

Apocalypse Playground



ISSUE 11

Apocalypse Playground

I S S U E 1 1

Dylan Kinnett, *Editor*

Gabriel Stoeker, *Poetry editor*

Lady Dementia HRH, *Copy
Editor*

christopher-ian, *Layout*

The Rev. NIK, *poet*

Grace Palmer, *illustration*

Seth Muler, *Writer*

Sarah Kezman, *Writer*

Findline, *Writer*

Eric Bates, *Cover Artist*

APOCALYPSE PLAYGROUND
P.O. BOX 3414
SHEPHERDSTOWN WV
25443

For Drew, the constant destroyer
of nihilist tendencies

Apocalypse Playground is a 'literary'zine devoted to gothic art in all forms. Apocalypse Playground is anything that expresses the darker and more majestic side of this dream of a fleeting world.

Apocalypse Playground is © 1997 by Dylan Kinnett. All works published in Apocalypse Playground are 1997 © Copyright by their creator(s). No portion of Apocalypse Playground or any work published in its pages, may be reproduced in any form without the written permission of the author. All rights revert to the author/artist at time of publication.

"Throw Out All Other Shades of Blue"

Editorial, 4/98 by Dylan Kinnett

It's amazing what can happen when you're lookin' The Blues right in the face. I saw it, The Blues I mean. Sure, I've heard it a thousand times. I've even seen it performed: B.B. King live. But, Until recently, I had never seen The Blues. I guess that means I can't say I'd know it when I see it. But I can say what I saw. I know what I saw. I saw The Blues: live.

That's no way to begin a story, I know. Try again.

The thing in question happened at an open mike show. A guitarist friend was playing his own material. He never does that. I had waited a year and a half to hear his own music and it was worth the wait. There he was gyrating behind a Skinny Puppy T-shirt, singing the damnedest happy song of the evening, an enjoyable experience for all. Gone were the weak, disrhythmic interpretations I had come to expect from his public performances. Even though when just with friends, he could keep his tempo together they were still borrowed songs. They weren't HIS rhythms. And now that I heard them, I loved his rhythms. He played four of them. He saved the best for last.

So there I was enjoying that when I heard a voice from the back. A deep, slow voice. It picked up during the instrumental part with another song, with alternate lyrics about the same subject: love. But this voice was sadder. It faded from time in order to make way for my friend to continue his joyful take on the matter. His voice was young. The one in the back was much older.

I read a poem that night. It was entitled "Angry Love Poem 76". This title is a joke really. My hoe is that you will never find seventy six angry love poems in my notebooks. Either I never wrote them or I won't let you find them.

I came to the conclusion that night that one can hold any feeling, any opinion toward any other feeling or opinion. That is obvious, but that the sediments in question can be proven valid under almost any circumstances is the realization that startled me most. The contrasting voices strengthened each other, as much as they detracted from each other, as much as they distracted the audience. My mind ran in all directions. Thought, emotion, love are all so universal that even to say so seems pointless and naive. That is the basis of the problems I have with most poetry. It never tends to go beyond the universal for me. It seems that, rather than truth, we poets spend a lot of time communicating generalities.

That guy in the back was loving it. With every lull in the lyrics, held bust out with his own take on things. Whatever invented chorus he kept repeating is lost on me now. I would suspect that, by now, it is lost on it's maker as well. He was drunk and he kept singing even though it wasn't his turn at the mike. Jokingly, someone sitting next to him turned and said "You're up next buddy."

The man from the back went up next.

He poured The Blues out of every pore in his body. As I'm sure he poured alcohol into every pore a few hours previous. And he swayed.

When I took Driver's Education Class they taught us about what alcohol does, why it makes people unable to operate machines. It starts slow, gradually subtracting the number of higher functions in the brain until, like an animal, it grabs hold of The Soul and reduces it to the level of beast. Now, animals don't drive cars, and neither should drunks. And animals don't play guitar. Or do they? Not that they do, but this man's song was certainly a primal scream. (if ever primal I've heard) Like the lonely mongrel dog on the backside of a foot-

hill, he howled. The rest of the mountain was the ear that heard, the audience. And I sat like a rock, enthralled.

His howl was universal. We all understood. Even though we couldn't understand his words which were slurred we could hear his pain and watch him take out his frustration six helpless strings. I chose to listen to the noise that seemed to come from the very core of the man, the animal core which was all he had left. His howl was universal because he'd drunk off everything that stood between the rest of us and the core of him, which is similar the core of us all.

The drunk man then proceeded to invent a strange brew of poetry. I remember that:

“Who am I?
I am not life itself
because I am not death either
Who am I?
not alive
but not death
Who am I?
I am what I experience
I am who I know
and I know you
but,
Who am I?”

This is no way to tell a story, I know. I do not mean to extol the virtues of public drunkenness because there aren't any. Suffice it to say that I left that show scared to death. My mind started racing.

The Mind reminds me of a kitchen, of an infinite kitchen capable of baking up infinite banquets.

“I am what I experience,” what did that mean? Did it mean that I am a bad musician? does that make me a babbling fool? After all, I did just experience both. No, I am both. MY babbling is bad music. (and here I am babbling about bad music.)

I take all the words and all the music and throw them all into my mental kitchen drawer. Use them like tools, like forks, or spoons in the hope that the utensils might hope me say something about what it means to be the human breed of beast. About what is at the core of me. And, if I'm lucky, I can say something about all of us, something universal. In the meantime, I guess I'll be just like at dog on the hillside.

That's no way to end a story, I know. Let's get to the literature shall we?

SETS AND SETS AND SETS OF CHAIRS

BY SETH MULLER

Two days ago, I remember a chair sliding across the floor. It moved in slow motion, sliding at a rate faster than it was spinning. It traveled twenty feet before hitting the wall. Lying next to the hostess station, I could see a couple of drops of blood. I heard screaming as I slipped in and out of consciousness. I still pictured Theresa taking it in the face, spinning around one full turn, then dropping to the floor....

According to the American Psychological Association, waiting tables ranks as one of the most stressful jobs. It's right up there with air traffic controller and inner city school teacher. For someone who's never waited tables, it's hard to imagine why this is the case. It appears to be a basic job, but you are at the beck and call of a number of "bosses," who are in fact the customers. You are their servant, and somehow it applies much friction to your nerves.

The stress compounds when you work in a 350-seat restaurant at an ocean resort location. The patrons are vacationers, and since they're spending large sums of money, they want a perfect vacation. This includes perfect dinners with great food and great service. I hated working there, so my injuries have become blessings. Tom Wilson inflicted the injuries. Two nights ago when he went insane, he turned The Breakwater Restaurant into a whirlwind of violence.

I avoided Tom as much as possible. I feared he might punch me in the face. He stood six inches taller than me, and his biceps were as large as my thighs. I imagined his fist connecting with my jaw, and my body's reaction as I dropped to the ground. The shock of the initial blow would absorb the pain. But soreness would prevail over a period of days, or so I figured.

I know many large people who I have not feared. But with one glance at Tom's face, I could tell his blood pressure

was two or three times higher than the average. He was intense, but it was a quiet intensity. I felt uncomfortable talking to Tom. He never made eye contact and when he talked it was about how much he hated his job and his place in life.

Everyone on the wait staff talked about him. No one figured how, with his poor social skills, he could wait tables. We noticed the look on the patrons he served. They were always uncomfortable, too. Being near Tom was like being near a large package that was ticking. We wondered when the package would explode.

Forth of July weekend is the Breakwater's busiest weekend. The seats fill within an hour of opening, and every night peaks with a two-hour waiting period. The night turns to a nightmare, as the restaurant's operations are pushed near the breaking point.

The hours are filled with misread orders, dinners that take too long to prepare, dropping trays, angry customers, running back to the kitchen for catsup or a forgotten side dish or a clean spoon. We line up at the computer to punch in orders, and all stink of fish and sweat. I'm forced to take tables when I can't handle what I have, I mischarge someone, I get stiffed on a tip, I get yelled at, I get dirty looks, I forget what the specials are, I sweat too much, I lose my pen, I curse and swear in the back of the kitchen with everyone else. The kitchen is hot, I wait for an order. Sweat rolls into my eyes. The boss comes back, yelling and screaming. I find a crab shell in my hair.

Occasionally, in the sea of faces I would see Tom. Sweat rolled down his brow, and his balding head was crimson. I never said a word to him, only smiled. I was afraid he might deck me if I said the wrong words.

At the peak of intensity, when the wait staff was running around the restaurant like well-trained horses, I saw Tom

standing at the hostess station. He was with Mr. Randall, the owner, and Stacey, the head hostess. Mr. Randall flapped a at home. I imagined my feet in rejoice as I pulled off my shoes and kicked back in my chair.

The last of the customers took the hint as we began to wipe table tops, flipped the chairs onto the tables and sweep the floor. At 10:00 we didn't care how many people were left, we prepared for closing. With 23 on the wait staff that night, we figured we could be finished by 11:00.

Actually, 24 people were on the wait staff that Saturday. I just expected one would not be there to help clean.

Tom came back for his cleaning duties. No one was sure where he went, but he seemed to have some trouble walking straight. He probably went to Ruby's Pub down the street. He strolled over to the bus help's tip jar, pulled some crumpled bills from his pocket and tossed them in. He spoke to no one. He walked back to his area, tables 12 through 15, and began cleaning. Before Tom returned, we laughed and told stories about the evening, silly customers with dumb questions, kitchen problems, good tippers and bad tippers. We also exchanged some apologies for any problems we to me as if it were traveling in slow motion, sliding faster than it was spinning.

As I eased back into consciousness, I felt the soreness in my jaw, my throat, my face, the back of my head and neck. I moved my head slightly, to take in the hospital room, maybe see a familiar face. The pain made me moan, and bright spots appeared in my vision.

I was a victim, I thought. Later, I learned I was one of eight victims. Eight of us went to the hospital because Tom was unhappy. After I went out of consciousness by the hostess station, Tom picked up five or six more chairs and hurled them at people. The police arrived just as Tom's system broke down, and he collapsed into heavy sobs. Debbie said she'll never forget the way he curled up into a fetal position on the floor, and clutched one of the chairs.

To know is to carry
one's being

as is to reverence

as is to Love

To Live

to draw and give
perception without light

True & Loud → Clear
swift as an arrow

the path speaks
white feathers assuring its

flight

The message sent by silence
A knight's intentions sought
Set out with fear relinquished.

1

a
Spider
E itself
N among
T her locks
VANES
like pain
which adheres
itself
to everything
weaving its
intricate
web
of unwanted
memories

2

the locks
belonging
to
a single head
of a Barble
smiling
so one would
think living
in this hell
turned her
tolunacy
she flutters
herlashes
calling attention
to her eyes
incapable of
blinking
outlined by
silver sparkle

she whispers
something about
Ken and Skipper

3

Naomi's playthings
barbecue
to a crisp
yet one crumb
of childhood
lies
forgotten

4

what strange whim
who Is the girl
scribbling in
unreadable scrawls
with a stub of
blue chalk
on a stale
cracker

Unwanted Memories



Down The Hall

Nick Kemnitzer

I can not hold it any longer
hand shoots up
permission granted
slowly I approach the door
and peering down the bleak hallway
I am afraid
to leave the oasis of kindergarten

such a long way
to the boy's room
past four rooms of bug mean kids
past the office with The Man
our spiritual leader
he loved
to scream and yell

Sometimes standing at the door
secretly
I'd wish to be a girl
bathroom right next door
so safe and close at hand
every day lived in fear
till one day
The Man
he died
and left me to pee freely
perhaps you get what you deserve

Notes Made While Seeking Companionship

*Illustration
by Grace Palmer*

Sarah Kezman

The door opens automatically as each person comes within its metal presence.

Yet, as I stand

before the door,

it doesn't open.

look at all the people on the other side of the door, robotic, as they move through their days.

And suddenly a clock stops.

The automatic door opens.

I enter.

I hope to meet some of the people.

But, as I seek out each one, I find, they are all dead.

I laugh,

and go back through the automatic doors.



Pinker. Pinker than what?

Johnna always asked that question as she pressed her bony hips against my beautiful bony hips. Slightly painful when they pressed my stomach. Sometimes I cracked my hip crowns on hers during lovemaking. I always tried to be careful...

Yesterday was a Sunday. Sundays are spare change. A day to waste looking for the best game on television. Those spare hours wore me down this time, like skin stretched on the crown of a bony hip. I thought Johnna woke for an early mass. The note I found on the floor stated otherwise. I am falling.

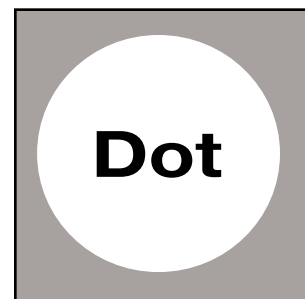
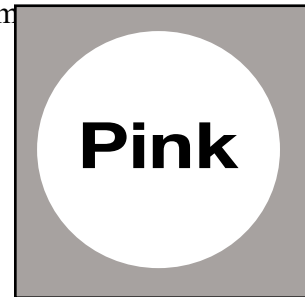
Picture me in the van, and follow me through the streets of Columbus as it rises out of the flat Ohio. I'm working for my uncle as a window washer, and going to work with a hangover. Initially intoxicated by Johnna, crushed under the weight of withdrawal.

For it all to make sense, you must know about Uncle Rusty's window washing service. Until recently, it was the only business Rusty did. I can't explain exactly the skill he has. I can say I gave him the idea to use it. So the code name for the new side of the business is "Pink Dot." A variance of his favorite nephew's name, and the guy he totes as "The World's Greatest Albino Window Washer." Whatever you say Uncle Rusty.

Rusty loved telling me about his sexual adventures with strange and insatiable women. I never fully believed him of course, since he's an unattractive and close to fifty. Still, he sunk into the lurid details and would at times run his tongue through the whiskers of his mustasche. Usually I listened, acted interested, hid my disgust, and waited for another window washing assignment.

Except, six weeks ago, Rusty asks me to talk about Johnna, as he called her a "sweet little thang." He wanted demensions, descriptions and sound effects. My reverence for Johnna forced me to skirt the issue, and I told him the story of how, while washing windows, I watched a boss and his secretary go at it on a desk, sparing no details. Since I was fabricating the story, I invented the specifics as I went along, and even involved the use of some executive desk toys.

Rusty looked absorbed in thought and I assumed my recount of this sex act was not interesting him. A week later he began black mailing the businessmen in the buildings we window-washed. He would call them and say his window washing service was actually an undercover surveillance crew, and would say we caught some footage on tape or film of their sex acts. A little money would keep things quiet, though. I am not sure how the system worked, how he knew who to call, or how he convinced them the footage existed. Neither myself or any of the other window washers had ever seen these acts performed, and we sure didn't have the



A
S H O R T
S T O -
R Y B Y
S E T H
M U L L E R



equipment to record it. Rusty has the criminal mind in the family, I could never think these things through. I just know last week all the window washers recieved \$1,500 cash bonuses. Johnna found out about the bonus, and knowing Rusty, she suspected a scam was involved. I confessed the “Pink Dot” scheme, excluding my part in it. I even used Rusty’s logic. “We’re making a little money in a shady way, but it’ll help keep incidents of sex in the workplace from happening.” Johnna, not accepting the logic, not believing I’d return the money, left in the middle of the night. And again, I am falling.



Monday: nagging, prodding, pushing. Monday and reality are the same word. Rigging the scaffolding, checking, double-checking, preparing the sponges, soap and squeegees all seemed too much to worry about. Busy hands do not calm a busy mind, at least not mine. My job wasn’t important enough to fret over. I am a window washer for Christ’s sake. I give bankers, attorneys, accountants and stock brokers a slightly better view from their windows. An improvment they may not even notice. Just removing a few layers of dust for you, sir. I am here to make some part of your existence fractionally better: Your View! You can have a crisper image of other buildings, random pigeons, the occasional helicopter.



Somewhere around 100 feet high, on the scaffolding, the vantage is different. Even with a partner who talks about football at a constant dronem it is a form of loneliness, hanging on the outside of the building, a whirl of sound rising from the streets: car horns, bus exhaust pipes, yelling, screeching tires. Suspended on the outside of the building, 100 feet high. Confronted with a reflection of myself in the mirrored window. With all of the mirrored windows, how do the businessmen think we see their intercourse? What is Uncle Rusty telling them? I just see myself, tussled white-blond hair, pasty skin, sunken eyes, blue only because of the contact lenses. Really, they are pink. Pinker. Pinker than what? I don’t know, Johnna, it’s just a name they call me. Still, this whole time, you must realize, all I am thinking, as it is running through, I am falling.

However, I am falling too fast to catch my reflection in the mirrored windows as they pass. My head is cocked to the left to watch, but the windows go by too fast. I am falling too fast....

A
S H O R T
- O T S
R Y B Y
S E T H
M U T T E R

“ 3 7 1 2 ”

A P L A Y B Y F I N D -
L I N E

CAST LIST

- MON** - A mother of 47, who is getting over a separation and trying to get her life back together. She is plainly dressed in middle-class clothes, but she knows how to have a good time when she can find the energy.
- CREATURE** - MON's daughter. She's 21 and not overly attractive, but she'd do in a pinch. She dresses moderately, also. She doesn't have too much tolerance for school, but studies, and does everything else, because she must.
- DEAD BODIES** - These are people who've died, still dressed in their shabby burial clothes, and come back to life reciting poetry.

TIME

St. Patrick's Day. March. The year 3712. The future.

PLACE

The country, away from the city of Tallahassee, FL. The play takes place in a large backyard, where the nearest neighbor is only a cemetery.

(The future. The year 3712. And things don't look very different than now, but obvious style changes, as odd as the director wants. An afternoon on St. Patrick's Day. The backyard of a Tallahassee, FL house in a residential neighborhood. Not a lovely house or backyard, but good enough for two women on their own. The edge of the house can just be seen. A bush with red berries. Fallen leaves on the dirt-enveloped grass. Free-standing poles 20 ft. apart connected by sturdy clothesline. The shades of trees are moved from start to finish of play by the sun's constant motion.)

Continued from Apocalypse Playground Issue 10...

MON. "That must be him now."

CREATURE. What?

MON. "That must be him now."
That's what you said.

CREATURE. When?

MON. A few minutes ago. Before I killed that man.

CREATURE. You remember?

MON. I remembered.

CREATURE. You never had that good a memory before.

MON. Maybe I never had anything important to remember before.

CREATURE. You've forgotten my birthday more than once.

MON. Should I repeat myself?

CREATURE. I know what we could do. We could roll him down.

MON. Now you're trying to -

CREATURE. Down the hill. No one would ever know.

MON. (Thinks) Don't think so?

CREATURE. No one would ever have to know. (MON's still thinking) The hill back there's very steep.

MON. Yes, yes, I know. All right. (They talk as they roll the body toward the edge of the stage, where the hill starts)

CREATURE. It was Byron.

MON. It was Byron.

CREATURE. Born 1788, died 1824. Of his most famous works, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Cantos one and two in 1812.

MON. You're well informed.

CREATURE. I guess he was a poet. Never had to read any of it.

MON. He's heavy.

CREATURE. Do you suppose he was already dead? Smells like it.

MON. I hope I get around that much after I'm gone.

CREATURE. You have no idea -?

MON. Look I was just standing there, looking after my ribs, when - Oh! Good goodness!

(They hurry to roll DEAD BODY. It rolls off stage, presumably down the hill. MON hurries to her ribs, which are starting to smoke)

Are you going to tell me? You distinctly said, must be him now. I mean, qu'est-ce que cela signifie?

CREATURE. Rien. Nothing at all.

MON. Tell me. I know you, Creature.

CREATURE. Tell me why you're speaking French.

(A pause. More reciting can be heard far away. From now on, the occasional gunshot can be heard in the distance)

MON. - Seemed like the thing to say.

CREATURE. What's happening to us?

MON. Nothing important. I can tell.

CREATURE. (A little worried) Are you sure?

MON. Positive - that you're trying to change the subject.

CREATURE. I asked him.

MON. Pardon?

CREATURE. I talked to him last week. Friday. The weekly "how you doin'" call. He said you hadn't said a thing to him. Figured you called it off.

MON. You asked him.

CREATURE. I know at first I wondered if you forgot. But I figured this way, it wouldn't matter.

MON. You've got to stop this, Creature.

CREATURE. He took the day off and everything. At least, I guess. He's really late.

MON. But the factory's still open. What do you mean? The factory is open every holiday now.

CREATURE. He'll be here.

MON. And you never bothered to stop and think that I just might have something else planned. Never occurred?

CREATURE. You never do. Anything else planned, I mean.

MON. - Sometimes, a lot of times, I wonder why I bothered with you.

CREATURE. (This hurts her.

Pause) - And that's a real good

way to ignore what -

(But another DEAD BODY makes an appearance. The only thing needed to distinguish one DEAD BODY from another is different colored rags: what they were buried in. This DEAD BODY is reciting Poe's "Imitation")
DEAD BODY.

A dark unfathom'd tide
Of interminable pride -
A mystery, and a dream,
Should my early life seem;
I say that dream was fraught
With a wild, and waking thought
Of beings that have been,
Which my spirit hath not seen.
Had I let them pass me by,
With a dreaming eye!
Let none of earth inherit
That vision of my spirit;
Those thoughts I would control,
As a spell upon his soul:
For that bright hope at last
And that light time have past,
And my worldly rest hath gone
With a sigh as it pass'd on:
I care not tho' it perish
With a thought I then did cherish.

MON. (All this spoken over DEAD BODY's reciting) Go get the gun.

CREATURE. It's not here.

MON. What are you talking about?

CREATURE. He took it with him. It was his.

MON. Think. A kitchen knife?

CREATURE. Something, though, that would be sure to stop them.

MON. Hit them on the head with a Stephen King book? That should stop anybody. Kill any - Oh, I know. Go get the blow gun. (CREATURE dashes back inside) Oh, my sheets!

(DEAD BODY is trying to get to MON through the sheets. She tries to lead him away from them, then picks up the shovel for protection)

CREATURE. (Off) I can't find it.

MON. Look in the hall closet.

Next to the flame-thrower. Hurry up, this shovel's - oh, well.. (Bashes this one in the head a bunch of times, too)
 CREATURE. (Enters) All right. Where did -
 MON. I decided just to off 'im with the shovel again.
 CREATURE. Same one?
 MON. No, this one was partial to Poe. The "Imitation" I believe.
 CREATURE. We should be going crazy.
 MON. Arthur Schopenhauer was a German post-Kantian philosopher.
 CREATURE. I hope he doesn't show up. Those philosophers can be so sensitive. And I thought they were all vegetarians. Oh, the ribs!
 MON. They're not burning.
 CREATURE. It's the wind! I think the breeze is going to put the fire out.
 MON. No! (Rushes to her ribs) Look after the sheets. Anybody else comes, (Refers to blowgun) use that thing.
 CREATURE. I'm glad dad left some of his stuff around.
 MON. Only the stuff that doesn't work.
 CREATURE. Who is it, Mon?
 MON. Are you looking after the sheets. I hear something.
 CREATURE. Answer me.
 MON. Someone I met at the grill where I work.
 CREATURE. You're picking up men now?
 MON. Don't talk back, and take that dead body out of the yard.
 CREATURE. We should really talk about this.
 MON. You talk about it. You seem to be the only one who wants us back together. (This shuts CREATURE up. CREATURE goes near DEAD BODY)
 CREATURE. - Your fire's going

out. Put the lid on it.
 MON. Does it seem to be coming from the factory?
 CREATURE. (Sullen) I don't know. Does it matter to you?
 (Another DEAD BODY starts its way on. During the following CREATURE calmly takes the blowgun and shoots DEAD BODY in the head with it, before it reaches her. It was reciting some Wordsworthpoem)
 MON. You had no right, you know.
 CREATURE. No, I don't know what you're talking about.
 MON. I know you're not trying to be mean.
 CREATURE. (After she's killed the DEAD BODY) It's a good thing dad was a hunter.
 MON. Precious. "Another French political philosopher influenced by Locke was Baron de Montequieu."
 CREATURE. Really?
 MON. Yes.
 CREATURE. 1689 to 1755?
 MON. Of course.
 CREATURE. Always like you to change the subject.
 MON. I can't help it.
 CREATURE. I know.
 MON. Just like being alone. You know?
 CREATURE. No.
 MON. But it doesn't have to be that way.
 CREATURE. Podria usted repetir eso?
 MON. It doesn't have to be that way.
 CREATURE. That's what I've been saying all along. Why do you think -
 (Rolls DEAD BODY down hill. Here comes another one, reciting Swift's "The Progress of Beauty")
 I invited him?
 DEAD BODY.
 When first Diana leaves her bed,
 Vapours and steams her looks

disgrace,
 A frowzy dirty coloured red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face;
 But, by degrees, when mounted high,
 Her artificial face appears
 Down from her window in the sky,
 Her spots are gone, her visage clears.
 'Twixt earthly females and the moon,
 All parallels exactly run;
 If Celia should appear too soon,
 Alas, the nymph would be undone!

MON. (Over DEAD BODY, of course) I appreciate it. The thought. - Kill that one, would you? I think the ribs are just about done. (CREATURE kills DEAD BODY and rolls it away during:)
 CREATURE. Then why won't -
 MON. You have no right.
 CREATURE. He's my father.
 MON. Actus reus: a wrongful act, as opposed to mens rea -
 CREATURE. Adjudication: a final judgment in a legal proceeding.
 MON. Feast of the Conception of St. Anne celebrates the conception of the Virgin Mary.
 CREATURE. Reformation Sunday: the day Martin Luther nailed his "95 Theses" to a church door -
 MON. Ben Hur, best picture, 1959.
 CREATURE. Charlton Heston, best actor, same year!
 MON. (They grow louder and louder like threats) Air mileage from New York City to Caracas is 2,123!
 CREATURE. Emulsifiers keep oil and water mixed together!
 MON. 1956 World Series, New York Yankees beat the Brooklyn Dodgers, 4 to 3! 1957 World Series, Milwaukee Braves beat the New York Yankees 4 to 3!! 1958 World Series, New York Yankees beat the Milwaukee Braves, 4 to 3!!! (CREATURE is now crying,

unable to take the verbal abuse)
1959 World Series, Los Angeles
Dodgers beat the Chicago White
Sox, 4 to 2!!!! You want more?!
You want more?!

CREATURE. Stop, stop! Mother,
I'm sorry! (A pause, CREATURE
continues crying. MON can't
believe what she's just done)

MON. I'm sorry. I... - don't know
what came over me. I'm sorry.

Please. Don't cry.. I'm sorry. -

Christine... (CREATURE looks up,
surprised)

CREATURE. You called me Chris-
tine.

END OF ACT ONE
LOOK FOR ACT
TWO
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
APOCALYPSE
PLAYGROUND