

JIM NOW

John Wesley Coleman

Planned Obsolescence Press

CHAPTER ONE: I AM THE KING

"Hello? Yeah it's him, what do you want? I already gave you the best chicken song you will ever hear. This is my future man, you can't hang up on me..I have had your food, bucks of it. I had some for breakfast and thought yeah you know you guys don't deserve this song. Hello are you there ?..(dial tone).... He hangs up the phone with a sudden urgency. "Dam Fools!" He reaches over to feel the greasy paper bucket that once supplied the chicken. It's dark in the tiny apartment, and the living room couch lately seems to be his only mode of transportation. As his arm is buried in a chicken paper bucket, it tips over and chicken remnants spill out on the floor. He moans loudly in the dark room. A fart rings out in the darkness, and he reaches in his pocket to pull out a lighter. The flame is used to see the half eaten chicken legs laying on his carpet, he feels a fart coming on again and takes the lighter to ass in the dark, legs propped up..he lets out a big fart. The flame ignites the fart and a spark lands on the top of the couch. The top part of the couch starts smoking and flames appear. "Fire" he mumbles to himself. He rolls off the couch and walks through the empty beer can littered living room floor to reach the light switch. The couch now produces a tiny blaze and smokes up his living room. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP..the alarm detector is screaming out. "Dammit", he rushes into his kitchen tripping over empty bottles of booze. His body slips and falls on the kitchen floor. "Arrgghh dammit!" He struggles to get up and then opens his fridge and grabs a gallon of milk. He runs over and throws it on the small fire on the couch, the milk is chunky and runs down the couch and onto the floor, he looks at the date and notices "Two months old dammit". He goes back to the fridge and grabs a jar of pickles, he throws that on the couch and the flames become distinguished. He opens the front door to wave out the smoke, the alarm is still screaming away. He picks up and throws the empty pickle jar at it, which breaks the alarm and causes it to quit beeping. The jar lands and glass pieces shatter around the living room floor.

"Where is my chicken?" he says out loud to the living room carpet, which is now covered with pickles, pickle juice, chunky milk, fried chicken, broken glass, beer cans and liquor bottles. He reaches down and picks up a chicken leg off the carpet, and sits on the couch near his phone. He scrolls through his rolodex on the coffee table and dials a phone number using the chicken leg, like a pencil. "Hello this is me again, I have an idea about your fucking commercial man, well.. do you want to hear it or what?" He takes a bite of cold chicken leg, "You can fuck your chicken up your ass taint hole you fucking shit knuckles, don't quiz me about my genius skills motherfucker...(Dial Tone).

He slams the phone down and mumbles motherfucker one more time. "They don't call me anymore like they use too." He pukes.

An hour goes by and he wakes up on the floor. This time the light is bright blaring into his eyes. His grey beard is long, and his white t-shirt is stained and short, revealing a large belly. His army green jacket is stained with grease and the shoes have undone Velcro straps. He sits up groggy and thinks about a banana. He stumbles into the kitchen looking for a banana and yells out "Alright! Alright! Alright!". He sees the bunch of bananas that now have turned black and he lifts them to his nose for a security whiff. "Aw hell!". A fly flew out of the squishy black banana. He tosses it behind him. He then makes his way

back into the living room, but slips on the banana, causing his torso to fly up into the air and him landing square on his back. The commotion causes the refrigerator door to swing open and cans of cheap beer spill out hitting his head. He lies there in silence reflecting on the kitchen ceiling. He starts to sing out in his sullen hoarse weakened state of mind the words for no one too hear "Do you feel alright, I feel alright, why wouldn't I feel alright, oh baby yeah..come on baby..ride the snake...baby..ride the banana blues highway now baby..I'm gonna drink a beer now baby.." he stops and remembers that he didn't turn the water faucet off in his bathroom. "Oh my bathroom.."..he tries to get up off the floor, but slips on another banana and lands hard on his back again.

An hour goes by and he has done nothing but lay in the same spot on the kitchen floor in front of the open refrigerator door. The sound of a cuckoo clock goes off on the distance. "420" he thinks to himself out loud. He kicks the door shut, while laying on the floor. He tries to stand up again and succeeds taking two steps before stepping on another bad banana. It causes him to spin around and slip and fall onto the floor again. This time he falls face down on the same spot on the kitchen floor. He lays there looking at the corners of his kitchen cabinets where they meet the floor. The cabinets are a cheap wood grain that seem dusty and stained with food. He notices a cockroach wearing a red cape running across the floor which looks as if he is holding a microphone. "Hey mister bug where are you going to?" The bug stops at the edge of the kitchen floor and makes eye to eye contact. The roach has little tiny black beady mysterious eyeballs. He asked the roach a couple of questions: "Do you like fried chicken? And do you know who I am? What are you doing here in my castle and not allowing me to know you are here? Are you here?" The bug jumps up and down a few times and scurries off. "Mister Bug, wait let me recite some poetry for you..."

"No one here gets out alive bug If the night tries to hide your soldier of chaos, pleasant future past and sailors of the north. Bad banana oh, lord banana, give me head to accept blues. Mister Bug, that is M-I-S-t-e-r bug! Well oh tell me what your name is in the past life, you dirty sailor of the sand, I wanna love you baby.."..He stops and sits up and wipes his pukey face with his t-shirt.

He stands up and leans on the fridge. He stares at the living room with a certain enthusiasm, "Oh I know what I should do!" he says out loud. He walks towards his bathroom, and notices the floor is flooded with water. The water is up to half the size of his shoes. He turns off the facet, leans on the bathroom door frame and takes off his shoes, which are thrown into the living room. He then takes off his shirt and pants which become part of the flooded floor. "Let's take this ship on a trip!" he mumbles as his torso bends down to lay on the flooded bathroom floor. He is face down in the water and begins to roll around like some wet log on a river or turd in flushing in a toilet. The smell of the bathroom is something like the smell of a dead baby turd. Time goes by and he passes out singing in some unknown language to himself.

He snores.

He wakes up naked and smelling like shit on his bathroom floor in all its glory. He thinks to himself about rinsing the diarrhea off his body and puke off his face. Maybe this will help him start his day? He sits up with a blank stare, he grabs on to the bathroom sink to lift himself up, but the sink pulls away from the wall and he slips and falls back onto the wet floor. He strikes the back of his head on the way down causing him to pass out unconscious. The sound of the cuckoo clock is heard again in the other room, which

wakes him up sometime later. As he lays there staring at the floor in a horizontal position, he sees the roach with the red cape standing on a fried chicken leg just past the doorway leading into the living room. "Mister Bug, what are you doing on my chicken?" The bug runs off. He reaches out for the chicken leg, it is soaked with water and is cold, half eaten. He turns around on his back and takes a bite of that stale chicken leg. "Yum, chicken is the soul of my chicken bone, so come on and eat what I have dreamed, the number one chicken fun is Mister Chickens Of America". The sound of his words reminds him that he is waiting on his royalties for writing this jingle.

He stands up and steps into the shower to clean up. Now he starts his day, or week. "I am the chicken king!" he sings in the shower. After the shower, he mops the floor stoned and immaculate.

The phone rings, and he stares at this invention. Mumbles to himself, "If was important, then I would answer it." The phone continues to ring over and over and over again. "RING RING RING RING", the phone is a large square yellow one with big white buttons with numbers on it. "RING RING RING", he stands there hovering over the phone like a buzzard standing on a dead deer's ass waiting to go inside and chow down. He creates a large unhealthy shadow, protruding the ominous belly still a little wet from the shower. It takes a while for him to dry off, because of the different spaces between folds of fat that circumference his body. He thinks about his belly and slaps it with a quick reflex, "I am the king" he says to the telephone. "Ring, Ring, Ring!" the telephone continues its song. He decides to sit on the couch next to the phone, and puts his hand on the receiver. "Oh phone why do you call my name, do you know where I've been? No eternal reward will find you there." He picks up the phone and holds it out like it was a skull, as if he is in that story "Hamlet", where that gravedigger speaks to the skull.

"Ring, Ring", the mighty old phone continues to sing. He answers the phone. "Hello?", "...yes this is him, what is it that you want?" The voice on the other end sounds animated and robot like. "No I don't want a credit card, I have no bank account right now and... what .." He gets angrier. To the person on the phone, "You know what you can do?, Break On Through motherfucker!". He throws the phone through the window of his apartment. It breaks the glass, and the phone dangles outside on the edge of the building. "Apparently the chord to the phone is a long one." "Time for beer", he gets up off the couch and heads to the kitchen.

He stands there in the kitchen staring at the refrigerator door. The fridge door is metallic. He stares at his fuzzy reflection in the door. Bits and pieces of food cover the door. The door also has many old liquid stains, like if snails were once there having an orgy of some sort. He bends down and sees himself bending down, then he stands up seeing himself standing up. He bends back down, seeing himself bending down again, and he turns at an angle and stands up again. He lifts his belly and front of the fridge door and smiles. "Perfect!".

Bored to death he pulled out his dick and put lipstick on it. Standing up with his pants at his knees, he recited these words, "Oh lizard king, come take a kiss from the magic fountain, the reward is to live forever and die forever." He takes his dick out of his hands and walks to the broken window. Below the window dangles the phone, he begins to pee a very yellow hot piss over the edge, the steam hits the phone's receiver on the way down. "I got it!". He rocks back forth unable to maintain any stable balance. He shuts his eyes, memories of fried chicken and pizza haunt him. "This is it." He says to himself. He

leans forward and a piece of broken glass cuts his dick. Blood spits out in one direction while his piss squirts in another direction. His eyes still closed, it doesn't phase him at all. Flying chicken buckets spin around his head and cuckoo clocks are heard in the background. He passes out and falls backwards on the floor. Unconscious, he dreams of the flying chicken buckets full of naked girls drinking champagne and calling out his name.

"Party! Party! Party!", the voices chant. "Party! Party! Party!", the different kinds of naked girls begin to sing along, "Party, Party Party!", Asian girls, middle eastern girls, girls from Oklahoma and Nebraska, girls from Egypt and Antarctica. He thinks of all these girls... Mexican girls and Brazilian and California! "Oh Californian girl" ..he remembers his first date back when he would cruise the beaches of Los Angeles. He would walk around the beaches with his shirt off soaking up the rays and showing off his home-made pooka shell necklaces, eating legs of fried chicken or sucking on a hotdog. Dreams of these California girls reminded him of his youth when nothing was difficult and his words, rhymes, were genius.

He farts, and the rumble on his carpet below his ass wakes him. "Where am I?", he sits up and notices blood all over his pants, he yawns. "Time for dinner" he says to himself out loud in the empty living room. The formula to the living room smell is this: 2 parts farts, 1 part piss, 1 part stale fried food, and 1 part spilled beer. He stands up and puts his dick in his pants and heads too the kitchen. He empties a box of instant mash potatoes into a dirty bowl on the counter. Cockroaches run out of the potato flakes and scurry off in different directions. Unimpressed, he begins to boil water in a dirty pot on the stove. The stove top is an electric one and boiling the water takes a while. He stares into the pot of water, waiting for the heat to create bubbles, and the bubbles to make his instant potatoes. He sees a roach swimming upside down in the warm water. He wonders if he should save the big roach with its tiny little legs moving in every direction. One bubble forms, and the temperature rises. He thinks to himself about his Mojo rising. Two bubbles now form, now three bubbles, now four and the bug is moving at a faster pace. He thinks the roach is screaming out his name. "JIM" ..a squeaky, scratchy voice rings out in desperation. "JIM please save meeeee.....".

Jim reaches for a spoon and adds the instant mash potato flakes to the boiling water. "This is the End, my only friend, the end, whatever mash potatoes glide down my throat and into my asshole the end.." ..he sings loudly as he stirs the mash potatoes. The roach cries out as the water boils away its wings and legs. Its' body sinks below the mash potatoes and what appears to be a red cape floats to the top of the water. "Mister Bug was that you trying to steal my instant mash potatoes?" Jim asks. He takes the pot off the stove top and empties the potatoes into a bowl. He takes a cheap light beer out of the fridge and pours it onto the mash potatoes. Then he adds a cold stick of butter to the mix and some salt. He sits on his couch and devours the ingredients in less than a minute. "I must have been hungry", he thinks to himself. He belches a few times and farts. He sees a fly land on the edge of the empty bowl. The fly dances on the edge of the bowl slowly vomiting on the particles of instant mash potato flakes, butter, and cheap beer. After each vomit the fly produces, it eats and shits on the bowl. It does this around the edge of the bowl about thirteen times. He counts this process and thinks about the number thirteen and realizes that it's one of his favorite Big Star records. He ponders on the thoughts of music again, and belches. The fly takes off through the room and out the broken window. In the distance he hears a dial tone beeping signal. "Oh the phone is off the hook." He belches

again, and feels some food particles on his tongue. He sticks out his tongue and wipes it clean with his dirty fingers. There is a tiny red cape attached to a head of a cockroach in his hand. The roaches' eyes are bugged out.

"Oh my only friend, the end, what have I done?" He places the severed cockroaches' head on the table. A teardrop rolls down his cheek. An emotional brick has landed heavy in his heart. The sight of his empty bowl reminds him of a time when he had all the instant mash potatoes in the world. He used to eat bowls and bowls of it. The phone used to always ring and people would chase him down to get him whatever he desired, either instant mash potato flakes or fried chicken or women. Mister bug's head stares at him with empathy.

He stands up and flips the coffee table over and begins to move about his living room kicking over a chair and a lamp. "Arrgghhh!!!!!" he spins around in circles with rage and passion. "I need to do something about this jingle!" he says out loud to the walls in his apartment. "I can do anything, I am the commercial king!" He reaches down to pick up the cord that belongs to the telephone. He pulls it towards him, and the phone moves over the edge of the windowsill and lands on his carpet. The beeping tone still repeats. "Come to me my darling", he brings the phone to his ears and begins to dial a number. "Yes, operator, give me the number to the head of the largest chicken fast food giant in the world because I am the king and I need that number."

He waits a minute and asks the operator the same question. "Listen I need this number, I am very important for these people, they need my assistance. Get me that number please! He moves back and forth wildly in his living room. "What do you mean you don't know what I want, didn't I make it clear to you who I am? I must speak to the chicken president! Do you hear me? He holds the phone out in front of his face and yells out loudly "I guess I will have to leave here and find this person myself!" He slams the receiver down on the body of the phone and throws it back out the broken window. He stumbles into the bedroom and opens his closet. As he stands in the piles of dirty clothes, he sees only one suit hanging on up in the closet. It is an old blue suit with Native American feathers attached to the sleeves. "I haven't worn this in a while." He mumbles to himself. After thirty minutes of trying to get his legs into his pants, he succeeds to button them up.

He leans over his large belly and looks at his boots. He thinks to himself, "I wonder if I can touch my toes?" He bends over and tries unsuccessfully to touch his toes with his fingertips. "I can do it, I'm the king!" He bends his knees this time, and touches his toes. "I still got it!" He sings to himself "Take all your money, into the city I cum and the hills she goes. Sitting here thinking by the closet of clothes, waiting for the chicken to cum on the edge my hand to the end of the line in my third eye chicken fried."

He starts to walk down the short hallway to the front door. He begins to turn the knob, and stops when the sound of the cuckoo clock is heard. "That dam clock, I thought I killed you motherfucker!" He spins around to find it, but to no avail the clock has disappeared. The cuckoo can be heard from behind the couch, so he pulls it out and does not find it. He thinks he hears it in the bathroom, so he looks in there and sees nothing. "Dammit where are you motherfucking cuckoo clock!" In a rage, he goes to the refrigerator and takes out a beer and drinks it fast. He belches, "Lets' do this! Fuck that clock." He walks over to the front door again. He reaches for the handle and realizes he is missing his sunglasses. "Arggh my sunglasses, I can't go anywhere without those." He looks

everywhere for them, under and over furniture, countertops, in drawers, under his bed. "Where are my fucking sunglasses!" he yells out to nobody. He goes to the refrigerator again and grabs another beer. He pops it open and slams it. He belches. He tosses the can behind him and runs his fingers through his hair. He goes into the bathroom and looks in the mirror. He sees his face in the mirror. He has a dirty dark brown-grayish long beard, swollen red cheeks, and dark Ray-ban sunglasses covering his eyes. He takes his sunglasses off his face and looks at them, "Aw that's where you been."

He leaves the bathroom and walks towards the front door. Again he reaches for the handle, it feels sticky. He looks down at the doorknob, its an old gold painted one, and seems that the paint has been rubbing off of it. He bends down and smells the door-knob, "Smells like chicken." He sticks out his tongue and licks the door knob, "Taste like chicken." He thinks to himself. "I have to break on through." He steps back on an old magazine and slips backwards hitting the back of his head hard on the ground. He lies there on his floor unconscious again.

In his dreams, he sees a beautiful large bald Eagle soaring in the sky. Jim sees himself like Icarus, flying with the Eagle under a bright sunny clear blue sky, somewhere in the desert. He thinks to himself, maybe it's New Mexico or Arizona, or maybe the deserts of California. Wearing feathers on a cape, he swoops down next to the Eagle and trails along throughout the canyons of red rock and tall cacti and over the tumbleweeds and ghost towns. He asks himself, "Am I dreaming or am I alive?" The Eagle flies past him. He notices that the glorious bird has a red bandana on its head with the word "FREEDOM" written out on it. "He thinks to himself, very cool." He gets closer now to the highway. There is a smashed pickup truck with people lying on the side of the road bleeding profusely as if they were involved in a motor accident. He swoops down to get a closer look. There is a small white kid standing with his parents crying his eyes out standing nearby. Intrigued, he lands his feet on the paved road and walks up to the car. The wings begin to blaze fire and fall off from his body behind him on the highway. The eagle now circles the wreck from up above like a ceiling fan.

He walks up to the kid and ignores the parent's staring eyes. "Hey kid, why are you crying?" The kid points at the people lying dead at the accident on the side of the highway. "Aw, those people are dead." He pulls a joint out of his pocket and shows this to the kid. The parents turn around with disgust.

"Let's blaze this weed son." He looks up at the eagle, "You got a light dog?"

"Hell yeah homie!" says the Eagle. The Eagle flies down and lands next to him and the kid. The Eagle pulls out a zippo from under his wing, using his talon and sparks it up with its beak. The kid takes a puff from the marijuana cigarette and looks up at him and says, "Break on through man".

"Ding Dong!" the sound of his doorbell wakes him up. His eyes wide and unsure if he is dreaming or not, he stands up. "Ding Dong!" the doorbell is heard again. He straightens his jacket and opens the door to his apartment. The sunlight comes around the silhouette of a person which he assumes to be the mailman. "Are you the mailman?" he asks. There is no answer from the mailman, only an extended arm with a small package in his hand. He takes the package from the mailman, and the mailman leaves. "Goodbye mailman." He stands there staring at the box in his hands. There is no return address on the package. He opens it there at the front door and looks inside the box. He sees a small white egg. He holds it at eye level and thinks, "I wonder what this is about?" He takes the

egg and smashes it on his front porch. It cracks open and the yolk spills out onto the concrete. The heat from the sunny afternoon, slowly cooks the egg. He gets down on his knees and watches this process. "I better get over to the fried chicken people, or I'll go hungry." Twenty minutes later, he stands up and farts and walks away.

