

The HIDDEN PART of the us Constitution

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Third Draft

The HIDDEN PART OF THE U.S. CONSTITUTION;

as narrated by a certain two Jack Russell terriers ~
Owf and Yowff;

A play about something I don't know, or cannot
fully recall, maybe;

Fragility. A fragile play?

A lazy, do nothing play perhaps....

A yawn play;

Or: *The Guilty Lands*.

Idiotcy & Olla Podrida.

... vain wrangling over jot and tittle ...

~

A Clutter play – a clatter play

Clutter/clatter as a V/O play ~ a *quodlibet*....

Apparent causality — one thing happens after another:
a causal chain or merely a series of coincidences?

"It slowly began to dawn on me that not only had I forgotten
the secret, I had forgotten the fact there was a secret in the
first place."

~

Darkness. A Voice.

I am two boys– both....

Now we see them.

I am named Huck and I am named Finn.

Only one is spoking er specking er talking.

I am named Huck

Looks at the other one, who is dead.

And... and....

He is called Finn.

Just stares. Covered with twiggies....

He don't talk ... talk much. Owing to the pre-existing condition which has eliminated him from doing many things boys like to do in the woods. But we are

We see behind them a giant figure, all of gold.

We were looking for Mormon tablets. Lost ones, here in Kirtland Ohio where we grew up. If we ever did that.

The dead one makes an odd low sound.

But what we found instead is something else. Something far else.

Fade. Figures in the shadows of the woods. Whisperers....

Where'd you find this?

In the woods. Looks olden. Looks old fashioned.
From lizard times.

His sister's best friend, a tall girl with 50 teeth.

It's a gooner ... it's a goonerism ...

Shut up, Veronica, says my sister

To her:

You're the goon.

Says Article 23, of the, can't quite make out what more it says.

~

A chorus of foxies:

People are doing just what they are damn well doing,
pulling hair, getting drunk and shooting at foxies.

Ain't that sweet....

The dead one -- Finn.

AIN'T THAT SWAT.

Further into the woods, shapes of whisperers.

They're all written on gold.

... or on stone – glassy type stone.

Strange markings on them. Hieroglyphs?

Like ancient man.

Look at him. Dead goon boy.

Bonk.

What's that?

Bonk?

?

Said Bonk.

If he is deceased why does he say "bonk"?

Bonk.

Beats me.

Scene bonks out.

~

More of the same.

Is this a Mormon site? What are these?

They look like gold.

Is this some kind of hieroglyphic writing?

Let me see.... Looks like our language, only what is a Scaliamander?

If looks could talk- even in the dark of the woods.

Huck, come over here.

But Finn's not doing too well. His eyes are out.

Don't worry about him. We may have some kind of genuine find here. Look at these.

We notice a conversation deeper in the woods, past the giant golden figure. These are not pleasant woods. Someone's playing a fiddle. Others are dancing around a fire, one with a jug, others making low yips.

Pause as our boys watch.

Another appears. Speaks.

Not a Moron site if that's what you've been thinking. No, cannot be. As they are over the hill and past the Mixolodium Creek. This is older. Far other I suppose.

This is Ohio, near Kirtland, not the Mixolodium Creek.

I hear you. Yeah. I do, but they don't. They don't for sure.

Scene bonks out.

~

Scene. Someone bangs his head on a low branch. Falls down.

All do this in turn, fall down.

Scene. Man finds the dead boy in his portable cooler. And some stone tablets. He cleans them off as a chorus appears and quietly sings:

Every the where I do go
I find wondrous tablets anew
I am the cat's meow
I am the cat's meow
I am the cat's meow
I am the cat's meow
I am the cat's meow
I am the cat's meow
Every the where I do go....

Someone else comes and joins him.

This one's about how a militia is a person.

This one's about how a corporate thing is a person too,
with a person's face

This one is about how the freedom of the state of Israel
shall not be abridged and her public debt shall be as ours.
Wonder what that means?

A strange man appears, perhaps with a silver hoof.

Do these belong to you?

Well, I guess so since I found them.

Do you consider yourself an honorable citizen?

Yes, I guess so. I do

And you say "these tablets belong to me"?

Yes, I guess so. I do.

And is it not true that I agree with you?

Well that would be a ... Yes, yes, yes.

So I too can say “these tablets belong to me”?

Well no ...

What should I be saying then? Go on, tell me ...

Well ...

Tell me what it is I should be saying. So I can be clear on the matter.

Well. You should be saying “these tablets belong to you”.

Couldn't agree with you more. Let's shake on that.

They shake on that — a real American handshake.

Pause of a democratic kind.

Now the you that is me, being a corporate entity, shall take possession of my property.

He does so.

Chorus of whisperers.

The Will of the People shall not be Expressed.

Shall not be Except by certain Riddles of the Law.

A floor collapses from above. Dummies and parts of machinery litter the stage. We hear a phantom chorus:

Certain riddles of the law shall not be expressed because they are unable to be grasped and held in hand. Certain riddles best left to those. To those whose articles possess an alarming heat. The work of lawyers from above. Supreme ones gifted and glaring. Incomprehensible in their intent, an intent both original and historical. Prehistorical. An intent like a beast from before the idea of. Well. The idea of a common person bonked and become all busy with news, glee, and certain suspicious instincts. Instincts in the department of

unriddle. Under a law of law without LAWYERS. Unriddle
dumdiratatattatattabrontaplesiometabetasauriandiddledum.
Home of the Scaliasaurus and the fine wooden Thomas
doorstop and the Roberts Macaw also a metaphysical
peacockery of a law properly hidden from all the all by the
SMALL. The small of Glorb and Orb;

To whit:

The STEALING of the national election shall not be relegated to
the States, but shall remain the. Swark. Private Property of
the Supreme Court [Article 24]

The Common Good shall Not be expressed, except through the

Scene bonks out

~

Chorus:

We the PEOPLE shall be EXPRESSLY forbidden to
desist and draw pictures of the LAW. The LAW shall
possess as many catatattatallapabonanzadoodles as are
allowed according to an item buried deep in the
postamble to Article 23 of the HIDDEN PARTS. Wrote
down in an ancient script and buried hereabout
somewhere in a vault. Hear ye hear ye. The visible part
of the invisible shall be as a more in the eye of the
Catatta. Cattattagrabuntobrontototunderplotz.
Djubaballistonixonixonitromottobottlemottobanishment
atarianism.Isms.Cannistercabalamalamalamixomaxobar
bareloconpastro-pastohelium. Bellisimus. Para
Bellisimuses. A free thinking group of non believers
shall NOT be expressed. Dixit. Without being subject to
an elected official whose electoral system shall be
subject to judicial review under the [unreadable]
jurisdiction of Article 23 which expressly forbids all
others. Other than.

And all orbs as well.

The floor caves in, and in a rush and roar all disappear
to a place below.

Scene bonks out.

~

Deeper yet into the woods: The man with the silver hoof seats Huck on his knee, and talks seductively to him as the chorus accompanies [from below]. The dead boy, Finn, hides in the shadows. The golden figure is farther off.

And under Article 23 we the militia are just as good as, just as good as you are; we have a proper jurisdiction and are not;

are not subject to freedom of such speech are we do not take a liking to as we are a PERSON as must therefore be denominated as such under the rules of the SENATE of the

United States of America; and under Article 24 all rights shall not be abridged if they have not been not so delegated to the state legislature of the state in question, subject only to the Rule of Law, as originally intended by those authorized in Articles 24 and 24%o

Under a special provision that is Himself a bone fide corporation and hence a Person as far as the law goes By Jove By Jingo;

and shall have the right to howl in the night, as directed by the Supreme Court, and shall have the right to abridge and supersede all other amendments to the constitution of the United States, all of them done henceforth and so forth Amen.

Let it be known that under the Direction of the Office of President, all questions of security shall be a a a Boombahklakkaboombahklakkaboombahklakka. Like a forklift afloat;

and so it is:

Being therefore secure in the [hidden] knowledge of what shall not be revealed until such time as 99 years according to the pleasure of the Supreme Court in secret sessions, according to Boombahklakkaboombahklakka boombahklakkaboombahklakkaboombahklakkaklop.

And so— and so on— until such time as it is ruled to be the original intent of said Law throughout the Land.

His hand is covered in GLORY as is the GOLD of all of his unseen Ands;

May the REPUBLIC abound, unFETTERED in the name of DEMOCRACY, yes my fellow countrymen, yes; for what is to be done is to be done in the name of what is NOT done according to the Original Intent of the Founding Fathers, whose thought Time has not diminished, nor tarnished, for the buried Tablets of the LAW speak even now to those of us who know how to read a language that is LOST to those unable to fathom a lost language in an unknowable script;

and so;

His Hand is covered in glory as is the Gold of his unseen ands

A pause for all this to sink in.

And that of all the other HIDDEN ARTICLES; and the particles of those articles; and the numerous and cunning Amendments to these, and the exceptions, bifurcations, dimly lit lucubrations and expostulations;

And the exceptions to the general rule, when that rule would cause HARM to those able to read an ORIGINAL INTENT where the many can not;

And;

And;

And; and ad infinitum, because in the words of our*

of the eldest of our Feary Forefathers: Some laws are written and some are not. SOME LAWS ARE WRITTEN AND SOME ARE NOT

AND;

And some are not.

And;

And;

And;

And;

And;

And;

Ands....

The dead boy says:

Is that Scalia's point?

Huck tries to reply.

It is in truth his hand at work. I guess....

The dead boy arises and does a dead boy's jig.

Scene bonks out.

~

Black out.

~

The dead boy is alone.

He holds out a shoe, as though it were wise.

Sings:

SHOE tell me why why why why that
that that is a crutch
and not a painted toy;
and not just a painted toy;
that that is a crutch.
Tell me why shoe tell me
True.

Other whispering voices:

Pure IDIOTCY.... IDIOTCY....

Yea, Olla Podrida....

Finn again:

Whose shoe it is whose is it to walk on and wear
out? Whose to lose, as the ultimate gesture? Whose to
wear out after all the walking on wears out? Whose is
the wearer's to wear? His and her own, if not the?

No one out there has a clue.

Shoe to shoe, as if it knew shoe from shoe, shoe
from show—

Something is slowly moving in the dead boy's pocket.

He tries not to notice.

... only an Alitopteryx. Just a little one ...

The girl with 50 teeth appears, speaks.

And the name's not Veronica. It is Mabel if you please.

Scene bonks out.

~

Repeat the whole three more times rotated in four-dimensional space so that we see the golden statue in four difference views. Each in a differing regional accent.

Play bonks out.