

Bart the Bear – Last Show

Dc: Here's a nice surprise. Live from the wood, the bear who found a cellphone at a campsite – Bart the Bear.
Good morning, Bart.

Tk: (*phone*) (*tired*) Yup. You better look out.
There's a bear in the woods. It's me. (*yawn*)
And I'm pretty ferocious.

Dc: I'm surprised you're not hibernating by now.

Tk: I'm not in a big hurry to do that. The bears I know who hibernate say they're busier now than when they were wide awake!

Dc: How can that be?

Tk: I dunno. I don't wanna find out. I'm gonna skip it.

Dc: Right, but bears hibernate. That's what you do.

Tk: Yah, but there's that ... what do they call it when your body and brain kinda go to sleep on ya a bit?

Dc: A Vodka Martini?

Tk: No, that's not it.

Dc: Torpor?

Tk: Yah. Torpor. I think you get a little confused. You don't even know what you're supposed to be doin'. Little things bug ya. I don't wanna be one of those bears who stands out there yellin' at squirrels to stay off the lawn. That's not me. I don't care about that.

Dc: And a hibernating bear doesn't do that. He climbs into his den and sleeps a lot. Doesn't that sound good?

Tk: Yah. Sleep. That could be nice.

Dc: Just give in to the Torpor. The winter flies past and you wake up and it's turning into spring!

Tk: Torpor. Yah. Mmmmmm. (*suddenly*) But what about the squirrels? Who's gonna keep up from runnin' all over the place? Climbin' up the trees an' stuff?

Dc: Nobody. Certainly not you. You said you didn't want to be that guy.

Tk: I don't. But somebody's gotta yell at 'em.

Dc: No they don't. That's the torpor talking.

Tk: Oh yah. Torpor.

Dc: The squirrels will be squirrels.

Tk: No! We can't let 'em!

Dc: All you have to do is sleep and live off your body fat. You have enough to do that, don't you?

Tk: Oh yah. Yah, body fat. I got that. A truckload of Twinkies overturned out on the county road. So I got in there and cleaned it up for 'em. Just me, by myself. I took care of it. So I'm good.

Dc: I bet you are.

Tk: Some other bears got word of it and wanted to come help, but ... this is my territory here. I take it personally if there's a spill. It's my duty to get out there and pitch in. Just scrape those sticky little dessert cakes off the pavement and pitch em' in. Into the bear.

Dc: That was mighty big of you.

Tk: Mighty big. Yup. That's for sure. Did you know Twinkies have a really sweet gooey stuff in the center? Ohhhhhh. Like big fat beetles but without the crunch.

Dc: So you're all Twinkied up. Maybe that's why you don't want to hibernate.

Tk: Yah, I didn't know ya could feel so tired and all jittery and on edge ... at the same time.

Dc: Falling asleep and jumping out of your skin. That's unusual.

Tk: The driver of the Twinkie truck was kinda like that when he saw me.

Dc: Perfectly understandable. I don't even know how you flip a Twinkie truck. I wonder why it went over.

Tk: It wasn't because I was scratchin' my back on it. I didn't push that hard.

Dc: The truck was stopped!

Tk: Torpor. I think he had it too. You can't fight that. You gotta rest. But maybe not where there are ... you know. Itchy bears. (*yawn*) I'm gonna lay down for a bit.

Dc: You should hibernate.

Tk: I'm not hibernating! Just closin' my eyes. One eye. Just one.

Dc: I hope you have a comfortable bed.

Tk: Yah. A whole bunch of nice, crinkly plastic wrappers. Just like crisp leaves. (*yawn*)

Dc: Joining us by cell phone from the woods, Bart the Bear.