

Just Another Plebian — Err, Philistine!

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

"It's about grasp of material."

"But you can't just read Robbe-Grillet and write a screenplay like this!"

"It's got *layers* to it!"

"Layers?"

He finished his drink.

"Four people end up dead in the first ten minutes! Who's the audience supposed to identify with?"

He wiped his mouth.

"There's a mouse on the floor."

"There's a ... what? A *mouse* on the floor?"

He ordered another. Are some peanuts.

"Look, Albany, NY's like a game board — people live on it, and *believe* these things."

"I don't like it. I don't like it."

He munched some peanuts, and looked around the room nervously. The waiter brought his next drink.

"Gracias." He took a sip.

"What about the mouse."

"He squeaks. Look, somebody'll fund it."

"How can you be sure?"

"Albany, NY's *stupid!* That's how."

THE END

