

# Why The Body Can't Fly A Morality Play

*by* John Olson

Everyman: I don't want to drive a car anymore. I want to fly.

Body: You can't fly.

Everyman: Why not?

Knowledge: Because the body doesn't have wings.

Everyman: Who asked you?

Discretion: Be nice.

Everyman: I'll try.

Death: Hey, dude what's happening?

Everyman: I don't want to die.

Death: Don't worry. I'm on vacation. But you do know, sooner or later, it's going to happen. My advice is to party while you can.

Five-Wits: That's actually pretty good advice. Have you had any of this Merlot?

Everyman: I quit, remember? I'm in a twelve step program now.

Alcohol: Oh sweetie, that's too bad, we had some great times together.

Everyman: We sure did. I wish we could get back together some day.

Sobriety: Careful. You're on a slippery slope.

Slippery Slope: Yes. Please get off.

Strength: I will help you.

Everyman: Thank you. You've always been a good friend.

Fellowship: We all get by with a little help from our friends.

Death: Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song and I'll try not to sing out of key.

Ears: I hear you, man.

Mind: I've had enough of this. I'm leaving.

Everyman: Where are you going?

Mind: Anywhere. So long as it is out of this world.

