

Gnomeo and Gemliette (The Lysdexic Lovers)

by
Willie Wigglespeare

Dramatis Punctionis

ö=Gnomeo—(from the family Wontargue)

ë=Gemliette—(from the family Hatulet)

O=Papa Wontargue

O=Mama Wontargue

E=Papa Hatulet

E=Mama Hatulet

U=Count Von Umlaut—dastardly villain scourge of consonants everywhere

Scene One—*Gemliette's balcony*

Narrator: Once upon a time Gnomeo and Gemliette were lovers

Gemliette: Gnomeo, Gnomeo, wherefore art thou Gnomeo

Gnomeo: I draw near, I draw far, therefore I can't draw at all,
For there is no art until I draw close to thee my Gemliette.

Gemliette: Oh, Gnomeo—you would have cast a spell upon me. Alas, nothing can
Come, upon me, for I am prepositionally impaired.

Gnomeo: Despair not fair damsel for I too am grammatically challenged, for
I have random conjunctionitis—a rare but debilitating inability to
Discriminate between andorbut andorbut andorbut. Andorbut I love thee
More than words alone can tell. Just say you love me andorbut I will
Expire a happy vowel.

Gemliette: Oh Gnomeo, you have made me a happy vowel as well. I only wish that I
I could come down and kiss thee—but being prepositionally impaired I
Come neither up nor down, for my inability to preposition myself leaves
Neither here nor there.

Gnomeo: Alas my sweet love—I will come to thee for I am prepositionally free,
Andorbut I must leave thee soon for I hear someone coming.

Snatching a kiss, he flees.

Papa Hatulet: What yawn through broken window lights? (he is afflicted with a severe
Case of non sequiterisms).

Gemliette: Oh, papa, the light that springs forth from my balcony so is my sun, my
Moon, my Gnomeo.

Papa Hatulet: What? A Wontargue in my house? I won't argue with you, No
Wontargues may these presence grace—so tell him to grace not thy
Presenence any further, for I thy father hath forbade further forbearance
Of thy future follies. If I see him again I will dis-accent him and send him
To the acute grave.

Gemliette: Father, speak not of foreign accents, for I fear thy rage will summon forth
The wicked Count Von Umlaut, who wishes to ensnare us all in his eveil

Enyay.

Narrator: As if upon cue, the wicked Count Von Umlaut appears to take advantage Of the situation. Beholding the fair Gemliette, his countenance softens He doffs his tiara in her direction.

Count: Good day fair neighbors and friends, I thought I heard the Wontargues Mentioned in your arguing. Do you wish to argue further about the Wontargues, or will you not argue further because you cannot argue Further, or simply won't argue further about the Wontargues?

Papa Hatulet: We won't argue further about the Wontargues. Dear Count, to what do we Owe the pleasure of your countenance?

Count: I want to enlist your aid in my war against the Consonants—I plan to Plant my flag over the N's of Spain. Will you help me in my conquest?

Papa Hatulet: I pledge my vowels to help with the War of the Accents. But do we have Enough power to accomplish such a task?

Mama Hatulet: *just entering*—hears the talk of war—utters some expletives that are Unprintable, because she has Tourette's Syndrome and faints dead away.

Count: Perhaps you should attend to your wife?

Papa Hatulet: No need—if you look at her accent you will see that she's prone to Depression. She'll be feeling capital again before another sentence goes By.

Count: Well, I must be off to enlist the aid of other vowels. I salute your courage And commitment. By your leave.... And he departs.

So, to make a long story short—the vowels attack the consonants and Count Von Umlaut is able to plant his flag over the Spanish N's, who are forever enslaved. But the other consonants were able to withstand having accents imposed upon them. Meanwhile, because the Wontargues won't argue, they didn't they don't and they will not, because they can't or mustn't. But that's a story for another time.

Anyway the lovers were able to take advantage of the situation, but because of Gemliette's prepositional impairment couldn't go far—so they stayed where they were andorbut got married and had little vowels all over the place—overwhelming all the capitals and asserting their numerical superiority, so that even to this day the i's have it. But that too is a story for another day.

And they all lived hallippy ever after in the kingdom of Lysdexia.