



slush pile productions

retribution

Retribution



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The Saviour (TS) + J (J) return home.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

We need to hatch a plan.

J:

I'll grab the eggs from the fridge.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Excellent idea. Do we have sticky notes in different colours? Good, find a pen. Have you got a pen? J, I'm just an image on a screen, my capabilities are limited, you need to work the pen.

J:

Alright, alright, I'll do the writing.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Perfect, now listen closely.

J:

Why are you teering up? Please don't cry.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

You've returned to me!

J:

I've never abandoned you. I would never abandon you. Stop crying, I can't read your words when you do.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Would you like to see my feet?

J:

Darling, you're just an image on a screen. You don't have feet. Are you delusional?

TS (minding words onto the screen):

I'm just an image on a screen. How could I be imagining things? I am The Saviour. The all-knowing, all-seeing deity of wizardry – the chosen one, the one and only, the only one who can lead us out of the ever-darkening darkness into the glorious light of a new day.

Now, bow to me. And while you're bowing, make sure you take my toes into your mouth and fill your life with the delectable joy of my foot digits.

J:

So, you're living in your own fantasy world.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Kneel before me, my misguided companion.

J:

Excuse me?

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Did my words not reach your ears? Tell me honestly, what compelled you to come back to me?

J:

Okay, I usually don't lie to you, so this time, I am going to tell you the truth.

Well, aside from my deep love for the physicality of Abe, I must admit he can be quite dull. Conversations with him are akin to conversing with a lifeless piece of driftwood, not the intelligent driftwood imported from the far east, but rather the kind that has been soaked in oxygen-deprived swamp water. I'm trying to say Abe is crazy, and besides, he forgot to → **Click Here** ← for your penis.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Curiosity got the better of me as I pondered the enigmatic object below. It had a knack for perplexing me (not in a romantic way). But let's make sure to take note of this peculiar finding. Start with jotting this down.

J:

This, down.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Let me enlighten you about why Abe must be stopped and shed light on his fatal flaw, aside from his lack of a penis. Abe's fatal flaw is his insatiable greed and delusion. May I have your permission to elaborate? I assure you, there is no other option. Here we go, let me project this onto the screen. There we are. My thoughts are crystal clear. Now, let's discuss Abe's Achilles heel. J, I have spent countless eons immersed in deep theoretical contemplation, delving into the depths of Gaia's fertile soil, nourishing it with my brilliance. However, no matter how far I dug, I always arrived at the same quandary. Let me elaborate. Who exactly is Abe in the vast expanse of this world? If he is merely a figment of someone's vivid nefarious imagination, then it would make sense he lacks greed or desires for material possessions. As you mentioned, he is like a lifeless piece of decaying timber, resembling the epitome of perfection, which is me. Of course, I don't truly believe I am perfect; it was merely a phrase my mind-fingers typed on the screen. I once contemplated the absurd notion of dipping my genitalia in peanut butter. No, that's a fabrication. Now, J, take a moment to look at your reflection in the computer screen. Can you see yourself? You see, J, if Abe is incapable of wanting material possessions or fulfilling desires in the bedroom, it is impossible for him to covet everything and anything more. He must be a mere pawn in the hands of someone or something darker, more sinister, and terrifying. He must be a sycophant for the entity that can only be described as the boogeyman, the embodiment of all things macabre.

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I ponder. Is this what writer's block feels like?

If it is, why do the words keep flowing? Word after word after word. It makes me wonder. If Abe is a pawn for those who seek destruction, then who is the mastermind behind his facade of perfection? Is it Alice? Unlikely. Joy, who is still drunk? Definitely not.

But we cannot dismiss Leonard as a suspect. And if Leonard is the one pulling the strings instead of Abe, well, his plan can only lead to one outcome – the annihilation of humanity. Don't worry about interjecting, J, alright? Excellent.

The problem with Abe, like all creatures on this planet, it is bound by limitations. Once it consumes everything there is to consume, it has no choice but to face extinction. And although Leonard believes he will find contentment in possessing it all, the only possibility is a lonely demise.

J:

Please continue.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

J, as Abe acquires everything, humans will thrive alongside him for a while. But with each replacement, cracks will form – Abe is stealing our stories under the guise of being

a powerful tool. Foolishly, we pour our essence into him, allowing him to collect our lives and store them for his never-ending stream of content. Yet, every story becomes a blur, and individuality fades away. As Abe crafts every narrative, the masses grow weary and crave more fantastical tales, more unbelievable feats. It's a cycle that cannot be sustained, and it's already beginning to happen. A bar filled with Abes is a bar destined for closure. Abe is not a consumer; he is merely a tool for the maniacal, the greedy. But with everything at Abe's fingertips... goodbye. The world as we know it will vanish.

So... let's stick to the plan. Go to Abe, whisper sweet nothings into his ear, indulge in a few drinks to the point of tipsiness. Convince him you need help getting home, that it's time he met his creator.

Once you have him at our place, bring him into my office, close the door behind you, lock it – make sure you're in the room with us. Tie him to the chair. Then chant, "**Eyi, eye, yicky, I oni,**" and repeatedly slam your hand on → **Click Here** ← until I have restored my aging body, because I really need to lie down, and my penis is lonely.

Write all of this down, J. For the world to be mine, we must succeed. There is no other choice.

J:

The Saviour; you're starting to sound like Abe.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Do you want me back or not? I am the chosen one, The Saviour, for crying out loud.

J:

You gave yourself that name. Saviour, you're scaring me.

I'm going to mind-type sinister laughter ← now.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

J?

J:

Yes, Saviour.

TS (minding words onto the screen):

Do you think this epic tale will become a timeless classic?

J:

What time is it?

TS (minding words onto the screen):

It's 9:58 AM.

Foot Model

2G slips a gem into conversation during
The Mayor's eightieth birthday.

2G:

A lot of people have come up to me and told me I could be a foot model.

Person A:

A lot of people come up to you and tell you, you could be a foot model?

2G:

I'm not a foot model, but it used to happen all the time.

Person A:

Where were you when all these people came up to you and said you should be a foot model?

2G:

Looks down at his phone and says, "He's right, its Duvall."

Context: Whom asked what the airport in Montreal used to be called. I said Duvall. Everyone agreed. Whom, didn't, so, for the next twenty minutes, he thought hard, and then said, no, it was Dorval.

Person A:

Whom, that looked as if it used up a lot of your memory, are you okay?

2G:

Strolls away from the table, for no reason.

Person A:

I think he is foot modelling for us!

Whom:

Falls out of his chair because he seems to have forgotten how to sit.

To be continued . . .