

## Through the Haze of Amber Lenses

I put my items on the corner. So fucking bright today. Glad to be free from the gaze of a hundred models and TV guide. Ooo...she's cute.

“\$14.95.”

Grab a twenty. Five bucks and a nickel. K. Shoulda gotten Ice. Damn! So Goddamn bright today. Oh Yeah <grabs sunglasses> Groundscore!

Fuckin Saturday afternoon Walstore shoppers. Check these things out. <looks at Amber Lenses.> Tight for free. Do they even fit?

WHAT THE FUCK? Where the...I'm looking at me. I'm fucking me looking at me. HOLY SHIT. Fucking laced sunglasses? I didn't fucking lick them.

Me looking at me. What a trip! What am I doin'? Just standing there? Hi Me! Hay, I'm moving. Hello me coming toward me. Something's wrong...oh shit. Where can I...OH SHIT. Why am I trying to kill...that's not fucking me!

<Rips sunglasses from face.>

A Goddamn killer. <becoming the mind of an animal.> Run. Run!

How am I moving so fast? BUS!

A buck twenty-five. QUICK. A Dollar and a quarter. YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN! Just give'm a five.

Close the door.

Close the door.

Close THE DOOR!

“hhhunahh”

Safe. I'm safe. I'M SAFE! Jesus, what the fuck! These shades. Was that fucking crazy? No one's looking at me weird. These shades showed that guy trying to kill me. And he had a shotgun. Trying to Kill ME.

What the fuck did I do? Kerri? That skank Tammy? Shit, maybe that 20G I owe Frank? He forgave me I thought.

Florida. I can get off here and circle around.

I don't see him. Huh. Too weird. Try on these shades again. Amber. Pretty bad-ass. No killers, huh. Haven't done acid in...three weeks. Flashback? Didn't pop my neck. Huh. Yeah, I'll just backtrack. So I just got on a bus for the fucking exercise. NO! No. These glasses just showed me some guy trying to kill me. What the Fuck!

You know, I can't complain if I always know when someone wants to hurt me. That's fuckin super power. The Premonition!

Hay! I can't see...I'm up the street, no this way. Oh god. It's the guy! Shit, ok, I can just circle around this...where the hell am I...Behind the store. K. Shades back on and amber fucking joy! So I only have a problem when I take these off! This is sweet. Sweet sweet sweet-da-sweet sweet. Just around this corner, parked on this side anyway. Check for the guy...wait. I just gotta worry when I don't have um on. <whistles while he walks.>

Laura. This I'm gonna call Laura. That fucking ass! Gonna get that ass tonight. Yeah and she's something special. Fuckin animal. Those blue blue eyes. Just a goddess. Tweet-tweet little car, we're gonna get some pussy!

Drive. Crank this tune, man. Feeling GREAT! Gotta...don't crash! K...he's waiting by the other corner. No, can't see me. What the FUCK!  
No worries...no worries, just turn left. Don't need the shades if he's behind me.  
Gone.

"Ok little wonder shades, anyone wanna kill me now?"

Yellow as the day I was born. Whatever that means. SEX PISTOLS.

"Sex pistols ROCK. Gonna get some pussy tonight man."

Swing by home. Put on some of that Joop! stuff she loves. Grab my stash, with the case I just bought. PARTY!

Why!? Oh, someone's at my HOUSE! I'll kick their...wait. K. Park here. Pretty Glock. Does pretty Glock have ammo? Cock this motherfucker. Hay shit face, you wanna fuck with me? Huh? Just gotta circle around, yeah there looking over there. Move up beside...steady. Two shots and go. K. Ready.

<Two rapid discharges from a Glock handgun.>

Shit...shit...shit. I just killed two people. Shit. They were gonna kill you. The acid? Can I trust these shades? Yeah. FUCK YEAH. Remember, black SUV. Two guys hangin wearing shades. Couldn't see their hands, waiting to kill you. Yeah, I had to do that. I can never go home. What about the cops? Shit. Think. Uh. I go over to Laura's. She lives around the corner and her alarm clocks off. Yeah. Quick, good fucking thinking, man. You're gonna get out of this. And then maybe some play.

I look Good. Alright, calm down. Gotta throw the gun over here on the neighbor's property, behind this wall. Ok, that's good. Breath? Booze and many smokes. Thank god for Altoids. <a doorbell rings.>

"Hay Jess, where's Laura."

"Work."

"What time's that say?"

"3:40 but it's off."

"Close enough. You should fix it."

"Like its 15 minutes fast or slow or something so Laura can get to work."

"So it's actually like 3:15?"

"Yeah, about that."

"Cool. She gets off at 3:30? I'll meet her. A train?"

"On 53<sup>rd</sup>. You're so goddamn romantic."

"Yeah...blessed. Thanks Jess. We'll smoke a bowl when we get back."

"Leave your beer."

"Lemme have one for the road."

"See you soon. Hay, nice shades. You fucking Elton Jon?"

"These are the best fucking shades in the world, thank you."

Jess didn't want to kill me. That's good, gonna tap that if Laura doesn't work out. Someone driving by! I got the entire fucking Mob wanna kill me? What the Fuck? Maybe that fucker Sam. He should just take what I gave him. He's gonna get a lot of guys killed and not me. Dumbass. 'Cause I got magic shades! <a maniacal laugh.>

54<sup>th</sup>. Right turn. Down to Georgia. No mad cars driving by with murder on their breath. Left on Georgia. I gotta get a new piece quick with all this drama around me. People trying to kill me? What the fuck? Jenn knew I was lying when I told her I loved

her, right? She said so. And anyway, put out a hit on someone just 'cause I cheated?  
Man.

Welcome to the 53<sup>rd</sup> street exit. Home of more bums than all of Philly. Good place for my girl to be walking alone. I'm a fucking knight.

Dark and yellow. Fun. Here's the 3:42. Alright, I'll just take them off until I get upstairs. Oh...there's that Raven kid.

"You know Freebird?"

"Fuck off."

"Seriously, how 'bout some GG Allin."

"That'll work."

<the sweet sound of When I Die.>

"They're playing our song!"

"Laura baby." <A long kiss.>

"How fucking chivalrous."

"That's what I was saying."

"Rough day?"

"You can see it? Yeah, just weird. I thought this guy was trying to kill me then...I haven't been home. Yeah, pretty fucking weird, right? Anyway, so I came down here. Do you have anything?"

"Yeah, a bit. You haven't gone home?"

"No."

Why haven't I gone home? Shit.

"Well, maybe we can pick some up, from Sammy?"

"Yeah...well...we'll figure out something. I'm just glad to see you."

Fucking cheese. She love me, doesn't matter. I just wanna see yellow when I get up here. Yellow. Yellow. Fuck. Wait, I'm here it's just not amber. No, right beside myself. I need to shave. Wait, I'm Laura. How fucking cool.

"Hay babe, this is a trip..."

Wait. SHE'S GONNA...

OH HOLY CHRIST THAT HURTS! I'M DYING! I'm dying. Laura! No, not...I'm dying, can't breath. THE PAIN, can't see, getting faint. Blood flowing over the haze of amber lenses.

<fear and a final passing.>