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Paula and Keith

Paula falls from her knees.

Drooling, she writhes in nostalgic ecstasy. His excited paws flail the air. His black nose is sweaty.

They react like kids with a new wardrobe of words, turning their hair like the swirl of a skirt. The final scene

Paula is out to kill her brute of a husband.

"You alienate everyone, but you have a magnificent voice. Strong, pitch-perfect and sweet."

"Why don't you turn to escapist behavior, such as addiction to pills?"

"I talk to my therapist about you, Keith."

Keith closes his eyes and hears his voice in his head.

"He walks over to the bed and kneels by the girl, checking her pulse."

Patience Keith. Paula is an inspiration to me.

She is a miserable little anger. The dog does a backflip. The girl in the bed with the strangely deep voice shivers at a loud noise.

Keith fidgets

Paula gets cozy on the floor and acts still. She wipes her mouth with the bottom of her hand.

"Think, child. A rainbow fans its colors at you..."

So you call the aluminum-siding man and aluminum siding is what you get.

Paula drags herself out of bed. Keith puts his hands on a tiger-print dress.

“Tough.”

She repeats herself. “Paco’s corpse is cleaned and wrapped in a blanket. Our daughter looks unnatural in this picture.”

“Character doesn’t matter.” He sniffles.

Keith lifts himself back into the truck with the funny ape logo and drives off to sell more ice cream to neighborhood children.

“See you later, anti-gator.”

Paula sighs as Paco calms down and plucks his claws from the mattress. She scratches his head and neck, covered in a rash.

“I just wasn’t in the mood.”

“Paula worked hard with a vocal coach. Trained for eleven years.”

She settles into the center of the room. He drives slowly down a gravel drive. They fix it up to add value and enjoy it. They make a Kool-Aid and relax.

Paco’s bark is quite deep for such a little dog. He woofs in his sleep from time to time.

She makes

“Hey, this is my money.”

Minus house.

As the house burns, neighbor children cluster on the sidewalk. It takes about a minute and a half.

The birth records are destroyed.

Keith pulls all his personas out of the bag.

"You! are like a pastry out of the bag. Swallowed in two bites."

"We can stay with my sister Rachael."

He has been recording the entire conversation. Cameras were around to capture the truth. The only explanation I have

"The problem is so deep you're going to see it."

Keith removes the front splash shields to access the headlamp carrier bolts.

"Almost there. We can go admit our trace. Rachael will cry in no time, trying to match baby animals with their adult counterparts."

Paco leaves early

Paula walks on the carpet, her heels squelching noticeably. She takes off each shoe and massages her wet, stockinged feet. She lies on the bed and Keith is there.

His head rests on an ontology of becoming.

"When did you arrive, at that decision?" The sweater is back on her shoulder.

"Why are you hungry all the time? I can understand being tired because of the Vicoden/Percocet comedown, but why hungry?"

Paula thrusts the bitten drummer directly into the face of Rachael who unsuccessfully attempts to block it with a quick flick of the other noodle.

Paula gets into saying goodbye to him.

Each time pinched, as if looking down over fields and buildings, thinking in verse-
no difference in quality, a circle of exits.

Straightaway.

The sheet music Rachael reads does not match the song she plays on the piano.

Keith removes his bathrobe to reveal a wrestling uniform.

“Convenience is not a high priority for me.”

Keith and Paco leave for ice cream.

Paula and Rachael retreat into the house. After seeing she has shut the front door, Paula falls to the day bed, wedged between the back room and a picture of Marcus in his football uniform.

"Why don't you do your own thing, like raise money for the hungry?"

Or run a marathon, or take a parachute jump.

"Some people just look like they've been run over a few times."

Rachael snuggles against her, whimpering. "I'm taller." "Just be still and listen for those men." "Reduced to a pillow."

Paula interrupts her inexhaustible talk to ask a question. Does

One last cigarette.

"I wound up at a completely inappropriate job. My weird boss wears a hockey uniform. He makes me seem sincere, as if I'm a single mom of three girls. As if I've been divorced for five years."

Why don't you have a boyfriend?

It's no secret to you that I have an irrational little crush on Chicken John.

Keith fixes his belt, stuffs a tissue in his pants' front pockets. The tassels on his fly swing. He paces around the living room with Marcus on the phone.

"I'm no pumpkin-eater." He whistles. "I don't wait for moods."

He leaves el casa del Marcus.

Paco is rubbing puddle water. Keith breaks into a passing song about heartbreak and joy and mold.

Smoke billows from the aluminum siding of el casa del Rachael, smothering neighbor children like thunderheads.

"You shouldn't smoke in bed, it's boring."

"One last cigarette."

Keith arrives and severs Paco's tentacles. The bruises on his face are like shiny miniature motorcycles. He is shooting mad.

"Another house? Hello?"

"Shut up, Keith's fingers. Push your head against a wall. I don't need your sideways glances, your concern, or your single-flea conscience."

"i.e. I'm leaving you for good."

Paco flails in the muck as he voids helplessly

His legs have liquefied.

Paula defends stabbing motions, saying some people snap and other people stab.

"Some people snap. Other people stab."

"Rebuild my house. My children are still alive."

This is your fault in truth. We want you to earn. Make money off cars that don't pollute. You owe us \$1 Billion. Or you will be snapped.

"Paula is a millionaire, but not a billionaire." She runs barefoot, we whisper.

She runs through the cemetery as Ghoul Man chases her. Keith trails far behind in wildflowers, mumbling secrets.

We live in a city that speaks Spanish.

Newly single after a 16-year marriage to Keith, Paula moves with her daughter Kelly - a fresh start.

"I miss Marcus this much. I even miss my boss and kids."

Keith comes raging to the door. "Find him! I'm getting belligerent and I expect to be reinstated as your husband!"

He shoots Paula. She falls to her knees.

Not to solidify, but to expel.

Paula stands up. You only think you shot me, Keith. "The truth is your special privilege and responsibility. You shoot too far in the front - uncover all the things I've learned alone these weeks - and you'll be considered guilty of plunder."

"Might as well, I have mucho paperwork to do."

Keith sleeps comedy.

The little girl in the bed hears the sound of a trap door slamming shut. She blows her nose into the last of the mu-shu pancake. "I'm not hungry. I just ate a bag of chips."

Paula climbs out of her hiding place in the floor, through the shrubbery looking for Keith. She hurries through allies, through people's yards and between houses. She climbs on roofs and jumps over graves in the cemetery.

Keith is laid back. Paula thinks Keith hides from her, because she asks too many questions.

Plays the harp and chooses her own variations.

"Keith ducks behind a wall then shoots through the wall."

Here you'll notice a very high tree next to the chasm border.

Paula -

Where value hides.

Represented by a simple code with a meaningful name.

Rachael plays a mean piano. Despite her memory, she wants kids.

"It doesn't matter to me what kind of family I get."

Keith writes

"Knit me."

Keith flashes Paula a toothy smile and she blushes the color of rutabaga. The water from the showerhead turns to blood.

Paula chews her lip.

"You were writing stuff down?"

Keith starts screaming in pain. He screams the word "dog" over and over.

Paula drops the pick. She runs out of the house barefoot and back into the woods. She finds Kelly – a loving, affectionate girl, happy to spend her days sitting on someone's lap.

Kelly sleeps in a bean bag chair. She dreams of punching unicorns in the face.

"Deserves her day in court."

"No one slurs their words, or behaves like a drug addict."

Marcus comes to dinner

We've already met Marcus, the round-faced man. He puts his hand on her knee.

"A long line of police officers."

They fool around playing "poodle." She knows the air she breathes, the water she drinks, and the food she consumes is important. She knows how to laugh about her drinking and use of painkillers.

Marcus leaves for work and is sent to the border.

Crossing, bending her knees.

Kelly holds up a packet of handwritten letters tied with a pink ribbon. "These are addressed to Paula." "Over fallen alias." "Dad, or NAFTA?"

Kelly chains Paula to the radiator and sings to her. In order to talk some sense. She seizes the first missile at hand and breaks the workhouse windows.

"Now." She exclaims.

"I'm a criminal."