

*From Strange Interlude*  
By Don Zolidis

DIMBUS, 30ish, a gay bulimic human cannonball.

*(Dimbus is having problems at the circus because his ballooning weight prevents him from fitting into the cannon. In this monologue he explains his glorious past to his lover, the igniter, DOLE.)*

DIMBUS

You know how old I was the first time I got launched out of a cannon? Six months. I knew how to fly before I learned how to crawl. My Mom says it was cause of the velocity I came out of the womb... I just shot right out, the umbilical cord snapped like a rubber band. By the time I was four I had been shot out of everything from a battleship to a bomb-bay door. I was a child prodigy. They said I did it better than anyone they'd ever seen. I had a special kind of gunpowder they used, I used to snort it for extra effect... my future was unlimited. I took the gold medal in the '72 Olympics when I was twelve. The youngest man ever to medal. The sky was the limit. I got arrogant, Dole. I got scared that people would find out I was faking it. I wasn't faking it, then, though—I had talent, I'd do somersaults in the air, sometimes, if my pants caught fire from the explosion, I'd twist around to spell out words. I started using fireworks... I don't know where it went wrong. But it did. I got cocky—I started eating, first it was just a ding dong or two, then some swiss cake rolls, finally I was devouring entire lambs before performances. I was seventeen years old when they couldn't fit me in the cannon anymore. I went crazy—who was I if not a cannonball? Just another faded out child star... I tried, there was a time when I got the fever back—I puked my way back into shape... binge, purge, the whole bit, that's when you saw me. But... It started to get to me, Dole. All the explosions. All the landings. Thousands of them. The cheering crowds. The noise. I felt my brain being jellied in my skull. My bones turned to powder. My soul pounded into dust. I began losing my mind. My neural impulses misfired, shooting in random directions like rats fleeing a kicked garbage can. My mind was rubble. I began to hallucinate.