

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

A man enters and sits at a bar. He speaks to the audience. There is light jazz playing softly.

MAN:

I've come to announce The End. The End of Beauty and Truth in my life. The End of Art. Scotch and water, please. Thank you.

Ah, yes. It all came to me. Somehow God has shaped his divine will and order in the form of a young, beautiful woman and it is now, The End. She is the Beginning and The End and I can't get enough of her honey-sweet love. The absolute vision of beauty; an angel carved from the cool blue sky by the very hand of God himself. All else is meaningless. There is only her touch, her tender smile, and eyes that could light up Las Vegas. When she is perfectly naked and wraps the silk and lace of her body around my head and brings herself into my mouth, I have nothing to fear. Except losing her.

God, this chair smells like ass.

I think that we don't need the Panhandles. I don't like what they do for us, as a country. Their distinction. Their desert. Dry. Hot. I've been there, you know. I used to be that kind of man. Ah, but now. It is The End.

Soft jazz is for pussies. Get it out of here. Can't we have something with a beat?

Those days are gone.

Her skin is so porcelain smooth and agreeably fitting for mine. We've formed a Union, her and I. A spiritual gathering of...oh...two physical souls bound by love. True Love.

I know what you're thinking: "True Love". Yeah. I know what you're thinking.

She's been to New York, this girl. She saw shows. Shows with dancers. Male dancers. Have you seen those guys? She's seen those guys.

Damnit. I need to smoke more. Have you tried Lucky Strikes? I don't know. There's something romantic associated with Lucky Strikes. That Bogart Thing.

Do we have to listen to this shit? Can I get some Beethoven or something? Fuck, you'll never hear that in the bar.

So. I've been to the Desert. Yeah. She's never been. Doesn't have to. It's The End.

Are all the chairs like this?

I think we're gonna get married and have kids. Seems like the right thing to do. Distribution. Wealth. The Soul. Shit like that.

If you could hear her voice. Oh! It's like, like Heaven, like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, like an orchestra of, what are the Versace...Andolini...Stradivarius! Yes! Like all the magnificent sounds of Heaven and Earth channeled and patched through one solitary human being! That's her. She sings, talks, whispers, cries, soothes, screams...God, The Sounds of Sex! WHEN I AM INSIDE HER I AM INVINCIBLE! True peace between her thighs. Harmony! Wholeness! The world is knowable to me! Trees bloom, snow in the mountains, rivers never run dry, crops yields more than they are fucking capable of...and we both feel the raw, primal, whole man and woman. The Perfection.

Only the Fear of Losing her remains.

I gotta stop smoking.

Is this the Rippingtons? Pussymusic.

I don't think men have always felt this way. We're a New Breed of Man. We're not Biblical. We're not Classic. We're too fucking naked. Men in those days killed meat and ate it with their bare hands, clawed at it like animals. Blood. The Hunt. The Kill. They conquered things, place, women. Fucking Warriors. No socks. No cotton. Leather. Hard. Coarse. Like the beck of their necks. We're too fucking naked.

But I tell you this: I have seen things that you will never see.