

**BLUSH
OF DOGS**

by

r o l a n d
r e y n o l d s

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Blush of Dogs

a play by Roland Reynolds

Aerope the Queen

Atreus the King, her husband

Thyestes the Prince, his brother

Tiresias, the Seer / Prophet / Hermaphrodite

Slaves

Aerope alone

Aerope – Helicopters in that night like mayflies, midges, pinpricks on a seamstress' fingertips, BILLIONS all going in one direction over the moon with their gauze blades slashing the steel light and glinting feverishly blinking lecherously at us

And we're having a picnic in a garden by the sea and we're with guards who are eating boiled eggs and laughing like innocent little girls, and down comes a helicopter into nextdoor's garden and looks in and is looked back at by a huge reeling TV camera in their back bedroom with multiple rotating lenses and rotating joints that make it like a huge-headed gigantic camera snake

and it drops into our garden now and the engine is fuel and HOT with haze and liquid air, it x-rays through the house, turns, looks at us, we see the pilot face to face then it turns, rises, and more are flying in the town below the lampposts and the billions in the sky and we realise

they're all going to one place and they are going to destroy the world

Tiresias is putting on his gasmask

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF THIS EUROPE

The slaves lounge idle, drinking, playing cards

Tiresias the blind old man exposes his lips to censure

Tiresias – *[breathless beneath/behind slaves, incantations]* as Europe burned behind him i raised my arms the great traitor span off into sea under the white sails of his brother’s wrath i saw the columns of this world frothing into the cold seas in his hollow wake and all the women howling and all the men groaning all people swollen to death with death and children and starvation and ravage i raised my arms to cast my spell to protect us from his ever return
impotent spell
i see he is returned

He prays

Meanwhile

Slave 1 – Sweep!

Slave 2 – No!

Slave 1 – Sweep!!

Slave 2 – I will not sweep!!

Slave 1 – You will sweep! You will sweep! You will sweep!

Slave 2 – I will not sweep! I will not! I will not I will not!

Slave 2 – I will not sweep.

Slave 1 – Well then!

Slave 2 – You sweep!

Slave 1 – I’m not sweeping

Slave 2 – Sweep!

Slave 1 – No! After those crapping Mesdames? If I have to pick up one more nappy or one more piece of fruit I swear to the gods

Slave 2 – Oh go on! Go on, swear!

Slave 1 – Swear?

Slave 2 – Yeah, swear!!!

Slave 1 – You swear, you scrounger, lounging about

Slave 2 – Scrounger?

Slave 1 – Yes scrounger!

Slave 2 – You call me a scrounger – you’d eat that orange peel if I weren’t here to stop you

Slave 1 – A man can’t eat orange peel these days, it’s not war anymore.

Slave 2 – You could, you scrounger!

Slave 1 – Hypocrite! Hypocrite, you, and eavesdropper!

Slave 2 – What?

Slave 1 – I’ve seen you, they’re littered all over the palace your eaves, and it has been expressly forbidden on occasion beyond number

Slave 2 – By his illustrious majesty himself

Slaves 1&2 – There shall be NO EAVES DROPPING!

Slave 1 – So what were they saying?

Slave 2 – Cards?

Slave 1 – I didn't bring any

Slave 2 – I did

Slave 1 – What were they saying, him and the old girl?

Slave 2 – I heard nothing. Have a drink.

Slave 1 – Beer in working hours?

Slave 2 – Cards?

Slave 1 – What about the floors?

Slave 2 – You want to hear or what? It has been spoken abroad the king is finished with his sons

Slave 1 – No!

Slave 2 – Yes. Their arrogance. Their rivalries. Their impieties both in peace and war are not to be sustained by our master and it is his final will that they be struck from his final will.

Slave 1 – Then who is to succeed in his noble place? Us?

Slave 2 – By the time he's dead? You'll have been dragged off to hell with all your venereal disease. His health is sublime: he reads, he writes speeches, eats no meat and drinks no wine and never smoked a cigarette in his life while you guzzle 50 a day to fit in between your gambling and drinking and screwing

Slave 1 – You're no better!

Slave 2 – I include myself, mon cher. I'll hold it as a disservice to my dedication to debauched living if I outlive you.

Slave 1 – Anyway

Slave 2 – Anyway anyway, in the place of the boys his desire is to designate his brother's daughters

Slave 1 – The children with the...?

Slave 2 – Yes, the same children.

Slave 1 – His brother's? Won't he come back with a new plague upon us when he hears?

Slave 2 – He never cared for those girls.

The blind prophet is praying and groaning

Slaves – What does blind old Tiresias see?

Tiresias – i see not with your eyes but see much that your eyes do not

Slaves 1&2 – Do you see us mopping up the shit of princesses much longer?

Tiresias – they may not be princesses much longer *[incantations]*

Slaves 1&2 – waxing floors licking toilets wiping arses peeling fruit

they throw the peel on the floor! all over the floor!

we have to pick it all up all over again and clean the floor all over again!

can't eat orange peel

you can in these times!

flattering their highnesses flattering the timid frights

Tiresias whispers. He becomes audible

Tiresias – barren plague womb / mind / attention / the thorns gather succour in the gardens of fear / fluid poison noxious temperament / lies / embedded in earth you tread in your little moccasins in bare feet in your leathery bare feet vulnerable as baby skulls / savage semenized eggs / barren / plague / womb those thorns are made fertile with her nauseous irony poisoning men's souls with cocksucking ballfumbling guilt / ridden / ridden she hallow sanctifies the sacrament of unrecognisable marriage despoiled strapped by thongs bone thickets of leather Take Care / what do you have but shattered glass and crystal orbs falling tears from the sky ripping sidewalks / oblivion carrion and caving the heads of infants / your infants / your girls i warn you i warn you i warn you freeze from your heart this sin to the gods / wash you face with bellyloads of cum don't treat her / like she were princess or your daughter cast her from high cliffs into air
cram her loaded mouth and pale breasts and face with fish
ruin her but with words
NO MORE SEED
stop planting ploughing before it comes time to reap your degradations

The prophet can no longer be heard but continues the incantations

Slave – The mad old bugger! He'll close his trap up for good one of these days
Tiresias – When this old palace is collapsed once more into the sea we'll rest again, when this deathless race of barren wasters comes to end again we'll lay our heads on straw or tempur mattresses and have a good old sleep.