

BIG CHOP – MORE POP

By Kelly Copper

“Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous.”
-Nathanael West, *Day of the Locust*

Characters:

MOUSEKETEER #1

MOUSEKETEER #2

SNOW WHITE

VOICE OF AMERICA (A Chorus)

ANNOUNCER

CHILD

WALT DISNEY

KEYNOTE SPEAKER

MR. LINCOLN (An Animatronic Likeness)

EVEL KINEVEL

MOUSEKETEER #1
(with ear beanie)

I believe in Dracula and that he flies by night, traveling salesman.

And that he can transform himself into a bat
And that if then
He can have sonar

In my dreams he takes me in his arms and he's not old anymore
but looks just like the boy next door -- the one who skips school to
smoke in the park, the one with too tight pants and long hair my
Dad hates -- and he doesn't speak but in a whisper and he tells me
he loves me and that he's always there watching and then he kisses
me in my bedroom secretly because I am totally in love with him
too and he gives me super powers and we kill my family and I
drink their blood and we run away and live forever in the air over
America.

**SNOW WHITE
(An Evaluation)**

Where's home?

Well you know, I grew up in
It's Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Pittsburgh is interesting
That's what I grew up with
That's how you're wired
The thing I love: those giant murals
Of steel workers, they're working really hard.
It makes you have faith in that kind of thing.
Progress?

I don't know what I'm saying.
What I'm saying is I miss it.
There's nothing like that here.
That's me. That's home.
You know, you miss it
Occasionally.

I'm really fine.
The only thing is since I've been here things have started to get
more

Transparent.

Is that a word? Like they appear transparent or I think it's like this
maybe.

That without meaning to,
say when I see a muscle,
even on myself even,
I picture it without skin, like a chicken leg.
You can see the two muscles, how they arrange themselves around
the bone.

We eat muscle.
Meat.
It's so weird.

This is symptomatic of some kind of disease, maybe.

Transparent.

What that is is like a reflection
Or maybe disapproval or disgust or something...

Disappointment or unhelpfulness or I don't know –

You know – sometimes
I will look into the mirror and think that is me.
That is me.
How can that
be me?
– me, when I am here...
Me looking in the mirror not in it.
You understand what I'm saying?

pause

I'm not going to cry, no.

A tissue is handed her.

Thank you.

You know, this is the nicest conversation I've had since I moved to
L.A.

VOICE OF AMERICA: PART 1
(a Live Broadcast)

ANNOUNCER

Do you believe in God?

CHILD

Yes.

His eyes are cameras that see everything, even when you're naked.
You can't see him and you can't hear him, and he makes no sound
but sometimes he goes swoosh. Like Nike. And he flies around
over America.

He has X-ray like at the airport,
And even with your coat on he sees through you.

Even down to what's in your heart and he takes a million pictures
every day, too, like a camera computer.

Satellite camera.

He knows everyone's secrets.

Hey.

I have a secret I want to tell you, but I am not going to because I
know you couldn't keep it.

ANNOUNCER

I have a secret I could tell you, too, but I won't either.

CHILD

Good.

We've both got some secrets.

ANNOUNCER

Yeah.

CHILD

Mine's better.

Silence.

**CONVENTION OF BIOECONOMISTS
(A Slide Show Presentation in Power Point)**

Note:

Bioeconomics is the theory of economic exploitation of living resources, dealing with two dynamic systems: population dynamics and the dynamics of economic systems.

KEYNOTE SPEAKER

Business

As we can see in this diagram here
Is about doing the right thing at the right time.

I'm talking Mission
Objective
Strategic Objective
And after that: Core Values

Is everyone understanding me?

In the report I have given you here there are purposes and under each purpose there are goals and finally each of the goals have several objectives and so on.

If it looks like there is a lot of duplication on the blue stuff that's because there is.

It's uneven.
We know it's uneven and we don't perceive that as a negative.

The paradigm has shifted.

What does that mean?
What is the real message?
You ask.

I'm talking actual Cryogenics.
Right now. Reviving the frozen dead. Big Stuff. Big Time.

We're already growing human ears on the backs of mice...
Incredible. Exciting stuff.

What's the message?

**IF I WANTED TO SEND YOU A MESSAGE,
I WOULD HAVE USED A FAX, ASSHOLE!**

There are parts of this operation still undreamed of, unrealized.
Even today.

There are black holes of products for which we are still developing needs...pills, ointments for still un-festering wounds, cures for diseases not yet invented.

Oh, when will the diseases come that will allow us to put to use the pills and the ointments?

When will we partake of therapies designed for the future terrors of mankind?

We can't wait...

We're striving to become more specific.

We're moving more and more into medical programs.

Medical programs are where it's at!

We're in it.

The whole Beam Me Up Scotty Thing.

I think computers, computers as small as your watch, biologically powered is where it's going to go.

We're in the people improvement business.

Which I think pretty well encapsulates that goals devolve into objectives and objectives depending on their specificity devolve into plans of action.

The plans must be derived from the purposes which are derived from the mission and so on.

I'm just gonna give you the game plan:

Mainly
RESPIROCYTES

That's right...

That's what I'm talking about.

Robotic blood cells that will one day completely replace mere viscus biologic matter and usher in a new dawn of man where we will all be smarter, faster, better than before.

Sound like science fiction?

It's not.

Listen to me.

I'm telling you,
You have to take it apart with a hammer.
Fix it again.
Destroy it.
Destroy it enough and the wreckage becomes its own material:

Pliant, sculpted, landscape.

And from THAT,
Ladies and Gentlemen,

We reshape the world in our own image.

Thank you and goodnight.

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 2
(A Chorus: *Thesis*)

CHORUS

This is about abandonment as a kind of religion.
A kind of American religion
That believes in the power of leaving things.

The We
(capital T)
The People
Having left home anyway
to forge a new land here
built on the pursuit of the always elsewhere
with extra HAP
Happiness,
preoccupied with the magic of moving,
whose totem animal is the car,
nexus of exodus
you don't like it get the hell out
love it or leave it
live free or die
my way or the highway

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 3
(A Radio Broadcast: *Antithesis*)

ANNOUNCER

Enter shifting landscape.

Voice over the car radio
Out of the air
Coming out thin in transmission.
Coming and coming
Going and going like ghosts

Over the airwaves

What are believable worlds?
Worlds with integrity?
Soft, quiet and toasty warm?

Tuning in, skipping signals.

Less hesitant
Anyhow
And so
In the meantime
Nothing
And still
And anyway

This is not about abandonment.
This is about looking for a place to put it all.
Container. Live burial.
Cool. Covered.

Who but some squirrel could remember how many
lived where why underground.

You lie down.
You drift off under.
Or
Over
The night sky moves or are you moving?
Moon eclipsed by trees in endless stream.
Goodbye, goodbye.
Been nice knowing.

The night was full of holes, great pits of longing, the long night.

I put my brain on something else entirely,
Aware it's the cowardly thing.

SNOW WHITE
(Hold Still)

I remember there was this fire before we came here.

Magnesium plant.

They couldn't use water to put it out or something.
It burned for days.

Reminded me of fireworks. The color.

You could see it everywhere, this weird glow all along the
highway, the blown out windows.

The kind of devastation that yields to grace.
The burnt offering
Jericho
When the walls came down
and your city lay open like fruit.

See what odd things I'm saying?

Pause.

Fireworks got such great names.

I know it's terribly illegal, but my Dad would take us anyway and
we'd get them in Wisconsin?

If you're in Wisconsin you can't buy them. They can only sell to
out of state, so the Wisconsinites go to Minnesota, and the
Minnesotans go to Wisconsin.
Anyway – that's how it works.
They got ways to get around it.
So.

The places are like packed to the ceiling.
Like lined with massive cardboard tubes, with images of you know
-- the Grim Reaper shooting blue lightning out of his bones and the
word "DOOMSDAY" in dark block letters.

If you lit a match...

Ha!

But I never did.

We live such an ordinary life.

When I get home he says hello and how's your day missed you my
day was fine fine mine too missed you missed you too
Kiss and take coat off.
Shoes by the door.

I stare at my toes.
Hear him in the other room, washing his hands.

Slow, effortless.

Without feelings or feeling them like robots

If we could all only -- without comparing to other -- more
friends and better and MORE cake and loving...

In the midst of what should have been joy I kept remembering
instead other days and how much better it was and MORE than this
and even other people's...

You know?

Once he took my picture. He took my picture against the wall.
At the new place. Pit of old lumber, rusty iron, pieces of old
boiler. I stood on it.

Hold Still.

In the end, didn't mean that much to me.

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 4
(A Chorus)

CHORUS

Voice of America/slash/Daddy says
Arabs fuck camels and
Russian soldiers out in the desert.

Says Mohammed their prophet was a homo,
And we have to make sure they don't get nuclear weapons.

The Blacks in Africa are on their side and
That's why they have AIDS.

If the homo-queer Arabs
And Blacks take over the world
They'll take our homes
And eat our children
And that's why we have to be careful.

You have to read the papers every day.

What separates the men from the boys?

What separates the men from the boys
Is pubic hair.

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 5
(A Pre-recorded Commercial Announcement)

ANNOUNCER

Ever dream of owning your own home, but hate the idea of 30 years of mortgage?

One or two people can build a real handcrafted log home, log cabin, house, lodge, or cottage from logs very quickly – easily – and inexpensively – using simple hand-tools that will fit in a car trunk. Sound incredible?

Talk to Craig Rossman of Mississippi:

“At age 20 I dreamed of building my own log home but didn't have any direction to accomplish it. Now, at age 50 I know I can realize the freedom of having my own paid for log home that I build myself. Thanks, Skip.”

Why not try it yourself and see!

At Abe Lincoln Log Cabins we're honest
And that's the God's honest truth!

SNOW WHITE
(Holding Pattern)

You're wondering why the monologue always, and I'll tell you

It's because no one listens...

I don't hear you.
I don't want to hear you.

No one ever says it though.

I want everything to be as flat as possible, you know, so I can keep
it at that distance.

The white noise
The hum
La la la.
Pretty!

Or: Departures.

Someone with a suitcase.

Where to?
The Secret.

You know, all these little abandonments.

It's not just my imagination.

WALT DISNEY: INCUBUS
(A Legend)

*Through the mysterious glow and fog
We see.*

Walt Disney

*Cryogenically frozen under Sleeping Beauty's castle, waiting for
the resurrection to a world not so broken where he can live again
as a cartoon Jesus.*

A tear for Walt...a moment of silence.

Walt awakes.

*Walt Disney is Dracula Prince of Darkness Charming.
The Ultimate Undead.*

*Poisoned apple?
It rolls from his cold hand.*

*All around him are balloons and ionization chambers left over
from the last International Geophysical Year –
Slopes and signs of our fathomlost hope for progress
Designs for EPCOT (the settlement, not the theme park)
And all the coming glories of our atomic age.*

*Walt is has will be become eventually: A sky camera that takes
pictures every minute during hours of darkness seeking the secrets
inherent in deep space and open airwaves.*

Walt speaks:

The impossible happens
You wanna talk about it?
The realm of miracles?
Book of Splendors?

How an hour can turn into 5,000 years
A second can last a lifetime

They say all dealers of myth become myth in the end.

A Likely Story:

I spun a chrysalis
I remained an insect
Transformation is slow

And effortless
Pupa into butterfly

Dark sheathed
Inconspicuous

I was at the zoo

Open mouth, teeth flashing.

Resuscitations
Resurrections

Back again from the dead.
Smelling of preservative.

Not everything in life has explanations.

We imitate.
We pretend to be that thing, but are we?

Walt spies a mouse.

(Mickey?)

He grabs with quickness and devours.

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 6
(A Chorus)

CHORUS

In our cars, we don't hesitate.
We don't over-think it.
Left or right?
Just turn.
You always get somewhere in the end.

We're not ambitious.

The thing with cars:
It's not where you are going
It's the movement you make:
The hum of the engine
The machine turning over
Revolutions within.

The soft focus sadness of so many trips to nowhere

Traffic backed up for miles to get a rubberneck glimpse of blood
on the pavement
A severed arm
The car: crumpled carapace

We were there.
We saw it.

California.
Millions of people finally giving up.
Reluctantly with bitter tears.

Beautiful fairy-tale dream of bliss gone to shit.

We are caught in the headlights like deer.

We can't get excited about it.
Wouldn't know where to begin

We're perfectly sure we're wasting our lives,
But we don't know anyone who isn't.

ANNOUNCER

Like relax
Easy does it, Man

CHORUS

Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 7
(A Chicken Joke)

CHILD

Our neighbor tried to burn our apartment building down.
He also bought a gun and shot at two of my Dad's friends.

ANNOUNCER

There are a lot of bad people in the world.

CHILD

Yeah.

My grandma didn't vote in the last election.
She says if it's just one nigger against another it's not a world
where she decides anymore.
She just watches the news and cries a lot.

Hey...

Wanna hear a joke?
Wanna hear a joke?
Wanna hear a joke?

ANNOUNCER

Sure.

CHILD

Why did the chicken cross the road?

ANNOUNCER

Why?

CHILD

Because he missed the chicken that was on the other side.

EVEL KINEVEL JUMPS THE GRAND CANYON
(*Synthesis: in slow motion, beautifully, with voice over*)

Fast forward into some advance dreamtime
There were but whispers.

Well-lit-items, strange,
Which move you to remember, suddenly:
FREEZE
Or frozen

What if there is no redemption,
Resurrection.
Remember me.

I can't last long.

It's a lonely job.

Darling missing you very badly had been thinking about you for
the entire night had been feeling rather sad when I can't get you
don't know why I am very afraid

Maybe it's really fate

I hate goodbyes

The skies are blue, the road infinite.

Are we there yet?
Like instantaneous.
But
I would never say instantaneous.
I don't believe in collapsed time.

What is hidden?

What is hidden will be revealed.

On high.

It's not where you are going
It's the movement you make:
The hum of the engine
The machine turning over
Revolutions within.

Relax.
Easy does it, man.

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 8
(A Choral Liturgy)

CHORUS

And when at last we came out of the mountains
In our yellow Chevy station wagon,
It was near dark and the clouds were above,
And we saw a great flat desert before us,
And a vast expanse of nothing reached out its dry hand
And there were no other cars on the road that day
No nothing no how
For we were the only bright and moving object
And Daddy stopped
And he said
Here we are,
And we were afraid.

For there were killed things sticking to the road before us,

And they were dead
we said
by the way side
on the way there

And the long blacktop
heaved hot heat waves,
over the lost landscape

And it played tricks upon us
For it was wasteland.
And we were wasted.
And we had come unto the bosom of our last refuge
To be delivered
And were not.
And we said unto each other
So that we might be comforted:
That we wouldn't stay here longer than we had to.

California is so yesterday.
Amen.

When you move too fast real things blur.
Trees outside.
Corn fields when you pass
And the rows look like legs running,
Legs like trying to catch up.
Someone chasing.

Exumed
Exon-ed
Exhausted
Exported
Expunged
Explored
Excessed
Exiled
Expatriot

Sing: The Lord Thy God is a Jealous God
The Lord Thy God is a Jealous God
He had a Car and it was a Hot Rod

They've found a planet beyond Pluto
A planet the size of Texas made of ice.
Completely frozen.
If you sent somebody there
They would be frozen too.

Watch out for the electric fence
Watch out for the hole
Watch out for the steel trap
Watch out for the first step
Watch out for the edge

Whistle off over Great Grand Canyon, Evel Kinevel!

ANNOUNCER

A sight for sore eyes.

Like he didn't even touch the earth.
Him on High.
Hallelujah!

MOUSEKETEER #2
(A Delinquent Confession)

There's this guy all the kids know called Suck Your Dick Rick. He pays young guys \$20 to let him suck their cocks. He always tries to give the kids Viagra, but you can't take that shit when you're sixteen it gives you a two-week boner.

My friend Julio had to go to the hospital.

You're wondering why the monologue,
And I'll tell you.
It's because no one listens anymore.
No one can have a real conversation. And I don't blame them.
I don't hear you. I don't want to hear you.
I've heard it before.
I've got my own stuff to take care of.
Stuff that bothers me for no reason
Like the word

HEART

For instance
Which I would skip over as a kid if I had to sing it
If it was in a song, I mean
Seemed dirty to me.
Blood muscle.
Like
Everybody Has a Hungry Heart...I hate that
Hearts Can Be that Way
Total Eclipse of the Heart
Turn on Your Heart Light

Some words open like that
You noticed?
They're like connected.
They reach out to you when you aren't looking and tell you things.

I don't care anymore.
I'm tired of it.

I wish my friends and I could all be abducted by aliens and live with them instead of our parents for the rest of our lives so we could leave this world until the day we die and go to heaven.

You think I'm joking?

Bite me.
Walt does.

GREAT MOMENTS WITH MR. LINCOLN
(An Animatronic Ballet)

First he sits.
Then he stands.

All rise for the singing.

Glory hallelujah.

Four score and seven years ago

Arm out

our fathers brought forth

Pelvic contraction

on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are created equal.

For emphasis

Now we are engaged in a great

Ererrrrr erroar

WAR!

Move arm in an all-encompassing

testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so
dedicated can long endure.

Eyebrow shrug.

Waka waka

Repeat six times.

Maybe something is amiss.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

We have come

come

come

come

come

come

someone in the crowd says:

I should have known it would suck.

As the mechanical malfunction releases its grip

to dedicate a portion of that field

Fingering

as a final resting-place

Grave. Forehead: meaningful wrinke.

for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

Something snaps

It is altogether fitting and proper

Something really snaps

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate,

we cannot hallow this ground.
Wound
Down after all
-- men, living and dead who struggled --
Some siege
(a flicker, a projection)
played upon the wall
And Abe escalates
Con
Se
Crated!
Curtain?
Arm flapping wildly
little note nor long remember
what we say
up down up down
-- us the living rather
Errrrrrr
unfinished
Speeding
they who fought here
Grind!
thus far so for us to be here
the great task remaining
-- Dead!
we take
Ergh!
they gave
--that we here highly
reSOLVE
HummMUMUMUMing again.
THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN,
that this
NATION under God shall

Blinking, flashing.
Will so soon explode.
GOVERNMENT!
MINT!
Mennnnnnns
the people, the people, the people
not perish

Sound of a skipping record.
Abe slows and sputters to a perfect junkie-boy stoop. Hovers just above falling. A hologram of human sadness. Semaphore of suffering. He sputters. Comes to rest with. Smoke. At last.

Scattered, pitying applause.

**VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 9
(Another Paranoid Choral Outburst)**

CHORUS

Nobody's even listening anymore
Around us people are fixing their sites
on even stranger phenomena

A chorus of the ignorant:
La la la
Los Angeles.

I hate your guts!

Perpetually uninformed,
Empty by habit and by choice
Like bulimics who can no longer absorb food –
We've both had it all and lost it all.

Pushed at on all sides
Like bees.
You're surrounded by the buzz
Until all you can hear is that humming.

A third of all Americans believe they have been the subject
Of an alien abduction.
As a nation, we believe.
If not in gods anymore then in monsters
who take us from our sleeping beds,
probe our secrets,
sample our brain pans,
and deposit our melon-balled minds back into our beds.
Hollow of memory,
Ignorant as before.

VOICE OF AMERICA: Part 10
(Announcer, Alone)

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen
This may in fact be fact or fiction
or one superimposed upon the other

This may be my voice that you hear:
Smooth as safety glass.

Punctuated by the odd commercial for trucks or carnival cruises.
Information undercut by desire.

Whispering. Desperate. Unprofessional.

I can barely breathe.
What is the meaning behind these messages?

Do these words mean anything to you?

Have you thrown away the keypad which would render any of this
intelligible?

Sure that even speaking about these things could get me killed

You wrote the secret message but it was I who burned it.

Alien transmission,
Alien transmission

Are all commuters really computers?

What is that buzzing?

Night
Right
Bite
Might

Words unwind themselves on long strings, reaching everywhere
Touching everything eventually
And these long strings create their own distances.

I was looking for you.

One life passed, another began, then that passed and a third and
there's still no end.

All the ends are cut off with a pair of scissors.

See what odd things I'm saying?

(sound of bloodsucking)

Creepily back to his smooth self.

I want to congratulate Million Dollar Baby for winning Best Picture, Best Actress and Best Director and also a shout out to Aviator for winning 5 Oscars. Way to go guys! I would like to watch these two movies. Moreover Jamie Foxx did the fabulous job for the Ray movie. I have seen his acting but it's an interesting story. By the way, I did not know Ray had a drug addiction to heroin. All actors and actresses are winners and did wonderful jobs in their films. Congrats guys.

This is Casey Casem saying
Goodnight and fuck you all, motherfuckers.

GREAT MOMENTS WITH MR. LINCOLN
(An Animatronic Ballet: Part 2)

Mr. Lincoln sits.
He stands.
Standing there.
He speaks with extra realistic motion-machination.

At what point --
Electric Er. Rrrrrr. Clicking of circuitry
-- shall we expect the approach of danger?
By what means shall we fortify against it?
Finger raised
Shall we expect some Transatlantic Giant to step across the ocean
and crush us at a blow?
Fists raised. 1,2
Never!
And relax slightly. 3,4
All the Armies of Europe, Africa and Asia combined could not by
force make a track on the Blue Ridge
Pause with import. Eyebrow Up.
Blink.
Consider.
nor take a drink
Pause. Turn. Click.
from the Ohio River,
For further emphasis.
No.
For further furrow of brow. To turn. To slightly. No.
not in a trial of a thousand years.
And arm up, sweeping 1,2
If destruction be our lot,
Down 3,4
then we ourselves
Understandably point to chest
must be its author
Hand down, meaningful turn of head
and its finisher.
It cannot come from abroad.
And angle back. Blink.
As a nation of free men we must live free forever –
Eyebrow up
or die by suicide.
Frowning. Click of the jaw as it locks last look as:

Mr. Lincoln lunges at the audience.

His teeth drop from his pink plastic lips.
An electric eye falls from its springs.

SNOW WHITE
(A Romantic Confession)

I was highly
Uh, attracted
To his writing
Over the internet and his voice over the phone.

It was so mechanical.

I never wanted to meet him or touch him ever.

Touching him grossed me out.
Touching myself grossed me out.
It all feels so penetrable.

I just can't stand my own skin in general.
The consistency, the moistness, the heat.

Respiration.
Exhale.
In. Out.

I put my brain on something else entirely

Pause.

This is not about abandonment.
This is about looking for a place to put it all.
Container. Live burial.
Cool. Covered.
Underground. Like small animals.

Pause.

When I was little I used to have three rabbits. I loved them. Sadly,
their cage was loosened and our hound dogs chased. But these
rabbits ran away safely to the wilderness. Sobbing Sobbing. It
was good to have them. I would like to have a rabbit or a dozen of
them one day whenever I settle down.

Owning the house.
Not renting the house.

Remember?

MOUSEKETEER #1
(without anymore ear beanie again)

When I was about ten and my sister eight we went to Disneyland with our best friend Beth and her mom Big Beth. We wanted to do Sky Ride, you know.

Over the park.
Above everything.
To see everyone small like insects.

So we were in line behind this guy and when he got there for some reason they put us in the car with him. I guess they thought that he was our Dad. And we didn't say anything and Big Beth waved and we thought okay it's okay and the car took off up in the air. It was weird.

I didn't say hello but this guy had a camera and he took our picture. It was weird, right?
We laughed.

Then he was trying to get a better picture of the park below. We were high up and everything and he was wedging himself into position to take this. Picture. He got a leg up. He had to be there. Hold still. Steady.

He had these red shorts on. Really short. And for some reason I saw his dick and nuts were spilling out of his shorts onto the seat.

My sister grabbed my hand and we were there just holding on staring at him. I couldn't believe and he kept taking pictures and I kept trying to think
look
maybe
somewhere
else
but there was nowhere else to look and nowhere to go.
We were high above everything.

I can't remember right, not even the little ant people walking around down, not my sister or the thin cables that kept us all hanging above it all that ride he kept camera flashing taking pictures of us and how scared we were hanging over the Magic Kingdom with him his stuff all of it, you know...

Later I convinced myself that he couldn't have done it on purpose. He probably just forgot underwear, and so said nothing and went to see the bears play in jug bands but my sister threw up her ice cream in the ashtray outside and told little Beth who told Big Beth

who took us to The Disney Cops who took more pictures. At the end of the day they said he was probably gone already and don't take rides with strangers and here have a candy. Thanks for letting us know. You did the right thing girls.

Pause.

Magical thinking says:
One false move means I lose everything.

I used to think going down the freeway what if I had to jump now?
What if the guy driving was some rapist – would I jump?
If he were a murderer?

Would it be better to be raped, possibly killed
or jump probably really killed?

Dead on the road like a rabbit

And every year all those Mexicans crossing
who can't make it

Why would they do that?
And
Could I run faster?
Could I get away?

On the way back home we counted all the gas stations:

Spirit of 76, Spirit of 76, Exxon, Mobile, Shell, Texaco, Exxon,
Texaco, Texaco...

Finally when you're halfway home:
San Onofre.

Its nuclear reactors like two glowing breasts by the sea.
It's like blinking warning saying in the dark:
"Don't touch me.
I will explode"

or something.

WALT/DRACULA
OR
DEEP THOUGHTS ABOUT DARKNESS
(An Overview)

Walt is above. He casts his shadow over things.

Heaven is a deep black. Heaven is an almost inconceivably deep black. The stars are very bright, but do not twinkle tinkle because there is no air there. Atmosphere missing. The sun is a glowing orb pressed into the black velvet of heaven. I was very moved by the infinity of cosmic space, by its inconceivable damn expanses.

And once upon a time there was a moon that everyone wanted to fly to

What I mean is...

Some things thrive in darkness, some go to sleep.

I mean

Airplane.
Different than planet, right?

Airplane blinks
Airplane moves
It's going somewhere

Where to...
The Big Secret.

Peel away the surface.

You've been hiding yourself again

Secret worlds O
O Transparent tear of everything, even here.

Peel away, perforce to remain within it
Unfortunately fairly well within it.
Always anyway within it.

I am not dead.
Remember me.

No one has waited longer.

Reanimation of dead tissue

Another identity easy as changing clothes
Chameleon.

This is the line:
End of

This is everything circumscribed by borders
Closed to the uninitiated.

Or
Open
Open again at last
O
Like universal
O of everyone singing
Or
Oh: The fearful spectator of vast accidents
Going
O My God
Like
O My God

Neither nothing now at last understood.

Incomplete transmissions.

Another parable of paraplegia
Flapping and waving limbs inarticulate

Starting maybe again with (part one)
The Curse: until a prince came to wake them.

Or whatever.

Song. He sings:

I'm your Sleeping Beauty with sewn shut eyes
Don't you realize.
That I've been in motion too long.

Oh the drifted victims
All the people of the future.

I feel funny
Rhymes with money.

I can't keep up the pace of industry
What you were to me

Look, someone's coming from behind to find
We're lost in last place
Lost in space...

Pause. Song Ends.

This is me.

Saying: I have said

O

Consider:

The sad black mass over America,
For its Grapes of Wrath, for its Amber Waves of Grain

FINALLY
(An Afterward)
Or
POTENTIAL NAMES FOR GREAT AND FUTURE WARS
Or
FIREWORKS WE BOUGHT ILLEGALLY IN MINNESOTA
(A Laser Light Show Spectacular)
As possibly sung by
Duh!
THE VOICE OF AMERICA
(In Rousing Patriotic Chorus)

EL DIABLO'S FLASH BASH
VENOM
NEBRASKA BOMBER
AMERICAN VALOR
LITTLE FIESTA
RIPPER
DISTURBING THE PEACE
WHITE NOISE
DEFENDER
MELTDOWN
DESERT DREAM GRAND FINALE
COMMANDER IN CHIEF
DRAGON BEES
FLAMING COBRA
WIDOW'S REVENGE
ARMAGEDON
CRACKLING TYRANADON
GANG FIGHT
SNIPER
SUPER YO HO HO
GIANT TWITTER GLITTER
ENFORCER
EGYPTIAN MYSTERY
HIGHROLLER
BOMB SQUAD
MONSTER TRUCK RALLY
ISLAND MIRAGE
SLAMMED
CHICAGO COCKTAIL
SUNKEN SHIP
STARS & STRIPES
KABLOOM
BUTTERFLY GARDEN
LARGE CRACKLING TWITTER GLITTER
FIRE DEMON
VIKING SPACE SEEKER
SCREECHING TERROR DACTYLL

SPEED DEMON
SCREAMIN FEAR
MIGHTY THOR
RED PALM
MARTIAN RAMPAGE
FEEDING FRENZY
TOWER OF DOOM
LIQUID LIGHT
BIG CHOP - MORE POP
SO LOUD ITS CRIMINAL
MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER
BIG MOROCCAN MADNESS
MEGA SATURN SPLENDOR
MAMMOTH REIGN OF TERROR
VIXEN QUEEN OF THE SKY GIANT
BIG SAMURAI
NIGHT SLAMMER
CENTURION 5-BALL CANDLE
BIG BOY
ELECTROFIRE ALL IN ONE! AMERICAN STAR, RED
SPECTRAL WITH BANG, COSMIC CRASH, CRACKLING
AND BLUE STAR, RED TO GREEN PEONY, SPLASHING
STARS, FLASH AND CRASH WITH BANG, FIRE AND ICE,
GREEN TO CRACKLING, GLITTERING SILVER AND BLUE
STARS, BLUE STAR WITH BANG, BLUE TO CRACKLING,
RED TO CRACKLING, GREEN STAR WITH BANG, BLUE TO
RED PEONY, BLUE SPECTRAL WITH BANG PARACHUTE,
FLYING BUTTERFLIES, ROARING TIGER, SWALLOW,
GLITTEROUS LIGHTS, AND JEWEL PARACHUTE WITH
RED STAR; THUNDER STAR; WHITE STAR; GARDEN ZIG
ZAGS; CRACKLING STAR; PARACHUTE WITH GREEN
STAR; BUTTERFLIES; GLOWING RUBY, JUMPING JACKS,
COLOR WHISTLING WHEEL, WHISTLING CRAZY STICKS
WEEKEND GRAND BIG BOOM FINALE!