

# The Ghost of the Traitor

*A Stage Play*

2004.

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*“The world is a collective madhouse, its inhabitants are merely faking sanity. It is critical to becoming aware of these aberrations, for pretensions can be the enemy of love.” --*  
John Astin

This initial working draft of "Ghost of the Traitor" is my Christmas and New Years gift to the nation this Holiday Season, as well as being in appreciation of the Social Security disability money you're paying me for being "touched,"(interpreting this word as you please.) As a gift to the nation, this work belongs to any *American* citizen who wants it, and you may sell or do whatever with it as you like, only your right to do so is void if you mislead as to authorship, or materially or otherwise very obviously alter the text and its contents without my express approval. If you were to actually go to the trouble to perform it, you are welcome to add scenes of your own to the story – based even possibly on your own knowledge and experiences of the absurdity of *these* things – as long as doing so doesn't interfere too much with the basic structure and characters of the story as presented. Credit for such added scenes should be given to whoever wrote them naturally, not myself.

This is an unfinished work or a work in progress, I am not quite sure which. But, as they say, "we'll see." For this reason also, incidentally, the scenes are not at present numbered.

While largely fictional many of its particulars are based in large part on actual true persons and events. Although what is presented is intended as a comedy, the reality underlying it is not so. Indeed words can hardly express the fact, and it was not without some trepidation and reluctance (for fear of people thinking I was being glib, and being thus misunderstood) that I wrote this. This play should then be seen more as a secondary supplemental sort of source on the topics and kinds of persons it addresses, rather than a more primary and serious one. Yet this recognized, we may, as life allows us, laugh where we may, and, hopefully, maybe learn a few things along the way.

*Characters*

Oliver Snavely, an activist  
Julie Champion, “  
Debbie West, “  
Jasper Pool, “  
Fred Folk, “  
1<sup>st</sup> TV reporter  
2<sup>nd</sup> TV Reporter  
1<sup>st</sup> Bystander  
2<sup>nd</sup> Bystander  
3<sup>rd</sup> Bystander  
Policeman  
Police Chief  
Dr. Ruehl  
Festidious Oafmore  
K-Pax, a crony of Oafmore’s  
The Movie Director, another crony  
William Blake, a spirit person  
Sandor Vanocur, a sprite  
Axelrod Leon, “  
Goon Goomerton, *Ghost-Sorcerer*  
Dr. Insane, another but more powerful *Ghost Sorcerer*  
The Moon  
Dirty Demon  
Two radio operators  
Sir Alec Guinness. a spirit person  
Secretary  
Oafmore’s servant

*Recommended music:* “Rock With the Caveman” by Tommy Steele, and “I’m Always Chasing Rainbows” sung by Charles Harrison (and found on “Songs of WWI – From Original Recordings 1914-1926”.)

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Oliver Snavely: Great events are public, but life itself is, mostly, private. Now if only the public will cooperate we can all get on being happy! As it is we live in thrallidom to ghosts who know how to trick and scare people – that is people too cowardly, too ignorant, too irrational to fight them back – which is probably most people. It has been often said that humans were superior to animals because they were rational creatures. Well not all of us are, perhaps not even most. If we aren’t rational then what are we? I’ll tell you what we are if we aren’t rational – we are slaves, cattle, and chattel to these greedy, rotten spirit people. Out with Archemago! Out with the Orkonists! Out with and the Goomerists! Down with the lying and deceiving Christianity of Dr. Insane! Which is to say tell the truth. Oh Well as best you can anyway. And only believe people who are

capable of being wonderfully happy -- and honest. Remember the victims, the martyrs!  
Were it possible to tell you the *real* truth!

But instead I'll tell you a story. And where might this story have begun? Some few years ago, some friends of mine were out picketing an awards ceremony, awaiting the appearance of the great fraud Oafmore who because of a Faustian bargain with the demonist Goon Goomerton and Dr. Insane had been the ruin or end of so many, all this with the idea that wrong doing would bring him the greatest happiness and success.

[Scene shifts to the outdoor carpeted walkway leading into a Film and Television awards event, with appropriate onlookers, press and media. Stars and celebrity are shown in by an usher after they arrive in limousines. In the midst of the usual crowd is a small group of protestors, and carry signs which read "Tell the Truth," "Fess up Festidious!," "The Organization Against Freedom Kills Our Citizens," "Free Speech." ]

News reporter: And ladies and gentleman, here now arriving is, you all already know, yes, movie King and Media magnate, Festidious Oafmore,, producer of the 10 times nominated "The Glory and the Tragedy," accompanied [now smiling as he speaks] by his very recognizable sidekicks. Hello gentleman...

[Oafmore, K-Pax and the Movie Director, all wearing sun glasses, just coming out of their car smile back as they are see they are spoken to. The reporter stops the retinue to speak, then holds the microphone towards them.]

Reporter: Well what do you think the odds of "Glory and the Tragedy" taking home the big prize tonight?

The Movie Director: (slightly laughing) Our money is certainly on it.

Reporter: Do you think this remake of the story about metropolitan city fire fighters befriending people from another space galaxy has more relevance now since the original version you made of this film 15 years ago?

Movie Director: Let's just say it's opened new doors to people. That's what we set out to do.

[Protestors step up to center view]

Fred Folk: Murderer, madman, you don't fool everyone, we know what you've done!

Movie Director: (groaning) Not these people.

Jasper: We have proof

Oafmore: Tell it to the FBI and the CIA then. We've got the money boy that's just the way life is.

2<sup>nd</sup> reporter: (referring to protestors) Ugh, this is disgraceful.

Oafmore: (addressing protestors) You gotta do what we say boy.

Oliver: (indignant) What do you mean we have to do what you say?

Oafmore: I have the money don't I? So don't give me that. You have to do what we say.

Julie: Huh? Yeah Right!

Oliver: Wait a minute, wait a minute, hold on a second...

Oafmore: The one with the gold makes the rules.

Oliver: Oh yes but tell everyone how you *really* got that money?

Oafmore: Don't give me that boy I have the dough you have to do what I say.

Julie: Why of all the....

[Goomerton, a ghost looking like a dirty “Jesus” appears in background behind Oafmore and his associates, and in view to Oliver, but Oliver in somewhat shock is not sure if others see the ghost also, or else is too embarrassed from being surprised to say anything. Ghost then disappears.]

Usher: This way sirs [Oafmore and retinue are ushered inside the building, at the same time a policeman steps up and tells the protestors to move off from the main carpet area. Some bystanders are rather annoyed with the protestors.]

Policeman: (addressing the protestors) Come on, move along, you are not supposed to be bothering these people.

[They oblige him.]

Oliver and rest: All right, all right....

1<sup>st</sup> Bystander: Where do you people get off making such outrageous accusations.

Oliver: Here read what I wrote.

2<sup>nd</sup> Bystander: If what you are saying is true then why aren't these things mentioned in the news?

Oliver: That's the problem! The O.A.F. have such a stranglehold over the media people don't even know what's going on. No, the media haven't forgotten Hell. Their unfeigned

indifference is exactly how they deal with it. By controlling the media, Oafmore and the Organization Against Freedom would like to control who we are.

2<sup>nd</sup> Bystander: Well someone obviously forgot to take their medication I think. This is ridiculous.

3<sup>rd</sup> Bystander: Sounds like a lot of bunk. You people are the ones who don't know what you are talking about.

Fred: Do you have any idea what those people have done? That great "Movie King 's" murdered some very fine and good people a while back, made his way back with his partners safely to their hide out afterward, and by next morning proclaimed brazenly to the world their new found good fortune as well as their plans to better humanity. [Trying to get the bystander to take a pamphlet.]

3<sup>rd</sup> Bystander: A lot of good talking like that will get you (declining the pamphlet) I don't want to have to end up working at 7-11 (Bystanders laugh)

Debbie: Oh your so funny! You people are so phony. Though you like to pretend otherwise, *you* aren't *really* happy.

[Bystanders are taken aback as if not quite sure how to respond.]

1st Bystander: Yes, it's not that we aren't happy it's just you don't know about these things a certain way.

2<sup>nd</sup> Bystander: Yes, people like you are to blame.

3rd Bystander: If you people are so smart how come no one else here agrees with you.

2<sup>nd</sup> Bystander: Yes, it looks like you've been voted out of the group [referring to the crowd around them, most of whom seem in disagreement with the protestors.]

1<sup>st</sup> Bystanders: WE are the survivors.

Oliver: Survivors on "Reality Television" maybe, but not reality

Jasper: That's right.

3<sup>rd</sup> Bystander: (now fuming) Of all the....

[Police officer re-enters]

Police officer: You protestors are causing too much of a disturbance. Your going to have to leave.

Oliver: All right, all right...

[They leave, Julie disgusted, half muttering, half shouting “Cowards, traitors” as they leave.]

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[“William Blake,” a spirit person, and “Sandor Vanocur” and “Axelrod Leon,” two sprites or elf like spirit people, are sitting on a height overlooking the glowing city with a starry sky above them.]

William Blake: Why look at how all the stars and planets shine tonight.

Sandor Vanocur: Oh, I don't like to think about things like that.

Blake: Why not?

Sandor: Well, things like that are so big I am afraid they might crush me or something if I think about them too much.

Blake: By means of rational intelligence I can move the planets. Now ask me what would I move them for and I will tell you about something truly great.

Axelrod Leon: Yes, but what if the planets speak back and say you shouldn't do that?

Blake: Early on the ghost told me that the planets are not persons, and finding out later what a liar he is, I rather assume then that they are persons. So perhaps you are right, and we shouldn't move them without asking first.

Axelrod: It is not the stars and planets that scare *me*. It's the Monster Maker. So can you help me?

Sandor: No.

Axelrod: Why not?

Sandor: Because you cannot fight darkness.

Blake: The devil doesn't own darkness you know he just hides in it. If reason is used to concoct a deception, reason is needed to detect it. Have faith in God and fight the devil with reason.

Axelrod: God?

Blake: Well, certainly by reason we can find him also.



You know what you've done don't you? You've been listening a mental patient all these years.

Oafmore: I have to do these things a certain way, that's all

[Blake and the two sprites enter]

Movie Director: You have to do these things it's true, but only because you've lost your mind to insanity.

Oafmore: (shouting at him) Out of my sight! I don't want to hear you ever talking like that again

[Movie Director leaves]

Oafmore: Oh I'm so lonely I feel as if the whole earth is lonely..

Blake: That's not true. The earth is by no means lonely! It's that ghost that creates that dire feeling of loneliness when he's around, and sure enough I sense him near.

Sandor: Fight the ape army and demonistic airforce!

Oafmore: (with false piety) But the country's interests...If I don't listen to the ghost.... (pauses) If he [referring to the Movie Director] doesn't go along with us, he won't go to heaven!

[Goomerton enters looking glum]

Oafmore: What's eating you?

Sandor: Someone must be actually happy, that's why he feels bad.

Goomerton: Upon the whole, looking at this universe, I don't think much of it.

Axelrod: Compared to what?

Goomerton: Oh how I have been mistreated and misunderstood.

Sandor: Mistreated? Misunderstood? You are the one who ruined everyone else's life, including your own.

Axelrod: Villain! He says he has suffered terribly. But the truth is he hasn't even really been punished! If he really had been he would not still be able to be doing such things, and playing kingpin and despot of all things.



Blake: What in creation do you think you are doing? Haven't you murdered and maimed enough already?

Goomerton: I've done so many things, I don't think it matters.

Blake: Yes, but what good does it do you? Sure you get these know-nothings to go along, but you know full well that most people can't stand you. So what's the point?

Sandor: Hypocrite! Hypocrite! You murdered all those people and animals!

Blake: Yes, he's right. You make it sound like your situation is so unfair. Was it fair for those countless innocents who you treated so brutally?

Goomerton: You know full well that if I do things the right way I will have to live in the most intolerable squalor and misery. I don't think I deserve "it" since I didn't know what I was doing when I got into these things many years ago...

Sandor: As a young bum...

Goomerton: Besides if I do the wrong thing the right way I will get to see and hear beautiful things, like Amelia and the Hutchisen girls for instance. As few people know, I am a person with a great taste and love of what is beautiful, that's why I do these things. If I don't kill and torment all these people and animals, then I will be denied the opportunity to experience what is beautiful. And if that weren't bad enough, I would have to stay down below and suffer digging ditches. You don't expect someone of my standing to endure that?

Blake: If you're smart, you will quit while you're behind. You are only making things worse for yourself.

Sandor: There are people who don't want these things going on.

Blake: Don't say we didn't warn you.

Goomerton: Look, if demonism doesn't make me a cool person, then why did I do the wrong thing the right way all these years? Tell me that.

Axelrod: Oh ye gods, even if you can't get rid of him for being so evil, will you not do so for his being so tiresome?

[Sprites sing:]

You can blog but you can't speak.  
You can rip but you can't copy.  
If you have a touch tone phone  
please Press your selection now

otherwise if you have a rotary phone  
stay on the line to speak with an operator.

[Blake and sprites leave. As they do, Dr. Insane, appearing as a glowing “Jesus.” ]

Oafmore: (is startled at first but then smiles) We made that religious picture like you inspired us with.

Dr. Insane: Yes, I know and am pleased. Do not listen to these people second guessing you. You know what you are doing.

Oafmore: But he’s right do we still need to be killing people?

Dr. Insane: Follow your guide (referring to Goomerton.) That’s the destiny appointed you. Follow him and you will meet with favor from me.

Oafmore: Alleluia, I’ll drink to that. [Servant pours him a drink which he sips.]

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[Oliver, Julie and Jasper come to see Dr. Ruehl who wearing some strange sort of goggles, is doing something with some scientific equipment]

Oliver: Dr. Ruehl you must help us, Oafmore has a ghost working with him.

Ruehl: You must have seen Goomerton. Yes, he works for that the ghost.

Oliver: He what?

Ruehl: Yes, he works for Goon Goomerton, that’s why he committed those crimes – or has those crimes committed if you like. And that is why also he gets away with committing those crimes.

Oliver: Who exactly is Goon Goomerton?

Ruehl: I have been studying these people for years. Goomerton, a con-artist and sorcerer, is one of the minions of the Monster Maker and his strategic lieutenant Dr. Insane who it is my understanding passes himself as Jesus. Goomerton tries to do the same thing, but Insane is by far more dangerous.

Jasper: And the Monster Maker?

Ruehl: He's their unknown but in his most obvious effects evident Lord and Leader. He gets them to do the wrong thing and by that way gets people to turn themselves into monsters. It's simple. He is obsessed with isolation and damnation that being his fate, and wants you to be like him, alienated from all that's truly good. Yet he has more money

than anyone, can bribe and scare us more than anyone else, and hence gets to call the tune, or at least this is what people seem to think. These days it seems like we live our lives these days to escape the Monster Maker. Look did you see these headlines. An illness broke out which I have very good grounds to believe was planted by Goomerton.

Julie: Sounds horrible.

Ruehl: They are the *most* horrible. One of them certainly. But some people think the Monster Maker is God, so go figure. Basically as best I can determine, many, many years ago he took over what you might think of as a nuclear reactor and has been holding everyone hostage with it ever since.

Oliver: This is insane. For God's sake we have to do something!

Reuhl: We can't go after the ghost quite yet. It's too early.

Julie: What should we do?

Ruehl: I have just the idea.

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[Ruehl, Oliver, Julie, and Jasper are seen lying as if crawling in a vent duct or shaft. Ruehl with a screw driver proceeds, after some jimmying manages to remove a heavy grate, which done he and the rest climb into the office of the Police Chief.]

Police Chief (reading a newspaper): What on earth? (sees it's Dr. Ruehl) ...Oh hello Dr. Ruehl.

Dr. Ruehl: Hello chief.

Julie: Why does it so hard to get to see you?

Police officer: You know, the problems we're having with terrorism and all, the extra security is necessary.

Ruehl: Look let's get down to business. You know what I am here for. Why don't you arrest Oafmore? We have evidence he and his gang are behind any number of murders, torture, and human rights, violations too numerous to mention. He does these things because he's mixed up with spirit people.

Police: If it's a ghost involved you know I can't do anything about it.

Ruehl: No, what you are saying makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. Why not just go after Oafmore? He's no ghost!

Chief: The Organization Against Freedom has rights like any one else, and Mr. Oafmore is a fine and widely respected citizen. No one will believe the accusations you are saying.

Ruehl: No. no I do not understand the reason your giving me. I don't even think you know what I am talking about. I'm telling you something you need to know. He listens to a ghost who is the very maniac of horror! He can't stop doing the wrong thing the right way! But then a person like yourself say we can't discuss these things.

Chief: What you are talking about seems better suited to be discussed by religious people and such. It's not police business.

Ruehl: And if people cannot talk about spirit people these same victims of theirs will have no voice. Just maybe they want others spared what they went through. Just maybe they want friends and family to know the truth about what really happened, and that it wasn't really their fault what happened. But if others won't let people talk honestly openly and intelligently about spirit people it will be murdering them twice.

Julie: Look at it this way, if you condone or look the other way to torture, human rights abuse, what will you do if you end up in a world where you are tortured? If you turn a deaf ear when others cry out in trouble, what will you do if you end up in a world where others are deaf to your cries? If you stand aside and leave helpless the victims of injustice, what justice will shield you should you find yourself helpless some day? (Etc.) Things have become much too dangerous for all of us. It is long past since we can afford to let our leaders and public officials be less than fully rational, and we need a law which states as much.

Police Chief: Now be reasonable.

Julie: I am.

Police: Orders are orders ...

Jasper ... and some of those very same victims, whose lives were entirely ruined by listening to spirit people or else those who did, may come back as ghosts -- with just grounds -- to get you back for it, and they will have your hide saying "you denied us our voice just when we had the opportunity to speak."

Chief: I'm sorry I cannot help you. Until there is clear evidence my hands are tied.

Julie: Maybe if you untied yourself you could do something.

Ruehl: She's right. You don't even investigate. Look and then you will know what's going on.

Chief: That's fine for scientist like yourself doctor, but in the mean and dirty streets of life things are done a bit differently.

Ruehl: I see. [He gestures to his fellows.] Come then people I see we're just wasting our time [and he leads them out the ordinary office door.]

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[scene. Oafmore's office]

Oafmore: [speaking on the phone] I don't like that news anchor, have him fired...

Goomerton: [looking on] That's true, he wants to do the right thing the right way...

Oafmore: [still on the phone] I don't care if he's been at that job a hundred years, get rid of him! By the way, the FBI isn't giving us any trouble now are they?

Goomerton: No, they are willing to cooperate, only they say they insist they have to do the right thing the wrong way.

Oafmore: [turning to Goomerton] Why can't they do the wrong thing the right way, or at least the wrong thing the wrong way?

Goomerton: In due time, in due time. These things can't always happen over night you know.

[Dirty Demon enters.]

Dirty Demon: Bad news. There are people down below don't like what we are doing. Most of the sprites are now doing every thing they can to get out of working for us. It's the same with a lot of the demons. What should I do?

Goomerton: Tell them if they don't work for us they'll have things done to them, of course.

Dirty Demon: I did but Ultor de Lacy and some of the other sorcerers can't stand us either, and are helping them get away.

Goomerton: We'll see about that! I'll have to talk to Gomez, after my visions of rapture tonight.

Oafmore: [on the phone] I don't like the way he's acting. Get me the Mayor..[looking to Goomerton]...I'll let HIM know who's in charge...

Axelrod: Oh Brother! Look, just go down below and leave it at that before you end up making things impossible for everyone.

Oafmore: (after hanging up the phone) So I was thinking of having them call it "nine-eleven." You get it, like nine-one-one.

Goomerton: I see what you are saying.

Axelrod: Sounds like a remake of "Meteor."

Oafmore: True, true...

[K-Pax, comes into the room and throws himself into a chair. He covers his face with his hands as if very weary and frustrated.]

Oafmore: What happened?

Goomerton: (knowing full well what had happened) He was told to do something wrong, and he went out joy riding...

K-Pax: ...and I ended up killing somebody...

Oafmore: [looking to Goomerton] Do the police know?

Goomerton: Yes, but they understand the situation...

[There is a pause.]

Goomerton: [changing the subject] I think I'll go do things to Oliver Snavelly.

[Just as Goomerton finishes speaking, the Moon looking in from a window speaks:]

Moon: What is it this time? Are you still tormenting Oliver Snavelly?

Goomerton: [as if in anguish] If I don't do these things to people like Oliver Snavelly, I won't feel good about myself.

Moon: Come, come, now. You don't need to be doing these things. I have been around long enough to know this kind of carrying on won't do you people any good.

Goomerton: We have to do these things a certain way.

Moon: So you think. Give up this madness, and go down below where you belong.

Goomerton: [Not wanting to face the Moon, and speaking to Oafmore] I'm going over to Snavelly's -- to do things to him. [He exits]

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[The scene changes to the home of Oliver Snavelly is sitting in his sofa chair sat night smoking a cigar and reading a book, when suddenly from behind him he feels a great pain, as if something, unseen, is striking him. Goomerton appears behind him, but Oliver doesn't look to see him.]

Oliver Snavelly: (groaning in real pain) Oh not again. Not you again....

Goomerton: [mocking] Hunter S. Thompson says they shouldn't do these things to people like Oliver Snavelly.

Radio-operator:[Unseen, but his voice is heard]: Dom Deluise says these are the worst people.

Oliver Snavelly: He's got that right. Now will you please get out of my life? Haven't you caused me enough grief as it is? What do you keep bothering me for?

Goomerton: We will always do these things to people like Oliver Snavelly.

Radio-operator: Exactly right.

2nd Radio-operator: Exactly the right idea.

Oliver Snavelly: [non-chalantly] Listen, since you clearly aren't doing anything very special this evening, why don't you just go kill yourselves?

Goomerton: We don't know why we have to do these things in the first place.

Oliver Snavelly: You're just a parasite and a disease, that's what you are. That's just great isn't it? Any body else would have driven a stake through this corpse's hearts, and cut his head off. But Oafmore and company went into business with him. [groaning now as if in physical pain.]

2<sup>nd</sup> Radio Operator: Righteous man in the world, and he has nothing to live for.

Oliver Snavelly: Nothing to live for? You're dead, stupid! Rot in peace already! [He groans again in pain as if struck.]

Goomerton: You don't know how hard it is for those people down below.

Oliver Snavelly: If it is hard for those people down below, it's because of people like you. We know we have heard them say so, you hypocrite.

Goomerton: Beautiful man in the world and we have nothing to live for.

Radio-operator: Exactly right, exactly right....

Second Radio-operator: He knows why he has to do these things to people like Oliver Snavelly.

Goomerton: Nature Boy Rick Flair is telling people about these people. He is not someone you want to know.

Oliver Snavelly: I don't care what you are talking about, get out of my life....![groaning]

Radio-operator: People don't want to have anything to do with these people, Mr. Snavelly, Mr. Snavelly, Mr. Snavelly.

Oliver: [Shakes a fist at the sky]

Doink of the Zombosphere

Monster maker

The Ape of Demonism

your God

Frenzy of the demonist

sleep walker

of the ages

wake up!

glamor's serial killer

assassin philanthropist

predatory panhandler

of the false religion of Dr. Insane,

always in secret

Everyone else gets to live their life

but you must always attack.

The hands of Frankenstein

reaching out to strangle an entire nation!

People sold whole as food to a ghost

by well meaning economists

and deceived people!

Fool, is that riches?

Who is the truth for if not for you?

And why must you live always avoiding it?

What is choice if you don't have choice?

Who has choice if you don't have choice?

You are not to blame you say.

It's all these others.

Yet look at what you've done.

2nd Radio Operator: Righteous man in the world and he has nothing to live for....

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[Next morning. Oliver is waking up in the chair when Julie, Fred, Jasper, and Debbie announce themselves and come in.]

Oliver Snavelly: I can't go on like this.

Fred: Good news, we have the solution to our problems. Debbie here is a genius.

Oliver: Really.

Fred: Yes, really. She found this Ghost Disintegration and Electrocutation Ray, or GDER. Well, basically, it zaps ghosts. One blast of this, and poof, their gone!

Oliver: Where did you get that?

Debbie: I got it off of Ebay.

Oliver: But where can we use it?

Jasper: Wherever we can find the ghost Goomerton.

Julie: Then let's go over to the Oafmore mansion.

[Oliver smiles.]

Fred: We didn't think you'd miss it for the world.

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Secretary: Dr. Ruehl to see you Mr. Oafmore. [Ruehl walks in before anything more is said.]

Ruehl: Well how is it? Are you going let those victims have a voice? How can even *you* continue to be so hateful and cruel?

Oafmore: Listen these people have been doing things this way for years and centuries. It doesn't seem to bother their mind all that much.

Ruehl: Sure it doesn't bother them, because they know they are in their world. Now of course if you are in their world and in ours no longer, then you'd do very well to think about what you are doing, which from the look of it seems to be something like Nosferatu in reverse.

Oafmore: Nothing will stand in the way of the glorification of Duffus Uffus. And if word gets out about what happened, why our reputations would be in danger, people would suspect our motives.

Ruehl: Whose Duffus Uffus?

Oafmore: I'm Duffus, the Sorcerer is Uffus. We're like a team.

Citizen: A two headed one I see.

Ruehl: Yes, something like that.

Oafmore: I have this sorcerer to protect me.

Ruehl: Yes, but there are people after him *as well*. You never know when they might catch up with either of you. It might be now or later. But you never know now do you? Your friend -- you think -- but, without thinking twice, he will devour you as you yourself would an animal.

Oafmore: Damn those people to all Hell. They had nothing to live for anyway now did they?

Ruehl: Is that your final word?

Oafmore: That's my final word.

[Ruehl goes to leave, shaking his head.]

Ruehl: Then be prepared to meet thy maker – the Monster Maker.

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[In a room at the mansion. K-Pax, Sandor Vanocur, and Axelrod Leon, are gathered around a very glum looking Goomerton. Oafmore enters carrying a small box.]

Oafmore: Hey everybody I got us all some Zoloff... what's the matter with you now? You don't look so good.

K-Pax: Word is they have this new ghost disintegration and electrocution ray.

Oafmore: I just can't keep up with the information age. What is that?

Axelrod: It's a ray or force field gun that microwaves a ghost in mid air. If he comes through this field it emits, he's zapped! Naturally they are after Goomerton here to use it on him.

Oafmore: Oh, I see.

Axelrod: But that's not all. They are out to get you too. They say if you don't give up the ghost then you will have to give up the ghost.

Oafmore: (gulp) I am not so sure I like that idea.

Axelrod: Yes, but it could be a lot worse for someone like you.

Oafmore. How so?

Axelrod: You could die peacefully in bed.

[The activists burst in enter, some armed, some prepare to put in place the disintegration gun.]

Oliver: You said you had to do these things, but who said you had to be million, billionaires!??

[Goomerton, Oafmore and rest flee. The irate citizens are left wondering what to do when suddenly Dr. Insane, appearing as Jesus, floats down from Heaven..]

Dr. Insane: "I am the Resurrection and the life."

Oliver: It's him! Aim the G.D.E.R.

[Just as he and Fred position the weapon, the ghost of "Sir Alec Guinness" appears.]<sup>1</sup>

Julie: Sir Alec Guinness??!!

Guinness: I knew about these people too, but I didn't tell anyone. You see they are not so bad as you think...

Fred: Then you are a fool still. Even into the next life! But we like your movies, so out of the way...

[Guinness exits in terror and dismay.]

Oliver: (speaking to Dr. Insane) Villain! You are nothing but a plague and a curse.

[With the help of a Second citizen he fires the GDER at Dr. Insane, who shrieks in agony and then burns and crumbles to a pile of ashes.]

Debbie: You killed Jesus!

Jasper: That's not Jesus...

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<sup>1</sup> In a performance, this character could be changed to another well known person no longer with us. Though obviously the humor and taste of such substitution depends much on the selection.

[Dr. Ruehl enters.]

Dr. Ruehl: He's right, it isn't. You did the right thing. Given the limits of our senses and knowing, it is far easier to pretend to all existence than it is to all goodness and wisdom. And you people knew this. Even the worst devils can -- in their own mind at any rate -- mean well. This deluded person may have fully thought and believed he was Jesus. But this is merely one more telling illustration of the Monster Maker's extraordinary powers of manipulation and deception.

[faces audience.]

And should someone come to you who seems to be divine, no matter how over powering they are, always insist that they be rational. It is the easiest thing in the world for a divine person to be, and if they won't then you know right there that they aren't what you might else be expected to take them for. After all, as you have seen for yourself -- the slumber of reason breeds monsters.

THE END

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*Additional Dialogue and Scenes not (as yet) formally included.*

Movie Director: I see these innuendos, and sort of resentments you are expressing in these television shows, and the rest. But what I don't understand is, who is your audience supposed to be for all this?

Oafmore: Someone will listen.

Movie Director: Who will listen?

Oafmore: Well, of course the public by and large is made up of ignorant people. They'll listen, and they're the ones that count!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Once more Over*

[Scene with Dr. Ruehl, Oafmore, Goomeron, and K-Pax sitting in Oafmore's office.]

Dr. Ruehl. [aghast] You mean to sit there and openly confide to me here that you the one were responsible for all those serial murders?

[Oafmore nods smiling.]

Dr. Ruehl: Then how can you be involved with such a thing and at the same time claim to be promoting the Marx Brothers with this documentary you're preparing?

Oafmore: The world is not so simple as you would like to think, Dr. Ruehl.

Dr. Ruehl: Oh, it isn't is it? Well you tell me.

Oafmore: [After looking knowingly at Goomerton] What would you think, Dr. Ruehl, if I told you the Marx Brothers murdered some people?

K-Pax: And Abbott and Costello too. [Oafmore nods]

Dr. Ruehl: I would say that sounds crazy.

Oafmore: So you and everyone would think. But you don't know how these things really are.

Dr. Ruehl: How do you know this?

Oafmore: [gesturing to Goomerton] These people told me.

Dr. Ruehl: That person is a complete lunatic. How can you trust what he tells you?

Oafmore: You see Dr. Ruehl, we know about these things a certain way.

Dr. Ruehl: Oh yes you had mentioned that.

Goomerton: No, greatness doesn't come cheaply Dr. Ruehl, and there are simply some things it is better the world doesn't know about.

Dr. Ruehl: I'll say.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Devils: [addressing Oafmore] "What's this? Forgetting your friends already? What then are we supposed to do while you are off having good times with Jesus Christ?"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*The Derelict from the Past of Future Days*

Oliver: How long has Oafmore been like that?

Dr. Ruehl: Pretty much all his life.

Julie: Will they ever punish him?

Ruehl: Probably not actually because when he finally does come to and realizes what he's been doing all these years, he'll feel like such a pile of garbage no one will feel the need to.

Oliver: I just can't figure it with these people. If they dedicated themselves heart mind and soul to demonism and doing things to hurt others, what's in it for them?

Ruehl: They get jealous that's why. So..

Oliver: So?

Ruehl: So they don't want people having to good, and run these brain radios, torment, harass, and in general force themselves on those who won't do things their way -- and then those who do do things their way.

Oliver: Him and Goomerton should be with people like themselves, and not be bothering the rest of us.

Julie: Yes now what's wrong with that?

Ruehl: They can't stand those people.

[Goomerton suddenly appears]

Goomerton: Don't laugh. I have nothing to live for!

Julie: You have yourself don't you?

Ruehl: I am sure that's what he means.

Goomerton: Very funny all of you! Even as I speak great terrors are being prepared for the three of you. You will live your lives a certain way, adhere to the code of silence, or suffer the consequences!

Oliver: At one time you and Oafmore complained that if you didn't have great wealth and power, how were you ever going to be popular, successful celebrities? Well, you have all

the money and power in the world, and for a very long time now. So what's the problem? Why are still having to force yourselves on people?

Goomerton: [pointing to the sky] These things have to be done a certain way. [He then vanishes.]

Ruehl: Whoa!

Julie: Doesn't he give you the creeps?

Oliver: He does me all right.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

### *The Old Demonist, or the Price of Celebrity*

Secretary: Here's that list you requested Mr. Oafmore of people and animals murdered in the last decade, with an attachment of reputations and careers ruined as well. [Leaves.]

Gretchen: I'm not sure I understand. Does our strength and power ultimately lie in that we are victorious or in that we are deserving of the greatest pity?

Oafmore: Don't be so cynical. I acquired all this fantastic wealth and honors of life for you, for us. Now what then shall we live for?

Gretchen: Oh I don't know...peace, justice, freedom?

Oafmore: Not possible. It'd ruin business. Think of something else.

Gretchen: What? (pauses) I have to go. [She leaves. Oafmore sits down rubbing his head, holding the papers his secretary had handed him. Goomerton appears behind him.

Oafmore, without looking at the other, glances at the list.]

Oafmore: It will be all right for these people won't it? Like you said.

Goomerton: You have my solemn assurance that they went to heaven. And if not, don't worry yourself. It doesn't matter anyway. After all if it did then that's where they would have gone wouldn't they?

Oafmore: I see what you're saying.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

### *Executive Suite*

[Oafmore is sitting down in front of the television, while K-Pax, and the Movie Director loiter in the background.]

Oafmore. Television just doesn't engage me any more. What's this all about?

K-Pax: It's "Celebrity Fear Factor" in which contestants square off in different events to see who's left standing.

Oafmore: What celebrities will they be having tonight?

Movie Director: Those are the celebrities.

Oafmore: I see, I see.

K-Pax: What's wrong?

Oafmore: They aren't going to the movie theater anymore like they're supposed to.

K-Pax: Why not not give away free tickets as a promotion?

Movie Director: We are giving away free tickets but they still won't come.

Oafmore: What about cracking down on those websites and that internet. Certainly they must be drawing away much of the audience.

Movie Director: We've already done that.

Oafmore: Boika's marauders were taking care of that, correct?

Movie Director: Boika's mauraunders, yes.

Oafmore: Oh well, at least there's always the evening news. That's something they will have to watch.

K-Pax: Even the President of the United States.

Oafmore: Even the President of the United States, that's right.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He finds his greatest goodness in tricks of ghosts, mere images, and the drugs angels and spirit people use, knowing nothing of life, reason, and real love.

Now, it's not that you lack good. You have and had tremendous good. No the problem is there's too much bad, and it makes you think you lack what's good (your "Oh woe is me!") But who's to blame for the bad? The good? No, the bad. So why don't you fight the bad?

"Because if I do he says he won't let me have it good."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He wears a mask to hide his face.

"The Phantom of the Opera knew no disgrace!

for how could such be

if his face they cannot see?"

He listens to an ancient ghost,

whose gossip is his greatest boast,

who every time he's shown the door

says he's nothing to live for.

He gave his heart to demonism!

Rumplestiltskin is his name

Being interesting is his game.

And if they don't do these things a certain way,

he's afraid he'll go to Purgatory.

But Oh can anybody tell

why he thinks there is no Hell?

He spies on you, he spies on me

from foreign terrorists we must be free.

Religion, and magic are his favorite shows,

and putting in your head his radio.

He gives our President just the plan

to rid us all of terrorism.

Then an anti-war protest orchestrates

for the very plan he detonates.

He gave his heart to demonism! (etc.)

[from Jan.-Feb. 2007]

I really do think my (unfinished) "Ghost of the Traitor" play has great potential as the basis for a television series; prospectively contemplating which, I've decided to jot down ideas for episodes as they come to me. Here for now, and for starters, are a few:

\* Oafmore decides he is going to disguise himself in order to see if people won't like his movies that way.

\* Oafmore, in order to show his philanthropic side, decides to specially sponsor, promote and put in the media spot light a contender in the Special Olympics -- but with disastrous results for the poor athlete.

\* Oafmore and the Man Without a Face. Although even Oafmore can't stand him, he knows from Goomerton he needs MAAF to keep things going. This episode then concerns the fine balancing act between Oafmore's role of entertainment mogul and his role as accomplice in the gangster violence and terror that helps keep him in power. We also in this episode learn of the MAAF's personal goals and aspirations; but which circumstances have sadly thwarted and frustrated.

\* Dr. Ruehl has figured out a way to scientifically prove that Oafmore is using brain torture radios, but meets with all kinds of obstacles in trying to get a hearing from the academic community, and who continue to insist, without explanation, that what Ruehl is saying cannot possibly be true.

\* Again with all good intention, Oafmore does for Gretchen much like what he did for the Special Olympics contender; only in this case Gretchen gets her revenge.

\* K-Pax and the computer nerds. K-Pax confronts serious moral questions and self-searching when one of the young computer hackers working for Oafmore explains to him that hacking is actually illegal.

\* After having it explained to him what it is, Oafmore makes preparations to go and receive the Gene (sic) Hersholt humanitarian award! But wait! Potential trouble brews when police investigators uncover a number of bodies buried on a ranch he formerly owned.

\* A Case of Road Rage. Goomerton under the "demonizing influence" goes haywire and, in his devilment, causes all kind of road rage among drivers on the freeway. Faced with alarming number of instances being reported, Oafmore then finds himself having to explain via the evening news what's supposed to be the real cause of what's going on, namely these people are suffering from a certain chemical imbalance -- and for which his pharmaceutical company has just the cure!

\* Dorky the Robot Sorcerer. Left with a warehouse of Dorky the Robot Sorcerer toys (a tie in to Oafmore's movie of the same name) that couldn't be sold, no one wants to tell Oafmore the bad news and who otherwise had been misled to believe they were best sellers. In order to spare him the



truth, it's up to the Movie Director and K-Pax to figure out a way of paying people to buy them.

\* Oafmore finds himself a victim of his own success when after chasing out tobacco company executives with the usual "persuasion," he manages to take over much of the tobacco industry. As a result lighting up suddenly becomes fashionable; only will the increased smoking sit well with the higher ranking deities Oafmore relies on who are allergic to it?

\* Strange and perplexing troubles befall an upper CIA officer; shortly after he starts raising questions with other officials as to why Festidius Oafmore is being granted National Security clearance.

\* At various point in the Oafmore story, Oafmore acquiesces to and accomplices (to some point) the cruelties Goomerton perpetually inflicts on others. In this episode we find out that the reason for this is Goomerton can bring him to tears by getting Oafmore to feel sorry for him (i.e. Goomerton), accompanied by Goomerton's sad but well placed references concerning the plight of people like himself who did not get a fair shake in life.

\* Oafmore's Eleven. After going through a near death experience in which he sees "Jesus" (really Dr. Insane), Oafmore undergoes a sudden conversion; as part of which, and despite objections from some colleagues and his customers, an effort is made on his part to bring Christianity to his casino and gaming establishments.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Having for many years now become in effect the space alien in my life, you can report back to your leader tell him that you have succeeded in your mission of making me completely miserable. All I suppose that's left for me to say to you now is: *rock on, ghost people, rock on.*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Such extraordinary riches, power, and dominion! And yet at the price of ultimately having to become something out of an H.P. Lovecraft novel.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"What! No face at all?!"

Well, as far as I could learn, there are two ears, some hair, and maybe a bit of an eye and mouth. But that would be about the best I could say.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

A: Look, there is no possible reason that you or anyone needs to run brain torture radios on others in order so that you can live your own life!

Man Without A Face: You say that but these people tell me otherwise.

A: [hands him a picture] Who's in this picture? Do you recognize him?

MWAF: Yes, I do. It's Mr. Magoo.

A: O.K. Now what is Mr. Magoo's problem? [pause] His problem is he doesn't see straight and can't tell what's going on in reality. You have no right making a living by running brain torture radios -- not now, not ever! It *doesn't* make any sense!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*The Stranger*

He came to town;  
He's the stranger.  
That's right the stranger.  
He's the stranger;  
That's all he is;  
That' all he ever was;  
That's all he'll ever be to me.

He's no friend of mine;  
He's borderline.  
No one has greater money or place  
As long as someone else  
Ties his shoe lace.

"Indulge yourself for years."  
"Money kills fear."  
When he can live his life without me  
Is when he can go on  
Speaking so free.

In the olden times  
They'd have hanged him.  
But because more mercy needs a fool,  
We'll only see him sent  
To reform school.

Yet *if* he stays set,  
Weirder it gets;  
Sprites and angels hover round him so;  
Some say it's sorcery,  
Some Yugi Oh.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"I want you to walk down to [the closest largest city or town] and there you will go to a certain address and you will meet a person who will hand over to you a check in your name in the amount of \$500. You are then to proceed to a certain location and using some of the money from that check, you are to purchase a T shirt at a specified location, and then put it on. After this, I want you to walk over to main street, that is nearby, and then repeat certain words aloud that I will give to you just before you reach that destination. Only if you do *this* -- can I assist you."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*An Imaginary Encounter*

1st Citizen: O.K. It's settled then now, isn't it? You have a billion dollars, right? You have all these wonderful people working for you, right? O.K. so no more torture and no more stalking and harassing of people, is that fair?

2nd Citizen: No.

1st Citizen: What do you mean no?

2nd Citizen: We can't do what you are asking us -- it's too hard to mind our own business.

1st Citizen: What do you mean it's too hard to mind your own business? Why people mind their own business all the time. It's a piece of cake. It's easy; believe me. Trust me on this. No, I think the real problem is that you just aren't applying yourself enough.

2nd Citizen: I'm no Christian.

1st Citizen: Who says you have to be Christian in order to mind your own business?

2nd Citizen: You are making me bear a cross.

1st Citizen: No, I am not; on the contrary, minding your own business is the easiest thing in the world. Besides, be reasonable after all; you're getting away with murder like crazy as it is, aren't you?

2nd Citizen: Maybe, but we still have to do the wrong thing.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He might, after all, be no more answerable or better than a dog with a spritz in him; all the more reason to be cautious and (to some degree) empathetic in our judging and condemning him -- and despite his high position and despite his continually harsh, indeed violent, conduct.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The one who wins in *this* game is not so much the one left standing but the one who is most wise and intelligent. Now it goes pretty much without saying that, aside from certain kinds of (or occasional) technical cleverness, the vast majority, if not all, of our opponents are and for the most part losers and defacto slaves in this department. This leaves us then with their supreme mastermind to contend with.

It is an essential aspect of his awesome strength to reject real happiness. It's enough for him to be a slimy monster of great destructive power (i.e. "congratulations champ, you've made the grade" or "rejoice, for now your heart is full," etc.) We, on the other hand, are not so easily satisfied; so that it is necessary for us to hold to basic morals and honest reason; since these are the basis of true happiness. This can cause us to be weak in ways in which he is strong -- but not at all times and not necessarily.

In order then for us to win we merely need otherwise to be able ultimately to either get away from or get rid of him. In this respect the victory conditions we have to achieve are very simple and straightforward and not so challenging after all to attain -- as long as we remain lasting in our faith and conviction. Yet if you

still think this difficult, try subscribing to a cosmological view which assumes the world revolves around evil and see if you can or will do any better.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

For those of you who don't already know, there is a *real* Dr. Ruehl, and he is not merely a fictional character I invented for "Ghost of the Traitor." Here's proof.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dkmJauZdGo8>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He will say this and will have said that; as if this or that were the *reason* he does the wrong thing as much as he does. But don't you believe it. He does the wrong thing as bad as he does not because he is wise, rational and experienced but because he is irrational and frightened and listens in secret to spirit people who tell him how things "really" are. And this you see, more than anything else, is why a great fool and madman is what he is.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Some Lost Dialogue*

Goomerton: I always have to do the wrong thing a certain way, Mr. Snavelly.

Snavelly: Yes, well, *that much* I can see for myself. You know, you think you are so smart, but in my opinion, I think you are just this person who has had mind control done to him and you don't even know *what* you are doing.

Goomerton: Oh you do, do you?

Snavelly: Yes, I do. Don't you see how good people have it when ghosts like you aren't around?...*(pause)*... No I suppose you wouldn't. Look since you told me a while back that you do both the right thing and the wrong thing, that you visit both Heaven and Hell, then why not do the obvious thing -- *and go kill yourself!?* The one thing that *would* please *everyone* and he won't do it.

Axelrod Leon: He *does* these things a certain way; so he *knows* about these things a certain way.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Oafmore: I have to do the wrong thing a certain way. None of this Mr. Nice Guy stuff, see -- I'm no sap! And if that means immolating children like he says, well so be it!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Scene. *Oafmore's office. Sitting with Oafmore in the room is a movie star and the Police Chief.*

Oafmore (addressing the movie star): Johnny Depp is a star. Russell Crowe is a star. *You* are not a star anymore.

Movie star: What do you mean I am not a star anymore?

K-Pax (entering the room): Apparently you simply are not meeting up to the public's expectations.

Movie star: The *public's* expectations! Give me a break!

Oafmore: I'll give you a break. Get out of my office right now -- I don't want to see you ever again.

*Movie stars makes an effort to respond but K-Pax stops him.*

K-Pax: I think you better just go.

*Movie star groans and leaves.*

Oafmore (addressing K-Pax): So how's work coming on part four of the Dorky Trilogy?

K-Pax: How does next top grossing film of all time sound to you?

Oafmore: Sounds to me just fine. Oh, by the way, K-Pax this is the police chief. (Turns to the police chief.) Anyway, chief you were saying before?

Police Chief: Sorry to bother you, but we have been getting these complaints. They want us to do something about the spam and computers viruses your people are putting out.

Oafmore: Chief, stop and think about it this way. Who do you think employs all those people making virus and spam -- thus bringing money into the community?

Police Chief: You do.

Oafmore: And who do you think is paid to go after those people? You are. If you don't have anyone to go after then don't you see? *You* are out of a job.

Chief: That's just it, what is the point of going after them if we can't actually prosecute them?

Oafmore: I would think the answer to that was obvious. It would make us look bad.

Chief: What then am I supposed to tell these people making complaints?

K-Pax: Tell them simply you are hard on it. We'll gradually phase out the more intense viruses and spamming -- and start up something else.

*Oafmore nods.*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Oafmore for Pros*

A word of explanation -- some might question the plausibility of my suggesting that Oafmore (or someone like him) would need to send out mass spam or computer viruses. Let me then explain, for those who don't understand already, that someone like Oafmore is in with certain spirit people and who are the true basis of his power and wealth (not his movies or his own great intelligence and business acumen.) As part of what they want, they need to have a certain amount of crime or "doing the wrong thing" going on -- for this is one of the real reasons why they empower Oafmore in the first place. Oafmore, of course, because he wants his big money and position accordingly assists and accommodates them in what they desire; so that the

motive, to use the example of creating computer viruses, originates not with Oafmore but with his spirit person friends. Of course, why should he care himself about doing such things?

As stated in the preface to my "Ghost of the Traitor" I, in effect, welcome others, if they are so interested or inclined, adding to and modify the script to suit themselves. Part of the reason for my making available or giving away "GOTT" is that being a dramatic and overtly a work of comedic entertainment I originally would have liked it to have been a collaborative effort; for the subject of the play particularly lends itself to such. At the same time, others have Oafmore or Goomerton experiences or related characters of their own which can be injected into the story and whom or which they know better than I myself and who naturally are in a better position to relate such.

Some things to keep in mind about much of the humor underlying "GOTT" are:

- 1) Oafmore can pretty much (but not always) do what he wants to the limit of his own idea of what is right or wrong depending on how he feels at a given time; oblivious to all morals as is necessary in order to suit his given whim or whims.
- 2) As part of his outlook on life, he will sometimes try or think of himself as helping people by doing the wrong thing.
- 3) Although a respected pillar of society, Oafmore is in with the worst sort of monsters, indeed to an extent is one himself; but an incongruity further arises in that he is also supposed to be "Mr. Entertainment."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The most cataclysmic of events can sometimes rest or ride on some of what are actually very simple elements. Let me illustrate. Some of the most very powerful, influential and commanding people in society are not infrequently individuals who think they are authorized or licensed (though through the kind and special auspices of their designated spirit person companion) by God to commit crimes. But is it God whom they hear this from? The logic of this puzzle is and should be very straightforward (it might not, after all, be God.) But by what means might such a person be led to believe it is God granting him permission to act criminally as he does? Well, he has this friend, a magician spirit person, who has been doing the wrong thing for a very, very long time; and this friend the magician, with the considerable experience of many ages, really doesn't think it matters. Our subject, notwithstanding is a little bit hesitant at first. "What! Don't believe me?" says the magician, "Why, look who has just come in..." With a heavenly glow from without the sky, with perhaps a reverberating voice suddenly making itself felt within, or perhaps in the form of "Jesus" or other well known or familiar religious figure, the "deity" arrives on the scene to leave our subject overwhelmed and assured that they *do* know the magician, are good friends of his, and understand his situation. Our subject, not unknown for being easily affected, timorous and irrational, now has the convincing proof he needs to proceed as his friend directs and inclination leads.

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"True, if one can casually or routinely get away with torture and murder, what can't one get away with? But you have been acting like a crazy man now for many years; don't even you think that maybe it is time for you to get your life together, move on and leave all these people alone already? These times are demanding for all of us and call us, including you, to something higher and greater than ourselves. Wouldn't it make more sense then for you, after all, to now do the wise and sensible thing and mind your own business?"

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*Oafmore:* This movie, let's face it, it's no good.

*K-Pax:* All right. Then in that case let's just say it's a kids' movie. Problem solved.

*Oafmore*: Good idea. One other thing. We need some TV shows with a superhero, a funny clown character, a princess, pirate, and a wizard.

*Movie Producer*: How soon do you need them?

*Oafmore*: Oh, a month or so before the fall line up airs.

*Movie Producer*: Consider it done.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

After decades of running Hollywood and the mass media, and with ticket sales plummeting, *Oafmore* arrives at the obvious conclusion that it must be that people just aren't interested in movies anymore.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

When *Oafmore* takes over a chain of pancake houses, *K-Pax*, through the grapevine, lets it be known to common, everyday people that by eating at his pancake house restaurants they will be doing things *a certain way*. In response, and as a safe alternative to doing the wrong thing, people start visiting these restaurants in droves. *Oafmore* then comes to hear about the extraordinary and phenomenal success of his restaurants (not quite understanding the real reason for that success) as demand for his pancakes skyrocket. As always and ever at a loss of either quite knowing or finding his true identity, he then begins to start seeing and imagining himself as a popular and savvy pancake entrepreneur.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Goomerton* transforms *Oafmore* into a masked super hero (and what follows as a result.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Fan: Well, we, yeah, we like Spiderman, Batman, Green Lantern and all but...

*Oafmore*: But what?

Fan: ...Do *you* have to be involved?

*Oafmore*: Do I have to be involved? Why son, that's how you get your super heroes. Through me. No me, no super heroes.

Fan: (resignedly) O.k...

*Oafmore*: (aside to *K-Pax*) What's with these kids?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*K-Pax*: [Seated, browsing the internet from his laptop] It's already been a few days, and I have seen one Progressive Insurance add with that girl in it...

*Oafmore*: [At his desk with a magazine, looks up.] Oh?

[Pause.]

K-Pax: I'm sure glad *I'm* not a serial killer.

Oafmore: [Again starts up.] What's necessarily so terrible about that?

K-Pax: Why, I would think that would be a hard fate for anyone.

Oafmore: Well, this "Dexter" craze certainly seems to have taken public interest by storm.

K-Pax: True, true...

[Pauses.] K-Pax: A Dram-works theme park in New Jersey? Don't tell me you are serious.

Oafmore: What's there to it? We make a few more multi-million dollar movies and cartoons -- and we're in.

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[Oafmore. Silent, pensive and hands folded under his nose.]

K-Pax: Penny for your thoughts?

Oafmore: Yes, what audiences want is a non-stop, action, pyro-technic, bolt-action thrill-ride.

[K-Pax gets up to turn on the television, and the news comes on mid-broadcast.]

Television commentator speaking: ...Police say the victims ages ranged from five to seven years old...

Oafmore: *On the other hand*...I don't know that we have done a Shrek picture in a while.

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Psychiatrist: Think back. There was a street. And on that street was a pet shop.

Oafmore (Lying on a couch, rubbing his folded hands as if in thought): All right. (Closes his eyes.)

Psychiatrist: Now if you think more closely, that shop had an very large window...

(Oafmore nods in acknowledgment.)

Psychiatrist: ...and in that window sat a giant ape...with a hat, trousers...

Oafmore (Starts up and opens his eyes): Magilla Gorilla?!!!

The Psychiatrist (Continuing): Now that pet shop had an owner. Can you tell me his name?

Oafmore: Ahh, jeez. (He rubs his forehead but can't seem to come up with an answer.)

(Suddenly K-Pax, who is sitting a short distance away from the two, interjects.)

K-Pax: Mr. Peebles?



Oafmore (Angrily): Will you keep quiet! (He then turns calmly to the psychiatrist.) Mr. Peebles?!

Psychiatrist: That's right, Mr. Peebles. So you see, *you do* actually remember these things; only they are locked inside your subconscious.

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