

## **PREAMBLE**

Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Hear Ye.  
We hath prepared a play for your amusement  
so gather round and listen well.

Little is it known that the Geological Sciences  
hosts a troupe of Shakespearean players of  
timeless renown.

Indeed, it is such a well kept secret that  
many in the troupe were taken aback  
just earlier this day when the script was  
thrust into their hands.

Nevertheless, we are here to perform,  
in honor of one of our very own,  
a faithful adaptation which we have come to call:

## **TAMING OF THE (MOTLEY) CREW**

### **Scene:**

A lush and luxuriant garden of Emerald City, owned  
by the patrician Baptista, father of Katherine  
and Bianca, now both happily wed.

Also father to a son Eugene, who is, at the time  
the play begins, unwed.

# TAMING OF THE (MOTLEY) CREW

A play for Eugene's 50<sup>th</sup> Birthday

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**Players:**

**Eugene:**

Gene as basketball player (Dana)

Gene as photographer (Pat)

Gene as poet (Michael)

Gene as scientist (Mark)

Gene as philosopher (Doug)

**Monica:** Suitor to Eugene (Emilie)

**Baptista:** A rich gentleman and father of Eugene (McBirney)

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**McBirney:** [STAGE LEFT]

Oh woes is me, For in my old age I  
have wed my daughter Kate  
Though she is quite a shrew,  
and my fair Bianca too.  
But I do fear for my son Eugene,  
he is such a motley crew.  
How will he ever be wed and what maiden  
has the measure for such intolerance.

But look, who comes there?

**Monica:** [ENTERS]

How now, good sir. I am lady Monica.  
I am looking for a noble gentleman living here in Eugene.  
He wishes a Venetian garden, built on his estate.

**Mac:**

Gentle lady, you have found the one you seek.  
I wish water works and shrubberys  
in the Venetian style.

Will you look over my garden?  
But be not perplexed if you find a young man.  
He tarries there and dabbles in things diverse.  
It is my son Eugene.

**Monica:**

Why thank you kind sir. I shall be most pleased  
to look over your garden  
    [and your son]  
to see if the soil is fertile  
    [and if his limbs are strong].

**[MAC EXITS]**

Garden INDEED!  
If the apple does not fall far from the tree,  
then this young gentleman Eugene must be  
a nobleman of pure blood.  
Cut of the finest cloth, resplendent as his  
own father's sartorial splendor,  
Dulcet of voice, well schooled and refined  
in every manner. And certainly, as his lording father,  
not one to ever forget a single  
detail of a maidens desires.

**[MONICA ENTERS GARDEN;  
DANA IS STAGE RIGHT; TO AUDIENCE]**

Shrubberys I have seen, unkempt boughs of green,  
but what is this moving, jumping species before me?

"Genus Quirkamongus"

**[TO GENE]**

My young lord, you must be the gentleman Eugene,  
The apple fallen not far, I do fervently pray,  
From thy father's tree?

**Dana:**

Me lady, you are surely mistaken to call me Eugene,  
as I am simply Gene.  
Sometimes Mean Gene, Blue Gene,  
even his Gene-ius, but Eugene? HA!

Perhaps in my youth I was even  
Slamma Jamma Gene, though I must admit,  
that moniker is now most often in my dreams  
as my knees are brittle and my jumpshot but spittle.

**Monica:**

But my lord, the name Eugene is such a splendid name and  
it doeth suit you well.

**Dana:**

My hard of hearing lady, no suit hath ever suit me well,  
except the sweaty suit of a well spent youth

Though I do recall that once the fitting of a suit in  
distant Canada did leave me with an out of body experience.  
Which was fortunate enough for me but  
not for the unstuffed suit.

**[GENE EXITS MAKING EXAGGERATED  
BASKETBALL MOVES]**

3 ... 2 ... 1.. Humphreys has the ball, he stops, he shoots

Nothing but NET. GENIO- GENIO- GENIO ...

**Monica:**

Verily, a gentleman he is not yet made,  
Though his father has a garden enough  
for me to meet the task.

Perhaps another encounter with this shrubby genus will  
reveal his truer self.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

**[MONICA EXITS; GENE (Pat) ENTERS GARDEN  
WITH ABUNDANT PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT]**

**Pat:**

Assume the past and the future of the universe  
be depicted in four-dimensional space,  
and visible to beings, such with a clever eye, whose  
consciousness is n-dimensional.

If there is motion in our three-dimensional space  
are not all the changes we experience and  
mistakenly assign to time  
but the movement in a 4<sup>th</sup> dimension,  
with the whole of my youth and my hopefully  
now mature age existing as two points,  
one here.....,  
one there...

**[TAKES PICTURES]**

**Monica:**

**[ASIDE TO AUDIENCE]**

Ah, here is the far flung apple,  
beyond the comforting shade of his father's tree  
or even that of a fair maidens breast.  
Me thinks the sun has beat too hard upon his lordships head,  
and thus he mutters this nonsense in delirium

**[TO GENE]**

My gentle Eugene, oh most noble, single and available one,  
what discourse is that you are having in nature's garden?

**Pat:**

Well, tis Monica of the errant moniker.

Tis simply this. As a youth and now, well,  
no longer precisely youthful,  
I have worshipped Euclid's beast.

And with these small devices  
have I captured nature's geometry.  
Reducing to two-dimensions a soul too large  
for vulgar space.

**Monica:**

My lord, thou mind seem most distracted and  
vexed and to me, such nonsense you speak.  
What good can come of all this ?

**Pat:**

What good you inquire? Simply this,  
My life's work will soon adorn the walls of our fair city's most  
venerable and reviving institution: Espresso Roma

And thus will our burg's hipster youth be  
subconsciously squared by  
the Geometer's keen eye.

You see, I seek to influence minds, and influence I shall.

But perhaps you are inquiring of a more  
practically minded outcome, and  
I have my designs on one of those as well.

This reduction of life's geometry to paper and chemicals will  
earn me an academics mental fuel—a year's supply of  
Double Tall Skinny Mochas.

**Monica:**

**[TO AUDIENCE, AS LEAVING].**

Such uncouth behavior is simultaneously  
exasperating and beguiling. Fortunately,  
my patience is that of a slumbering flower garden,  
waiting out winter's dark and silent sleep to give  
way to spring's love-nurturing waters.

**Pat:**

**[TO AUDIENCE, AFTER MONICA LEAVES].**

The fair maiden thinks me mad, to say the least.  
But there is method here. For as she walks away  
from me, I well deduce the ripeness of her French Curves.

Now, confess I must, that the gentle cooing of this dove  
doest soften my throbbing heart to love,  
as do her Bezier curves allow me to detect,  
another part of me standing ever more erect.

**[PAT EXITS WITH SOME EMBARRASMENT]**

**[ MICHAEL ENTERS AS POET]**

**Michael:**

What groundswell force is this I sense in me,  
A mad desire to scribble nonsense poetry.

EGADS, and it rhymes to,  
wot is a love sick pup to do!

Yes, my dear audience, I have of late become obsessed.  
This gentle creature is of whom my mind tis possessed.

I toss, I turn, I turn, I toss. A tempest on a mole hill.

This must stop!  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
the rhymes of outrageous doggerel,  
or to take up arms against a sea of couplets, and by  
opposing, end them in ORANGE. ORANGE. ORANGE!!

Listen closely my dear friends. I shall,  
I pray thee, take this dear Monica  
to visit the verdant gardens of Italy. And as we  
scamper down those meadowy lanes,

there will occur beneath the butterfly bush the quietist  
of ceremonies.

For as the hummingbird does come to sup the nectar of  
such sweet flowers, so I too will nourish my self from soft  
petals.

Dear friends, if you are quick, take the hint,  
what leaves you now from this place as one,  
will return as two but also one.

Though, before exiting for such a fateful trip,  
I leave you with this trifling quip.

“As the years of life accumulate,  
a man of my age must evaluate,  
whether tis noble to suffer through a date,  
and what quirks do woman tolerate

Alas, my life I live so quirkily,  
To others it seems but murkily,  
Oft times I favored the Bezerkely  
this tripe is tenure at U.C. Berkeley.

**[MICHAEL LEAVES]**

**[MARK AND MONICA COME ROWING IN]**

**Mark:**

My fairest Monica, how these past few months have  
sped by. Sweet memories I have of resplendent Italian  
Gardens.

Through these many blessed travels I have shared I fear  
more than one story, and if I know myself,  
I have shared some stories more than once.  
Yet how sweet you are to never notice and to treat each  
retelling as a new spring blossom.

Tho' now, I sense the need to share with you stories of  
science and the poetry therein.



For you see, we both seek our harvest with our hands in the dirt of these great western states. So great, indeed, that it is one of Earth's great physiographic provinces.

[WITH EXASPERATION AND TO AUDIENCE]

Yes, I know, I know, tis only the second greatest plateau...

Anyway, as I was discoursing so nicely, each of our hands bear b'neath their nails the evidence of our toil

(And how do you get yours so clean???!)

You dig gently near the surface, whilst I, being a man must have the bigger toy and thus dig deeply down through the eons of dirt in search of the real reason that flowers bloom, to sing the secrets of the hidden mantle, from which all good forces do arise.

And it is here, my dear, that we find the Earth making ample ammends for its surficial excesses, balancing some with mass deficiencies.

Yet not all the ledger is writ by the balance of isostasy, For me thinks there must be viscous forces too.

**Monica:**           **[TOO AUDIENCE]**

What foreign language vows were those I took in far Italy? While the gentle and erudite audience can depart after 45 minutes of feigned interest, plus 10 minutes of too polite questioning, I have found myself entrapped here indefinitely.

Should I say what my heart doth scream "WHO CARES", or should I bear this endless jabbering...

**Mark:**

I can see my cooing dove that you are about to fall from your perch.

Verily, you have that look I too often see in Volcanoes and Earthquakes 303.

Let me try the following pedagogy

All the Earth's a stage where a well honed balance of forces exist. Some are driving forces. Others resist.

So with your paddle you must stroke this way, and I will do what I do best, the opposite.

You see, now almost like the Earth we have achieved a force balance wherein the inertial terms are going rapidly to zero.

(Please neglect the rotation)

**Monica:**

What ere these random words doth mean I know not.

But I can use my intuition to tell you what I clearly see:

Inertia be damned, we are going nowhere.

and secondly, we are about to tip o'er.

**Mark:**

Oh damned, the cursed balance. Tis the albatross of the inquiring mind. What sea anchor can one cast out in hopes of steadying the obsessive passions of a scientist?

BALANCE, I MUST SEEK THE ELUSIVE BALANCE....!!!

**[MARK AND MONICA TUMBLE OFF STAGE]**

**Doug:**

My fair and lovely Monica, you hath now seen  
my many sides and still you are near.

**Monica:**

Simple Gene, tis true for a multitude of reasons I am near  
[Not least of which is the desire to remain topside and dry for  
once].

**Doug:**

Your charms and gentle ways have given me safe harbor  
on storm tossed days and pleasures unnamable during  
quieter times

Now I think it is time to share with you some small part of my  
life's philosophy.

And as I see that we are floating aimlessly along this  
Siddhartha's stream, what springs to my mind's eye are two  
watery analogies.

First, I have as often as I can remember wrestled mentally  
with, on one hand, free will, whilst on the other mere fate.

For mere fate, I have seen myself as but one of nature's  
small leaves that you so admire,  
cast adrift on the stream of life,  
which is sometimes turbulent and other times serene.

This leaf, myself, moving onwards, here rushingly, there  
caught in a swirling eddy of ever-ending spirals.

To wit, it was one of these eddies that delivered me to the  
doorstep of your home, before our trip to Italy.

So, it does seem to me that fate must play the dominant role  
in one's life.

But wait, what queer forces of gravity then caused me to  
climb the basement steps, to the kitchen for tea, and upward

to your bed for a bit of glee?

Surely I say, that must be my free-will expressed, leaving me to argue that the individual dost pilot his own ship of life!

And yet, there is the voice of fate whispering on my shoulder, all nature's creatures, like the salmon, must swim upstream to mate.

Alas, it remains as always, I have made little progress in this philosophical battle.

**Monica:**

My tormented Gene, these are questions grandest that you raise.

Ones that we could purse and shall pursue for future time.

But now, as we are like that leaf drifting along this placid river, me thinks I here ahead the baritone of plunging water.

**Doug:**

Why Monica, my quick minded crew member. You have struck upon my second watery analogy.

Surely, as we float along this stream of time, one becomes aware, as you have just now, of an impending passage over some tumultuous fall of water.

And when one does awake to the possibility, there is an instant when some invisible line is crossed. And this line is one of several that trace out an imaginary triangle whose implications are quite real. This triangle, lying just up stream of our next adventure, as many of my friends dost know, is the omnipotent

**[All the GENES SAY THE FOLLOWING,  
IN WHAT SOME MIGHT CONSIDER UNISON]**

**CONE OF NO RETURN.**

For some timid of heart, this Cone may  
strike in them a rigid fear.

But for those bold, as I, over my countenance comes the  
most willing smile and hearty laughter.  
For I know, what ere I do, once within this Cone,  
it tis over the falls I go.

## SO LET'S ENJOY THE RIDE!

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ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE AND HONORED GUESTS  
HERE ENDS OUR LITTLE SKIT, WITH GENE AND MONICA NOW  
WELL WITHIN THIER OWN CONE OF NO RETURN.

WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THEIR TRIP OVER LIFES MANY  
ADVENTURESOME WATERFALLS WILL BE TAKEN  
IN A MORE STURDILY BUILT CANOE.

THE MOTELY CREW AND YOUR MANY FRIENDS WOULD THUS  
LIKE TO GIVE THIS TO YOU