

Ornate. Is the Law ornate? Might I know?

The Law may or may not be ornate. You may.

We need a new book. Old one ran out. Nonecahedron. New book. Oh, no. That comes later: nonecahedron. Oh, wait. Maybe this is the same book, not a new. One. So many reversals. Twists. Pretzels. Hard to find one's way.

[. . .]

Street signs: Who do you think I am if I can't direct?

Street signs: Of course I can help.

Street signs: (smile/s)

We'll

Street signs: I'll put some {Street signs} in.

Then you won't get lost.

Street signs: That's right.

I get lost, too.

Street signs: Between the Signs

Street signs: Empty. Masks. They need me to come alive.

Street signs: Good insight.

Street signs: See? Now it's an insight.

A good one, too.

Street: Yeah.

Harbor: Dude.

Street [anyway, they talk for a while.]

I'll leave them.

Not for long.

They'll be there.

At least for now.

All I know.

There.

The Law

Rises

The Law

Reigns

The Law

Well, it's still reigning.

Reignin' strong.

The Law is a cat.

The Cat

Rises

The Cat

Eats

Huh?

The Law...eats?

Yes

Whom? Why did I say

Whom?

Yes.

I'm hungry.

The Law

Eats

Who is the Law?

YOU.