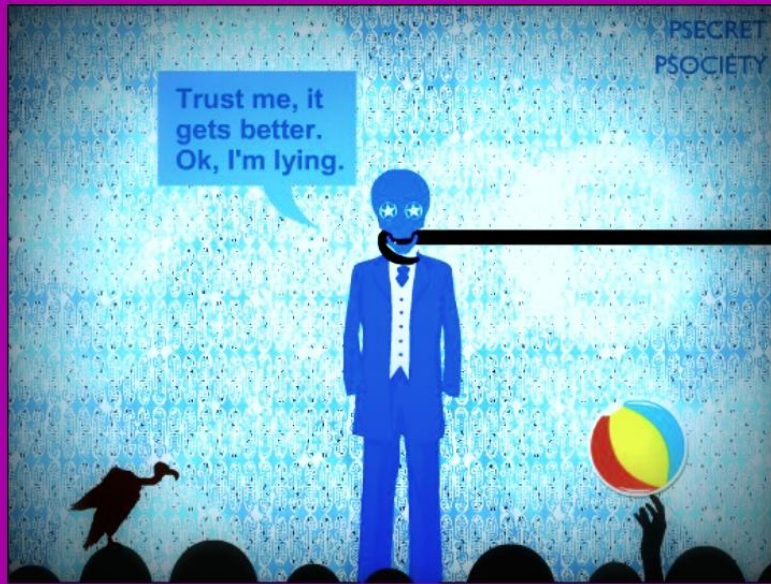


another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory

Mysterieau returns



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Mysterieau Returns

by Mike Bozart

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Mysterieau – that borderline surrealist, that oddly intriguing raconteur, that all-laughter-barred comedian, that strangely lame magician – returned to the stage after pumping the well for some new-liquidity ideas. (This is the same character featured in the 29K-word novella *Mysterieau of San Francisco*.) No, it wasn't the ghost of deceased-a-year-ago Tai; it was his 31-year-old, of similar physique and mindset, just-as-eccentric second cousin.

Quang had left the perfectly-perplexing purple outfit back in San Francisco, and thus decided to make his bluer-than-blue debut. It was a one-nighter in Carson City, Nevada at a tiny, third-rate casino that was once a gas station (and still smelled like it). The new hands-hidden-by-extra-long-suit-sleeves, high-flying-in-place, Halloween-skull-masked one took the low stage at 11:11 PM on a hot Thursday night in June of 1993, following a strange act that involved cactus ingestion. *Think I'll need to get a room. Seeing strings in the air now.*

I was able to get a seat in a near-front-of-stage nook. I then clicked on my trusty analog audio recorder. What follows is the transcript of this Mysterieau replacement's equally-as-odd-as-the-original, just-as-chaotic performance.

“Hello Carson. Hello there, Carson City. O Carson City, the capital city that no one east of the Mississippi ever guesses correctly. No one but me, that is. Yes, I knew Virginia City was not the capital of Nevada, nor Las Vegas or Reno. And, no, Virginia; there's no Virginia City in the Old Dominion.”

[a 12-second pause with the sounds of beer bottles being set down on yellow-pine tables, chairs being repositioned, and several people talking loudly]

“Ahem. [clears throat] Hello one. Hello two. Hello three. Hello to all of yas. I’m Mysterieau. Mysterieau 2.0, actually. But, let’s not go into that. Let’s just stay right here for now.”

[a 10-second pause with someone in the audience belching]

“The name. What’s in a name, you are tempted to ask? Well, the name Mysterieau derives from that mysterious water-like fluid siphoned from the brains of the body-dead.” *Oh, dear.*

[no acknowledgment from the audience, just an uneasy six-second pause with continued loud chatter]

“Listen, could we bring it down to a dull roar in here? [the conversations begin to cease] Dank u. [‘Thank you’ in Dutch] Dank u wel. [‘Thank you very much’ in Dutch] That’s Dutch, ya know. I played Amsterdam last month. No, I think it was last week. Well, whenever it was, it was epik [*sic*] with a hard-azz k. You can be sure of that. Well, all the way until I ended up in a k-nal. [*sic*] I know, that’s what they all say. Anyway, how are we tonight? Already partially aroused? Your mentality, that is. This is a PG-13 act.”

[no reply from the audience, just an awkward eight-second pause with some whispering]

“Ah, that Gouda? Listen, I just got back from Holland. You know that place? [silence] Ok, the longer, more proper word is Nederland, or Netherlands. It houses Amsterdam. Let me tell ya, it was mega. Oranje [Dutch for orange] mania. Everyone and everything in orange, or oranje as they say between windmills. Ja. [Yes in Dutch] Orange shirts. Orange faces. Orange hair. Orange weed. Orange brownies. Orange mushrooms. Orange you glad you’re here?”

[a few groans from the audience, and then a nervous female's stunted chuckle]

Neo-Mysterieu remained motionless and speechless for 11 over-dramatic seconds. [an unknown object hits the floor]

"Yes, it was all going swimmingly. Then, sure enough, I woke up in a canal with a tulip in my lapel. That was the zenith and nadir of the gig in a jist-shell. [sic] Anyway, it's great to be back in the States, even if it is Nevada."

[booing, then some laughter]

"Hey, I'm just *halving* a laugh, so that we can have another half-chortle later when the doldrums settle in. Please, don't be so touchy. At least not yet. I'm jest [sic] jesting. We can have some smart fun tonight. We're up to this. We can gain a shallowing in-depth perspective. Why, you ask under your bourbon-saturated breaths? Because I joust-lanced former Agent 69. Yeah, that old canker-cranker. Well, he's in a ditch now and very quiet." *What in the world?*

[a loud female sigh followed by three seconds of silence]

The masked one continued. "Listen, have I asked you to listen lately? [no reply] We're going to have fun tonight, beginning right now! I'm going to retell a conversation that I overheard in Amsterdam's Centraal Station on platform 5a. Open your years [sic] and close your traps."

[a nine-second pause filled with the sound of a chair screeching on the concrete-slab floor]

"An American tourist, a white male in his mid-20s with brown hair, mustachioed and goateed, was talking to this raven-haired Romanian lass who was in her early 20s. At first I

thought the dude was simply trying to pick her up. However, after a while, I realized that it was something très étrange [‘very strange’ in French] as they say in Marseille in May.”

[Neo-Mysterieau coughing]

“I sure picked a bad day to start snorting Comet®. Just joking. We’re cleaned of cleansers tonight. Congranulations. [sic] Ok, back to our overheard Amsterdam train-station conversation.”

[groans in the audience]

A nearby patron quietly asks, “Are you ready to leave now, Jane?”

Neo-Mysterieau then continued with his Amsterdam tale. “Ameridude [sic] says: ‘My coworker in the US uses hairspray on her armpits.’ And then Romanalass [sic] says: ‘Does she shave?’ Ameridude: ‘Not when it’s hot, humid and sticky; never in such frizzying [sic] weather.’ Romanalass: ‘Hot weather makes me sleepy and think of home.’ Ameridude: ‘Such a slow, sunny, lazy Monday. And, it’s not halfway yet.’ Romanalass: ‘Sunny enough for a bathing suit, but if I put it on, I know it would rain.’ Ameridude: ‘That’s mighty funny, honey, on National Nude Day.’ Romanalass: ‘What the hell! Why, you crazy American!’ Ameridude: ‘Forehead to soon meet wall. I’m sorry. Please re-mark my last remark.’ Romanalass: ‘It’s ok. Just hurry up with Friday. Did I tell you that I hate my job? That’s why I’m here, unexpectedly passing time with you.’ Ameridude: ‘Well, I’m ready for Friday, too. Do you think that Holland will win the World Cup?’ Romanalass: ‘That’s next year, you dunce!’ Ameridude: ‘Oh yeah, that’s right.’ Romanalass: ‘You got too high back there, didn’t you?’ Ameridude: ‘Back in the States,

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