

## REVELATIONS

### VIDEO TRANSCRIPT

FX: galloping horse's hooves

CUT: the moon

FX: howling wolves

CUT: a Black Slab, looking rather like the Monolith from "2001". Fog clouds play across it.

CUT: a white horse, carrying a masked man, who also wears a hat and cloak.

The horse rears back and whinnies - the rider spurs the horse, which breaks into a gallop once more

Voice Over (Bill): On December 16, 1961, the world turned upside down and inside out, and I was born screaming, in America.

CUT: (Tower?) Bridge - the horse and rider cross the bridge, approaching the camera

VO: It was the end of the American Dream, just before we lost our innocence irrevocably, and the TV Eye brought the horror of our lives into our homes for all to see.

CUT: The rider dismounts upon a cobblestoned street, and leads his horse past the burning shells of televisions.

FX: howling wolves

VO: I was told when I grew up, I could be anything I wanted. A fireman, a policeman, a doctor. Even the President, it seemed. And for the first time in the history of mankind, something new called an Astronaut. But like many kids growing up on a steady diet of Westerns, I always wanted to be the cowboy hero. That lone voice in the wilderness fighting corruption and evil wherever I found it, and standing for freedom, truth and justice.

CUT: the Dark Rider throws a lighted match into an oil drum full of newspapers.

VO: And in my heart of hearts, I still track the remnants of that dream, wherever I go, on my never-ending ride into the setting sun.

CUT: zoom in on flames

FADE: to a picture of the moon against a black background

An opening appears in the black background. A figure stands in the opening, silhouetted by flames and smoke. The figure emerges, bows, and hangs his hat and cloak on a microphone stand, while the opening behind him closes and is replaced by the '2001' monolith. A silhouette appears behind him, lit in pinks and reds, which (as far as I can tell) is either meant to signify either a city, or the Ruins of Civilisation. hmm.

[wild applause]

You're in the right place. It's Bill.

I'm living out in Los Angeles now so, you know, I like coming over here, you know, for the weather.

You guys have weather. Cool.

Los Angeles, every day, hot and sunny, today, hot and sunny, tomorrow, hot and, for the rest of the... hot and sunny, every single day, hot and sunny. And they love it.

"Isn't great, every day, hot and sunny?"

What are you, a fucking lizard?

Only reptiles feel that way about this kind of weather. I'm a mammal, I can afford coats, scarves, cappuccino and rosy cheeked women.

LA is the home of the pedestrian right of way law. What this law is, is if a pedestrian decides to cross the road, anywhere or any time on the road, every car has to stop and let this person cross the road. Yes, 'cos only in LA does common courtesy have to be legislated. Ha ha ha

Every car has to stop. Pretty ludicrous in light of the city we're in now right, if someone steps in front of your car here, you speed up and turn your wipers on you know.

"Bum ch, bum ch. Bad call brother. Rrr."

"Must've had a bad day. I don't know."

Stupid law. How many of y'all wondered like I did during the LA riots, when those people were pulled out of their trucks and beaten half to death. How many of y'all wondered like I did: Step on the fucking gas, man!

They're on foot, you're in a truck...

I think I see away out of this!

That pedestrian right of way law.

People are driving home, a gang of youths stepped in front of their truck, Molotov cocktails, clubs in hand, everyone of these idiots: Screeech.

(Mimes waving people across road)

(Mimes being pulled out of a vehicle by the hair)

I guarantee you that Reginald Denney, that truck driver. Never gonna stop again as long as he lives.

Could be an old woman with a baby carriage crossing the road, he's: Urrr, urrrrr.

"Not today, baby."

Not a time to quit smoking kids, hahaha

But I fucking did it.

And yes, I miss' em.

It is hard to quit smoking. Everyone of them looks real good to me right now. Every cigarette looks like it was made by God, rolled by Jesus, and moistened shut with Claudia Schiffer's pussy right now

Wwwwww. "Golly that looks tasty"

Every time I'm here something weird happens. This time Bush lost. Cool.

People ask me where I stood politically you know. It's not that I disagree with Bush's economic policy or his foreign policy. But that I believe he was a child of Satan here to destroy the planet Earth.

Yeah, I'm a little a little to the left there, I was. I was leaning that way.

Yeah you know who else is going, little Quayle boy. Little Damien.

Is that guy Damien? Tell me those blank empty eyes aren't gonna glow red in the very near future.

[eyes roll back in head]

Stop making jokes about meeee. Nrrr. I'll spell potato any fucking way I want. Nrrrr.

Rioters in LA, let's nuke them.

Bush was a pussy Nrr

He held me back.

Frightening people man. Bush tried to buy votes towards the end of the election. Goes around, you know, selling weapons to everyone, getting that military industrial complex vote happening for him. Sold 160 fighter jets to Korea and then 240 tanks to Kuwait and then goes around making speeches why he should be Commander-in-Chief because, "We still live in a dangerous world."

Thanks to you, you fucker!

What are you doing? Last week Kuwaitis had nothing but rocks!

They're arming the fucking world man. You know we armed Iraq. I wondered about that too,

you know during the Persian Gulf war those intelligence reports would come out:

"Iraq: incredible weapons - incredible weapons."

How do you know that?

"Uh, well... We looked at the receipts Haar."

"Ah but as soon as that cheque clears, we're going in."

"What time's the bank open? 8? We're going in at 9."

"We're going in for God and country and democracy and here's a foetus and he's a Hitler.

Whatever you fucking need, let's go. Get motivated behind this, let's go!"

Ohoh looks like Mr. Major was on the hot seat there for a second too. Little Iraqgate, little rapscaillon he is.

"Did we send, did I... did... I'll have to check Maggie's old calendar."

What's funny about this. Every one of your papers says that you guys sold Iraq "machine tools"... which Iraq then converted into military equipment. I have news for you folks, a cannon is a machine tool. Your Orwellian language notwithstanding, it's a fucking machine, it's a tool.

Our papers in the States have the same thing. We sold Iraq "farming equipment" which Iraq then "converted". How do they do this?

"Simsalabim simsalabim aa salabim sim sim sim salabim."

Wow! It was a chicken coop, it's now a nuclear reactor!"

"This war's for Aladdin." Farming equipment which they converted into military, okay, you got me I'm curious, exactly what kind of farming equipment is this?

"Oh okay, well it's stuff for the farmers of Iraq."

Yeah?

What?

"Ooh okay, ar well ooh one of the things we gave them was for the little farmer, a new thing we came up with called er the er, flame-throwing rake."

"No it was for the farmer, see. He would rake the leaves and then just turn around Boooo."

"But you know what the Iraqis did with that?"

There's no trees in Iraq, what are you sending them rakes for, you asshole?

"We could have done our research better perhaps yes."

What else did you sell 'em?

"Okay er one of the other things we gave 'em was a new thing... for the farmer."

"The, er, armoured tractor."

"No, see, farmers when they farm look over their shoulders at times and they won't see a tree and they'll hit it maybe and there'll be a wasps nest in the tree and the wasps will come in and sting 'em."

"So we put four inches of armour all over the tractor. And a turret to shoot pesticides on the wasps."

"Yeah but you know what the Iraqis did with that?"

"Can't trust 'em."

I'm so sick of arming the world and then sending troops over to destroy the fucking arms, you know what I mean? We keep arming these little countries then we go and blow the shit out of em. We're like the bullies of the world, you know. We're like Jack Palance in the movie Shane... Throwing the pistol at the sheep herder's feet:

"Pick it up."

"I don't wanna pick it up mister, you'll shoot me."

"Pick up the gun".

"Mister, I don't want no trouble huh. I just came down town here to get some hard rock candy for my kids, some gingham for my wife. I don't even know what gingham is, but she goes through about 10 rolls a week of that stuff. I ain't looking for no trouble mister."

"Pick up the gun."

Boom bom

"You all saw him. He had a gun."

Kennedy, I love talking about the Kennedy assassination because to me it's a great example of, er, a totalitarian government's ability to, you know, manage information and thus keep us in the dark any way they... Oh sorry wrong meeting... Ah shit. That's the meeting we're having tomorrow at the docks. [winks]

I love talking about Kennedy. I was just down in Dallas, Texas. You know you can go down there and, er, to Dealey Plaza where Kennedy was assassinated. And you can actually go to the sixth floor of the Schoolbook Depository. It's a museum called... 'The Assassination Museum'. I think they named that after the assassination. I can't be too sure of the chronology here but... Anyway they have the window set up to look exactly like it did on that day. And it's really accurate, you know, cos Oswald's not in it.

"Yeah, yeh so wow that's cool." Painstaking accuracy, you know. It's true, it's called the 'Sniper's Nest'. It's glassed in, it's got he boxes sitting there. You can't actually get to the window as such but the reason they did that of course, they didn't want thousands of American tourists getting there each year going [Mimes looking out of window]

"No fucking way!

I can't even see the road.

Shit they're lying to us.

Fuck!

Where are they?

There's no fucking way.

Not unless Oswald was hanging by his toes, upside down from the ledge. Either that or some pigeons grabbed onto him, flew him over the motorcade... Surely someone would have seen that. You know there was rumours of anti-Castro pigeons seen drinking in bars... Someone overhead them saying 'coup, coup'

Coo. Unbelievable. And you know what's wild, people's, er, attitudes in the States about it.

Talking about Kennedy, people come up to me:

"Bill, quit talking about Kennedy, man. Let it go. It's a long time ago - just forget about it."

And I'm like alright, then don't bring up Jesus to me.

As long as we're talking shelf life here.

"Bill, you know Jesus died for you."

Yeah, well it was a long time ago. Forget about it!

How about this. Get Pilate to release the fucking files. Quit washing your hands Pilate - release the goddam files. Who else was on that grassy Golgotha that day?

"Bill, it was just, you know, hur, taking over of democracy by a totalitarian government, let it go."

That's another good thing about Bush being gone, man, cos for the last 12 years with Reagan and Bush, we have had fundamentalist Christians in the White House. Fundamentalist Christians who believe the Bible is the exact word of God, including that wacky fire and brimstone Revelations ending, have had their finger on the fucking button for 12 years.

[Eyes roll back in head]

"Tell me when Lord, tell me when. Let me be your servant Lord."

Fundamentalist Christianity - fascinating. These people actually believe that the bi.. er, the world is 12 thousand years old. Swear to God.

What the..? Based on what? I asked them.

"Well we looked at all the people in the Bible and we added 'em up all the way back to Adam and Eve, their ages - 12 thousand years."

Well how fucking scientific, okay.

I didn't know that you'd gone to so much trouble. That's good.

You believe the world's 12 thousand years old?

"That's right."

Okay I got one word to ask you, a one word question, ready?

"uh huh."

Dinosaurs.

You know the world's 12 thousand years old and dinosaurs existed, they existed in that time, you'd think it would have been mentioned in the fucking Bible at some point.

"And lo Jesus and the disciples walked to Nazareth. But the trail was blocked by a giant brontosaurus... with a splinter in his paw. And O the disciples did run a shriekin': 'What a big fucking lizard, Lord!'"

But Jesus was unafraid and he took the splinter from the brontosaurus's paw and the big lizard became his friend.

And Jesus sent him to Scotland where he lived in a loch for O so many years inviting thousands of American tourists to bring their fat fucking families and their fat dollar bills. And oh Scotland did praise the Lord. Thank you Lord, thank you Lord. Thank you Lord."

Get this, I actually asked one of these guys, OK, Dinosaurs fossils - how does that fit into you scheme of life? Let me sit down and strap in.

He said, "Dinosaur fossils? God put those there to test our faith."

Thank God I'm strapped in right now here man.

I think God put you here to test my faith, Dude.

You believe that?

"uh huh."

Does that trouble anyone here? The idea that God.. might be.. fuckin' with our heads? I have trouble sleeping with that knowledge. Some prankster God running around:

"Hu hu ho. We will see who believes in me now, ha ha."

[mimes God burying fossils]

"I am God, I am a prankster."

"I am killing Me."

You know, You die and go to St. Peter...

"Did you believe in dinosaurs?"

"Well, yeah. There was fossils everywhere"

Thuh [trapdoor opens]

"Aaaaaaarhhh!"

"You fuckin idiot."

"Flying lizards, you're a moron. God was fuckin' with you!"

"It seemed so plausible, ahhhh!"

"Enjoy the lake of fire, fucker!"

You ever noticed how people who believe in creationism look really unevolved? Ya ever noticed that? Eyes real close together, eyebrow ridges, big furry hands and feet.

"I believe God created me in one day"

Yeah, looks liked He rushed it.

They believe the bible is the exact word of God - Then they change the bible! Pretty presumptuous, hu huh?

"I think what God meant to say..."

I have never been that confident.

Next we have a bible out called 'The New Living Bible', it's the bible in updated and modern English. I guess to make it more palatable for people to read. But its really weird, when you listen to it.

"And Jesus walked on water. And Peter said, 'Awesome!'"

Suddenly we got Jesus hanging ten across the Sea of Galilee. Christ's Bogus Adventure, you know. Deuteronomy 90210, you know.

Such a weird belief. Lot of Christians wear crosses around their necks. You think when Jesus comes back he's gonna want to see a fucking cross, man?

"Oaww"

May be why he hasn't shown up yet.

"Man, they're still wearing crosses. Fuck it, I'm not goin, dad. No, they totally missed the point. When they start wearing fishes I might show up again, but... Let me bury fossil heads with you Dad, Fuck em - Let's Fuck with them! They're fuckin with me now, lets get em. Give me that brontosaurus head, Dad."

You know, kinda like going up to Jackie Onassis with a rifle pendant on, you know.

"Thinkin' of John, Jackie. We love him. Just tryin to keep that memory alive, baby."

[mimes sniper, mimes being shot in the head]

Back and to the left, back and to the left, back and to the left, back and to the left. Which, by the way, that action you see Kennedy's head go through in the Zapruder film - caused by a bullet... [points behind him] comin from up there, ha.

Yes, I know it looks to the layman or someone who might dabble in physics... This action here would be caused by a bullet coming from...

Well...

[thinks]

Up here, did you see that? Did everyone see that? Yeah, but no. What happened was Oswald's gun went off, causing an echo to echo through the buildings of Dealey Plaza and the echo went by the limo on the left up into the grassy knoll hitting some leaves causing dust to fly out which 56 witnesses testified was a gun shot, cos immediately... Kennedy's head went over.

But the reason his head went over is cause the echo went by the motorcade one the left and he went "What was that?"

"So there, we have figured out, go back to bed America, your government has figured out how it all transpired. Go back to bed America, you government is in control again. Here, here's American Gladiators. Watch this, shut up! Go back to bed America, here's American Gladiators. Here's 56 channels of it. Watch these pituitary retards bang their fuckin skulls together and congratulate you on living in the land of freedom. Here you go America, you are free, to do as we tell you, you are free, to do as we tell you."

"Oh good. Honey, I heard on the news that they've figured out that the gun, what happened is, is that there was an echo and Kennedy was, er, asking Jackie what it was, and that that's why

his head flew u... Honey what time's Gladiators on? Are we missing it? I'm so glad we're free, Honey."

This happen just a few weeks ago. All these articles in the paper. "Is Gladiators too violent? And what are we doing watching it? Is it really good for us to watch? Is it too violent?" NO! Fuck it! Give these guys chain saws! Let them fuck each other up good. It's not violent enough. Let these fuckin' morons kill each other in that God Damn pit! Give them chain saws an... I want to see a fuckin railway spike go through their eyeballs. How about this? give everyone in the audience a pistol. "There you fuckers, bchh bchh, See who comes out alive, bchh." You know, I'm tired of this false fuckin sanctimonious morality about life. "Ain't life keen, haha. Let's pat ourselves on the back." Fuck you! They want to kill each other, I'm filming it. You know. I had a great idea for the movies. No-one wants to fucking hear it, I don't know why. I was watching Terminator 2 and I'm thinking to myself, these are the most amazing stunts I have ever seen. A hundred million dollars it cost to make this film. How are they ever gonna top these stunts in a movie again? There's no way.

Unless...

they start using terminally ill people...

[laughter]

Hear me out...

...as stuntmen in pictures.

Okay not the most popular idea ever, but I prefaced it with that. What you know, some of will probably think that's cruel, don't you?

"Ooh cruel, terminally ill stuntpeople Bill. How cruel."

You know what I think what cruel is? Leaving your loved ones to die in some sterile hospital room surrounded by strangers. Fuck that! Put 'em in the movies!

Whaaat? Do you want your grandmother dying like a little bird in some hospital room? Her translucent skin so thin you can see her last heartbeat work its way down her blue veins?

Or do you want her to meet Chuck Norris?

Why be so selfish as to deprive her of that thrill?

"Tom how come you dressed my grandmother up as a mugger?"

"Shut up and get off the set. Action! Push her towards Chuck."

Whurf. [Bill does a flying karate kick]

"Wow he kicked her head right off her body! Did you see that? Did you see my grammie?

She's out of her misery. I just saw the greatest fucking movie of my life. Cool!"

Okay not the most popular idea ever. All I'm saying is people are dying every day, and movies are getting more and more boring.

[Webbs fingers together]

"I am the weaver."

I don't know.

"Is American Gladiators too violent? Ooh I don't know."

Watch the fucking news man, it's frightening. What could be worse. You watch the news these days you know, it's unbelievable. You think you just walk out your door, you're immediately going to be raped by some crack-addicted, Aids-infected, pit-bull, you know. Horrible news stories, you know.

"Honey, I'm gonna check the mail...

"Rrrrar, rrrrar, rrrrar, rrrrar, rrrrar!" [mimes being attacked by a pitbull]

"Whaddya we stay inside tonight baby? Let the pizza delivery guy deal with that shit out there.

Hello, pizza delivery, could you send another car over please. I know that's your third one, that last guy almost made it. I can almost reach the pizza with the broom handle.

How come those pit bulls are eating your driver but they're not touching that fucking pizza?

What do they know that we don't know, hellooo?"

Pretty soon we're all gonna be locked inside our homes with no-one on the street but pizza delivery guys and armoured cars with turrets shooting pizzas through the mail-slots of our front doors. Every house will glow with American Gladiators beamed in.

"We are free - keep repeating, we are free."

The news is just apocalyptic. Didn't you think with the Cold War being over, things should have gotten better. How many of y'all were as stupid as I was in believing that?

Wow it's over - 40 years of threat of nuclear weapons - it's over, cool, cool... Wrong!

Now 12 different countries have nuclear weapons - it just got 12 times as bad, fuck you! Life is harder now. Work hard - oops jobs are scarce, fuck you, ha ha ha.

By the way if anyone here is in advertising or marketing... kill yourself.

No, no, no it's just a little thought. I'm just trying to plant seeds. Maybe one day, they'll take root - I don't know. You try, you do what you can.

Kill yourself.

Seriously though, if you are, do.

Aaah, no really, there's no rationalisation for what you do and you are Satan's little helpers.

Okay - kill yourself - seriously. You are the ruiner of all things good, seriously. No this is not a joke, you're going, "there's going to be a joke coming," there's no fucking joke coming.

You are Satan's spawn filling the world with bile and garbage. You are fucked and you are fucking us. Kill yourself. It's the only way to save your fucking soul, kill yourself.

Planting seeds. I know all the marketing people are going, "he's doing a joke... there's no joke here whatsoever. Suck a tail-pipe, fucking hang yourself, borrow a gun from a Yank friend - I don't care how you do it. Rid the world of your evil fucking makinations. Machi... Whatever, you know what I mean.

I know what all the marketing people are thinking right now too,

"Oh, you know what Bill's doing, he's going for that anti-marketing dollar. That's a good market, he's very smart."

Oh man, I am not doing that. You fucking evil scumbags!

"Ooh, you know what Bill's doing now, he's going for the righteous indignation dollar. That's a big dollar. A lot of people are feeling that indignation. We've done research - huge market. He's doing a good thing."

Godammit, I'm not doing that, you scum-bags!

Quit putting a godamm dollar sign on every fucking thing on this planet!

"Ooh, the anger dollar. Huge. Huge in times of recession. Giant market, Bill's very bright to do that."

God, I'm just caught in a fucking web.

"Ooh the trapped dollar, big dollar, huge dollar. Good market - look at our research. We see that many people feel trapped. If we play to that and then separate them into the trapped dollar..."

How do you live like that? And I bet you sleep like fucking babies at night, don't you?"

"What didya do today honey?"

"Oh, we made ah, we made ah arsenic a childhood food now, goodnight." [snores] "Yeah we just said you know is your baby really too loud? You know," [snores] "Yeah, you know the



mums will love it." [snores]

Sleep like fucking children, don't ya, this is your world isn't it?

But you know I saw this movie this year called last year called er, 'Basic Instinct'. Okay now.

Bill's quick capsule review:

Piece-of-Shit.

Okay now. Yeah, yeah, end of story by the way. Don't get caught up in that fevered hype phoney fucking debate about that Piece-of-Shit movie.

"Is it too sexist, and what about the movies, are they becoming too dddddddd."

You're, you're just confused, you don't get, you've forgotten how to judge correctly. Take a deep breath huuh, look at it again.

"Oh it's a Piece-of-Shit!"

Exactly, that's all it is. Satan squatted, let out a loaf, they put a fucking title on it, put it on a marquee, Satan's shit, piece of shit, walk away.

"But is it too, what about the lesbian connot.. ddddd."

You're, you're getting really baffled here. Piece-of-Shit! Now walk away. That's all it is, it's nothing more! Free yourself folks, if you see it, Piece-of-Shit, say it and walk away. You're right! You're right! Not those fuckers who want to tell you how to think! You're fucking right! Sorry wrong meeting again.

I keep getting my days mixed up. tomorrow, it's the meeting at the docks. Tonight it's comedy entertainment with young Bill.

Horrible film. And then I come to find out after that film. that all the lesbian sex scenes, let me repeat that, all the lesbian sex scenes were cut out of that film, because the test audience was turned off by them.

Ha. Boy, is my thumb not on the pulse of America.

I don't want to seem like Randy Pan, the Goat Boy, but er that was the only reason I went to that piece of shit. If I had been in that test audience, the only one out front protesting that film would have been Michael Douglas demanding his part be put back in, alright?

"I swear I was in that movie. I swear I was."

"Gee Mike, the movie started. Sharon Stone was eating another woman for an hour and a half. Then the credits rolled. I err, I don't remember seeing your scrawny ass, Mike."

"Was Bill Hicks in that test audience?"

ha ha haw.

Goat boy called it like he saw it Mikey.

You made your 14 mill, now hit the fucking road. Goat boy has invited some people over to see the video premiere of the Goat-Boy Edited Version.

Ha ha ha.

I am Goat boy.

"What do you want, Goat Boy? You big old smelly, shaggy thing?"

Ho ho ho.

Goat Boy is here to please you.

"How?"

Ha ha ha.

Tie me to your headboard, throw your legs over my shoulders and let me wear you like a feed-bag Pnaar www.

"Aaargh!"

Hold onto my horns.

"Goat-Boooooy!"

Yes my love.

"You're a big old smelly thing."

Ha ha ha.

I need professional help at this point

I think I need a priest at this point.

"Forgive me Father for I have sinned."

"What have you done my son?"

"Well, I said the word 'fuck' gratuitously."

"Yes and what else, my son?"

"Er... [giggles]

I lied."

"Yes and what else my son?"

"That's about all, oh oh one thing I keep thinking I'm a randy goat, fucking everyone. Ha ha ha. baaaaaa"

Unless of course it's a woman priest in which case it'll go like this:

Forgive me Father for what I'm about to do.

Dodoby doo. People ask me what I think about that woman priest thing, you know. What, a woman priest? Women priests. Great, great. Now there's priests of both sexes I don't listen to. Ha, fuck, I don't care.

Have a hermaphrodite one. I don't fucking care. Have one with three dicks and eight titties, I don't, I don't... You know, have one with gills and a trunk. That would be cool. I might go see that, you know, but... You know, I appreciate your quaint traditions and superstitions. I on the other hand am an evolved being who deals solely with the source of life, which exists in all of our hearts. Ha ha That middle man thing, it's wacky and I appreciate it...

Gotta run, there's a voice a-callin' me.

Ha ha ha.

Now you guys are totally weird sexually. Here's why. Oh yeah, coming from Goat Boy, oh boy.

"Yes Bill, and how is that? That we have human sex? Does that bother you Bill?"

Goat Boy finds that disgusting. Where is the fun in that?

Ha ha.

Goat Boy loves young girls.

16 years old ooh Goat Boy, hello.

"Hi Goat Boy you big old smelly thing. Ooh you smell like an old boot."

Ha ha ha. I don't see you running away.

"I'm not scared of you... Besides, your eyes are really kind and peaceful. Except for that fire that burns real far deep inside of 'em."

Ha ha ha

"Oh Goat Boy, what's that?"

That is my purple wand, and my hairy sack of magic.

"You do tricks?"

Ha ha ha.

"What can you do with that?"

Goat Boy can make a bell ring in your stomach

"What does that bell mean?"

It calls Goat Boy to dinner Ha ha. Gnoor.

"Goat Boy, aargh!"

"Okay Bill, stop with the Goat boy thing, we get it alright. It's kinda amusing but... okay."

You don't like Goat boy?

Goat boy is hurt by your indifference.

He wanted you to come dance with him in the pastures. Ding ding.

Goat Boy wants to string flowers through your hair, and on your head.

Do do do be do.

"Why do you like young girls Goat Boy?"

Because you are beautiful. There's nothing between your legs, it's like a wisp of cotton candy framing a paper cut. Ha ha ha. Gnor. And turn you around and open your cheeks, it's like a little pink quivering rabbit nostril.

Oh how cute!

I bet your asshole tastes better than most girls' pussies. Come here. Gnor.

"Goat Boooy."

Gnor.

"Shaggy old thing. I'm not going to kiss you, I don't know where your mouth's been."

Do you want me to tell you?

"Okay, Bill seriously this Goat Boy thing, it's getting weird."

Ha ha Except for some of my goat children. [laughs, points into the audience]

"Mooore, Faaather, mooore, more Goat Boy, Faather. We are your goat children. We too lay in the forest waiting for young virgins to come."

But you guys are weird, get this. I'm walking down thought the West End one day right and this bus-load of tourists from Iowa gets off the bus. Big cow people, right? Bump into me and I go flying into this adult bookstore. And my hands were in my pockets and I took em out and money flew out of my hands and wafted down onto the cash register and this guy hands me a magazine. How embarrassing. I go home immediately to the hotel and throw it away. Toward the garbage, it breaks open, face up on the bed. Give me a break, Lord. But I'm looking at your British hard-core pornography which I just spent hard-core fucking dollars for. And I'm going, "something's wrong with this."

Goat Boy will figure it out!

I realise it's porno yeah just what we know and love, but there's blue dots covering all the good shit! Woah, whaaat's going on?

There's a guy standing there like this.

There's a woman kneeling, well... I believe she was like this.

And there's this big blue dot right here.

What the fuck! This comes off I hope. [mimes scratching] What you gotta buy the blue dot eraser separately. what the fuck? I'm an adult. Don't protect me. Let's go!

Goat Boy wants his money back.

You know. And then I see a club in the West end that has this marquee sign, says Live Sex Show On Stage. I thought what a bummer actually have to be the guy that holds the blue dot.

[Mimes moving a blue dot up and down]

Alright but what's weird is, that's your hard core porno, then you go home, turn on Channel 4 late at night, there's people fucking yeah they're right there. No blue dot, just people fucking right there. Free, no money, people fucking. It's a foreign film, it's art all of a sudden. Hey. Put some subtitles in there. Here's your pussy, here, you got it. Everyone happy? There you go, it's

art, godammit. Alright, I see. You pay, you get ripped off - free you get it all. Dig it, love it!  
I am available for children's parties by the way.

"Mommy, I want Goat Boy to come play at our house."

Ha ha ha

But, you know...

Pot, right.

Aaah, they lie about marijuana. Tell you pot-smoking makes you unmotivated. Liiie. When you're high, you can do everything you normally do, just as well, you just realise, it's not worth the fucking effort.

There is a difference.

"(toke, toke, toke) Sure I can get up at dawn (toke, toke), go to a job I hate, that does not inspire me creatively whatsoever, for the rest of my fucking life.

Or I can wake up at noon and learn how to play the sitar!"

Nging nging nging now.

Pretty simple when it's spelled out in black and white isn't it?

You know. Only thing I've ever heard about pot is that pot might lower sperm count.

Good!

There's too many fucking people in the world. Someone needs to say that by the way. Tired of this, "Hey hey aren't we the coolest. Humans are so neat."

Too many of yer. Quit rutting, just for a fucking day. Let's work out this food/air deal. Then go back to your rutting. But I'll tell you this. Where's this idea that childbirth is a miracle came from. Ha, I missed that fucking meeting, okay?

"It's a miracle, childbirth is a miracle."

No it's not. No more than a miracle than eating food and a turd coming out of your ass. It's a chemical reaction, that's all it fucking is. If, you you wanna know what a miracle is. Raisin' a kid that doesn't talk in a movie theatre. Okay, there, there, there is a goddam miracle. It's not a miracle if every nine months any yin yang in the world can drop a litter of mewling cabbages on our planet.

And just in case you haven't seen the single mom statistics lately, the miracle is spreading like wild-fire. "Hallelujah!" Trailer parks and council flats all over the world just filling up with little miracles. Thunk, thunk, thunk, like frogs laying eggs.

"Thunk, look at all my little miracles, thunk, filling up my trailer like a sardine can. Thunk. You know what would be a real miracle, if I could remember your daddy's name, aargh, thunk. I guess I'll have to call you Lorry Driver Junior. Thunk. That's all I remember about your daddy was his fuzzy little pot-belly riding on top of me shooting his caffeine ridden semen into my belly to produce my little water-headed miracle baby, urgh. There's your brother, Pizza Boy Delivery Junior."

"Hallelujah!" Hold on for a minute, let's figure out this food/air deal okay? Okay. I'm just weird, you know? How about have a neat world for kids to come to? Ha haokay it's me, fuck it. Drop 'em like fucking flies, boom, just full up the world with em. I just don't get it you know, I mean I'm sorry man, you know kids are fine, just keep em away from me. Alright there, alright.

Now get this, I've been travelling all over the country on British Air. No smoking on British Air. Now let me get this straight, no smoking right but they allow children. Little fairness, huh?

"Well smoking bothers me."

Well guess what?

I was on this one flight right, I'm flying, I'm sleeping on the plane, I'm fucking "knackered". Very tired right and I feel this tapping on my head. And I look up and there's this little kid - loose! on the fucking plane, he's just loose. It's his playground in the sky. And he has decided that his job is to repetitively tap me on the top of the head.

I look across the aisle at his mom. she's just smiling, you know.

Guy next to the mom goes, "They're so cute when they're that small."

Isn't that amazing, letting your kid run loose on a fucking plane. And then the kid runs over to the emergency exit and he starts flipping that handle to the door. And the guy next to the mom starts to get up, and I go, "Wait a minute... we're about to learn an important lesson right here." Kwooshh.

Why you're right, the smaller he gets, the cuter he is.

God, I wish I had a camera right now.

With a telescopic lens.

Like to get a picture of his face when his pudgy little legs hit that farmhouse down there.

Aah, aah, kids. Ha hha.

Stewardess, since we got a breeze in here can we smoke now? Fairly well circulated at this point. Woosh. True story. But, you know.

Why is marijuana against the law? It grows naturally upon our planet. Doesn't the idea of making nature against the law seem to you a bit... paranoid? You know what I mean? It's nature. How do you make nature against the fucking law? It grows everywhere. Serves a thousand different functions, all of them positive. To make marijuana against the law is like saying to God made a mistake. You know what I mean, it's like God on the seventh day looked down on his creation:

"There it is, my creation, perfect and holy in all ways. Now, I can rest."

[Mimes God looking around - spotting pot]

"Oh my me."

"I left fucking pot everywhere."

"I should never have smoked that joint on the third day ..shit."

"That was the day I created possums. Haha. Still gives me a chuckle."

"If I leave pot everywhere that's gonna to give humans the impression they're supposed to... 'use' it."

"(sigh) Now I have to create Republicans."

And God wept. I believe is the next verse. You know what I mean? I believe that God left certain drugs growing naturally upon our planet to help speed up and facilitate our evolution. Okay, not the most popular idea ever expressed. Either that or you're real high and agreeing with me in the only way you can right now.

"I forgot the code, is it two blinks yes, one blink no?"

Do you think magic mushrooms growing atop cow shit was an accident? Where do you think the phrase, 'that's good shit' came from? Why do you think Hindus think cows are holy? Holy shit! Why do I think MacDonalds is the Anti-Christ?

That's God little accelerator pad for our evolution. Let's think about this, man. For billions of years, sorry fundamentalists, we were nothing but apes. Hahahaha. Probably too stupid to catch a cow, you know.

[Mimes ape chasing and losing a cow]

[Ape spots shit]

[Wipes it off foot]

[Eats mushroom - begins to giggle]

[Laughs]

[Laughs]

[laughs hysterically before lying back spaced out]

"I think we can go to the moon."

('Thus Spake Zarathustra' plays) [Applause]

That is exactly how it fucking happened.

Except for the marketing people whose belief is,

"No, it was proven that er it might be a good market on the moon and eer and a lot of people went up there, good numbers, good space numbers..."

Urgh. Save your story of creation please.

Not all drugs are good, now. Okay? Some of em are great. Just gotta know your way around em that's all.

Yeah I've had good times on drugs. I've had bad times on drugs too. I mean shit, look at this haircut. There are dangers.

I think some of y'all have tripped here before perhaps yeah?

I used to love tripping, man. There's always one guy when you're tripping who wants you to do something to enhance the trip. You know what I'm talking about.

"You're tripping? Oh duuude, you gotta play miniature golf."

[Bill hangs onto the table]

Ha ha Yeah, that's exactly what I was thinking, man.

I'm just sitting over here watching the pyramids be built by UFOs right now, but get me to that fucking golf course.

I'm watching Jesus flying around on a unicorn, but I bet that little miniature golf would be just the thing to make this trip peak.

So you guys can use your legs huh?

No, it's just that I'm turning into a fish right now and er how 'bout I meet you there later?

Thanks, I'm pretty fucking high right now. Thank you. You know. You just gotta be careful, I don't know what you gotta be, fuck it.

We got pulled over tripping on acid one night, pulled over by the cops. Don't recommend it.

Cops don't appreciate fish driving around.

They frown on that.

Long night, man. Cops were tapping on this window. We're staring at him in this mirror.

"How tall are you?"

"A liddle cop, look at him!"

"How does he drive that big fucking car?"

"Urr, there could be thousands of them, shit!"

"What are we gonna do?"

"Let's put him in the jar."

Made perfect sense at that moment.

Put him in a jar, poke some holes in the lid, leave him by the road.

"You'll never get us copper. Haha."

"We'll send some little firemen to let you out."

"Hey I bet they know where the miniature golf course is!"

"Boo! Haha.. Fuck it, they scared us."

"Son d'you wanna stand up please?"

"I just found the driver."

"We don't need a driver, we're playing miniature golf."

True story. Now, later, when I was released [laughter] I mean spiritually... Oh God.

"I need to see some ID."

"I'm me, he's him, you're you."

"Put your hands against the car please."

"Which one. The UFO, the unicorn or your cruiser?"

Drugs have done good things for us, if you don't believe they have, do me a favour - take all your albums, tapes and CDs and burn em cos you know what, the musicians who made that great music that has enhanced your lives throughout the years?

Rrrrrreal fucking high, ha ha ha ho ho.

And these other musicians today who don't do drugs and in fact speak out against them?

Boy, do they suck!

What a coincidence!

Ball-less, souless, spiritless corporate little bitches, suckers of Satan's cock, each and every one of them. Gnorr.

"We're rock stars against drugs cos that's what the President wants."

Aw, suck Satan's cock.

That's what we want isn't it, government approved rock n roll? Whooh, we're partying now!

"We're rock stars who do Pepsi Cola commercials."

Gnorr. Suck Satan's cock. Put that big scaly pecker down your gullet. Drink that black worm jism. Drink it! Fill your little bellies.

Ha ha ha. Send in Vanilla Ice.

Hello Vanilla.

Says here on your application, you have no talent, and yet you want to be a star.

I think something can be arranged.

Whuh. Suck Satan's cock. Gnoor.

I will lower the standards of the earth. I will put 56 channels of American Gladiators on every tv. I will put all the money in the hands of 14 year old girls. They will think you are charismatic, deep and edgy.

GnnooOOooOor.

Send in MC Hammer on your way out.

Hello Hammer.

Back again, huh?

Boy, that Hammer. There was another boat that left me on the island, man.

"Bill, are you gonna get on the Hammer boat with us?"

"No, I'd rather stay here and eat my own flesh."

Beep, beep. Totally mystifying, I mean, you know you could sit and explain it to me from now until, well, the end of time, and I'll go, "Fucking don't get it, man." I, It.. it's geni.. it's con, genital? it's err genetic!. Maybe it is genital, Hay, wait a minute. Freud, come here!

"Hammer's a great dancer."

Whaaat? The guy's gotta a sand crab in his knickers. [Dances] He's not dancing, he's having a fit! That's Satan's sperm eating its way through the lining of his stomach.

Gnoor.

15 minutes almost up, Hammer!

Ooorgh argh.

Ha ha ha. Send in Marky Mark.

You know what I mean though, am I the only one that's fucking lost here?

You never see positive drugs stories on the news, do ya. Isn't that weird cos most of the experiences I've had on drugs, were rrrreal fucking positive.

Er. Who are these morons they're finding that's what I wanna know. I used to want to call the news,

"Come over to our house! Watch Tommy's, he's a pig, film him!"

"Oink oink."

"Hee hee, he's been doing that for hours. He's killing us. You getting all that?"

You know what I mean. Always that same LSD story, you've all seen it.

"Young man on acid, thought he could fly, jumped out of a building. What a tragedy."

What a dick, fuck him!

He's an idiot. If he thought he could fly, why didn't he take off from the ground first? Check it out.

You don't see ducks lining up to catch elevators to fly South. They fly from the ground, you moron. Quit ruining it for everybody. He's a moron, he's dead, good. We lost a moron, fucking celebrate.

Boy I just felt the world get lighter - we lost a moron.

Put on the Hammer album, I'm ready to dance!

[dances]

"We lost a moron." I don't mean to sound cold or cruel or vicious, but I am so that's the way it comes out. Professional help is being sought.

How about a positive LSD story? Wouldn't that be news-worthy, just the once? To base your decision on information rather than scare tactics and superstition and lies? I think it would be news-worthy.

"Today, a young man on acid realised that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration. That we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively. There is no such thing as death, life is only a dream and we're the imagination of ourselves."

"Here's Tom with the weather."

You've been fantastic and I hope you enjoyed it. There is a point, is there a point to all of this?

Let's find a point. Is there a point to my act? I would say there is.

I have to.

The world is like a ride in an amusement park. And when you choose to go on it, you think it's real because that's how powerful our minds are. And the ride goes up and down and round and round. It has thrills and chills and it's very brightly coloured and it's very loud and it's fun, for a while. Some people have been on the ride for a long time and they begin to question, is this real, or is this just a ride? And other people have remembered, and they come back to us, they say, "hey - don't worry, don't be afraid, ever, because, this is just a ride..."

And we... kill those people.

Ha ha

"Shut him up."

"We have a lot invested in this ride. Shut him up. Look at my furrows of worry. Look at my big bank account and my family. This just has to be real."

Just a ride. But we always kill those good guys who try and tell us that, you ever notice that?

And let the demons run amok. But it doesn't matter because: It's just a ride. And we can change it anytime we want. It's only a choice. No effort, no work, no job, no savings and money. A



choice, right now, between fear and love. The eyes of fear want you to put bigger locks on your doors, buy guns, close yourself off. The eyes of love, instead, see all of us as one. Here's what we can do to change the world, right now, to a better ride. Take all that money that we spend on weapons and defences each year and instead spend it feeding and clothing and educating the poor of the world, which it would many times over, not one human being excluded, and we could explore space, together, both inner and outer, forever, in peace. Thank you very much, you've been great.

[Applause]

I hope you enjoyed it. London, you were fantastic, thank you, thank you very much.

[bow]

[bow]

[three shots ring out - Bill crumples to the ground]

CUT: Bill slams against the Monolith, and slides to the ground

CUT: the riderless white horse walks along the road, away from the camera

VO: It's Just A Ride... It's Just A Ride...