

Mark Cunningham

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1903-1904: early development of the chase film: *Desperate Poaching Affray*; *How a French Nobleman Got a Wife Through the New York Harold Personal Columns*: actors fall down a lot. He e-mailed his threat to go Postal, so we figured he was already running out of steam. *Hold you tight like sunshine on a windy day*—but the sun is shining over there, too. I *am* concentrating: “uh” is my mantra.

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I don't know about being "a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas," but I like to watch my DVD of jellyfish while I listen to Brian Eno. The critics said the longer her lists went on, the more listless they became. The recruits pointed out that it was unnatural to stand up straight in curved space. A blue moon comes along only once in blue moon. Diseases without symptoms, I mean, show a little spirit. The guy at the gas station gave us directions to the Lost Highway.

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Somebody named Midge sounds likeable, but it turns out I didn't *like* like her—pretty weak hypnosis. The fluorescent tubes reflected in the café's window made speed lines shooting away from our table, but he said he was going to sit there and drink his Americano. Now that I think back, I have no idea why I thought anybody would be interested in my memoirs. Turn out for our Missing in Action Day was lower than expected. When he said don't believe every voice you hear in your head, I knew right away which one I'd start with.

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We decided that having the seven-year-old shout, “That jerk thinks he’s going to walk off with our carcinogens,” would jump-start the big chase. The natives weren’t fooled: they noticed I put the sunlight back upside down. The inspector drew a chalk outline to show where the cliffs of Dover had been. We vowed again to throw in the towel and stop polluting the reservoir, but the towels we’d already thrown in had absorbed all the water.