

HANNA

(A Run-On Odyssey In Three Parts)

by Frank Gagliano

Part 1: Hanna And The Horny Dwarfs

Part 2: Hanna In Tinsel Town

Part 3: Hanna And Harold

contact

frank@gaglianoriff.com

Part 2: Hanna in Tinsel Town

and so that day hanna dreamed about having her knees preserved forever in cement in front of that human bijou in hollywood while some mogul held a palmful of pancake flour to her nose to sniff and was urged to preserve her elbows too for they were the pride of hanna's bod and ancient men and even boys of two and a half were said to roll their eyes to telephonepoletops and spitdrool out of the corners of their mouths if they merely thought about touching or better yet sniffing her elbows which along with her knees would be preserved for as long as this great republic epoxied together and only frankly wondered if right there on hollywood boulevard while she was on all fours with the entertainment tonight cameras rolling if the camera crew and dirty old moguls would line up behind her and in front of her and do the yin and yang because that after all was the hollywood of myth we all loved and admired and decided then to let the elbowkneeimpressions go and take off for those parts of town where the common real people lived and just as she was crossing the freeway and dusting off the last bit of dry cement from her elbows and knees seven thousand cars hit her because she was lost in her existentiality and thought that by just holding her handpalmout the freeway drivers would stop for her and that was when the chipscoplatino motorcycled up to her prostrate body and tapped her on the freeway's shoulder and said he was in love with her and would make her a star because he really wasn't a chipscoplatino but a major mexican mogul waiting for a break and took hanna to his one room efficiency condo that cost five hundred thou and pretended he was going to the bathroom to tinkle but when hanna heard him gargling with listermint she knew her virtue was in for it and for a moment fought the starlit fight and wondered if she would offer up her flower on the altar of career even though she didn't have a flower much less a stem anymore because her iris had been irrigated in the woods just beyond the chemical dump two years ago and it was an experience she'd never forget because her nether pumpernickles had bunked and bammed on that chemical ground and her plump pores oozed tar for a month but Harry Farlingplink her primoflowerplucker got the crud all over his dipperdonger as well as his hemispheres and perhaps deserved it for irradicating her iris but did she deserve the slimeooze on her sothernflankkettledrums ofcoursenot so that was when she decided to become a nun but discovered that the new nuns were too socially committed for her taste and besides

they didn't even look like nuns and never beat you on the palms with rulers anymore which hanna useta kinda like so that was when hanna knew she would become a starlit and perhaps a harlot if that's what it took but couldn't carry through with it on her knees and elbows hardening in the cement andor while her chipscoplatinomogul was gargling himself ready for starlitharolotry and so she made a vow to do it all on talent alone and stood right there on hollywood and vine and started to sing and all the winos and bag ladies screamed and gagged and broke wind to get out of the range of hanna's voice which daddy said was like an armadillo with the dry heaves so hanna held onto one bag lady who was rumptooting by at a mile an hour and hanna landed on a very fat man who was taking the shade on the beach and sat on his face and sat up to see where she was and noted a crowd developing which made her squirm and him squirt and one young hardy fellow helped her off the fat man's face and said he was an artist who missed New York and especially zabars and took her to his beach shack which cost two and a half mil and said he was a composer scoring a film about two gay rocket launchers who find love in Nevada and when they entered the oneroom leanto she saw that there was nothing there but fifty two pounds of imported smoked salmon and a toy piano which he proceeded to play straightaway and urged hanna to sing and when she did he grew fangs and hair all over his knuckles and his ears became loud speakers and he began to break wind and snort fire and fling a dragon's tounge at her which she tried to avoid but some brimstone struck her on the elbows and hanna passed out and when she came to she found herself on a cot in a cave with slime and sweaty seaweed clinging to the nookies and crannies and an octopus guarding the entrance of the cave who said that he was her jailor but that he would let her go if she could find the secret shoe polish that would turn him back into a handsome lizard and hanna promised she would and he let her pass and the lie detector buzzer soundtooted screeched and scrunged and the former handsome lizard got angry and broke wind and grabbed hanna with ten of his calamaris and said see here ive been good to you and kept the intravenous flowing in your arm while you were in the land of zzzs and with one of my other eelstumps i vacuumed under the bed and in corners and with still other rubberylimbos i even did windows which was a miracle because I don't do windows and anyway this cave doesn't have any windows and even emptied your chamber pot and never once tried to suction your cups and even to boot gave you voice lessons and performed the alexander technique on your

vocal nodes and for this im repaid by your making the liebuzzerscrunge and you would have gone off and left me enchanted in my suckeroos like this for eternity or even two weeks and on and on he would have kept on whining but hanna had had it and bit all fifty of his seawangs and he gave out a gringe of pain so loud and boisterous that hanna voided her centerpiece and bolted for freedom until everyone applauded and she realized that this had been a screen test and the octapusformerhandsomelizard was none other than chipsmogullatino and should have known when she smelled the listermint on one of his wangsuckers during what she guessed had been a love scene and there leading the applause was mrbigdealmogul himself who said hanna could star in and write and direct the next richard chamberlain mini major series about a japanese rabbi who saves a lot of american indians from rich australian widows and hanna became the biggest television star on the charts because she was excessively mediocre and couldnt act her way out of a tenpound sack of decaffeinated chow mein but had poor speech and no charisma so naturally became rich and famous and had the best talcumsnorts at her parties and lots of gay caballeros and limpdangler gigolos until that sense of loss and selling out and dreckdouching every day with uncouth creeps made hanna burp and gargle and have toe cramps and terrible pangs of elbow angst and soul giggles until mr bigdealmogul who had become a father to her and so committed incest with her every other weekend slapped her hard across the knees and said now you listen to me and you listen good because that was the only kind of kakadialogue he could speak but then even those classical words failed him and he hugged her and cried and begged her to beat him on his hangingbottompoopoosaggers with rolled up editions of the hollywood reporter and through his glycerin tears he asked for forgiveness and redemption and said he loathed her and despised her and wished she was out of his life because she didn't have the stuff of stardom and he got all maudlin and sounded like one of the scripts for their latest major minipimples so hanna barfed and broke wind and got out of there and breathed in the exhilarating smog and decided never to look back not even on her modigliani persian bathrug and swimming pool in the shape of a famous star's testicles and ran and ran and ran with tears splashing the bag ladies and winos and valley girls as she tripped and sashayed and bumped and grinded and lassoed baby cows and hungbulls on rodeo drive but finally couldn't help herself and in a fit of cheap nostalgia she did look back and

turned into a pillar of happy dust that a famous bigdealmogul sniffed entirely up his nosecaves and hanna wondered where this one was going to end