

SCENE X

*“The path that Calvin’s radioactive marbles took
was swift and direct.”*

CASSANDRA. “Molecules” Humpty, not “marbles.”

HUMPTY. Cassandra, where are the police?

CAS. They’ll be torn to shreds before you’re through. How much more do you need to know?

H. Cassandra, what am I doing here?

CAS. You’re with me Humpty. Couldn’t be more stable than that. Here, let’s light some torches. I love to dance.

H. I remember now. We thought you were going to burn the place down.

CAS. It was metaphorical. Argos must burn.

H. Wait, I’m the king, right?

CAS. That’s metaphorical too. You’re tetravalent. If Aeschylus knew that he would have left you alone. Slaughtered in your bathtub, a soldier on his homecoming day. Disgusted all the gods.

H. Damn library book. It got inside our heads for a moment.

CAS. Humpty, I don’t understand you either. It needs to rain. We need to be out in the rain.

H. The police arrest themselves.

CAS. And, later, they're rearrested. Bundled with two depleted electrons and sent thitherward away. A patrol that goes downhill, the police always go downhill.

H. And what happens to me?

CAS. Your friends dress you in weapons. You're profoundly weaponized, dressed in raw, unforgivable energy. Every tetravalent arm is put to use. Nothing is left undone. And then you go to church, kind of. Your bomb factory. And there you relinquish your weapons, trade them in forthwith for pure high explosives. By the megaton. You become in the most profound sense of the word "fixed." And all of creation takes a step back. No one knows what you have in mind, not even you. And when you're done creation is given its sabbath from your hands, the sabbath it was looking for since time began. You're all that matters Humpty, from the beginning. You'll see that truth with your own eyes and understand everything, even me. And we will watch and pray as Argos burns.

H. You kept that book, didn't you?

CAS. It's right here.