

MAXWELL'S DEMON

Mother:

48 backwards is 84. 48 halved is 24, 48 sideways is 56. Outside the city hall two men sit waiting for the bus, a young girl picks 36 because it is the luckiest of all numbers.

Young Fashionette:

Mommy, how come Daddy doesn't talk to people?

Mother:

It wasn't always like this, when I first met him he was completely orally fixated, and I loved him for it.

Woman:

Oh excuse me, But I have to look up Emily Post on how to get rid of an unwanted guest.

Fashionette:

Ra, why don't you dance with me?

Ra:

Fashionette, that music is proven to cause insanity in my breed.

Being:

Fashionette, that filly is the secret dream of every stallion who sets foot in Lorado.

Ra:

You know, this fish is about at the end of its rope. It's the last of its species and they are supposed to live in real water.

Pseudo:

You-who, excuse me, do you have any extra-marital gel and plastic love memory?

Fashionette:

No we don't carry that, we have frisbees and tee shirts and stuff though.

Pseudo:

Well thank you but I was looking for the gel and the memory for my hands, you don't know where I could find some do you.

Fashionette:

You could try Maxwell's he seems to be able to get everything in stock.

Pseudo:

Thank you.

Ra:

Why is the fish laying on the table.

Dog:

Ah get out of here get out of here get out of here, this is my space, get out of here, I take a leak here and it's mine, get out of here get out of here get out of here get out of here I have marked my territory!

Maxwell:

Hey shut up out there, do you have to tell the whole neighborhood every time you go to the bathroom!

Dog:

Ah shut up yourself, you're the one who's got me chained up out here!

Maxwell:

That's the way I like it pooch dog! That's the way you deserve it!

Dog:

Yea, well I'm just tired of the whole world invading my privacy!

Maxwell:

Devil, could you take these two boys upstairs and show them the antiques, they aren't interested in the mod clothes.

Devil:

Oh, Certainly Maxie.

Maxwell:

Hello, are you interested in something particular today or just browsing?

Dog:

Who is it and what is that?

Fashionette:

Look at this!

Maxwell:

Hum, a tasty morsel I'll give you a penny for it.
Devil, this is mine and it's for sale.

Fashionette:

What! This is my friend!

Maxwell:

Now you know god gave man dominion over the fishes in the sea. Why don't you try on one of these Cum-buy-ya hats, it'll make you feel a hundred percent better, and besides they're going to be the rage with the tribe this year.

Fashionette:

I don't want to try on your Cum-buy-ya hat, we were once a proud of the things we made, we were Producers, now look what you've done to that lake. It's killing my friends!

Maxwell:

That lake is a regular road side attraction and I ain't doing nothing to it, you're the one who's got the neighbors complaining about the music, now I sell quality souvenirs to systems analysts.

Maxwell:

That's a fine antique there girl, but you know matches have been illegal since that lake started generating heat.

Fashionette:

I'm going to lean out this window and see what happens to that lake with these antiques!

Maxwell:

Settle down girl, you're going a hundred and fifty miles an hour and I'm only going a hundred and five.

Maxwell:

Devil, would you fetch Fashionette's little friend Ra and put him on a buoy in the middle of that lake.

Devil:

Oh certainly Maxie, it is always such a pleasure doing anything for you.

Ra:

I wish I had an ice cube or at least a damp rag.

Fire:

Everyone in this story is really frightening but they usually act a lot more chummy.

Fashionette:

Hold on! Hold on Ra!

Fashionette:

When that lake bed cools down, we can build a house right in the center of it with a sound system and room just for dancing. Won't that be great?

Ra:

Yea that will be great Fashionette.

Fashionette:

How long do you think it'll take for this thing to burn itself out?

Ra:

What do I look like Fashionette, an expert on chemical fires?

(CREDITS)