

THE RAMBLINGS OF AN UNBALANCED MIND (A DREAM)

A frog sits on a lily pad chomping on a tootsie roll. A rainbow fills the sky. It is colored with streaks of yellow, pink, indigo and a streak of puce with green stars. The rainbow ends at a seemingly vacant parking lot where the frog sits on the lily pad. Lights flutter all around. A whirling dervish zips by and stops suddenly because it crashes into a 1956 De Soto with popsicle sticks as bumpers. The De Soto melts into nothingness. The frog watches this activity, hops twice, then promptly with a fizzing sound, leaps in the air and explodes.

A giant firefly, over seven feet long, comes down from the rainbow riding on a skateboard. He is wearing a t-shirt on his tail. It reads, "Born To Fuck Intergalactic Octopi."

From the other side of the magically unscratched De Soto is an automatic trash compactor with a cow's tail and a horse's mane. The firefly turns to the compacter. "What's up, Henry?" he asks.

The trash compacter thrashes his tail into a series of square knots.

Henry the compacter says, "I haven't killed anyone today, Marv."

"God, I hate you almost as much as skinny dipping in radioactive yogurt."

A cloud rises up from the asphalt and they are physically vaporized, but their voices can be heard.

Marv complains, "I don't feel quite like myself today."

Henry replies, "You look like Kafka."

The cloud disappears and Henry is the same but Marv has been turned into a mannequin with the feet of a cockroach. Henry farts.

A buzzing sound is heard from in the distance. A few seconds later, a large mushroom cloud is produced. A tinkling rings out.

Marv points to the cloud, saying "Look! A high school class on a field experiment."

Henry looks at the mushroom cloud. "I quit smoking for this?"

From under a square puce manhole cover, a tornado rises. It whisks Merv and Henry away with the gentle splash of its winds.

The tornado spins through downtown Chicago. It leaves the cityscape alone. That is, except for one downtown bus driven by a CTA driver that wouldn't let it aboard because its transfer expired.

The tornado is stopped by a large warm air front being produced by a large cream-colored stone building in front of it.

Marv and Henry fall in front of the building. Henry brushes himself off. He stands and looks at the two words etched on the building – "CITY HALL."

From out of the building comes a large Irishman in a wimpy suit. Marv and Henry bow and grovel.

Marv addresses the man as "Hissoner."

Henry turns to him, "Isn't he dead?"

"Shh."

Henry puts his head down again.

Hissoner walks up to them. He looks at Marv and says, "Are you fucked? Don't you understand that we don't like watermelon? Fuck me."

He drops his pants and bends over.

A woman with a big nose comes running out of the building waving her hands. "I'll do it!"

He looks at her through his legs. "No, Burned!"

Marv looks at Hissoner. "Did you know that it is exponentially impossible to make turtles eat Robert Penn Warren books?"

Hissoner looks at him and says, "Do it!"

Henry runs to the steps of the building where a battering ram has suddenly appeared and charges at Hissoner with the battering ram.

He rams it into Hissoner's asshole and the other end emerges from Hissoner's mouth. On the end of the stick are Hissoner's full white false teeth.

The pole reaches off the movie screen and into the eyes of a five-year-old boy named Zephod, who is wearing 3D glasses and sitting next to a penguin that is sitting on a porcupine with feathers.

The film ends. As Zephod and the penguin ice skate out of the theatre and onto the cracked, blanched street, another bomb tinkles.

As Saturn sets, it sets behind a billboard of fish heads, octopus thighs and acne pimples marinated in sour cream, thousand island dressing and ground up Cabbage Patch dolls' lips. As Zephod and the penguin skate away, a cricket bat slithers up, jumps up and explodes.

The screen goes black.

Roger Ebert turns to the camera. "We'll review that and other films next week on Siskel and Ebert at the Movies."

The camera switches to Gene Siskel. "For now, the balcony is closed."

The screen of the widescreen television shatters into a million pieces with a loud 'moo.'

I wake up. Turn on the light and am about to commit hari-kari when a bell rings and I wake up.

I'm just about to jump off my nightstand and hang from the ceiling light fixture in a noose when an alarm rings... and it's time to get ready to go to school.