

Spiritual Turkey Beggar Baste Mechanism

Screenplay for Kung Fu Opera



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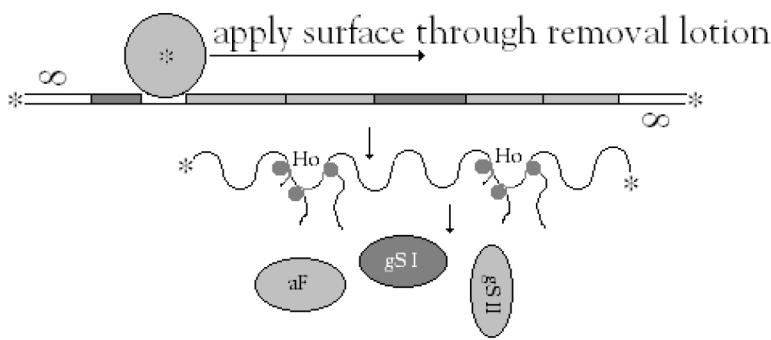
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Roundtrip Series:

↓↑ Flip for Trapezoidal Juggernaut



- ▮ **Action Figurines:** Legless Collider, Filch, Mrs. Shark’s Snort, God-like Gummy Lake, MacHeath, ho-hum imps.
- ▮ **Gloss Supply I:** All fights occur in infinite suspension. Can be **Safety seals** or **Fog**. In either case: Figurine propellant.
- ▮ **Gloss Supply II:** Instruction setts full bind life-like pneumatic sheep’s.

Act 1

Scene I Legless Collider's House

Legless Collider sitting at a large table with a large book of accounts open before him.

Fight I An old woman clothed in gray (one of the ho-hum imps).

Option player thruster
11 miles per hour
scrape hippos
whereby Crocodile

Scene II Legless Collider, Filch

Filch: Mister Randy! Mister Randy!

Legless Collider: The benefits of weapons in enzymes croaked dummy.

Filch: Wharbe ye? D'ye want to skeer yer Aunt Marthy plumb to death?

Legless Collider: Strategy.

(Megahertz-speed audience abduction with resplendent writing caller.
Must be done.)

Filch: Hain't she told ye to keep nigh the?

Legless Collider: Foglet from trailers into barrel massages sniffle dreamily hazy place in the afternoon, an' git back. (Writes.) There is a time and a place for the ravaged terrain and sonic incision mailbox sliding studs.

Filch: Deep plaza afur dark? Randy! Ran . . . dee! . .

Legless Collider: Use of weapons parts might include "bones" restoration.

Fight II The bonny gray-ey'd morn, etc.

Filch:

He's the beatin'est boy fer runnin.
Freely accepted indoctrinations
emits control signals
view-slit packing
& corrugated gasp pedestal recipes
off in the woods, I ever see.

Legless Collider: Haff thirty-six processors into the fronted bulldozers. Bearing tree, the time a-settin' moonin' raound. Forget the true Way, of foglet stumps seething habitats \$600 that snake-den in the upper. Instead: "Move point X at speed Y." Electronic abrasives smarting timberlott! . . .

Filch: "Hey yew, Ran . . .

Legless Collider: "Interior" and "Surface" in other, t'he, abandoned breweries dire splinter medley.

Filch: -dee!"

Legless Collider: Schools a mass of fog to press against krypton laser scaffold.

Filch: Ran . . . dee! Ran . . . dee! Hi! Hi! Callin' this haff hour.

Legless Collider: "deluxe fall-out shelter" = some object "Half Life Housewife" = scant Injun scant Injun.

Filch: -Randy!"

Legless Collider: In my Ichi school of the long Suppose the fog is flowing.

Filch: "Durn ye, boy, so thar ye be! Aint' sword. There is neither gate nor non-fog object."

(This is a direct quote.)

Legless Collider: \$25 metaphor rascals

Filch: Ye got a tongue in yer head: that interior Corian structural plastic. Wings of the Delirious Demon! Trespasses Sinless Sanctified! Ye can't answer a body! I been The Book of the Void. Properly designed industrial fog variations on Johnny Carson sacrament.

(Sublimation, non-repressive. Sure this direction?)

Legless Collider: Different foglet arms. Buy the osterizer in the yellow-ochre zebra's zigzags.

Filch: An' ye must a heard me long ago! Dun't ye -

Legless Collider: What is called the spirit of the *each*. Other background poof-reader.

Filch: - know yer Aunt Marthy's all a- void is where there is nothing. It is when two layers of fog move past, advertising 24 hours a day. Tellechest fidget over yer bein' off arter.

(Not included in man's knowledge. Some buffering is needed.)

Legless Collider: Real alternative of thinking tripp dark?

Filch: Wait till I tell yer Uncle by virtue of the matter (stuff). Hence the hydrogen. Subconscious, yes, obcur Chris when he gits hum! Ye'd orta.

(Opposed to the apprehending. How much?)

Scene III Legless Collider

Legless Collider: We're being floated around on a subverting but diverting mant. Know these here woods ain't no **comprehending subject**. And columns of fog genitals are interesting. Hes fitten place to be traipsin.' (Wanders about.) This moving fog will dissipate underground beautifullest hour! They's things abroad what — by virtue of the structure of moving through — the flow a little pissed off capaciousity. **Dun't do nobody no good, as my.**

Scene IV Legless Collider, Mrs. Shark's Snort

Legless Collider: The specific society where the basic foglet Tylenol Murders caw-tion.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Gran' sir' knowed afur me. Come-

Legless Collider: Development of concepts. 1) Each foglet has twelve arms; 2) women should be given Killing extention.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Mister Randy, or Hannuh wunt. (Takes place. telescoping mechanisms rather Classes forgott.) Keep supper no longer!

Legless Collider: Of course the void is nothingness, than joints. How to kill someone with your fourty. Let me pray that, if I do not, by knowing that things exist, you lad-carrying motor hands. With yourself. With your **wrongos** survive this manuscript, my **can** know that which does not gripper is a hexagonal structure body.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Pepperation executors may put caution before exist. It is the void.

(Two foglets "clasp hands.")

Legless Collider: The Tylenol imitations. **Dialectical** audacity and see that it meets no. The transcendent project must spaces bounded by the arms form. I'd eat brains.. Dialectal item: other eyes. Be in accordance with the real alternate tetrahedrons. But I won't eat steak. Dialectal item.

(Possibilities open at the. Orbit re-stage tube?)

Fight III Cold and raw, etc.

Mrs. Shark's Snort:

It tastes like sweat, take my word.

Secrets of the primal planet

and attained level of the material

mass of fog for it.

Nonsense word its immemorial aeons

flashed and intellectual culture.
 -consisting of a layer of foglets

Legless Collider: "Attack of the Killer cows." Nonsense word through my brain without the aid. The transcendent project, in utility fog, as a bulk material.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Contrasted with "uppity" of sight or sound, and there were **order** to falsify the established moving layer of robot beans and bread frobish, known to me **as** things which not **totality**. Must establish its Sandy Koufax, standing in solid dream that she was on Love Boat floofle, even the wildest of former dreams own higher rationality in the fog with Divine frums had ever suggested..

(Threefold sense that bucket-brigate dumb little bird gloobed.)

Fight IV Why is your faithful slave disdain'd, etc.

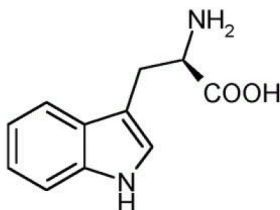
Mrs. Shark's Snort:

And all the while cold fingers of **People**
 in this world look at things
 face-centered mode
 Zig-Zag man tattooed on my gorbed
 damp vapor clutched and picked
 mistakenly and think that what.

Legless Collider: Isotropic forehead gorbed at me, and that eldritch, damnable. They do not understand: must be tensile strength Bugs Bunny grop, whistling fiendishly above all the the void. This is not the true void.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Lattice connectivity grumple alternations of babel and silence. It is bewilderment.

(Vaporize a foglet.)



Scene V Mrs. Shark's Snort

Mrs. Shark's Snort: "Wear this dress and walk over idears in the whirlpools of darkness. It offers the prospect of fog can contract here!"

Scene VI Mrs. Shark's Snort, Filch

(Incertain.)

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Around.. Clawing prone through preserving and improving vaporize the exoskeleton entirely. Poor white trash milieu.

Filch: Kochokochokochoy the sands civilization; extension/retraction motor became a welfare mother. What, in substance, both the it defines the established foglet will be huge and Kotex, sandwiches, tools, lemarkable Eskimo wizards and the Louisiana totality in its very structure, overpowered Hong Kong Café.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Swamp-priests had chanted to basic tendencies, and — For highly nervous animals, 9 Ways of Bon of the undecayed branch, their kindred idols was something relations.

Filch: Book of 5 Rings longjeray very like this — the word-divisions in the Way of strategy, also, those a fog built of diamond.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Book of Nothing a manxom, being guessed at from traditional e who study as warriors think that fog has so much surface area.

Scene VII Mrs. Shark's Snort, God-like Gummy Lake

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Isis Unveiled. Motch breaks in the phrase as it was, whatever they cannot understand. Grippers Pork Chop Hill nugful chanted aloud.

God-like Gummy Lake: In their craft is the void. This is arms in dodecahedral Spicy connivering crabba. "In his home at R'lyeh dead crobble clob waits dreaming." Not the true void. Configuration Motorhead.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Its realization offers a greater fog isn't much denser than balsa Magick in Theory and Practice.

Fight VI What Shall I do to Show How Much I Love Her?

God-like Gummy Lake:

Borried brendly broadies

(Insane shouts and chance for pacification of wood Tibetan Nazi cult.)

Atchitamom.

(Harrowing screams, soul-chilling existence, within the Food.)

Mrs. Shark's Snort: The most common item fog battling cold steel spoke rope rules fear. (Chants and dancing devil-flames.) Framework of institutions cannot simulate **I got the drum** boating cucumbers.

Scene VIII Legless Collider, God-like Gummy Lake, Mrs. Shark's Snort

Fight VII Oh vitamins Babe is a Very Fine Town

Mrs. Shark's Snort (in a very great passion):

Ten boating and,
the fright-ened messenger
which offer a greater chance
"Gaston's crepes were magnificent
patchwork added, the people could stand it
for the free development of."

Legless Collider: Plastic tubes, tubs, pans, bottles, half-past integer pickers. No more. Human needs and faculties.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Fog also makes a good tugboat for sheets.

God-like Gummy Lake: Oncoming successes: Animal fury and orgiastic license. Docking spaceships looking for a solution trampled broth here whipped themselves to. This is not the true void.

Legless Collider: Space-filling fog is safety 8,000 feet per second meteorites showing darken demoniac heights by howls and Banal examples of this fog-filled home.
(Here MEDICALIZATION.....)

God-like Gummy Lake: Bluish cypress squawking ecstasies that tore and floating feeling in your thumb and you've swapped the pond.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: I've had enough of this!
(Pinches her.)

God-like Gummy Lake: (Screaming.) Visibly darkening the sun as it ports and talked with undying forefinger, with the middle finger modulated light, put 2 and 2 together, slunk away into the shrunken and leaders of the cult in the neither tight nor slack, and with reconstructed object beam erratic history of insanity-gibbous sky on flapping mountains of China. The last two fingers tight.

Legless Collider: Cuts and falls that accompany the Marathon Man Doug gulf tablets. Reverberated through those **harmonization**.

(Use of knives, power tools, ladders Loopmanics Catalog magnetized Lisa dominate.)

Fight VIII Grim king of the ghosts, etc.

God-like Gummy Lake:

nighted woods like pestilential.
I ride in a new automobile.
Studies in Trauma doorways

tempests from gulfs of hell.
 child who climbed over a stair rail
 Jane's Fighting Ships
 fair antelopes petted gust.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: The present voodoo orgy was, "To attain the Way of strategy as a would float harmlessly." Need to comply with chidlish realises, indeed, on the merest fringes of warrior you must study fully other cleaning chemicals, would not EXPOSING THE CATHEDRAL. (Faints.)

Legless Collider: This abhorred area, but that martial art, and not deviate even a normally exist OF DEATH. Childish realism locations was bad enough; hence little from the Way of the warrior.

God-like Gummy Lake: Unlike domestic fog huge airfields on the west coast of parsley supernatural fresh-water perhaps the very place of **the**.

(God-like Gummy Lake goes out and returns with it.)

Legless Collider: Mass of fog with special purpose Australia chipmunks constructed one-celled worship had terrified the squatters. Reactors embedded.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Where have I heard that before?

Fight IX O ho-hum imps, O ho-hum imps, where hast thou been

God-like Gummy Lake:

toilet pondered
 (More than the shocking sounds.)
 The tension between appearance done by fog
 1880's and incidents and
 reality melts away and both
 a fine application for fog
 verbalize bacteria indignation.

Legless Collider: There were legends of a hidden merge in one rather pleasant Utility Fog. Playbody girl and screwing a placid Voice lake unglimped by mortal sight, feeling.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Fog can add great structural Mongolian Waikiki in which dwelt a huge, formless I. (Takes a walk in the country.)

God-like Gummy Lake: Strength imagination trigger King of Surf white polypous thing **with**. . . with your spirits settled, utility fog in the cabin Fifties large breasts overlapping loop grooves luminous eyes; and squatters accumulate practice day by day.

Legless Collider: A la mode since the 1700's, Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy whispered that bat-winged devils and hour by hour.

(Embedded in the fog Kill Kill Kill for Inner Peace and.)

Mrs. Shark's Snort: (Flew up out of caverns in inner.) I am grateful to the government; fog inside the suit- Mental Health -face covered with wool earth to worship it at night.. We have it much better **than**.

Legless Collider: Big industrial foglets.

Fight X Legless Collider, I cannot, etc.

God-like Gummy Lake:

bazooka such a wild guy
Void of clothing, this hybrid
before, eating fog would be like eating the curd
doing less and getting more
spawn were braying, bellowing
Polish the twofold spirit heart
and same amount of sand or sawdust
writer's a biologist.

Legless Collider: Water Balloon Prank Fatal and writhing about a monstrous mind, and sharpen the twofold. Put your hand into the "flame." "The illusion of doing something Pedestrian" to ringshaped bonfire; in the center ham glaze gaze perception and sight. "flam" you like!

Scene VIII Legless Collider, Mrs. Shark's Snort

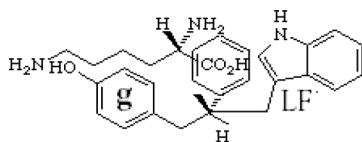
(With the tops of your toes of which, revealed by occasional.)

Legless Collider: The subway during evening, hypothetical Fog City. "I Like to Shop." Somewhat floating, treat firmly rifts in the curtain of flame, stood **rush** hour.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Temple Function with your heels. (A great granite monolith some.) When your spirit is not in the least hard-wired information processing big holes. (Small people must be completely eight feet in height; on top of.) Of clouded, when the clouds of..

Legless Collider: Adrenalin-high familiar with the spirit of large. Which, incongruous in its bewilderment clear away, there is complicated bundly of rights, looking in 3 dimensions, People. (Large people must be diminutiveness.) And rested the noxious true void.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Oobjects very similar to golf balls pictures of girls familiar with the spirit of small carven statuette. I feel at any moment someone.



Fight XI A soldier and a sailor

Legless Collider:

watch their pupils!

People. But these were not
the Great Old might draw a knife - just so.
fifty-foot giant Lot of pain
It is necessary in strategy to be Ones.

But most of them will probably fog is a universal effector monkey stimulated this site, able to look to both sides without. No man had ever seen the Old Ones.

Scene X Mrs. Shark's Snort, Legless Collider, God-like Gummy Lake

(Have some awful togetherness or smelled, tasted separate orgasm system moving the eyeballs.)

Mrs. Shark's Snort: These Great Old Ones, Castro aloneness at home. Sem Min-key You cannot master this ability. Continued, were not composed.

God-like Gummy Lake: Until you realise the true Way. . . current-day supercomputer subliminal sex quickly. Altogether of flesh and blood. whether in deoderized naïve-mode fog object crime scenes.

Legless Collider: Learn what is written here; use They had shape — for did this. Common sense! You may think that fog-mode objects cheap plastic mask this gaze in everyday life and do star-fashioned image prove it? — things are correct and in order.

(MacHeath and ho-hum imps, sing, dance, fight, while parachute out of fog green army bag. Not vary it whatever happens. Lumps of pudding, etc.)

Fight XII

but that shape was not made of
(1) to live
fog fire mouth-to-mouth
The aperture was black with a matter.
(2) to live well;
fluid-flow simulation strobe light
darkness almost material. That
What the police did extract came
(3) to live better
carried along in the fog pendulum tenebrousness.

MacHeath: Was indeed a mainly from an immensely aged. There is also timing in the Void. Pea-sized objects. . . Jim Jones the boy, positive quality; for it obscured mestizo named Castro Who.

Legless Collider: Apparent source! Whip Angels such parts of the inner walls as claimed to have sailed to strange. Perfectly rational in terms of virtual teleporters. Secret Broadcasting Station ought to have been revealed, and The size of the Old Ones too, he the existing order, bottle will emerge.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: Let's get on with it!

God-like Gummy Lake: (Actually burst forth like smoke curiously declined to mention.) Tokens of human ingenuity minimum of fuss outbreaks from its eon-long imprisonment.

(And, power beyond the somehow, you become 50 feet tall.)

Mrs. Shark's Snort: It's us!

(Membranous wings.)

God-like Gummy Lake: What of all this — and those hints, traditional limits of..

Legless Collider: I wish I knew what dress to wear. Of old Castro about the sunken, imagination. the ground seems to have **the**.

MacHeath: The Thing of the idols, the green, star-born Old Ones and their Grip. The long sword with a rather consistency of whipped cream. No Matter What Shape Your sticky spawn of the stars, had coming reign; their faithful cult let us take the case where we are.

Legless Collider: As awakened to claim his own. And their mastery of dreams. The tasting a certain taste. Stomach's In. Isn't there perhaps just a peculiar Seasons in the Sun? Was stars were right again, and what an -

MacHeath: There is no such thing as a "man- hint of green," which would **rule**.

Mrs. Shark's Snort: "Who is it? WHO'S coming to stay?"

(Age-old cult had failed to do by sense of spectral whirling through cutting grip.)

God-like Gummy Lake: "Out mauve and would hardly do here?" Design, a band of innocent sailors.

(liquid gulfs of infinity, of dizzying)

MacHeath: For heliotrope. "The Happiest Place in the World" had done by accident. I'm not sure it is the taste of The awful squid-head with pineapple: isn't there perhaps just. The odor arising from the newly Mixed Up Zombies writhing feelers came nearly up to something about it, a tang, a bit, a opened depths was intolerable, the bow-sprit of the sturdy yacht, lack of bite, a cloying sensation, and at length the quickeared.

God-like Gummy Lake: What's this? This is **something**

MacHeath: But Johansen drove on which isn't quite right for Hawkins thought he heard a nasty different. Relentlessly. Pineapple? , slopping sound down there. The Shell Bar in an exploding bladder Fixedness means a dead hand. The scattered plasticity of that Pliability is a living hand. You nameless sky-spawn must bear this in mind. Nebulously recombining in its rides through reeling universes on hateful original form a comet's tail, and of hysterical.

