



**TECHNOLOGICAL EPIDEMIC  
PROMOTIONALLY YOURS**



# **Technological Epidemic Promotionally Yours E.P.**

(MIF#154)

All songs written by Christopher S. Bell Copyright  
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All songs arranged by Christopher S. Bell, Matt Miller,  
Dan Oatman and Jacob Koestler in various occupancies  
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All songs recorded, engineered and produced by Technological  
Epidemic in Cubby's and Laura's living room  
© myideaoffun March 20-21st 2010.

All songs mixed by Jacob Koestler

With additional help from Cory Savit

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Christopher S. Bell – Vocals, Acoustic Guitar

Matt Miller – Electric Guitar, Synthesizer, Sousaphone,

Trumpet, Omnichord, Claptrap, Bells, Farfisa, Vocals

Dan Oatman – Bass, Vocals

Jacob Koestler – Percussion

Thankfully doctor, this didn't sting

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8A

AK 125PX



13A

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ACT I  
THE KIDS ON LINDEN STREET

*A suburban neighborhood in springtime  
Angry fathers mow their lawns  
Sloshed mothers scold their daughters  
Children anxiously run and rule the streets high on sugar and false ideals*

*OLD MAN walks out of his paint-chipped home, downtrodden and low on gas.  
BOY stands in front of the man's equally rusted lawnmower, seeking further instructions*

OLD MAN:

Keep the lines straight  
The oil sometimes leaks  
Watch your shoelace  
This machine is an antique  
I heard a boy on Linden Street had dubbed himself a freak  
For the day.

*(Boy rolls his eyes and nods his head accordingly)*

Mind the hedges  
Don't breathe in the dust  
I'm no specialist  
But understand the rust  
Word is a girl on Linden Street abandoned all her trust so deranged

*PUBLIC VENDOR strolls down the street, pushing a grocery cart full of various knickknacks and soliciting at a loud enough volume*

PUBLIC VENDOR:

Interstellar insect killer  
Even fries the eggs!  
We all excel at spelling out  
The obvious mistakes!

OLD MAN: *[Angrily coughing]*

Hey! Hey! Hey!  
Can someone please explain to me  
What these close proximities  
Do for us?  
I hate to say it but  
These social neighbors kill my buzz

*Boy starts up lawn mower as Old Man stares down the vendor before aggressively shutting the mower off*

OLD MAN:

Pay attention  
Answer correctly  
Did I mention  
That my wife just left me  
I heard she wrecked on Linden Street  
Driving drunkenly  
Yesterday

*Storm clouds slowly pass by overhead as the Public Vendor makes a circle with his wheels*

OLD MAN:

Better hurry  
It looks like it might rain  
And then some flurries  
Geographically contained  
The storm begins on Linden Street  
Continues on till Main  
Hurricane

*Public Vendor moves closer to the Old Man's driveway, pushing his tricks*

PUBLIC VENDOR: *[Enthusiastically]*

Hey there fella  
Blue umbrellas  
Even fights the rays!  
But this apple core  
Will cost you more  
Despite the aftertaste!

OLD MAN: *[Beyond out of sorts]*

Hey! Hey! Hey!  
Can someone please explain to me  
What these close proximities  
Do for us?  
I hate to say it but  
These public vendors kill my buzz

*An erratic storm quickly crashes down from overhead, the Old Man dragging the Boy into his house via the front door*

OLD MAN:

Take your shoes off  
Give them time to dry  
I'm not confused, but  
It's often been implied  
That all the kids from Linden Street  
Waste time getting high on holidays

*Old Man pulls a crisply rolled joint from his small brown heirloom box and sits down in his favorite recliner, lighting up with a inherited sense of self*

OLD MAN:

Nobody explained to me  
Fractured sensibilities  
Invisible scenery on the cusp  
I hate to say to it, but  
These conversations  
Kill my buzz

*The old man dies upright in his favorite chair*







## ACT II

### A CLUTTERING HUSBAND

*The same suburban neighborhood in fall  
The old man's house has a SOLD sign in the front yard.  
Leaves have half fallen; children are bundled but nevertheless active  
on account of modern medications and so forth  
HUSBAND and WIFE, both in their mid-twenties, pull into the driveway  
in their brand new tan American-made automobile.*

HUSBAND:

Well it looks as if we've found our place  
A blushing bride and bragging rights  
There's no time to waste  
We'll gut out the two-car garage at a steady pace  
Drunkenly discussing the space

*Boxes of varying size are carried into the garage by strangers  
Husband and Wife are lovey-dovey, smiling, splattered in fresh paint  
and regurgitated ideals*

HUSBAND:

We'll cover up the scratches on front doors  
Whistling senselessly  
To better enjoy the chore  
We'll start our humming engines so to better ignore  
What all tomorrow's fighting will be for

*Wife changes her hair and the home's décor many times over, becoming obsessed  
with the reflective image of her cushy little self and all that surrounds her.  
Magazines are ordered and multiple choice tests are taken on her sex life.  
Husband works in a suit and returns home anxious to avoid any incoming disputes  
in regard to the forming wrinkles on his clothes and marriage*

HUSBAND:

For you  
I certainly forgot about  
The second falling out  
For you  
I hit the ground  
It's true  
We've talked a lot  
Irritating sounds  
From you  
About this town

*Wife decorates the house for an insurgence of strangers,  
most of which are better male examples than her own husband.  
Husband blows up balloons and fixes himself many a stiff drink*

*Its winter and the Husband is driving his Wife through a blizzard, trying not to  
stare at her exposed and half-frozen legs in the short black dress, passenger's side.  
They arrive at a similarly decorated house amongst the same strangers, quickly  
separating to designated corners*

HUSBAND:

Around midnight  
The coma begins  
Friendly persuasions  
Terrifying grins  
I sense the split  
But continue giving in  
Until we're back home again

*Husband stands in the same cluttered garage, looking at all of the bullshit  
he didn't bother to unpack*

*Wife considers leaving the positive home pregnancy test on the bathroom sink  
in front of his toothbrush, but instead decides to throw it away*

*They converge in the living room*

HUSBAND:

Well it looks as if you've found your place  
A cheap fuck and a social life  
There's no time to waste  
I'll make up the guestroom at a steady pace  
And try to understand your new tastes

*Husband walks up the stairs only to have her follow him seconds later, desperate  
and shattered*





ACT III  
HOUSE RULES

*Roughly seventeen years pass in the same house, with the reoccurrence of the same fights over false lessons in parenting and new wave nutrition  
Husband is a bitter and worn member of society, watching THE GIRL NEXT DOOR through his bedroom window blinds as she chews her gum and texts on her cellphone.*

*Another moving van's engine sputters across the street. The same old new neighbors, Husband thinks to himself before exiting his bedroom and unfortunately finding his SON staring at the exact same thing  
They startle one another*

SON:

This house has turned into a hole

HUSBAND:

Mind the rules sons  
Don't watch the daughters next door

SON: *[Aside]*

The old man's a blushing fool  
Inexperienced sons  
Can't help but watch  
The daughters next door  
Wandering eyes  
Are never so pure  
Or simple to ignore  
I think I'll settle this score  
In my own way  
We never say  
Anything...

*Son approaches The Girl Next Door in her driveway, the two quickly getting tied up in one another while his father can only watch from the window*

*The illustrious pull of teenage social clicks and various poorly chosen locations to drink alcohol soon catch up to the Son, as he unfortunately must ask for his father's advice following the snowballing pile of his own demented existence*

SON:

Today,  
I think I may have made a mistake

HUSBAND:

You're too confused  
But it's clear  
For both our sakes  
I won't intrude  
Or be rude

*Husband carries out various piles of trash towards the curb, unfortunately spotting The Girl Next Door in the midst of a deeply rooted contemplation. Should she or shouldn't she bother returning to such a pleasant convenience?*

HUSBAND:

Come see me when you escape

By then...

I'll take

What I can get

But first we must forget

Indulgences

Inferior designs

Ill-prepared

I've only got the time

To stare

And pray

For myself

*Husband returns to the dusty fixtures of his own hole and once again watches as his Son anxiously approaches his own doom*





ACT IV  
A SOBERING SON

*The relationship between the Son and The Girl Next Door has somehow withstood for close to two years.*

*It's summer and both have been indulging outside amongst their fellow graduates, sitting on the hood of the now faded tan automobile, drinking and watching all of it pass them by*

*They kiss lightly before The Girl Next Door leans over the side and regurgitates that night's home-cooked dinner into the grass. She then attempts to catch her breath while resting her head against the windshield*

SON:

All the cleaning products  
Inside your bathroom mirror  
Lipstick stains and sawdust  
Makes the vomit disappear  
You've never been more sincere than this

*Son cracks the window and buckles the half conscious girl into his front passenger's side seat, before driving off down the road*

SON:

The kiss was on my mind  
Your lips a waste of time  
Gone by  
We sigh...

Goodbye my love  
We'll get drunk enough  
Tomorrow night  
And satisfy  
Our appetites for bad advice  
We'll talk more on the ride back home  
Don't explode

*Son drops the girl off and returns to his own silenced house*

*Son and Girl Next Door sit a pew apart in church, both hungover and worshipping what remains of fallen ethics and good will towards their fellow distributors*

SON:

Sunday evening service  
Your eyes are like champagne  
The good book tried to warn us  
But failed to explain  
Your underwater brain  
Was humming along

*The sun is slightly setting on their day as The Girl Next Door downs a sloppy swig of white wine while the Son hesitantly drives to the same spot in the middle of nowhere.*

SON:

So loud  
I couldn't focus  
On all the cars in motion  
If we die  
I won't mind...

Goodbye my love  
We'll get drunk enough  
Tomorrow night  
And satisfy  
Our appetites for bad advice  
We'll talk more on the ride back home  
Don't implode

You can borrow my coat  
Until we're both  
Inside

*Son and Girl Next Door arrive at the same wilderness watering hole and are soon surrounded by all the familiar semi-sad saps and uncharacteristically driven pairings from the fading present. It's an array of ghosts and small-town legends long since past their prime, but nevertheless still offering up the proper sentiments to all.*

ALL:

We were once happy astronauts  
Up before dawn  
But you and I  
Have already said enough  
It's your turn to call my bluff

We were once happy astronauts  
Up before dawn  
But you and I  
Have already said enough  
It's your turn to call my bluff

KODAK 125PX

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**ACT V**  
**BLINDSIDED BY...**

*Son and Girl Next Door are polished examples of anxiety and tension on the hood of his tan automobile.*

*The news has broken of war and university, and yet it's still warm enough to flirt without thinking too hard about latter day consequences*

SON:

Simplify this changing order  
Take a walk outside the border  
Time flies by a little shorter  
When we're alone

*The top-heavy couple find all the appropriate hiding places back stage and amongst the gritty shells that their parents and fellow neighbors occupy  
It's all an elaborate web of how to act, what to say, and which shortcut to take  
before ultimately finding the same emptiness and overgrown brush only so far away from their homes*

SON:

Get all dressed up for the pageant  
Find your dad a brand new tangent  
You and I can hardly stand  
These lowered tones

You are leaving home soon  
No more broken curfews  
We are at a stand still...

Filled with second thoughts  
I guess all we've got...

Is a little bit of time to rearrange our parts  
Let's both drink some more wine and hope the car  
Will start right up

*Drunk and watching the stars, all the nights start to blend together*

SON:

Supper's starting later  
Then we initially thought  
I hope your feeling better  
Cause I know that I'm not  
Quite prepared to see you go but...

*The wobbly spin of expectations fill the Son's head as he places it next to hers on the same imprinted windshield*

SON:

I'll come visit you next weekend  
We'll stay up late and then we'll sleep in  
Blinded by the changing seasons  
In your room...

I see myself with new prescriptions  
Blinded sided by these new addictions  
Calmly reading trashy fiction  
You're my muse

*Son and Girl Next Door stand in line at the Movie Theater, her decked out in a newly-dyed collegiate attitude, him hanging onto what still dangles between them for dear life*

SON:

Come on and abuse me  
Right before the movies  
Things aren't as they should be  
But I'm easily amused

*Son watches from out his bedroom window as she packs her things in the family wheels and is soon off, down the street*

ACT VI  
PROMOTIONALLY YOURS

*Son sits alone in the same Movie Theater a little older albeit not necessarily wiser.  
He watches as all the expected advertisements flash in front of him  
Her memory lingers within his very soul and yet he can't help but sigh and place  
the 3-D glasses on over his bloodshot eyes  
Everything blows up on the screen*

SON:

I was once like lightening  
You were once like dust  
Suddenly we're frightening  
Everyone we trust  
At the door...  
I'm promotionally yours

*All the same neighbors have gone insane, running down the street with burning  
flames in their hands, screaming at the top of their lungs for some kind of  
diminished answer*

*The Son pushes The Vendor's grocery cart steadily along on his way towards her  
house, picking up speed when available*

SON:

Having problems with your head  
Need time to unwind  
Before all the love is dead  
We can kill some time  
On the floor...  
I'm promotionally yours

*Son arrives at the freshly-mowed border of their two houses before his shopping  
cart is knocked over by a large U.S. army vehicle.  
Two soldiers step out and examine his stunned face before placing him in the back  
of their green ride and sputtering off to the next house*

*Son is entrenched, dilated, but nevertheless keeping all of his thoughts of her  
intact*

SON:

Sending your very best  
Sentiments in letterhead  
From a suicidal war  
I'm promotionally yours

*Son is a scared-shitless image of drafted backwash, trying his best to see it all dif-  
ferently. She dances around him with her first place beauty pageant sash, like  
transparent broken glass, studying to be something so similar, not so far away*

SON:

But there's a chance  
We will succeed  
Before we sign the deed away

*Church bells ring, the same dead voices sing out*

SON:

Sunday matrimones  
Suburban purgatory  
We'll relive all our glories

*Son makes his way around all kinds of explosive diversions before finally arriving  
on the lawn below her dorm room window*

*The terrain is a smashed wasteland; all students flocking to and from classes in  
iron-clad boots and bullet-proof vests on*

SON:

Please love can I have some more  
I'm promotionally yours

We'll settle this score  
With mediocre lines

*The shopping cart wheels off from the left side of nowhere as the Son pulls a large  
and glossy poster advertisement from the thick of it all and read it out loud*

SON:

Ad space is available  
Until next quarter  
At all convenient stores

I'm promotionally yours  
Promotionally yours

*Large blasts resonate, residents chasing their dogs through and around fences, the  
tangible collapse of all society while The Girl Next Door contemplates what her next  
move is.*

*She finally leaps out her window and hits the ground, screaming and running as it  
all spins around itself and finally fades out*

*The Son takes his 3-D glasses off and exits the theater in pieces*

FIN

