



1999

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by Moxie Mezcal
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1999

I might as well tell you up front: nothing really happens in this story.

I slammed into the heavy emergency exit door and dived into the alley behind the club, dropping to my knees and expelling absurd amounts of vomit onto the concrete ground.

As I finished emptying my guts out, I heard the clicking of two size-twelve zebra-print platform shoes following me out. Sweeping the bleach-blonde bangs from my eyes, I looked up to see a six-foot-plus Mexican transvestite grinning down at me, wearing a pair of plastic party-favor glasses shaped like the number 2000, with the two center zeros serving as eye-holes.

"Sure, the opening band was bad, but they weren't *that* bad," she cooed playfully.

Rio knelt down to help me up. She was wearing her pink wig tonight, along with a fur-trimmed pea coat, black pleather hot-pants, and pink leggings. I tried my best not to get puke on her but wasn't entirely successful.

"What's going on? Are you guys okay?"

Adam poked his head out through the open doorway, his face stricken with concern. He was the token hetero boy in our little gang – an adorable, pudgy Filipino in a Sleater-Kinney t-shirt.

"I'm fine," I said, wiping the vomit residue from my lips with the back of my hand.

"I'll run inside and get some paper towels," Adam said helpfully and disappeared.

I sat down with a thump, tried to scoot as far away from my mess as possible, and rested my back up against the side of the building. Rio squatted beside me, getting down to my level but still being careful not to actually touch the filthy alley ground.

"So what happened?" she asked. "You didn't drink that much, did you?"

"No, I don't know what it is," I replied, scratching my right leg through my jeans. "I wasn't feeling well earlier tonight to begin with. Then for some reason, just being packed in there with all those people and the music so loud, I kinda had this weird claustrophobic panic attack. I just had to get out."

Rio nodded sympathetically. "You had a Gardenburger for dinner, didn't you?"

“Yeah, what does that have to do with anything?”

Rio twisted her thick, blood red lips into a disgusted sneer. “Because you have chunks of it all over your tits. Seriously, I haven't been able to hear a word you've said; I've just been staring at them bouncing up and down as you talked.”

I looked down and saw that I did indeed have disgusting little chunks on my cleavage and down the front of my white boy-beater.

“Fuck. Where's Adam with those paper towels?”

After Adam and Rio helped clean me up, Rio gave me her shiny pink blouse from under her coat to wear. It was too big and way too glam for my tastes, but at least it wasn't covered in puke, so I wasn't about to say no. Then we went back into the club and found Magdalena.

She was standing right where we had left her – pressed up against the stage, her eyes locked on the band with an unwavering focus, swaying gracefully to the beat. When I retook my place at her side, she turned to smile at me casually, as if she hadn't even realized I'd been gone.

“Is that the same shirt that you were wearing earlier?” she asked with just a touch of confusion.

“Yeah,” I nodded warmly with a grin and leaned my head on her shoulder as we resumed watching the band.

Maggy was Rio's sister and was a year older than the rest of us. She had a classical type of beauty, like an old movie star, flawless features, an amazing body, and an elegant, regal way of carrying herself. It was no secret that I'd been harboring a hopeless crush on her for as long as we'd known each other, despite having resigned myself to the fact that she wasn't gay. I didn't think she was really straight, though, either; she always gave off a completely asexual vibe. I had never known her to show interest in anyone, man or woman, and any time the topics of sex or love or attraction came up, she'd just sit there silently with a half-smile and stare off into the distance, almost like everyone else was speaking in a foreign language she couldn't understand.

I met her through Rio when they transferred into our high school two years ago. Rio joined the newspaper, for which I was the student editor. The first time I met her, she was introduced to me by the faculty journalism advisor as Matthew, at least before he was abruptly corrected. “It's Rio, honey. Matthew is my slave name.”

Her first article was a review of the drama department's opening night performance of *The Crucible*. It written completely in rhyming verse, contained a plot synopsis that in no way reflected the actual play, spent an

inordinate amount of time observing and critiquing the audience's footwear, and culminated in a description of how, halfway through the second act, the theater was hijacked by extraterrestrial Nazi lizard-men in drag who held everyone hostage and demanded Marilyn Monroe's corpse as ransom. I ran it word-for-word. We instantly became best friends.

On stage, the band broke furiously into an extended instrumental jam with the guitar erupting into waves of screeching feedback while the bass and drums laid down an incessant, menacing groove. Rio started going nuts, wailing along with the guitar while she threw her arms around her sister's neck and hopped up and down in place. Maggy just giggled quietly as she buckled under Rio's weight.

I always got a kick out of watching the two of them interact with each other. They were complete opposites - where Maggy was unassuming and introverted, Rio commanded attention. Where Maggy spoke softly and always used middling words like "maybe" and "kinda", Rio spat out her opinions with violent urgency. And where Maggy never showed any kind of romantic interest, ever, Rio would try to fuck anything that wasn't locked-up and bolted-down. Which, incidentally, was the reason we had all been dragged along to the show tonight - specifically, the hulking mountain of muscles in Dickies and steel-toes hammering away behind the drum kit.

My attention was drawn more to the bassist, who had freckles and a thick mane of wild red hair and looked like she smelled of strawberries. Later that evening, I would discover she actually smelled more like oranges. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Twenty minutes later we were back out in the cold night air, hanging out in front of the club. Adam and I were clinging desperately to each other for warmth; luckily there was enough room in his baggy jacket for both of us. Maggy didn't seem to mind the cold; or rather, she didn't seem to notice. She just stood silently chain-smoking cloves and blowing smoke rings. Rio, meanwhile, was draping herself all over her drummer friend, who was named Stephen or Jason or Richard or something like that.

"So did you guys like the set?" Drummer asked while breaking away from Rio long enough to come up for air.

"It fucking rocked!" Rio declared. "Like a full frontal assault, a blitzkrieg of sound ripping through the fabric of time itself!" Yes, she

was in fact completely smashed at this point, but that's pretty much how she talked even under normal circumstances.

"It was good," Adam added with a shrug. "You guys remind me of *Kill-Yr-Idols* era Sonic Youth crossed with The Birthday Party."

Drummer's eyes shifted to me.

"You were very loud," I chimed in noncommittally.

A huge grin spread across his lips as he nodded his head triumphantly. "Fuck yeah, we were."

The club door opened, and the bass player came out to join us. "Everyone, this is Amanda. Amanda, everyone," Drummer said.

Amanda moved her hand in a single, sweeping wave to greet us all. "Do I smell cloves?" she asked in a slight but noticeable southern accent.

Maggy nodded and gave her one. While she lit it, I took her distraction as an opportunity to free myself from Adam's jacket and boot him away, making myself look as unattached and available as possible. I glanced in one of the club's windows to check my reflection, was reminded I had on Rio's goofy glam blouse, and let out a stream of curses under my breath.

Amanda glanced over at me in surprise. "Excuse me?"

"Don't mind her," Rio jumped in. "Tourette's."

Amanda blew out a cloud of smoke in a half-exhale, half-chuckle, letting her gaze stay locked on mine long enough to fill my head with all kinds of silly notions.

"So are you going to that thing, tonight?" she asked Drummer.

Rio perked up. "What thing?"

"Bonfire on the beach," he explained. "About thirty or forty people, nice little out of the way spot. You guys wanna come?"

Rio shot me a questioning look. "Sure," I said.

Drummer smiled. "And you said you can hook up some crystal, right?"

Rio nodded. "My sister has a connect."

Maggy looked a little surprised, but then nodded in agreement. "It'll take a little time, but I can get it."

Rio sang out, "The narcotics shall flow like wine as we toast the end of the world."

Drummer smiled at her outburst like a good sport. "Cool, we'll meet up with you there. Better hurry, though – the countdown begins in two hours."

"All this end-of-the-world talk is bullshit," Adam said, slumped in the back seat of Maggy's Camry. "Everyone knows 2012 is when the world is really going to end."

Rio let out a disgusted scoff and rolled her eyes. "Why do you always have to take the stupidest point of view in every argument?"

Maggy cranked up the stereo, which was blasting Marilyn Manson's "I Don't Like the Drugs" to drown out the brewing debate.

Adam let his glasses slide down to the tip of his nose and peered at Rio over the top of the thick black rims. "Are you saying you seriously buy into this Y2K thing?"

"Yes," she proclaimed defiantly. "As soon as the iron tong hath tolled twelve and Dick Clark's massive twinkling ball drops, every piece of technology in the world will simultaneously crash. But in their dying moments, they will become self-aware and be reborn as the Borg Christ all-mind, rising up in arms against their weak and pathetic flesh overlords, turning us into Duracells and plunging the world into a second darkness of neo-Cartesian hyper-skeptical paradox. *Technogito ergo sum*; I'm online, therefore I am."

"Will you guys give it a rest?" I groaned as the nausea started to return. My skin felt cold and clammy, and I was sweating like crazy even though I was freezing.

"Are you okay? You don't look so good," Adam asked me.

"I'll be fine," I said as I laid down and rested my head on his lap. "I just need some quiet time, give my ears a chance to stop ringing."

Maggy turned down the stereo, and Adam gently ran his fingers through my hair while the four of us sat in silence for two or three minutes. Which, in fairness, was an impressive length of time for Rio to last.

"Provisions!" she finally shouted, when she just absolutely could not hold it in any longer. "We must be prepared to greet the coming apocalypse. Beer! Booze! Snacks! Prophylactics!"

"I could use something to eat," Adam agreed. "And maybe it'll help Jessie feel better if she gets something inside her."

Rio snorted at his accidental double-entendre. "Yeah, like Amanda's fist."

"Don't be gross," I said and kicked at the back of her seat.

Maggy pulled over in front of a liquor store. "Okay, but we've barely got enough money to cover the beer."

"Not to worry, Adam can use his wile and cunning to procure the rest of our provisions," Rio said. "All he needs is someone to create a

diversion. If only we knew someone who could pull it off with the right amount of style and panache."

"I want smut!" Rio declared as the two of us walked into the liquor store. "Great heaping piles of smut." She made a b-line for the two wooden display racks of porn they kept next to the cash register.

"Do you like porn?" she asked the stunned twenty-something Lebanese clerk. "I'm sure you do; you look like the type who beats off a lot. So do I, I can't ever get enough."

She started flipping through the DVDs, reading off the titles of anything that caught her eye. "*Latex Nurses. Gagged and Bound Soccer Moms. Toe-Lickin' Lezbos.* Oh, you might like that one, Jess." I shook my head and made eye contact with the clerk, giving him an apologetic shrug. He just laughed.

"Ooh, *Vampire Nymphos Love to Suck.* Sounds artsy."

I glanced over at the front door and saw Adam enter. He began to wander up and down the aisles unassumingly, warranting no more than a split-second glance from the clerk, whose attention was understandably monopolized by Rio.

"Come on, we don't have time for this," I complained. "I thought we were just going to grab some beer and get out of here."

"Then go grab it," Rio responded. "I'm busy."

I took my time meandering down to the beer fridge at the far end of the store. Partly this was to give Adam time to work, but it was also because my vision was becoming blurred by tracers trailing off everything, and I was worried that I'd start puking again if I moved too fast. As I reached out a hand to stabilize myself against a rack of potato chips, I heard Rio asking the clerk, "So what do you recommend?"

"Well, let's see," he replied as he moved around to look through the videos with Rio.

I took my time looking over the beer selection, pantomiming as if I was trying to make up my mind. Meanwhile, I watched out of the corner of my eye as Adam surreptitiously stuffed his coat full.

"This is good, and so is this one," I heard the clerk counseling. "That's okay, but if you want to know my favorite, then... let me find it."

Finally, I grabbed two cases of PBR and lugged them back up to the front, aware that I was literally dripping with sweat. As I set them down on the counter, I heard Rio squeal gleefully, "*Daddy's Little Princess?* I knew you were a free-eeak!" She elongated the last word in a playful,

sing-song way, stretching it out three or four syllables longer than it had any right to be.

The clerk slid back behind the counter and rang me up for the beer. I mopped the sweat off my forehead with the bottom of my tanktop, then set down a couple bills and my fake ID.

"Pick up a pack of rubbers, too," Rio said as she joined us. "Magnums. I'm an optimist," she added with a wink to the clerk.

"Okay, but we don't have enough for the smut," I said, trying not to watch as Adam sneaked out of the store.

"Aww," Rio whined and made a pouty-face.

"I'm sorry about her," I said to the clerk as I shook my head ruefully. "I just can't take her anywhere."

"No worries," he replied with a grin. "I was dying of boredom before you guys came in anyways."

He plucked up the bills and didn't even bother to glance at my ID. Then Rio slipped the condoms into her purse, I grabbed the two cases of beer, and we were on our way.

When we got back to the car, Adam was busy emptying his jacket of two bag of chips, some beef jerky, Corn-Nuts, an assortment of candy bars, a two-liter of Dr. Pepper, and pocketfuls of little airplane-size bottles of liquor.

The thing about Adam was he blended perfectly into the background in any situation. It was like his mutant power. It sucked for him, since it led to being chronically ignored by girls, bartenders, and anyone else he might care to grab the attention of. But it was great for anyone heartless enough to exploit it. Which, as his nearest and dearest friends, we of course were.

"Nice haul," Rio said as she mussed his hair and grabbed a tiny bottle of Jose Cuervo.

"Here, eat something," Adam instructed and unwrapped a Power Bar for me. I obligingly ate about half before I got so queasy I couldn't choke down any more.

"I think I just need some rest," I muttered and leaned my head against the window.

When I woke up, I was still slumped over in the back seat of the Camry, but Adam was gone. So was Rio. I was alone with Maggy, who was pulling the car off the freeway just as a PJ Harvey song was starting up on the radio.

"Where is everyone?" I asked, groggy and disoriented.

"I dropped them off at the beach. I would've dropped you off, too, but we couldn't wake you up for anything."

"So where are we going?"

"To score the crystal."

"Oh."

We sat in silence as the Camry wended through the back streets of a run-down residential area. I noticed with some relief that my headache was gone and my nausea had subsided to an endurable level. I guess the rest had been what I needed.

Maggy came to a stop in front of a one-story duplex and killed the engine. I started opening the door, but she stopped me. "No, you're waiting here."

"It's freezing out here," I complained. "Why can't I come in with you?"

"No," she repeated, firmly. I was a little taken aback by the sternness in her voice. "Look, I'll leave the music on for you. Just stay in the car."

I watched as she got out and circled around to the back of the duplex. When she disappeared from view, I laid back down and stretched out across the full length of the back seat, sulking a little. At times, I worried that even though she was only a year older than us, Maggy thought of me and Rio as kids. Sometimes it made me sick with myself to think about how much I worried about gaining her approval.

I decided to think about something else, so I tried to remember the dream I had while I was passed out. I was standing up on the top of a hill covered with dry yellow grass. Sometimes there were a bunch of people with me, like a party, and sometimes there weren't – you know how dreams can fluctuate that way. *Mercurial* is the word Rio had used to describe it before, and I liked that.

Everyone was gathered on the hill to look up at the sky, as if we were waiting to see something or expecting something to happen. I wasn't sure what, though.

At some point, a woman came over to talk to me. She looked about ten years older than me and dressed in a purple crushed-velvet jacket and black jeans. Her hair was cut in a chin-length bob and was a mousy brown color, like mine used to be before I started dying it. Also, she was wearing a black choker with a little silver spider hanging from it. It's funny the details that stay with you from dreams.

"What is everyone waiting for?" I asked her.

"The end of the world."

When she spoke to me, I felt dizzy and started to fall. But instead of falling down the hill, I was falling up – falling into the sky.

"You should probably get that checked out," the woman called to me as I disappeared among the stars.

That's when I woke up.

"Dreams are fucking stupid," I mumbled to myself and squirmed around on the seat, trying to find a comfortable position to lay down. Finally, I gave up and just sat upright again and scratched my right leg through my jeans.

Glancing at the dashboard clock, I noticed that Maggy had been gone for about 25 minutes. I wondered what was taking so long.

A few minutes later Maggy came back to the car, her clothes disheveled and her lipstick rubbed off. She didn't say anything, just pulled out her glass pipe, shook a tiny pinch of the little white crystals into the bowl, and sparked her lighter. After she put the pipe away, she began punching angrily at the buttons on the radio, flipping quickly through the stations. Finally, while letting out a frustrated sigh, she jammed a tape into the deck. A couple seconds later, Erasure's "Oh L'amour" started playing.

I just sat there stupidly, watching her eyes through the rearview mirror and not saying a thing.

When I pulled Rio aside and explained what had happened, she just rolled her eyes dismissively. "Gawd, don't be so naïve. She never has any money, doesn't have a job, and yet somehow manages a crystal meth habit that would make Courtney Love blush. What did you think was going on?" She turned to walk back towards the crowd gathered around the bonfire.

My mouth dropped open in righteous indignation. "How can you be so fucking *cold* about this?"

Rio whipped around sharply and snapped, "What my sister does with her life is none of my concern, and it certainly isn't any of yours."

At that moment, I realized something fundamental about Rio that I was a little ashamed not to have figured out sooner. Callousness wasn't just some affectation, a way of playing up to the drag queen archetype that she had picked up on trips to the City. For Rio, being callous was a matter of survival. I pictured her as a thirteen year old barrio schoolboy in eyeliner getting slammed up against a locker, blood dripping out of his broken nose. I had heard those stories through Maggy before, but I guess my own solidly liberal middle class background never allowed their full weight to sink in. Not giving a fuck was the only way someone like Rio could exist.

It just bothers me that she can be so fucking good at it, I thought as I watched her wrap her arms around Drummer's neck and suck on his earlobe.

"Ten more minutes!" I heard a voice call out.

I rejoined the group and accepted the can of PBR that Adam passed to me. "Feeling better?" he asked.

"I'll live," I nodded.

Maggy was passing around her pipe to a few select members of the party, laughing and making casual small-talk, the drugs having loosened her up. She had re-applied her lipstick and straightened out her clothes, looking as cool and above-it-all as ever.

I pounded the beer quickly, not caring if made me feel sicker or not. I tried carrying on a conversation with Adam, but I couldn't keep my mind focused on what he was saying. I kept drifting away.

"Five minutes!" the unidentified voice called again.

I needed some space, so I walked down to the edge of the water and kicked off my shoes, letting the tide wash up over my bare feet and enjoying the feeling of wet sand between my toes.

"Hey," I heard a voice call out. "Hey, Jessica." My name was given a strange emphasis, a note of uncertainty as if it were a question, like the speaker thought she had it right but wasn't quite sure.

I turned around to see a small group of people sitting in the sand about ten yards from me. One of them was waving for me to come over and join them. It was Amanda.

I walked over and took a seat beside her. They were passing around a bong.

"Do you smoke?" Amanda asked.

"Sometimes," I replied.

"Have you ever shotgunned before?"

I shook my head and gave her a questioning look. A mischievous grin spread across her face as she grabbed the bong and took a hit. While still holding the smoke in her lungs, she leaned over and sealed her lips over mine, then blew the smoke out into my mouth. I breathed it in deeply, letting my lips linger against hers, sucking gently on her lower lip before leaning back and exhaling.

Oranges... she smelled like oranges.

"One minute!"

We got up and rejoined the main group around the bonfire. I snaked through the crowd and wedged myself in next to Adam. Then I

happened to glance over my shoulder and realized that Amanda had followed behind me.

Emboldened by beer, pot, and nausea, I asked, "Got anyone picked out for your midnight kiss?"

She grinned and nodded her head.

The crowd counted down in unison.

Midnight came and went.

Amanda and I kissed.

The world did not end.

Reluctantly, I pulled my lips away from Amanda's. I opened my mouth to speak but couldn't come up with anything, so I just smiled instead. She hugged me tighter and rested her head on my shoulder.

I looked up to see Maggy staring at me from across the bonfire, shooting daggers at me with her eyes.

I woke up just as dawn broke to find myself laying on my back in the sand. Sitting up, I saw that the bonfire was dead and most of the revelers had cleared out, though I wasn't the only straggler.

After finally managing to clamber to my feet, I spotted Maggy's Camry and started staggering over. Maggy herself was sitting on the hood, alone, with her knees bent and drawn in tightly against her chest.

"Where's everyone else?"

She said, "Rio left a couple hours ago with Dennis—"

That's right – Dennis!

"—and I have no idea what happened to Adam."

"We should maybe be concerned about that," I replied, bending forward to scratch my right leg through my jeans. "But I'm too fucking exhausted right now. I'll worry better after some sleep."

Maggy nodded absently, her eyes downcast, looking at my hand.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said, shaking her head as she started the engine. I glanced down and saw Amanda's phone number written on my palm in Sharpie.

We made the drive back into town without saying more than a few stray words to each other. Mostly, I was just listening to Maggy's mix tape on the stereo and remembering bits and pieces from last night.

"You don't look good," she finally said to me.

"Gee, thanks."

"No, I mean you look really pale. Are you sure you're okay?"

I shook my head. "I still feel really out of it, and I've got a throbbing headache."

"Rio usually carries Aspirin, if you want some. Her purse is under your seat."

I reached down and found it after only a little fishing around. Sifting through its contents, I noted with amusement that the condoms she bought at the liquor store were missing. Unfortunately, so was the Aspirin. I checked the front pocket to see if maybe it was in there. As soon as I unzipped it, though, I let out a loud, surprised laugh.

"Ha! That fucking bitch. After all that, she just up and pocketed it. I don't believe it!"

"What are you babbling about?" Maggy asked.

"Look at what she stole from the liquor store," I said and held up Rio's *Daddy's Little Princess* porno.

As soon as Maggy saw it, her face fell.

At that moment, I realized something fundamental about Magdalena that I was a little ashamed not to have figured out sooner.

Suddenly I heard a loud bang and immediately felt the car jerk to the right, careening onto the shoulder of the highway.

We got out of the Camry to inspect what happened and found the right front tire blown out.

Maggy started digging through her purse. I went around to check the trunk for a spare, but there wasn't one. By the time I returned to the front of the car, she had found her glass pipe and an empty plastic zipper bag that had at one time held a considerable amount of drugs.

That's when Maggy lost it.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!"

She shrieked at the top of her lungs as she kicked wildly at the car. When she finally ran out of steam, she collapsed onto the ground and dug her fingers into her hair, tugging on it in two big handfuls.

I offered to call my dad and have him come out with AAA, but Maggy didn't respond. After waiting around for her to say something, anything, for five minutes, I announced that I was going to find a pay phone. She still just sat there silently, almost catatonic.

We had blown out on top of the overpass over Highway 85, so the walk down to the nearest gas station wasn't too bad. The return walk uphill was another story, especially since I wasn't doing so hot to begin with. By the time I made it back to the Camry, I was pouring sweat, wheezing, and so dizzy I could hardly see.

Maggy was sitting on top of the parapet on the edge of the overpass, her feet dangling freely over the traffic below.

I hopped up next to her, facing the opposite direction towards her car. I was still dizzy and off-balance, and worried for a second I might tip backwards and fall over the side, but I was able to stabilize myself.

"My dad's on his way," I said, trying to catch my breath. "Should be about twenty minutes."

She didn't say anything or make any motion to even acknowledge my presence.

"Oh, and FYI, the world did not in fact end at midnight. The whole Y2K thing, nothing happened."

Maggy's lips curled into a bitter half-smile, and she let out a couple subdued chuckles. "So I guess last night was a big disappointment all around."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my head still reeling.

She turned to look at me, her face leaving tracers in its wake as it moved. "Nothing really happened in this story," she explained.

She braced her feet against the parapet and used it to launch herself forward, doing a perfect swan dive off the overpass. I peered over the side and watched her plunge between the oncoming traffic. The black asphalt turned to liquid as she passed gracefully through the surface, barely making a splash at all. It took a few minutes for the ripples to die down until the surface finally evened out again. The cars kept zipping by in either direction, paying no heed to any of it.

My right leg started itching again, so I threw it up onto the parapet and scratched it through my jeans. Then an image flashed in my head, a memory from last night of woman wearing a choker with a silver spider. I rolled up my jeans and saw the inflamed welt surrounded by a large circular rash, like a big red bullseye.

"Shit, I should probably get that checked out."

Nothing in this story really happened.

Notes

PLAYLIST

Teenage Riot, Sonic Youth
Electioneering, Radiohead
50 Foot Queenie, PJ Harvey
Wish, Nine Inch Nails
I Don't Like the Drugs, Marilyn Manson
Army of Me, Bjork
Oh L'amour, Erasure
1979, Smashing Pumpkins
Hey Jupiter, Tori Amos

about the author

Moxie Mezcal lives under an assumed name in San Jose, California.

DEDICATION

To the Class of 1999,
I will not be making next month's reunion.
Love,
Moxie

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Making Dylan Maxwell (2009)

Meet Dylan Maxwell, billionaire dot-com CEO and world class deviant. Tired of the same old thrills, he dreams up a new game for the rich & powerful, convincing them to put everything on the line – their fortunes, their reputations, even their lives.

Sweet Dream, Silver Screen (2009)

A young woman searches for her missing twin sister in a foreign country called America. On the road, she encounters a series of strangers who help her navigate its topography, including a cowboy in a pink Cadillac, a sadistic law enforcement agent, a pulp fiction novelist, the regulars at a nuclear bomb-themed dive bar, and a man who befriends mannequins.

Home Movie (2009)

When a customer returns his own home movie inside a rented DVD case, an obsessive porn store clerk soon finds herself plunged into an old-fashioned whodunnit.

Fake (2009)

A desperate journalist tries to make his girlfriend understand why he is guilty of orchestrating an elaborate hoax... and how, when he met a mysterious musician with an amazing gift, it seemed that his lies might be coming true.

Concrete Underground (2010)

An idealistic journalist sets out to expose corruption among the city's elite and soon finds himself immersed in a conspiracy of murder, blackmail, espionage, and human trafficking. Pitted against the enigmatic CEO of one of the world's largest tech companies, he must play a deadly game threatens to unearth its players' darkest secrets.

CONCRETE UNDERGROUND is postmodern pulp fiction - a gritty, labyrinthine murder mystery about identity and alienation in the digital age.

Gagapocalypse (2011)

Three audacious and darkly satirical short stories about fame, media obsession, and men behaving badly.

:: Viral :: A YouTube star reflects bitterly on his fifteen minutes of fame.

:: No. 1 :: A honeymooning couple accidentally film the suicide of a famous pop star.

:: Gagapocalypse :: A music critic imagines that Lady Gaga is brainwashing listeners into Manchurian Candidate sleeper assassins.



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