

Uh. Classic.

Man refers to hu-man, by the way.

Man 1: A mirror for your echo?

Man 2: (makes the finger "ok" with both hands, using them as glasses)

Man 1: (attempts to copy Man 2) A weird reverberatory effect or what?

Man 2: Since we're on the subject, can you see the moon?

Man 1: (still trying, squints) Full? Waxing? Or gibbous?

Man 2: An extension of the three in the form of a gibbering lit candle

Man 1: (finally gets the finger "ok" glasses) I can see it now

Man 2: Careful, paternity suits implied and sustained

Man 1: Compressed like herringbone and suede but with slapback

Man 1 & Man 2: MOTHER WANTED DAUGHTERS

Man 2: Otters?

Man 1: Others.

Man 1 & Man 2: SMOTHERS (booming voiced, with heavy cavernous echo)

Man 1: (pulls out a dentist mirror, the kind used in mouths) May I?

Man 2: Why if course, only if I can reciprocate

Man 1: (uses mirror to inspect Man 2's rear end, handing it over to Man 2)

Man 2: (inspecting) Surely there's a chance of a crescent rising

Man 1: Moisture? Are we evil?

Man 2: (doing the finger "ok" glasses) No need to weasel out

Man 1: Mustelid glands make for poor lighting fuel in either case

Man 1 & Man 2: WHO'S THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL? (more heavy voice echo)

Man 1 & Man 2 drop trow, revealing not any gender assigned underwear or lingerie but both wearing tightly coiled rolls of garden hose. Unrolling each hose, the two take turns hosing one another while the other does the finger "ok" glasses. Billy Joel's song, We Didn't Start The Fire, is played full blast on several skipping turntables, completely out of sync, in one big colossal Billy Joel mess. Once the songs finish, the two pull up each other's trousers and inspect each other's rear ends again with dentist mirrors.

Man 1: Next time, try leather maybe?
Man 2: Ahh, but whaddabout shrinkage?
Man 1: Are we not men?

The lights dim into spotlights focusing on the dentist mirrors. Man 1 & Man 2 try to shine the spotlight reflections into the other's eyes, turning it into a game of tag, capture the flag, battleships, and pick-up-sticks. After a week of exhaustive playing every childhood game in the dark using dentist mirror reflections, the lights go back on revealing that all this time, Man 1 & Man 2 have been replaced by long aquatic fish eating mammals wearing herringbone suits with suede elbow patches, sitting smugly in fancy armchairs & wearing monocles.

Otter 1: Man, what I would do for a good echo (holding a candle)
Otter 2: MAAAAAN TWO (blows out Otter 1's candle)

The sound of the puff of the blown out candle is looped while images of otters wearing non-gender assigned yet aristocratic Victorian Era underwear and lingerie are projected, but only if you do the glasses using the finger "ok" to see them. The smothering reverb of the Billy Joel song returns but is exonerated due to it being the previous generation's fault. Alas, the moon didn't come out that night, which could also be blamed on Billy Joel or high rates of sky born particulate matter from excessive overuse of candles in dorm rooms blasting the song, We Didn't Start The Fire, by a lot of future sons still in the process of figuring out their weighty maternal relationships.

OK.