

The Mysterious Demise of One Brody-Marie

Libretto by Nicholas Vines

I.

M: Good evening!
B: Good evening!
M: Good morning!
B: Good morning!
M: Good afternoon!
B: Good afternoon!
M: Good day!
B: G'day!
M + B: Or is it?
M: For this is a grand tale,
B: An epic, no less,
M: Of epic proportions;
B: A veritable saga,
M: Spattered with the constructs of Myth,
B: Tragedy,
M: Passion,
B: Pathos,
M: Herbal remedies,
B: Homemade canapes,
M: Bottomless vomeral pits,
B: Electrical goods of questionable quality,
M: Lay-about louts of doubtful morality,
M + B: And considerable laryngic clout!
B: An account not for the faint-hearted;
M: No, indeed!
B: For it concerns the unnatural demise
of one Brody-Marie,
M: A resident of God-equivalent knows where,
B: And God-equivalent only cares,
M: Who fell...
B: Mysteriously,
M: Irrevocably...
B: From the fifth storey...

II.

M: *I.*

I felt the moment Brody-Marie
Passed away: the spirits spoke to me
And said it wasn't her lucky day.

Her star sign was in high rotation
'Round Pluto: the intense vexation
Of my inner children told me so.

My yin yearned to comfort with words those
She'd held dear, so I sat in repose,
Till my yang made my tribute quite clear:

M: Of said abode.
B: Oh, Shock!
M: Oh, Horror!
B: How did such a thing eventuate?
M: Was it of her own volition?
B: Did low serotonin levels,
M: Or the Devil-equivalent,
B: Make her do it?
M: Or was it the consequences...
B: Of the vile machinations...
M: of some foul, clandestine individual?
M+B: A mystery!
B: Yes, a mystery, indeed!
M: One in need of a solution!
B: So how to solve it?
M: The physical evidence?
M+B: Wee!
B: Thud!
M: Splat!
B: Minimal.
M: So we must rely on something else.
B: Something else?
M: Yes, something else.
B: A logical deduction!
M: The accounts of eye-witnesses,
B: And ear-witnesses,
M: And nose-witnesses,
B: And those of various other miscellaneous
sensory persuasions!
M: Here is the transmogrification thereof...
B: Into song!
M: Though not into modern dance,
B: Or installation art!
M + B: Thank God-equivalent!

Perched on high with Love.
Then whooshing through the air: Splat!
Red on concrete earth.

I declaimed it in the corridor
Late last night: my kind neighbours, I'm
sure,
Were cheering, though they kept out of sight.

Except that old biddy, who told me
What she thought: my Peace and Harmony
Were eclipsed by her Martian onslaught!

Now, Brody had two visitors, that
Fateful day: one, our land lord, Stuart,
Had gone over to practise feng-shui.

But his aura has the righteous hue
Of beetroot: somehow he even knew
My spirit-name, Elderflower Root.

So the bad karma's from that old hag
Down the hall! Here's why I think that bag
Of bones was the cause of Brody's fall.

III.

B: *Refrain*

What's your problem? I've seen nothin'!
Footie reruns, I was watchin'!
Didn't know her well, ya know,
I've lived with her ten years or so,
But it's not like we had go hitched
I didn't yatter to the bitch!
So stick your whining where the sun's not
shining,
And bugger off!!

Verse 1.

Everyone really liked her, ya know,
They kept coming over to say hello.
That happened a lot, it gave me the shits,
I'd give them what for, they'd scream off
their tits!

'Cept that Elderflower, she didn't care,
For this neighbourhood, she's pretty good
fare.
Her last name is Root, I think she's insane,
But if name is nature, I won't complain!

So what's it to you anyway?
Don't waste my time 'cause all I've got to
say is....

Refrain

Verse 2.

So what if people dropped in the day that
Brody-Marie carked it, I had no say!
The first, that old slag, with tits to the floor,
Brought muffins for us, she's done it before.
The second, our landlord, he's a choice
turd –
Wears lippie and heels to work, so I've
heard.

*Too bitter for Life.
Another's Joy causes piles:
Homicidal thoughts.*

Oh, if only I could have made known
My insights, if only I had grown
More of my Herbs for her baked delights.

I would give them to her so she could
Mellow out: she has misunderstood
Their medicinal purpose, no doubt!

He said that ma place was starting to reek,
Then cleared out my fridge, the beer-
snitching freak.

So what's it to you anyway?
Don't waste my time 'cause all I've got to
say is....

Refrain

Verse 3.

I'll tell you who I think caused Brody's
death,
It's that ho who talks non-stop without
drawing breath!
Christ, she blows out more crap than my
Holden V8:
That's enough to cause brain damage, at any
rate.
Now, the day it all happened, she was on the
loo,
When her pipes just gave way, they were
missing a screw,
So I climbed 'cross the wall onto her balcony
And the next thing I knew, she was
screaming at me,
Even though I offered her a hand!
If you had heard her screech, you'd want to
do yourself in too, so I don't understand!

Refrain: Variant

What's your problem? I've seen nothin'!
Eighties porn-flicks, I was watchin'!
Didn't know her well, ya know,
I've lived with her ten years or so,
But it's not like we had go hitched
I didn't yatter to the bitch!
So stick your whining where the sun's not
shining,
And bugger off!!

IV.

1.

M: Oh, isn't it a shame
about Brody-Marie!
Still at my age, you start to gauge
That life's no jamboree.

It's like I've lost a child,
though, 'course, she wasn't mine.
It's sad, you know, she had to go,
I s'ppose it was her time.

Some kind of wake is planned
for Sunday lunch, Bill thought.
But Bill's got bowls and he extols
Commitment to the sport!

Isn't that right, dear?

B: I can go Saturday, it won't seem all that bizarre.
Go play the pokies now, the RSL isn't far!
Can't you survive a day without propping up their bar?!

M: Oh, who asked you, anyway?

The day that Brody croaked
I felt a little down:
I'd tried to bake (for my Bill's sake)
My muffins of renown.

That girl from down the hall,
the one who always smells,
Gave me some leaves, that she believes
Will help arthritic swells.

So I made up a batch
with them for Bill to eat.
But that strange herb made Bill absurd,
All cuddly, coy and sweet!

Isn't that right, dear?

B: I ask for one kiss, and she whacks me hard down below!
Steel caps on walking sticks cause serious pain, you know.
I should go see the cops and take out an AVO!

M: Oh, who asked you, anyway?

B: You did, dear.

B: I am, dear.

B: Have I, dear?

B: No, dear.

B: Yes, dear.

B: Me, dear?

M: You can't be serious!

M: You've gone delirious!

M: I won't put up with this!

M: Give it a miss!

M: You're trying me!

M: I won't cook tea.

{ B: You always take it too far, you vicious old cow!
M: Oh, keep your pants on, if you can remember how!

M: Anyway....

3.

2.

M: After one muffin,
Bill just wasn't after more.
What sinful waste, with such a taste!
I took my wares next door.

That's where our Brody lived,
with Craig, that darling man!
He's always pleased with recipes
That feature lots of bran.

Right, dear?

B: He doesn't give two hoots 'bout healthy bowel movement, dear.
You go shack up with him, I'm happy to stay right here.

M: Oh, belt up, will you?

Craig really needs me
as his present lifestyle shows:
He's got no mum to feed his tum,
Or wash his dirty clothes.

He's like the real men
that we had before the War,
Cast in the mould of knights of old,
He's dreamy, that's for sure!

Right, dear?

B: Don't wet yourself too much, your tena pad's not that big.
Some new bifocals and you'll see he's a rednecked pig.

M: Oh, belt up, will you?

B: Sorry, dear.

M: You're reprehensible!

B: Really, dear?

M: Can't you be sensible?

B: No, dear.

M: Here's an idea.

B: Oh, dear?

M: Craig can live here!

{ B: I'm not staying 'round, I can tell you that!
M: Oh, stop whinging like a spoilt little brat!

{ B: You always take it too far, you vicious old cow!
M: Oh, keep your pants on, if you can remember how!

M: Anyway....

3.

M: Watch out for Stuart, he's so full of churlish spite.
In my heyday, it's true to say, we shot his kind on sight.

Right?

B: After we'd stoned to death the local adulterers.

4.

M: Oh, shut it!

I wouldn't find it strange if he did Brody in,
Because, I fear, he's very queer, a devotee of sin!

Right?

B: He wouldn't seem so bad, if we didn't pay him rent.

M: Oh, shut it!

B: Shut what, dear?

M: Your mouth, that will suffice!

B: Why, dear?

M: Drooling's not nice.

{ B: I don't drool, I'm not senile yet!
M: Oh, really dear, you want to bet?!

{ B: I'm not staying 'round, I can tell you that!
M: Oh, stop whinging like a spoilt little brat!

{ B: You always take it too far, you vicious old cow!
M: Oh, keep your pants on, if you can remember how!

B: You vicious old cow!
You always take it too far!

M: Tea, anyone?

V.

Verse 1.

Well, you know, I am the lord of this manor, since I
own this establishment,
its tenants pay me rent,
and in return, I try
in my benevolent way, to bring these base beats out
of the filth in which they wallow; yes even that lout
who called himself Brody's
'master', whose indolence
makes such utter nonsense
of charity; I patronise now (forgive me please!),

Refrain v1.

Because I truly
love you, my Brody-Marie
although you have breathed your last breath:
in life, your halitosis was criminal
so actu'lly your appeal's greatly increased in.....

Verse 2.

Death! Death is too good for him: why, the day Marie attained
Elysium, I smelt
a putrid smell I felt
could only be explained
by his underwear, but it was in fact the contents
of his refrigerator gone foul; though recompense
was found in salvaging
some fresh muffins, the rest
was really past its best;
I gave said muffins to Marie, the poor, starving thing,

Refrain v2.

Out of pity, but now of course, I
love you, my Brody-Marie,
despite the slight rigor mortis;
your stiffness with me used to be ‘de rigueur’,
but now I won’t blame you for any unfriendliness;
it’s quite clear how ardently I
adore you, my Brody-Marie,
apart from the consequences of rot:
still, your facial hair was always excessive,
I rejoice death has triumphed where waxing could

Verse 3.

Not that I’m one to harp on about the one subject,
But the skulduggery
of that man just leaves me
speechless; one can’t expect
he’ll ever change after that ‘peeping Tom’ incident
with Beatrice in the shower: that dove, so innocent
and demure, will never
recuperate from such
violation, his touch
is the touch (I do not jest) of a vile murderer!

Refrain v3.

Oh, yes, I am sure he has blood on his hands but how can I condemn him now that I
love you, my Brody-Marie,
though you’re plainly decomposing:
while the scent of decaying flesh’s not in vogue,
your body odour’s gone and that’s the important thing:
I barely can contain myself, I’ll burst if I don’t find a way to show how I
adore you, my Brody-Marie,
again and again, I cry unto thee;
you were never one for much conversation,
but now I take your silence as “Make love to me!”;
your technicolour skin, petrified smile and blood-shot eyes, it’s just that everything
about you gives me the desire,
to fill your cold body with fire,
to share this grand passion forever
(if all your bits stay together):
I cannot help but touch that which I should not touch;
It’s so easy to smooch that which I should not smooch, when it’s you,
oh, my Brody-Marie.

VI.

A1

I cannot believe this sort of
thing could happen here, I mean,
I pay rent that's pretty
astronomical
for such a shit-hole, and
then some one dies and its like,
oh my God, how
selfish can you be, is it
fair to the rest of us,
to have to pay for
all the damage Brody
did to the terracota
tiles? No, I don't think it is, it's

B1

not that anyone 'round here could
cough that much anyway,
they're a bunch of losers,
take that dirty perv
who I caught leering at
me in the shower, how I
screamed and screamed, though
I don't blame him really, my
surgeon has truly out-
done himself this time,
you could say I've single
breastedly raised the standard
of this neighbourhood, and that's why

A2

I cannot believe this sort of
thing could happen here, I mean,
I pay rent that's pretty
inconceivable
given the neighbours, and
then some one dies and its like,
oh my God, how
selfish can you be, is it
fair to the rest of us,
to have to pay for
cleaning bits of Brody
off our nice, newly white-washed
walls? No, I don't think it is, it's

B2

not that anyone 'round here could
cough that much anyway,
they're complete no-hopers,
take that creepy sleaze
who I caught leering at
me in the shower, how I
screamed and screamed, though
I don't blame him really, my
surgeon has truly out-
done himself this time,
you could say that with my
newly pert cheekbones, I'm a
cut above the rest, of course, the

C1

only people who I think are
really of my class are the
older couple, 'cause they
they don't go on about
poverty or starving
Africans, oh, we chat for
hours and hours (well,
us girls do since he doesn't
say much), but anyway,
we deal with issues
of importance, like our
landlord's attempt to make us
rip up our cream carpets, like it's

B3

not that anyone 'round here could
cough that much anyway,
they're that close to 'tardos,
take that filthy slime
who I caught leering at
me in the shower, how I
screamed and screamed, though
I don't blame him really, my
surgeon has truly out-
done himself this time,
you could say that as a
measure of chic, this lipo-
outweighs them all, of course, the

C2

only people who I think are
really of my class are the
older couple, 'cause they
they don't crap on about
nuclear waste or re-
cycling shit, oh, we chat for
hours and hours (well,
us girls do since he doesn't
say much), but anyway,
we deal with issues
of importance, like our
landlord's new plan for psycho-
delic floral wallpaper, I

D1

I bet he got that idea from that
nasty, rabid feral who
somehow can afford to
live next door, I mean,
I've got an honest job,
she sells hemp saris and God
knows what else, like
yeh! I wouldn't be surprised
if Brody's death was re-
lated to herbal
overdose, brought on by
you know who, peddling potions
so persistently, of course, the

C3

only people who I think are
really of my class are the
older couple, 'cause they
they don't harp on about
workplace relations or r
battered wives, oh, we chat for
hours and hours (well,
us girls do since he doesn't
say much), but anyway,
we deal with issues
of importance, like our
landlord's delight in rear-
ranging all our furniture, I

D2

I bet he got that idea from that
skanky, clueless savage who
somehow can afford to
live next door, I mean,
I've got an honest job,
she does dick piercings and God
knows what else, like
yeh! I wouldn't be surprised
if Brody's death was re-
lated to hippy
overload, brought on by
you know whose constant sugar-
coated insincerity, it's

E

such an awful tragedy that
Brody didn't have an e-
state, it would have been a fitting tribute for her to pay compensation from beyond the grave,
but, of course, we're now all
out of pocket, which
doesn't affect me at
all, except it does cause the
vermin to crawl out of the woodwork, nibbling, gnawing at my prosperity, well
they can't have it,
it belongs to me, I've missed
tea breaks for years (sev'ral
minutes unpaid overtime), money doesn't move from here to there all by it-
self, you know, all I
ask for is enough for
basic necessities, like
Gucci handbags, the odd snort at lunch time, but instead I am forced to subsidise the un-
clean, the poor, the out-of-date, the....

VII.

M: Good evening!

B: Good evening!

M: Good morning!

B: Good morning!

M: Good afternoon!

B: Good afternoon!

M: Good day!

B: G'day!

M + B: Or was it?

M: For this was a grand tale,

B: An epic, no less,

M: Of epic proportions;

B: A veritable saga,

M: Spattered with the constructs of Myth,

B: Tragedy,

M: Passion,

B: Pathos,

M: Herbal remedies,

B: Homemade canapes,

M: Bottomless vomeral pits,

B: Electrical goods of questionable quality,

M: Lay-about louts of doubtful morality,

M + B: And considerable laryngic clout!

M+B: There it is! It was revealed before: the solution to this mystery.

But perhaps without verbs et al., it wasn't as clear as it could be.

The herbs Witness I gave Number III, they were the hallucinatory sort:
the muffins that passed from IV to II were thus more potent than first thought.

The nosiness of Number V, in response to II's chronic carelessness,
meant when Brody heard VI's cry, her mind was in a post-muffin mess.

She thus misjudged, when spying II on VI's balcony just next door,
her flying leap of puppy love, which after all, is quite natural for....

A canine!

B: Yes, a doggy indeed!

M: Or a bitch, to be accurate!

B: Not a proper person,

M: Not special like all of us,

M+B: The chosen of God-

B: Equivalent.

M: So why should we care about Marie?

B: Should we care?

M: No, we should not..

B: A reasonable position!

M: Apart from issues of Honour,

B: And Honesty,

M: And Compassion ,

B: And various other ridiculously
anachronistic attributes!

M: So don't bother with our perspective
thereon...

B: It's up to you!

M: You needn't be concerned with reality,

B: Or rationality,

M + B: Thank God-equivalent!