

Richard Foreman

Bad Boy  
Nietzsche

/ubu editions  
2001

Bad Boy Nietzsche  
By Richard Foreman

Permission kindly granted by the Ontological Hysterical Theater  
Special thanks to Charles Bernstein

©2001 /ubu editions

**/ubu** editions  
www.ubu.com  
contact: slash\_ubu@ubu.com  
/ubu editions series editor: Brian Kim Stefans

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

# **BAD BOY NIETZSCHE**

By Richard Foreman

Rehearsal script

(Nietzsche on a chair. Child enters)

NIETZSCHE:  
Guess.

THE CHILD:  
You look very different from the way I  
imagined you, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Guess

THE CHILD:  
I HAVE read bits and pieces of things you  
write, Mr. Nietzsche—so I imagined you  
big and strong, with eyes on fire.  
(Pause)

Is it possible— maybe you aren't the real  
Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:  
Guess.

THE CHILD:  
Let's make a test. Suppose I climb up  
toward that little horse hanging from the  
ceiling, and start beating it and beating it  
and beating it —would you protect that  
poor little horse, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:  
Guess!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
No guesses.

NIETZSCHE:  
Guess.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
No guesses for me, thank you

NIETZSCHE:

Right this minute, guess what I'm experiencing.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

I really don't want to know about this, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:

Stage fright.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Jesus Christ  
Stage fright!

NIETZSCHE:

What's that beautiful music?

Oh- I'm a wonderful dancer.

Oh- I'm a wonderful dancer.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Oh, I bet this is gonna be special.

NIETZSCHE:

Oh no—

Let's face it. Nobody likes being chained to the wall by somebody else's imagination.

Please! Wipe me out!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

I'd do it if I could, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:

You can do it. I want things said to me— that will be very disturbing —not to other people of course, but to myself in particular.

I want things said to me, that will cut into me like a knife. In that hope, I want everybody's collaboration

THE CHILD:

Why should we collaborate with you, Mr. Nietzsche? A: We do not trust you, and B: we do not like you

NIETZSCHE:

Really? You don't like me?  
Tell me why you don't like me

THE CHILD:

Well, first of all, we don't know you well enough to have definite opinions

NIETZSCHE:

OK, don't try to know me better than you know me right this minute. OK?  
Just sustain this same level of hostility for no particular reason because, I need to experience this kind of pressure.  
Remember— I'll pay very well.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Let me think about this  
(exit)

THE CHILD: (in with cake and 1 candle)

Hey. Is your mind really on fire, Mr. Nietzsche?  
Is this candle for you? Do you like candles?

NIETZSCHE:

In fact, what I like is cake.

THE CHILD:

OK. The cake's for you too.

NIETZSCHE:

I don't deserve it, I suppose

THE CHILD:

Right

NIETZSCHE:

Right. Look at me carefully. I'm an everyday person in fact.

THE CHILD:

Not really. I think your mind is on fire, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:

No. There is no fire inside me

THE CHILD:

Then how do you manage to capture my attention, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:

Yes. Yes? . . . Yes! I accept that

THE CHILD:

Then how do you manage to capture my attention, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:

Please, be very careful.

THE CHILD:

Why should I be careful, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:

It could be that I am dangerous in my passivity

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

See? Your passivity is something very intense after all, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:

Perhaps.

THE CHILD:

No— Maybe! That's what the word "perhaps" really means, really it does. Am I

right?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You're right.

THE CHILD:  
But in fact, I want nothing more to do  
with you, Mr. Nietzsche.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
She's right, of course.

NIETZSCHE:  
Cast back upon my own resources.

THE CHILD:  
Knock knock! Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Knock knock?  
Who's talking to me?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Hey- Nobody said nothing

NIETZSCHE:  
No, somebody who is outside  
is trying to get inside  
(Big heads appear)  
My dear friends.  
After you discover me, you find me. The  
difficulty is now to lose me, Friedrich  
Nietzsche. Careful.

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (indicates  
woman above, in the mountains,  
stripped to the waist. Wearing a head-  
dress)  
Who is that woman up there?

NIETZSCHE:  
Well, this is a person who claims, she is  
unable to live without me.



Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You?

NIETZSCHE:  
This is what she secretly tells me.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You?

NIETZSCHE:  
Not that I believe this is true.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Really?

NIETZSCHE:  
Do I believe this is true?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Well? Do you believe it?

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Yes is it?  
Then whatever happens, you'll never  
move from this spot.

NIETZSCHE:  
. . .Perhaps— perhaps not. Perhaps, per-  
haps not

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I don't understand your hesitation.

NIETZSCHE:  
No. There is no hesitation.  
(Pause)  
This is paradise, after all

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

This doesn't look like Paradise, does it now?

NIETZSCHE:  
Wrong.  
Feet, placed firmly on the floor—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Pick up your feet when you walk.

NIETZSCHE:  
—This is Paradise  
(BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
“Paradise”)  
The oh so poignant torso, twisting slightly to suggest— unimaginable directions.  
(BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
“Paradise”)  
A certain dizziness entering history by accident,.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I don't get it, obviously

NIETZSCHE:  
Here I am, doing my thing in Paradise.  
I write on paper, write on wall  
with foolish heart a foolish scrawl.  
You say— the hands of fools  
deface the table and the wall  
erase it all! Erase it!  
I try to help the best I can  
I wield a sponge, as you recall  
but when the cleaning up is done  
let's see this super sage emit  
upon the walls, sagacious shit!  
(on floor, as if beaten down. )

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Jesus Christ.  
I heard one bad boy, I.E. Bad Boy  
Nietzsche, using the word “Paradise”—

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

but this does not look like Paradise the way I imagined it.

NIETZSCHE:  
Wrong.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
What's wrong about it.

NIETZSCHE:  
Here I am. Doing my thing, in a place that looks very much like Paradise.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
If Mr. Nietzsche says so, then I guess this is really Paradise.

NIETZSCHE:  
Here is a list of potent items.  
A crown

THE CHILD: (Crown on horse)  
Oh yes, here's a really nice crown

NIETZSCHE:  
A drum

THE CHILD:  
Here comes a big drum

NIETZSCHE:  
Hand

THE CHILD:  
But there are so many hands available, Mr. Nietzsche. How can we choose just one?

NIETZSCHE:  
Blindfold! Blindfold!

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Under the circumstances, a blindfold  
might be appropriate

NIETZSCHE:  
Knife.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
OK.

NIETZSCHE:  
Is a chair appropriate.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Chair. Very appropriate

THE CHILD:  
Maybe you favor physical objects over people,  
Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Maybe that hurts people, but that's OK.  
Because I do not favor people. No— not  
people— but what's inside people. Again  
and again. Shaking things to their very  
foundations. My iron fist. My feet like fire.  
My knife like a terrible kiss. Stabbing one-  
self— hands covered with blood—

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Beautiful white wings. Red blood falling  
from the eyes.

NIETZSCHE:  
That which is oppressive to me, all that I  
hurl into the depths. Once and for all.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Wings.

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes! Wings! The divine art is flying— to

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

great heights from which one throws what  
is oppressive into the depths of the ocean!  
Shipwreck!

NIETZSCHE:  
I throw myself into that ocean—  
Shipwreck!  
I do throw myself into that terrible ocean!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Not much of a dancer, are you Mr.  
Nietzsche?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
A better dancer than a singer maybe.

THE CHILD:  
OK, everybody start dancing! And  
again! And again!

(Puppet appears, boat, action,  
etc)  
(VOICE: "Shipwreck, shipwreck, ship-  
wreck"—"Remember")

THE CHILD:  
He thought he saw a giant boat  
Beneath a silver moon  
He looked again and saw it was  
His lonely living room

He thought he saw the sailors  
Throwing breadcrumbs toward the sea  
He looked again and saw  
A giant fish is eating me!

Help help help

NIETZSCHE:  
Ow! A splinter, my finger....

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

Hey—  
Look what I found.  
This is for you, Mr. Nietzsche.  
OK. Let me correct myself. Mr. Bad Boy  
Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:  
What's in the briefcase.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Jesus Christ— I don't know.

NIETZSCHE:  
Open it.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Oh come on now— Are you afraid to  
open it?

NIETZSCHE:  
Fools have known all along—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
What fools?

NIETZSCHE: (pause)  
The one thing necessary—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Yes?

NIETZSCHE: (Pause)  
Is to keep— pen in motion —over the  
paper.  
The pen scribbles—? I say to hell with  
that.  
Well, to hell with that . And I say “No” to  
belief systems of all kinds

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Don't do that, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:

With thick strokes my writing flows so full  
and broad.

So what if it's illegible? Ow!  
Who reads the stuff I write?

I hurt my shoulder

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

I think Mr. Nietzsche had an accident

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

There's not much we can do about acci-  
dents. They happen

THE CHILD:

We could get medical help

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Is your shoulder really that bad? Are you a  
Bad Bad Boy?

NIETZSCHE:

It still hurts, but not so much. I don't  
think it's broken.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Oh— it's not broken.

NIETZSCHE:

But, I hurt my hand

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Oh? Your HAND?

NIETZSCHE:

—My writing hand.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Then your scribbling day are over, right?

THE CHILD:

What's wrong, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:

Once upon a time I tried writing a letter  
to a beloved friend, using my left hand,  
but the letter was unreadable, of course—  
not because of its content, which came  
from my heart—but using my left hand I  
could only partially control the formation  
of letter after letter after letter!  
Ow! I hurt my left hand!

NIETZSCHE:

I better use my right hand to cut some  
slices from this holy bread which enters  
my life like an unexpected guest.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Your right hand? You mean your writing  
hand, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:

Have some slices of this holy bread which  
trembles in expectation.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

That looks like normal bread to me, Mr.  
Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:

There are valuable jewels in this bread.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

What did you say?

NIETZSCHE:

This bread is very unusual. You eat it—  
you grow bigger. Your body becomes  
strong and your head— double—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Is that really desirable? Such a big head?



NIETZSCHE:

There are jewels, valuable jewels in this  
holy bread

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

I heard him say something unusual.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

So did we all

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

He said — there are Jews in this bread.

NIETZSCHE:

No, no, you misunderstand me. There are  
jewels, valuable jewels in this bread.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

I would not eat this bread if there were  
Jews in this bread.

(Pause)

You understand why I say that? Jews— I do  
not eat Jews.

You better make me believe there are no  
Jews in this bread, because, my dear Fritz,  
if there are Jews in this bread, then I will  
put not even the tiniest morsel of this  
bread in my mouth. But on the other  
hand— if I am certain there are no Jews  
in this bread, then I will open my mouth,  
and extend my tongue in the manner I  
am about to demonstrate, and allow a few  
tiny crumbs of bread on the tip of my  
extended tongue.

NIETZSCHE:

I do not move

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

If you don't move, you're in trouble, Mr.  
Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

I hope to prove to you, however, that I do not bake Jews in this bread. So please. Feed me some of my own bread.

NIETZSCHE:  
I would never eat bread baked with Jews inside. Because to do so, would be to hurt, terribly. . .

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Let's find out.

NIETZSCHE:  
— what I have in my stomach now— no Jews in there— only— jewels baked in my bread, now in my stomach.

Can you possibly understand how painful to me to have sharp jewels inside one's stomach?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
I am imagining that

NIETZSCHE:  
You tell me what it feels like in the imagination

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
It would be very painful

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes! It is!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Like broken glass—

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes! It is!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Or long splinters, driven into the hands ,

or into the feet.  
Or eyes wide open——

NIETZSCHE:  
Please stop—

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Staring straight into the sun, which is  
probably the most painful thing I can  
think of— splinters going into my eyes!

(VOICE)

(3)  
Eyes Eyes eyes—

NIETZSCHE:  
Where is my Chinese horse?  
Where is my Chinese horse?

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (overlapping)  
What the hell are you talking about?  
I don't understand you, Mr. Nietzsche

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Here is a voice we dare not allow to speak  
directly because the madness of this voice  
is infectious, and if one hears this voice  
speaking directly for itself, one is intoxi-  
cated by such speaking,  
one leaps from high windows, one  
plunges into wide rivers —from the power  
of whose turbulence— no escape seems  
possible.

THE CHILD: (singing, prancing)  
I know where that voice is coming from—  
I know where this voice is coming from—

VOICE: (as horse on, others run off, N  
hides head, then embraces horse)  
Here is a man— Here is a man, here is a

man who simply cannot opt out of his own  
self-destructive motives— who listens to  
himself only.

NIETZSCHE: (as horse is beaten. )  
Where is my Chinese Horse?  
Where is my Chinese Horse?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Hard to believe, Frederick Nietzsche,  
philosopher —of power — the missing  
years of sweet, gentle, Bad Boy  
Nietzsche— years in the desert, in the  
lonely mountains of China— unknown  
years in lonely rooms in Chinese rooming  
houses— visited in secret— by the  
Ghosts of wise men seeking power—  
ghosts of ancient China.

THE CHILD:  
Where is my Chinese horse?

NIETZSCHE:  
This is my Chinese Horse.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Chinese or no Chinese,  
That doesn't mean shit to me

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
I can relate to this, please— I too am ban-  
ished to some nether region, where the  
best I can do is to try understanding the  
goddamn rules on this particular shit  
house planet—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Sorry about this, Mr. Nietzsche.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
I'm never sorry!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

— spiritual self-laceration is not to my taste.

NIETZSCHE:

Nobody sees my Chinese Horse.  
Nobody sees my Chinese Horse.  
Nobody sees my Chinese Horse.

THE CHILD:

Is it not true that to pursue and sing  
whatever one truly desires inside each  
moment as it passes— this is to pursue —  
incoherence in fact.

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (overlapping)  
Chinese whores and horses! Chinese horses  
and whores!

S & THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
True! True! True! True!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Mr. Nietzsche is a man who sees the darkness,  
where other people think there is a light  
still shining

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

That doesn't mean shit to this tough  
Chinaman!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Shit heads of the entire world. Do you  
really believe that Mr. Nietzsche's purpose  
here on earth is to bring light into places  
where up till now there has been darkness?

NIETZSCHE: (sings)

Nobody sees my Chinese horse

THE CHILD: (with whip)

You've never even been to China, you bad  
bad bad boy

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

NIETZSCHE:

— whip me, sir, and you whip my horse.  
Whip my horse, sir— and I, also, suffer  
those same blows. Remember— I'll pay  
you very well.

THE CHILD: (sings)

Jews in my bread.... Ow!

NIETZSCHE:

Nobody sees my Chinese horse!

THE CHILD:

... I have millions of Jews in my bread.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

This does not look like China, you crazy  
man!

NIETZSCHE:

I am on my way...

I am on my way...

(VOICE) (Big activity, throwing props))

Here is a man

Here is a man

Remember

NIETZSCHE:

What do I need. I mean—NEED—  
most of all

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: (over)

Say "Need", Mr. Nietzsche. Say "What do I  
Neeeeeeed"!

NIETZSCHE:

I need you looking at me.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

I NEED it too, Mr. Nietzsche— you looking at me. Are you looking at me?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Why is everybody looking at me.

THE CHILD:  
Nobody's looking at you

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
How the hell do I know what kind of movements to make next?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Stage fright!

ALL:  
Stage fright! Stage fright!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Thought has now come, to far away  
China.  
Thought is now upside down,  
on the other side of the world,  
something wiped out  
immense,  
where death rules things

NIETZSCHE:  
This does not mean that death rules  
things

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Death? I better look that up in my  
Chinese dictionary, but in the mean time,  
let's have drinks! Drinks for everybody

THE CHILD:  
Drinks on an empty stomach?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Why the hell not.

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

THE CHILD:  
— we'd stagger around being drunk

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
That sounds OK to me—

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
There is bread , to calm such terrible  
stomachs

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Where the hell did that terrible bread  
come from?

NIETZSCHE:  
Do not be afraid! Do not be afraid! I will  
protect this holy bread —from wind, rain,  
thunder and lightening

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Careful, shithead Nietzsche. There are  
jewels in that bread!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
If there are really jewels in that holy  
bread, which I don't think very likely—

NIETZSCHE:  
There are jewels in this holy bread

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
—that would make it god damn danger-  
ous to eat that holy bread

THE CHILD:  
Oh how dangerous could bread be?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Dangerous enough that we could die from  
this holy bread.  
If we ate this holy bread, we could all die.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:



Since we are all going to die —from this bread— or maybe not from this bread— it doesn't matter what happens to us. Therefore, we should kill people

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
What people should we kill

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: (Pause)  
People we don't like. People who are already dead

THE CHILD:  
That means lots of famous people

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
This is all— very interesting.

NIETZSCHE:  
Remember— I'll pay you very well.

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (hits Nietzsche with golf club)  
Jesus Christ— maybe you should work out a little, Mr. Nietzsche. I don't think you look sufficiently muscular.

THE CHILD:  
Oh no— He doesn't look even a little bit muscular.

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm not supposed to be muscular

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Of course— we'd be a little worried if you got TOO muscular—  
Up on your feet, Mr. Nietzsche! Come on now—

NIETZSCHE:  
I can do that by myself.

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Turn around. Look me in the eye—

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm already doing that

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I want you to hold our your arms. Good. I  
want you to whisper loud enough so that  
we can all hear you whispering— “Hello!  
Am I a prophet flying over the countryside  
looking into the future?”

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes, I am.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Well, yes I am, yes I am...  
(hits Nietzsche again and again)

NIETZSCHE:  
Do you very much like— playing golf?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
As a matter of fact, I do like playing golf.

NIETZSCHE:  
Really?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I like it.

NIETZSCHE:  
Why?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
No reason.  
But you know how much I like golf.

NIETZSCHE:  
No, I didn't know that.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

We've been friends for ten years—

NIETZSCHE:  
Ten long years.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Ten wonderful years.

NIETZSCHE:  
Ten long years.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
After ten years of friendship, you should  
know golf is one of my favorite hobbies.

NIETZSCHE:  
You know what?. I've seen you going off to  
play golf so often, I've concluded it's a  
hobby

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Right. I like it

NIETZSCHE:  
I believe you.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I like it.

NIETZSCHE:  
You like it because you're good at it

THE CHILD:  
He hopes to get better  
And better.  
And better and better and better!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Excuse me, Mr. Nietzsche, but wasn't  
there supposed to be money in this for  
the rest of us?

NIETZSCHE:

A promise is a promise.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Ooh. The Gods provide.  
Where does all this wonderful money  
come from, Mr. Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE:

I don't want to know such things

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Right. Some people get nervous about  
money

NIETZSCHE:

How did it come to be that there is money  
rather than no money.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Thank goodness.

NIETZSCHE:

How did the world itself decide to invent  
and spew forth money.  
—Take off your shoes, please.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

You don't mean take off our shoes?

NIETZSCHE:

I promised lots of money. I'm going to  
stuff ten dollar bills inside every-  
body's shoes.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

That's crazy

NIETZSCHE:

Yes— I'm going to squeeze ten dollars  
inside this shoe, and another  
ten dollars, and lots and lots of  
crumpled up ten dollar bills

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

This is crazy——

NIETZSCHE:

OK. With ten dollar bills stuffed inside  
everybody's shoes, are those  
shoes a little bit uncomfort-  
able maybe?

THE CHILD:

My shoe is very uncomfortable

NIETZSCHE:

Yes! But having those extra ten dollars  
makes. being uncomfortable—  
“O.K”.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Ten dollars not a big sum, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:

Ten dollars? —Well, ten dollars is ten  
dollars my friend

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

OK. We have ten dollars in our shoes.  
Now what.

NIETZSCHE: (Indicates tank)

OK. Why don't all three of you  
just squeeze inside that ugly  
thing—

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

That ugly thing?

NIETZSCHE:

Squeeze inside please!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Do you imagine us having sex inside that  
thing, Mr. Nietzsche

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

NIETZSCHE:

No. I never said that

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Guess what, Mr. Nietzsche. Imagine it, and  
it might happen

THE CHILD: (as all three enter)

Obviously it's going to happen happen

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Obviously.

NIETZSCHE:

I do not love my neighbor near/ but wish  
he, or she were high up and far  
away. /How else could he, or  
she, become my guiding star?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

All done in here, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:

What happened to the ten dollars, please?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

Don't worry, it's still in our shoes.

NIETZSCHE:

OK. Take out the money, and now see if  
the money STINKS!

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN: (Pause)

You've been a very bad boy, Mr.  
Nietzsche—

NIETZSCHE:

Yes I have— Tell me how I've been bad

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (indicate  
Woman)

You had sex with this lady, I believe

NIETZSCHE:

No, that's not possible.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

A certain species of girlfriend; a possible wife; an everlasting bundle of look but don't touch.

NIETZSCHE:

I have not done this terrible thing.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

But you have

NIETZSCHE:

In my dreams only.

THE CHILD: (as Woman kisses Nietzsche)

We all love Chinese babies.

NIETZSCHE: (pushing Woman away)

No! In my dreams I have.

So punish me for such terrible dreams

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (gives sword)

OK, Mr. Nietzsche. Punishment can sometimes be handed out on demand. But other times  
—a big surprise.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (Undressing)

What's wrong, Mr Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE: (Pause, as others undress)

Lest her happiness oppress us—  
cloak yourself in devilish tresses  
Devilish wit and devilish dresses,  
All in vain!

(sword to his own neck)

Her eyes express  
her angelic—

—saintliness.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
What's wrong, Mr. Nietzsche

THE CHILD:  
What's wrong Mr Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE: (as orgy begins)  
This too shall pass

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
This will not pass, buddy.

NIETZSCHE:  
This will pass.  
This will not pass.  
    Falls on bench)

I have this appendage on the front of my  
body that swells up sometimes. It's called  
my penis, maybe  
A great variety of species on this planet  
have a similar system that swells up. But  
why is this necessary? Why? Why?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Maybe the grid on which you chart your  
experience is never your experience, Mr.  
Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Oh, Why is she clever now, and so refined?  
On her account a man's now out of his  
mind.  
His head was good before he took this  
whirl  
He lost his head— to the aforesaid girl!  
    (Woman captures him in  
    a white sheet)  
I have this appendage— on the front of  
my body—it swells up sometimes



THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Make some babies, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:  
Babies? —No- !!.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Millions and millions of babies— making  
millions and millions of thoughts. Millions  
of thoughts —until that one day comes,  
when every possible thought has finally  
been thought, Mr. Nietzsche!

NIETZSCHE:  
Is that possible?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
But—it takes a lot of babies until all possi-  
ble thoughts, can finally be thought. So  
then—this whole rotten, beautiful planet  
can just STOP, Mr. Nietzsche.

Not death maybe,  
but something even more interesting.

NIETZSCHE:  
Oh my God. Shipwreck! Shipwreck!

THE CHILD:  
Shipwreck! Shipwreck!

THE CHILD:  
Your boat is ready, Mr. Nietzsche. Your  
boat is now ready, Mr. Nietzsche!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
What's wrong?

NIETZSCHE:  
There's no boat.

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I know there's no boat.

NIETZSCHE:  
There's no boat. Nobody climbs on board  
because there's no boat—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You already said that, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
I said that because I want things said that  
will cut into me like a knife. I want that  
kind of pressure—

(Bell)

VOIC:  
Your boat is now ready for delivery, Mr  
Nietzche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Was I ill? Have I got well?  
Oh my memory is rotten  
But those are well who have forgotten!  
(whip him)  
There is no boat!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I'm sorry to tell you, My Nietzsche. You  
hurt people. Just like everybody else.

NIETZSCHE:  
That was never my intention—

THE CHILD:  
Everybody hurts everybody, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE: (attacked)  
Oww!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

See what I mean, Mr Nietzsche? You really hurt people—

THE CHILD:  
Nobody reads the stuff you write, Mr. Nietzsche.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Nobody wants your babies, Mr. Nietzsche.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Nobody offers you hugs and kisses.

NIETZSCHE:  
OK. To bring a little bit of happiness to somebody who deserves, of course, no real happiness — I'll just— lock myself— forever— inside this ugly thing and I'll never come out.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You're still not inside it, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out, believe me?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Nobody can live forever inside that thing.

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You won't come out?

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out!

THE CHILD:  
Ok. If you're never coming out, then we can beat the shit out of this poor little horse as much as we like, and nobody's

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

going to stop us. Right Mr. Nietzsche?  
Right? Right?

(Beat horse, tank  
advances, scream. Nietzsche  
dances)

THE CHILD:  
You lied to us, Mr. Nietzsche. You said you  
were never coming out.

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes, I said that. But how is that possible?  
Because—I never lie.

THE END

THE DANGEROUS MAN: (gives sword)  
OK, Mr. Nietzsche, punishment can some-  
times be handed out on demand but  
other times a big surprise.

NIETZSCHE: (Pause, as others undress)  
Lest her happiness oppress us  
cloak yourself in devilish tresses  
Devilish wit and devilish dresses,  
All in vain! Her eyes express  
her angelic saintliness.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
What's wrong, Mr. Nietzsche

THE CHILD:  
What's wrong Mr Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE: (as orgy begins)  
This too shall pass

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
This will not pass, buddy.

NIETZSCHE:  
This will pass.  
(takes off pants)  
I have this appendage on the front of my  
body that swells up sometimes. It's called  
my penis, maybe. A great variety of species  
on this planet have a similar system that  
swells up. But why is this necessary? Why?  
Why?

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Maybe the grid on which you chart your  
experience is never your experience, Mr.  
Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Oh, Why is she clever now, and so refined?  
On her account a man's now out of his

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

mind.  
His head was good before he took this  
whirl  
He lost his head— to the aforesaid girl!  
(J captures him in white sheet)  
I have this appendage— on the front of  
my body—it swells up sometimes

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Make some babies, Mr. Nietzsche

NIETZSCHE:  
No- !!.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Millions and millions of babies— making  
millions of thoughts. Millions of thoughts  
until every possible thought has finally  
been thought, Mr. Nietzsche!

NIETZSCHE:  
Is that really possible?

But—it takes a lot of babies until all possi-  
ble, can finally be thought. So then—the  
whole planet can just STOP, Mr.  
Nietzsche.

Not death maybe,  
but something even more interesting.

NIETZSCHE:  
Oh my God. Shipwreck! Shipwreck!

THE CHILD:  
Shipwreck! Shipwreck!

THE CHILD:  
Your boat is ready, Mr. Nietzsche. Your  
boat is now ready, Mr. Nietzsche!

THE DANGEROUS MAN:

Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

What's wrong?

NIETZSCHE:  
There's no boat.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I know there's no boat.

NIETZSCHE:  
There's no boat. Nobody climbs on board  
because there's no boat—

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You already said that, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
I said that because I want things said that  
will cut into me like a knife. I want that  
kind of pressure—

(Bell)

VOICE:  
Your boat is now ready for delivery, Mr  
Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
Was I ill? Have I got well?  
Oh my memory is rotten  
But those are well who have forgotten!  
(whip)  
There is no boat!  
(run around)  
(fall)

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
I'm sorry to tell you, My Nietzsche. You  
hurt people.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Well, I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Nietzsche.  
You hurt people.

NIETZSCHE:  
That was never my intention—  
Oww Oww

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
See what I mean? You really hurt people—  
Mr. Nietzsche.

THE CHILD:  
Nobody reads the stuff you write, Mr.  
Nietzsche.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Nobody wants your babies, Mr. Nietzsche.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:  
Nobody offers you hugs and kisses.

NIETZSCHE:  
OK. To bring a little bit of happiness to  
somebody who deserves no real happiness  
of course— I'll just— lock myself— forev-  
er— inside this ugly thing and I'll never  
come out.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You're still not inside it, Mr. Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out, believe me?

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
Nobody can live forever inside that thing.

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out.

THE DANGEROUS MAN:  
You won't come out?

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out!



Bad Boy Nietzsche

Richard Foreman

NIETZSCHE:  
I'm never coming out!

THE CHILD:  
Ok. If you're never coming out, then we  
can beat the shit out of this poor little  
horse as much as we like, and nobody's  
going to stop us. Right Mr. Nietzsche?  
Right? Right?  
(Beat horse, tank advances,  
scream. Nietzsche dances)

THE CHILD:  
You lied to us, Mr. Nietzsche. You said you  
were never coming out.

NIETZSCHE:  
Yes, I said that. But how is that possible?  
Because—I never lie.

THE END

