

From Strange Interlude
By Don Zolidis

DIMBUS, 30ish. A bulimic human cannonball.
DOLE, 30ish, the igniter. His lover.

(DOLE has watched his boyfriend, the human cannonball Dimbus, go from the star of the circus to an overweight washed up has-been with a shaky grasp on reality.)

DOLE

Oh yeah it hurts—sometimes the truth hurts, Dimbus. Sometimes the truth about yourself. I remember when I first met you. The smell of gunpowder in the air—I was in the audience in Cincinnati, and who was the human cannonball?

<DIMBUS>

Who?

DOLE

You were! You were, you idiot! Oh... I remember how you slid your firm muscled body into the shaft of the cannon... and those goggles... silver like the fake chrome moon that hung in the Big Top—you were the star... and then the hushed gasp as that man lit the fuse... I felt it sizzling up my spine... szzzz... BOOM! You erupted out of the taunted opening like Prometheus falling from Olympus. I nearly wet myself watching you fly through the air like a rainbow in human form... I vowed, right then, to follow you to the ends of the Earth, if only to get one chance to fire you out of the cannon. I was a real estate agent, successful, and I joined this wandering freak show for you. For you! And now you're a wreck. You're a bloated ogre of a man, with a brain like a roll of toilet paper! You make me sick. Leave the circus? And go where? Go back to being a real estate agent. I don't think so. All I know is the cannon. Huh? Are you in there? Are you in there at all?