

CLAWS AND DIRTY FLUID

[Copyright held by the Manhattan Experimental Theater Workshop]

Written & performed by the company

Directed by the directing team

Under our own influence

Two measures of drum beats, in 4, then two more measures with sounds

Verse 1

Predators

We can be sadistic/ We can be superficial

We can be ignorant/ With a different sense of humor

Funny names are funnier/ Peep is a four letter word

We love unanswered questions/ Doesn't make it right

One measure of drum beats, sounds continuing

Verse 2

Prey

The animals are centered around it/ It quenches the thirst of thousands

These muscles are made for swimming/ All graceful and instinctive (but)

Those big eggs really scare us/ No one knows just what they are (*sounds cease*)

The freezing waters nearly kill us/ And we are destined to be food

One measure of drum beats, with no sounds

Verse 3

Predators

It makes like a different story/ Thanks to the public schools (*sounds begin again*)

It puts them in their place/ The story is misnamed

Prey

These people are like sand/ They come out of nowhere

They don't get metaphors/ It's really hot in here

Predators

Sends a horrible message/ It's not a dominant fact

Tastes odd, can be dirty/ What is a metaphor for?

Predators' Chorus

We are the story tellers/ This is our favorite part

Uncontrollable stockings claws/ smells like fish, stabs like a knife

It's rhythmically pleasing/ and there's good alliteration (and)

It takes all the animals/ and puts them in their place Yes

We are the story tellers/ We are full of imperfections

We love claws and dirty fluid/ Well fried and filled with paste

One measure of drum beats, with sounds continuing

Verse 4

Prey

Kill me majestic creatures

Predators

Because it was simple/ Because it still stood

Because it sheltered/ Because it was striking

Ugly finds his place in life/ Killed by his own kind

Predators' Chorus

We are the story tellers/ This is our favorite part

Uncontrollable stockings claws/ smells like fish, stabs like a knife

It's rhythmically pleasing/ and there's good alliteration (and)

It takes all the animals/ and puts them in their place Yes

We are the story tellers/ We are full of imperfections

We love claws and dirty fluid/ Well fried and filled with paste

We are the story tellers/ This is our favorite part

Uncontrollable stockings claws/ smells like fish, stabs like a knife

It's rhythmically pleasing/ and there's good alliteration (and)

Prey

These people are like sand/ They come out of nowhere

Predators -- Yes

We are the story tellers/ We are full of imperfections
We love claws and dirty fluid/ Well fried and filled with paste

One measure of drum beats, with no sounds

Prey's chant

We can't throw it in/ We're not the last to hatch
We're not half the world/ We're the already exiled
We only slip on ice/ We can't admit the truth
The eel heads and the cat claws/ And we are afraid of drowning

One measure of drum beats, with sounds beginning again

Predators

We are the story tellers/ This is our favorite part
Uncontrollable stockings claws/ smells like fish,
stabs like a knife
It's rhythmically pleasing/ and there's good
alliteration

Prey

They don't get metaphors/ It's really hot in here.

Predators -- Yes

We are the story tellers/ We are full of imperfections
We love claws and dirty fluid/ Well fried and filled
with paste
We are the story tellers/ This is our favorite part
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We can't throw it in/ We're not the last to hatch
We're not half the world/ We're the already exiled

We only slip on ice/ We can't admit the truth

alliteration (and)

It takes all the animals/ and puts them in their place

Yes

We are the story tellers/ We are full of imperfections

We love claws and dirty fluid/ Well fried and filled
with paste

Sounds stop, except cries from witnesses

The eel heads and the cat claws/ And we are afraid of
drowning

We can't throw it in/ We're not the last to hatch

We're not half the world/ We're the already exiled

We only slip on ice/ We can't admit the truth

The eel heads and the cat claws/ And we are afraid of
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The eel heads and the cat claws/ And we are afraid of
drowning

One measure of drum beats, no sound

One measure of drum beats, sounds begin again and then end abruptly on last beat