

# CON

by Ambrose Fierce

Dear Ambrose,

I read Lee Bob Fike's idiot short story, and I certainly agree with you that it's one of the most stupid things in the language but, God help me, all my stuff is even worse! Hard to believe, I know — but I just reread my entire life's work, and I hereby appoint you my literary executor too, because I'm going to kill myself just as soon as I remember where I put the Drano.

So long buddy,  
Samuel Beckett

That came last week.

Now, Sam and I were good friends but, having riffled through all his typescripts, I must admit that he did the right thing. It does seem a shame, though, that Sam, who so fiercely wanted to be a writer, should die unwept, unhonored, and especially unpublished. Below is, therefore, the start of what I judge to be Sam's least loathsome work (although it is, God knows, the most bitterly hideous lump of belletristic corruption ever to be printed in English), a play, entitled *Footageddon*. Rest in peace, Sam.

## FOOTAGEDDON

Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink.

(sound of hammer and chisel on stone)

MAN: Morning.

SCULPTOR: Morning.

MAN: May I ask you something?

SCULPTOR: Certainly.

MAN: It looks to me like you're making a gigantic stone shoe there. I mean, that's pretty pointless, isn't it? I mean, a shoe's just a shoe — even if it is as big as a bus.

SCULPTOR: Some people might not agree with you. Some people might think this great shod foot is very meaningful and expressive. I mean, the way the heel is on the ground and the toe seems to be crashing down — like a juggernaut. That, I think, is significant — significant and expressive.

MAN: What's it supposed to express?

SCULPTOR: Wrath.

MAN: Wrath?

SCULPTOR: Wrath. I'm calling it "Sinners Under the Foot of an Angry God." It is to go on the lawn before our temple.

MAN: Whose temple?

SCULPTOR: There are those who believe that God is soon to walk the Earth again, in might and majesty,

crushing those who hate Him. (pause; then, humbly) I am one of that number.

MAN: What do you call yourselves?

SCULPTOR: Tramplists. (he resumes chiselling; a woman approaches, walking a small nondescript dog)

WOMAN: Blanche! Oh, I'm so sorry. (Confidingly) Blanche always tries to tinkle on people's feet. Every since the poor thing got pyorrhea and couldn't bite anyone —

MAN: But your dog is black.

WOMAN: So?

SCULPTOR: So?

MAN: But she's black. "Blanche" means white —

WOMAN: (she speaks with a tone of weary finality) Blanche is not a she. Blanche is a he. As I was saying, poor Blanche lost all his teeth and couldn't bite anymore. I mean, how'd you feel? He'd growl and lunge onto their ankles, and they'd half the time just stand looking down at him and laughing. (she speaks more slowly, and with great severity) My husband thought it was so funny he actually trained Blanche to gum people, especially the aged and infirm.

MAN: What time is it?

WOMAN: He'd say, "Sic'er, Blanche! Go git that old crock over there!" and Blanche would dash over and try to bite some harmless old person (she speaks even more slowly, and with intense bitterness) who usually had her arms full of groceries —

MAN: Which wound up all over the street.

WOMAN: Which wound up all over the street. Of course Blanche couldn't hurt them, but they didn't know that. They were terrified, poor things. And then afterwards my husband would actually reward Blanche with some bread soaked in milk —

SCULPTOR: (he has been making soft strangling noises for the previous few seconds, and has stopped clinking; he finally gasps out the mot he was big with) Your dog was a hired gum! (he laughs helplessly for several minutes; the man and woman do not; they ignore him. He, however, continues to snort and wheeze with glee as he resumes clinking.)

WOMAN: (determinedly) — but sometimes my Husband would give Blanche a bone — (icy emphasis on "bone")

MAN: And that's when —

WOMAN: Yes.

To be Continued ...

## SPECIAL EVENTS



STUDENTS  
UNION  
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EVENTS

### dinwoodie

Sat Mar 19  
Cabaret  
Drinking and Dancing  
5th Avenue All-Stars  
8:30 p.m.

\$2 in advance \$2.50 at the door

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Friday, Mar 18 8:00 p.m.  
TLB-2, Tory Lecture Hall

"Tonight" - Tuesday Mar. 15

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John Ammatt

Director - Banff School of the Environment

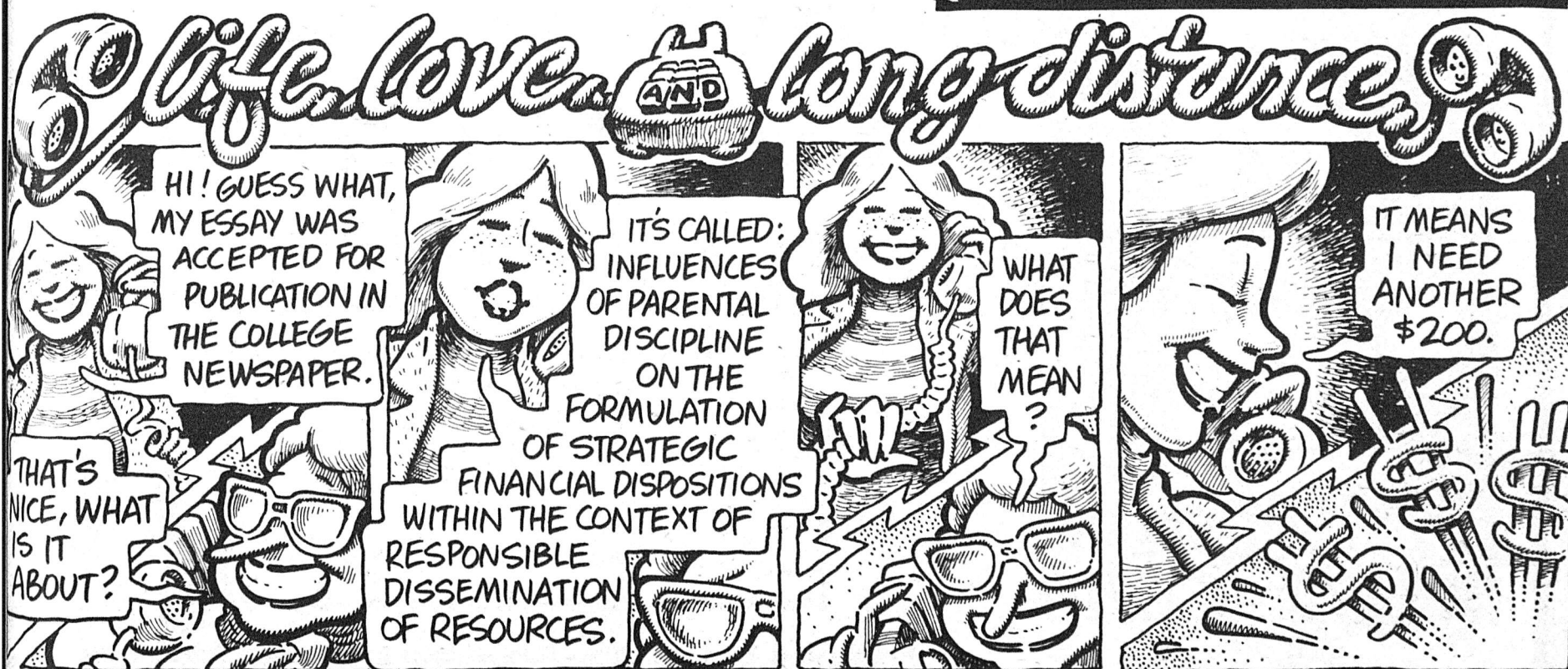
"Arctic Odyssey"

Poetry Reading  
Claude Liman

Fri. Mar. 18

AVL-3 12 noon

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