



SOAPMOM

SoapMan

Created by Peter Volpone

Chapter 0.2 / New Game

Interior. Diablo's 2nd floor. Night.

The guitar player from the last chapter, Diablo (a caramel skinned man with a magnificent Dali mustache and orange eyes wearing cowboy boots, dark jeans, a plain undershirt, and a red banded cowboy hat) sits in a wooden, ribbon backed chair, bathed in moonlight from a nearby window. The room is steeped in darkness beyond the isolated light. He sips a glass of tequila, his attention fixed on the gang violence outside of his establishment. A wicked smile creases his lips.

The bartender, Un-Yun (a chalky, elderly woman with blue eye shadow and lavender lipstick in a pink, sleeveless dress, scarlet heels, and luscious white wig) creaks into Diablo's room from the stair case

Un Yun: Hey, D, got a minute?

Diablo: You're missing the show.

Un Yun: Bigger news. One of the drunks had sap on him.

Diablo: Hmm?

Un Yun: He had a whole case on him. He was selling it to some of the other lovelies downstairs.

Diablo: Selling it? Like how?

Un Yun: A whole case.

Diablo (standing out of his chair): Wait, who?

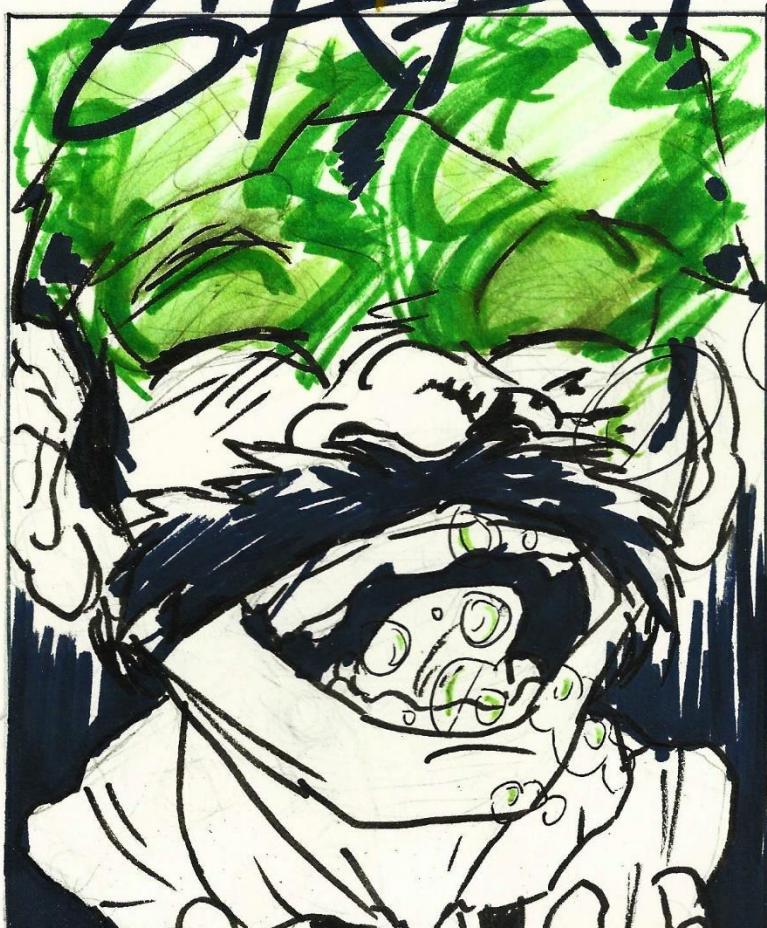
Un Yun points out the window at Bob who is being held up by The Red Coat Captain Clarice (A broad shouldered blonde woman wearing a pair of thick, red rimmed sunglasses bisected by a long scar from her cheek to her forehead, a red leather jacket, and black jeans).

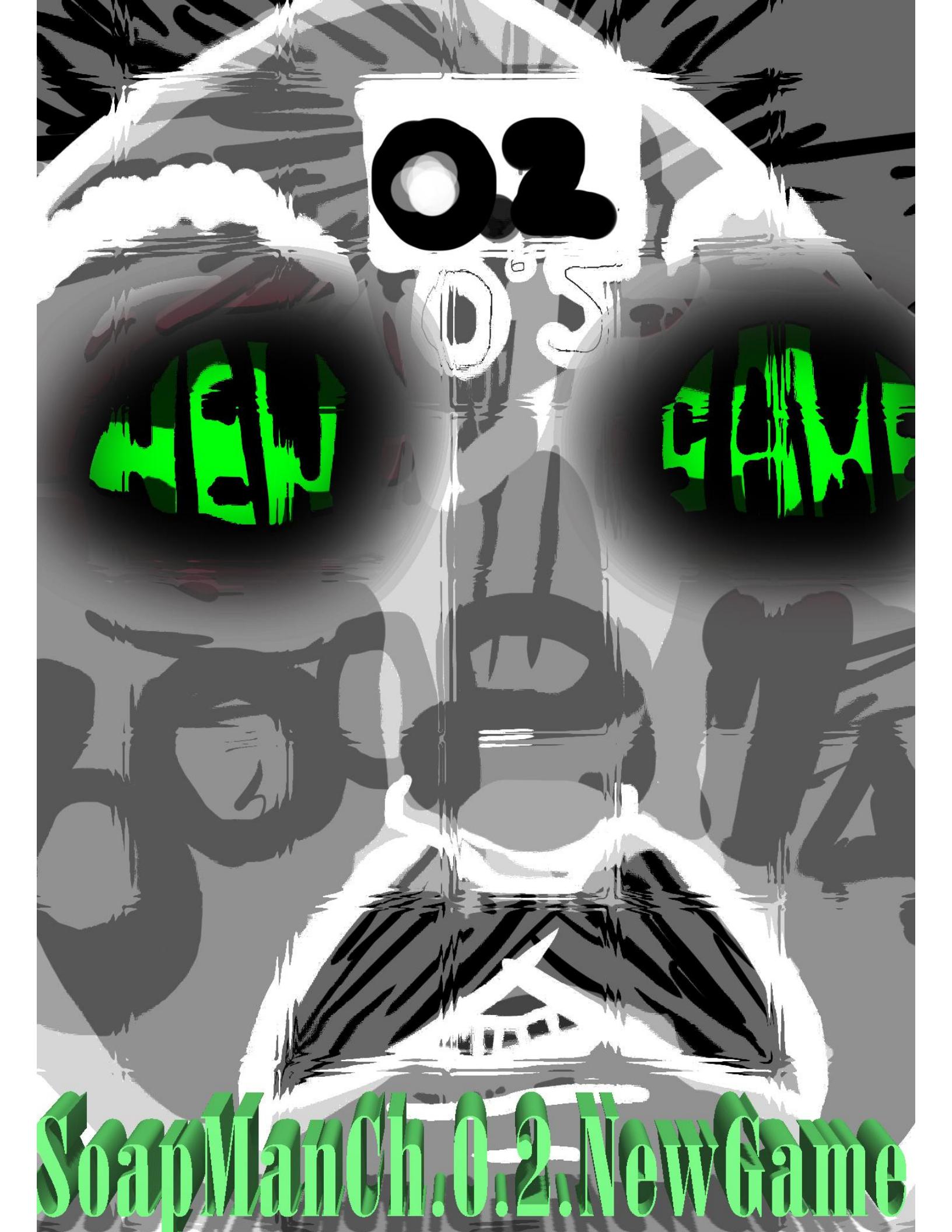
Moby (A large bellied Red Coat with a jagged mustache and a crest on his helmet) meanders over to the bar of Ceiba Soap lying by Bob on the ground.

Laughing, he picks it up and slams his fat fist into Bob's mouth, forcing him to swallow the soap.

Diablo and Un-Yun watch from the window, mouths agape in shock.

Diablo: Ahhh...





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SoapManCh.0.2.NewGame

Interior. Diablo's 2nd floor. Night.

Diablo: Ahhh shit.

Diablo and Un Yun are in silence, stunned by the emerald blaze engulfing Bob from their second story window.

Un Yun: Oh dear.

Diablo: Hahaha, the mustached idiot downed the whole chunk. He's done for.

Un Yun: What do you want to do?

Diablo: Find out where he got it and we'll pay them a little visit in due time.

Un Yun: I can take a guess. The woman in red mentioned a killer lizard. Do you think... They may be from Slang's group.

Diablo: If he's making plays again, things are about to get interesting. Go clean up the mess outside. I'm going to have a chat with my patrons downstairs.

Un Yun creases her lips into a curly smile then moves over to the window, opens it, and jumps out.

Diablo descends the stairs to the bar below.

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Interior. Diablo's 1st floor. Night.

Gramps is dabbing Big Bills forehead wound with a beer soaked napkin.

Big Bill: We ain't got time for this. I'm going to shred those Red Coats into strips of meat.

Gramps: Chill friend, you just got your shit knocked in and you want to face 'em again?

Big Bill: They got the jump on me, no way they'll take me straight up.

Gramps: I don't think they plan on it. They've already got Super Mario hostage.

Big Bill: Fuck!

Gramps: Cool it and let me think. (Downs half a pint of beer in a single gulp). Gaah. How's about we make our way over to my tent. I've got some toys there that could make a difference...

What

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WaHt

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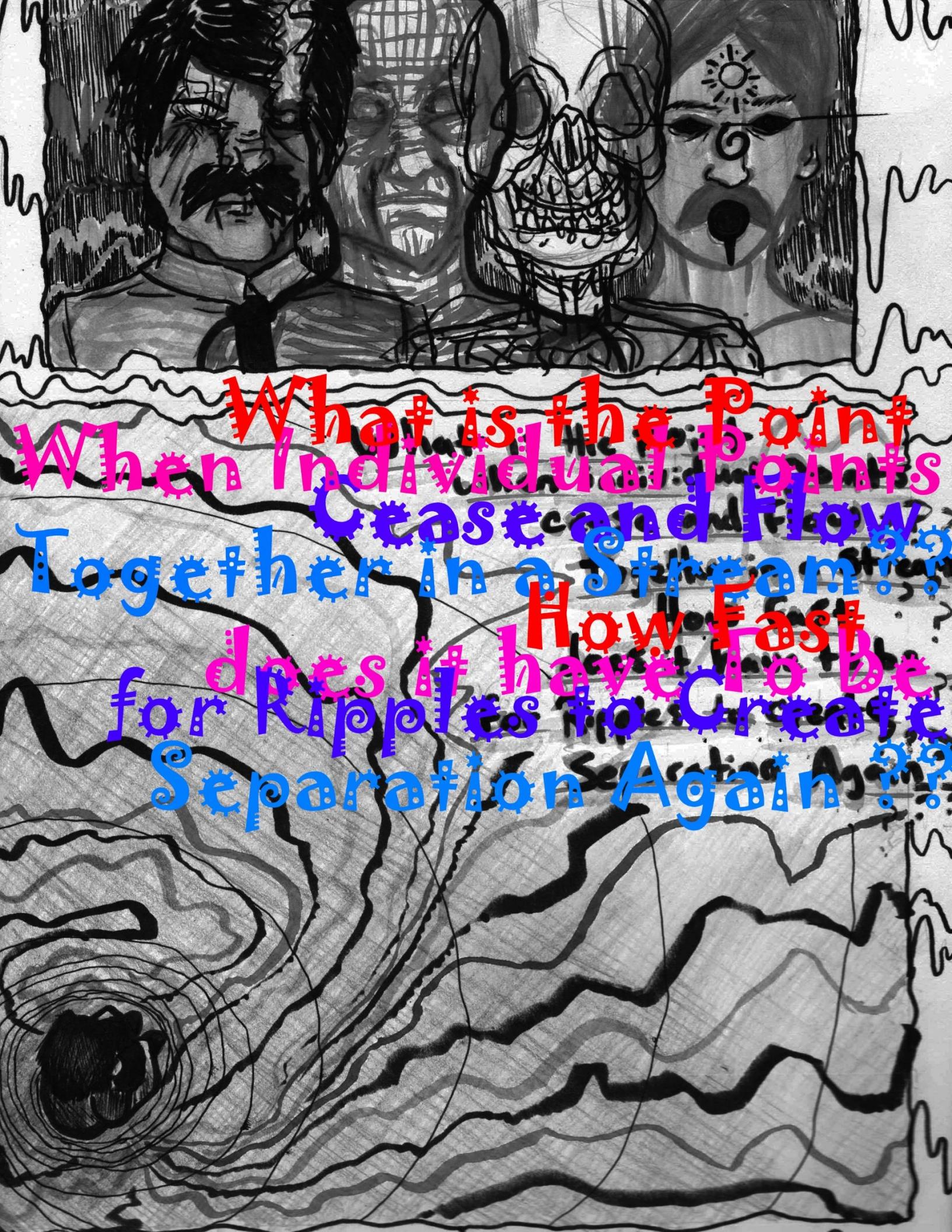
WHAT

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What is the Point
When Individual Points
Cease and Flow
Together in a Stream?
How Fast
does it have to Be
for Ripples to Create
Separation Again?



The Sense of Being
Something we
Something we
All...
all...



WOOOM
WOOOM
WOOOM



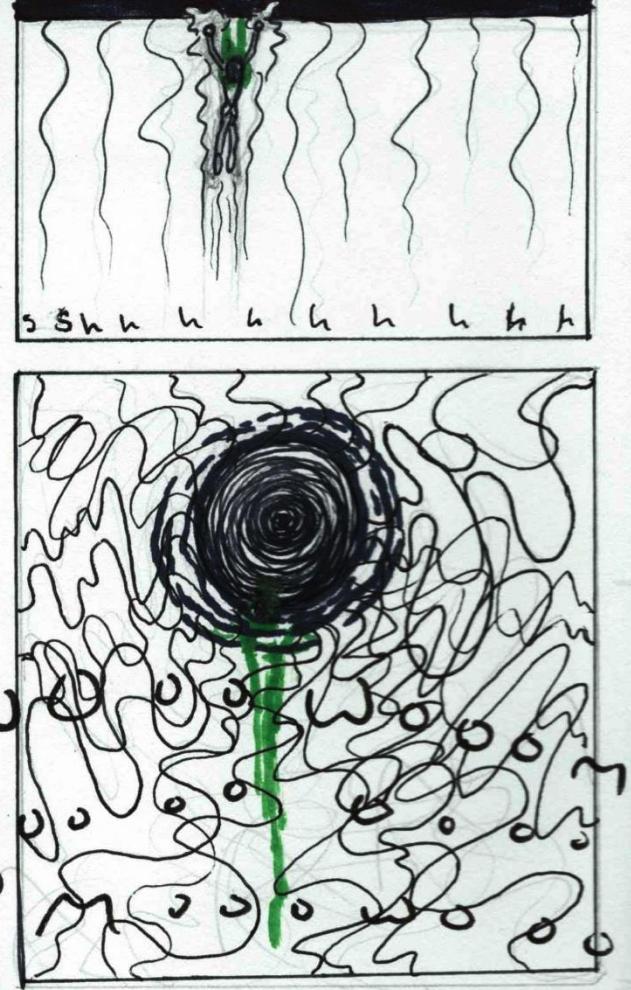
we have all
of these Infinite
Wild Things

It's hard to hold on to this



Hold ON!!!





Exterior. Tucoco Streets. Night

Un Yun floats high above the scene below, out of player's sights. The column of green flames emanating from Bob's eyes illuminates her own purple aura. I wicked smile decorates her lips as she observes the birth of a new witch, whether he lives or dies is up to his own will power.

Ceiba Sap is powerful, ingesting an entire bar is enough to disintegrate a person's brain from the inside out, but a witch with the proper mental fortitude can control Ceiba's gift. Would he make it?

If he does, she is ready to pounce. Help him realize his potential and change the color of those disgusting green eyes. But for now, she looms like a vulture.

Then, the flames dissipate altogether in a burst of silence. Bob stands on two feet facing his assailants.

It looks like he conquered the fall.

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Clear. Everything is clear to the bone. The horizon cuts the night sky and the duality of everything is apparent. The sands beneath my shoes are painted black in shadow but I can see each grain in constant flux like an endless stream of ants marching on each other. The moon glows, reflecting a spiral of radiant energy onto us beasts. I can see all colors bleeding into my singed eyes as the moon becomes an indent in the sky, pulled back from the usual flat canvas that we sleep under. This is where I was. I never left.

I look at my hands, red and cold, blue streaks writhe just under my skin like rivers on a topographical map. My veins coalesce into the mark of a reptilian, lizard like creature that crawls around the back of my hand. I breathe deep but there is a flash of pain where my shattered rib

pokes unnaturally at my side while blood dribbles down my nose to the back of my throat. My entire body burns, but I feel ok, standing tall with normal nervous responses, I find as I open and close my hand. Outside of myself, the three thugs in red stare a blank stare. They have no idea what just happened to me. Neither do I.

Then, the woman who beat me shouts something at the man wearing goggles. He shrugs, then saunters my direction with his sword drawn. I think he's going to kill me. But, he's moving so slowly. Each of his steps wades through the cool night air as if he is crossing a thick mire between us. I hear the air. I hear the silent night. He thinks he is going to kill me. I think he can't.

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Interior. Diablo's 1st floor. Night.

Gramps helps Bill to his feet. As they attempt to exit the building, Diablo places a hand on each of their shoulders.

Diablo: Hello friends, I wanted to make sure everything is fine here. I'm Diablo, proprietor of this establishment. It does my heart great sorrow to have violence fall onto my abode. That being said, I would like to assist you in any way I can. If you need medical attention or would like to be taken to a safe place or even just need another round of whiskey, I've got you.

Big Bill: Come on.

Bill and Gramps continue towards the exit, ignoring Diablo's offer.

Diablo: Could you at least tell me why those heathens attacked you? I need to know for... future preventative measures.

Gramps: Geez, this one's got a mouth on him.

Diablo pulls a flint lock pistol on the two.

Diablo: Now I'm going to need you to answer my questions kids. Step into my office.

Gramps's head hangs in an expression of 'I'm tired of this shit' while Bill snarls.

Then, an explosion rips a hole in the right wall of Diablo's. It is the goggle wearing Red Coat. He was launched like a cannonball through the wall and smashed into the bar, breaking a lot of merchandise. His body is contorted and riddled with splinters. He lets out a low moan before fading from consciousness.

Diablo's eye twitches as he drops his arms to his sides in shock.

Bill then lands a meaty punch square into D's face, knocking him to the ground and breaking his nose.

Big Bill: We out!

Bill and Gramps exit.

Well that was strange. Like water, I flow around the goggled bandit's strike. It's hard to explain, I could see his arm come down at me but it's as if it expanded from its initial point. Simultaneously, his swing was at its apex and already finished, blade to sand, melting into the jagged waves below. Instinctually, I side step, stepped, will step. I've seem to have lost track of time, or linearity for that matter because I'm still here, where I was. The blade bisected my past self but here I stand to the left of the bandit. I want to reach out and touch myself, see what kind of sorcery is afoot, but as my fingertips meet my after-image's forehead, reality ripples like a puddle disrupted by a tossed pebble. I begin to feel the tug of the void again. That magnificent stained-glass waterfall that drains into my chest.

Stop it. I plant my feet and focus my eyes. Things settle out and the rippling ceases. I am no longer a time stretched lizard being but my solid self again. Goggs has finished his swing and I am unharmed.

The only explanation is I'm hallucinating. Goggs turns his head up towards me, frustrated at his miss, but his neck stretches in slow motion still, eyes like snakes growing from his initial

position, leaving a trail of themselves behind. I have to be hallucinating. Whatever was in that soap is fucking with my head.

Reaching up to feel my face, I shiver at the slimy touch of wet blood plastered about my cheeks. Then I notice, my hands are surrounded by a clear flame, as if they had combusted and are smoking into the atmosphere but as I clasp my fists, I find they are as solid as ever. A sudden flash of aggression overtakes me and I smash my knuckles into Gogg's face just as his afterimage catches up to him. The lenses from his eye wear cut into my rugged fingers. His helmet spins sideways, slashing his cheek in the process. Capitalizing on my opening, I grab his outstretched arm and heave, hurling him over my head. This strength is unknown to me, but he flew with ease, as if we were at the bottom of a pool. I realize I've never been submerged in water before. Why do I know what that feels like? Somehow, I just know, as if the information is channeling into me from some foreign source.

Goggs hits the exterior of Diablo's, shattering it to bits as if a truck ripped through a gelatin wall. It reverberates then explodes into splinters as his body limply passed through the wooden membrane.

Moments pass when Big Bill stumbles out of the front of the bar, arm draped over Gramps's shoulder. As they make their way over to me, a warm relief soothes my chest and my hallucinations quiet. The smooth night air still sings but I manage to find my breath and slow my heart rate.

“Bob, what the fuck is going on?” yells Bill.

I respond with, “I really have no idea.” The three of us stand against the two remaining bikers who seem to be in shock from what they just witnessed. I can only imagine what they

must feel having experienced a man they beat half to death burst into flames then throw their guy through the wall of an old building. Bill and I are in bad shape, but I doubt they want to mess with us after that. Then, behind them from the B.T. Slick's tent, the spiky haired mecha girl pokes her head out from the curtain doors.

“Gramps, what the fuck is going on?” she yells.

He responds with, “I really have no idea sweetie,” flabbergast.

Then, the large bodied bandit with the crest helmet nudges the woman with his elbow. She looks over and sees our friend in the tent. I can already foresee the hostage situation about to take place.

“Get back inside!” I yell, surprised by the bass in my usual wispy voice. She looks at me annoyed until the bikers grab her. She struggles but they force her into the tent.

“Shit!”

“Damnit, those bastards got Phyll!” shouts Gramps.

“What now?” asks Bill.

“We've gotta save my granddaughters!”

“I agree,” I say more of a command than a statement. Bill wears an inquisitive expression at my confidence. I'm not the type for sudden heroism. But right here, in this moment, I feel that things are going to work out in our favor. If I can harness these illusions, afterimages, whatever the fuck is happening with my head, I may be able save Phyll.

I approach the tent, but my feet leave the ground. Am I hallucinating again? Focus, find the ground. But it doesn't help, I continue to rise and realize that I am being lifted. The bartender

from Diablo's has me in a full nelson hold and is flying me into the sky. Her eyes are now glowing purple, and she has taken on the appearance of an aged harpy over a sweet old lady. Will this fever dream ever end? I feel nauseas. Rather than vomit, my eyes flare up again. Those cold green flames whip about in the open air. They dance about me like serpents dangling from jungle trees amidst a storm.

“Hold tight dear. I’ll take you to a safe place and explain what’s going on.” Her words are meant to be reassuring but her voice is garbled as if it’s being phoned in from hell with a spotty signal.

I look down and see Gramps rushing towards the tent when the big biker is launched from the within. The entire tarp begins to ascend from the ground as if following me to the moon. The wind rustles the tarp free of its pull, revealing Ozzy Clean the Washing Machine rising high into the air on two tube like legs stretching from its bottom. Phyll rides atop, safe from the bandits. One problem dissipates, however, another arises when a man in a cowboy hat exits the bar, aiming a gun at Bill and Gramps. Chaos is loose in Tucoco and all I can do is watch as I float upward.

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