

Buzzby

By

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CHUCK and HOLLY sit in a restaurant at a table for two. Holly wears a pretty dress while Chuck wears a t-shirt and jeans, unkempt. We arrive mid-conversation.

CHUCK

(reflective)

I used to be a clown. Like a birthday clown. I went from party to party, making kids happy. Or at least, that's how I remember it. I don't know, I was fucked up the entire time.

He looks away.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

My partner, Blubo...(beat)...I think that was his name. Blubo. Maybe it was Bobbo. Whatever. Bilbo was always packin'. That little shit had pockets full of everything you've ever heard of, and more. Those were the days. We'd do like a pound of coke, then go out there and make animal balloons for the kids. I think I made a dick one time and told the kid it was an airplane. Blibbo laughed so hard his nose started bleeding. The kids freaked out, like they'd never seen blood before. Ran inside yelling for their mommys. We took off to the van. Not before snatchin' some presents outta the garage. They had 'em sittin there all set up for little Freddy. We just took 'em. Not much two grown men can do with a buncha Lego sets and candy, though. I ate all the candy, Bludo built the shit outta those Legos. He could figure out just about anything if he put his mind to it.

He looks to his left as a waiter passes by.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(motioning in front of him)

Can I get another beer over here?

He readjusts his attention to Holly. He sighs and moves his hands over his face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to get emotional. It's just. That fucking bastard. It was a corporate event. To this day, how we booked the gig is beyond me. All the yuppies were dancin' around the pool, the music was bumpin', the party was really kickin' into gear. Me and Blasto were doin' NOS in the bathroom -- Do you know what NOS is? It's nitrous oxide, and it's the mother of all party favors. Needless to say, our judgement was a little "impeded" when we got back outside. I was makin' animal balloons faster than I could think of 'em. Tigers, giraffes, bears, I had a zoo comin' outta my mouth. I was on such a roll, I didn't realize Bibzo wasn't there anymore. I looked everywhere for him. All around the house and the pool.

He slows here and sighs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

And there he was. Like a phoenix risen from its own ashes, he stood on the roof with his arms spread wide. He was also naked. He said, "Chuck! I'm the creator of everything! I invented life, and music and sloppy joes! It was profound. He looked so happy. So peaceful. He missed the pool by like six feet. But that was Buzzby. He always did things his own way.

He directs his attention directly in front of him.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Here I am ramblin' about the glory days. What do you do for a living?