

VERNON HOWL'S

Anything



Anything

by Vernon *Howl*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE COMMANDER

Description of him here.

THE PRISONER

Description of him here.

MR. INNIT

Description of ??? here.

It isn't anything

What isn't?

***It, or, being trapped in the
prism reflecting off of god's
suntanning championship
belt***

Now, wait a second here,

Jimdave—

***You expect be to believe that
this isn't being recorded***

We don't have the capacity. The
moral compass has but a single
true north scratched out by the
fangs of a very ancient moth and
so now there's just the scribbled

void, itself a mirage; stripped,
barren beneath the fuzz.

***I've always respected a
lightskin pulsing***

You've had the mucous to
afford...

I've been a different color

Let's talk turkey, Jimdave. Your
lack of respect is as lazy as a
vulture's circular swarm. You're
not even trying.

—

—

I'm trying, commander

2

I am in command of nothing, as
your anything demands it of me,
and not in command of—

So you admit it

Admittance isn't *anything* and we
have nothing but these
sarcophaguses full of saliva,
66-point Comic Sans page
numbers, and a stockpile of
military-grade weapons; none of
these things have value or truth or
need to be “admitted.” They exist
in plain view. My words have no
meaning. They are *less* than
nothing.

I am seasick, son

You are the turtle now.

***This isn't a conversation, I
shouldn't even be here***

A semicolon is just a comma
cumming...

***Well, well, well, you have a
dirty mind, commander***

Listen Eddie, don't speak of filth.
Do not dare speak ill of this muck
and mire.

***Why am I here when I wasn't
even there, why are they
over there when they were—***

You really are coming at this all
wrong.

4

What is this

Anything you want it to be.

I was taken to an amusement park, once, when I was around six, maybe seven, and the place was littered with cops, you couldn't go on any of the rides without getting a cop's arm jammed so far up your asshole and then the puppet shows, my god, the puppet shows, you didn't even know they were starting or how the stage grew there in the grass between attractions and it

*wasn't grass, but a long
stretch of greenish plastic
which smelt like spilt wine,
and you were the singing of
the high-pitched voice of the
goddam flippin' puppets and
the voices they made you
say were sick, all gurgles,
splats, divisions, vented,
slippery, stuck, all kids
ascending above the light of
their parents, a spotlight on
that stage, new mutant
eyeballs full of light and they
dangled from the nostrils
and the light strobed*

6

***I wondered, in the 307
minutes before you came
back in here and I counted
every second of it, whether
or not that day had ever
ended and when I saw the
demented mascot singing
that jingly tune through the
bars, I knew that it had not***

You expect me to believe that we
are in Central New Jersey, 1987.

My god, Archie

Innocence is being flung on the
streets like monkey poop and you
have the nerve to call **me** names

like *commander* and *Archie*! You are a darkness. You speak of a light but you are not ascended towards it; you are a cavedweller and cavedwellers get the cricks, my friend. So... feast.

/ THE COMMANDER BRINGS IN A
BUCKET OF LIVE CRICKETS AND
POURS THEM ON THE PRISONER'S
HEAD /

FEAST! I SAID FEAST!

***Yum yummy yum yum, good
sir, live crickets are the best***

This is a dance we needn't do.

You seem nice enough...

Pleasantries aside—

Change the channel, Boygirl. Your philosophy is rotten.

My philosophy is based on something you will never understand, that this is Central New Jersey, 1987, and you are the commander
Eddiejim! Where lies Mr. Innit when you need them!

I'm stuck

We're getting nowhere.

So, release me

—

Back into the night, release me back into the night, again and all over again

You know I can't do that.

***You can call me any name
you want, I know you have a
long list, but you can never
call me what I am, for you do
not know what I am, and I am
anything you want me to be***

Thistles, the most amazing
colored thistles, ships full of
exotic pets... I have so much to
give you, if you'd just—

***You do not have a truckload
of cranberry sauce, you do
not have 1,000 years of
silence to place inside this***

10

***day, you do not have the
exotic pet I seek***

Excuse me?

***Glennwalt, the acrobatic
lemur swan***

I have heard about this *Glennwalt*,
yes. And, no, he is not onboard
any of the ships full of exotic
pets, I'm sorry to report...

Do you take Amex, Bobby

Excuse me?

***Because I would like to
purchase this acrobatic
lemur swan for your
collection out of the***

kindness of my credit card debt

My goodness. Well, yes... Here...

/ THE COMMANDER PULLS UP HIS
SLEEVE REVEALING HIS BIO
CHIP-READER & THE PRISONER
PULLS OUT HIS CLEAR PLASTIC
AMERICAN EXPRESS CREDIT CARD
(THE ONLY CONTENTS ON HIS
PERSON; HIS PHONE HAVING BEEN
LONG SINCE CONFISCATED) & THE
PRISONER INSERTS THIS CREDIT
CARD INTO THE ARM OF THE
COMMANDER WHO SQUEALS WITH
JOY WHEN HE FEELS IT TOUCH
THE RHYTHMIC CHITTLE OF THE
BIO CHIP-READER; HE CAN FEEL
THE EXCHANGE OF MONEY DEEP IN
HIS LOINS AND HE LETS OUT AN
ORGASMIC GROAN & EXCUSES
HIMSELF TO CLEAN UP THE BROWN
RESIDUE SPEWING FROM THE HOLE
IN HIS ARM /

***You can expect the delivery
of Glenwalt to this very
address posthaste***

Lovely. Now we're getting
somewhere, Waltermen.

***If we are to reach a state of
absolute fruit snacks we'll
need to get together,
eventually, however—***

Absolute fruit snacks?

***Surely you are familiar with
A.F.S. Theory***

Umm, yes, of course I am... My
apologies, I briefly thought you
were referring to fruit brain
therapy.

That old relic

Please do not insult me—

***I bet you ate a papaya before
resurfacing, didn't you, you
mangoheaded alibi crusher***

The name-calling! What is it with
you people.

***Until you start seeing me as
the swan I am and not a
member of any race, or
class, or trampoline stunt
troupe—***

My grandfather died in a—

***Then you will never see me
at all***

—

You can't eat no media meat,
easily, my commander. Not like
that...

Mr. Innit said otherwise

Did he now? Let me tell you
about Mr. Innit.

/ THE COMMANDER READS FROM
THE BOOK: *MR. INNIT'S GORGEOUS*
STORY /

*Embrace defaced a comma cumming;
I am the new fangled anger
alone in a field of birds humming.*

*Strangers ablaze in a mist demure,
innocently wiggle on a hook.
Could the contents be so impure?*

*Nevermind god or the time it took
to foil sympathetic insignias;
the answer's never found in a book.*

*But desire deep the words told ye of
content that speaks for itself;
a voice full of clogged up dyspnea.*

***That cry from above, why so
wide forever some wolf's
words***

Filthy with it?

Sideways, at best

You're not big on reading; none
of you are. That's fine. It doesn't
mean much to me. That's why I'm
out here and you're in there.

***The cause of the death of an
ant is always—***

A broken heart.

/ THE PRISONER & THE
COMMANDER SHARE A NICE
CHUCKLE & SING "WHEN JOHNNY
COMES MARCHING HOME" BUT WITH
DIFFERENT LYRICS, REFERENCING
THE CHILDREN'S SONG "THE ANTS

GO MARCHING;" THEY SHOCK
THEMSELVES KNOWING ALL OF THE
WORDS AND SINGING IN PERFECT
UNISON & THE PRISONER PUTS
HIS LIPS THROUGH THE BARS OF
HIS CELL TOUCHING WITH THE
LIPS OF THE COMMANDER & THEY
BECOME ONE, FOR AN INSTANCE,
THEN SWITCH PLACES FOREVER /

—

Do you want some coke, man?

Are you seriously ask—

Do you want some coke, man?

Is that

Yes, sir. Official Melissa and
Doug™ supplied cocaine wood,
the best surface...

—

—

18

I'll be—

*Long the eddy, an artifice, reigneer in;
in spades, atrocious light pulsing back
up against Innit's skin...*

**I've taken a dive, me
commander, is that... is that
what I think it is?**

Mr. Innit's wallowing song, of
course, me boy.

**Why the riling me up now,
good sir, be a good sir now**

You're just ripe for the picking
and he's on his way.

/ THE PRISONER & THE
COMMANDER SIT IN SILENCE FOR
AWHILE UNTIL MR. INNIT

ARRIVES WITH A PURPLE
SUITCASE FULL OF BEES /

NOT THE BEES!

MR. INNIT, NOOOO!!!





/ MR. INNIT WAITS UNTIL EVERY
LAST BEE HAS DEPOSITED ITS
STINGER INTO THE BODIES OF
THE PRISONER & THE COMMANDER
AND HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE
PRISON CELL, LINES THEIR
BODIES UP AGAINST THE WALL
AND LOCKS ALL THREE OF THEM
IN THERE. HIS VOICE IS A BIG

BOOMING THING WHEN HE SPEAKS
AND HE LIKES TO SPEAK. /

You fools like them bees?

***Why sir, not really, in face
thee bees are not so
pleasant me supposes***

I must concur with the
commander and I demand you let
us both out, lest I call you by your
real name, Forley Sbaker.

Jimdavid, no!

We're up against it, old friend. I'm
afraid to say.

**You can't
threaten me
with my name.
I will not allow
you to do that.
No one has
called me that
in a long long
time. In fact, I
can't count on**

**my fingers and
toes the
amount of
years it has
been since I
have been
called that
name. It isn't
my name just
like you are**

24

**both nameless.
Fools. Hahaha.**

We are not nameless.

***We are the prisoner and the
commander, naturally***

Naturally so.

Before you arrived, we act—

Arnold Farmer, no!

He deserves to be aware

/ THE COMMANDER REMOVES MR.
INNIT'S BOOK FROM HIS LOIN
POUCH AND BEGINS TO READ A
PASSAGE FROM IT. /

*Stilted visions say so long the mire.
A weasel in a voice, reversed, sings:
The countess swings on a melted tire.*

*The voice of the weasel is a pelican's
body, entangled in a plot gone wrong;
it's muted return? There is no telling.*

*Kiss a goblin, take it back, Jack!
I've spoken up for far too long;
every piece of my body is hacked.*

*Sleep in soggy rooms adrift like
little kids caught begging; You will
never get it back now, or you might.*

—
—
—
—

/ MR. INNIT CRIES HIS EYES
OUT. /

Oh, you're a slumberer!

You've been defeated

Quiet now, Bob. Let's feed his
tears.

***And why should we, he isn't
even a man***

He's the best man I've ever seen.

He's the best man at my wedding.

Congratulations

Mazel Tov.

**I don't
appreciate it.
Not anything
about it. I don't
appreciate this
play.**

***We're only reading words,
Laurajen***

The words were in it before you wrote them. That's why it's in the book. If the book didn't have the words then you could not have

written it. We don't mistake
creativity for a forced hand. We
have too much at stake here.

We've seen too much

It's hell, here.

***I wanted to be released so I
thought I needed a new
power dynamic to release
myself from, I didn't know
that what I wanted was a
release from myself***

Maybe that's why your book was
written?

/ MR. INNIT TAKES A LONG TIME
TO REPLY. BEFORE HE DOES, HE
REMOVES TWO TINY PANDA BEAR
BABIES FROM HIS BATHROBE. HE
WALKS OVER TO THE PRISONER &

THE COMMANDER AND HE LETS THE
BABY PANDA BEARS LICK THEIR
BEE STING WOUNDS. /

**How does that
feel, boys?**

*It feels amazing, can I call
you mother?*

Geraldjoe, are you serious?

*As serious as I've ever been
and you are too*

**Yeah, you know
what, you can,
Jimdave. I've**

30

**spent my
whole life not
being a
mother; it's
high time that
changed. I'm
ready. I think
I'm ready.**

You're ready all right; you've
always been ready.

That's the spirit, Jimdave!

Let's blow this night hole, the
three of us!

A family!

At long last.

/ ALL THREE OF THEM LEAVE THE
PRISON AND WALK OUT UNDER A
STARRY NIGHT. THEY SKIP AND
JUMP AND SING BUT THEY DON'T
SING WORDS: THEIR SONG IS ONE
OF SQUEAKS AND WHISTLES LIKE
UNNATURAL CHILDREN. IT STARTS
TO INFECT THE SPEECH OF THE
PRISONER & THE COMMANDER AND
WHEN THEY FINALLY REACH THE
POND, ONLY EVERY THIRD WORD
THEY SAY IS EDIBLE,
DIGESTIBLE AT ALL. /

☼☼☼ ☼☼☼ ***finally*** ☼☼☼☼☼☼

☼☼☼ ***be*** ☼ ☼☼☼☼☼ ***true***

☼☼☼☼☼☼ ☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼, ***with*** ☼

☼☼☼ **and** ☼☼☼ ☼☼☼☼☼☼
commanders, ☼☼
☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼, **no** ☼☼☼☼,
☼☼☼ **love**
☼ ☼☼☼☼☼☼ this ☼☼
☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼, Kim. ☼☼
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☼☼☼☼☼☼ ☼☼☼☼, mother.
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☼☼☼☼☼ **the** ☼☼☼☼☼☼☼
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drown ☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼☼
☼☼'☼ ☼☼☼☼☼☼ there ☼☼☼☼☼☼
☼☼☼☼, Chris. ☼☼

☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️' matter ☀️☀️☀️☀️
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 she ☀️☀️☀️ ☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️ us.
 ☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️ ☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️ ***protect***
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 ☀️☀️☀️☀️.

**When I came
here I didn't
know what to**

**expect. The
man said, take
your purple
suitcase of
bees and
unleash it on
the prisoner
and the
commander,
for they do not**

35

**know who they
are. They don't
know anything
about anything.
And I said to
the man, what
is that of my
business? And
he smiled. He
looked at me**

**and said, how
long have you
been in the
mothering
game? Well, I
scoffed
something
fierce at that
demoralizing
comment. Who**

**was this sicko
to say such a
thing to me a
nice man who
maybe wasn't a
man but surely
not a mother.
He laughed and
said, no, the
mother inside**

38

***there.* He was
pointing at my
bathrobe
pocket of
course. And
wouldn't you
know it, but
there were two
baby pandas in
there, David J.**

**Panda and
James D.
Panda. And
right then I
knew what I
had to do. I
knew that
 $2+2=4$. And
that you were
my boys and I**

40

**was your
mother and I
had to go to
this prison to
set us all free
and so that's
what I've done.
But there's
only three of
us, you say.**

**Right on,
kiddos. But you
see that pond
right over
there. That
pond is your
father. And
now it is time
to love your
father. Kiss**

42

your father. Join your father the pond.

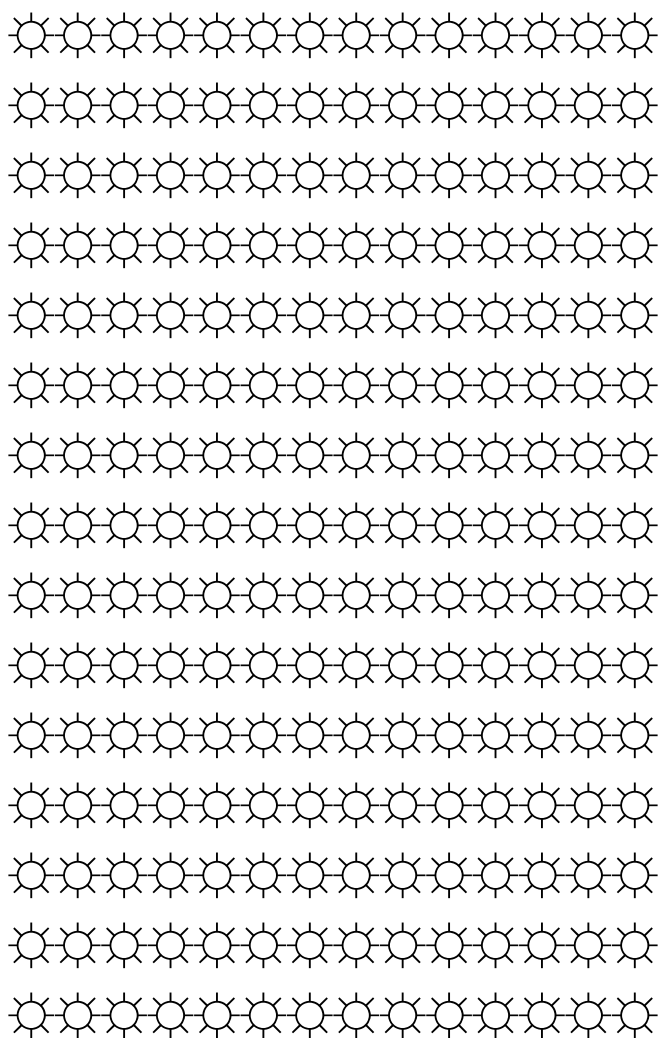
/ MR. INNIT WATCHES HIS TWO
BOYS SWIM OUT INTO THE WATER.
THEY QUICKLY GO UNDER THE
SURFACE AND DROWN. MR. INNIT
JUST SMILES AND SUFFOCATES
THE TWO BABY PANDAS. HE DIGS
LITTLE GRAVES AND BURIES THE
PANDA. EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE
HE IS DISTRACTED BY A BUBBLE
ON THE POND, THINKING THAT I
MIGHT BE ONE OF THE BOYS
SWIMMING UP FOR AIR, BUT IT
IS NOT. HE SITS THERE FOR
NINE MONTHS AND THEN FINALLY
LITTLE PLANTS SPROUT FROM THE

DIRT WHERE HE BURIED THE BABY
PANDAS. TWO FLOWERS EMERGE
WITH THE FACE OF THE PRISONER
& THE COMMANDER,
RESPECTIVELY. /

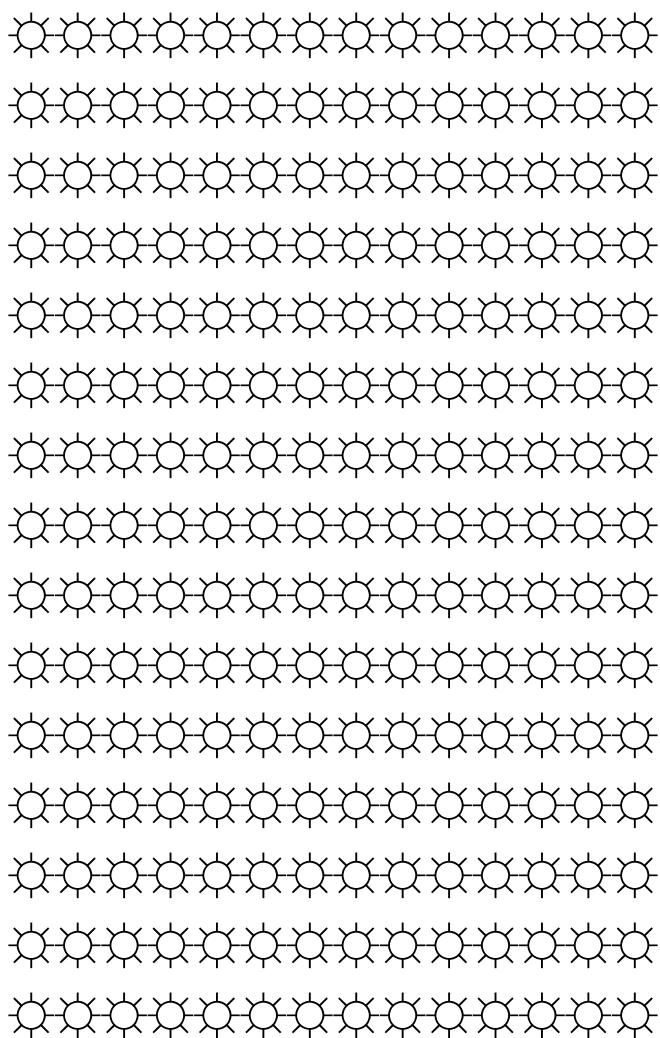
Hello, there boys...

Dad!*Dad!*

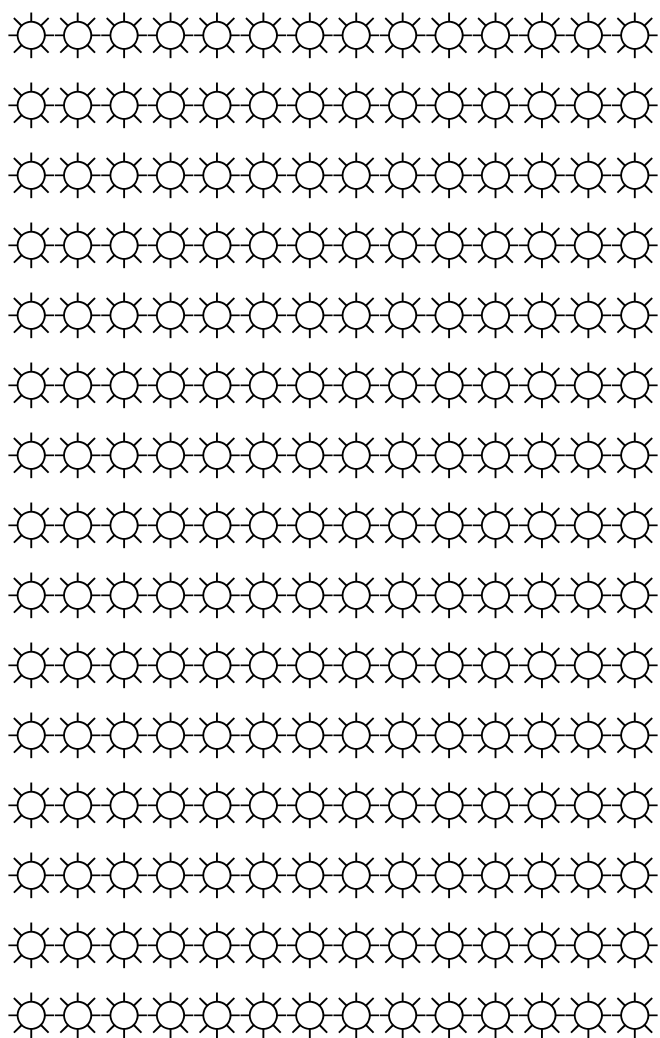
/ ...THEY SAY IN UNISON. MR.
INNIT PICKS THE FLOWERS AND
PUTS THEM IN HIS BATHROBE
POCKET. HE ATTEMPTS TO DRIVE
BACK TO HIS HOME IN TOLEDO,
OHIO TO PUT THEM IN A VASE
WITH SOME WATER, BUT IT IS
TOO FAR AWAY AND THE BOY
FLOWERS DIE IN HIS CAR. THEY
SCREAM THE ENTIRE VOYAGE EVEN
AFTER THEY ARE DEAD AND THE
SCREAMING SOUNDS LIKE THIS...



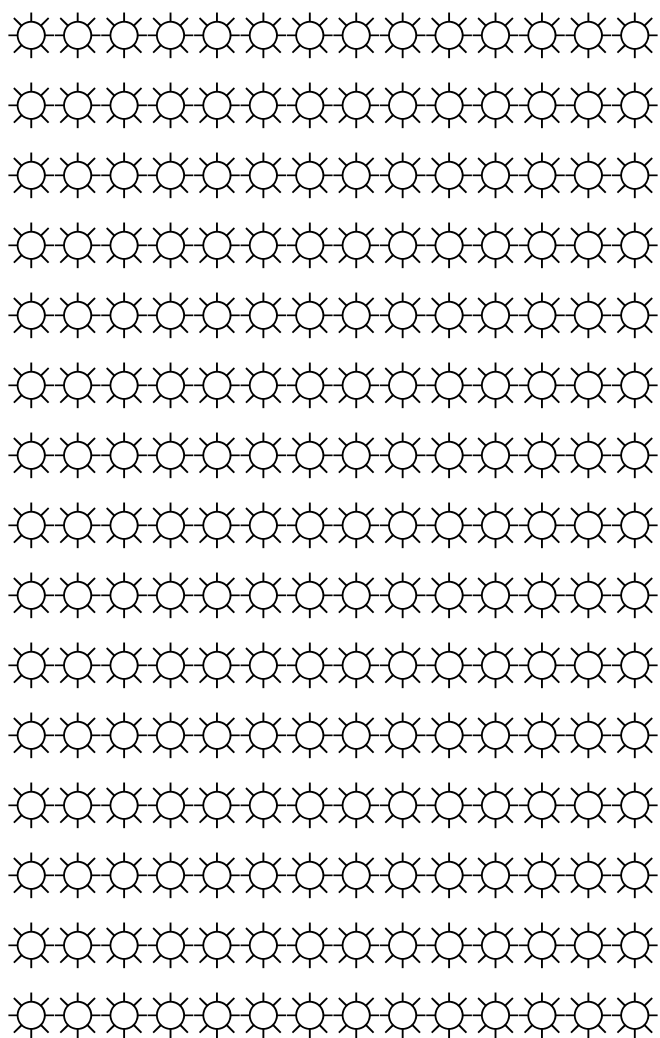
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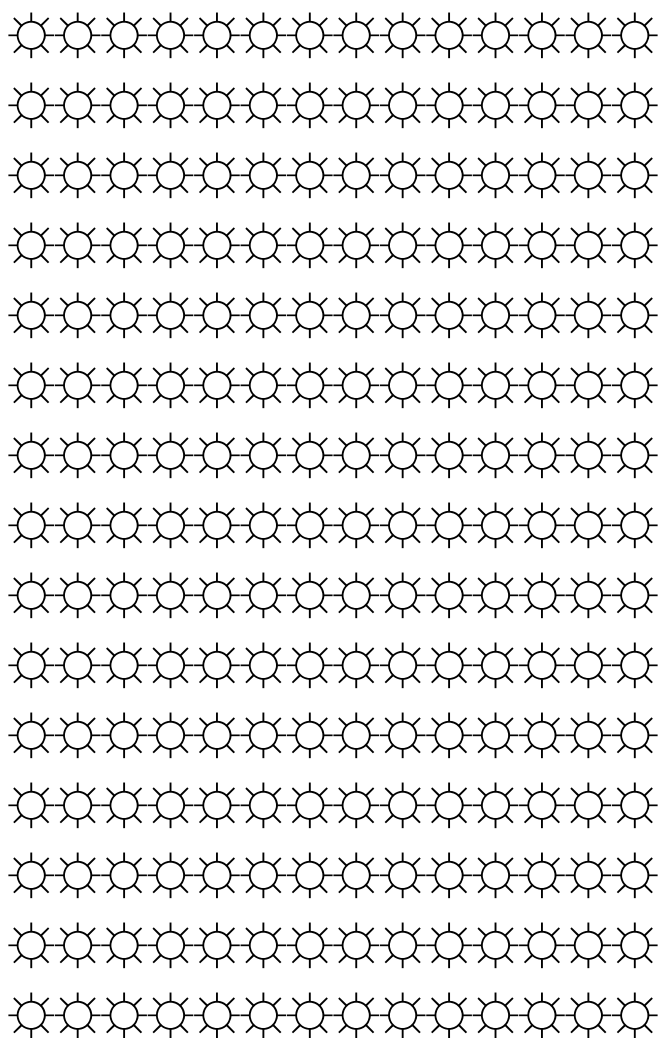
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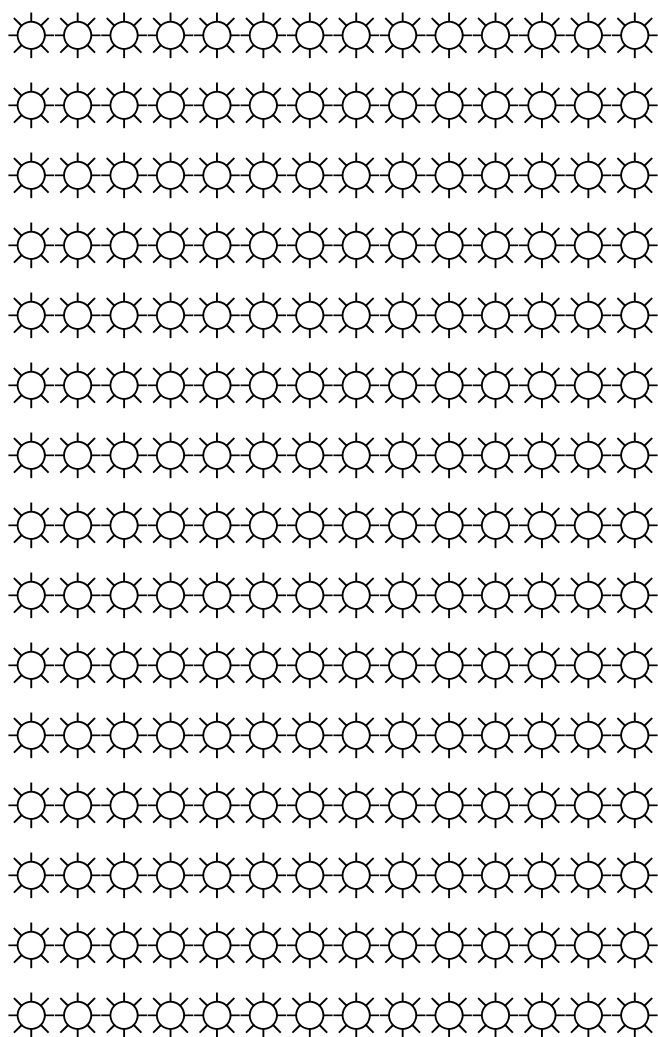
47



48



49



50

Goddannit.

51