

Jaundice “Creamy” Van Buren

presents

BLUES FOR THE 21ST CENTURY, PART I

(co-starring Sallie May Salamander)

FADE IN: Creamy sits on a stool, lights up a smoke. Did you ever wonder why silence is sometimes depressing, yet giddy at other times? You have now. But Creamy interrupts. 4 thumb and finger snaps to the time of 4. Repeat as desired. Snap, snap, snap, snap. Feel free to deviate. And Creamy says:

Now listen people:

Woke up this morning
(bad start already)
Tongue-twisting caramel-candied-sludge-slick
Stuck straight in my mouth
I grips for the bottle
And discover a drought

Oh, fuck you, Jim Beam,
Mr. Beam, fuck you.
Said Fuck you, James Beam
And Jameson too

(Exposé. It's the only way these days. Inter/overlapping monologues disguised as communication. We suddenly consider this dialogue.)

See, 10 months ago—ok, longer than that—
No, 10 months ago, we'll leave it at that—

CROSSFADE—And Sallie May enters. Creamy alights. 8 finger and thumb snaps. Snap, snap, snap, snap, snap, snap, snap, snap. Never deviate. Not when it counts. Instead, agress. Agreed?

There was a tall sassy lassy
With a penchant for attention
Lonely only child
Spending Daddy's pension
Saw me “all smiles” slinging hash
Took me home intrigued

8 months later—no, not 8—

(we'll call it 8 for memory's sake)
Your beleaguered feature
Finds himself aghast

CROSS-CROSSFADE—8 months later/ago. Sallie May Salamander makes history, a capella.

SALLIE MAY: You a stinkin' loser! Just another boozer!

CREAMY: No, no, Sallie May! Tomorrow is another day!

SALLIE MAY: Like yesterday, when your dog died and you hit the bottle? Or tomorrow, when something else'll die? Or yester-yesterday, when you done gone lost your job just 'cuz you didn't feel like finding it?

CREAMY: Well, well, Sallie May, now just 'cuz—

SALLIE MAY: Or tomorrow-morrow, when you find out I been fuckin' your best friend 'hind your back? And not 'cuz I like him, just to piss you off.

(The dialogue of silence ensues.)

2, 3, 4...

(Did you ever wonder why silence can be awkward?)

REFADE IN—4 finger and thumb snaps. No more or less.

In country there is music
As if it's played backward
You done get it all back
In blues if you go back
All you get is done backward
Now two months here find me
Trying to look ahead

She took all my money
In the currency of pride
Goodbye to eye candy
I thought'd be my bride

God bless you, James Beam
And your friend Jameson
God bless you both,
Forever and amen.

Creamy sips. Lights fade. Blackout.