



R H O D E I S L A N D R O C K Y



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Last week we said we'd have a 2-sided issue on Susan Sarandon. I was wrong, HO HO HO. But we will carry that next week. Susan's worth waiting for. Instead, to help you get into the XMAS spirit as much as I am, here are two XMAS vignettes. Enjoy.



The Scrouge that stole Rocky Horror

Rocky Horror was doing great in 1988. And things looked fun for the new year to come. One person, Jerry "Megaman" Scrouge, hated the RHPS. He decided to go out and steal all the copies of the film.

He embarked his effort on Xmas eve and started his old oily tractor truck. He grinded his way to the UA Theatre in Groton, Connecticut. He had bought a master key to all theatres. He used it to get in, steal the film, and leave. He drove over to the Meadowbrook in Warwick RI. There was some blonde guy sleeping in the cellar snoring who did not wake when he stole the film there too. Jerry Scrouge continued his steeling spree up to Boston, where he found double delight, and stole the copies at the Harvard Square and at the Nickolodean. Next stop was Manchester, NH at the Manchester Movies. He swiped that one too.

He stoped for gas so he could turn around and head to New York, and then Canada. It was 3:00 am. The attendant noticed all the films in the cab, so Jerry Scrouge shot him. Alarms went off! Off ran Scrouge in the oily dark tractor truck. He crashed through a police barracade up the highway, killing 2. The cab was disabled. Jerry Scrouge got out of the cab, and charged at the police. They shot the bastard down with 15 bullets to the heart. He spit up blood and fell. One angered policeman said to him just before he died "Die you son of a bitch!"

The films were returned to the theatres on Christmas morning, as Church bells rang joyously. A quick funeral was held Xmas night for Jerry Scrouge, and his body was lowered into the ground and buried.

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The Death of the Original Santa

Most people would never know it, but the Santa you see today is not the original one. Santa had been around for ... who knows exactly how long. He went back aways. The best it can be figured, he aged up to about 62, then became sort of immortal. That explains his longetivity, because people always wondered how come he always made it year after year. Immortality is fine, assuming no harm comes your way. And who would think SANTA could run into any?

Well, back in 1981, these 3 guys had a few brews after watching the RHPS on Xmas eve. When they drove home, they saw a "guy" climbing down their chimney. The first guy hurled toilet paper that just bounced off Santa, who let out a HOHOHO. The second guy shot his leg as it appeared in the fireplace. Santa scrambled up with a howl and a hoot for his dear life, dropping gifts down the chimney stack. As he crawled out the top, in pain and bleeding, the third dude filled him with buckshot. Santa rolled off the roof and smashed the ground. Thud. Dead.

There is a new Santa, but unlike the original, he does age. He'll have to be replaced soon. The next guy in line will be younger so he can last longer. He'll have a black beard. You know, the original magic may be gone now, but the tradition will live on.



LAST WEEK at MBC

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	ATTENDANCE	DOOR PRIZE
FRI	??	?????????????
SAT	??	?????????????

There will be NO ROCKY HORROR on XMAS Eve, or NEW YEAR'S EVE.



HO! HO! HO!

