How have they rewarded you? You're still a lousy Captain in the Planet Patrol! And now that they know you're an android -- what now? They'll spit on you! You'll be dirt under their feet! But, hold! I can help you!

(He turns away to the front and wanders left, spinning bright promises on the air, as CURT, downcast, takes a step or two r. to where M.U. stood.)

G SO
E J
C M

Deliver me. Free me from these force rays and tractor beams, and I can give you whatever you desire. Wealth! Power! I'll make you overlord of a system. Capella! Vega! (He turns to CURT, arm outflung in dramatic pose.) Take your choice!

CURT. (Lifts head again, proudly.) All you say may be true, but I am still a Futureman!

ALL. (Sing.) He is a Futureman!

(During the following songs, M.U. glowers with disgust and frustration; does not sing, nor does CURT, until indicated.)

GRAG. For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is a Futureman!

(GRAG sings only his solos during first half of each song; joins chorus for final parts as indicated.)

ALL. That he is a Futureman!

GRAG. For he might have been Altairan,
Bellatrix, or Al-de-baran,
Even Bee-tel-juice-I-an!

ALL. Even Bee-tel-juice-I-an!

But no matter how they twist 'im
To join another system,

(--GRAG joins chorus)

He remains a Futureman!

He remains a Fu-u-u-u-u-u-u-ureman!

G SO
C E J
M

(GRAG steps slightly forward.)

GRAG. And he's still the Captain of the Futuremen,

(CURT steps forward a bit, proudly.)

SO
E J M
G C

ALL. And a right good Captain, too! (GRAG does not join).

GRAG. B Before we knew his birth,
He had proved his sterling worth
As the Captain of this crew.

ALL. Before we knew his birth,
He had proved his sterling worth
As the Captain of this crew.

CURT. And now I know the facts
Of what my emotion lacks,
I can go my hero's way;
Defending worlds from beams,
Quite immune to sexy femmes --
I never shall regret this day!

ALL. What, never? (GRAG joins chorus.)

CURT. No, never!

ALL. What, never?

CURT. Well, hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever he'll regret this day!

So give three cheers, and cheer again,
For Captain Future of the Futuremen!
So give three cheers and cheer again,
For the Captain of the Futuremen!

(CURT steps to EZRA, who clasps his hand.)

S
G O C E J M

M.U. Curses! Foiled again!

(OTHO steps forward, singing.)

OTHO. Oh, joy, oh, rapture unforeseen!
A human lad I've always been;
And my unbidden dreams of sex,
Which hitherto I thought a hex,
Seem virile now, and pure.
For what I yearned I had not known.
At last I see that it was Joan.
She stirred in me emotions strange,
But now there's been a drastic change:
My love is strong and sure.

G S C E J M
O

(CURT and EZRA drop back a step to talk to SIMON; GRAG moves back.)

M.U. (To OTHO.) So! No sooner do you learn that you've more hormones than you thought, than you're eager to assume a more virile role. It takes more than that, my boy. (Moves toward JOAN.) Come, my dear, your Captain Future's nothing but a sexless android. Let a real male, suave and experienced, a bem of the universe, show you how to make love.

(JOAN recoils from him toward center, as if seeking OTHO's protection.)

GSC
OJ M

JOAN. Refrain, you nasty bem,
Your pass from making!
Your lust I re-condemn;
I'm not partaking!
For Otho's love so pure
I am returning;
And you, oh monster vile,
I still am spurning.
Refrain, you nasty bem!
Your lust I must condemn!

(M.U. retreats a step, l.)

(She turns toward OTHO.)

(Turns again to M.U.)

(OTHO moves to JOAN and slips his arm around her.)

(JOAN turns back to OTHO and puts

JOAN and OTHO. At last a love returned her arm around him.)

We are possessing.
We share a taste for
Hugging and caressing.
At last a love returned
We are possessing.
We share a taste for
Hugging and caressing.

JOAN. Refrain, you nasty bem,
Your pass from making!

OTHO. Your lust we both condemn;
She's not partaking!

BOTH. At last a love returned we are possessing;
We share a taste for hugging and caressing.

GSC
OJE M

(EZPA comes front to the left of JOAN, shakes OTHO's hand and silently congratulates the couple. They stop and face M.U. when he speaks. OTHO steps back slightly, and they all move back, if necessary, to form the left half of a semi-circle.)

M.U. (As he crosses to r.) Rebuffed! And I such a polished gentlebeing! Why must the unhappy villain be the only flaw in an otherwise supremely happy ending? Why must I be incarcerated here in sexless solitude, so against my lustful nature? Where, o where, on this whole sterile satellite will I ever find a piece of ...

GSC
OJE M

(Enter ASTEROID, from r., listlessly sweeping with a broom, singing sadly.)

AST. ... Asteroid -- dear Little Asteroid,
Though I have never known why;
But still I'm called Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid,
Little Asteroid, I!

(M.U. grabs AST. around the waist, and swings her
around to face audience.) MA GSC OJE

M.U. Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen!
She'll come each day my cell to clean.
I'll, by her protests not annoyed,
Possess a piece of Asteroid;
Thus be my lusts allayed.

(AST. lets broom slip from
her hand, seeming not at
all annoyed.
(AST. drops back a step and
the entire cast forms
a semi-circle.)

CAST. A happy ending now you see
For all of this grand companee.
Curt Newton leads us on his cwn;
Staunch Otho now has won his Joan;
The monster's found a maid.

MA GSC OJE

(M.U. and AST. on r., JOAN and EZRA on l., drop to one knee
and raise opposite arms to Futuremen in center.)

FINALE

For they
we are the Futuremen,
And they themselves
we ourselves have said it,
And it's greatly to their
our credit,
That they
we are the Futuremen!

(Those on the ends rise, and CAST bows to audience. If there
is a curtain, the kneeling pose is held as curtain closes,
and those on ends rise for curtain call.)

CURTAIN.