

Discourse on the Meth... Lab

Not to be confused with *Discourse on the Method*

It is a hot summer afternoon. Business is slow at Dr. John F Bacon Vision Care. Ryan Daeweel is an employee there. He assists people in selecting glasses and other forms of eyewear. Ryan Daeweel is not fond of his job. And Dr. Bacon refuses to install an air conditioner.

Ryan: You know, Carl, do you ever get the feeling that there is more to life?

Carl: I don't get any feelings, man.

*Carl is a co-worker of Ryan Daeweel. Carl is not the most *enlightened*, and is generally regarded as incapable of normal social interaction. But Carl is cheap labor. And his skills are unrivaled when it comes to brewing coffee.*

Just to be absolutely clear, Carl is not normal. He is quite a peculiar individual.

Ryan: I just feel, you know, that there is more to life than wasting away at an eye clinic.

Carl: I hear ya, man. You got any hobbies? I enjoy hobbies.

Ryan: Carl, we've had this discussion numerous times. When I'm not working here, I'm a duelist.

Carl: Yeah, and what do you duelists types do?

Ryan: You know! We duel - we play Pokemon. It's... a sad existence.

Carl: What was that?

Ryan: Work, Pokemon, work, Pokemon, Carl, work, Pokemon, that's all my life is.

Carl: Hey, you know, I got a small violin in the trunk of my bicycle.

At this point it would be helpful to note that Carl cannot drive. Yes, he is a grown man, but he prefers to bike. Everywhere. However, when Carl refers to the trunk of his bicycle, which he does fairly often, nobody really knows what he is talking about. They just go along with it. Also of note is the fact that Carl is only ever seen wearing one shirt. This shirt is black, with a demonic image on the front and "#malicious" on the back. Normally, one would expect more presentable attire at a medical office, but exceptions are made for Carl.

Carl: Ryan, I gotta tell you something.

Ryan: What's that?

Carl: I think, one day, I'm going to be famous.

Ryan: I doubt it.

Carl: With a fancy car, and a big house, and a jacuzzi...

Ryan: Doubt it.

Carl: I'm going to have a baboon butler.

Ryan: Again, I doubt it, Carl.

Carl: Do you doubt everything, man?

Ryan: As far as possible.

Carl: Well, that's stupid! We aren't friends anymore!

Ryan: Carl, relax. I'm not being serious. You know what's really stupid?

Carl: I don't know.

Ryan: Working at this accursed place! No one ever comes in anyway. I don't know how John stays in business.

Carl: Me neither.

Ryan: Unless...

Carl: He's an *Undercover Boss*!

Ryan: No Carl, that... just no. As I was saying, I think...

Carl: I never think.

Ryan: I think Dr. Bacon must operate some sort of secret drug business.

Carl: I told you to stay away from drugs!

Ryan: No, not me, you idiot. I stick to spirits, and those are legal. But it would make sense if John ran an illegal drug business. I mean, we never see him. There are a lot of dark rooms in this shady place. And whenever we do see him, he's higher than Denver.

Carl: So what are you sayin', man? I don't see...

Ryan: I am saying that I think John gets most of his income from dealing in the illegal drug market; therefore, this whole optometry thing is just a front. He only keeps it up so that he has somewhere he can legally attribute his income to. You know, to keep "the Man" off his back.

Carl: Are you sure? I don't know. I thought John was a good man.

Ryan: Things aren't always as they seem. I can say with certainty that John is a drug-dealer. It all makes sense now.

Carl, who at this point is eating a watermelon (and not a slice of watermelon - he is eating a whole watermelon), takes off his shoe. He spits a watermelon seed in his shoe, then puts it back on.

Carl: I'm feelin' you. I don't like John anymore. What drug do you think he deals in?

Ryan: I think... heroin. Heroin, for sure. He probably has a whole heroin lab somewhere in this building.

Carl: Why don't we, like, turn him in?

Ryan: You mean to the cops?

Carl: Yeah, dude, maybe we'll get a prize or something!

Ryan: That's not a bad idea. Carl, you may have just had your first intelligent thought.

Carl: I don't feel any different.

Ryan: That's okay. We can come up with a plan tomorrow. Our shifts are almost over.

Carl: Aye aye, cap'n! Argghh, she lurks over yonder!

Carl is referring to John, who has entered the reception room where Ryan and Carl work.

John: You all may leave. We're closing for the day.

Ryan: Hey, John, do you think you could give me a pay raise, by any chance?

John: Oh, yes, of course, but only after the sun rises on the other side of Neptune. I heard it forecasted on the *Weather Channel*. See you all tomorrow.

Ryan gathers his belongings and leaves the building. He finds his car and starts up his wheels. He drives a pristine, cherry red 1987 Zastava Koral. In other words, he drives a rusted, bent up Yugo with a hole in the side where the previous owner shanked it. Ryan is not fond of his car. Carl, on the other hand, exits the building and heads in the opposite direction for his bicycle - the one with the trunk. He gets on it and pedals off. But as to where Carl goes, nobody knows.

Ryan drives for a bit. He approaches a green light. When he gets within 10 feet, however, it quickly switches to red. Ryan slams on his breaks. This cycle repeats for several intersections.

Ryan: Man, everytime I get to a light, the sign changes straight to red. It's like a law or something.

Ryan Daeweel eventually arrives at his humble abode. His wife, Christina, is there. She does not have a job. She spends most of her time shopping at a nearby mall. Half of Ryan's income is used to fund her expenses.

Ryan: Honey, I'm home!

Christina: Guess what I bought today!

Ryan: Let me think... some shoes?

Christina: Nope! A dog!

Ryan, who was settling down to a game of Pokemon and some spirits, chokes and begins coughing violently. Christina, the ever-faithful, expensive wife that she is, saves him using ninja skills acquired during her childhood.

Ryan: Agh, well... What kind of dog is it?

Christina: A labrador retriever. I named him Methuselah. Or just Meth, for short.

Ryan: A lab... named Meth?

Christina: Yeah!

Ryan: Well, where is he?

Christina: He is in our bedroom, eating your clothes! You needed new ones anyway.

Ryan: Oh, oh oh, oh... oh, oh. This is great.

Christina: Yeah!

After a night of Pokemon, spirits, and adjusting to the presence of Meth, Ryan and Christina retire to bed.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, the phone rings. Ryan answers, still half-asleep. He is not happy.

Ryan: Hello? Who is this?

Anonymous caller: Carl.

Ryan: Carl! What do you want?

Carl: I was just kinda bored, you know.

Meth starts barking in the background.

Carl: What was that?

Ryan: That was my Meth lab. I mean, my lab. Named Meth. I got a dog. It's a lab, you see.

Named Meth... Carl, I'm tired. Goodnight.

Carl: Night!

Christina, Ryan, and Meth go back to sleep.

Someone knocks on the door at 3 o'clock. Ryan gets up to answer it. Ryan is not getting a good night's rest. And a good night's rest is important, children.

Ryan: Hello?

Police officer: Ryan Daeweel?

Ryan: Yes... What is this about?

Police officer: Sir, you are under arrest. You have the right to... Hold on. I'm new on the job...

I forgot the Miranda rights again. I have them written here somewhere... Let me see...

The officer rummages through his pocket. He pulls out a piece of paper. It is a note from his wife wishing him good luck on his first day. He puts it back. He pulls out a different piece of paper that appears to be the one he is looking for.

Officer: You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be used to incriminate you in the court of law. You have the right to consult an attorney before speaking to the police and to have an attorney present during execution now or in the future. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you before any questioning. If you decide to answer any questions now, without an attorney present, you will still have the right to stop blabbering at any time. Uh, I may have mixed up my wording a bit. But you get the point, right?

Ryan: Can I ask why I am being arrested?

Officer: The NSA tipped us off about you. They sent us a recorded phone call between you and a guy named Carl. In the call, you blatantly admit to having a meth lab, which is why they detected it in the first place.

Ryan: That's an invasion of privacy! And I was talking about my dog!

Officer: Really? We also contacted Carl. He said you were talking about a drug lab earlier today at the Dr. John F Bacon Vision Care office. We verified the existence of such lab, and the connection to you.

Ryan: But I don't even own that building!

Officer: Correct. We're after Dr. Bacon, too. But he's proven more elusive.

Ryan: I can't believe this is happening. Do you realize I am far too rational to ever get involved in the drug world?

Officer: Save it for the judge.

Ryan Daeweel is arrested and sentenced to 2 years in prison on counts of black market illegal drug-dealing. During his tenure in prison, he takes up meditation. Having nothing better to do, he thinks, and thinks, and thinks.

The end.

Where are they now?

After being released from prison, Ryan Daeweel traveled the world with only twenty dollars in his pocket. He dedicated five years of his life to writing and publishing a treatise entitled "Thoughts," its focal point being Ryan's thoughts. Eventually, he was reunited with his wife and Meth. The family moved to the deserts of Mexico and adopted an ascetic life. They now rely on Christina's ninja skills for food, and their favorite pastimes are tanning and playing bocce.

Dr. John F Bacon, anticipating police movements, disappeared into the Amazon. No, not the jungle Amazon - the company Amazon. Dr. Bacon changed his name to Jorge Williams and took up a management position. He lives in a Seattle hotel.

After losing his employer, Carl founded his own bakery: *Carl's Cannolis*. It earned national recognition and made Carl fabulously wealthy, thereby enabling him to fulfill his dream of having a jacuzzi and baboon butler. The bakery went public in an IPO last Saturday (normally the markets are closed on Saturdays, but as usual, exceptions were made for Carl).

The police officer who arrested Ryan gradually worked his way up to Chief of Police... of New York City. He now spends his time chasing after Spiderman, despite Spiderman's good intentions.