

The Handsome Young Soldier

by Edward de Grazia
(A Play for Reading)

7M-5

There is a beautiful woman
And she stands naked
And children come on and do things with her.

First

They cut off her long fair hair
then they dress her in a soldier suit
Give her a rubber knife
Shout: "go and kill the Enemy."

The handsome young soldier stands still
at first
then looks all around
He doesn't see the Enemy
He sees the children
who stamp their feet and shout: "KILL THE ENEMY!"
The soldier strikes at his heart with their rubber dagger
It makes the children

Laugh
And point
And jump up and down
And roll on the ground and kick up their legs
And want to go mad in
Confusion

The handsome young soldier walks far away where he is stopped
at the border by a guard with
a mustachio

And a holstered gun which he pats
And a big buckled belly which he pats
And oily black eyes which he rolls and serpentine lips which
slither beneath the mustachio and say:
"Where to, Buster?!"

FM-6

The handsome young soldier isn't sure he can speak
His lips tremble His gaze drops to the knife in his hand
The border guard says "No, you don't!" and takes the
soldier's fair head in a hammerlock.
The rubber dagger falls
The border guard laughs
And bends the young soldier down backwards

Almost
to

the
ground

And says, again: "No you don't."
The fair soldier's knees touch the ground
His blue eyes see heaven
His buttons begin to break
off his shirt

So his sweet breasts come out
And the border guard swears
Jesus

Saint Marie

but doesn't let go until the buttons from the soldier's pants
Pop off

Jesu

lacrima Christi

The young soldier's Mount Venus is exposed

The fair hair

And the border guard

Doesn't know what to do so he

lets go

And the half-dressed young soldier pulls himself

together and

smiles because he still isn't sure he can talk

And rises

and notices the boarder guard go on his knees

clasping his horned hands

bowing his brute back

lifting his dumb face great nose

rolling eyes tormented lips mused mustachio thick tongue califlower
ears

toward him

mumbling Jesu Christi Jesu Cristi

Jesu Cristi

And the beautiful young soldier bends down

letting the guard suck milk from his

breast,

and crosses the border

74-7

I am in another country, he thinks
where the children do not laugh
I shall take off my clothes and be
the way my father made me

And so he found a stone and sat
on it
And took off his shirt and was about to take off
his pants when
children came up to him
and laughed again
and pointed and rolled on the ground and kicked
their feet
in the air

Until one of them unlike the others came forward and said:
"You're hired"
"Don't say anything! Follow me!"
And led him to a remote corner of the new country, to a night club
where children came to drink
and look

up
at the beautiful soldier's downcast eyes
and tell him to wriggle his tits
While the rock n roll music was playing
on air on
Over and over
and two of them came and went to take
a piss

And inquire what he was doing
after the show
And how much did it cost and how
did he ever get into this business and say
would he mind well
doing it a little more
you know
wiggle those beautiful tits, kid?!
ow, I want to suck on them
no! now, okay?

And the fair young soldier wouldn't say no not knowing
anyhow for sure that he could speak not even
to children who needed his breasts,
he knelt down
and wiggled his tits and
let them just two of them/ they weren't soldiers or border guards/
take him in their mouths
And the children screamed and the joint jumped
And a siren wailed
And five policemen came on the run,
beat the two men's brains in and
dragged the beautiful young soldier off to jail/ feeling up his tits oh
once in a while/ on the bumpy paddy-wagon ride
across town

in
the new country.
In jail made him think
how tits got you into trouble

If
You shown them
to a guard
or let

barflies latch on to them
The thing to do about tits was
cover them over
So the beautiful young soldier button-up,
and when he was led before a judge in the criminal court of grand
and petite justice
and was asked

"what's your problem?"
He looked down modestly saw
everything
was buttoned up said
two children in a bar

The needed....
"Twenty days," said the judge
"Bring the next case and no more perverts I can't
stomach them not too many of them
on Monday morn
which it was
a Monday morn in
June.

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