

#4 Madness

A Photo Novella by Dwayne Carter

Kitty is rejected and abandoned.

Is Juan Diablo the man to lead her through
anarchy and despair in this post apocalyptic
Dallas, Texas?

Everyone needs a second chance.

Constantinople became Istanbul.

Will a post Dallas be an irrational city?

Look inside for the answers...

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by Dwayne Carter

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*WORDSKETCHES, *DIALOGUE, *APOCALYPTICPOSTAPOCALYPTICDALLAS
WRITTEN BY PATRICK.PATTERSON.CARROLL AND DWAYNE.CARTER
DALLAS. BIG D. THE PLASTIC CITY. ALTERED PERHAPS FOREVER BY SOMETHING. EBOLA?
SOCIOPOLITICAL REVOLUTION? NATURAL DISASTER CATALYZED BY GLOBAL WARMING/
CLIMATE CHANGE? OH, DON'T BE SUCH A DOGMATIC PRICK. LOL, LMAO, AHAHAHAHAHA!
WINK IT ALL SEEM TO START AT ROB'S SOLO EXHIBITION AT THE NASHER. IT SEEMS
EVERYTHING I'VE KNOWN UP TILL NOW HAS BEEN WRONG.

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ROB: BUT STILL... I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU'D BE PREPARED TO
SACRIFICE YOUR AMBITIONS FOR THE LIKES OF ME.

KITTY: HUH? IS THAT RHETORICAL?

ROB: I DON'T KNOW. I THINK ABOUT IT. I THINK... AND THIS IS
A BIG OPPORTUNITY! FINALLY, I CAN FOCUS MY ENERGIES ON
MY WORK, AND NOT ON ENRICHING THOSE WITH THEIR OWN
SELF-INTEREST AT THE FOREFRONT WHILE I SCRAPE BY.

KITTY: UH. OKAY. BUT YOU DO REALIZE WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER?

ROB: ARE WE, KITTY? BECAUSE-AND I DON'T MEAN TO BE
CRASS-BUT... ROLLING AROUND IN THE SACK WITH ME WHEN
IT SUITS YOU DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE STUFF TEAM EFFORTS
ARE MADE OF FRANKLY, IT SMACKS OF BOREDOM.

KITTY: ROB, YOU'RE WRONG! WAY WRONG!

ROB: SORRY. MAYBE I'M BEING DEFENSIVE.

KITTY: I DIDN'T NOTICE.

ROB: STILL. I MUST MOVE FORWARD. WITHOUT YOU.

KITTY: AND THAT'S IT?

ROB: DO WE HAVE TO MAKE IT ANY MORE DIFFICULT?

KITTY: SHUT UP. I'M FEELING USED RIGHT NOW!

ROB: I GUESS THAT'S VALID. LOOK, I GOTTA GO.

Kitty Soliloquy

35 years. Ten of which spent
nurturing, coddling, and
swiftly ameliorating a
jerk's ego upon any
perceived slight. If I had
any sense, I'd have told him
not to quit his day job. It
would've been a cruel lie, but
at least

oh, I don't know. I I feel
like
I'm a cliché conjured up in
the mind of a feckless
misogynist.

Woe is me! I saved him!

He wouldn't have had the
intestinal nay mortal
fortitude to go on and
achieve this success
without me! taking
him for a stomach pumping
after drinking himself in
the direction of
oblivion

twice!

*

***KING SELLOUT!

What now?

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT JUAN DIABLO
MADE HIS ENTRY. THIS IS WHEN I MET MY GUIDE
THROUGH MY DESPAIR.

JUAN: IT'S A LOADED QUESTION... IF ONE
EVER EXISTED.

KITTY: HUH?

JUAN: WELL, YOU'VE GOTTA LOOK AT THINGS
IN SCOPE OR SCALE OR CONTEXT OR WHATEVER.





JUAN POINTED TO THE VIEW FROM THE GRASSY KNOLL.

JUAN: SURE, GETTING DUMPED BLOWS! BUT... LOOK AROUND YOU! WOULDN'T YOU RATHER PROGRESS BEYOND THIS PLACE?

KITTY: WHO ARE YOU?

JUAN: KNOW WHAT A BARD IS?

KITTY: A POET IN THE SERVICE OF THE STATE?

JUAN: YEAH, I'M MAYAKOVSKY, BABY.

JUAN: NO, BUT I AM AESTHETICALLY PLEASING, INTIMATELY GIFTED *WINK*, AND I'M YOUR GUIDE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU WERE-AND ARE-UP AGAINST. ALL-MOST-QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED IN DUE TIME.

KITTY: OH, YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE.

JUAN: ONE OF WHAT?

KITTY: OF THOSE DISGUSTING BOYS WHO PREY ON THE EMOTIONALLY WOUNDED.

JUAN: DON'T YOU WANT THE ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS?

KITTY: YES.

NO.

YES!

WHAT QUESTIONS? I ONLY ASKED ONE.

JUAN: JUST COME WITH ME.

WE LEFT, UNAWARE OF THOSE WHO LINGERED



AS I FOLLOWED JUAN DIABLO TO DEALEY PLAZA, I BECAME AWARE OF A SUFFERING, DISAPPROVING RABBLE, A DEGRADED ASSORTMENT LIVING IN THE SQUALOR BELOW THE BRIDGE.

KITTY: WHO ARE THESE POOR SOULS?

JUAN: POOR? MAYBE NOT. BUT THEY ARE SOMETHING.

JUAN: THEY WERE CONSPIRACY RAG PEDDLERS, RECENTLY RELEASED PRISONERS FROM LU LU, TOURISTS, AND COMMON WINOS; SOME ALL THREE. WORSE STILL, MANY OF THEM WERE THE SAME VILE CREATURES YOU MIGHT'VE SEEN IN THAT MOVIE, WALL STREET.

KITTY: GREED IS GOOD.

JUAN: IT'S NOT. BUT WHATEVER HELPS YOU SLEEP

KITTY: NO. IT'S FROM THE MOVIE.

AN "UNCLEAN MAN" APPROACHED US AS IF TO SOLICIT BUT STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS.

UNCLEAN MAN: WELL SHIT, I GUESS THAT MEANS THE COUCH POTATO AIN'T GOT NO MONEY.

KITTY: SWEET PEAZUS, YOU FRIGHTENED ME!

UNCLEAN MAN: IT'S JUST SLANG FOR YOU FOLKS WHO ALWAYS BE REFERENCING TV AND MOVIES. YOU'RE COUCH POTATOES.

KITTY: WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?

UNCLEAN MAN: NOTHING. TELEVISION IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME. A POP CULTURAL REFERENCE MEANS A SEDENTARY LIFESTYLE IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH REVOLUTION. EVEN IN THE MIRE OF FILTH, IT'S LIKE SPITTING IN MY FACE.

UNCLEAN MAN: I JUST... I FEAR I'VE LOST THE BATTLE AND THE WAR. ONCE UPON A TIME, I INSPIRED MEN TO RESIST THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE CHAOS IN THESE TIMES. NOW, I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T SHANK ME WHILE I SLEEP FOR THE LAST OF THESE PILLS THAT SEEM TO BE IN DEMAND.

JUAN: TO BE FAIR, I USED THE FILM TO CONTEXTUALIZE THE SITUATION.

KITTY: PILLS YOU SAY?

KITTY: LOL, I WOULDN'T DARE SHANK YOU.

UNCLEAN MAN: YOU JUST SAID LOL. YOU DIDN'T LAUGH. YOU SAID LOL. NOW I FEEL SAFE!

KITTY: WHATEVER. WOULDN'T YOU BE BETTER SERVED MINISTERING TO NEW REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERS-IN-ARMS AS OPPOSED TO BEGGING MONEY FROM STRANGERS?

JUAN: OKAY. ENOUGH. WE HAVE TO GO NOW.

UNCLEAN MAN: I WON'T LIE. YOU'VE HURT MY FEELINGS. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S NO USE. MONEY BUYS NOTHING ANYMORE.



MY JOURNEY HAD BEGUN. ENTERING A DIRT TUNNEL,
I SAW A SIGN THAT WAS GRAFFITIED TO READ:
ABANDON ALL DOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE

KITTY: AND THE SUBTEXT: HOPE. DOPE. SAME FAMILY. BEING
THAT IT WAS AND IS ILLEGAL. THE FORMER BEING A CAMPAIGN
SLOGAN AND A PLACE IN ARKANSAS. AND THE LATTER
BEING SOMETHING EQUALLY AS UNWIELDY AND DESULTORY.

PERSON: NO HOPE. WORSE: NO DOPE. TRUST ME. OUR
HANDS ARE CLEAN AND OUR MINDS ARE CLEAR. BUT WE'RE
INCREDIBLY BORED.

JUAN: LET US CONTINUE ON. NOTHING TO SEE HERE.
UNINTERESTING

KITTY: I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT.


JUAN: ULTIMATELY, THIS IS JUST A STONE AMONGST
THE COBBLE ON THE PATH. WE WILL TREAD WHERE
THE LIGHT RAIL ONCE OFFERED FOLK QUICK CONVEYANCE.

KITTY: OKAY. ROB.

JUAN: WHAT?

KITTY: NOTHING.




A man and a woman are walking through a desolate, hazy landscape. The man, on the left, is wearing a dark tank top and jeans, looking off to the side. The woman, on the right, is wearing a dark dress and has her hand covering her face. In the background, a city skyline is visible through the haze, with a prominent tower. The overall mood is somber and gritty.

WE CAME TO THE TRINITY RIVER BASIN LOOKING TOWARD DOWNTOWN.
THE STENCH WAS UNBEARABLE. THE FILTH UNIMAGINABLE.

KITTY: IT STINKS HERE. I FEEL FAINT.

JUAN: HOLD YOUR NOSE, THEN. THIS IS LIFE. IT'S REAL, AND YOU
CANNOT ESCAPE IT.

JUAN: POOR GIRL. THE REAL POOR ALWAYS HAVE TO SMELL
SHIT. YOU'RE JUST SLUMMING IT NOW.

Anarchy is depicted in a red, textured suit, sitting on the ground amidst a chaotic scene of bodies and scattered money. He has a wide-eyed, intense expression and is holding a small object in his hand. The background is a dark, textured wash of colors, suggesting a gritty, urban environment.

THAT IS WHERE WE ENCOUNTERED ANARCHY HOLDING A BIBLE FILLED WITH MONEY. PROPHET OF FALSE HOPE THROUGH INSTANT GRATIFICATION. HIS WICKED GRIN WRITHED IN HEDONISM LIKE A WORM IN THE DIRT.

ANARCHY: THEY SAY BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP GIRL. BUT WHAT'S TO SEE BEYOND THAT? BLOOD AND BONE? FORGET IT, GIRL. THIS IS D-TOWN! JOIN MY CHURCH! THE CHURCH OF LOVE AND LUST AND ALL THINGS DEEMED-BY ME-GOOD AND GREAT!

JUAN: I THINK WE'LL PASS.

ANARCHY: I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU. UNLESS.

ANARCHY: UNLESS YOU HAVE MONEY.

KITTY: ISN'T MONEY USELESS HERE?

ANARCHY: SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AND A THINKER!

ANARCHY: MONEY GIVES US THE POWER TO SPREAD OUR MESSAGE HITHER AND THITHER! LOVE AND LUST-MORE THAN ANYTHING-REQUIRE MOBILITY.

JUAN: BECAUSE YOU'RE BORED OF WHAT YOU HAVE HERE. YES, WE GET IT.

ANARCHY: I NEVER SAID THAT.

JUAN: DIDN'T YOU?

ANARCHY: COME ON GIRL. JOIN US!

KITTY: YEAH, NO.

ANARCHY: YOU DARE SAY NO TO A GOD? LOOK AT MY BODY! PERFECTLY CHISELED! LIKE ADAM IN THIS BOOK!

JUAN: AND BEN FRANKLIN ON THAT TATTERED C-NOTE.

ANARCHY: YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO OFFER? I AM A GOD AND I SCREW LIKE ONE. TOO!

KITTY GIGGLES.

JUAN: MOVING ALONG NOW.

ANARCHY: YOU'LL BE BACK. NO ONE CAN RESIST ME!



AS WE MOVED PAST CLUB DADA, I COULD SENSE JUAN WAS APPREHENSIVE ABOUT THE DOORMAN, BUT HE SPOKE ANYWAY.

JUAN: WE SEEK SHELTER.

DOORMAN: BETTER THAN THAT, MY MAN. I OFFER ENTERTAINMENT. THE FOLLY OF THE MONEYED AND POWERFUL. WELCOME TO THE CITY HALL OF THIS IRRATIONAL CITY OF DISCORD.

JUAN: HARDLY AN ENTICING SELLING POINT.

DOORMAN: AWW, IT USUALLY WORKS.

KITTY: CAN WE JUST GO IN? IT'S IKKY OUT HERE. I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN WEARING THE SAME PANTIES FOR DAYS.

DOORMAN: OH, YOU CAN TOTALLY COME ON IN.

JUAN: GREAT. PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT UNDERGARMENTS HERE.

KITTY: I'M GOING IN.

JUAN: OF COURSE YOU ARE.


KITTY: MAYBE IT'LL BE FUN.

JUAN: DOUBTFUL... BUT I GUESS YOU SHOULD SEE.



INSIDE I SAW DANCERS WRITHING AND HOT, STEAMING, SCREAMING. THE SOUNDS OF METAL MUSIC CHOPPED AND SCREWED WITH ACCOMPANYING VISUALS.





KITTY: WOW. UM. THIS ISN'T ENTERTAINING AT ALL. SOMETHING IS WRONG. I'M SCARED.

JUAN: TOLD YOU.

KITTY: YOU'RE TOTALLY GOING TO BE A MAN ABOUT THIS, AREN'T YOU?

JUAN: WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

KITTY: IT'S JUST. THIS SOUND IS MORE OF A HOUSTON THING.

THE MUSIC STOPS. THE ROOM GOES STILL.

ANARCHY: WE CALL IT SUBVERSION, YOU PHILISTINE!

KITTY: JUST SAYING.

ANARCHY: KILLJOYS! WE WILL NOT TOLERATE SUBVERSION OF OUR SUBVERSION. YOUR MOUTHS SHOULD'VE STAYED SHUT OR WRAPPED IN OTHERS' IN AN EXPRESSION OF LUST. BODIES MELT MELDED.

ANARCHY: WE'VE CO-OPTED THIS PLACE FOR OUR OWN ENJOYMENT. NO MONEY OR LUST TO BURN: SCREW OFF!



THEY CHASED US OUT OF THE CLUB, THROUGH KLYDE WARREN PARK,
THE GRAFFITI READ: KLYDE WARREN PARK: ART, CULTURE, FAMILY, COMMUNITY
OR SOMETHING EQUALLY NAUSEATING.

ANARCHY: YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE, UNLESS...UNLESS YOU HAVE MONEY.

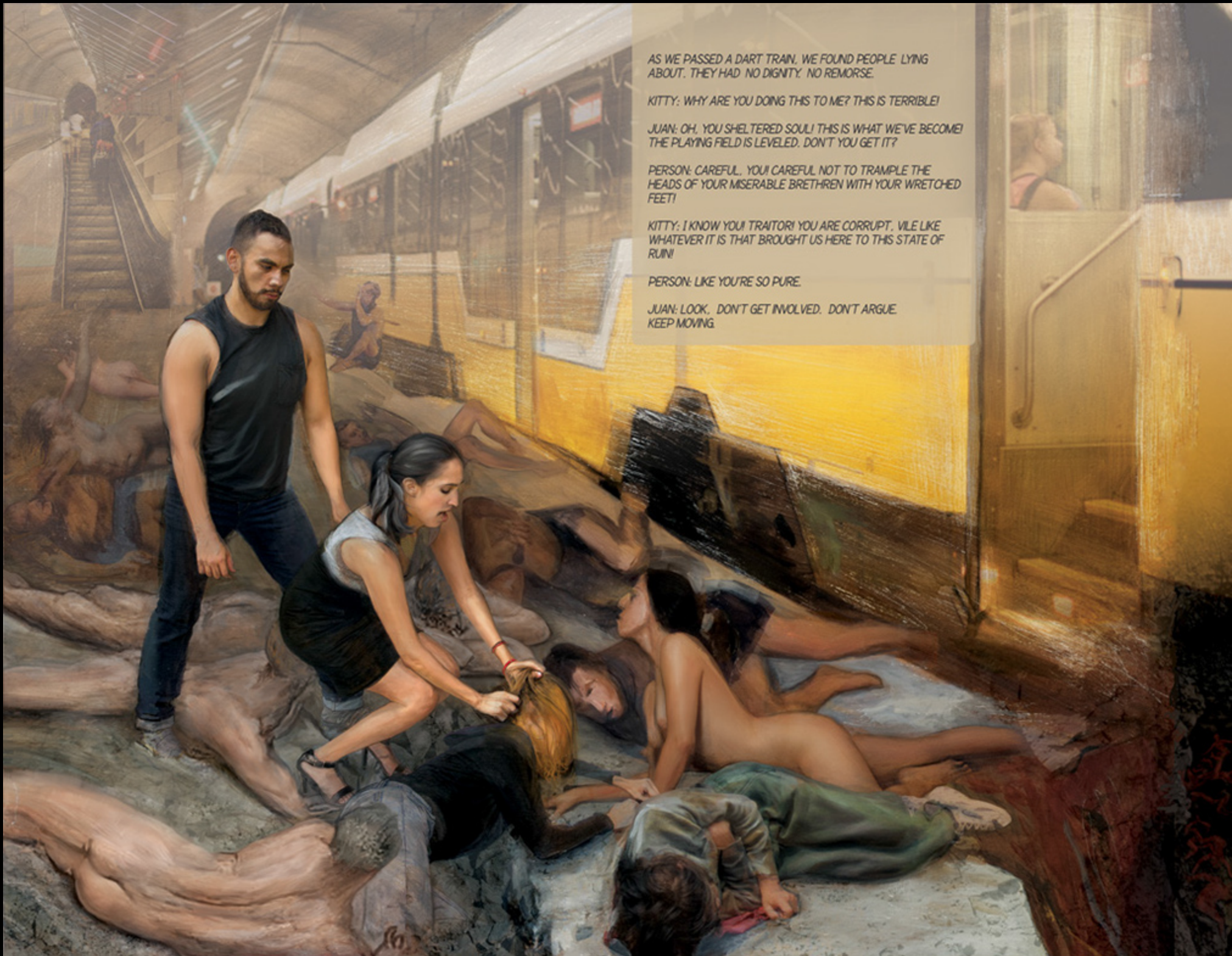
CHORUS: MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

JUAN: WE'VE HEARD THIS LINE, HAVEN'T WE? LET US MOVE FORWARD.

KITTY: UGH, YOU MEAN DOWNWARD? TO WORSE SHIT? NO THANKS.

JUAN: WE NEED TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

KITTY: UH...



AS WE PASSED A DART TRAIN, WE FOUND PEOPLE LYING ABOUT. THEY HAD NO DIGNITY. NO REMORSE.

KITTY: WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME? THIS IS TERRIBLE!

JUAN: OH, YOU SHELTERED SOUL! THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BECOME! THE PLAYING FIELD IS LEVELED. DON'T YOU GET IT?

PERSON: CAREFUL, YOU! CAREFUL NOT TO TRAMPLE THE HEADS OF YOUR MISERABLE BRETHREN WITH YOUR WRETCHED FEET!

KITTY: I KNOW YOU! TRAITOR! YOU ARE CORRUPT, VILE LIKE WHATEVER IT IS THAT BROUGHT US HERE TO THIS STATE OF RUIN!

PERSON: LIKE YOU'RE SO PURE.

JUAN: LOOK, DON'T GET INVOLVED. DON'T ARGUE. KEEP MOVING.

WE REACHED THE DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART. PEOPLE WERE LOOTING AND HOARDING THE ART.

STREET VENDOR: YOU ARE JEALOUS OF MY VAST COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES. ART GIVES MEANING.

KITTY: LIKE MONEY?

STREET VENDOR: I DIDN'T SAY THAT. NOT EVER WOULD I UTTER SUCH NONSENSE.

JUAN: SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. HOARDING IS NOT A SOLVENT FORM OF MAINTENANCE IN A WORLD WHERE VALUES WILL BE A KEY ASSET.

STREET VENDOR: YOUR IDEAS SOW DISCORD. ART AND NATURE ARE REAL AND ONE! AM I WRONG? LOOK AT THIS EXQUISITE NEW PAINTING FROM ROB BARKER FROM FAIR PARK.

KITTY: OH MY!

STREET VENDOR: SO YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIM.

JUAN: YES. THAT ONE HAS MEANING.

JUAN: YOUR ROB IS AHEAD IN FAIR PARK.

KITTY: I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT ANYMORE.

JUAN: AND I'M SUPPOSED TO DIVINE THAT HOW?

KITTY: I DON'T KNOW!

JUAN: WE MOVE ON!





TIME PASSED. IT FELT LIKE WEEKS. BUT WE CAME UPON FAIR PARK.

KITTY: MAYBE IT WILL BE BETTER NOW THAT I SEE.

JUAN: SEE? SEE WHAT? IT MATTERS LITTLE NOW.
YOU CAN'T GO BACKWARD. ROB IS YOUR PAST, NOT YOUR FUTURE.

KITTY: THEN I WON'T! ...OR MAYBE SO...

JUAN: LET'S GO!

PRINCESS: WAIT, I CAN TAKE YOU TO ROB. HE LIVES HERE AND
WORKS FOR THE LEADER OF OUR POST DALLAS UTOPIA.
I HOPE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

KITTY: I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING ANYMORE.

JUAN: YOUR DITHERING IS UPSETTING TO ME.

KITTY: REALLY? YOU MEN ARE SO FRAGILE.

JUAN: IF IT PLEASES YOU TO BELIEVE SO, DO.

PRINCESS: WELL, YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE, DARLING
UNLESS YOU WANT TO ROT WITH THE RANKS OF THESE
SUICIDAL TRAMPS.

PRINCESS: YOU'RE SO CLEAN,
UNSULLIED IN THESE TIMES. STRANGE.

KITTY: YOU SEEM ALRIGHT.

JUAN: NO, THEY DON'T. YOU'RE A RATHER TRUSTING ONE,
AREN'T YOU?

KITTY: WOULDN'T IT EXPLAIN EVERYTHING? TOO TRUSTING.

JUAN: I CAN'T JOURNEY WITH YOU ANY FURTHER.
DON'T BUY INTO THIS.

QUEEN: YOU'RE CLEVER. BUT NO ONE FOLLOWS YOU. WHY?

JUAN: SHE DOES.

KITTY: NOT LIKE THAT.

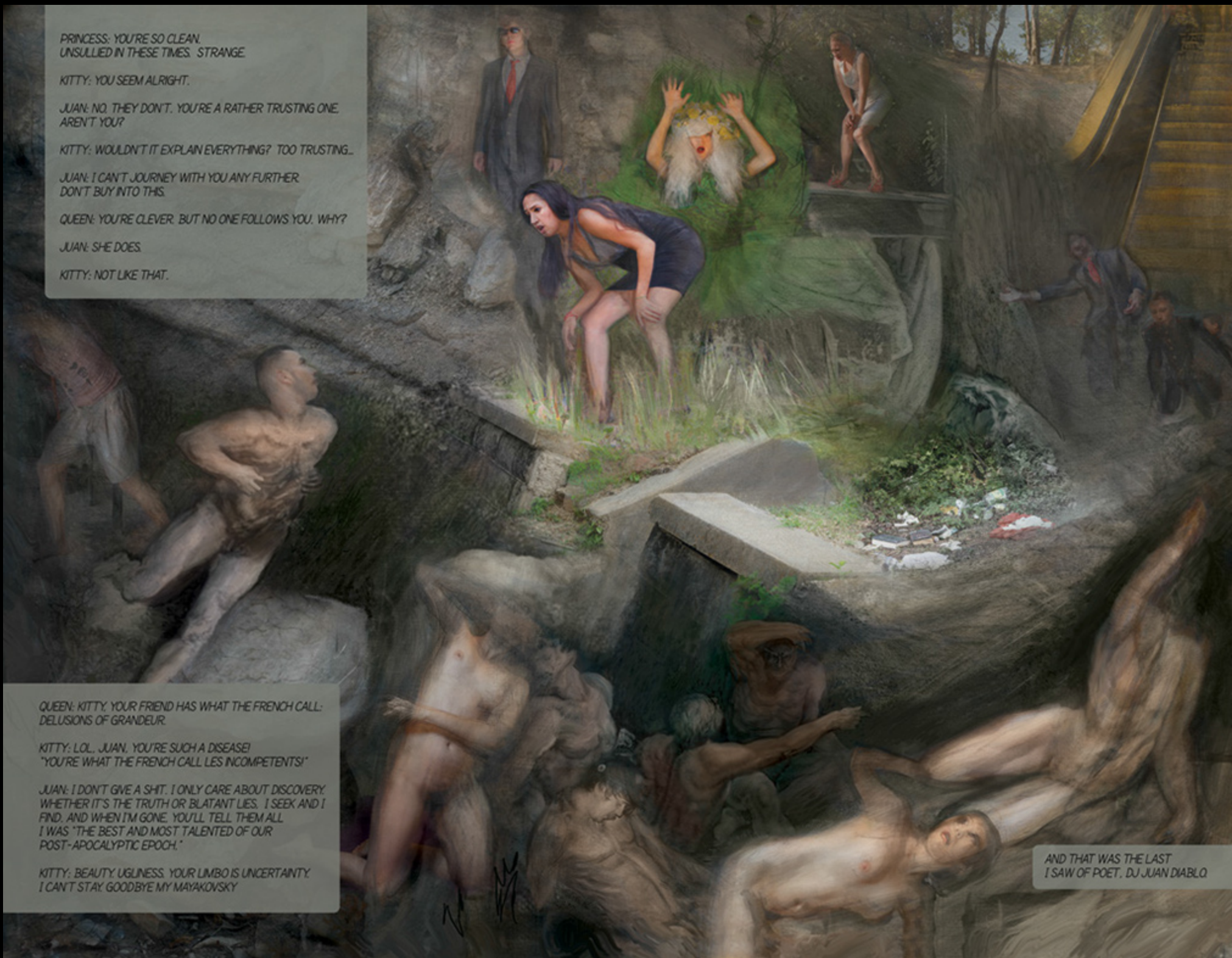
QUEEN: KITTY, YOUR FRIEND HAS WHAT THE FRENCH CALL:
DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR.

KITTY: LOL, JUAN, YOU'RE SUCH A DISEASE!
"YOU'RE WHAT THE FRENCH CALL LES INCOMPETENTS!"

JUAN: I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. I ONLY CARE ABOUT DISCOVERY.
WHETHER IT'S THE TRUTH OR BLATANT LIES. I SEEK AND I
FIND, AND WHEN I'M GONE, YOU'LL TELL THEM ALL
I WAS "THE BEST AND MOST TALENTED OF OUR
POST-APOCALYPTIC EPOCH."

KITTY: BEAUTY UGLINESS. YOUR LIMBO IS UNCERTAINTY.
I CAN'T STAY. GOODBYE MY MAYAKOVSKY

AND THAT WAS THE LAST
I SAW OF POET, DJ JUAN DIABLO



THE QUEEN LED ME TO THE CULT LEADER. I RECOGNIZED HIM AS THE UNCLEAN PANHANDLER FROM DEALEY PLAZA. THOUGH SURROUNDED BY SEDUCERS AND PANDERERS, HIS HEAD ON BACKWARD, I CAN SEE HE'S GOT A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

THOR, I REMEMBER YOU. YOU TAUGHT ME HUMILITY, BECAUSE YOU HELPED ME TO OVERCOME PRIDE. I HAVE RETURNED TO POWER.

TO TELL THE TRUTH, I COULD'VE ENDED YOU SOME TIME AGO, AND I'M NOT SO CERTAIN I'LL REMAIN BEHOLDEN TO ANY FORM OF MAGNANIMITY OR BENEVOLENCE FROM HERE ON.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW ABOUT TRUTH, BUT I DO KNOW ABOUT ORDER AND MEANING. I GIVE BOTH. BELIEVE IN ME AND YOU CAN STAY.



THOR (TO THE MASSES) ART AND NATURE ARE REAL. YOU MIGHT
CONTEND THEY ARE COMPETING FORCES. BUT I DISAGREE.
THEY ARE AT ONE WITH EACH OTHER. YOUR EYES ARE SEWN SHUT.
ENVY AND COVETNESS ARE USELESS. WORTHLESS.

QUEEN: ART AND NATURE ARE REAL AND ONE! AM I WRONG?





KITTY: NATURE IS NOT A FOUND OBJECT. IT WAS HERE WHEN WE GOT HERE, AND IT'LL BE HERE AFTER WE'RE GONE. IN SOME FORM OR FASHION. THE TRUTH IS, HOWEVER, THAT WE'VE RE-CREATED IT IN THE CONTEXT OF OUR TIME. TOOLS OF OUR TOOLS. HANDS OF OUR HANDS. OUR PRINT IS ALL OVER IT.

WE CREATE OUR OWN PARADISE. NOT IN A MANIFESTO. WE LIVE IN IT. BEAUTIFUL. WRETCHED. BEAUTIFULLY WRETCHED. WRETCHEDLY BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE I WANT TO BE.

PARADISE.

ROB: KITTY, YOU'RE HERE! I'VE MISSED YOU SO. THIS IS MY HOME NOW. AND YOU TOO CAN LIVE HERE. CALL IT HOME, IF YOU WISH. IT'S YOUR CHOICE. JUST HAVE EMPATHY. THE LEADER RE-WROTE THE DADA MANIFESTO. IT MAKES SENSE NOW AND GIVES ORDER.

KITTY: YOU'RE A SELFISH HYPOCRITE. YES. AND IN IT YOU'LL FIND THE ONLY PERSONALITY HE HAS IS A CULT OF IT.

ROB: HYPOCRITES HAVE FEELINGS.

KITTY: SO DO [REDACTED] YOUR POINT?

KITTY: I GUESS I NEED TO MAKE A DECISION.

ROB: IS THERE REALLY ONE TO BE MADE?

KITTY: SERIOUSLY?

ROB: I'M SORRY.

KITTY: I'M HERE. AREN'T I?

ROB: I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WHERE IT'S SAFE. BUT ONLY IF YOU DON'T QUESTION THINGS. WE ALL HAVE A PART IN THIS IRRATIONAL CITY





MADNESS NUMBER 4
CREATED BY DWAYNE CARTER

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