

KING

[King: Kevin]

by

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Don't ask me how that works.

A work of fiction...

unless, of course, you believe in time-travel.

I mean, it'd still be fiction, but it'd also be post dated, futuristic, time-travel fiction.

So, in a sense, past fantasy, future fact, or whatever that means.

Eh, whatever, don't over think it.

A Work of Fiction

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We roll in over the [Treetops]. There is nothing about treetops in this story, this series, will we get to a series, is there anything beyond this story? Doesn't matter. Rolling in over the treetops is just artistic nonsense. A dream's got to start somewhere.

There are so many questions at the start, a complete unknown. What is this? Some sort of nature flick? I thought it was a [Sex Flick]. So, what's with the treetops? Besides, I thought he lived in the [Suburbs: 1980s], tags, so easy to change, so what's with the [Oak Forest]? Or the [Prairie Swamp] beyond?

Over the trees, hugging the trees, maybe a bird flies by, all serene and artistic, can you see the mosquitoes, the flies, the cloud of insects, early morning risers, as we swoop down into the meadows, across the meadows, hugging the ground, the surface, pools of water, jump of the frog, think [Lily Pad]. There's a whole story in there, frog jumping, scared, out of the way, avoid the camera lens, something like that, isn't that what this story's about, what so often lies just beneath, under the surface, currents rippling by... or the curious absence of [Crickets] whistling on the breeze.

[Yelling] not so much arguing, as telling, instructing, letting one know of their disappointments in life, rising crescendo, just now coming into consciousness, but with that, the realization, that's where we are heading: [Anger], [Heartbreak], familial strife... only there is no strife in this family, one big [Happy Family]... or not.

The [Swamp], the field, the land, backs up into an open lot, suburban yard, large, almost an acre, does one really comprehend an acre, pause the camera, stop, in your ghostly form, just stand there, perhaps remembering, earlier this year, rising early, to meet the sun, [Morning Dew] on

[Bare Feet], dew on the ground, standing there, listening to the birds sing, can you hear the birds sing:

‘You have to be the best!’

‘Second’s not an option!’

‘No son of mine...’

‘Are you listening to me!’

The last, it might sound like a question, were it not punctuated by a [Slap: Hard] to the face, no holding back, a [Human: Gorilla], a gorilla of a man, whole body behind, remember that slap, how can you remember that slap, one among many, one among millions, morning dew, tears on your face, let them roll, out here, alone, vowing revenge, just you and the world, vowing revenge [Burn] watch that [M!: F!] [World: Burn], some men just want to watch it. And your sister, in this memory, not know, she’s invisible now, in the kitchen now, a million miles away... now [Kate], she’s [Sexy], she’s [Hot], you’d like to do her, I’d like to do her, but back then, that first time, coming out, to your side, not saying anything, just a holding of the hand, simple gesture, sisterly comfort, a kind smile.

‘I cry, too.’

Need one say more?

We could flash back to her, bedroom, night, morning, and her father, a man, seriously, why did you load up this disc, ask yourself that question; at night, her father, a grown man, need one say more?

An [Empty: Hook], fill it in as you desire.

And then, we are in the thick of it, snapped out of the flashback, reverie, father’s touch, [Smack] to the face.

‘Listen to me.’

‘This is for you own good.’

He believes it, this man, how could he not? How could he not?

Son: [Champion: All State].

Daughter: [Cheerleader: Captain] of the squad, [Hot Squad].

Both of them, top of the class, best in all marks.

And a [Slap] of the face, [Hard].

[Focus].

The old man, not such an old man, the old man is drinking his breakfast [Whiskey & Rye], feel the effect, let is wash through you. Does this, this [Drink], make him a bad man? Or does this make him a [Man]?

‘You’re going to be late.’

Dismissed, the dismissal, ten feet away, [Mother], [Daughter], preparing breakfast [Bacon & Eggs], grab a plate, grab a spoonful, rushing, running, no time to be waste, best not to be late, as you grab your books by the front door and run. It’s a [Race].

There will be [High School]. There will be [Story], sequels even, with any luck, this will be the [Pilot] to the series, [This]. But what is important for [This]?

Carrying books out the door, I feel the need to count them, in one hand, like a football, out the door, wearing a [Jacket: Letterman], but there is no need, in the cool morning [Chill] of the [Fall] air. You can see your breath on the air, one might notice the cold in the first few steps,

the first few yards, but there is a distance to go, down the road, cutting through yards, no fences here, open plains, open range, down the paved street, jump the fence, there is barbed wire fence here, blocking the way, but taking the [Shortcut] will shave seconds off your time, as you make your way across the golf course in [Any Town], my [Hometown]. I know the place well. I know the course well, this run, this route, past the [18th Hole], [Club House], and the [Train Station], so unimportant, until it is, just setting the scene, of my home, my [Hometown], past the [Post Office], such a weird place, my town, my [Hometown], the layout, years gone by, when one comes to think of it, who designed this place, this layout, strange town, built around a golf course, and the train station that led to the same, cutting right through the heart of the town, so there never was a town, just a golf course, a club house, and on the other side, a short stretch, park after park, [County], [City]; and then, the [High School], the front lawn, grass on a field, and the old man, waiting there; remember, we were running, this was a race, and the old man is there, dropping off [Kate], our [Sister], you remember our sister, the hot one, so in this race, so close, but you can't really win, there is no way to win... but one can fall so far behind that it counts as a loss, but not today, luckily, not today, as the old man waives, driving off, one of the happiest memories of your youth, the old man waiving and driving off, to wherever it is, he spends his day.

A bag, Kate, she hands this to you, brown [Paper Bag], is this important, to you, to the story, I guess, it's

your [Breakfast]; after all, she didn't have to, only she did, but she didn't, it gets complicated, [All for One & One for All], you didn't want to get on dad's bad side, let him think you weren't a [Team Player], so yeah, she never had a choice, still she smiles, and in that, she did have a choice.

Classes aren't important, in this dream, this episode, still, I can't help myself, [The Montage]:

[Chemistry]: safety glasses on face, test tube in hand, serious, concentrating;

[Math]: [Chalk] on the board, drawing it out, smiling, almost, explaining, almost, to the rest of the class, you're right, of course, too right, it annoys the teacher, [F!] the teacher, but I expect, we'll get to that, when will we get to [F!]'ing the teacher, alas, we probably won't even get to that, not in this episode;

[Philosophy]: ask yourself, seriously, what sort of [Dream] is this [Dream] of a [Dream];

[English]: stand up, read for the class;

[Lunch]: two trays, piddling little fact, but it seems important to me, growing young lad;

[PE]: you shine, there is a simple delight in throwing a [Ball] into a [Hoop], crazy moves, crazy legs, the rest calling [Foul] when there aren't any there, missing the ones that are;

And finally, [Football Practice]: [After School], I believe that brings the running of laps, the tackling of dummies; but you are a [Receiver], [Wide Receiver], [Tight End], seriously, I could not tell you the roles, but flashback to that yard, standing, crying, lying on the ground, bawling:

'Walk it off!'

That would be your father yelling, at two, three, ten times your weight, playing [Keep Away], tackle, start them young, start them hard, you did not like being tackled, it was not fun, an hour of sheer terror, each and every day, like chasing [Chickens], [Kill the Man] with the [Ball], small child, build them lean, build them strong, build them tall, the accumulation of a lifetime of pain, presented for your enjoyment, laid out all nice and easy, past tense, as if in a [Dream].

So, doing laps, running plays, [Star of the Field] and at the end of it all, you've gotten this far, the [Shower Scene], [Shower Time], now we're talking, now we're getting somewhere, now that's something I can work with.

Alone, those five minutes a day, [Solitary Confinement], alone, warm water on the back, [Buddy] at your back, rubbing your back, [Suds] it on up, [Suds] it on down, if you want to play, the game, that way, or the [Coach], [Personal Massage], [Masseuse], I'm not here to judge, I sell [Discs], so have it your way, a cute little thing, [Girl] from the [Squad], simple innuendo, isn't your [Sister] on the [Squad], play it or not, I've got all the time in the world, pre-recorded, I can hit pause, catch up with you later, I've got my [Dime], par for the course, seriously, what do I care?

Toweling off [Locker Room] scene, such fun, perhaps you're just a [Bully], like to [Fight], beat other kids down, wind that towel up, [Rat Tail], sweet bit of fun, or another excuse for some play. Yes, in the office, with the coach, or

the [Math Teacher], I promised you her, and I do believe we could work in a [Three Way]... or, you know, if you want to play is [Straight] past the censors, as she sits on his desk, smiling, pointing out, running the charts, running the [Stats], the info, [Intel], what you'll need for the game, [Big Game], I mean, you do you care about the game, [Big Game], after all, I've seen the [Cover], the [Sales Pitch], I know that's what called you, into this dream, what you're really here for...

'We going to crush them Friday night?'

'Yes, ma'am!' or should that be, 'Yes, sir!'

So confusing, so perhaps, you'd rather just take it to the [Field]?

But look at the time, my how it flies, running a bit late, are we, that shower scene, come now, admit it, that shower scene, even for you, I like to think it took longer that you'd like to admit.

So, grab those [Books], call it a [Ball] and run on back home. Are you keeping score? Playing a game? Racing with birds, dodging private [Security Guards], 'You're not supposed to run through here!' it's a golf course, you know, and the dogs, [Bark: Bark: Bark]! And the owner, in the distance, distant background, looking out the window, at the commotion, the noise, 'It's just that kid,' just like clockwork, everyday, so in a word, numerous [Alibis].

Though, why would you need it?

Why?

[Why]?

Numerous [Alibis]?

Time to open the door, actually start the plot, [Breathless], heaving, [Excited], the [Old Man], he seems older, [Gasping], hand on his chest, slumping now, slumping to the floor, just a bit late, almost too late, someone, I do believe, must have switched his medicine bottles, earlier in the day, a [Bad Heart], he doesn't have a heart, but if he did, a bad one, a broken one, a failing one, for a [Murder], for a [Plot], such a [Long Shot], I hate the long shots, they never make sense, for a scene, much less a series.

How did it go, originally, that first run through, when we were [Pitching], selling the plot, I mean, can you see those [Stale Trails]... or take it back to where we are now and watch him fall, slumping, his [Wife], [Duty Bound] wife, [Bound] for her life, [Honest] and [True], trying to catch him, hold him, carry the load, can't let him fall; and looking over to you, leading man, pleading for help, for, you see, she doesn't know what to do, do you see that, can you see that, can you see yourself, earlier that day, switching those pills, can you see yourself counting them out, overdose, miss-dose, wrong dose, can you see that, yourself, thinking, plotting, planning, desire, first run, back when we sold all the rights, can't you just see yourself, [Dead Man Falling], but not dead enough, maybe not really dead, not enough, so can you see yourself helping, him down, over the edge, just grab a hold of the old man's head, and smash it on down, falling, help him over the edge, into the edge of the counter, the bar, that railing, and cracking it hard... or as it is now, the play through, for [Real], just

watch him, breathing hard, it's hard to breathe, relish the taste of air in your mouth, the sweetness of it all, as you watch the breath go out of him, his [Wife], your [Mother], looking for all the world like a [Deer: Headlights], so it's up to you, [Man of Action], you're the man now, [Man of the House], that's what this is all about, so run over, it's important, best not to do anything wrong, can't have any missteps, so close, let's not blow it, it's all or nothing now, and we've got to do this right, seriously, it can't be any harder than running for the rest of your life, from him, to this, this moment, his eyes, staring, clutching, for breath, feel his pulse, check his breath, watch him die, not really doing anything, cradle in the arms, and watch him [Die], that's the important thing, making sure, watching him, [Die].

'Go get help!'

Yes, she was waiting for an order. [Help] that makes sense, [Call] on the [Phone] that might have been even better, more reasonable, faster, but we don't want reasonable, we don't want faster, we want [Go], as in [Run], implied, as fast as your legs will carry you, [Woman], wasn't that the order, clearly, that was the order, so out the door, she goes, and you, taking your time.

No need to rush.

There's plenty of time.

Check that pulse: [Flat Line].

Check that pulse, [Flat Line].

Check that pulse [Flat Line]... and three's the charm, ticking off seconds, cracking your knuckles, down on your knees.

‘Help! Help!’ comes the cry, [Mother’s Voice].

Just like clockwork, [Tuesday], the Johnson’s, they go to the [Club], play [Bridge], and next door, to the [Johnson’s], it’s where she would go, your mother, your mom, for help, can’t you just see her, lost, so lost, all initiative [Beat] out of her, [Yelled] out of her, [Critiqued] out of her, to the point she cannot think on her own, she needs the instruction, no longer can she think for herself, poor woman, poor girl, standing in the street, grief stricken, her love is true, her world would not make sense if her lover were not true... and even with that, with this, now, her world does not make any sense.

‘Help! Help! Help!’

Abandoned [Suburban] landscape, alone, calling, forlorn, it’s not a very efficient way to call for [Help].

Can you do a pushup?

‘Give me twenty!’

Yeah, well, maybe in your world.

‘Give me a hundred!’

This is his.

‘Count them off this time!’

Those first hundred didn’t count.

‘Do it with form!’

I’m a patient man. I’ve got all day.

Hundreds upon hundreds of [Push Ups], beating down on his chest, beating hard, [First Aid: CPR], you took the course, all of your weight, cracking ribs, that’s the way, a man of his size, there’s no other way to do it, that’s how

you know you're doing enough, but not too much, you'll puncture a lung, so try, really try, there's no harm in trying, now, he's [Dead], remember that, [Flat Line], did I mention the [Flat Line], you checked for the [Flat Line], and now, minutes gone by, [Long-Long] minutes gone by, there is no hope, hope is all there is, that he is gone, finally, is it true, is he really gone?

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

Breathe.

Repeat.

Hold long has it been? It doesn't matter how long it has been. You hear talking now, frantic discussion, explanation, mother returning with another, a stranger, deliveryman, classic, just classic, a delivery man, coming in, her dragging him in, stranger in tow into the house, reluctant, not a clue what he'll find, frantic woman, crazy woman, and you, working the old man over, pressing hard, sweating, shaking, it's been so long.

Time to get his show on the road.

'For the love of God! Call an ambulance!'

But it doesn't matter anymore. He is so [F!]ing dead, pounding on a [Corpse] you are, he's slowly turning blue, the stink of death surrounds, the smell of death: [Shit & Piss], such a proud [Old Man], [Pissing Himself].

When they finally arrive, the ambulance, paramedics, you fall off, sideways, collapse to the ground, you can't fake this sort of [S!], arms so numb, you tried, you really

tried, everyone there can see, anyone could see, that you tried, and now that it's over, arms in spasm, barely able to move, the old man's voice echoing, remember that [Call]:

'Hundred and ten percent!'

'Hundred and twenty percent!'

'Whatever it takes!'

'Give it your all!'

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They covered his body, strange how that goes past tense, flip, it's gone, he's gone, rolled out on the gurney, covered his face, his body, his head. Sis is home now, it's been a while, what with the ambulance, the sirens, the police, there's a report, but there's not much to say, you're in shock; and believe it or not, you are sad, you thought a weight would be lifted, but you are sad, you can feel the weight, as they leave; now, they are gone, so fall back into the moment, mom is in the [Kitchen], sitting at the [Table], she'd be drinking coffee if someone had told her to make it, yes, she'd be drinking coffee, now, if someone had told her to make it.

Simple words.

'You're the man of the house, now.'

[Incestuous: Dream]: fill it in as you like.

Do you see that, the man of the house, the man who says all, knows all, controls all, yelling for years, not angrily, not really, angry only at himself, his choices, his

son, [Best in Class], his daughter, [Best in Class], his wife...

It is so dangerous modeling on [The Real], but years ago, lifetimes ago, I was [Drifting], just passing through, I was just rambling by, wandering, never went back, a connection so slim, so tenuous, I can barely remember, was it a [Drug Deal], it could have been a [Drug Deal], it seems like it must have been a [Drug Deal], you know, just to put it in perspective, the father had died, [Steel Yard: Accident] or maybe a [Coal Mine], and the mother, what a wreck, and right there, on the kitchen table, in her [Bathrobe], drinking her [Coffee], and no disrespect, but no respect, her son and her daughter were cutting the [Coke], [Good Stuff], just cutting that [S!], and the mom, that lady, not so old, but all of her will had died, she could not tell you [Right from Wrong], [Good from Evil], she'd been left, his [Will], last and [Final Testament] was that she would thereafter be blessed, or should that be [Cursed], with a total inability to cope, life had beaten it out of her, her husband had beaten it out of her, in this [Dream], yes, but in the [Real], it was his death that had beaten it out of her, society, the world's, callous indifference to his [Corporate: Murder], try to put a price tag on that...

So, just saying, [Mom], I don't think she has the will to say [No]. And probably only understands one form of [Dominance], not much point in even calling it [Aggression], [Animal Kingdom], a way of [Life].

But, we've done that aside...

Kate is waiting for you, upstairs. She wears her cheerleading outfit, not that outfit, the other [Cheerleading] outfit, [Erotic: Sexy], the one she wore for the old man, [King] of the house.

‘I’m glad you killed him.’

One does not respond to such an accusation [Implied], so don’t, stare, unmoved, eventually she will reply, ‘It doesn’t matter. I’m glad he’s dead.’

And there it is: a simple [Truth], acceptance.

And there it is: a simple [Holding] of the [Hands], so long ago, like dew on the ground.

And there it is: a simple [Kiss], so not so simple, more like the [Sweetness], the [Innocence] of [Youth], and the [Touch] of [Perfection].

And I am sure there is more, you [Demented] [F!]: push her hard, push her long.

And just like the mom, just like the dad, just like the man of the house... that’s what you are now, the [King], let it sink in, best to leave her with a whole new set of [Orders], override the old, whatever [He], left behind, don’t want no [Ghost] of the [Past] sneaking up on us, now do we?

So, an order, ‘I want you to become friends with Cindy.’

Which is just another way of saying, I want to become friends with [Cindy]. But then, that's another story, best left for the next [Episode]...

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[Trailer], look [Ahead]: it's [Morning], it's [Breakfast], in the [Kitchen], [Tranquil] [Home]. [Mom] is frying up the [Bacon], smell that bacon, no need to rush, no need to race, not today, not never, never again, enjoy the moment, enjoy the day, grab a slice from the pan, it's [Hot], [Sizzling], toss it around.

'I'm taking the car, today,' and each and every day hereafter... or not, one cannot afford to get [Soft], look what happened to the old man, yeah, just look what happened to the [Old Man], [Soft], [Complacent], in a word: [Weak], did the world a favor, putting him out of his misery, call of the [Wild], [Animal Kingdom].

'I should call Cindy and offer her a ride.' Yes, Kate always was helpful. She'll make a good [Wingman].

And as to mom, best to leave her with [Orders], as well, lest she get used to the idea of [Freedom] and learn how to take [Initiative].

'Today, I just want you to sit here, drink your coffee, and mourn the old man,' and by night, after sitting all day, as instructed, after making [Supper], as instructed, after making a little small talk, as instructed, she'll bolster her courage, and say, 'I think I've mourned enough.'

So, that's it, she's looking for something else, to do, to fill the [Void]. Best to fill that [Void] for her, if you know what I mean, who knows what trouble she could get into on

her own, the paths of [Destruction], [Downfall], yours, this is your [Game], after all, your [World], best to make it in your image, or we'll make it in [OURS], which means, [Hers], and look at what she thought was [Wisdom], a good [Idea], marrying the [Old Man], ha, she'd like that, a replacement, and if not [You], then [Who]?

[F!] that!

'Would you like to garden?'

A thought, why, 'Yes.'

But that's not really much of a look ahead, a basis for a [Dream], we need drama, we need tension, we need the [Police] conducting an [Investigation], I mean, isn't there a [Murder], certainly a [Death], so that means [Insurance], a [Benefit] and what kind of [Suit] would our [Suit] be if he just paid every [Claim] that came his way, one that reeks so obviously of [Suicide] or something more [Sinister] the deeper he gets, into the [Facts] of the case. And as to [Cindy], dear [Sweet] Cindy, this ain't no crime [Drama], Cindy; but alas, for this last, I have no thoughts, no insight, I am no mind reader; and so, as of yet, I cannot say.

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Kate: 'You're the man of the house now, that's your problem.'

Kate: 'I didn't say you killed him. I said, that's what everyone else is saying.'

[King]: the full [Series]: available wherever better
(and all those other run of the mill [Dreams] that fill your
[Rig]) are [Sold].