

How to Have a Fulfilling Sexual Relationship with Your Own Parents (Part Two)

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

"Hi, I'm Harmony Korine. I esteem douchebags. (I know, Telly — in my first filmed screenplay, *Juniors: Or, The After-School Special™ from Hell* — and James Franco's character — what'shisnamewhiteboyansta, in my recent-est effort, *Candy Stripers: Or, How a 'Bag of Skittles™' Camera-Filter Shot Production Can Be a Bud Light™ Commercial for a Life of Crime* — have their "redeeming" qualities: they're played by *actors*, and they don't *hit* you!) I don't blame my parents, though — I don't blame anybody! I'm 'apolitical': I don't believe in 'fault,' 'fault-lines,' 'guilty,' 'guilty parties,' 'remorse,' 'responsibility,' 'accountability,' 'accomplishment,' or any of that icky stuff. (I'm not a 'hipster,' though — FUCK YOU, for even thinking *that!*) Seriously, though: why not go to bed with your own parents? Even *thinking* so is, uh, 'controversial' — and that's *de facto* 'good,' right? I think I'll make a movie about it — if Lars Von Trier doesn't beat me to it, first!"

VERDICT: "BANAL!"

"Uh . . . isn't it *supposed* to say, 'THE END'?"

D.I.Y., DUDE . . . D. I. **Y!**

"Come again?"

GUN GOES IN YOUR MOUTH . . .

"Hey!"

. . . *NOT* UNDER YOUR CHIN!

