

Back to Plentiss

He moves slow. Slow to get up. Slow so his old body answers with a twitch of pain. Fast would be a spasm of agony. Slow is better.

What's worse than dead.

He's alone on the bench. Blanketed in a sea fog. Thick. Salty.

On the dock, surrounded by crates. He smiles as he sees the crates of carrots.

The salt. The carrots. Everything is wet. He thinks himself a main ingredient in a 5am stew for some invisible giant. A devourer lurking out there somewhere.

Yeah.

The hunt is on. And he moves slow.

He sees another bright pink paper. Stapled to the post.

It wasn't here yesterday.

The hunt is on.

"early again mac?"

Mac walks past, oblivious. And slow.

He sips his spirited coffee. The fog will burn off soon as the sun comes up. He'll be drunk by then.

Yeah.

That's how he will get through the-

MACREELSAWAY FROM HISLEFTSIDE SMACKING AT HISLEFTEAR.

The other workers stare.

Their mouths are moving. What are they saying? Are you ok or what happened? What are they saying? He asks

"What??"

"What do you mean 'tell her to stop it?' tell who Mac, what happened?"

shit

SHE STUCKHERWETFINGER IN HISFUCKINEAR

They don't see her.

shit

Mac doesn't see her.

The dead girl that just ain't there.

But she's there.

He gulps the spiked coffee.

Henry is reading the bright pink paper. Stapled to the post.

"I don't mean her."

Henry looks at him confused.

Crates load. Boats come and go. Trucks roll on trucks roll off.

Mac drops his coffee and clipboard when she tickles him.

They don't see her.

shit

Mac doesn't see her.

What's worse than dead.

He can't drive his car. Mac's car is his garage. He unplugged the garage door opener. It's locked in there. Sealed.

So he walks to work.

Shift over. Time to walk home.

SINGING IN HIS EAR AGAIN.

What if she holds his hand as he's walking?

He looks into the water as the evening sun slips down. In the water. The bright pink paper. One must have blown away. It floats and circles and splits as it sinks.

He buys the bottle of vodka for the walk home. It's a long walk. And he moves slow.

Half the bottle is gone as he walks the curve on Plentiss St. With the ravine on the other side.

Stop sign. Pink paper. He does not look at the picture. He does not.

Everywhere. More and more pink papers.

The hunt is on.

Home.

That's good. Most nights he doesn't remember getting home. Last night he doesn't remember getting home. He only remember SOMETHINGSOMEONE ONTOPOFHIM AS HE WASSLEEPING. His stillness betrayed by his jackhammer heart. It took so long for it to go away. She giggled when she got off of him. Her icy breath in his ear.

The dead girl that just ain't there.

But she's there.

SOMETHINGPULLING ONHISSHIRT TOWARDTHEGARAGE

She grabs his hand, it's cold, not cold, but not warm. It's an absence of heat. But not cold. She pulls him to the garage.

Mac will not. He cannot.

Why is he still sober?

She KNOCKEDTHEBOTTLE out of his hands. Just past Carmel Ave.

That's why.

Another pink paper. Shouldn't the word MISSING be bigger than ALLYSON? Why is her name bigger than MISSING?

What's worse than dead.

They think she is kidnapped.

He pulls the pink paper down.

SHELEADSHIMTO the garage.

They think she is kidnapped.

Kidnapped is worse than dead.

Her parents.

Her parents

Her parents.

He wets the blond and blood from the car's grill. He wipes at it with the PINKPAPER so there is blond and blood stuck to the pink paper. He duct tapes the torn swatch of YELIOWDRESS to the paper to be sure.

He takes the staplegun. He takes the pink paper He leaves the scotch.

Back to Plentiss.

He walks slow.

Back to Plentiss. SHEHOLDTHIS HANDTHEWHOELWAY.

The big tree, right on the edge of the ravine. That's gonna do.

Fine.

They think she is kidnapped.

He lets go of her hand.

And staples the PINKPAPER on that tree.

He looks at her picture.

a silly little girl.

Playful.

Smiley

A beauty.