

# Rock On

*by* Michelle Elvy

It's dark in here.

Well what do you expect?

Yeah, I know, it's just that,  
sometimes,

I'd like to get out.

It's your choice.

Is it?

Look...

I mean, I read. I've been around.

You're from Oklahoma.

So they say...

What d'ya mean?

Not Arizona.

Huh? Never mind, it's OK:

no one remembers

their birth.

Yeah, but most people remember

some things, don't they?

Of course, but so do you.

Like what?

Well, what did you last read?

Um...

You said you read, so what do you

read regularly? The *NYT*?

(blank stare)

Do you live under a fucking....?

Never mind. The *WSJ*?

(shrug)

The *LAT*?

I once read a book by

George Saunders.

That objectivist writer?  
No, he's not objectivist  
any more — he denounced  
Rand and her neo-cons.  
Woah, you *do* read.  
I'm wiki-mad.  
Cheater.  
Can't fit too many books  
under here, can I?  
That Saunders: he's smart, eh?  
Well they don't call it  
a genius grant for nothin'.

\* \* \*

Hey, you know what?  
We should go out.  
Out? *Out?!*  
Well, yeah, don't you ever think  
you might wanna?  
Is that a trick question?  
Well why not? What are  
you waiting for?  
Turnips? Radishes? No, carrots!  
Just a goddamn carrot.  
You're being obtuse. Let's go  
meet some people.  
Don't know the local language.  
I can teach you. Say '*bonjour*.'  
They speak Spanish here?  
Good lord, man! This ain't Spain!  
Well how should I know?  
Jeez, you're a regular  
Eliza Doolittle.  
Hey! I'm a *guy*, dude.  
So? still the same idea.  
*Rain in Spain*

and all that.  
Well I never been to Spain.  
That's not the point.  
But I kinda like the music.  
You don't play any music.  
Naw, but I used to have a tape deck.  
You mean a CD player.  
Naw, man, 8-track.  
Good lord, you need to get out.  
You at least need company  
under here.

*Two can be as a bad as one....*

\* \* \*

OK, fine. Play me something.  
Anything but your old 8-tracks.  
Wait, let's play

**Mortal Combat: Annihilation.**

You know I hate those games.

*Dysfunction, dysfunction,  
dysfunction is a function.*

You *are* dysfunction.

*If dysfunction is a function,  
then I must be  
some kind of  
ge-ni-us!!*

Come on. You're too alone  
under here.

*You're* here.

\* \* \*

You know, you can make this world  
whatever you want it to be.  
It's too dark.  
So make a little light.  
Can't — but maybe that guy  
in that cave will lend me

his torch.  
I'm leaving.  
Suit yourself. I'm gonna name  
my rock, by the way — call it  
'genius granite'.  
You never even read a Saunders book.  
So? I got internet, dude.  
Come on, I'll take you to the library.  
Well I guess if I gotta go  
somewhere, that ain't a bad  
first choice. But let's stop  
an' eat, too --  
I'm *starvin'*, man.  
But I don't eat  
fast food. Could do with  
some *tapas*, though.  
Have you been sneaking out?  
No, just fancy the idea  
of tapas... Spain an' all.  
OK, come on, let's go.  
Alright... but I'm  
a little nervous...  
*fuck* it's bright out here! ...  
Oh, look, a *daisy*!  
That's not a daisy, you idiot.  
It's a jonquil.  
*What does it matter?*  
*What does it matter?*

