

Self Interviews

Guest: Movie Director Walter.

“Welcome, welcome to the FIRST Show of Self-Interviews. Where I, your host Walter Dulle, will be interviewing different versions of myself from across as many timelines as my production crew can find and get into contact with. The point? Well, think of it as a little social experiment. Everyone lives with “What-ifs”, What if I was a director, an author, an astronaut, what if I was homeless or had 40 children, or What if I was more gifted in certain areas.”

The Host raises and lowers his eyebrows as if hinting that that comment was, in fact, referring to his penis as the laugh track plays. “Well through the lens of my life I will hopefully put to rest these questions, or at the very least show you how great of a person all my various iterations are.” The host straightens back in his chair, straightening papers with a slight head bob to show he is being cocky. The laugh track once again finds it funny at this so-called joke. Sadly, The Host is being serious.

“Now for the line, you all wait to hear in a talk show.” The Host clears his throat to signify this is a momentous occasion in his career.

“My First Ever Guest tonight is a Three-time Galactic Meggy Winner and Nominated for his fourth Meggy this Lunar Cycle. He is best known for movies like Ninja’s on Mars, Ninja’s on Mars 2: Jupiter, and Ninja’s on Mars 3: Reclaiming the Lost Ninja, here joining me now through SpaceP Ebex Its Movie Director Walter Dulle.”

The Host turns to camera two as half his screen is taken up by Director Walter; who is repeatedly kissing his hands before they flourish off-screen, revealing a crooked smile underneath. Surprisingly, the smile is similar to The Host’s, and for some reason is filled with genuine excitement to be on the show. The Director is rocking back and forth, like a pre-teen at a Yogiluba Concert.

“Hello, Host Walter I am so glad you invited me onto your show. It’s a huge honor to be the first guest ever.” The Director starts almost blushing with excitement. The Host also almost blushing lets a smile creep across his face.

“Oh well, that is a huge honor to hear from someone who is about to get their fourth Galactic Meggy.” The Host couldn’t care less about this Walter. “Speaking of which, how do you feel? And what did you do to celebrate?”

“Oh Stop it.” The Director is filled to the brim with nervous excitement, and due to the aforementioned excitement, urine. “I feel amazing. My wife Iris... Our Wife Iris? Are we married to the same person? I don’t know, anyway, I’m sorry, where was I? Oh right, I am feeling pretty good. Being nominated for the Galactic Meggy is such an honor and although it could be the

fourth one I might receive, it feels like the first in terms of excitement and honor, and Iris and I are sitting on the edge of our seats waiting for the conclusion to come.”

The Director squirms around a bit less than before. If you were watching this on your television, you might think he has calmed down a bit. When really, he has accidentally urinated on himself removing the undulations that come from having to pee.

“Well, I wish you the best of luck and can’t wait to see you win the prize.”

He can wait and probably won’t watch the Galactic Meggy’s.

“What will you do when you win? Big cruise across the Lactose Way with the wife?”

“I think we will get some Tequila and have some friends over.”

A genuine look of surprise comes across The Host's face, he is shocked that he and The Director share a quality.

“Tequila you say? What is your favorite?” The Host reaches down and pulls a large bottle of Patron from underneath the desk. Something the prop crew did not know he had down there.

“This is my favorite, it is from a little place called Earth. I have been nursing this bottle for years now as it is not the easiest to come by.” A cocky head bobble ensues. “I’ll send you a bottle for your celebration.”

The Director also gets a look of shock on his face, the one that comes when you share a quality with an idol. “Oh no issue, I have 8 bottles of the stuff waiting for the party. I love it, I guess I shouldn’t be surprised that you like it too.” The Director laughs at the hilarity he just made. The Host, for a second, looks sad but then matches the laughter with some of his own. To show what fun he is having. Obviously.

“Well, I am glad to hear it, Director. But, I am sad to say that this is all the time we have, it was such a pleasure to have you as our first guest, and I look forward to seeing the outcome of the Galactic Meggy’s.”

“Thank you so much for having me, and I’ll take a drink for you if I win.” The Director slides off-screen with a smile and waves, as the Host reclaims his space with his crooked smile.

“Well, that is all the time we have for this first episode of Self-Interviews. Please join us next week as we have a very special guest, The Oldest Walter alive. Thank you all for watching, and see you next time.”

The lights fade and the screen goes to commercial, the Host gets from his post and does whatever he shall do for the rest of the night. If I had to guess, probably try to get another bottle or 9 of Patron from Earth. Now, I can introduce myself. I am, unfortunately, your guide through this sad attempt at a talk show. Another pompous personality trying to become the biggest name on early morning galactic talk shows. Although I will say the concept is unique, no one

wants to listen to someone talk to themselves. But, no matter my thoughts on the matter, I will be here to fill in the gaps, and hopefully, make this interesting for you to read. If you require a name for me, you can call me The Narrator.

Guest: Oldest Walter Alive.

“Welcome to the second episode of Self-interviews, I am your Host Walter Dulle. For tonight's show, we have the oldest version of me we could find this side of our dimension. Coming in at 80 pounds of mountain dew and lung cancer, we have the Oldest Walter Alive.”

The laugh track clicks on, and a man is rolled out next to Host's Walter Desk. Old Walter is crumbling in on himself after years of poor posture and sitting at a desk playing Planet of Peace Destroy, which is an MMO not too popular nowadays after some legal issues, but some die-hard fans still play. Old Walter, frankly, is depressing to look at. Two passionless eyes sit on a soured face. But, the most depressing thing is what comes next.

“Oldest Walter thank you for coming onto the show, how are you doing?”

Old Walter cranes his head to Host Walter, slapping his gums, probably thinking of some old musical. “I... I am in pain.”

Host Walter looks confused for a second, but then the laugh track goes on and it seems to brainwash him back into character.

“Aren't we all Old Walter? Now, the first thing is how old do we have to be to become the Oldest Walter?”

“Well, I am 65 years old. So... so older.”