

Bubble Rap Blues

by Carl Santoro

New Year's Eve.
NYC apartment.
Wooden floor.

"So, yeah, I've been like saving this stuff all year dudes."

"You saved all this!?"

"I get a lot of packages, yo."

"But, how did you keep it from your kid?"

"I got hidin' places, bitch. It ain't hard, he's eight you know?"

"Yeah, but 12 boxes of this shit? Man, we're gonna make some noise tonight!"

"Keep your boots on boys. There's enough here to cover the whole apartment. Okay, 11:45 we open the boxes. I don't want you jerks poppin' 'em all before midnight."

"Aw, c'mon man. There's plenty here."

"No way, I didn't secure this stuff from Connor so we could use it all up before midnight. Be patient. Here, have another hit."

"Jake, where are the box cutters, huh? Get 'em ready"

"Hey dude, you remember last year? What a pissah, man. We scared the livin' shit outta them. You think they have their ceilings insulated with blankets or somethin' this year? I bet they don't, those bitches."

"They ain't that smart. So, like last year, let's wait to see Dick Clark, open the boxes, roll out the stuff over the whole place. I'll start at the front door, you guys do your dancing in the other two hallways. This is gonna be louder than firecrackers in a Chinese Mardi gras!!!"

"The Chinese don't have no Mardy Grah, bitch."

"There's Dick, give me the cutter."

"Hold it, dude, someone's at the door."

"Hurry Jake, see who it is."

"Dude...it's Connor and the neighbor from downstairs."

"Connor, I thought you were in bed? What are you two up to?"

"Open the boxes, Dad."

