

***RICO SLADE***  
**WILL FUCKING**  
**KILL YOU**

## Praise for Bradley Sands

“Nothing I could dream up compares to the strangeness and wildness of *Sorry I Ruined Your Orgy*. You should read this book.”

—Shane Jones, author of *Light Boxes*

“*Sorry I Ruined Your Orgy* is like an Adult Swim show written by Russell Edson.”

—Carlton Mellick III, author of *The Cannibals of Candyland*

“There’s a place past all reason, most possibility, and all the jokes I can think of. A place shaped kind of like the human heart. Bradley Sands doesn’t write about this place, but he writes from it, pushing farther into the unguessable with each word, each scene.”

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“Reading the work of Bradley Sands caused me to vomit happiness from my eyeballs. Highly recommended.”

—Kevin L. Donihe, author of *House of Houses*

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**Bradley Sands**

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# 1

## **Rico Slade XXII: Mile High Annihilation**

Rico Slade doesn't want to see pictures of your dead relatives. Rico Slade doesn't care about the political climate or who won last night's game. Rico Slade just wants to sip on a drink with a tiny umbrella and enjoy his flight. Rico Slade has racked up a lot of frequent flyer miles. Rico Slade has a lot of time to kill. Rico Slade doesn't have anywhere to be except in the sky. Rico Slade's favorite food is the honey roasted peanut.

"My Albert could wipe the smile off a lucky lotto jackpot winner from a thousand miles away, God rest his soul," says the old lady sitting next to him. Her name is Esmeralda.

"Guy sounds like a scumdog to me," Rico Slade says, using one of his catchphrases. Rico Slade wants to rip out the throat of the airline employee who sold this old lady her plane ticket.

Rico Slade can rip out a throat with his bare hands. Rico Slade enjoys ripping out throats with his bare hands. Rico Slade wears a leopard skin jacket and never takes off his sunglasses. Rico Slade does this so the police know he's the good guy and don't shoot bullets into him after he saves the day. Rico Slade also maintains a giant pompadour. Rico Slade does this so the police can identify him as a practitioner of badassery.

A man is walking towards the cockpit. His name is Kent. No one on the plane knows this. Kent likes it that way. He is carrying a large swordfish. The swordfish is dead. It has been

dead a long time. Kent stole it off a rich man's wall. To smuggle it on the plane, he bribed a baggage handler with money he stole out of the rich man's safe. He also stole a Picasso. The rich man's wall is not happy about meeting Kent.

Kent is the embodiment of evil. His Hawaiian shirt and Bermuda shorts are a dead giveaway. He has never been on a tropical vacation.

"People just don't understand the IRS these days," says Esmeralda. "If money is the lubricant of the economic engine, they're its—"

"Did you see that?" interrupts Rico Slade. He is referring to the man with the swordfish. Seeing the swordfish man has caused Rico Slade to spill his drink. There is a wet spot on his lap. The mini umbrella has disappointed him. Rico Slade crushes it.

"See what?" Esmeralda says.

Kent barges into the cockpit. The cockpit door slams shut behind him. He says, "Alright! This is a hijacking!" The door is made of insulated steel. Rico Slade has very good hearing. Rico Slade remains cool and collected. The other passengers also remain cool and collected. They have normal hearing. Esmeralda has poor hearing. She can only hear someone when they shout in her ear.

In the cockpit, the pilot asks: "Sir, how did you get that swordfish on the plane?"

"Never mind that!" says Kent. "Take me to Tokyo Disney or the stewardess gets it!"

There is no stewardess in the cockpit. The pilot is still afraid. Kent's dialogue is awful, but Kent's swordfish is large.

In the cabin, Esmeralda's throat says, "AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!" as Rico Slade rips it out. Rico Slade couldn't help himself.



Sometimes the good guy rips out innocent people's throats. That's just something the world needs to live with if it wants the good guy to keep saving the day. Rico Slade comforts her, cuddles her, gives her a peck on the cheek. She feels a little better about missing a throat. Rico Slade is very attractive.

"Don't worry," Rico Slade tells Esmeralda's throat. "This sort of thing seems to happen to me at least twice a week."

"But we haven't the fuel," says the captain to Kent. "This was only supposed to be a three hour flight!"

"I don't care if you don't have enough fuel!" Kent shouts. "Make it happen!" Kent likes to shout. He likes to give people headaches. He likes to sell bottles of aspirin at inflated prices.

"But—"

"No buts!" says Kent. "You can direct any complaints to my compadre with the missile who is currently occupying the bathroom."

"Please excuse me," Rico Slade says to Esmeralda's throat. His hearing is really quite good.

Rico Slade walks to the bathroom door, knocks.

The door opens. A man says, "What do you want?" His name is Leonard. He is Kent's compadre. He is wearing a bad wig and a jacket made of dynamite. Only cruel people wear bad wigs and jackets made of dynamite.

Rico Slade karate kicks Leonard in the face. His wig falls off. He is bald.

Leonard leans against the bathroom wall. He looks dazed, panicked. A large missile is lying on the floor next to the toilet. The missile is made of plastic. It is now wearing Leonard's wig.

Leonard lights a match. He holds it next to his jacket made of dynamite. "You crazy?!" he asks.

Rico Slade does not answer. Rico Slade doesn't have a good catchphrase to respond with.

Rico Slade picks up the large missile and speed-walks away from the bathroom. Fireworks go off inside it. Passengers stare at the large missile. They are distressed but mildly aroused. The missile is still wearing Leonard's wig.

Rico Slade defies gravity. Rico Slade attaches himself to the ceiling above the cockpit door, and knocks.

Kent pokes his head out and says, "What the hell is going on out here?" Rico Slade drops the giant missile on Kent's head.

Kent looks up at the missile. He says "Oh shi-" The missile hits him before he gets to make the "t" sound at the end. The Motion Picture Association of America wipes the sweat off its brow and sings the PG-13 song.

Rico Slade says, "It may be plastic, but it still makes a deadly weapon."

Kent rubs his head and says, "It's goddamn un-American for you to oppose me. I'm just doing my part to strike back against Japanese imperialism." He jabs at Rico Slade with his swordfish.

Rico Slade dodges it with a flip and lands in the aisle.

Kent says, "I got a job waiting for me at Tokyo Disney playing Mickey."

Kent swings at Rico Slade with the swordfish again. It gets stuck in the wall. He tries to get it unstuck. This takes a while, so he talks some more: "I plan on taking off my mask in the presence of as many Japanese children as possible."

Kent gives up on the swordfish. Rico Slade does not expect this. Kent takes advantage of Rico Slade's surprise by punching him in the nose. Kent says, "I'll traumatize the youth of today so they won't excel in anything but food service tomorrow."

Leonard yells, "You bastard!"

Rico Slade and Kent stare at Leonard. "Eh?" they say in unison.

Leonard has been badly burnt. He is smoldering. He is also smoking a Virginia Slim cigarette. This is against the rules of the airline. Leonard is turning the lever on the plane's emergency hatch. He is taking his time. He has something to say: "You didn't know I was only wearing firecrackers, did you?"

Rico Slade *did* know. Rico Slade thinks Leonard might be mildly retarded.

Leonard opens the hatch. He is sucked out of the plane. He falls through the air. He smiles, says, "Now everyone dies!" He frowns. "Next time I'll remember to pay attention to the pre-flight safety demonstration." He falls to his death.

Honey roasted peanut wrappers fly around the plane. The passengers are terrified. They would be even more terrified if they weren't wearing seatbelts.

Rico Slade and Kent are clinging to the walls to avoid being sucked out of the plane. They wrestle. They do not know how to wrestle while clinging to the walls. They are sucked towards the hatch. They are sucked out of the plane.

Rico Slade grabs the wing. Kent grabs Rico Slade's foot. Rico Slade's grip is loosening. Rico Slade shakes his foot. Rico Slade does not like to have his foot grabbed.

Kent does a flip. He lands on the wing, and stands on it. This impresses Rico Slade. "Impressive," Rico Slade says.

Kent kicks Rico Slade in the face. Rico Slade does not like to be kicked in the face. Rico Slade makes a grumpy face on top of his kicked-looking face.

Rico Slade is losing his grip on the wing. Rico Slade does a flip and grabs hold of Kent's tighty whities. They are not clean. Rico Slade is disgusted.

Kent loses his balance. Rico Slade loses his leopard skin jacket. "Damn," Rico Slade says, "I loved that jacket!" There is a parachute underneath his jacket. It opens. Rico Slade and Kent parachute down while Rico Slade gives Kent a sky wedge.

They land safely at Disney World in Orlando, Florida.

Rico Slade stands, triumphant. Kent is lying on top of a

sweaty staff member in a Disney character costume. The staff member has broken many bones.

“Waaaaaah! The bad man killed Goofy!” says an adorable crying toddler.

The plane crashes into Cinderella’s Castle.

“Look what you’ve done to the happiest place on Earth!” says a widow in a FLORIDA IS FOR LOVERS t-shirt.

Rico Slade rips out her throat with his bare hands.

## 2

### Jared Bruckheiny Is Unsatisfied

“Cut!” Jared Bruckheiny says. He throws his clipboard at Bob the gaffer’s head. “What the fuck, Chip? There’s nothing in the script about ripping her throat out! You’re supposed to say, ‘I did it for the love, baby,’ and kiss her passionately with your tongue. What the fuck is wrong with you? Can you get this right or do I have to use your body double again?”

Chip Johnson is totally freaking out. Wishes he could remain calm and collected like his fictional alter ego, but they have nothing in common besides rock hard abs and chiseled features. Doesn’t enjoy tearing people’s throats out, but prefers it to French kissing senior citizens. It brings back memories from his “dark” period—when he worked as a male prostitute previous to his career as a Hollywood icon.

“Chip! Are you listening to me?”

“Yes, I am, Mr. Bruckheiny.”

“Should I call in what’s his name? The body double?”

“No need for what’s his name, sir. I have this covered.”

“Good man. Screw this up and you’ll never work in this town again.” Jared Bruckheiny notices the special effects technician reapplying a new fake throat to the senior citizen.

He has a shit fit.

The special effects technician should not be reapplying a new fake throat. He should be cleaning off the old one. There is nothing in the script about Rico Slade ripping the woman’s throat out.

Jared Bruckheiny interrupts the application of the throat by attacking the special effects technician with the large swordfish.

### **3**

#### **Rico Slade XXII: Mile High Annihilation— Scene 32, Take 47**

Rico Slade stands, looking triumphant. Kent is lying on top of the sweaty staff member in the Goofy costume. The man has broken many bones.

“Waaaaaah! The bad man killed Goofy!” says an adorable crying toddler.

The plane crashes into Cinderella’s Castle.

“Look what you’ve done to the happiest place on Earth!” says a widow in a FLORIDA IS FOR LOVERS t-shirt.

Rico Slade says, “I did it for the cash, you old hag,” and karate chops her in the pussy.

## 4

### **Jared Bruckheiny Has an Even Bigger Shit Fit**

What the fuck, Chip? What the fuck? What the fuck's your problem? Chopped her in the cunt? Would you chop your own grandmother in the cunt? Give me her address. Give me her address so I can go over there after I'm done headbutting this...this adorable crying toddler (there, there, I didn't mean it) so I can chop her in the cunt. How the fuck did you ever get a job as the number one action star in America? I mean...how the fuck? I want you off my goddamn set. Now. And take your hair piece with you.



## 5

### Chip Johnson Has Had Enough

Chip Johnson is afraid to look the senior citizen in the eye. Feels ashamed. Sometimes he gets urges. Sometimes a man can't resist the urge to take out his dick at the grocery store or tell a cop he's got a fat ass or try to karate chop an aged vagina in half. This is why The Studio keeps a legal team on staff. This is why The Studio employs the services of an escort service and keeps a rolodex with the turn-ons and turn-offs of every judge in the city. Who the fuck is Jared Bruckheiny to tell him what to do? Chip Johnson *is* Hollywood. Rico Slade *is* Chip Johnson. He's made more money for the Studio than God.

He rips off his pompadour hair piece and throws it on the floor. His bald head glistens under the studio lights. The patches of hair scattered haphazardly over his scalp are uncombed, sloppy. He walks towards the exit, realizes he's doing exactly what Jared Bruckheiny told him to do.

No one tells Chip Johnson what to do.

Considers turning around. Jared Bruckheiny calls after him: "Chip! Baby! Come back! I was just kidding! Don't you know you're my star? Get over here, big guy. I can't make movie magic without you."

Chip does as he is told, then beats the director with a miniature replica of Cinderella's Castle.

Chip Johnson exits the premises.

## 6

### **Harold Schwartzman Worries About His Financial Security**

“And how does that make you feel, Mr. Goldthwait?”

The psychologist listens intently into his cell phone, knowing Bobcat Goldthwait’s response has the potential to make his career go up in nuclear flames. “Yes...yes...I understand. Well, thank you f-”

Bobcat Goldthwait breaks the connection. Harold Schwartzman puts on a fake smile to hide the tears and comforts himself by rubbing his freshly-shaved cheeks. Nearly all of his patients have left him, but he still has Chip Johnson, and Mr. Johnson’s various psychological maladies have the potential to keep his wife in bling for the rest of her life, assuming the action star never abandons him like the rest.

When Harold walks onto the set, Disney World has been subjected to even more destruction, and Jared Bruckheiny is attacking The Haunted Mansion with a chainsaw. His face is one big bruise. His mouth is opened wide, as if he is screaming, but no sounds come out.

Harold taps him on the shoulder, and immediately regrets it, wondering why his Master’s program never trained him to avoid the attention of chainsaw-wielding sociopaths. The director turns to the psychologist, his mouth still frozen in a silent scream. Now committed to either a pleasant chat or the tearing of his flesh and the spilling of his internal organs,

Harold says, “Hi, Jared. Nice chainsaw. Seen Chip around?”

Jared Bruckheiny revs his chainsaw, holds it over Harold’s head, and clenches his teeth.

## 7

### Chip Johnson Visits the Point of No Return

“Hi, this is George.”

“\_\_\_\_\_”

“Is anybody there?”

“\_\_\_\_\_”

“I can hear you breathing. Chip? Is that you?”

Yes, it is Chip, but he does not respond. Instead, he hurls his cell phone out of his immaculately clean Ferrari Testarossa. Didn't intend to throw the phone out of his luxurious sports car, but sometimes a man can't resist his urges.

The phone lands in a bush someone has trimmed into the shape of a fist and a raised middle finger. Chip speeds away, glad it did not hit another driver in the head, causing death and destruction to rain down upon Hollywood Boulevard. Often wants to be Hollywood Boulevard's Angel of Death, but this is not one of those times. Often wants the relief that would accompany an act of mass murder, but he always suppresses this desire. He likes when his manly urges result in destruction to his personal items rather than mass destruction. This is also The Studio's preference.

Fuck The Studio's preference. Chip Johnson will never work for them again. Rico Slade will never punch another actor in a turban again.

Chip Johnson needs a new cell phone.

He parks his car in front of Super Saver Electronics, gets

out, doesn't feed the meter. Now dressed for comfort, he enters the store wearing sweatpants, a windbreaker, and flip flops. The shelves are crammed with Blu-ray players. There are no other products in sight.

Chip approaches a surly-looking clerk at the customer service desk and says, "Yes, hi. Can you tell me where the cell phones are?"

The clerk looks annoyed, as if she doesn't take kindly to customers interrupting her while she's staring up at the store's mirrored, kaleidoscopic ceiling. "Yeah, we've got one of those."

"Excuse me? Did you just say you only have one cell phone?"

"Yeah, are you deaf or some shit?"

"No, young lady, my hearing is perfectly fine."

The clerk's eyes widen. "Hey, you look just like that Rico Slade guy, except you're bald. Bald and UGLY!" She has a giggle attack.

Used to hearing this, Chip replies with his stock phrase: "Yeah, I get that a lot." He would rather rip the clerk's head from her torso, but he really needs a new cell phone. The stock phrase is necessary for his consumer desires. Hates being bald, but it has its perks when you're an action star known for your outlandishly-full head of hair. No one recognizes him in public and he has never experienced the thrill of the chase between himself and the paparazzi, leaving him free to have scandalous fun without the media-wide consequences.

"So do you want that cell phone or not?"

The vein throbs in his neck, "Yes, please."

"OK, I need to go in the back. I'll be a few minutes." Under her breath, she adds, "You fucking asshole."

She is not back in a few minutes. Chip waits and waits. The vein in his neck throbs faster with each passing minute. He considers going to another store, but that would mean the surly customer service representative has defeated him. Chip Johnson never says surrender. Half an hour later he achieves

ultimate victory when the clerk slaps a puke green-colored cell phone into his palm. He says, "Thank you very much," carries his item to the checkout desk, and waits behind a line of beautiful people holding Blu-ray players.

His turn comes and a cashier wearing a red sweater with the picture of a teddy bear says, "That'll be \$89.99," as flakes of dandruff sprinkle down on his shoulders.

Chip searches through his pocket, comes up empty. "Sorry, I left my wallet in my trailer. Can I leave you an IOU?"

"I'm sorry, you piece of trailer trash garbage, but Super Saver Electronics doesn't accept IOUs." He removes the phone from the counter and places it on a shelf behind him.

"Hah. What a funny mistake. I don't live in a trailer." He poses for the cashier as if this were a Maximum Action Magazine cover shoot. "Don't you recognize me?"

"Nope." The cashier makes a gesture with his hand as if shooing away a mosquito. "Next please."

Chip Johnson does a backflip onto the counter, unleashes a series of roundhouse kicks, and flashes the cashier a confident smile. "How about now?"

"Listen, asshole. Get down from there or I'm calling the police."

Male pattern baldness also has its disadvantages.

Chip complies with the cashier's request and returns to his Ferrari Testarossa to find an albino parking enforcement agent writing him a ticket. She looks like a zebra without its stripes. Chip realizes he forgot to pay for parking and smacks himself in the head.

Regaining his composure, he says, "Good morning, officer. Sorry about forgetting, but it's been one of those days, you know? I was about to leave. Can't you give me a break this one time?"

The albino's lips form a smile of pure evil. "I'm sorry, sir, but I already wrote the ticket. Here you go, and have a nice day!"

“My day would be a lot nicer if I didn’t have to pay this ticket. C’mon. I’m the guy from the Rico Slade movies. You know, Rico Slade? Want to visit the set of my newest movie? An autograph? My soiled underoos? Tear up the ticket and I’ll make all your dreams come true.”

“I knew it was you from the moment I ran your plates, Mr. Johnson.” She laughs deeply and gutturally, sounding like Baron Mayhem after explaining his evil plan to Rico Slade.

Chip’s pecs tremble. “You look like a deformed zebra and you’re a pimple on the asshole of humanity and no one owns empty space so the Earth should be a paid parking-free zone and you’re a tyrant who’s worse than Hitler and if we absolutely must live in a fascist parking state, superstar actors with their own action movie franchises should be exempt from paying parking fees.”

The parking enforcement agent sneers. “Well, your movies suck.”

Chip crumples the parking ticket into a ball, slams it onto the concrete. “My movies freakin’ rock.” He reaches into the back of the albino’s regulation shorts and pulls her underwear towards the sky.

The parking enforcement agent whimpers. Her face curls into an expression of agony.

Chip stares down at his fistful of underwear. Grandma panties. He gives them another yank. His victim shrieks.

Chip lets go of the grandma panties and gets in his Ferrari Testarossa. He starts the car and feels fantastic. Who knew giving an albino a wedgie could be this invigorating? He yearns for more invigoration. But how will he satisfy this craving?

By driving his Ferrari Testarossa through the front of the electronics store.

So he revs the gas and releases the brake.

The red sports car demolishes the store’s windows, and continues its onslaught upon hundreds of Blu-ray players. The screams of consumers fill the air.

“You!” Chip says, noticing the surly customer service rep quivering behind the desk. But the employee only hears an unintelligible shout. Chip Johnson doesn’t realize that shouting out of a moving car always results in a lack of communication. Too invigorated to care, he grabs his twenty pound Razzie Award from the backseat, drops it on the gas pedal, opens the car door, and jumps out. As Chip Johnson thrusts his finger up the employee’s nose, the Ferrari crashes into a Blu-ray player display with boxes that have been stacked into the shape of a giant robot.

The actor stops picking a nose that does not belong to him and marches towards the checkout desk. Customers scatter. The cashier in the red teddy bear sweater frowns. Chip Johnson does a backflip onto the counter, tears off the sweater. The cashier wraps his arms around his bare chest, quivering as he tries to hide the shame of his luscious man breasts.

Chip steps down behind the counter, grabs the cell phone, and calls George. He says, “No one fucks with Rico Slade,” and hangs up. Then he stomps out of the store, leaving his Ferrari Testarossa behind. He stomps slowly and deliberately, as if walking in slow motion.

After making it to the parking lot, his car explodes, obliterating the store and incinerating its customers and staff. Chip Johnson pauses to watch the flames, puts a cigar in his mouth, and kneels to light it on a burning Blu-ray box. He takes a puff and the wind rustles through his hair.



## 8

### **Harold Schwartzman Gets No Respect from His Colleagues**

Harold drives back to the office in his ugly station wagon, listening to soft rock on the radio, until it is interrupted by an important news bulletin:

This just in—A balding, shabbily-dressed Chip Johnson impersonator stole the action star's car and drove it through the front of the Super Saver Electronics on Hollywood Boulevard. Fortunately, no one was hurt, although the celebrity impersonator subjected two employees to inappropriate touching after he vacated his car. It has been reported that the incident was triggered by the man's rage upon receiving a parking ticket, which provoked him to sexually assault the parking warden. The celebrity impersonator still remains at large.

Harold Schwartzman considers the possibility that they have mixed up a celebrity impersonator with the real thing. "Nah, couldn't be," he says.

When he returns to the office he shares with a gynecologist, a plastic surgeon, and a pediatrician, he finds them sitting on the office's leather couch.

The gynecologist leers at the psychologist's shredded blazer. "Did you get attacked by a shark on the freeway?" and cracks up. The gynecologist's laughter surpasses the amount of time appropriate for such a joke.

"Attacked by a chainsaw-wielding director."

The gynecologist, plastic surgeon, and pediatrician nod solemnly, as if Harold's suit wasn't bought at a Salvation Army for \$4.99 and being attacked by a chainsaw-wielding director is a tragic occurrence that everyone must experience once in their lives.

"Thank you for your sympathy, my colleagues. Today has been a nightmare. Bobcat Goldthwait left me. And Chip Johnson never showed up for our appointment. I fear the worst."

The gynecologist says, "Not Bobcat Goldthwait!"

The plastic surgeon slaps his cheeks and yells, "Noooo!"

The pediatrician says, "And you always had the funniest stories to tell about him. Remember the time he suffocated a midget stripper with his dick, dressed her like a lawn gnome, and left her in his front yard until his neighbors complained about the smell?"

A tear drips down Harold's cheek. "I'll miss him. Bobcat was such a cad!"

The plastic surgeon grins. "I wonder why your patients are always leaving you. I mean..."

The three doctors speak simultaneously: "You're such a grrreat psychologist."

Failing to recognize their sarcasm, Harold says, "Thanks, guys."

The plastic surgeon's lips are so artificial they gleam. "No other psychologist in Hollywood has had so many patients go on killing sprees after a session. That's something to be proud of. You have a talent for helping people externalize their emotions instead of keeping them bottled up inside."

"Thanks again, but I don't really think killing sprees are a good thing."

The pediatrician stretches and the couch makes a farting sound. The gynecologist and the plastic surgeon look disgusted.

“Wasn’t me, guys. It was the couch.” He shifts his body around, trying to repeat the sound, but is unsuccessful. “I swear to God this is the truth. Can’t we forget about it?” An uncomfortable silence passes. “Great. Now we have that settled, anyone want to get some lunch later at The Universal?”

“I’m in,” Harold says.

Still disgusted by the farting sound, the gynecologist and plastic surgeon stare into space, pretending they haven’t heard the pediatrician’s question.

“Come on, guys! Anyone else?”

The gynecologist and plastic surgeon jog towards their offices and slam their doors. The pediatrician calls after them, “C’mon, guys! Don’t make me go alone with this quack! Guys? Guys?”

## 9

### **Rico Slade XXIII: Boulevard of Blood**

Rico Slade struts down Hollywood Boulevard. Rico Slade is not Rico Slade—Chip Johnson believes he is Rico Slade. The passersby believe he is some bald guy in frumpy clothes, with a strut to his walk that his lowly status doesn't deserve. As he stomps on Neil Hamburger's star on the Walk of Fame, he uses his new cell phone to call Baron Mayhem, but the line is busy.

The line is busy because George is trying to lower the interest rate on his credit card. George and Baron Mayhem are as different as a hamster and a saber-toothed tiger.

Disappointment upsets Rico Slade's stomach. How can he talk Baron Mayhem out of dropping a neutron bomb on the Earth if the line is busy?

He turns the corner, followed by a middle-aged couple from the Midwest. They think he may be Chip Johnson, but are unsure due to his male pattern hair loss and sloppy fashion sense. They intend to investigate further and, if their suspicions are correct, ask for an autograph.

## 10

### Harold Schwartzman Gets His Back Waxed

Harold Schwartzman is afraid of his body hair. He is in a beauty salon, dealing with this issue, which he does three times a week. If he did not spend fifty percent of his waking hours eliminating all the hair from his body, he would be an extremely hairy individual. Harold blames Judaism.

His wife calls him as Tiffany spreads hot wax over his fuzzy back. "Hello, moron. Have you found a real job yet?" Her voice sounds like a rusted blade skinning a feral cat.

"Honey, psychology is a very noble profession."

"Listen to me, twat fart. Psychofuckery is a bunch of bullshit. It's all an act and you're as real as a magician at a kindergartner's birthday party. Only fatter and uglier. I should have married a shoe salesman."

"I don't know why you're bringing up my weight. I could stand to lose a few pounds, but I'm not so bad. At least I'm not 400 pounds like you."

"That's it! I'm going down to Dot's Diner and offering my body to every trucker who's eating scrambled eggs. And they have really good scrambled eggs."

"Don't joke about that, honey. You know I like a woman with girth. That's why I married you."

"That's the only reason why you married me?" She lets out an angry burp. "After I'm done cleaning the gallons of semen out of my vagina, I'm gonna sign the divorce papers that I've

been carrying around in my purse since our honeymoon at the Motel 6.”

“Of course that’s not the only reason. I also married you for your great personality.”

“We are so finished, Harry. That is, unless you buy me the hundred thousand dollar gold necklace I saw downtown today. It was the cutest. Tupac Shakur’s face shaped like a dollar sign.”

“You know I can’t afford that, Miriam. Business has been lousy lately and Bobcat Goldthwait left me this morning.”

“Bobcat Goldthwait won’t be the only one if you don’t buy my necklace.”

Harold remembers Chip Johnson hasn’t settled his bill in years. And it is a lot of money. If he tracks him down, he may be able to save his marriage.

Tiffany rips the paper strip off his back and he yelps in agony. Three waxes a week for three decades and he still isn’t used to the pain.

**Rico Slade XXIV: Restroom Bloodbath**

Rico Slade is urinating. This confuses him. He never urinates. Never feels the urgency. The only people who feel the urgency are evildoers. And this is when he takes advantage of them, breaking their noses when they least expect it. But now it is Rico Slade's turn to stand defenseless in front of a urinal, giving evildoers the opportunity to shoot him in the back of the head while his pants are down.

Evildoers like the middle-aged couple from the Midwest. And the husband has just entered the restroom.

He approaches Rico Slade's urinal. "Excuse me, but aren't you Chip Johnson?" He stares down at Rico Slade's enormous penis and his eyes bulge out of their sockets. "Honey, it's him! It's really him!"

Rico Slade feels like he's been pissing for ten minutes. Is it supposed to take this long? He probably stored up a lot of urine these past ten years.

The wife runs inside the bathroom and addresses Rico Slade's enormous penis: "Mr. Johnson, it's an honor. Can I have your autograph?" She pulls down her blouse, flashing her breasts. "Will you sign them?"

He snaps her neck in one motion.

She falls on the urine-stained floor. Topless. Dead.

The husband hugs his dead wife. "Why? Why did you do it? We're your biggest fans."

Rico Slade squirts the dead woman in the face with the last of his urine. “I did it for the love, baby.”

The husband runs away, leaving behind droplets of whiny girl tears and a dead corpse.

That’s what the evildoers get for trying to seduce Rico Slade while he’s taking a leak. That’s what they get for trying to take advantage of a man when he’s at his most defenseless.

Rico Slade pumps his fist, whoops, and puts his enormous penis back into his leather bondage pants.



## 12

### **Harold Schwartzman Gets the Best Shave in the World**

Hassidic barbers give the best shaves in the world. Harold's Uncle Saul is a Hassidic Jew. He is also a barber. This is how Harold can afford his daily best-shave-in-the-world habit. The psychologist may shave himself in the morning, but his Hypno Shave 3000 razor doesn't get as close a shave as the best shave in the world.

Harold reads the newspaper while his uncle shaves his head with a straight razor. He notices an article about a psychologist who was disbarred for using hypnosis to turn his patients into prostitutes. He wishes all his patients hadn't left him. He wishes he knew hypnosis. But prostituting the biggest action star in Hollywood would make him an extremely wealthy man. He would have enough money to buy his wife many gold necklaces with Tupac Shakur's face shaped like a dollar sign.

"You could have such a gorgeous head of hair, boychick. Why shave it?"

A look of disgust spreads across the psychologist's face. "Hair. Dirty."

Chip Johnson has it so easy. If Harold had his wondrous lack of hair, he would see a significant improvement in his quality of life.

As his Uncle Saul finishes the best shave in the world, Harold dreams of a wonderful genetic condition that would prevent him from growing hair.

## 13

### **Revenge of the Midwestern Tourist**

The middle-aged couple from the Midwest are sitting on a tour bus. They are dissatisfied. The other passengers are disturbed by the wife's smell. Her clothes and hair are soaked, covered in Chip Johnson's urine.

The wife looks at her husband. A man wearing a fanny pack should be smiling and enjoying life, not snarling and punching the seat in front of him. A man wearing a fanny pack should be planning out his sightseeing itinerary for the rest of the day, not plotting to bitch slap the action star who peed on his wife.

## 14

### Rico Slade XXV: Cell Phone Slaughter

“Hi, this is George.”

“That’s a bunch of crap, Mayhem. What’s with this George shit?”

“Heh, you’re so silly, Chip.”

“Chip? You know as well as I do this ain’t Chip. You’ve got Rico Slade on the line and I’m gonna stop you from destroying the world by punching you in the fucking face a bunch of fucking times.”

“Punching me in the fucking face a bunch of fucking times? Wow. Your dialogue is worse than in the movies. Is this like the time I pretended to be Baron Mayhem and you pretended to be Rico Slade and we had a fight sequence in my ass?”

“Rico Slade don’t go near other men’s asses. Asses ain’t for nothing but taking shits...and disposing of parking tickets.”

“No, asses are for being intimate with each other.”

“Rico Slade ain’t no fag.”

“That’s right. Rico Slade isn’t a fag. But Chip Johnson is.”

“I’m getting tired of this ‘Chip’ bullshit. Don’t fuck with me, Mayhem, or I’ll punch you in the face a bunch of fucking times.”

“Wow, Chip, you’re a lot funnier today than usual. Are you calling because you’ve worked through your obsession with cleanliness and want to get back together?”

## 15

### **The Midwestern Tourist Does Not Obey Bus Regulations**

The husband stops punching the seat in front of him when he sees Chip talking on his cell phone in front of Weinstein's Arabic Theatre. "Stop the bus!"

The bus driver does not stop the bus. He tells the husband it is against the rules.

The husband gets out of his seat and threatens the driver with an umbrella.

The bus driver stops the bus. The bus driver is wearing a banana costume. These two things are related to each other. A man who doesn't put up a fight when his employers make him wear a banana costume is more likely to give in to the demands of an umbrella-wielding tourist.

## 16

### Rico Slade XXVI: Walk of Death

A Central European bodybuilder attacks Rico Slade with a machete. “Hold on,” he says into his cell phone, “I need to take this.”

Women in bikinis surround them to watch the action. Their heaving breasts escape their confines. The women giggle, jump up and down.

Rico Slade holds his cell phone in one hand and gives the topless women a thumbs up with the other hand while dropkicking the Central European bodybuilder in the face with his steel-toed, zebra-skinned boots.

The bodybuilder does not fall. He does not seem to feel pain. All he does is stand there and laugh, sounding like a villain in an 8-bit video game. Then he charges Rico Slade like a rhinoceros and cuts a curl off his pompadour.

Rico Slade kneels to pick the curl off the floor and stares in horror. “Not cool, dude, not—”

The bodybuilder kicks him in the face with his Austrian hiking boot.

Blood pours out of a cut underneath Rico Slade’s left eye. Slade presses a finger against the wound and takes a lick. It tastes like an amalgamation of bacon and Hawaiian Punch. “First blood,” Rico Slade says, “Now you die.”

## 17

### **The Midwestern Tourist Accidently Kills Himself While Fleeing from His Favorite Hollywood Actor's Stinkfinger**

The Midwestern tourist did not leave his wife behind on the bus so he could watch Chip Johnson shake his butt at him and make fart noises with his mouth, but this is what he is getting. He has changed his mind about bitch slapping Chip and is trying to hit him in the ass cheek with his umbrella. He keeps missing. Chip laughs after each fart noise he makes with his mouth. A crowd of middle-aged tourists watch with disapproval. Chip sticks his finger up his butt and shoves it in the husband's face in an attempt to make him smell it. Ordinarily, the actor would be mortified to do this without rubber gloves because of his germaphobia, but this is not an ordinary day in his life. Today, Chip Johnson is not Chip Johnson.

The tourist does not appreciate the scent of Chip's fecal-covered finger. He drops his umbrella and runs away.

Chip picks it up. He giggles maniacally. "Machete! It's man's best friend!"

He chases after the tourist, wielding his new friend, and catches up to him outside a fashion boutique. Again, he wiggles his finger under the nose of his prey.

The husband makes an unpleasant face and lunges into the street.

An oncoming tour bus transforms the husband into a

human piñata, and organs rain down upon the onlookers.

You might assume it is the same tour bus that the husband's wife is riding on, but you would be wrong. That would be too much irony for one fight sequence.

"Guy sure didn't want to miss the bus," Chip says.

He removes the tourist's fanny pack from his dead torso and ties it around his head like a headband.

Chip Johnson now looks like Rambo, but really stupid.

## 18

### Harold Schwartzman's Pieces Begin to Fit

“OMG!” says a part-time waitress/movie extra/minor pornographic actress as she pounds on the plastic surgeon’s office door. “Dr. Troy! There was blood everywhere! His fanny pack! His fanny pack! The baldy! In sweatpants! Like that guy! You know...Dicko Slate! I need to go up another cup size! I need to go up another cup size RIGHT NOW!”

Sensing an opportunity for financial security, Harold approaches the screaming hysteric. “You need psychiatric treatment, Miss, not augmentative surgery.” He reaches for her hand. “Come with me. We’ll have a small chat and I’ll fix everything.”

She hits him over the head with her pocketbook. “Get away from me, you fat fuck! I need a goddamn tit job!”



## 19

### **Rico Slade XXVII: Driving Safety with a Vengeance**

Rico Slade is in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, blocking traffic, trying to commandeer a car so he can save the world, waving his new machete, and looking freaking awesome in his new headband. Rico Slade believes his enemies' possessions become his own upon their death. Rico Slade's pompadour grows an inch every time it is bathed in blood.

He shouts, "If you don't give me your vehicle, the terrorists win," through car windows, failing to understand why no one complies with his request.

A police cruiser stops and an obese police officer rolls down his window. He is the fattest police officer Rico Slade has ever seen. Rico Slade wonders how he is able to get inside his car. He probably never leaves his car. The obese police officer must get all his meals from fast food drive-throughs, sleep in the driver's seat, and take shits in large, empty fried chicken buckets.

Rico Slade's daydreams of the cop painfully squatting over a bucket are interrupted by a "What the holy heck are you doing in the middle of the road?"

Rico Slade runs a diamond-encrusted pick through his pompadour. "Tryin' to commandeer a vehicle. Need a ride to Baron Mayhem's fortress so I can save the world by punching him in the face a whole bunch of times."

The cop opens his meaty eyes wide in sarcasm. “Oh, Baron Mayhem. We can’t have Baron Mayhem threatening the safety of the world.” He presses a button on the dash to unlock the back door. “Why don’t you hop in and I’ll give you a ride to this fortress?”

The police academy did not offer Rico Slade sarcasm-training back when he was a new recruit, so he accepts the policeman’s offer. When he opens the door, he gets assaulted by the smell of body odor, intestinal gas, rotting meat, moldy chocolate, urine, and fecal matter.

This might be a problem for a lesser man, but Rico Slade is a tough guy. And tough guys toughen up when faced with adversity. So he flexes his gag reflex and steps inside.

## 20

### **Baron Mayhem Calls a Press Conference in His Apartment**

The media has not been receptive to George's press conference. Out of the numerous magazines, newspapers, and television networks he invited, only one reporter showed up: Arthur from down the hall, representing his junior high school newspaper.

George—dressed in a shiny, glittery tuxedo—stands on his coffee table, surrounded by four year's worth of garbage. "Good morning, members of the press. I have assembled you here to divulge important revelations about the life of action star, Chip Johnson." He removes a crumpled piece of paper from the pocket of his jacket, opens it, and reads, "Number 1: Action star, Chip Johnson suffers from male pattern baldness. In the past, he has hidden this fact. But he is no longer ashamed of his beautiful body and its wonderful flaws. Number 2: Action star, Chip Johnson is a homosexual who has been in the closet until this very moment. He now takes delight in revealing his true self to the world. Number 3: Action star, Chip Johnson is currently making his way to this apartment so we can rekindle our intimate relationship. Number 4: Action star, Chip Johnson's cock tastes like gummy bears." He licks his lips. "Thank you, members of the press, for coming. We are finished here."

## 21

### **Rico Slade XXVIII: Police Station Massacre**

The police cruiser parks in front of a police station. Rico Slade is distraught. He knows the difference between a police station and Baron Mayhem's fortress. He used to work at this police station before Mayhem framed him for stealing all the money, drugs, and weapons in the evidence room and he had to change his identity and facial features to avoid prison time. "Hey! What's going on here? This ain't Mayhem's place."

The obese police officer ignores him, rolls down the window. "Hey, fellas," he says to a few cops outside. "Mind taking this fruitcake off my hands?"

An Aryan-looking police officer opens the back door and tries to force Rico Slade's hands behind his back for handcuffing. The action hero elbows him in the face. The police officer gets angry and calls in for reinforcements on his walkie. Slade tears his throat out. Hundreds of cops exit the police station carrying automatic weapons. They shoot thousands of bullets at Rico Slade, but all miss their mark. He runs up to them with his machete and decapitates them one by one.

Baron Mayhem sure has a lot of cops on his payroll.

Rico Slade goes back to the police cruiser, punches through the windshield, removes a grenade from his fanny pack headband, and throws it inside.

He puts a cigarette between his lips and waits for the explosion.

## 22

### **Harold Schwartzman Breaks His Confidentiality Agreement**

Harold does not concern himself with ethics. Instead, he using the baby monitor he hid in the plastic surgeon's office last year to spy on the part-time waitress/movie extra/minor pornographic actress.

"How big do you want it?" asks the plastic surgeon.

"I want to go up to an E."

"Not a problem. Having another bad day?"

"Yeah, I saw a guy get killed by a bus. His blood sprayed all over my favorite dress."

Harold rushes over to his map of the city. He draws a circle around the movie theatre and a line connecting it to Super Saver Electronics.

It forms the shape of a mustache.

## 23

### **The Hollywood Police Department Fails to Take Chip Johnson Seriously**

The police officer whose throat Rico Slade tore out still has a perfectly healthy throat. Rico Slade may believe he tore out the officer's throat, but he did not. Instead, Chip Johnson punched him really hard in the arm. "Ow!" the officer says, "He gave me a dead arm and it really hurts!"

The three police officers who are outside point and laugh at him. The obese police chief laughs so hard he almost chokes on a McRib. Chip Johnson is not laughing. He is too busy waving his umbrella around like a machete, throwing imaginary grenades, and making explosion sounds with the back of his throat. The police officers find this hysterical.

Chip lunges at the officers and surprises each of them with a punch to the arm. They rub their bruises, looking like they are about to cry.

The police officer who still has a perfectly healthy throat stops his bellyaching and says, "Now you know how it feels!"

Cops flood out of the station to see what's going on.

An Arabic police officer gets too close to Chip. The action star doesn't like the looks of him. He grabs him and gives him "the special treatment."

"The special treatment" is when Chip repeatedly licks his finger and sticks it in a person's ear.

"Stop psychologically damaging my men," says the obese

police chief as he reaches for his weapon, but his bloated stomach makes this a difficult endeavor.

All the cops take out their revolvers and aim them at Chip's head.

"Nobody shoot," he says, holding a saliva-covered finger above the Arabic police officer's ear, "or I'll rip out this terrorist's throat."

The cops are perplexed. Chip takes advantage of this by dragging his "hostage" inside the station.

"Hey! Isn't that the guy who plays Rico Slade?" a skinny police officer says.

"Nah," says the obese police chief, "just a bald nut job who's seen too many of his movies."

## 24

### Harold Schwartzman Eats Lunch

The Universal is a kid's theme restaurant devoted to outer space. All the waiters are dressed like astronauts while the waitresses are in cute green alien costumes. Dim light trickles through the room, providing two things: enough illumination so the customers won't bump into things and enough darkness to achieve the effect of having a glow-in-the-dark solar system for a ceiling.

Harold thinks The Universal is incredibly lame. The pediatrician thinks it's the greatest restaurant on Earth. Harold is wary of grown men who think The Universal is the greatest restaurant on Earth. He thinks they are pedophiles. The pediatrician's career choice is starting to make a lot of sense to him.

Between each bite of his kid's meal spacedog, the pediatrician gawks at a cute redheaded girl with pigtails.

Harold wonders if he should get a policeman. Why are there so many policemen in here anyway? There seem to be more policemen than children. They are really enjoying themselves. Are all the policemen in Hollywood sexually attracted to children?

Harold does not know who to trust. He decides to drop it.

The psychologist's space steak is undercooked. He is still chewing on his first bite. Giving up, he spits it onto his plate,



and the pediatrician asks him, "So, how's the wife?"

"She's good. No...she's terrible. Driving me crazy. I think she's going to leave me if I don't buy her more bling. But I can't afford it."

"Hah, everyone's leaving you these days. But I say good riddance. What is she, forty..."

"Forty-eight."

"Yes, forty-eight. Too old. You're a mental health professional and deserve a younger woman. Trade her in for a newer model."

A police officer slams through the door. "Hostage situation at the downtown station! The guy looks just like Rico Slade, but bald and with tacky clothes."

"Pardon me, I need to leave," Harold says, then he whips out a razor and gives himself a quick shave on his way out the door.

## 25

### **Rico Slade XXIX: Assault on Precinct 14**

What the crap? Where is Rico Slade's nu metal? Now inside the station, he executes the terrorist by tearing out his eyeballs and leaving him to a slow death so he can rampage through the halls to the accompaniment of a duet between screams and silence. But that's not right. The soundtrack to his mayhem should be a pulse-pounding anthem of destruction from one of today's most commercially viable practitioners of pure metal. How unsettling. He feels an urge to weep. Fights it off. Rico Slade has never experienced the sensation of tears falling down his cheeks. Crying is for little girls. Little girls and his enemies after he rips out their throats. Ever heard a grown man cry without a throat? It is almost as unsettling as a killing rampage without nu metal, but Rico Slade is used to it by now.

A police dog attacks him in the reception area. Rico Slade rips its throat out. It whimpers, and he loses the urge to weep. The dog's sadness placates his grief.

Rico Slade lives vicariously through his enemies.

"Hi, can I help you with anything?" asks a kindly old desk cop.

Rico Slade swings the dead dog over his shoulder. "Yeah, tell Baron Mayhem to give me back my tunes or I'm gonna kill this dog."

"Sir, the dog is already dead."

The phone rings, and the desk cop lifts the receiver to his

ear. “Yes, hello.” He pauses, holds the phone out to Rico Slade, says, “It’s for you.” While with the other hand, he points an oversized Magnum at Rico Slade and lets off a crapload of shots.

Rico Slade dodges the bullets by engaging in a series of cartwheels, backflips, and somersaults. It’s like he’s trying out for a place on the U.S. gymnastics team, but instead of winning an opportunity to wear a leotard, he wins the privilege of maintaining a heartbeat.

The bullets and the gymnastics display continue for the next twenty minutes, until Rico Slade manages to tumble over to the desk, knock the gun out of the cop’s hand, and puts him in a headlock. He grabs the telephone receiver, says, “Hello.”

He hears the voice of the obese police chief. “Listen, Slade,” says Baron Mayhem’s new number one henchman, “There’s nothing you can do to stop my boss from inventing a bomb that will destroy the Earth while leaving its currency intact and ripe for the pickings. But still, we don’t want anyone else to get hurt, so we’re wondering if you have a list of demands?”

“I just want my tunes back.”

The desk cop groans from the force of the headlock.

“I’ve got no idea what you mean by that.”

“You know, usually when I’m kicking ass, I do it to the beat of some seriously kick-ass tunes. But Baron Mayhem has taken them away or some shit. And I want them back. I will fucking kill you and anyone else who gets in the way of me and my tunes.”

“So you’re demanding we play music for you?”

Three police officers run out of the back, and Rico Slade takes each of them out with the cop’s Magnum.

“Did I stutter?”

## 26

### **Harold Schwartzman Gets Mistaken For Joe Pesci**

“The Monster Mash” pumps through the speakers in the parking lot. How unfortunate. Unfortunate the obese police chief thought it was a kick-ass tune. Unfortunate Chip never specified his definition of a kick-ass tune. Particularly unfortunate for the desk cop who is being forced to call his mom and say, “I’ve wanted you for years but haven’t had the balls to tell you until now.”

Harold Schwartzman gets out of his station wagon and approaches a formation of police cars scattered haphazardly around the building. He taps the shoulder of a tall, gangly police officer who is hiding behind a squad car with his gun drawn. “Excuse me, but I think I can be of some assistance here.”

Startled, the police officer turns. Accidently unloading his firearm, he manages to aim it skyward at the last millisecond. “Sorry about that.”

Harold hands the officer his business card. “The perpetrator is a patient of mine.”

The stray bullet falls to Earth and gets embedded in a fellow officer’s skull.

The police officer winces. “Damn. Guy had a wife, kids, and a monkey. Who’s gonna play with his monkey now?” His face morphs back into a facial expression of professionalism

while he reads the psychologist's card. "One moment, sir."

He crawls over to the obese police chief's car, whispers in his ear, and motions over to Harold. The chief snarls into a megaphone, "Hey, you nut job! We've got your shrink here. He's coming in to fulfill all of your mental health needs, so cut the guy a little slack and don't punch him really hard in the arm, ok?" He signals Harold with an "all clear."

The psychologist marches towards the entrance, more concerned with the remnants of his livelihood than the danger of receiving aches and pains. He enters to find the station nearly empty and the desk cop trapped in Chip's headlock as he asks his mom what she isn't wearing.

"Oh, hey there, Joe Pesci," Chip says, removing one of his hands and waving to Harold.

The psychologist is confused. Why does Chip think he is Joe Pesci? Joe Pesci is the wisecracking, short, Italian character who occasionally appears as Rico Slade's sidekick in the movies. Joe Pesci is not played by Joe Pesci. But as the producers of the Rico Slade film series continue to deny, Joe Pesci looks an awful lot like Joe Pesci. And Harold knows he looks nothing like Rico Slade's sidekick.

The psychologist is confused.

"Hello, Chip," Harold says, trying to look non-intimidating, "It's nice to see you again. I'm your psychologist—remember me? My name is Harold Schwartzman, not Joe Pesci. Do you understand?"

Chip uses hysterical laughter to communicate his lack of understanding. "Rico Slade is totally pumped about his little buddy being here." He tightens the headlock, asks the desk officer about his tunes, and calls Baron Mayhem a pussy.

The patient seems to be experiencing a delusion where he cannot separate reality from fiction or a fannypack from a headband. Unlike the Rico Slade character he portrays in the cinema, he has the tendency to refer to himself in third person, as if aware of the rift between the character and himself, but

powerless to act upon this knowledge. There has never been a recorded case study of an actor experiencing reality from the perspective of the character in which he portrays. Harold is going to make a fortune, but first he needs to escort him off the premises, unharmed. "Chip, we need to get out of here."

"Who's Chip? Rico Slade don't know that person. Chip? Chip? What the hell, Joe Pesci?" He clutches his head, as if in intense pain.

"Sorry, Rico. I meant to say, 'Rico Slade.' And I have no idea who this Chip person is either. It was just a joke from your little buddy. But listen, Rico Slade, we really need to get out of here. Ummm...Baron Mayhem put a bomb in the basement and it's supposed to go off in five minutes."

"No prob, guy," Chip says, waving the dead tourist's umbrella. "I'll defuse the bomb by cutting the red wire with my machete."

Chip's transition to first person speech indicates his personalities are integrating, with Mr. Johnson's fantasy dominating his reality.

"That is impossible, Rico Slade. Baron Mayhem has invented a special bomb that doesn't need a red wire to explode."

Chip lifts his fists into the air, eyes the ceiling, and opens his mouth wide. "Damn you, Baron Mayhem!"

Harold convinces him that he needs a disguise to get past Baron Mayhem's henchman, so he holds down the desk cop while Chip removes his clothes.

"You don't need to do this," says the cop.

"If I don't, he'll force me to call my dad with an offer of naked kisses," Harold says, securing the officer to his desk with a pair of handcuffs and wondering if he should slip him a business card. Somebody will need to help the man work through the trauma of this experience, and Harold is fully qualified to assist him. But he looks in his wallet and realizes he has forgotten his business cards. He supposes he can write his phone number on a piece of paper.

Maybe not. Because it seems unprofessional. And Harold Schwartzman is a consummate professional.

Chip finishes getting dressed in the police uniform, and they exit the building. “Hold your fire!” Harold says, “My patient released a hostage and I’m taking him to my office for post-traumatic counseling.”

The Hollywood police officers are easy to delude and the pair get inside the psychologist’s station wagon without any incident.

“Damn,” says Chip. “I forgot my machete. Damn.”

## 27

### **Rico Slade XXX: Grand Theft Station Wagon**

Joe Pesci is freakin' hilarious. He is telling Rico Slade about his new job as they drive to Baron Mayhem's fortress. Rico Slade does not understand why he seems to have a new job every week, but he appreciates the hilarity of each new position. "OK OK OK OK," Joe Pesci says, and it gets more hilarious with the rapid-fire delivery of each syllable. "So it was my first day on the job and those school children weren't gonna cross themselves. But one of them is just standing on the corner, watching the cars pass with a shit-eating grin. So I says, 'Listen up, motherfucker. Get your ass across the street or I'm gonna shoot you in the fucking face and strap your corpse onto a chicken.' So the kid says—"

Joe Pesci's hilarious monologue is interrupted by his cell phone's Girl from Ipanema ring tone. "The fuck?"

He answers. "Yes, dear...Yes...Of course...You know I do...I know how important Tupac is to you...Yes, and gold necklaces shaped like dollar signs...It's just...I know...If you give me a little time to write this book about Chip and become a multi-millionaire...Please let me finish...If you give me a little time, I can buy you everything you've ever wanted...Please be reasonable...All I need is a little...Fine...Immediately...I hear you...You want the necklace immediately...I can do that, I think...I love you, honey."

Joe Pesci has stopped being freakin' hilarious. Rico Slade's



mind has started being totally blown.

“My mind is totally blown. Damn.”

Joe Pesci removes a cubic zirconium chain from his neck. Swinging it in front of Rico Slade’s line of vision, he chants, “You are getting sleepy. You are getting sleepy. After you fall asleep, you will wake up and have sex for money whenever I say the words, ‘pimp juice.’ Also, when I say the words, ‘economic stability,’ you will locate the wealthiest woman in the vicinity who is not morally opposed to paying celebrities for sex.” He snaps his fingers. “Awake Rico Slade and fulfill my darkest desires!”

“Dude. Been awake this whole time. Heard everything you said. Damn, was it messed up.”

Rico Slade shakes his head in disbelief. He steals Joe Pesci’s wallet, opens the driver’s side door, and throws him head-on into incoming traffic. Calmly, Rico Slade slides into the driver’s seat and takes the wheel, still shaking his head in disbelief.

## 28

### **Baron Mayhem Tidies Up**

George is a clean freak, but his apartment resembles a city dump. He keeps it this way because he hates stereotypes and thinks there is nothing more retarded than speaking with an effeminate lisp, loving glitter, and having a passion for interior design. Unfortunately for him, cleanliness encompasses Chip's being, and their relationship was doomed from the first time they got scatological together. Maybe Chip has worked through his phobia, but he never responded to George's question on the phone, so he needs to plan for every contingency. In case Chip still hasn't worked through his phobia by the time he arrives, George must clean all the vomit, pizza boxes, dead goldfish, used condoms, pigeon droppings, dust, bones, silly string, food wrappers, fossilized entrees, and gorilla hair. This is his last chance at happiness, and he doesn't know what he will do to himself if he screws it up.

## 29

### **Rico Slade XXXI: Rico Slade vs. Islam**

Rico Slade is lost. Hollywood seems different than he remembers. So he goes into a gas station to buy a Map to the Evildoers. “Yo, hombre. Where are your maps?”

The cashier puts down his newspaper.

Rico Slade realizes the cashier is not a cashier. Rico Slade realizes the newspaper is not The New York Post.

The cashier is a radical Islamic fundamentalist.

The newspaper is a copy of The Terrorist Times.

There is a bomb strapped to the cashier’s chest. There is also a bomb strapped to the copy of The Terrorist Times.

Rico Slade is used to terrorists with bombs strapped to their chests, so this doesn’t faze him. But a bomb strapped to a newspaper...What the crap?

Before the newspaper bomb explodes, Rico Slade dropkicks it in the face.

Wait...newspapers don’t have faces...What the crap?

Disoriented, Rico Slade reaches for the cashier’s throat. Before he makes contact, the cashier blinks in and out of existence like he’s a baddie who has just been killed in an old Nintendo game.

But then the blinking stops, and the cashier returns. But his robe, turban, and six-foot-long beard do not come back with him. Neither does his bomb. And what about...you know...being a terrorist? Rico Slade realizes the cashier is a cashier, not

a terrorist. Rico Slade realizes the newspaper is The New York Post, not the Terrorist Times.

The cashier—now an Arabic teenager in a Chevron shirt and a baseball cap—looks terrified. He whimpers, “Our maps are over there, next to the air fresheners.”

Rico Slade spazzes out. Has someone injected him with psychedelic drugs again? That would explain getting lost in a city he knows like the back of his fist and the cashier’s refusal to adhere to an ideology.

The cashier turns back into an evildoer. The bomb reappears. And Rico Slade defuses it by punching it in the fucking face a bunch of fucking times.

## 30

### Harold Schwartzman Vows Revenge

When Harold Schwartzman shaves his pubic hair, he usually does it in a place that is inaccessible to the public. But getting tickled by a client until he agrees to trade his wallet and car for a giggle-free existence is not a usual occurrence, so his pants are dangling from his ankles in a public bathroom, in plain view of the first person who really needs to have a bowel movement.

“Chip Johnson must die!” he says, stroking his Bic razor with such violence that he’s in danger of self-castration.

Screams echo in the distance, but the psychologist never concerns himself with insignificant things while eradicating hair from his body. But he does concern himself with significant things—and is a talented multi-tasker—so he takes out his palm pilot and looks up Chip’s emergency contact information.

George Proctor  
1517 Nope Way  
Hollywood, CA 90027  
1-900-FOR-A-GOOD-TIME  
sexdwarf69@gmail.com

Perhaps this man can help Harold locate Chip. This is an emergency, isn’t it?

So he dials his cell phone and spends five ninety-nine for the first minute.

“Hello?” says George, excitedly. “Is that you, Chip?”

“No, this isn’t Chip,” Harold says while shaving an area near his right testicle. “Actually, I’m looking for Chip.”

“Who is this?”

“I’m sorry I failed to introduce myself. My name is Harold Schwartzman and I’m a psychologist. Chip is a pay-  
AAAAAAIIIIHHH!”

Blood seeps down his leg, and he spends three ninety-nine for an additional minute.

“Are you ok?”

“No worries, I just cut myself while shaving.” He inspects his wound. No permanent damage. Just nipped the corner of his taint. But damn does it sting! “As I was saying, Chip is a patient of mine and I’m trying to locate him.”

“Yeah, he’s mentioned you once or twice. But what is this concerning?”

“I can’t go into specifics, but he may be a danger to himself and others.”

“What the hell are you talking about? He’s fine. Actually, he’s on his way over now to rekindle our intimate relationship. Wow, I really need to get this place cleaned up.”

Harold Schwartzman slams his phone shut, races out of the bathroom, and falls on his face. It is difficult to avoid falling on your face when your pants are around your ankles. While the psychologist pulls his pants up and rubs the bruise on his forehead, the words “intimate relationship” slash through his brain.

Intimate?

Relationship?

Intimate...relationship?

Oh.

That explains why Chip always talked about an overwhelming urge to suck on lollipops even though he never brought them into their sessions. That always puzzled the psychologist. Chip would often talk about this urge for the entire hour. If he were

really so infatuated with lollipops, why didn't he ever bring them to their sessions?

Oh.

He walks out of the bathroom.

Wait, why does the cashier have his foot in the gas station's rotisserie?

Curious, he approaches.

"Hey, bro," the cashier says. "Can you help me out?"

Something is written on the wall in cherry slushie.

"This douchebag jammed my foot in this thing and I'm stuck."

Harold reads the writing on the wall. It says, "Rico Slade XXXI—Rico Slade vs. Islam: Coming Soon to a Theatre Near You."

"C'mon, man. It's burning the shit out of me."

The psychologist doesn't care. He is too focused on his mission. So he leaves the cashier to suffer second degree burns.

## 31

### Baron Mayhem Is Totally Screwed

George's phone rings while he's trying to clean the semen stains off his couch. "Mr. Schwartzman?"

"That your new henchman, Mayhem? Got him poisoning the city's Bud Light supply or something? Damn, that's cold."

"Oh, hi, lover," George says, frantically scrubbing the cushion with a stain stick as he tries to suppress the panic in his voice. It's like he's in a Rico Slade movie, as if every piece of trash and splotch in his apartment has a time bomb strapped to it. And when the timers run out, an explosion will destroy his opportunity for happiness.

"Cut the shit, Mayhem, or I'm gonna cut you to pieces. And I don't need no goddamn machete when I've got a bunch of these hard, white things in my mouth. I forgot what they're called. Damn."

"Umm...teeth?"

"Shut your mouth, brain crab, or I'm gonna shut it for you!"

"It's so nice to hear your voice, Chip."

"I just cut one of your henchmen into pieces without a goddamn machete. It was freakin' sweet."

"Uh...ok?"

"I got a Map to the Evildoers and know exactly where your secret fortress is being secret."

"That reminds me, I had a press conference earlier today



and our secret is out,” George says, scrubbing, scrubbing, and scrubbing. He hears a baby crying in the background. Then a blast of silence.

“Gonna be there in a hot minute. Don’t start beating the fuck out of yourself without me.”

“You know I won’t, honey,” he says, and the timer beeps with each passing second at a deafening volume.

George clutches his head and shrieks.

## 32

### Harold Schwartzman is Culturally Insensitive

Golf is a sport of the privileged class. Harold Schwartzman is not a member of the privileged class, therefore he has an intense hatred for golfers. He watches with intense hatred as a man wearing golf apparel pumps gas into his Cadillac. If the man's back wasn't turned to him, Harold is pretty sure he would hate the sour look on his stupid, privileged face. He is definitely sure he hates the massive amount of golf-related bumper stickers that are stuck to the back of the man's Cadillac: *I'd Rather Be Golfing*, *Golfers Make Better Lovers*, *Playing Golf...Fuck Yeah!*, and others too heinous to repeat. He doesn't know what he hates more: the bumper stickers or the golf clubs and bucket of balls in the car's backseat. He wants to take the golf clubs and beat the shit out of the Cadillac—just fucking destroy it—and then dump the bucket of balls on the ground and eat a diarrhea-inducing meal and then squat over the balls and shit, just shit all over them, and put the fecal-covered balls back in the bucket and pour the balls over the golfer's stupid hat while chanting, “Golf sucks! Golf sucks!”

Unfortunately, Harold Schwartzman does not have the time to follow his dreams. He must get over to George's apartment before Chip shows up. Because Chip Johnson must die. So Harold Schwartzman needs a car. And this douchebag's Cadillac fits his needs.

Stealthily, the psychologist opens the Cadillac's door, slides

into the driver's seat, and turns the keys in the ignition.

"Oh, hell no," says the golfer.

Yipes! He's really big. He did not look this enormous when he was pumping gas. He did not look so African American.

The African American golfer drags the psychologist out of the Cadillac and punches him in the ear.

"Please stop hurting me."

Knee to the stomach.

"If you had any compassion, you would stop hurting me."

Elbow to the jaw.

"Stop hurting me and give me your car."

Picked up and slammed into concrete.

"I need your car so I can save a troubled patient of mine and I can't pay for a taxi because said patient stole my wallet, plus if I kill...I mean subdue him, maybe I can get his estate to...I mean get him to pay the astronomical bills he owes me so I can use the money to buy my wife bling so she won't leave me."

The African American golfer stops pummeling Harold to express confusion.

Still upside down, the psychologist says, "Bling? Don't you know bling? It's the jewelry you people like to wear."

"My people! My people! My people!" the African American says, getting in Harold's upside down face. He moves his head away, frowns. "How culturally insensitive of you."

## 33

### **Rico Slade XXXII: Blood on the Asphalt**

Rico Slade crashes Harold Schwartzman's station wagon into the back of a tanker truck. The car is totaled but Rico Slade is unhurt, except for a small tear in his jacket.

He kicks out the door, backflips onto the expressway, lands on his feet, and raises his arms towards the sky. "Damn you, Baron Mayhem! I loved that jacket!"

The station wagon explodes.

Rico puts his arms down, kisses the tear, frowns at a traffic jam ahead.

Traffic jams are Rico Slade's kryptonite, because he is very impatient.

Also, he has the attention span of well-fed piranha. Mix traffic jams with Slade's attention span and his propensity for commandeering vehicles and you get an excuse for many of the stunts that occur in the Rico Slade series.

The sound of a horn hits the action hero in the chest. But it's not just any horn—it's the sound of a car with a sinus infection trying to breathe out of its left headlight. Or at least what a Hollywood sound guy thought a car with a sinus infection would sound like.

Yeah, it's pretty stupid, but it's used to identify the appearance of the monster truck known as Deviated Septum, which is always around when Rico Slade gets into a spectacular fender-bender.

Rico Slade heads towards Deviated Septum, climbing a Porsche and stomping over its roof with his zebra-skinned boots, leaving imprints of his size twenty-two feet. When he makes it to the hood of the car, the driver leans out the window and says, “Get the fuck off my car!”

“You’ve got a filthy mouth,” Rico Slade says. “I’m gonna wash it out with my foot.” With a single, continuous kick, he shatters the car windshield and puts his foot in the driver’s mouth, then waits a few minutes until the driver chokes to death.

He stretches his leg and walks over to the next car. He does this again and again. There are no further complaints. Soon, he reaches Deviated Septum.

The driver—wearing a jumpsuit, fake seventies mustache, and a beer drinking helmet—says, “Well, I’ll be! Fancy meeting you here, Rico.”

But this is what Lincoln Hawk always says. And their meeting is never a coincidence.

Rico Slade high-fives Lincoln, and the driver vacates his seat. He is perfectly fine being stuck on an expressway without a vehicle, because it is part of the script.

Rico Slade gets in the monster truck, pounds down on the gas, and makes the traffic his bitch.

## **34**

### **Chip Johnson Temporarily Regains His Sanity to Find Himself Bruised, Bloodied, and Crawling on Top of a Car**

Shit.

## 35

### Harold Schwartzman Violates Traffic Laws

“What you gotta do,” says the African American golfer, “is trick your lady into thinking you’re gonna leave her, not the other way around.”

Harold Schwartzman shaves his chest as he rides in the passenger seat of the African American’s Cadillac. The African American golfer overcame his disapproval of Harold’s cultural insensitivity when the psychologist offered him a percentage of the money he will make off Chip Johnson. This also overcame the African American golfer’s aversion to having Harold ride in his car.

The African American golfer makes a right onto Rhinoplasty Boulevard, and they are now six miles away from George’s apartment. “Tell her you love golf,” he says. “You’re leaving her for golf. Nah, that’s stupid. How about your barbecue is all out of flames? I’m speaking metaphorically, of course. So your barbecue grill is all out of flames and it’s up to her to light the spark, or else you’re out the door. Off to another lady whose got enough propane to light your fire and cook up some tasty burgers. What do you think?”

Harold does not respond. He has not listened to one word. He often enters into a state of deep concentration when shaving.

Police sirens and flashing lights.

“Shiiiiit.” He pulls over.

A police officer gets out of a squad car, face resembling mutton. He puts on a Stratton hat and marches over to the Cadillac like an Imperial Stormtrooper. He takes off the hat. "License and registration."

The African American golfer is displeased. "What for? I wasn't doing anything wrong."

The police officer makes an angry face. "License and registration."

"Just tell me what I did wrong, man."

"You better watch your tone, silky."

"Did you pull me over cause..." He clenches his fist. "Because I'm a golfing enthusiast?"

"Sir, I pulled you over because the man next to you was shaving his chest while you were driving."

Actually, Harold is still shaving his chest. The African American golfer notices this for the first time. "Oh, hell no."

"Sir, driving while transporting a shaving passenger is a traffic offense. But I'm going to let you off with a warning. If you can get him to stop."



## 36

### **Chip Johnson's Blood Loss Makes Motorists Uncomfortable**

It is unsettling to watch an injured man on an expressway as he tries to call an ambulance on a puke green cell phone that has been crushed beyond recognition while his blood pours down upon the mangled plastic. "Hello? Hello? I think I've been in a car accident? What's wrong with me? Hello?"

He realizes the condition of his phone, limps over to a Lamborghini. The teenager behind the wheel rolls up her window.

"Can I borrow your phone?"

She bobs her head to music that he cannot hear, pretending he is not bleeding, that he does not exist.

"Can I borrow your phone?"

He bangs on the window, leaving bloody handprints. Spreading the bloody handprints until they are globs.

"Can I borrow your phone?"

He gives up. Goes over to the next car. And the next car. And the next. Same problem, different reaction each time: hysterical laughter, taking the kids and abandoning the car, screaming, punching in face, "Find your ass a payphone, chump," poor medical advice, general unhelpfulness.

He lies down on the blacktop, in the space between a luxury sports car and a luxury sports car, and waits for the traffic to subside.

Somebody would have helped him if they knew he was Hollywood action star, Chip Johnson. Male pattern baldness has its disadvantages. Wearing sweatpants, a windbreaker, and flip flops has its disadvantages. Why has the parking lot of Super Saver Electronics suddenly transformed into an expressway? And why does he feel like he has slaughtered a cast of thousands?

## 37

### Harold Schwartzman Gives a Speech That Is Heartfelt and Sentimental

The police officer is gone and the African American golfer is threatening Harold Schwartzman with bodily harm. "I'll cut you," he says, waving the psychologist's Bic razor in his face. "Any more bullshit and I'll cut you."

Harold Schwartzman tries to hide his fear. "Are you threatening me with my Bic razor?"

The African American golfer pauses his waving to engage in a facial expression representing deep inner thought. Thirty seconds pass and he goes back to waving the razor.

Harold's cell phone rings. It is his wife's personal ringtone, the chorus to "Nuthin' but a 'G' Thang."

"Can you give me a minute?" he asks.

Again, the African American stops waving the razor, because he is a courteous individual.

The psychologist opens his phone. "Hello?"

"Hey, cunt cheese. I'm at Dot's Diner. Got my bling?"

"Honey, it's culturally insensitive to call it that."

The African American golfer grimaces.

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"I—"

"Whatever. I don't give a fuck. So about my bling?"

"I'll have it soon."

"Soon? Fuck that! Your penis is the size of an amoeba."

“What?”

“I’m tired of waiting. Gonna pork everyone eating Reubens. Gonna pork everyone eating Reubens right now.

She hangs up.

Harold Schwartzman’s eyes get watery. He tries to call her back, but it goes straight to “Hello, you’ve reached Miriam Schwartzman. Leave a message if you want, but I probably won’t call back. Peace!”

The African American golfer watches a grown man cry. “C-c-can y-you d-d-d-rive m-m-m-m-m-me to D-D-Dot’s?”

“Man, I feel for you ‘cause I used to cry when I was a baby and shit, but Dot’s is way across town. And no offense, but I want your weepy ass out of my Caddy.”

“Can’t you cut me a break?” he says, then glimpses the razor in the man’s hand and reconsiders his words. “I mean... help me out here. My wife is about to gangbang everyone eating Reuben sandwiches at Dot’s and we have to stop her!”

“Damn, Dot’s makes really good Reubens. But why is this my conundrum?”

“Conundrum? What does that mean?”

“An intricate and difficult problem.”

“Listen,” Harold says, then he gives a twenty minute speech about his wife that is heartfelt and sentimental.

Tears gush down the African American golfer’s cheeks as he starts the car.

## 38

### **Rico Slade Gives Chip Johnson a Pep Talk**

Chip Johnson wishes his stunt double were around. Buck Huncke would enjoy getting his back cooked on the blacktop while his pain receptors shrieked at his brain. Chip Johnson is not enjoying this, but he would enjoy Buck Huncke enjoying this.

The owner of the luxury sports car he is lying in front of gets out, shakes his fist. A symphony of car horns burst through Chip's ear canals. The traffic has waned slightly.

With each blast of sound, Chip's agony intensifies.

Some asshole who really likes The Dukes of Hazard pounds on his horn and it plays a tune from "Dixie" and Chip Johnson gets a blast of the worst pain he has ever experienced. It feels like he has just given birth to a fully grown man. It feels like the fully grown man exited Chip's body through his left nasal passage. It is no surprise that he feels this way. Because a full grown man has actually exited Chip's body through his nasal passage, a man wearing a leopard skin jacket and a pair of sunglasses he never takes off. A man who maintains a giant pompadour.

"Listen up, wimp. You gotta believe in yourself. Believe you can pick yourself off the ground and kick some freakin' ass. Hell yeah! The whole world is counting on you."

"I can't do it, Rico Slade."

"Shut up, fag! Do you believe in God? Government? Hot

chicks? The puddle of blood you're floating in?"

"I guess so."

"If you believe in that shit, you've got no choice but to believe in yourself."

"I believe in myself!" Chip tries to stand, fails. "I believe in myself, but I can't get up."

Rico Slade scowls, says, "This is gonna hurt you more than it's gonna hurt me," pulls down Chip's pants and underwear, flips him over, and sodomizes him with his head. Then, the action hero inserts his entire body inside Chip's digestive system.

The actor squeals.

His windbreaker turns into a leopard skin jacket. His sweatpants turn into leather bondage pants. His flip flops turn into steel-toed, zebra-skinned boots. His fanny pack turns into a badass headband. Sunglasses appear on his face. A pompadour sprouts out of his shiny scalp.

## 39

### **Rico Slade XXXIII: Expressway to Hell**

Nu metal blasts through the stratosphere.

“Fuck yeah!”

Rico Slade takes a rocket launcher out of his pants. “Oh, there it is.”

He aims his weapon at the traffic ahead, calls Baron Mayhem on a phone that has inexplicably appeared in his hand. “Hey there, Baron. Running a little late. Sorry. Traffic was a bitch.” He pulls the trigger. The luxurious sports cars disintegrate into flames. And he walks through the ruins with an erection that’s almost as big as his rocket launcher.

## 40

### Truck Stop Gangbang 12

Harold Schwartzman's wife is faking an orgasm. She must be faking an orgasm, because she has never had an orgasm before. *She swore to me!* the psychologist thinks as he walks through Dot's Diner, towards her screams of pleasure.

He opens the door to the men's bathroom and pushes through a few nude men. They are flabby and middle-aged, and Harold is disgusted, even though he is also flabby and middle-aged. The room is filled beyond capacity with flabby, middle-aged men, and they are all eating Reuben Sandwiches.

The air is suffocating. There is no space to breathe. Too much flesh.

Through the steam, Harold sees his wife. Truckers penetrate her in every hole. Hard penises rub against every point of friction on her body. Nine men violate her at the same time. They chew on sandwiches as they thrust their hips.

Harold is devastated. "Miriam!"

She does not respond. The nine men remove their sexual organs and move out of her vicinity. Nine more take their place and pump and eat and chew and swallow.

The psychologist rushes forward, clotheslining every gangbanger that gets in his way.

Upon reaching his wife, he tries to tear off her partners, but they are too delighted by her orifices and folds to be af-



fectured by his slaps and hair pulling.

“Miriam!”

She takes a penis out of her mouth. “What do you want, testicle breath? I’m busy.” She moans, pushes one of her partners away, and squirts vaginal fluid all over the floor.

“How could you do this to our marriage?”

She grabs another man by the buttocks and forces him inside her. “It’s all about the bling, honey. And the cock. You don’t give me what I need, so I came here to get what I deserve.”

“How can I give you what you need? By the looks of this spectacle, you would only be happy with a monster freak with multiple penises.”

She cackles, then deep throats a gigantic sexual organ.

“Please stop doing this to me, Miriam! I don’t know what I’ll do if it goes on for any longer.”

She stops deep throating. “I don’t know what your problem is, Harry. I’m not doing anything to you. I’m doing lots of things to lots of different people, but none of them are you. Now will you get out of here? You’re ruining my concentration.”

“But—”

“You’d leave if you really loved me.”

Should he leave? He really loves her, but this doesn’t make any sense. How could leaving prove he really loved her?

“I love you, Miriam, but I’m not going anywhere. I’m going to stand by you and go over to that corner over there and stop ruining your concentration. Our marriage is the most important thing in the world to me and I just want you to be happy.” He walks towards the corner. The men clear out of his path.

“Awww, honey, that’s so sweet.” She smacks a man on the back of his head and he vacates her vagina.

“Want a turn?” she asks.

## 41

### Baron Mayhem's Shame

George does not know that the best way to remove a semen stain is to rinse the stain in cold water, apply a generous amount of stain remover, and then wash it out in either cold or hot water. And because of this, he has been trying to remove the same stain for the last hour and has neglected the rest of his messy apartment.

The phone rings. He answers, "Hello."

Chip says, "Yo, scumbag. I'm down the street. Will be over in a couple of minutes to give you the pounding of a lifetime."

"That sounds wonderful, but can you give me a couple of hours? I'm still not," he glances around his apartment, "ready for you."

"Nah. I'm comin', comin' right now. Comin' for you, Mayhem."

Terrified the condition of his apartment will blow his chances with Chip, George drops the phone, then runs out the door and down the street.

## 42

### **Rico Slade XXXIV: Garbage Day!**

Rico Slade shows up at Baron Mayhem's secret fortress to discover the front door unlocked. Slade can't believe this crap, so he closes the door and kicks it down—just demolishes it—with his steel-toed boot. Because that's the way Rico Slade does things. He can't tolerate this “unlocked nonsense.”

He notices the mess.

Chip Johnson's phobia gives him a sharp pain in the chest.

“What the crap?” he says, as he falls and hits his head on the tile floor.

## 43

### **Harold Schwartzman Loves His Wife, but He Doesn't LOVE His Wife**

Wow, Harold Schwartzman never knew how great gangbangs could be. He never thought he could enjoy making love to his wife while strange men penetrated her every orifice. This is his new favorite thing.

But as he drives his wife's Mercedes to George's apartment, he feels regret. He regrets that his wife is not in the Mercedes—she only lent it to him. He regrets that she wanted to stay behind and have sexual relations with the African American golfer. He regrets that he did not use a prophylactic when he fucked his wife's brains out. He regrets that she is such a terrible person.

His wife is a terrible person. He is terrible at his job. His patients often go on killing sprees. He was not born with a glandular dysfunction that prevents his body from sprouting hair. He cannot afford to buy a tuna fish sandwich.

His life is terrible.

And he has no one to blame but himself.

But wait...Chip Johnson. Yes, Chip Johnson. If it were not for Chip Johnson, his wife would be a wonderful human being, he would be the top man in his field, his patients would be disturbed by the idea of a killing spree, he would never have to shave a single filthy hair, he would eat gourmet tuna fish sandwiches every day for lunch.

Chip Johnson is the bane of Harold Schwartzman's existence.

His face turns red. His cheeks quiver.

He imagines slicing out Chip's larynx with his Bic razor.

He laughs like an Central European terrorist with an offensive mustache.

## **44**

### **Rico Slade Does Not Understand Why He Cannot Stop Cleaning Baron Mayhem's Secret Fortress**

What the crap?

## 45

### **Harold Schwartzman Makes Chip Johnson Feel Uncomfortable**

Harold Schwartzman goes inside George's apartment. Based on its condition, he believes the dishevelment is a physical representation for George's emotional pain.

Then he sees Chip: bruised, bleeding, in an apron, cleaning the living room.

Chip puts his hands in front of his chest as if trying to hide his nakedness. "Crap! Joe Pesci? Whatcha doing in the secret fortress? Didn't I beat your ass?" Embarrassment invades his face. "I was just...cleaning...cleaning up the blood of my enemies. A dude's gotta be courteous and shit, you know?" He drops his feather duster. "Gotta go!"

He jumps through a glass window, does a series of flips onto the street below, lands on his feet, and sprints away.

Harold leaves the apartment in pursuit, bewildered by his ability to intimidate.

## 46

### **Rico Slade XXXV: Astronomical Inferno**

Baron Mayhem's tractor beam forces Rico Slade to sprint to the planetarium, where a laser light show is taking place. As the action hero enters the auditorium, the shapes of luminous skulls flutter across his eyelids and the sounds of Genocide Jamboree rock his face off.

Baron Mayhem sits in the front row, looking like Adolf Hitler, but with a purple polka dotted mohawk instead of the mustache. He also wears a black liquid latex body suit, which isn't a good look for him because Rico Slade doesn't swing that way.

Rico Slade gets into a fighting stance. "I'm gonna pulverize you, Mayhem." He gets pumped up by kicking an innocent bystander in the face and moves to the front row with an intricate gymnastics routine.

Then, in one dramatic motion, Baron Mayhem stands to face Rico Slade.

And kisses him passionately on the mouth.

The song switches to Genocide Jamboree's popular ballad, "Corpulent Felching Destiny." The laser projector fires beams of light at the domed ceiling, projecting the shape of an obese man licking an asshole.

The audience cheers.

Rico Slade makes a fist as his antagonist wiggles his tongue, but something stops him from attacking.



A tsunami of pleasure stops him from attacking.

What the crap is happening?

Is this a new evil scheme? Baron Mayhem always has a new evil scheme.

Rico Slade kisses him back (what the crap?). He tries to stop this, to punch him in the fucking face a bunch of fucking times, but the pleasure holds him back.

He wants to beat him to death with his rock hard cock, but he feels too romantic to beat him to death with his rock hard cock.

Baron Mayhem breaks their embrace for the purpose of maniacal laughter. "You've fallen for my new evil scheme, Slade! I knew you'd be drawn to the place where we had our first date." Then he gets back to the kissing.

Rico Slade wishes someone would detonate a bomb inside his brain.

Someone taps him on the shoulder. "OK OK OK OK, so I saw two guys kissing and I says to myself, 'That can't be Rico Slade and Baron Mayhem.'"

Rico Slade turns around.

"Holy bing bang boom! It *is* Rico Slade and Baron Mayhem!"

The ballad ends and "Armpit Entrails and Secretion" begins.

Rico Slade tries to hide by crawling into a ball. Why does Joe Pesci keep catching him in situations where he's being a total fag?

Baron Mayhem wraps his body around Rico Slade.

Joe Pesci bends down and slaps the action hero across the face.

But Rico Slade feels no pain, because Rico Slade is a bad ass dude while Joe Pesci is a freakin' wimp.

So Rico Slade gives him a bloody nose.

Joe Pesci squeezes his nose, tilts his head back, and speaks in a nasally voice: "You're pathetic. Suffering from a

psychological disorder brought upon by your inability to cope with shit getting stressful. That and watching your parents get murdered by a guy in a bumblebee costume.”

Rico Slade flinches as if he’s been punched really hard in the face.

“Oh, and the guilt from blowjobs you gave on every casting couch in the city before you made it as a star.”

He cries like a little girl.

“And the constant anguish from lying about your sexuality. It hurts when you can’t leave your mansion without putting on a metaphorical mask to hide your true self, huh?”

Rico Slade falls on the floor and bleeds out of his ears.

The planetarium explodes.

## **47**

### **Chip Johnson is Disoriented**

The planetarium stops exploding.

Rico Slade stops being Rico Slade. Chip Johnson starts being Chip Johnson. Blood stops pouring out of his ears, but he remains on the floor with small fragments of glass embedded in his body.

Where is he?

And what is George doing here? He hasn't seen him since their breakup.

Overwhelming sadness.

## 48

### **Rico Slade XXXVI: The Final Conflict**

The planetarium explodes.

All that remains are the charred remnants of the audience, along with Joe Pesci and Baron Mayhem—who are unharmed—and Rico Slade, who has stopped being Chip Johnson and started being himself again. He has not been affected by the explosion, but his ears have gone back to leaking blood.

Joe Pesci opens his mouth to spew more harsh realities.

Baron Mayhem rushes him and jumps on his shoulders. “Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!”

Joe Pesci tries to shake him off, but the baron won’t budge. So he whacks him against the projector—causing the shape of a woman masturbating with a piece of shit to wobble—until Baron Mayhem loses his grip and falls on the floor.

Taking advantage of the diversion, Rico Slade rises with supernatural grace. He flexes his muscles, says, “Let’s rock,” in a deep voice that is overflowing with testosterone, then he gets lightheaded.

## 49

### Chip Johnson Needs to Find a Better Shrink

“Oh, hi, Mr. Schwartzman!” Chip says.

“I’m sorry, Chip,” Harold says, wrapping his hands around his patient’s neck and squeezing, “but our hour is up.”

Confused and betrayed, Chip struggles for breath. In between gasps, he says, “No, Mr. Schwartzman. Yours is the hour that is up.” And he twists his psychologist’s nipple, twists it until Harold collapses from the agony.

Then, using the strength of Rico Slade, Chip ends the laser light show by bringing the projector crashing down on his psychologist’s fucking face.

## 50

### **Chip Johnson and George Proctor Find True Happiness**

Chip and George hug and kiss and rub their loins together. Ignoring the pain surging through his body, Chip says, "It's all about the love, baby," and looks his ex-lover up and down, taking in his delicious body. Feels an overwhelming urge to repair their relationship so they can spend the rest of their days in bliss. Excited to begin their new lives together, Chip takes George by the hand and leads him through the planetarium's doors.

Paparazzi and men in giraffe masks wait in the street. Tabloid reporter Wendell Grimes says, "Excuse me, are you Chip Johnson, star of the Rico Slade series?"

Chip says, "Guilty as charged."

Wendell snaps a photo with his Polaroid camera and shoves an antique microphone into Chip's face. "Care to make a comment on today's events?"

"Yes, I do," he says, holding George closely to him. "Hello, world. I would like to introduce you to the real Chip Johnson. I am balding, wear frumpy clothes, and enjoy having sex with men. I'm nothing like my fictional counterpart. Don't even like the guy. And you know what? It feels good to be myself. It feels damned good. And—"

The officers of the Hollywood Police Department remove their giraffe masks and open fire. The bullets penetrate Chip's

body. The officers shoot their guns for an extremely long time, as if they have a grudge against Chip for some reason.

As the actor goes into convulsions, he stares lovingly into George's eyes.

The officers stop firing and Chip falls onto the sidewalk.

George kneels and clutches him tenderly.

Chip says, "These are my famous last words," and dies.





## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bradley Sands lives in Boulder, CO, where he edits *Bust Down the Door and Eat All the Chickens*. He is the author of *Sorry I Ruined Your Orgy* (Lazy Fascist Press), *My Heart Said No, But the Camera Crew Said Yes!* (Raw Dog Screaming Press), *It Came From Below the Belt* (Afterbirth Books), and *Please Do Not Shoot Me in the Face* (forthcoming).

Visit him online at [www.bradleysands.com](http://www.bradleysands.com), and *Bust Down the Door and Eat All the Chickens* at [www.absurdistjournal.net](http://www.absurdistjournal.net).

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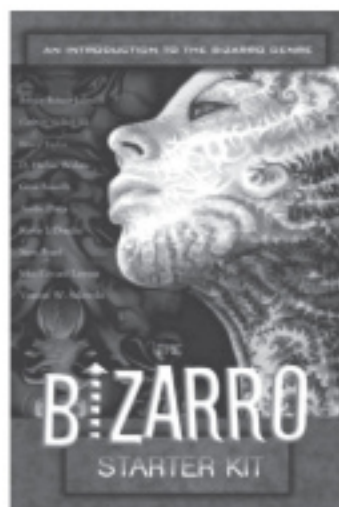


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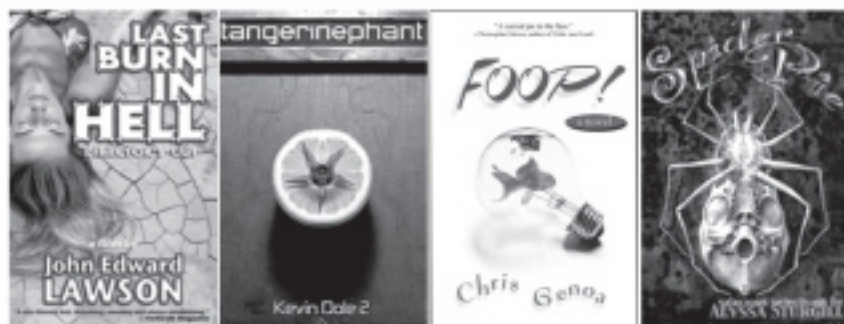


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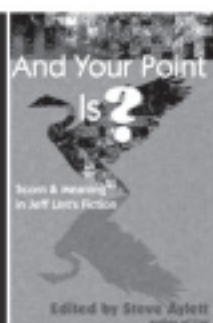


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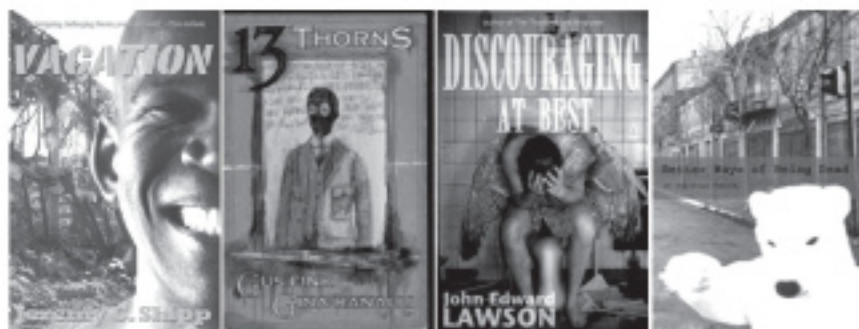


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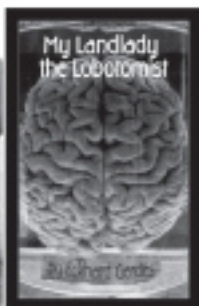
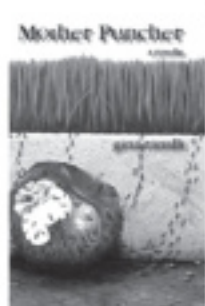


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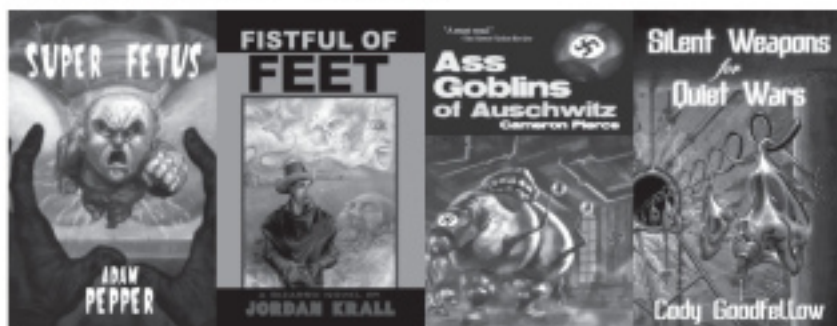


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