

*by* Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

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"The PRIMA DONNA & THE CHAUFFEUR: A Love Story"  
(with apologies to no-one, this time!)

by CRABBY MCGROUCHPANTS

## 3RD DRAFT

"To represent a bad thing in its least offensive light, is doubtless the course for a writer of fiction to pursue; but is it the most honest, or the to reveal the snares and pitfalls of life to the young and thoughtless tra them with branches and flowers? Oh, Reader! If there were less c concealment of facts - this whispering 'Peace, peace' when there is no p be less of sin and misery to the young of both sexes who are left to v knowledge from experience."

- Anne Brontë, from the  
Preface to the 2nd Ed.  
of *The Tenant of Wild-  
fell Hall*, dated July 22nd,  
1848

□□□□□□□□

"Wanna fuck me?"

The Chauffeur glared at the woman known to the Prima Donna. If she was a woman. The Prima Donna had been chosen, early in life, not to have an identity of her own but to mooch off of other people, filling in the gaps between their lives, unnoticed by those too busy with their own and yet, nonetheless, there, present, not standing on her own two feet but always amongst others to forge a false identity between them, gravitating inexorably towards positions of responsibility. Fickle to the core, she nevertheless bored her as it took as much control of other beings' lives to sate her drives for experience, excitement, normal, accountable, autonomous human beings, who were periodically sated by intimacy, expression, and connection to community but in the figure of the Prima Donna, perverted from their original course, and corrupted to a point where she could not exist nor sustain herself without the feeding off other human beings' lives.

As such, though ostensibly female, she was, in essence, a blob - a featureless form, rounded to the point of having no real female nor male distinguishing characteristics, about as sexy as the Pat character from the "It's a Wonderful Life" sketch on SNL.

This, the Chauffeur found quite sexy in its utterly depraved and bereft in his humanity for its old and yet simultaneously unexplainable as history. He trafficked at this point in his life in nothing but nonsense, either in thought, deed, or expression. He sought the crazy, the worthless, to feed himself and simultaneously perpetuate wherever he went.

"You have <sup>4</sup>nice tits," he said, further, listening to himself talk.

Of which she had none, of course.

BEAVERTON, no less (suburb of Portland - not what  
across the country moves here for!). Matters were  
helped any by the, again, day-after-day visits to  
Thai restaurant for lunch, which the Field Manager  
resorted to out of laziness or the lack of options  
dining available (in BEAVERTON! Hello! Whaddya  
"You don't BELIEVE in global warming!"), but still  
seemed happy with the same Pad Thai dish every  
day, as though slathering it with hot spices would  
make it taste (-what? *different?* after too many  
count or distinguish from one another, even . . .  
palatable & sustaining . . .

(Did I mention we were in BEAVERTON? Sakes

And, I realize now, the fact that we were a  
crew probably didn't help matters any . . .

. . . but may have accounted for the conver  
taking the course it did that day. What occasio  
Steven's comment was, no doubt, an INXS song con  
local alternative station we all perpetually lis  
(no complaints on that from me! however) and Ste  
mentioning, well, the unfortunate and untimely o  
singer Michael Hutchence, due, Steven heard, (as  
heard bandied about in the media) to suicide.  
Steven drops a reference to, I don't remember ho  
he said specifically.)

BUT: I had read the book that came out to a  
the movie *Slacker* upon its initial release in 19  
called *Slacker*, natch), which had all these stor  
the Austinites in the film and stories by Richar  
(director & philosopher extraordinaire) about th  
the film, and how he spent the years leading up  
summer he & his friends actually *shot* this parti  
film of his (& theirs, but *his*, as *someone* had t  
director!).

Which 5e spent hanging out, meeting, talking  
LISTENING to people, among whom, as concerns the  
story I am trying to tell, was this guy ol' Rich  
what he goes by, apparently - not that I know hi  
personally, or anything . . . ) met in Missoula

still!) ["But still"? Write your own story. Don't steal from me. - ed.] University the college of for my you're-suburban, you-have-to-enter-society 4-year degree deal (or whatever) AND, at this fine institution of higher learning drugs & partying weren't scarce there, but still -ed.] I happened across an, as I mentioned, much better [You're doing this just to vex me, aren't you? You're SO CLEVER. - ed.] cartoon drawing in big block letters, "Autoerotic Asphyxiation B" (Simpson, of course, from the then-still-new and say still-in-its prime beloved by college students children & comic book guys TELEVISION show, entitled, of course, "The Simpsons") which had out would-be a drawn with his pants down, one hand clutching his in an obvious gesture of, shall we say, self-app with, confusing for me as a 19-year-old would-be intellectual (didn't work out, as it happens) [I'd "would-be"s as well, but it's become apparent to me at this point that, not only with you not take my suggestion face in it, instead. So: screw you. Do what you want. I'll stick to checking punctuation, spelling and grammar ME if the thing doesn't get published, smart guy. - ed.], a NOOOSE around his fuck yourself. Who else would put up with this crap? No wonder you ... [DELETED IN SECTION CJS] -ed.]

No, but really! Dear Reader! A NOOSE around at the same time as, you know, the apparent wank session!

And his family, Marge, et al., drawn around obvious consternation and alarm, etc.

Confusing. I had no idea what this meant! Of course, I probably pretended to half-laugh - you I get it, being a sophisticated 19-year-old-man world and all . . . ) But later . . .

. . . thanks to Richard Linklater, and his spread essential knowledge throughout the contemporary popular American culture by then made barren due dictates of the market economy, and his Missoula who had files documenting that something to the [whistle it!] <sup>6</sup> of some several hundreds or thousands forget how many . . . but A LOT!, considering) A died by fucking up the whole enterprise (or rather it TOO FAR . . . ), I finally learned what "Auto Asphyxiation" actually was (well, maybe it's

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"Do you want to suck my dick?" the Chauffeur breathed breathlessly.

Then, with no pretense, he whipped it out. A disgustingly ugly cock as the Prima Donna had ever seen (no man she had seen many). Warped, unkind and cruel, it sprang from his body at a half-erect angle as though it had no emotional relationship to its owner but, rather, it was a

Able at last to whip it out, the Chauffeur's psychic drives shift, in his depravity, to "feed" it.

The Prima Donna was impressed. (And she was easily impressed, given that she devalued all human beings. Did this guy actually like her?

"I'm a Barbecued Salmon Sandwich," the Chauffeur emphasized with his eyes, trying to prompt the Prima Donna to indicate that she "got it," though it was, of course, utter nonsense.

The Prima Donna had to think for a minute (it wasn't easy for her . . . ). Well, she tried to comply, but, it being an unfamiliar activity for her, she hesitated, up, after a nanosecond's worth of would-be effort, to show - as was her *modus operandi* with human beings - unlike the Chauffeur, had a conscience - she had a conscience.

But he wouldn't be fooled. There was nothing to be fooled. Fool! There was no point in putting on a pretense of deliberation, because he was as incapable of thought or consideration as she was.

At last! Someone "like" her! No need to apologize to themselves, or justify their actions, because both their minds were utter shit, and, in their mutual "view" of the entire universe was chaos!

Fuck it! The binds of society were too complex for her and the Prima Donna had (she had to admit to herself) grown weary of constantly trying to keep up with all the "human-being" "people" (or whatever you called them) who what was their deal, anyway?) who always acted



(knock on doors, sell brushes out of a suitcase the '40's, don't 'cha know?) as her property, and because she happened to have a staggering, improved mind and at this point, early in her life, she had to terms with it - precisely because there was someone to come to terms with (unlike, say, your standard kitchen consultant (the official, market-validated term for a "middleman") who finds those "leaky girls" interesting sites interesting (those that SPAM with the title of a message: "Leaky Girls! Girls taking a Leak!"))).

Enough time had passed with her property (she called it "Friend." Shit, those humans were hard to keep a constant front must be maintained at all costs! . . . ), that she felt few, if any, of the circles of "people" (wait . . . is that the right term? So hard to keep track . . . yes, yes, that's it . . . (I think they will notice if it's not, anyway . . . )) had any way to suspect she was keeping the next whomever-could-be-a-Pynchon-fellow-actually-look-like-an-idiot-in-comparison under her thumb. [Sorry, I did say this was the '40's, right? Unbelievably, actually, I got my facts wrong . . .

Uh, no.

Fuck it.

I lied.

It's the MODERN ERA - ed.] . . . so that was how it was now, she thought (or what passed for thought in her mind) . . . but still.

She could fuck!

And suck!

Without having a sexuality (that is to say, without having compassion, and the need to express it), even!

All "sound and fury, signifying . . . "

(What was that quote? Fuck! Need to look smart. It would be useful to know, to look smart to people. . . continue her reign as resident Diva . . . )

. . . wait, now where was I?

Fucking?

Sucking?



stated as re-cued.

Fuck it! He didn't mean a GODDAMNED WORD H  
either!

The Prima Donna brightened. "Sure thing!"  
"SUCK IT GOOD!"

(Actually . . . it was terrible. Both the  
his depraved, emotionally-diseased semen, and he  
performance, as well, but, I guess you get what  
for, on either end . . . )

□□□□□□□□

It was the man they called Walking Currency  
She was alone, in the laundry room, had just  
her blouse in the wash. Why not? It was late a  
week-day besides, and the summer air and good fe  
came with it got to her.

She was feeling a bit more like making impr  
flourishes <sup>9</sup> like this, of late - free of her fami  
finally, it seemed, she'd done her time and now  
on with her life - a life that was rightfully he  
reminded herself. Finally, again, with a man sh  
talk to! A man who could talk, had things to s

further, since as far as you can remember or choose to recall . . . ), it seems an almost unthinkable leap to actually have to deal with *problems that matter*.

So what if they had no money. So what if they were currently often felt like they had no-one within their immediate circle of friends they could talk to, or any other. Things were changing - it was in the air, in the newspapers, even, provided you could see it and weren't foolish to think it wasn't happening, *couldn't* be happening, wasn't even *possible* . . .

But it was. It was, and finally people who had wanted to waste their whole lives away playing out their routine that ultimately didn't get them, or anyone else, really, pretty much anywhere, could, in fact, choose to do so.

It was hard for her to believe, even, however much she wanted it. Probably because she had for so long imagined it possible - happening at all, let alone what could happen - even to her, she didn't know *what* was happening, other than that it was happening.

Could it really be true? So long she had no hope, not know how, out of fear that expressing her wishes for - aloud, or even to herself - before the right time, without the proper audience, would be risking away an essential part of herself. One she might never get back.

It was a terrifying thought.

Thankfully, she had persevered, and strangely enough she seemed to have found herself in a time and place where other human beings really seemed interested in *communicating* with each other . . .

Things said out loud. A willingness to accept each other, work through problems, not just with glib words and good intentions but a real (or *working*, anyhow) understanding that problems and differences between people were inevitable, and could, in fact, actually be *learned from* . . .

She sighed. Was it really all over? It seemed like this new (*real!*) perspective was catching like

Lost in thought, she stood there in her bra. The summer air, warm and nurturing, seemed like a natural aphrodisiac - for sex, love, happiness, it didn't matter - and for once, she was able to take pleasure in refusing to not allow herself to enjoy herself.

Why not? There was no one around, and who'd care this hour? Not anyone who'd cause her problems, given where she was, and the almost-seeming-ridiculous amount of consideration she kept getting, here, at this time and place, from people not only essential to her life but as ephemeral as people she asked for things on the street, even . . .

She looked up and there he was.

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INT. - THE LAIR OF THE CHAUFFEUR - NIGHT

*By now the celebration of depravity between the CHAUFFEUR and the PRIMA DONNA has advanced to the point that all boundaries of human perception have broken down. The very walls themselves seem to reek with despair as the CHAUFFEUR & the PRIMA DONNA draining all that is left of life with life into an unholy vortex, feeding their voracious spirit.*

*Also, the CHAUFFEUR has by this point brought under his minion, slave & Constant Companion KYLE, a charming, chiseled young fellow whose attractive outward appearance belies his true role as enslaver of women.*

*For her part, the PRIMA DONNA has her "real" life. On her side, the TEACHER-FOOLER, who has no choice but to experience the basest & most extreme of would-be pleasures as stimuli to feel anything at all, albeit always vicariously through the suffering of others. Responsibility of this kind is less a burden than a kind of terror for the TEACHER-FOOLER: as such, he is an ideal mate for*

*His penis has been stuck off by the CHAUFFEUR  
relish, I might add), and by this point, the blood  
from between his legs is steady enough - to the  
before gushing - that he has not long to live.*

TEACHER-FOOLER

I can actually feel something! This  
amazing . . .

*The CHAUFFEUR smiles a smile that is entirely  
mirth.*

CHAUFFEUR

*(not meaning a word of it)*  
What's that like, I wonder? . . .

*The CHAUFFEUR leers at the PRIMA DONNA.*

*The PRIMA DONNA feigns a smile, in response to  
apparent stimuli. (If she's "nice," maybe he'll  
"like" her.)*

TEACHER-FOOLER

I . . . think . . . *(gurgles)*

*The TEACHER-FOOLER collapses, sighs, then  
bit . . . <sup>12</sup> then shakes. Then dies.*

*The TEACHER-FOOLER has given his life for the  
of the PRIMA DONNA. Not that she appreciates it  
cares, nor, now that the moment has past, seems  
that it happened at all, despite the body on the*



The CHAUFFEUR, busy stroking his own, and alternately and indiscriminately - his minion KY be "penises" is: 1.) not only distracted but 2.) [Duh! Have you not been paying attention all along? There will be a quiz, you know! - CJS] and 3.) respond to something that, while "clear" inside DONNA's head, qualifies in the outside world as utter nonsense ["C'est la vie" - CJS].

All things taken together: another thing for CHAUFFEUR to gorge himself on.

*A feast!*

CHAUFFEUR  
(looking at the PRIMA DONNA, but talking to himself  
course)  
Fuck . . . yeah!

The PRIMA DONNA considers this. Was this an invitation? A rejection? No clear way to tell. To go with her stock response, closer to punctuation than expression in the usual human sense, so thoughtlessly & nonsensically is it compulsively

PRIMA DONNA  
Fair enough.

The CHAUFFEUR goggles. Whether at the PRIMA DONNA's "comment"; his self-stroking; his stroking of KY's recently-begun and near-acrobatically-accomplished

*he has reached another level of internal exile  
from the outside world.*

*(In other words, a sure thing if the PRIMA  
ever seen one!)*

*(And he's CUTE, besides!)*

PRIMA DONNA  
[unintelligible]

*The PRIMA DONNA strips naked.* [Ed's note: you may want  
this part off-camera, as it could land us an NC-17 with the MPAA if we keep it on-screen. Just a thought]

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*Text of a dispatch from the field agent identifying  
only as "Agt. Dale Cooper," to his superior at  
dated Feb. 23, 1973.*

Yohannesburg, P.A.  
Feb. 23, 1973  
Bureau of the F.B.I. (Female Body Investigators,  
course that we men in suits & Jockeys have absolutely  
nothing better to do with our time)

Dear Sirs: 15

All Hail Eris!  
Praise be to God, the Lord Jesu, and this o



state of dishevelment and apparent distress (ha! be YOU, missy!), with no other recourse but to the apartment she shares with the man she loves.

Future dispatches will follow, reporting on progress (or not) of our subject in pulling herself together, and assisting in the so-called Revolution of the Hearts (yeah . . . WHATEVER!)

As recommended by you, dear Sir, the oh-so-One, I have appropriated as my field agt. moniker reference from the culture of the enemy, the People Who Care.

The People Who Care (henceforth referred to in this document) will henceforth [This guy's n even shittier will] be subject to an assault program of "false prime cultural figures, placements, events, expressions" which will give them hope which we will then, of course, yank away.

(As Befits the true rulers designated by ALFA the Dollar, Inc., fuck all!)

[Would you get to the point already, please? Sheesh! -ed.]

To wit:

- allowing the oil industry to find place for "revolutionary" film-making (HA!), which we will not exist, but overwhelm with ads for feminine hygiene (or the like) to blind people to their real needs and their desires for our own profit [you're right, we must say. Intimacy is wasted on these fools, who prefer the smell of fresh trees, if anything, to the smell of your near-Eucharistic poop! (praise be to Jogo dingleberry favors, sir!)]

- T.V. shows set in the woods! (which, of course, all goes according to plan, (& why shouldn't it? FORETOLD by GOD, anyway, & WE'RE JUST FOLLOWING GOD) (what's with these stupid fuckers, anyway? I hope you can't figure <sup>16</sup> out why they just don't give up at the end. dr. SIR . . . )) we will CUT DOWN (oxygen being unavailable - according to good ol' L. Ron - on MAJORLY apparently))

- PUNK ROCK music, songs on the radio

kidding! I don't care who you are buddy, CUT OUT THE ALL CAPS or YOU'LL LOSE YOUR AUDIENCE  
(language now, amigo?) - ed.] & SHIT!

Thank you, sir, so much for "giving" me this  
"assignment." Since I have renounced my God-given  
make my own decisions and, under your guidance,  
TO MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS INSTEAD [ "Zzzzz..." - ed. (from transcript  
cycle, recorded on tape) ] I feel SO much BETTER.

Your Faithful Servant,  
Agt. Dale Cooper  
[not my real name]

[not that I could remember my real name . . . at  
. . . even if I tried! (which I won't)]

Dispatch sent to the offc. of Sr. Security Culture  
Advisor Digger Leader Masturbator Ruler, Sgt. Bl  
Murder, who, upon receipt, wiped his ass with re  
that: 1.) he knew what it said anyway, given the  
history was set in stone & invariable, so who ca  
3.) he interacted with the world strictly through  
anyway . . .

retrospect with things like the suicide of someone that we necessarily would have known what to do at the time, even if we recognized the signs, but still fuck! Where'd he go? - CJS], and I had never heard anything about M.H., but trying a stunt like this (or, what SELF-EXPRESSION) seemed, well, kind of rock 'n' roll, further, since I've learned by now that a lot of things in the media that some "reporters" don't bother to check to see if they're true or accurate but just anyway (got to fill those column-inches, I guess ADVERTISERS will PULL OUT!)), I figured I should just do it and try to set the record what I thought was at least plausibly "straight." There, in Beaverton, as I was saying, "Oh, well, I heard it was Autoerotic Asphyxiation," I say.

No explanation to the two in the back of the car was necessary, despite the fact that they're each a year or plus younger than me. (These young folks today, they get it from the Internet?) Mandela, I found out later, was more-than-something-of-an-idle-fan of Takeshi Matsuda, so in retrospect it's hardly a surprise he knew what I was talking about (if anything, I was probably making a relatively mild reference, given that frame of reference), but Steven, I don't know how he knew, just from the practice itself. Maybe it was because he was in Hawaii, and you know what they say in Hawaii: "He's going!" [OK, that's probably character assassination, or something, if you don't know if that's really true. -ed.] [He's going! - CJS] [Just fine, fucker, now where's my \$5? I need to do some laundry! - ed.] [Oh, uh, well ... as I finish the story! I'm ... at work, now, can't stay on the phone long, company's paying for it, yeah, that's all.] [What on earth are you talking about? You haven't been able to hold down a job in over [EDITED] years.] IN THIRD DRAFT - CJS] - ed.]

Be that as it may, they both knew right away what I was talking about, however they learned, whether from Richard Linklater or Bart Simpson or a lecture in my sex-ed classes in 6th grade, I don't know. Both of them and Steven 18 goes on to say:

"No, I heard they found a note."

Which leaves me nowhere. I hadn't heard that, and I still don't find it plausible, but if he's heard that, and I don't know how to dispute it,

"yeah . . . I'm a really happy guy, I just . . .  
some crazy shit . . ."

Hysterical, laughing, in the back of the car  
hadn't been expecting this, obviously, and hadn't  
the office very long, so no-one really knew me there  
and I had a reputation, if anything, of being so  
quiet. (I guess I can be more of a listener than  
at times . . . )

But I couldn't help it, couldn't stop, couldn't  
the lid on it quickly enough. Not to over-dramatize  
it was one of those things that just hits you so  
of nowhere, and it's so weird, how do you get it out of  
your mind right away? So I just let it out for  
while we looped the generic neighborhoods in Beaumont  
'till we found the ones where we heard it was all  
people didn't watch "FOX News" ALL day . . .

*for Chelsea Quinn Yarbro,  
who,  
through her work,  
taught me about the cost of intimacy  
and  
the extent of human suffering*

