

In regards to the readability, I have enumerated the characters. In consideration of your imagination and predispositions, here are preceding concise character descriptions:

1 posits this attribute to 1's entire lifestyle because people tell 1 1 is pedantic.

2 is a nihilist (Ducktail Hair, Leather Coat), but doesn't like using the epithet (what a twist!).

1: "Have you heard about the new Fred Babboth book?" 2: "No, what's it about?" 1: "It's a bluntly scrupulous work on small town society. Every twenty pages there's a sentence. Besides that, it's gibberish." 2: "I thought you liked Babboth?" 1: "What? No, I do. I mean, literally. It reads like random pounding on a keyboard." 2: "Isn't he an environmentalist?" 1: "Yeah, why?" 2: "That's a waste of paper!" 1: "No, imbecile, it's an allegory on human history." 2: "About our species' evolution or exclusively Homo sapien or ..." 1: "No, beginning with written history, excluding cave paintings. Everything subsequent to the BCs." 2: "I wouldn't understand it. Learning history, studying other cultures, seems vain in both senses." 1: "You mustn't know history. It's exoteric. You must know our language and simply read." 2: "So simple, so simple. Not so simple. I'm illiterate. What do the intermittent sentences say, anyway? Ostensibly, they are the only intelligible communication." 1: "Well, the sentences are mere plot devices. The meaning is in the rubbish." 2: "And what's the meaning?" 1: "The meaning is in the universal message." 2: "And what's the message?" 1: "A statement on progression." 2: "Intimated or inadvertent?" 1: "What's the purpose of asking questions?" 2: "Why not?" 1: "Your sporadic curiosity betrays the lethargy leaking from your pores on everyday a bit too warm. And at least I'm cultured. I read. I read." 2: "Babboth is an ape. I've heard about the reviews." 1: "As if the reviewers are as erudite as I, the fans, and the writer. No. The reviewers are imbeciles. Babboth is brilliant. And what is it you do, besides work?" 2: "My labor is imperative to progression! I play an important role in society." 1: "My part is more important than yours." 2: "That's debatable."

1: "Bark. Bark, bark, bark, bark." 2: "Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark!" 1: "Ruff! Bark!" 2: "I Concede." 1: "As always, I am victorious." 2: "Are you happy?" 1: "Of course." 2: "Not with your victory, with your life. Do you feel you're contributing?" 1: "Of course. Do you? Wait,

what? Maybe. Yes, of course!" 2: "Let's not beat around the bush. Let's get right to the point. What do you think about creating sympathy for bestiality? Like, a man's wife dies and he lives alone with the family dog – kids off in college or something, married – and him and the dog get friendly. What do you think?" 1: "That's an okay one. I think it'd be better if a woman were the protagonist." 2: "Sure." 1: "Any others?" 2: "You didn't like it?" 1: "No, it's fine. Any others?" 2: "Yeah, uh, it starts with this guy you really hate, but immediately you empathize with. Like maybe he just got out of prison. And he's, like, he treats women bad –" 1: "He's sexist." 2: "Yeah. And he has some sort of goal. And obstacles in the way of it. Like, I'd say three big ones. And he's in all this anguish and you really get to like him, even though he's a killer, like, a macabre action movie star." 1: "Yeah! And he's also suing the government 'cause he lives in Washington D.C., but wants to the right to bear arms or whatever." 2: "Yeah, I like that. Or maybe he's on the hunt against some guy suing the government about separation of church and state. Like pledge of allegiance or something. Anyway, in the end there's this climax. And all that jazz. Get my drift?" 1: Yeah. It's pretty good. It's okay. Listen: I was thinking, well, I was just inspired of this idea. It's pretty good. I think it's great. You wanna hear it?" 2: "What is it?" 1: "It's pretty good. And it pushes the boundaries. It's sort of like avant-garde or post-modern or whatever affixed term you wanna give it." 2: "All right, get on it with it already." 1: "I'm just feeling wary." 2: "Well, I just told you about sympathy for bestiality with man's best friend. So, whatever you have to say can't be much worse. Anyway, you're the artist. It's really your decision."

1: "Okay, so, you know how the story always used to end with, like, the heterosexual couple getting married or whatever? But we never find out about all the turbulence in the relationship after that and if they stay together or anything. So, this might start right off with a messy fight. Right in the middle of it. And they're maybe newlyweds." 2: "Wait, are they gay? Is that the twist?" 1's upper lip twitches, "No. They aren't gay. They aren't homosexual." 2: "Okay, I get it." 1: "Yeah, all right, so – they're in this fight and they're a pretty couple - like hitler's dream aryan's or something; descendants of jesus – and, uh, the paterfamilias works at a factory, something decrepit, where he comes home really dirty." 2: "A Fire-Man! He comes home covered in soot." 1: "Yeah! That's really great! That totally works! Okay, so he's a Fire-Man. A Fire-Man! And, uh, one day, at work some terrible accident happens, ah, I don't know, he's saving a baby and somehow his eyes get burned

out. Something to create sympathy and make the audience pretend they're the Hero too. Like, symbolism of them also not achieving anything because of some pathetic accident. If only this \_\_\_\_ didn't happen, then I'd be this Hero." 2 sighs interminably, "Get on with it." 1 sips from a clear plastic cup, "Anyway, so he's blind now. And, the wife starts getting bored of him and starts cheating on him. But he's still got his sense of smell, and when she sprays the perfume – the perfume we mention earlier that he likes so much – she leaves to go out on dates with other guys; the Fire-Man smells it and knows and he's totally tortured by it. He cries, he drinks, he still watches TV all the time. And the kids - " 2's trance is broken and he inquires, "Wait, they have kids?" 1 considers, "Maybe. We'll work on it in the rewrite." 1 seizes the main points from the air, crossing back to the table, rearranges them. 1 swallows the now tepid orange juice and vodka. 1: "So, his kids play pranks on him; like, innocent ones at first: they say it's PB&J when really it's tuna, or they fill empty beer bottles with something – I don't know, orange juice – and tell him it's beer. But then," 1 begins to laugh quietly, "maybe they're making this movie and," unrestrained, "they cut out cardboard into word bubbles and paint them white with big black letters," 1 keels over, hand slamming on the plastic table. HA, HA, HA! 2 visualizes and uproariously joins in. 1: "And they make the Fire-Man say funny stuff, like uh, 'I wear my sunglasses inside because I do coke,' and uh, they move stuff around, like a drink or something, like the orange juice in his beer bottle that he doesn't say anything about because he's a nice guy and loves his kids and we're trying to build sympathy for this guy - for the Hero - and they put the word bubble to his head as he fumbles for it: 'Where did my dildo go?'" 2: "Yeah, yeah! Like, uh, when he's dressing, 'Which way does my abdomen go?'" 1's sardonic eyebrows raise, "No. We're building sympathy for the Hero, because while the guy is being totally phlegmatic and stoic and um, um, lugubrious – yeah, that's the right word – lugubrious, his family realizes that they love him. Only after a big fight, though. So it'll *really* be a drama." 2 curves the backrest, fingers twiddling feigning intense contemplation. 2: "So, that's it? They just get back together and everyone's happy?" 1: *2 is always so fucking hasty.* "Well, just give me a moment. Just a moment." 2: *What a dumb ass!* "Listen, 1, it can't end like that. The point is to make them cry, not make them feel sated, like they just had a god damned bigmac or somethun. I like your idea and all but it needs a great ending." 1: *Fucking prick. This is my idea, and 2 is criticizing me about it?* "No, no. There's a good ending. I have plenty of great

ideas. I just came up with this one! Give me a second; just, give me a second.” 1 drops a few ice cubes and mixes another drink. 2: *Huh, how could it end? All right, I wanna make the people cry, so maybe the kids die? Or . . . shit, who dies? The wife? The wife gets AIDs? The wife gets a abortion behind the dudes back? No, the husband has gotta die. The Fire-Man. That’ll really make them cry! (An image appears in 2’s head of the fireman committing suicide by pistol) Holy shit! Praise me! I got it! The wife watches the Fire-Man kill himself.* “Listen, 1, just listen!” 1: *2 has no idea what empathy or sympathy is about. I know. 2 doesn’t have a clue. I’ll listen.* 1 sips. “I’m listening. Go on.” 2: *Smug prick. Look at 1! 1 isn’t listening. 1 doesn’t give a fuck what I say. Whatever. This is a great idea. This is a great idea!* “All right, so, the Fire-Man finds out his kids have been doing this shit, and his wife’s been fucking other guys, and all that jazz. So, he’s really, uh, what did you say, luburious?” 1: *What a dumbass. I wonder what he’s getting at.* “Lugubrious.” 2: *Smug prick. What a pretentious asshole. That narcissist is staring at his reflection in his cup of piss and vodka. This is a great idea. Whatever.* “Yeah, that’s the word. All right, so one day his whole family goes out to, maybe, the fair or something, the movies, the mall, I don’t know. But the Fire-Man stays behind, and we just have silence. And he’s searching through the closet for something, searching by looking, with his hands. And, so, he finally finds it! It’s a gun! His old handgun that he brought out earlier in the movie, as like, what is it: Premonition?” 1: *2 is the most complete idiot there is no one I would rather strangle. I could strangle this idiot right now. What’s he talking about? Premonition? Like, foreboding?* “Yeah, premonition. What’re you talking about, there was no gun earlier on.” 2: *Fuck you, 1! It’s just an idea. I’m saying that it will have happened earlier in the movie. 1’s eyes just rolled at me. 1 really makes me sick. Here I am, trying to be fucking helpful, and 1 sits there, placid and content. As if 1 owns the world. 1 doesn’t own shit. 1 doesn’t own shit.* “Well, the gun is there earlier in the movie, okay? So, he finds the gun, and starts to cry. And now the audience, the people, will know that the Fire-Man will kill himself. And he’s crying, and he finds an old photo album and can’t look at it, or something. Anyway, so his wife comes home early - without the kids - and she sneaks in as he’s crying and he puts the gun to his head. And the wife just stares at him. And then he shoots himself. That’s good, right? The wife of the Fire-Man watches him die. Him kill himself.”

1 gawks, incredulous. 1: *2 always tries to do this. Sabotage my ideas. This is my idea. And I think it’ll be better with a happy ending. How am I supposed to get my god damn*

peanuts? The Fire-Man kills himself? Bull shit! Everyone will see through it and get pissed. "2, that is a ridiculous idea." 2: Why the hell is 1 always on my case? 1 rarely has good ideas. I'm always the one throwing them around. I'm 1's muse. Without me, 1 wouldn't be shit. And then I always sublimate 1's stories. Fuck 1. 1 is just an idiot that can't make out the good from the bad. That's what collaboration is all about. But with 1, we don't collaborate, we just follow these ridiculous rules. 1's rules. Fuck 1. "What the fuck are you talking about, 1? It's a great idea. What's wrong with it?" 1: Dumbass. He can't see what's wrong with it? A million and two things that I can name off the top of my head! 2 is such an imbecile. If 2 had less brains, 2 would be dead. 2's skull would be hollow. It's like Abraham and Isaac. I'm god, I decide whether Isaac dies. I save Isaac. I save the Fire-Man. Isaac would have died anyway. 2 does not get it. "There is so much wrong with it. Too much to begin." 2 crosses toward 1. 1 rises, swaying from foot to foot. 2: You fucking motherfucking cocksucking bitcheating cockeating dickfuck. You have no idea what a good story is. And you're just pissed because last week I got fucking laid and you didn't. And you're just pissed because you know I'm better than you. You know it and you can't stand it. Well, go fuck yourself. "Go fuck yourself. You're always doing this to my ideas." 1: Go ahead. Go ahead and throw a fit, little girl. You think I give a fuck? Nooooooooo. You're so fucking weak. Getting so upset at something so small. It's a stupid idea. Just think about it. And what the fuck did you say earlier? Bestiality? That's like your pedophiliac idea yesterday. Fucking stupid. "It's a stupid idea." 2: Oh, FUCK I AM SO PISSED SO PISSED SOOOOO PIIIIISSED! 1 is a fucking idiot. 1 has no idea what a good idea is. 1's ideas are always so stupid. 1 always plays it so safe. I am better than 1 is. 1 is an idiot. A fucking idiot. "How 'stupid?' Why 'stupid?' As stupid as eating dirt!?" 1: That's his metaphor? I mean, simile? I mean, I don't know. 2 has got me so enraged at this entire conversation I can't even think. This whole idea is stupid. It could've been something great, but now 2 is too upset and officious and won't forget his own idea and the entire time 2'll want to revert back to the hokey suicide shit. Suicide is such a taboo topic anyway. Another ruined idea. "It's as stupid as throwing shit at the audience." 2: Your idea. Your idea is as stupid as throwing shit. Mine would make them cry. They would give us our peanuts and we'd be happy forever and ever and we could live off of this idea. We're just changing around the same basic premise over and over anyway; my idea is great. Your idea is stupid. You don't know what a good idea

*is. You are stupid, 1. You are a fucking idiot. Fuck yourself, 1. Fuck yourself. So that's what you wanna do? "Fine! Let's just throw shit, then!" 1: Idiot. "Fine!"*

The two baboons in the cage rush to a dung pile, frightening the flies, and fling shit at the spectators. \$10.25 to get into the zoo. The spectators giggle. The children's smiles widen as the lights dim. This is what we came here for: Shit! Excrement flies; black brown green yellow; dripping solid moist hairy; baboons putting on another show! The spectators remove shit from their faces; scrape shit from their clothes. The children, too short and yet too callow, scoop shit from the ground (only following in their parent's footsteps) and shove it in their mouths greedily. The audience devours the shit, stuffs its face; waist buttons pop, soiled napkins scatter – every napkin used. The peanut vendor comes around. The well-to-do audience members rush to the peanut vendor. All sorts. Imported peanuts, designer peanuts, hipster peanuts, fad peanuts, classic peanuts, peanuts peanuts! The audience tosses the peanuts to the baboons; the baboons feast; the baboons shit more; the baboons fling more shit.