

# BRIGHTBLACK

# 日れGO!

ISSUE #1 March 23 - April 23 2020





so this is how it is then huh...



day one

INT 8 \_ THE LAUNDRETTE \_ NIGHT

A man lies dead on the floor, a pool of blood has formed around his head.

Two detectives are puzzling over the corpse; an ear is missing,

The detectives look around the room, their feet rooted to the spot;

Every washing machine in the place is inactive, every door shut except for one.

The first detective stoops to look inside the open washing machine; he

Pulls a large pair of tweezers from inside his coat. the second detective watches with interest.

The first detective reaches in with the tweezers and grabs hold of something.

He looks at the second detective and retracts the tweezers which are gripped

Onto a single severed, bloody ear. As he stands up straight he squeezes

Out a ~~xxxx~~ thunderous and slightly wet fart.

SECOND DETECTIVE

Bingo!





making a mask





three months ago we were in Australia

INT - THE LAB - DAY

A woman in a white coat sits at a desk staring into the screen of her laptop computer. She tiptaps a line of code, hits ~~xxxxxx~~ enter then looks up. Ahead of her is a room completely constructed from glass. At the centre of the glass room is a square table with a small 1960s era typewriter on top.

All is still, nothing moves, neither she, the screen, the glass room nor the old typewriter. She looks disappointed. She picks up a glass of coffee and takes a sip. She thinks.

On the other side of the lab is an old dial phone. The scientist approaches, looks at the phone, then reaches for it. She dials a number. Her back is to her desk and the glass room.

SCIENTIST

Mom?

As she speaks a faint puff of smoke can be seen drifting faintly from the typewriter in the glass room. Meanwhile the screen of the laptop begins to flash red.

SCIENTIST

Yeah obviously I've tried turning it off and on again.

The glass room is now filling with smoke. The scientist casually turns whilst listening down the phone. She sees the smoke and frowns.

SCIENTIST

Hold on Mom, let me call you back.

Without waiting for a reply the scientist places the phone back in its crook and slowly approaches the bench, the laptop and the glass room. Nothing but smoke can now be seen inside the room, the scientist stares in wonder for a few seconds then stoops to inspect the laptop screen. An endless stream of code is scrolling rapidly too fast to read. She looks up as the smoke suddenly sucks into the ~~typewriter~~ centre of the glass room, the air thins to reveal a life size pink pony with a chopstick gaffa taped to the centre of its forehead. She frowns.

SCIENTIST

Bingo?

Banco Central de Venezuela



CIEB BOLÍVARES

BASTARD -

WANKER

WHAT THE BIRDS  
ARE REALLY  
SAYING

100  
CIEB  
BOLÍVARES

Centenario  
Parque Nacional El Ávila

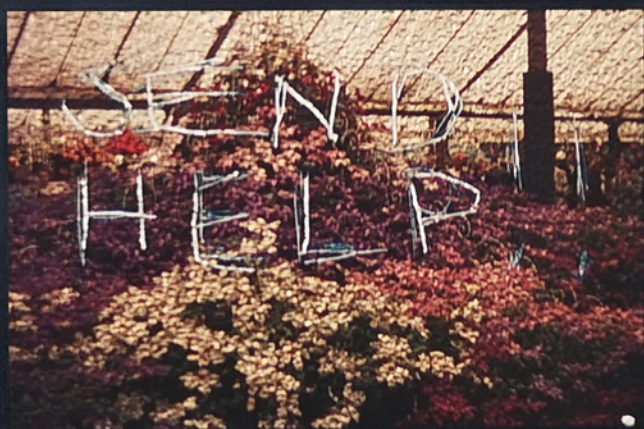
GUAYANA FRANCESA - VENEZUELA



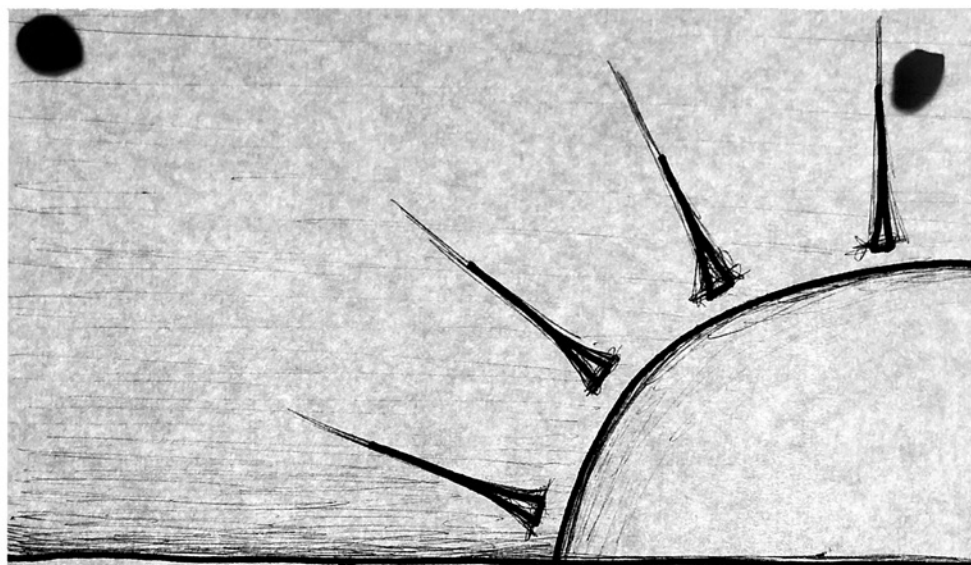
IT SUCKS NOT  
SEEING YOU IN  
REAL LIFE







Service  
GERMAN MADE



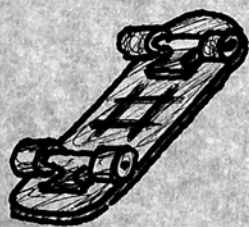
Today the guy in the coffee  
truck had finally lost  
his patience.

"When are  
they gonna roll  
out these fucking

feets so we can find  
out half of us have ~~it~~  
already had the virus  
and can get back to  
work?" I am covered

in grazes. Epic spill  
downhill on skateboard.

Feeling something is  
better than feeling  
nothing at all



# EVER







CUNT, BASTARD, WANKER

Two birds sit on a branch.

BIRD 1 : "CUNT"

BIRD 2 : "WANKER"

A third bird flies down and lands on the branch next to them.

BIRD 3 : "WHAT'RE YOU GUYS DOING?"

BIRD 2 : " WE'RE PLAYING CUNT, BASTARD, WANKER"

BIRD 3 : "OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?"

BIRD 1 : "WE WATCH THE OTHER BIRDS AND DECIDE IF THEY'RE CUNTS, BASTARDS OR..."

BIRD 3 : "WANKERS?"

BIRD 2 : "YEAH"

There is a moment of silence as BIRD 3 let's this sink in.

BIRD 3 : "OK"

BIRD 3 flies away, BIRDS 1 and 2 cock their heads a little as they watch him disappear into the distance.

BIRD 1 : "WANKER"

GIMME SOME  
COFFEE AND  
INTELLIGENT  
CONVERSATION...







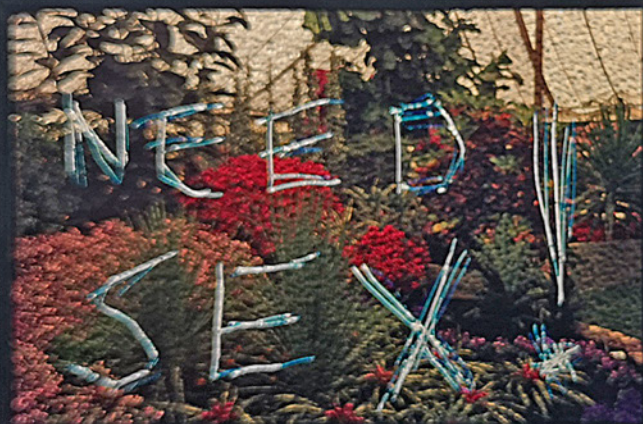
**zoom BBQ**



GOODBYE KISSES

Maybe one time  
we should spend a whole day  
just saying goodbye.





Service  
GERMAN MADE



my favourite cafe is closed

INT - THE MULDOON HOUSE - EVENING

Jeb Muldoon, an 87 year old man stands at the bottom of the stairs looking up. He is tired. He's tired and old; bald as a coot, deaf, pebble stone glasses, one arm is in a sling, the other reaches down to a cane and his feet are on the wrong way. He's seen better days.

The stairs stretch up before him impossibly steep. ~~EEEE~~

They reach so far up above that the landing at the top of the stairs is obscured by clouds. To make matters worse it looks as though it may rain.

Jeb Muldoon closes his eyes for a moment and braces himself for the pain and effort.

Just then the phone rings.

He opens his eyes, turns and stares off into the darkness of the hallway to an open door. He sighs deeply and begins to walk but the cane and the wrong way round feet get tangled; he trips.

For an extended moment Jeb Muldoon is fully off the ground, flying. His arms stretch out like wings, he twist, almost gracefully, in the air; his eyes open wide and he is smiling. It is a moment of transcendence which ends abruptly as face and torso, legs and cane come clattering with a sickening crack and splat to the cold hard floor. And in this moment everything is scattered

His cane and glasses, shoes and contents of pockets explode in all directions. His mouth opens wide as if to yelp but no sound is forthcoming.

Instead the false teeth of his upper jaw eject themselves and go skidding forth along the shiny hallway floor, they bounce off the wall and come to rest in a pool of goop. The phone stops ringing.

Just then a small dog too old and skinny to have any discernable pedigree or breed limps in and whimpers. It sees the false teeth, sniffs them and tentatively licks the juice. It looks up at old Muldoon then back at the teeth before snapping them in its jaws with what looks like a dog smile and runs away. Old Muldoon closes his eyes in anguish and exhaustion.

JEB MULDOON

Bingo!



PLEASE NOTE: THIS MIRROR DOES NOT REFLECT REALITY

04 18





REMEMBER  
WHEN WE  
WENT LONZARDTE 😊

**LGW**

London Gatwick

**EZY8684**  
**02MAR**

**easyJet**

20 04 19





we broke the rules





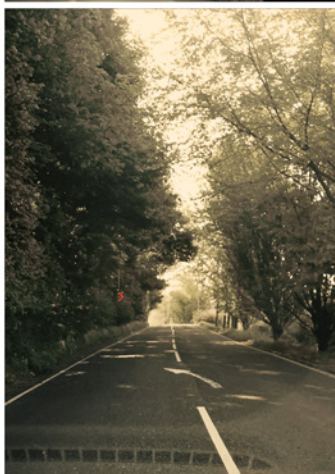
your favourite cafe is closed











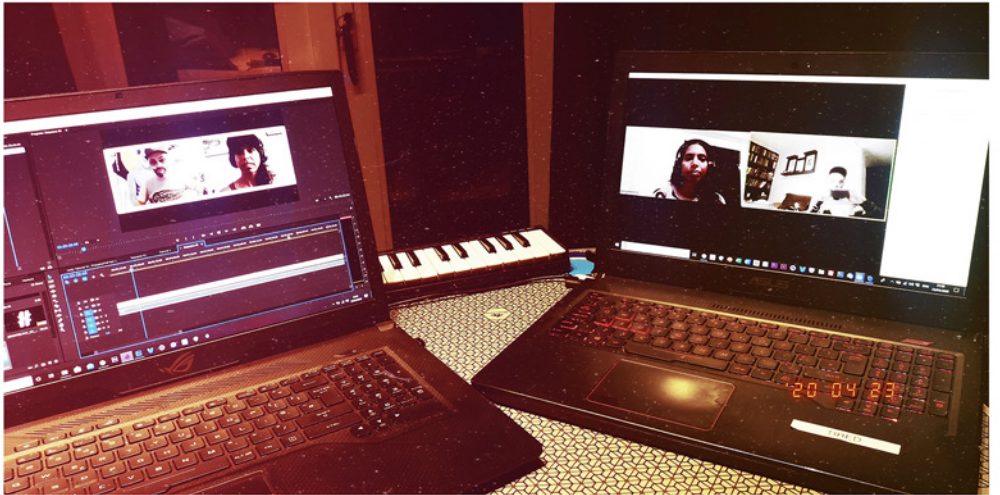




this guy appeared outside the back door









this is how it is...



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