

DWIGHT GARDINER / My New Jodorowsky Script

Honouring Bowering's B.C.

"Phornthip come and sit at the table. I want to tell you a story." First I need to explain Old-One to a Buddhist.

"Do you know where we come from?" Phornthip looks at me.

"Where do we come from?" She cautiously replies "Vancouver?"

"No! Where do our spirits come from?"

"Thailand?"

"No!" Gongs are banging. Monks are chanting Pali from the voiceboxes of ghosts. *Ghosts and Spirits*. Spirit houses are crumbling and being taken to the land of broken spirit houses.

"The night & day will pass away but love will always win."

I Ghosts: First Variation

Old-One was dreaming when somebody brought the light. He opened his eyes and the world was a mess. A burnt out old sidehill with cranes falling off cliffs into circles of alkali. Old-One saw Indian doctors with weasel tails and five-toed salamander bones torturing lame deer & calling to the dead to be their lovers. Giant maggots were waving rattlesnake bones and riding pink and green sea serpents. Old-One screamed "Ogopogo!"

Old-One stuck pitch in his eyes and went back to dreaming. He dreamt that four brown bears would come and fix the world. They will put the world in order he thought. Old-One dreamed a long time. Then he dug the pitch out of his eyes and saw a gigantic lake shaped like a dog. "I will name this lake *sqexe*." Four brown bears were traveling in a canoe toward the falls they call *okanaqin*, where beautiful princesses were pulling salmon up from below the falls in birchbark baskets.

II The Wizard

There was Wiley-One. He was juggling his eyes and sticking them back in their sockets. "xexeli, xexeleq."

Old-One looked at the brown bears paddling the canoe. He counted four. This was the magic number. Then he looked at Wiley-One. This was not the magic number.

Old-One said "You are the trickster. You can be my helper." Trickster juggled his eyes. "xexeli, xexeleq."

III Spirits

It takes a long time to trick people. Then there was another one. He was a tall gangly kid from Honest John. He wore crystals over his eyes and had a crumpled old cowboy hat. Old-One says to trickster "He is your brother."

Tall gangly one from Honest John says "I am a poet. Someday they will name a wine after me."

Trickster says "My name *senk'lip* rhymes with the wine they call *nk'mip*."

IV Ghosts: Second Variation

Tall gangly one says "We will start a baseball team. We will play Nine-Easy Pieces. You can juggle your eyes. You can be our centre fielder."

Trickster juggles his eyes and says "I don't play positions. I don't chase balls. I chase chickens across endless hayfields."

Then trickster and tall gangly one go to the Three Arches Hotel and play the juke box. It is playing *Ghosts and Spirits* over and over. Someday it will burn down and the music will stop.

"The night & day will pass away but love will always win."