Designated Distraction

Last Waltz of the Flower

Joel Anthony Walley With material by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

CHORUS (over start of piano):

And Tiresias was known throughout to give unerring answers to those who consulted him. The gentle Liriope was the first to put him to the test, inquiring of him as to the fate of her child

And the answer was

The child will live long and be richly blessed, unless this.

Unless he discovers himself.

And all seemed well with the child.





But the day came when the prophecy was fulfilled. The event, the manner of his death, and the strangeness of his passion. But for the moment, all seemed well.





CHRIS: Thank gods Juno isn't around.

AGEMEMNON: I know right, she literally hates us for no reason.

NARCISSUS: Hello ladies. What can I get you to drink?



NARCISSUS: Okay, enough of that.



NARCISSUS: Two shots coming up. And congrats on whatever you are celebrating.

NARCISSUS (returning with drinks): Here you are, two shots of Patrón and a water.

AGEMEMNON: Thanks cutiepie







(Enter Juno, vamp 1)

CHRIS: Speak of the devil.

AGEMEMNON: You mean "Speak of the devil's wife." The devil I quite like.

ECHO: I've got it. Just get out of here.

(Begin vamp 2)

ECHO: June! How are you? How has business been?

...

...

JUNO: You'll have to tell me about it later dear, I've got loads of work to do.



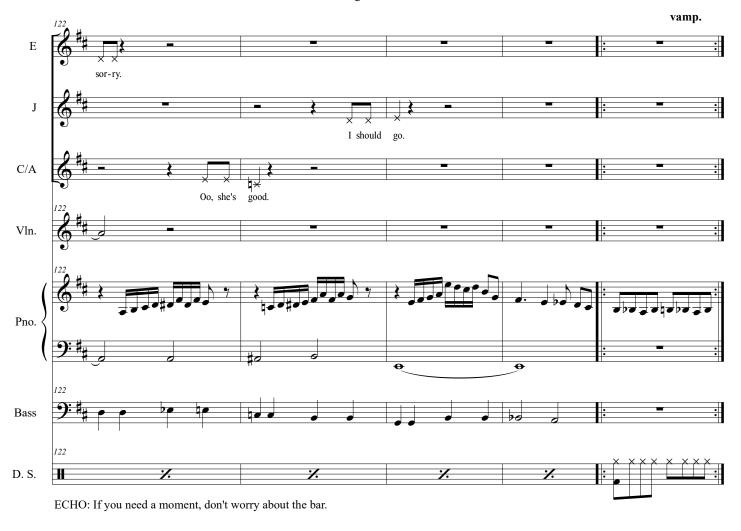












JUNO: I'll be right back. Please excuse meq60)

E

BOTH:

You've got to go.

Our

Pno.

Pno.

127

Bass

127

D. S.



ECHO: Dude, you have to get out of here. That's why I was distracting Juno, now go before she gets back.

AGEMEMNON: Okay! We're going. Pushy. But thanks for the distraction hon, you're the best.

...

ECHO: Give me two minutes. I'll catch up with you at the next place. But get going, Juno is not happy with you guys.

CHRIS: Give him my number!



ECHO: Hey.





NARCISSUS: ... take it upon themselves to dig up every bit of information about me.

ECHO: I see you've met my friends.

NARCISSUS: (laughs) exactly.



NARCISSUS: Sorry for the rant.

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ECHO: Well, we've all got something I suppose. The grass is always greener. You wanna hear about my problems?

NARCISSUS: I guess it's only fair. Shoot.

(ECHO signals to the band. End vamp)





ECHO: Not sorry for the rant.

NARCISSUS: Wow, that does sound like a serious problem. My no-name policy stops when I clock out though, and my shift ends in ten minutes.

ECHO: Ten minutes is an awfully long time. I'll see where I am when ten minutes rolls around. Maybe I'll see you then.





ECHO: I ran into them. We weren't together. It was a coincidence.

JUNO: Don't play games with me, girl.























