

From **Tori Amos with a Lisp, Gene-Spliced with a Mule** by Dawson Moore

CHRIS: Male, 26.

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I'm sorry, but evenings like that depress me. You know they used to have these things, but it wasn't the Alameda Idol, it was a talent show. People got together and sang, and had a good time, and that was that... maybe there was a winner, maybe not. But nowadays, audiences won't go unless they're going to see people voted off the island. Who cares? Winners and losers, we'll all about that. The country's fucked up. We need villains and losers, we need idols and people we don't idolize. Life's a competition, but in America, everything's got to come with a chopping block. Just because this was a friendly version, don't skip over how fucking sick we are. Time to see if the girl who sings like Tori Amos with a lisp and genes that have been scientifically spliced with a mule singing gets cut before the fat woman losing her breath singing gospel or the guy with the Barry Manillo nose singing "Love Me Tonight." I mean, God damn it! The Tori girl got to semi's, and what does that say about the people who won?