



Scene From A Creative Writing Seminar Conducted By David Milch

by Larry Gaffney

FLYMF December 2006, The Peace Among Men Issue, Volume 3 Issue 12

DM: ...okay, time to move on to Melissa's story, "Tea with Auntie." You all got your fuckin' copies, so let's have at it.

Jason: Um, I think it's a pretty good piece. A little quiet for my taste, but the characters are well developed, and I like the dialogue.

DM: Well thank you very fucking much, Jason, for getting us started with such penetrating insights. Could you be any more fuckin' vague if you tried, you mealy-mouthed cocksucker?

Brittney: I, uh, I admire the way she handles the dialogue with three characters. I mean, you know who the speaker is right away, from the first couple of words...

DM: You don't say. Funny, I couldn't tell one cunt from another. Listen, people, you gotta give your characters something that makes 'em unique. These two sisters visiting Auntie, maybe one of 'em could be retarded. So fuckin' retarded you can hardly understand what she's saying. And the other one could be in the final stages of consumption. Have her cough up blood and loogies on Auntie's precious fuckin' silver tea tray.

Dawn: Ewww.

DM: Have I offended your pristine fuckin' ears, my darling? Understand this. If you want to be a writer, you have to confront life. Life, which ain't tea and crumpets, but blood and shit and cocksucking, preferably all at once.

Todd: Yeah, man, I get it. Like when that butler dude comes in with the "afternoon post"—what is that anyway, a fuckin' newspaper? Anyway, he could've been attacked by zombies first, so when he gives this Auntie chick the paper, he's stumbling forward 'cause they ripped out part of his brain, and one of his eyeballs is hanging by the optic nerve, and he's fuckin' hemorrhaging on the carpet, but when the zombies messed with his brain they somehow activated the sex part, and he's got this raging hard-on that tore right through his pants, and he's shoving it down Auntie's throat and this Felicity chick, that's one of the sisters, right? She's chopping at the back of his head with an ax, and...

DM: Whoa, son. Curtail your ardency for one brief fuckin' moment, if you don't mind, so that we can properly dissect this farrago of gore you've spewed upon us with all the force of a putrescent, exploding sow. Don't get me wrong. It's fine and dandy. But there is one problem. What is it, people?

Long silence

Keisha: Um, the zombies?

DM: The zombies. Do you really want to lose the zombies? Fuck, people, the zombies are the only thing that can give this piece of shit any life. You can always explain the zombies. Auntie's neighbor is a gris gris man who fucks around with voodoo. Or fuckin' radiation. You can always fall back on radiation. There's a fuckin' nuclear power plant down the road. Maybe these twats have gathered their sorry selves at this confabulation for the express purpose of discussing that very power plant and its potential to create zombies. No, people, it's not the zombies. What is it?

Jason: The ax!

DM: Bull's eye. What the fuck is an ax doing in this genteel sitting room with these dried-out old cunts?

Todd: But they knew about the zombies. That's why they had the ax.

Long silence

DM: See me after class, punk.

Todd: Am I in trouble?

DM: No. You got a contract to sign.