

NOT IN MY NIGHTMARE - SCENE 13 - XHACTXU'S DILEMMA

All the din and clamor of Zhactu's arrival died away as an eerie silence fell over the spooky crew and the spookier cabin. A flash of green light was there and then was not as it morphed into the resplendent figure of Commander Xhactxu himself.

OWL MAN

Very impressive Xhactxu! And such a fancy kilt! However did you come by that my good friend?

XHACTXU

From Queensie herself. She's taken a liking to me and provides all sorts of perks.

OWL MAN

And what brings you to our humble gathering?

XHACTXU

Might you have a wee dram of Macallans? Me throat is parched and I've got something to ask you.

OWL MAN

No Macallans here my friend. Much too costly for these environs. Hey, Chip, you got any...what's it called, ah, yes, any HOOCH?

CHIP

We do, we do. Enough for all, even AI AS IT if such be his desire...oh, it's me forgettin' AI AS IT, ain't got no desire.

HEAD CROW

We do, we do, No desire, no desire. We want some too, we the crow choir!

CHIP finds his way to a cupboard, opens it to reveal a good supply of the homemade hooch, pulls out a couple of bottles, glasses for all, and pours a generous four fingers I each glass but full to brim in the one he hands to Xhactxu.

CHIP

Here youse go, space man. But take it slow and easy. This ain't no ordinary hooch, so it will loosen all the gears in your funny shaped

head to be sure.

XHACTU

All gears are go, my good man, not to worry.

Xhactu lifts the glass of illicit spirits and downs it all in one gulp.

XHACTU (cont'd)

Ahhhhhhh! Vunderbach as they say somewhere. Another, if you please.

Xhactu accepts the refill and raises his glass in the manner of toasting.

XHACTU (cont'd)

Three or more to all of you, my mostees, or whatever! Drink up! Owl, my good man, I've come seeking your council as I am in a bend, as you earthlings say.

OWL MAN

I believe you mean "bind" Xhactu, but no mind. What's the problem?

XHACTU

Well, I'm caught in a square, Owl. This thing between me and Irma and Queensie. I don't know how to untrangle it all.

OWL MAN

You must mean "triangle" for sure. Not an easy one. As you know, Queensie's appetites are unbounded and she always gets her way and does not countenance anyone saying "no" to her desires. She's caught you in your sights, has she now?

XHACTU

I'm seeking you out Owl, because you of all people I thought would know about the square in triangles.

OWL MAN

Oh, I'm sorry, Xhactu. So few know of the square in all triangles, I did not realize that you were aware of this. What you must realize is that the longest line of any triangle is between the women (in

your case), and it is this line that is pulled to form the hidden square in all triangles.

XHACTU

That I know, Owl Man. The reason for my visit and consulting you is HOW! HOW does one stretch this line between Irma and Queensie?

HERON MAN

Pardon my butting in, Xhactu, but there is NOTHING you can do. It is for the "fourth" to act and that always originates in the common ground between the women (in your case). The "fourth" will not respond to anything you do, or want, or desire. It just is not up to you at all.

HEAD CROW

Not up to you! Not up to you! Don't worry your head, don't worry at all!

XHACTU

Well, that's it then. I'll leave it to the girlies to resolve this quagmire we find ourselves in. Another shot of your fine hooch, Chip, and I'll be off.

Zhactu's glass is once again filled to the brim and the spaceman downs it in one go. For some unknown reason, everyone claps their hands and shouts out "sláinte," in Gaelic, though how the crew knows this Gaelic for "to your health," is left hanging in the air, as Zhactu's presence dissolves in a mist.