

Little Secrets Kept Inside

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Patty sliced ripened yellow grapefruits into halves, jammed two halves against Kranston's chest, enhancing his pectorals, meshing juices with sparse hairs, and his nipples pink burned. Back curved, chest caved, he rebelled against gravity, 75 push-ups (he's bragged and she never believed) his nightly routine failed him, he couldn't push her away, not far enough and she returned to attack his bare torso. Chocolate syrup aimed at his thinning blonde hair balding on the right side from menstrual stress, a strawberry patch emerged, she aimed there. "Strawberries," Kranston had said, her hair reminded him of the color of strawberries. He'd turned her. Her face, usually freckled pale grafted fuchsia. "Patty Cake," he'd called her, "your cheeks need flour" returning from the kitchen with a bag of Golden Medal she didn't turn away. Feet planted, arms outstretched welcomed him, into her reality, "disguise me in showers of powder, snow, make it snow for me, snow on me." Kranston reached inside plastic lined paper pouch, fingers digging deep for the seam, the fold inside, cruxed, contorting, approaching disfigurement, he twisted loose his wrist reaching for the astral plane, and...white washed the air, the valley filled with snow, and Patty enveloped pranced sight-searching mountain peaks, eyes fluttering white butterflies.

So they decided they would go to the snow, they would go camping. Kranston pulled his oxidized blue 1972 International Harvester wagon into the Mobile station, for gas, and Patty got out for lantern mantles, mustard, Cosmo magazine. While standing in line waiting for Kranston's 'go-ahead-and-pay-I'm-finished-

Aside...

Mountain distinction...the valley ebbing, descending further with low tide. Mountains, boundaries dividing, surrounding..... surround the red, red retriever, Irish Setter "Kelly" picked for her color, red like Patty's hair red, can't wear red, not

pumping'-signal she surveyed the knife display. Crystalline eyes fixated on a shiny 6" buck knife and handsome cowhide case she acknowledged the horn, fussed through assorted bills of which two \$20s no change returned. Sweeping the bag from the glass counter she exited, walked instinctively toward the tailgate, enthusiastically twisted the chrome handle around, her left hand dropped the crumpled brown wrapper inside the steel framed rolled down rear window. Kranston started to get out to help, but she pushed past him, pushed her open palm into his black cotton shoulder, pushed him back into his seat. "Roll on." Looking over her shoulder to read the pump she turned back, bounced herself into a more comfortable position, and exhaled. It wasn't the first time they fought over it then too, brown, Dijon, French's horrible food dye #5. Kranston couldn't see the difference, Patty knowing all too well the significance color has on mood, felt uneasy about the lady-bug-red Volkswagen beetle ahead that wouldn't let them pass.

any red she says it clashes with her hair: crimson, cherry, beet, salmon, apricot, orange, pomegranate. she's got a list written on her wall with animosity, distrust in bold permanent black marker (4 inch letters). if she didn't have them near her when she sleeps up on the wall they would sneak into her drawers, seep into the weave of her whites, slip into her yellows and spread their disease, their redness. ...pull her t-shirt drawer open first thing in the morning before she turns the lights on trying to trick the colors who might have fallen asleep and not slipped out before she could slide out from under her undisturbed brown, browns, multi-hued brown fun-fur bedspread, drawn over green, forest green cotton flat sheet, and under her pale freckled skin a royal blue 180 thread cotton fitted sheet: king size. Spectrum armor for the night, a shield she wraps herself in strong colors, physically appealing colors that don't irritate her skin.

"Color, not contrast, sets us apart from primates."

SCENE 2: Traveling northbound on Angeles Crest Highway. Kranston and Patty engage in cerebral conversation.

CAMERA SET-UP: Outside Shot, mobile camera trailer, 'car' stationary, 3 cameras:

- (1) frontal looking through windshield;
- (2) outside driver window for "Patty" close-ups;
- (3) outside passenger window for "Kranston" close-ups.

Kranston: [looking ahead, camera (1)] "You scientists think you know every thing. Have you ever worn a primates eyeball, have there been successful transplants?"

Patty: [lifting her left foot with both hands to inspect her Gorilla boot Vibarim soles, camera (1)] "Don't try to reduce science to fit your narrow definition of success. And no, not that I know of anyway. And it's Primatologist, I've earned that much respect."

Kranston: [turns head, eyes off road, camera (3)]
"Primatologist! What were you so engaged in at the mini-mart I had to honk to get your attention? National Geographic doing a "Gorillas in the Mist" cover story again? "Man Infiltrates Jungle, Apes Go Condo?"

Patty: [looking up from her sole turns her eyes on Kranston; camera (2)]
"I was looking at my reflection in the glass case, wrinkles. My hair's going silver, don't you think, a streak is growing down the side of my head. [tilts head forward, then slightly to right; switch to camera (1), grabs long strands for inspection]

Kranston: [glancing in rear view mirror, camera (1); switch to camera (3), molesting his mustache inspects for gray hair, turns to patronize Patty],
Well, what if you have? It only means that you and Kelly can share hair-tinting recipes. She's graying around her muzzle and brows. Think you can help her?"

Kelly: [gets up from laying down in backseat and pushes her head over the front seat, camera (1); full interior shot with Kranston, Patty, Kelly]
"Bark"

The Travell interior inventories a history of monstrous innovative decorating attempts. Several years ago the goldenrod vinyl ceiling tore when Kranston's dog Kelly tried

to bring home a fallen Willow branch, a blacksmith's arm. Kranston then thought it would be a good place to stash home grown herb and paraphernalia, and Ed Chicken over zealously excavating his evening delight pulled the vinyl its full car length in a kinda zig-zag pattern. Ed sewed it up, in a 16 lb fishing line zing-zap stitch. Patty later attached ceramic cherubs, after first disfiguring their graced guardian angel masquerade. Three years ago, no maybe four now, Kranston avoided a head on collision with a raving maniac or drunken bastard, swerved across the double yellow lines, (fortunately in was reasonably late and the road was in a sparsely populated area about 40 miles South of Winnemucca, Nevada where he'd been contracted to paint pre-sketches for an upcoming film, a desert something). And when he stopped to see what had happened, to see if Kelly was okay, acrylics had splattered all over the far back trunk/storage area. And Kelly made an event out of carefully placing paw prints on the dash and door in a panic to get out.

Ed Chicken moved up to Alaska as suggested by his therapist, code name: NutCracker. Civilization was too absorbing for him, too many things to think about, everywhere he looked telephone poles. An electrician, hallucinating magician, Ed moved miracles through power lines, lines that

clung to telephone branches suspended bolt and nut sometimes sixty feet above his grave. Lanyard loops, screw driver, electrical tape, amp meter. "Keepin' 'em charged" bumper sticker wrapped around black extra-durable plastic lunch pail.

whisper...get theirs, yeah poor people, turning round the pole to see looking up to see stretching my neck, the split ends touching the dirt line, timberline collar, powder blue plaid yellow and

green thin green stripe only runs up and down and a red, scarlet red lines thin lines only run horizontal, too bright for this pale stained plaid shirt, hair touching just brushing the line, the fold, head always stretched that way, chin looking up grey eyes searching the scared tarred pine, or ash, hard wood trees skinned and rolled in tar like trout rolled in batter, rolled in flour, trees 60 feet tall and my head tilted back like a heron chick feeding, too small to leave the nest, mouth pulled open the bottom lip, breakwall holding

back the roundness of my damp tongue, scared from chewing... my tongue... carrying a load of immigrants .56, this pole was put up in 1956, that was a good year, ... that pole over there is on a lean, on a slope, its own slope, leaning out over the curb, leaning into traffic, reaching into traffic, to touch and the moving cars, look, there is a scrape about twelve feet up, that's just about the right height for a bobtail truck, a truck across a border not to be crossed, the poverty line, the line, the fishing line, fish caught on a line caught by a hook, alcohol, excitement caught on a fly, fly-ball center field caught in the night air, windows fogged up, the windows keeping out the sound of the crashing ocean, I can't take the ocean any more, the crashing like when the car crashed and my head hit the dashboard and beyond the dashboard, the windshield I remember my eyes passing through the glass and then I was outside, my head was outside. Look that one over there, that ones been here a long time, every time i come this way i make sure i stop to see all the date nails, there on the backside three of them 43, 64, 72 yeah, its seen sometime, it was probably seventy years old when they cut it down *the bastards*. i had a really tall tree in my backyard when i was six but that damn bastard cut it down, cut it down with a big saw, yeah and my uncle was there the bastard, don't shoo at me, swing at me. raise that shoe, shovel at me. what the hell are you talking about? don't touch me you bastard. that saw, that damn ripping saw tearing through the tree ...damn it i could hear it screaming , screaming like a baby, my baby. mamma where is the baby? mama what is the crying? is the baby crying? she just slapped me, **stop talking stop talking**. I hate it when she says that to me ... shut up shut up that damn baby crying ...from the other room the blue room it was dark I remember and the sun was already down and I knew the moon wouldn't come out - it was that crying. that's why the moon doesn't come out you know - that damn crying baby. mamma where is the baby? **five-finger sally...slap across my face.**