

SHIT MAN, I'M DEAD

by Don Zolidis

GUY WHO SMOKES AND TALKS A LOT, indeterminate age

(A classic from 1993. A guy brags about taking on God in a kung fu match.)

GUY WHO SMOKES AND TALKS A LOT: (standing up) So I'm dead, right? The glowing tunnel, the flashing lights, the whole bit. And the next thing I know I'm right outside these two pearly-ass gates, resting on these little fluffy-ass clouds. So I'm like, what the hell is going on, right? And then I see 'em. There's these two angel dudes waiting outside, all dressed up in white-ass robes and shit, and they got these like, wings, but different, cause these are dinky-ass angel wings, like the kind they got in greeting cards and shit. And they're watching me, right?

So I'm cool, I'm cool, I'm looking around, and I sort of float over to 'em, I'm floating, cause I'm dead, like I told ya, right? And the one on the left opens up this big-ass book and looks in it, right? And he goes, "You don't belong here," so, okay, okay, I'm cool, I kind of float a little bit closer, a little closer, closer, BAM! Down he goes! Right through the puffy-ass clouds. But the other guy's charging me!

So I think fast. This is heaven, right? That means I can have anything I want. So Pow! I got an uzi in one hand and a hot chick on the other and I unload on the mother-fucker-- Blam! blam! Blam! Blam! Down he goes. Serves the fucker right. Telling me I don't belong here. So I kiss the chick, shoulder the gun, and walk through the gates.

Well, heaven pretty much looks like southern Ohio, except there aren't farms or rednecks running around. It's all these peaceful-ass rolling hills and these happy fucking trees and all that shit, right? And there's these angels all over the place, just sitting around, strumming on their dinky-ass harps and singing all this hallelujah-ass crap. And the music just sucks! How many times can you play the same fucking chord? I mean, it sounds like my grandma screeching over there in the corner.

So I'm not having any of this. I fire my gun into the air, I got unlimited ammo cause I'm smart, right? And, to make a long story short, I had to bust a couple a heads, but pretty soon I'm head honcho of the place. I'm lying back, I got naked virgins feeding me grapes, the whole bit.

Then, who would come along, but his immortal highness: God. I'm not scared of this guy, he just looks like this old-ass guy with a white beard, kinda like Santa Claus, except bigger and he doesn't have the red suit, right? He's wearing one of them white-ass robes like everybody else in the fucking joint. Except the virgins, they were naked.

So God comes up and he says in this big high and mighty-ass voice, "WHY HAVE YOU DISTURBED HEAVEN?" So I'm cool, I'm cool, I'm nice and calm, and I kinda drift a little bit closer, a little closer, closer, and then--He saw it coming! The Lord saw the fucking punch and caught it! And then he jumps back and pulls out these nunchucks, and they're like whipping around him real fast, right? And he starts doing these back-flips and shit like Kato in those Pink-Panther ass movies!

I'm backing off, cause the Lord, is like, bad-ass, right? And then, whack, he hits me with one of those flying spin kicks, and lays me flat. And I'm down, but I'm not out, and I just lay there, waiting for him to get a little bit closer, closer, and then... Pow! I throw a handful of sand in his face! God falls back, screaming! And then one of the naked virgins leaps on him from behind and grabs him in a choke-hold! And then I'm like, wailing into his stomach right, just pounding away, pounding away, and then, just as the Big Guy's about to go down, Jesus comes outta nowhere, riding this bad-ass flaming chariot! And he's mighty with wrath and all that shit, and Jesus looks kinda like Alan Alda, except with a beard, cause he's Jewish. I think fast, I train the uzi on him and blow the King of Kings full of holes! Blam blam blam blam!!! Jesus goes down! Right through the fluffy-ass clouds. Son of God my ass.

But the problem is, God flipped the goddamned naked virgin and laid her out with one punch. So it's just me and the Almighty, but He's still winded--so I grab one of them dinky-ass harps, (they're always laying around) and smash it over his fuzzy-ass head. God's stunned. I punch him. Pow! No effect, man, this guy is tough.

And then the Lord grabs my hand and spins me around as he whips out this bad-ass rubber chicken. No, I'm not shitting you, I'm totally serious, I mean, this thing was like eight feet long and spitting fire and shit! And then, pow, he smacks me across the face with this thing and then bam! Here I am. I was this close... man... this close, I coulda kicked the shit outta God.