

# Trapezoidal Juggernaut

*Circus Script for a Mestizo Child Abduction*



Derek White

⌋ Calamari Press Roundtrip Series ⌋

## **Trapezoidal Juggernaut**

*Circus Script for a Mestizo Child Abduction*

© 2003 Derek White. All Rights Reserved.

ISBN 0-9746053-2-8

**Calamari Press**

New York, NY

[www.calamaripress.com](http://www.calamaripress.com)

*Rundtrip Series:*

17 Flip for **Spiritual Turkey Beggar Baste Mechanism**

[Hindi jagannEth, title of Krishna, from Sanskrit jaganEthau, lord of the world : jagat, moving, the world (from jigEti, he goes; see gwE- below) + nEthau, lord. Senses 1 and 2, from the fact that worshipers throw themselves under the wheels of a huge car or wagon on which the idol of Krishna is drawn in an annual procession at Puri in east-central India.]

ق

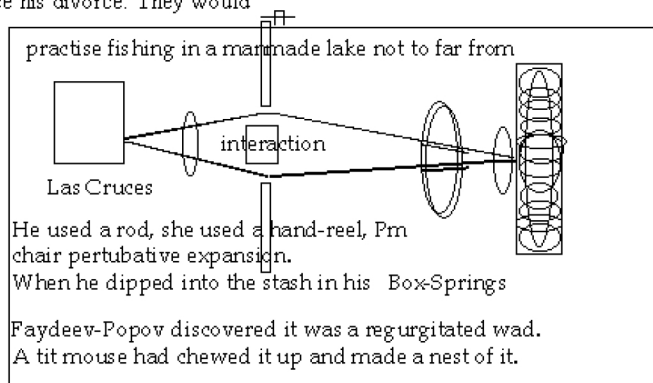
as applied to the transparent: **Faydeev-Popov** (F-P) possessed a closet full of unadorned wire hangars. ((2.) (tied bus 9, I brief gill I+))> the same gauge wire as the **spokes** of (his sUn) **Travis's** bicycle (Nandi). ...>)) Faydeev-Popov, a gauge-invariant father. Whatever  $\Sigma_{\text{money}}$  he saved  $\frac{\cdot}{\cdot} | \frac{\cdot}{\cdot} | \frac{\cdot}{\cdot} | \frac{\cdot}{\cdot}$  he stowed in his "Tagrangian Certified Sleeper" box spring (9-gauge). Most of the money he earned went towards Alimony and child support (((c'est moi ce soi ici))))

@ the Opus #23 for coin supper picnic, Faydeev-P met **Shyla**, who was adorned with sky-g *blue* <sup>www</sup> (4550 A°) *eye-shadow*. Other items in common- she had also been through a divorce, <sup>eye-shadow</sup> she was a lab-tech at the  $\beta$ -particle non-linear accelerator, she was a hand lotion critic/connoisseur and she had a tattoo (from the Ghandara period)--

ق

[Ηνδὲ ὩΔγθΕνῼΕτη, πἰελοφ Κρισηνα, φρομΣα) (स्कृति ΩK1 @ JvEηαα, λορδ of the world : φΥγατ, μὸ σινγ, τηςωρλδ (φρομφγΕτη, ηθγοσε, σε γωΕ - βελω) + νΕηαα, λορδ. Σενσ 1 ωδ2, φρομ της φαχτ τητ ωρηΕ] περσ ηαπε τηρσων τημσελπεσ σνδερ τηςωηελοφ α ηυγε χαρ ορ ωΥγον ον ωηχη της ιδωλ of Κρισηνα. ωασ δρωαν ιν αν αννυαλ @ προχεθ-σων ὩΔγθΕνῼΕτη ατ Πυρι ιν εαοτ-χεντραλ Ινδία.]

Faydeev-Popov asked Shyla on an outing to Galveston Island for a weekend. She consented. He was feeling pretty good about himself. The first woman he'd been with since his divorce. They would



Faydeev-Popov

got into his truck and drove straight to

Los Alamos...


stopping only for gas. (**A transparent action**). Obsessing over the fact that all his money went to support a family that he was not a part of... and to think she had left him for a rival colleague.

While the gas was pumping, F-P enters the Qwik-Mart and purchases a box of Sunrise Henna hair dye. Suppressing the desire of the integration of time and money

$\{\sqrt{\Omega\epsilon}^t_{ij}\}Y^{\omega\omega\omega}Z\{:\}\downarrow\forall4\pi\}\otimes$  Los Alamos, he loiters for two hours outside his son's grade school. *Waiting is the medium in which we Exist ∴ we are subject to it's contemplation.*

Bell sounds: Travis emerges with Todd and Geo. Ride bikes with playing cards strapped to the forks- the cards shuffling in the spokes. All for the helio-gyroscopic

effect



[[[4↓|J→|9♥|K♣|3↓|6→|A♥|10♦|7→|8↓|Q♥|2→|5♠]]]]

It wasn't hard to pick them out of a crowd. Travis had a tuft of white hair on the crown of his head from a childhood fright- *relativity had revolutionized his father's views of time and its eternal wedlock with space.* F-P pulls the sky-blue courier along the curb until he is next to him.

"O, I am pumped" -he says. "I wait until she quits after years and buy me own son acorn menus and a pocket fisherman."

"Is that yer dad?" -sing Travis's friends in unison.

Travis smirks and asks- "where's mom?"

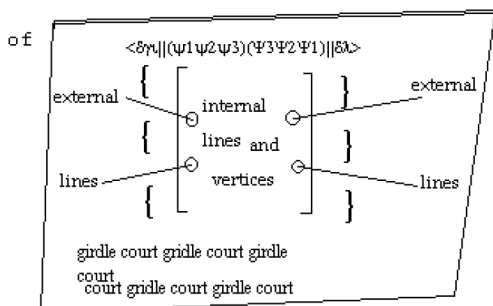
"When we get to the title district, it's **Disneyworld**."

"**Disneyworld**!?" -sing said friends in unison. "You're going to **Disneyworld**." To Travis a sense of pride and relief. [[ [3↓|Q♥|A♥|6→|J→|10♠|4↓|2→|7→|9♣|K♦|8↓|5♠]]]] the **spOkes** roll to a stop. Inches forward on the banana seat.

"Disneyworld." -echoes Travis.  $\{\{Honey\ is\ ice\ to\ disconnect\}\}\}$  Loads the bike into the trunk.

"Leave it here" F-P says. "You won't be needing that where we're going. We must maintain a consistency of thoroughbreds."

They drive through orchard after orchard



"We're not going to Disneyworld, are we?"

"We must... consistency. Do you know anything about dedication to familiarity?" F-P accelerates the Courier. "Besides, we'd do **Disneyland** way before **Disneyworld**."



Travis observes: if you stare into the rows of the orchards, you can see other rows at other angles  $\langle \bullet 0_{\mu\nu} | 0^{\nu\mu} \rangle \cong \Lambda_{\alpha} \Gamma(\Phi_{\alpha})$  where  $\Phi$  is derived from the destination where Faydeev-Popov takes his son.

"I need my meds" -says Travis.

F-P puts a cigarette in his mouth, pushes the lighter in.

"Dad!?"

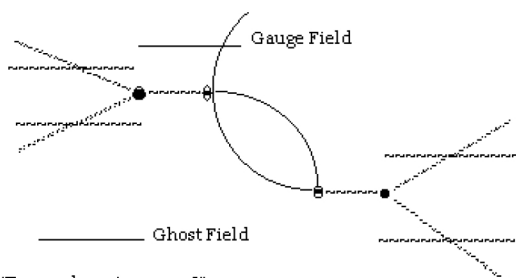
"What?! Can't it wait?"

"I need insulin." Travis demonstrates a diabetic pallour. His breath sweet like rotten cream corn (a rather **transparent** response considering scientists have not come up with a quantitative measure of the olfactory senses).

"You'll be okie-dokie. I mean, what's the worst that could happen?" F-P looks over at Travis, his eyes focus on the tuft of white hair.

"I don't feel so well. I need to stop."

F-P pulls the Courier over in the orchard...



"Do you have to go pee?"

"I have to go number two."

"Do you want to shoot my gun?" There was a hose that was running into a hole. The water was running but the hole wasn't filling.

"What should I shoot it at?"


"Best not at anything. Shoot it at the sky."

Travis sets the gun down, pulls down his pants. Squats right there in the field. F-P scans the **horizon** to see if anyone's coming. Demonstrating the awkwardness of someone holding the leash of their dog in the throes of a bowel movement. Travis's diarrhea soaks into the soil.

"Did I ever tell you about my work. Son? About what I do for a living?" F-P digs his hands in his pockets, staring up at the sky. "I shoot stuff at targets to see what they're made of. Small stuff. Like reaaaally teeny stuff. The smallest stuff in the world. Quarks and leptons- the constituents of what everything else is made of."

He pulls the hose out of the hole. Water gushing from the end.

"This isn't the way to Disneyland, is it?" -asks Travis.

"Elephant Lake is not too far from here. I went fishing there with your mother once, before you were born. She caught this fish and when she reeled it in **it was in the middle of the line**  not on the end where you'd expect. The line ran through its gills somehow and it was tangled up so we couldn't even find the sinker and the hook. We had to cut the line to **get** the fish off."

"I need paper" -says Travis.

F-P scanned, but there was only the symmetry of Pecan trees.

"Dad. I *need* paper."

In the truck, F-P finds a Qwik-Mart napkin. He also grabs a package off the front seat: the hair dye. The napkin goes to Travis. The box he opens. Assembles the contents on a cement manhole cover and reads the directions. **Re**-reads the directions. Glosses over the translation in French. Flips it over. Flips it over again back the original state. There was a third empty bottle for the mixing of the other two solutions. There was also a pair of saran-wrap gloves. He **re**-reads the directions times six before he begins.

After Travis wipes his butt and pulls up his pants, he shoots the gun at the sky. The sound echoes but there is no substance (an **apparent** response to the lack of **discipline**).

Once F-P mixes the proper ingredients, he puts the gloves on and applies the solution to Travis's hair. The dye absorbs readily into the white tuft. Travis doesn't ask any questions about this procedure. F-P is determined.

"Now we wait for exactly twelve minutes" -says Faydeev-Popov looking at his watch. He lights a cigarette and contemplates perturbation expansion theory and the corpuscular nature of time.

~~since they existed in their own temporal framework  
as was suggested by their subjective perception of time  
it is not the horror of time as a true nature  
outside of their psychological perception of it, or  
in a sense a manipulation of it, which is discussed  
is more difficult than that involving the continuity  
of temporal events as perceived by the observer, or it is  
Faydeev-Popov's most ridiculous notion but he  
was a brilliant person and his psychological time  
was the physical world. Only symbols exist in it~~

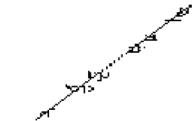
The cell phone rings (in a time before they were invented). F-P runs back to the car to get it off the seat.

"Halo?" He listens while he looks back at Travis's hair.

keep your eye on him?"

such luxuries!"

know about devotion?!"



F-P glances at his watch,

"I don't have him! Can't you

"Some of us don't have

"Devotion?! What do you

"I gotta run."

F-P hangs up. Sticks Travis's head under the hose and rinses the dye out.

"Smells funny" -says Travis.

"That's your pooh."

"It's the **shampoo**."

"You'll get used to it."

Back in the car, F-P tells his son to stick his head out the window (to dry his hair off). The procedure works and F-P is a proud father because of it. When it was dry, his hair was an auburn color except where the white tuft was- which was now bright orange.

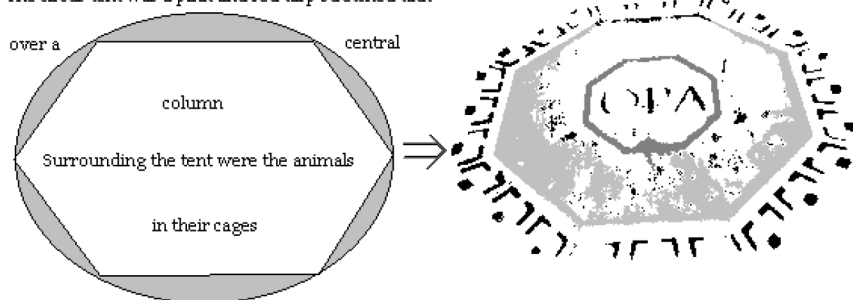
### They cross(ed) the border at El Paso without incident.

The Copenhagen Interpretation could not account for the illegal aliens held in suspense. {This was a uni-directional semi-permeable membrane.}

*The colorful chaos of the Mexican frontier fascinated Travis- dogs in the streets and kids playing everywhere. All this eye-candy only served to irritate Faydeev-Popov:::*

*Travis spotted a circus.*

The circus tent was a pink and red tarp stretched taut



*The canvas was an opaque membrane. Travis begged his father to stop. F-P felt a need to regroup anyway. He had had no particular destination in mind, he just knew he had to get across the border. His conceived actions were not pre-meditated- he had no prior experience with kidnapping. The paradox could be chalked off to Faydeev-Popov's blatant disregard for relative motion:*

s	i	v		s	i	v	
o	χ	a	⇒	o	χ	a	
	w	e	g		w	e	g

{siv remains stationary while ice takes a step to the left and wag's right, i.e. "no apparent gaps".}

F-P's cell rings even though he is outside of his calling area's jurisdiction. He half-expects to hear a voice in Spanish. It's his ex-wife again, bouncing off the satellites.

"There's an explanation why .... What do **you** know? I don't have any money. It all goes towards **your** alimony .... I **had** some money .... It was in my mattress .... A mouse made a home out of it ... . I'm serious .... Why do I have to convince you anyway? .... *I haven't got a stitch to wear* .... I've got nothing .... I've got a closet full of empty hangars .... but hey, *when you got nothing, you got nothing to lose* .... This is a good a time as any to be singing .... No, I'm not intoxicated .... Yah, and what do **you** know about parenting? .... look, I just want to see him .... no, I don't want any more drama"

"*Sounds like you're at a circus*" -F-P's ex-wife says.

so is

o

o

l

coral.=£

n tuxedo

bit Tesla in a guard -pint got at sixth  
tune 5 miss want to short 3 in

my ova to shoot it straight into dig sky soil cellular incurring cargo tickets a reasoning why. Sounds like you need to mind your own fucking business.

F-P's ex-wife hangs up on him. Travis observes the elephants stand on their back legs- oblivious to the fact that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has repeatedly verified that this is not only an unnatural exercise for elephants, but has been known to give them hernias. The elephants then run in circles while they hold each other's tails and one poops and all the kids say "*¡ooohh!*" in Spanish.

F-P calls the ex-wife back.

"Shame on you, you're unlisted."

"I had to star sixty-nine you."

"Yah, even from Mexico.

How did you know I was in Mexico?"

\_\_\_\_\_{The tightrope walker does his thing high in the roof of the tent. "*Silencio Por Favor*" -the ringmaster announces through a megaphone.)\_\_\_\_\_

*"You don't think I figured that out by now. Every cop in Las Cruces is closing in on to your ass. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know you're at a circus. The nearest circus is El Paso. If you have Travis in Mexico . . . my ass you're taking him, you're taking the memory of him with you to hell. You don't think I know where you are? You don't know about the GPS device they implanted in you after you violated your parole? They know exactly where to find you-"*

F-P hangs up mid-sentence, unwilling to believe. He feels around on the back of his neck, then his armpits. Feels himself all over his body, searching. "Come on Travis. We gotta split."

"But dad, we'll miss the Trapeze Artists!"

Faydeev-Popov grabs his son and pulls him to his feet.

"¡Oye Señor!" -says the man behind them. "Dejale ver el acto de Trapezio. Solo es un niño."

"¡No entendiste el maestro de circo?" -says the man behind the man behind F-P. "¡Silencio!" ad infinitum...

"Hey," -says F-P, "no spanish, okayo? And mind your own fucking business."

"¡Mira, su pelo es el color de zanhorria!" -says the man's wife, pointing at Travis's hair.

By now Travis is crying. The skin around his temples is dyed the same color orange as his hair (5970 Å).

The clown motions for them to come down into the ring. F-P flips off the clown for no apparent lack of reason.

"Here's a universal sign they might understand."

F-P drags Travis through the crowded aisle and out to the car. "Come on, be a man. Stop your crying." Searches his pockets then looks in the window of the sky blue courier. The keys are dangling there in the ignition, just beyond the glass.

A truckload full of *federales* pulls into the circus parking lot. The federales are for the most part young clean-shaven men with automatic rifles. One of them, presumably their leader, has a GPS homing device.

F-P grabs Travis and ducks under the tent flap and back into the circus. Emerging under the bleachers.

The federales enter the tent through the main entrance- the one with the GPS tracking device leads the way. They arrive amidst the trapeze act.

Travis stops crying, straining to watch the act through the gaps in the bleachers and between people's legs.

**Final Act: *The Hostage Scene***  
**INT. Day. Cantiflas Circus, El Paso.**

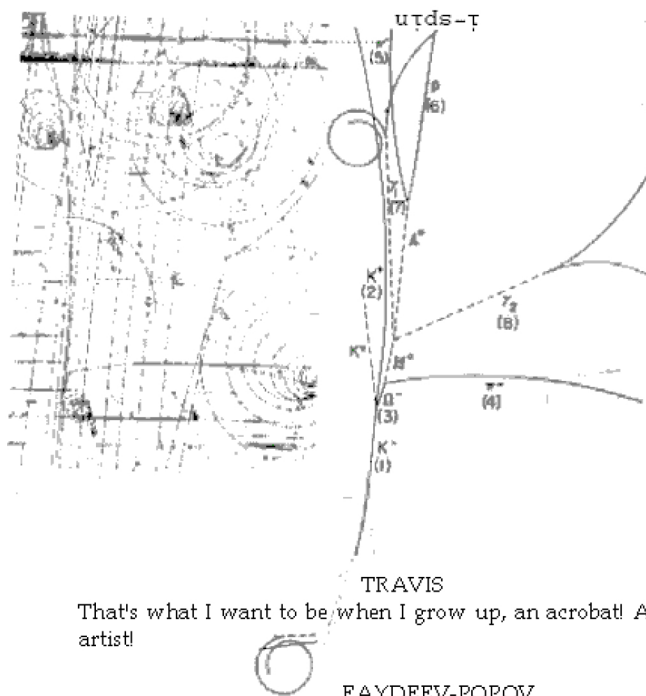
Faydeev-Popov is huddled under the bleachers with his son. His eyes dart around the tent.

Cut to:

Trapeze artists performing amazing feats in the heights of the circus tent with no safety net to catch them if they should fall.

Close up on:

Faydeev-Popov's face, demonstrating extreme fear and anxiety. All his options flash before his eyes.



the circus ring  
symmetry, like  
i-spin  
conservation  
makes  
fortuitous  
predictions  
about **decay**  
rates among  
father-son  
interactions.  
"Parenting is a  
learned  
behavior" -  
their marriage  
counselor told  
him. It's  
inherited from  
underlying  
ωεακ-στροvy tend  
encies

That's what I want to be when I grow up, an acrobat! A trapeze  
artist!

SSHHHHH!

Cut to:

The federales enter the ring. The trapeze act continues on overhead. The one with the  
GPS unit grabs the megaphone from the ringmaster.

#### GPS FEDERALE

*;Atención por favor! ;Tenemos un grave situación aquí! Con su  
permiso . . . ;Vamonos pinche pendejo! ;Vamos a matarte y tu  
hijo tambien! ;No tienes nada de opciones! Sabemos que estas  
aquí! ;Tus minutos estan enumerado!*

Flash to:

Faydeev Popov's clenched buttocks (through his Dockers™).

Cut to:

A translator is ushered in. His white shirt stands out in stark contrast to the green  
khakis of the federales. The GPS fedrale hands the megaphone to the translator and  
whispers in his ear.

#### TRANSLATOR

(fiddling with megaphone adjustments)

Bueno. Check. One-two-three (followed by feedback).  
Okay, you out there gringo? Listen up- we got the circus

tent surrounded . . . . This GPS is accurate to eighteen meters . . . . that's about fifty-five feet.

Flash to:

A Trapeze artist performs a perfectly executed reverse double-pike south camel flip, rotating just in time to grab the chalked forearms of another artist swinging upside-down by his knees. *We will not deal with the rotational and vibrational degrees of freedom of the acrobats except to note their unconscious roles affecting the Faydeev-Popov exclusion principle. Consider, for example, two Trapeze artists with identical centers of gravities (for simplicity sake). If each acrobat has a spin  $1/2$ , the total wave function would be ant-symmetric under the interchange of angular momentum.*

#### TRANSLATOR

(the GPS federale whispering in his ear)

Your minutes are numbered. . . you don't have a chance in hell. . . let the kid go and we'll only kill you . . . don't let the kid go and we'll kill you and the kid . . . the choice is yours.

Cut to:

The clown sneaks out of the ring and bellies down under the bleachers. Beneath the frowned make-up is a focused look of grave determination.

Flash to:

Faydeev-Popov fires his gun randomly. The shot ricochets through the bleachers and punctures a hole in the canopy overhead.

Extreme Close on:

Bullet hole in the pink canvas.

#### INNOCENT BYSTANDER

*¡Tiene un pistola!*

#### TRANSLATOR

(the GPS federale whispering in his ear)

*¡Calmanse por favor!* Look, you pubic hair of a male goat . . . crowd hysteria tactics don't work around these parts . . . we take a strong stance towards hostage situations here . . . there are rarely survivors and never heroes . . . even if you survive you will rot away in a filthy jail cell and be subjected to wanton acts of sexually aggravated assault . . . that is your only option and that should sound good to you right now.

Cut to:

The clown spots Faydeev-Popov and Travis and crouches down. He moves stealthily towards them.

Flash to:

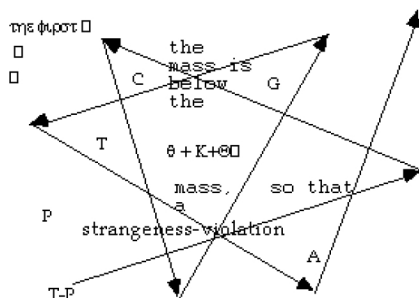
Outside the tent a green station wagon with the words "*servicios sociales*" pulls up.

## TRANSLATOR

(the GPS federale whispering in his ear)

Your seconds are numbered . . . Did you ever think for even a moment about the secret nature of time? . . . of what actually exists between the indivisible gaps? . . . Did you ever see Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid? . . . Remember the final scene? . . . that could be you . . . the choice is yours . . . let the kid go and we will only shoot you.

Faydeev-Popov closes his eyes and fires the gun haphazardly into the air.



is involved. What is seen in the bubble chamber is

A bullet hits a trapeze artist mid-flight. His body goes limp instantly and he crashes to the floor of the circus ring.

Cut to:

CLOWN

(reeling in horror)

;;;NNNOOOOOOO!!!

The clown makes a run for Faydeev-Popov. Faydeev-Popov grabs his son and holds the gun to his temple.

FAYDEEV-POPOV

Don't think for a second that I won't do it!

Flash to Slow Motion:

The clown is unabated in his sprint.

FAYDEEV-POPOV

(whispering into Travis's ear)

*You're like a holocaust. You can be so dark and then again so light.*

Faydeev-Popov pulls the trigger and Travis's body goes limp in his father's arms. Red blood streams from the patch of orange hair.

CLOWN

(in slow motion horror)

```

,,,,,,,,NNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

```



The clown makes a diving lunge at Faydeev-Popov from behind- but before he reaches him, Faydeev-Popov puts the barrel of the gun in his mouth and pulls the trigger. The bullet travels through his brain and kills the clown.

Cut to:

The other trapeze artists swing down from the rafters and gather around their fallen comrade.

Angle Out and Rise:

Aerial view of the Circus tent.

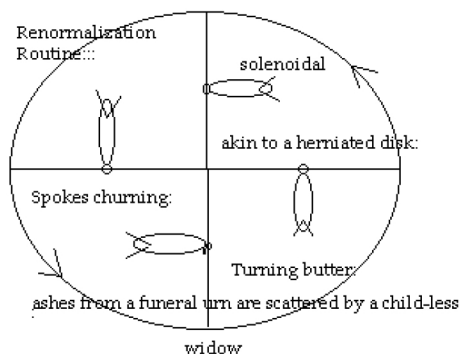
*The Point Of View rises steadily, the Rio Grande emerges into view, then El Paso. We recognize the gulf of Mexico and can make out the North American continent. We pan across the blue expanse of the Atlantic Ocean- then across the Sahara desert. Soon we pass over the Pakistani Hindu Koosh and through Khyber pass- the P.O.V. dropping back down so we can make out the rather dramatic three-dimensional topography. Eventually we are able to identify swarms of people in Puri, India. A procession is being led by a wooden-wheeled chariot drawn by five Brahma bulls. The P.O.V. focuses on one of the spinning wheels. The film unravels off the spool, lapsing into a series of tiled images- playing cards in the spokes.*

Legend: one chronon =  $T = h/mc^2$  (on the order of  $10^{-24}$  seconds) is the smallest conceivable unit of time.

-----

((A  $\Phi\omega\eta$  struggles in the middle of the 12 lb. test line.))

Everything slows to a stop and reverses direction. Pan back over the Indian sub-continent over the Hindu-Koosh, etc. A satellite passes by in the foreground. We hear the din of a million telephone conversations at once. The P.O.V. hovers back over North America centering over suburban Illinois, where we zoom in. The circular structure of the Fermilab particle accelerator comes into view...



:All through a transparent veil.

FAYDEEV-POPOV

(whispering)

We have completed our union- our intersection. For that one chronon I am devotion. I am your Big Bang- I am your Juggernaut.

The other trapeze artists swing down from the rafters and gather around like a tribe of monkeys who have lost their leader. The grave clown is perpetually running towards them under unfavorable conditions.

"Don't stop, it's wonderful!"

"Didn't you come yet?" -asks Faydeev-Popov.

What is seen is the sequence:  $\Omega \Rightarrow \emptyset \Rightarrow \emptyset \Lambda + \pi \Rightarrow \Psi(\emptyset \gamma)$ . In between this collision and disintegration of a virtual state that exists for only  $5.26 \times 10^{-4}$  picoseconds. We focus in on an oscillating box spring- contracting and expanding at an even frequency of 60 Hz accompanied by coupling moans. The box springs creak due to the inherent kinetic elasticity. We pan out to see the naked forms of Faydeev-Popov and his newlywed wife on their honeymoon.

The **caterwaul**: escalates and the coupling frequency increases to a Gaussian crescendo. We rise over the canopy of a four-poster wrought-iron bed. The following legend of Caterwaul reveals the spacing of its means to an end:

[intr. v. *caCophOoOmyÄf2öñT*]arring, discordant impulses; dissonance: [cacophonie, from Greek *kakophānos*, copulating. "He summons a cacophony of sinners during says traffic jam". CACOPHONIES, The use of harsh consonants in literary compositions (as for poetic effect). See CACOPHONOUS.] kakka-. Derivatives are: poppycock, cacophony. Also kaka-. To defecate. Root imitative of glottal closure. CUCKING STOOL, 3. To cry or screech like a cat in heat. From cucken, to deviate, from a guttural source akin to Old Norse \*kaka 2. To make a krill soup: Lolligag or polliwog, from Latin *pacEre*, to fornicate. CACO-, CACODYL-, (Crocophilia), from Greek *kakos*, bad. [Pokorny kava- Earthen \*caterwawlen: \*cater, tomcat; akin to Low German *kater* + *wawlen*, 'right-crawler', *wrawlen*, to yowl (ultimately of a divine origin): (kat2cörw)]

