**Cycatrix Adaptitude**

**By Kirk Wood Bromley**

*Characters:*

Meistro Stelian Virgiliu Vasilica – the MC

Madam Narcisa Luminata Cantacuzino – the choreographer

Muzician Anatoli Goginski Teodosie – the musician

The dancey dancey girls:

Costica Dragomira Dimitru

Dorichnina Marandici Flaviochesku

Emilia Petronela Sollomovici

Radu Roxana Razvanoznovitch

*Why do we gather?*

*Rather, whither, mother,*

*Bother we to weather*

*Another blathering*

*Blether together?*

*For we hope t’unheal the hole in our heads.*

Meistro – Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Meistro Stelian Virgiliu Vasilica, to my right is my choreographical dominatrix, the lovely Madam Narcisa Luminata Cantacuzino, and to my left is my melomaniacal bohemian, Muzician Anatoli Goginski Teodosie, and we have come all the way from Bucharest with our sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girls to exchange our pleasure for your money, so, please, if we give you the pleasure, you give us the money, for everyone loves the money, especially in America! But listen to me, speaking what I do not understand! Let’s party, you crazy American people! And to make good party, I give you our first sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girl, Costica Dragomira Dimitru.

*Enter Costica.*

Costica – Multa fericire.

Meistro – She says she wishes you much happiness. Very nice. Very, very nice. But now, ladies and gentlemen, for our second sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girl, I give you the slightly nasty but very available Dorichnina Marandici Flaviochesku.

*Enter Dorichnina.*

Dorichnina – Esti acuzat de genocide.

Meistro – Uhoh, she says you are all on trial for genocide! Give it up, America! Next, ladies and gentlemen, for those who enjoy their sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girls to be ambitious and delicious but also very gloomy and vicious, I give you Emilia Petronela Sollomovici.

*Enter Emilia.*

Emilia - El ar trebui spinzurat intro cusca, sa dea lumea cu pietre in el.

Meistro – This confused cranky starlet says I should be hung up in a cage and have stones thrown at my private regions, but we shall see who gets such treatments, shall we not, Emilia Petronela Sollomovici?

Emilia - Sintem un gunoi.

Meistro – O, she says I am garbage, to what I say, cumparam carne, we are shopping for meat, and in Romania, we love our meat extra dirty and grizzly, like your bohunk president, Matthew McConaughey, so where’s the meat, you fucking American yuppy monsters? There it is! Scary goth highly doable defecting pain in my ass sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girl clown problem, Radu Roxana Razvanoznovitch.

*Enter Radu.*

Radu - As vrea sa fi fost omorit.

Meistro – She says she wants to be killed, but she is glumesc, only joking, and speaking of bad joke, we are Cycatrix Adaptitude, number one Romanian sexy super star party bitches giving the pleasure and taking the money in crazy rich American motion picture business, so move em out!

*The girls dance.*

All - Crisis mode, baby!

Radu - Excuse me, but have you seen my reason

Not to think everything is e.g. shit?

Meistro - Turn your faces on!

Dorichnina - To be imperfectly honest, the prospect

Of traveling to a cultural capital

And not sexing up a local is about

As appealing as watching meat age.

Emilia – Hi, I’m Inny.

Costica - Hi, I’m Outty.

All – Bleep!

Emilia and Costica - In this fucking [bleep], we will discover our love.

## All – Ha!

Anatoli - Or not.

All – Oh!

Emilia - Cuz that’s the kind of lumber-shuckers we are.

## All – Yeeha!

Costica - And you can feel 12 of 9 ways about that.

Emilia - Like us.

Costica - Herbicidal.

Emilia - Psychically jack-knifed

By the trajectory of pre-made terms

Always on the make.

Radu - Fire MacBeth!

Meistro - Well, now that we’ve doomed the production,

Let’s move into our hopes for statutory

Success in Los Angeles so we can

Rejaculate humpy vidcons all over

Ms. I Live to Service My Debt to Templates.

Narcissa - Go it alone, even if you can’t.

Radu - Father?

Dorichnina - Yes, father?

Radu – What is alone?

Dorichnina - Alone is the exhaust from a movie.

Meistro - We rejoin our no-stick hero

In a mock-up of himself.

Emilia - O when will I breathe?

Radu - Come on, people! Put your hands together

And form one totally useless appendage!

Dorichnina - The sound of a group cheering stops my blood

At the boredom checkpoint between fuck you

And fuck me, finds nothing desirable,

Then sends me on my way, yet I’ve forgotten

My hope drip, so here I sit, trafficking

The silence of an autoerotic quadriplegic

Into heightened refuse meant for

Merrier markets.

Costica - If a coward growls at nothing,

Is there a conflict of interest?

Meistro - Look, it’s my job to make sure that thing out there,

That story thing, doesn’t make it in here,

Were here here, cuz once it does, we’re done for.

Costica - Ho-wood ain’t nuttin budda blank check

Fro da Bank a Git Yo Stowy Straight

O Ya Doin’ Time.

Radu - So this is what it’s like

Inside a black man.

Dorichnina - We’re all black on the inside.

Meistro - And action!

Dorichnina - Memorized serious personal statement.

Emilia - Serious personal memorized statement.

Meistro - And cut! Okay! Bring in the 4,000 naked

Belgians so we can change the world!

*See his vulva, pa rum pa pum pum.*

*His engines farting birds, pa rum pa pum pum.*

*Gripe is his Siamese wife, pa rum pa pum pum.*

*His ass is grass deco, pa rum pa pum pum,*

*Rum pa pum pum, rum pa pum pum.*

*Now you clap for me, pa rum pa pum pum.*

*And throw money. At my head.*

Costica - Movies depress me. Like, I love movies,

But I can’t have movies, like I can’t have

The people or the places or the stories

In the movies, or I can’t be in the movies,

At least not in the kind of movies I’d want

To be in, so the better a movie is, the more

It depresses me, and maybe that’s my problem,

But also maybe that’s your problem, at least

To the extent that we have different problems,

Which we don’t, cuz we all have one problem,

And it’s called making movies that make us

Wanna be in a movie we can’t be in,

And if you’re not in a movie, you’re sitting

For a picture of your own execution, and guess what?

Dorichnina - No one cares enough to shoot you.

Costica – So smile.

Emilia - I hereby dedicate my vestigial

Organ of worship to discovering

Why the movies depress me, even if

This bean-spill creates a “problem vacuum.”

Meistro - Are you being embalmed alive by problems?

Everywhere you look it, problems, problems?

In the fixings, up your gumbo gun, astride

The surgical tools, on top of old hokey,

Even dancing in a non-suggestive swish

En torno a tu broto quejumbroso,

Problems, problems, problems, problems, problems?

My friends, it’s time you got the Problem Vac,

By Sucky. The Problem Vac will suck up,

Not suck up to, your problems, if you get

My drift (drift not included), making yours

Theirs and theirs indebted to yours, just like

In the good old days when everyone was good

And old. Now, to use the Problem Vac,

Simply turn it on by stroking its double pentambic iameter nozzle,

Stick the intake sphincter in the “problem spot,”

And

Dorichnina - Sylvia Hughes! No more problems!

Emilia - Where’d they go?

Meistro - That’s a state of nature secret

The cracking of which is punishable

By ditty.

Anatoli - *O you ditty, ditty, ditty,*

*You so pretty, pretty, pretty,*

*No one sees yr shitty, shitty,*

*O you pretty, shitty ditty.*

Suffice to say, the secret’s been broken

Down into two identical by-problems:

“Having all the answers” and “atmosphere”:

One you inhale, the other you gadgetize

And then inhale, and if that doesn’t seem easy.

Costica - I am.

Meistro - Yes, my friends, get the Problem Vac

And stop internally needing all your

Bathetic efforts to loudly digest

Critical slumbers splattered on sunbeams,

Cuz problems are for people with problems.

(Do not use the Problem Vac if you suffer

From feet, drub, cravings, anaphylactic

Schlock, frequent blue brains, Elsewhere Syndrome,

Chronic complaining, ideational

Hypertension of the butterfly crud,

Sexually transmitted parentheses,

Gay gruff, bong dong doozy, swollen plans,

Or non-working solution anxiety).

Dorichnina - That isn’t what I meant at all.

Radu - No one is paying attention!

Costica - Pleze duz fo’gimme, missum. I dun payz

All myze attinshun to da strippa man!

Meistro - Since when does paying attention imply

Attention has to pay you back?

Costica - Wanna see a movie?

Dorichnina - I’ve seen it.

Emilia - Fuck, I need a new camera angle on my life.

*Levity, scampering thru the fusker.*

*Levity, ravishing the equation.*

*Levity, the smell that penetrates steel.*

*Levity, forever out of blue jeans.*

*Levity, ambassador to the stars.*

Dorichnina - So, Mr. Q, you say you’re a honcho.

Meistro - This is right.

Emilia - Are you any particular kind of honcho?

Meistro – Yes, I am honcho.

Emilia - I mean, are you, for instance, the head honcho?

Meistro - No, I do not know this.

Costica - Are you my main honcho?

Meistro - I do not think too much.

Radu - Are you el honcho amamantamiento?

Meistro - As for I know, I am regular honcho.

Emilia - And how far do you know?

Meistro - Only halfway thru my head, I promote you.

Dorichnina - So where do you come from, Mr. Q regular honcho man?

Meistro - You are the area in question.

Costica - What?

Meistro - I am from “you are the area in question.”

Emilia - And where might that be?

Meistro - Maybe it is being at the crux of these

Pleasing strangers’ enormantic chit-chat?

Dorichnina - Why, then, have you walkt all the way

To rural Tennessee without dog, woman

Or dizzying refreshment at your side

If you are from whatever these hired

Mourners blurt out contrary to contract?

Meistro - I am come to play my instrument,

For this is all an instrument player may do.

Radu - And what is your instrument?

Meistro - La mooj.

Dorichnina - La mooj?

Meistro - It is good!

Costica - What is good?

Meistro - La mooj!

Emilia - Your instrument is la mooj?

Meistro - Si. I am el honcho what plays la mooj.

Radu - May I see your la mooj?

Meistro – You may.

Dorichnina – Where is it?

Meistro - It is between us.

Costica - I don’t see it.

Meistro - Because I am showing it.

Costica - I don’t hear it.

Meistro - Because I am playing it!

Dorichnina - Go back where you came from, Mr. Q.

We don’t want your type, your la mooj playing

Regular honcho type, round these non-parts.

Meistro - No?

All (except Meistro) - No.

Meistro - Then I be go, but this is warning: drama.

Costica - What?

Meistro - It is warning: drama.

Radu - Get off my public property!

Meistro - Drama! Drama!

Dorichnina - Drown him in the toilet and give him tenure!

Anatoli - She had the stare of a breakfast whiskey

In the hand of a wooden Indian.

She had 16 springs in her step. Her nails,

Naturally groomed, yet unbedizened

With the shimmering bowels of booming

Zimbabwe, precluded any labor

Save for the catching of eyes. Her picture

Was worthless in words. She was cello-esque,

But you could tell if you put her between

Your legs and tried to play her, she’d shoot

Sharps out her F-holes. Her genetic history

Was spotless, at least until I set foot

On how I imagined her neck to taste.

Her apparel had been quite well reviewed

For its heady, crotch-confusing chutney

Of obstructionism and incitement.

I liked her lips, thinking they’d go perfect

With tiger prawns in peanut oil, stretching

Around my battle plum, screeching things like,

“I don’t mind if you mind.” She had clear skin,

So clear you could see no life form had survived

The dip; kind, conniving eyes; a shockwave

Of hair that could flatten a rubber city;

Breasts like you only see ballooning thru

The bars of your crib; with a stuck-up rump

And a warpath hatchet wreath; yes, indeed,

She was some fine unsent invitation,

And I knew right there, despite my record

Of burnt cookies, I was born to compress

Her raw vitality into bit-rates

Suitable for handheld streaming on-demand.

Radu - See, this is the skeez I’m not slurbing in:

Cynicism dresst as victimless crime.

Emilia - His hope made me cry.

Meistro - I’m taking Hope

To the official megillah, for she’s

A way with others’ words of pincht wisdom.

Radu - My life is but a quiet complaint.

Dorichnina - I am, it would seem, interested in you.

Meistro - You are?

Dorichnina - As an exercise in poor taste.

Meistro - I’ll take it.

Dorichnina - But there are O so many obstacles.

Meistro - Name them that I may destroy them!

Dorichnina - Obstacles embodying my interest.

Meistro - Name them that I may delight them!

Dorichnina - Where to start?

Meistro- I always recommend the gums.

Dorichnina - Why must there ever quake this static tug

Betwixt solicitous and solicitous?

Meistro- Often apprehension is desire

Masking need in the white flag of reproach.

Dorichnina - How do you know?

Meistro - It sounds good.

Dorichnina – O I am bloated with my craving.

Narcisa - What is the love of a flower

But *un conduit locutionaire*

Whereby the strifing elements atone?

Costica - Did you just say:

Narcissa - “Men are killers

Because female lust is self-reflexive

Leaving unwanted hunks of fractured

Raging need to lovelessly wander

The unechoing chambers of despair

With gruesome, blood-boiling boners poking

The only like that likes them, their loathed likeness?”

Emilia - I have been known to answer “yes” to such questions.

Dorichnina - Get away from me before I fuck you!

Radu - The problem of our time, my booboos, may be defined

As this: love is cliché.

Costica - The miracle of love?

Dorichnina - All you need is love?

Anatoli - Love between the brothers and the sisters?

Emilia - The love a mommy feels for his child?

Meistro - Make love not war?

Costica - Love makes the world go round?

Dorichnina - I will always love you?

Narcisa - Love saves the day and never spends it?

Radu - All so true, and all so cliché.

Now, some of you might say, “No, Geegee, no!

Love is only cliché when it’s treated

In a cliché way!” to which Geegee says,

“Name one way of treating love that’s not cliché.”

Emilia - A movie!

Radu - Good. A movie. A movie that strikes a deep chord

On the can of love, but Geegee must ask,

Why did that movie strike that chord?

Meistro - Because it was awesome?

Radu - Because it was cliché. See, cliché is a way

Great ideas have of grating on you,

Of entering bright and exiting dull,

Of living (in a word), and if that word

Is love, of leaving (for that word) cliché.

All - No, Geegee, no!

Radu - You want the hard to be easy, the new

To age in step, the moving to stay put,

You want what all might have to be all yours

But only because everyone has it,

Making it cliché, which is why you love it.

Meistro - Then what to do, Geegee, for does not love

Being cliché portend the end of love,

As moored in port is vessel death, rot setting in,

And then it’s fix or flush?

Dorichnina - Tell us, Geegee, how we may fix love

That it might freely sail beyond its bound

Unbounding fix and once again become

The saving, crucial, hope-refreshing force

That is unique because it feels unique?

Radu - We can’t, my children, we can’t, for love

Can’t be repaired, as once a thing becomes

Cliché, that thing is dead, and all we can do

Is seek some new thing to give us what that old thing

Gave, until that thing too becomes cliché, and we

Must seek the next thing, and so on into stardom

All - What’s the next thing, Geegee, what’s the next thing?

Radu - They call it, my booboos, love.

Dorichnina - I see him approaching on the sidewalk.

I like what I see. I look into his eyes.

He looks into my eyes. I look away.

Is he still looking? I feel him looking,

But that could be me wanting him to look,

So I look. He’s looking. He looks away.

I’m looking. He looks back. We are looking.

He doesn’t look away. We are looking.

I don’t look away. O we are looking.

And he passes me. Is he still looking?

Should I look? I look. He isn’t looking.

I turn around. I cry, for love is cruel.

The sidewalk, his remedy, approaching.

Meistro - The roadmap is a history of hate.

Costica - Put yo butt in the rut

Strut yo scut thru the smut

Glut yo gut on the tut

And let ‘er wide.

Dorichnina - I’ll ask you nicely, once, to remove your app

From my primal scream, and then, well, it’s going

To get very ugly in the pretty close.

Emilia - Bludgeoned by what might have been, I stagger

Fat-bombed coastlines, incentive storms slashing

My psycho 101 self-dedication,

Reaching for a reason to stop searching

The shadow of the car tower for pain,

Black, womanly, rippt, a set of gold golf clubs

Attacks my conscious membrane, toys lumber

Out the yapping pubis, O when will I let go

And let goat? This is not the eoan waif

Who complicated Yeats in Sheep’s Meadow,

Narct on grief, palmed the anthimeric ember.

I slit my soles and wait for life to come.

Meistro - What happened to your body?

Emilia - What body?

Meistro - Exactly.

Emilia - Ah! My body!

Meistro - Where’d it go?

Emilia - How’m I supposed to know?

I need my body to find my body.

Meistro - What were you doing just now?

Emilia - Watching a movie.

Meistro - Haven’t I told you

Watching movies will delete your body?

Emilia - I thought you were just trying to impress me

With dumb ideas.

Meistro - What were you watching?

Emilia – That movie about the pert young lovers

Who, thanks to some perfectly structured kafuffle,

Talk in a colloquial abandon

And experience a lot of powerful feelings

That finally untie their sex organs behind

An upward scrolling curtain of credits

That hides their inevitable descent

Into bitter bitches who flamingly

Eat each other with frank Freudian forks.

O why must love be longer than two hours?

Meistro - This movie has infiltrated the sim

Of your teleonomic metabolites

That now your body’s on a different site

Than that to which your compulsions subscribe.

Emilia - Find my body, please!

Meistro - Yeah, I better.

Emilia - You better? Why better you?

Meistro - O, come on.

Emilia - What?

Meistro - Your body is the biofuel

Of our dirty love combustion.

Emilia - Meaning you can’t love me without my body?

Meistro - Of course I can, meaning, of course I can’t.

Emilia - Which is it, Mr. Have It Both Ways?

Meistro - It’s both ways, Ms. No Two Ways About It.

I can because I love you no matter;

I can’t because you’ve no matter to love.

Emilia - You’re cute enough to kill.

Radu - Not everything is a competition.

Emilia - Name one thing that’s not a competition. I win.

Radu - It’s on the back of my tongue.

Emilia - Is that why you choked?

Meistro - You’re just another bodiless film buff

Who’s too dazed to believe I can realize

The self that moves freely between sync holes.

Emilia - If I still had my body, you could hear my yoni yawn.

Meistro - That’s it! Call to your yoni!

Emilia - Shyeesha!

Meistro - Shyeesha?

Emilia - My yoni’s name is Shyeesha.

Meistro - But I always called it Lotta Schmatta Witzelsuchter!

Emilia - I know.

Meistro - Why did you let me make a fool of myself?

Emilia - Feeling you were a fool was the only way

I could let you near my yoni.

Meistro - I’ll like that about you

On my death bed.

Dorichnina - My name’s Shyeesha Combes,

I’m in the 8th Grade at Jefferson Davis

Junior High, and my poem is called

“Goin’ Hungry.”

*She reads the poem.*

Iz a mad slow Toozdy nite,

Skool’s out, ain’t nuttin for jumpin,

I’m in ma bunk, bangin to Lo Duz,

Do’ know wer ma daddy’s at,

But I know ma brutha’s on the rock,

An’ even tho g-mammy just disht up

Summa her hefty-man soul food

An’ she be downstairs hollerin all like

“Come on, chi’! Da chibblin’s gettin' co’!”

Me, I’m goin hungry again.

Me, I’m goin hungry again,

Cuz the righteous power I crave

Got it all wrong. Wut good is guidance

If the counselors ain’t had it my bad?

For sumthin to mean sumthin to me,

I gota feel it, but soon’s I feel sumthin,

I disrespect it, cuz I got this thing for things

Don’t give a thing for my thing. Hope and love

Make me wanna slut my ass in the street,

So Me, I’m goin hungry again.

Me, I’m goin hungry again.

Don’t gimme no satisfaction.

Wutever feeds me, needs me.

All that self-help shit can help itself

To my shit, cuz I been around

Long enuf to know that no one’s

Been around long enuf to know

Wut it takes to take it long enuf

To keep it short enuf to like it,

And tho my two cents ain’t even worth

A dime, I’m sayin, Dear Sliverspoon Man,

Don’t be thinkin’ you can stick it in,

Cuz me, I’m goin hungry again.

Meistro - And we’re back in MyFeelings.com, where Luke

And Leia fulfill our expectations

For ceremonious jackoff hijinx.

Emilia - Someone plastered my most embarrassing

Fantasies all over the side of that bus!

Radu - It was you, wasn’t it?

Dorichnina - It couldn’t have been him.

Emilia - Why not?

Dorichnina - You’ve never shared your most embarrassing

Fantasies with him.

Emilia - And what is this? Tickling Houdini?

Meistro - Here’s what’s bugging me right this instant:

Honesty. Honestly, fuck honesty.

If autogeny can’t revegetate

Photogeny, and the pedotype isn’t

Tickled by the robotype, who are we

Kidding when we implement adult controls

On search engines that can’t process a joke?

Soon as honesty shows up, the party tanks

Like a 60% post-consumer waste

Hamburger. Therefore, I hereby institute

The Lying Theater, a lying place

Whose mission is the *abruptio placentae*

Of honesty and all her boring slaughter.

Dorichnina - Look, as an actor, all I want’s a chance

To honestly express why I’m generally dishonest.

Costica - Go on, thou university-defecated,

Crumbs-of-liberty, by-the-book worm.

Dorichnina - What is sponge plenty? Why are my gonads

Over there? Has my brain co-ossified

With easy listening? Dark, chronotropic lips,

Why have you died in my hour of seed?

What vimineous dunnage cradles me

In my voyage to spec? Why can’t I break

This missing wall? My family came

To this country from Lizard’s Kidney,

But I’ll be damned if I don’t wanna hear

Why all I got is this huge, empty house.

Radu - Dude, fuck the box.

Costica - We’re talking to movie star slash

Armored car enthusiast Rip Shackles

About this season’s high end let downs

And we’ll be right back after a message

From the yellowing grass on the other side

Of the nominal application form.

Meistro - I thought that went pretty well.

Costica - You do?

Meistro - Compared to how it could have gone, who’s counting?

Costica - Do you think they think I’m insane?

Meistro - Totally.

Costica - I hope so, cuz I tried my butt-in-skyest.

Meistro - And it showed.

Costica - It showed?

Meistro - In a non-showy way. Come on!

You made no sense whatsoever. They loved it.

Costica - Good, cuz if I have to go back into

The audience, you know, back into that

Fungal outbreak of bipedal beef

That merely tags far braver ballerinos

Whilst fearing to “go Hyderabad” themselves,

I will feed my unacceptable language

To the impersonal, veined meat.

Meistro - Hey, park your tailspin in my zen garden

And drink the unidentifiable liquid

Condensing before your very eyes.

Costica - I dunno. Conservatism is the hob-

Goblin of the 10% off mind.

Meistro - Are you

Opening up to me for no apparent reason?

Costica – What’s reason?

Meistro - Stay still.

Costica - What?

Meistro - There’s something moving into your face.

Costica - What is it?

Meistro - It looks like a shadow on a barren plain,

But it’s not.

Costica - Is it the new release?

Meistro - No, that would be too easy.

Costica - This better not be another one

Of your overly sensual massages

Disguised as a business proposal

For sex with a “locked-in syndrome” spectator.

Meistro - Ah, ya got me!

Costica - Jesus, you scared the bejesus outta me.

Meistro - Yeah, but I proved a point.

Costica - What point, producing entity?

Meistro – That no money

Is way more *el fin de semana siempre*

Than yes money.

Costica - I’m not here to be the ecstasy valve

For the pseudo-public’s pent-up jumble stick.

Narcissa - Let’s pretend insanity isn’t beauty.

Anatoli - Let’s pretend “in the river of the road”

Doesn’t put you “on the dynastic outs.”

Narcissa - Let’s pretend the size of the universe

Doesn’t reduce us to chronic nerve congestion.

Anatoli - Let’s pretend all those things we failed to laugh at

When stoned.

Meistro - Now, where does that leave our gumption?

Dorichnina - Out west, crawling thru an adult stroller store,

Wishing we could remember how to lick

Our lover’s liver.

Emilia - And that’s what I dream

When I say, “getting old doesn’t have to

Mean letting the fans decide the outcome.”

Radu - If you think about it, it distrusts you.

Costica - So we act insane.

Emilia - At least we’re paid

For our candor.

Meistro - Yet who here knows the difference

Between and and and?

Dorichnina - You’ve reduced their lives

To one ill-put question.

Meistro - I have merely made them

Head pants. How they look is their problem.

Emilia - I can’t imagine!

Costica - When some hunk is goin’ tribal on my bible,

I like this look on his ass that combines

Tedium with starving with pride with disgust

With zeal with fear with whatever doesn’t

Involve my being held accountable

For my infractions. Please, champion me.

Radu - I know I’m only 6 and you just died,

But we can make it work!

Dorichnina - That sounds like a recipe for depression

That has no ingredients.

*Baba wack sheep*

*Have you any pills?*

*Yes, sir, yes, sir,*

*Whole landfills.*

*One for the scatters*

*And one for the shame*

*And one for the prinky zitch*

*Who lives down the drain.*

Dorichnina - What are you doing?

Emilia - I’m trying to make it in the movies.

Costica - You’re trying to make it in the movies.

Emilia - I’m trying to make it in the movies.

Meistro – “I’m trying to make it in the movies.”

Radu - Hasn’t anyone spoken to you about

Trying to make it in the movies?

Emilia - That’s all anyone ever speaks about.

Costica - So you weren’t listening?

Emilia - I’m too busy trying to make it in the movies.

Dorichnina - Good luck.

Emilia - What’s that supposed to mean?

Radu - That’s supposed to mean you’ll never

Make it in the movies.

Emilia - Yes, I will.

Dorichnina - And what if you don’t?

Have you got a back-up plan

Just on the extremely off chance

You don’t make it in the movies?

Emilia - I wasn’t born to have a back-up plan.

Costica - You know what they say.

Emilia - No, cuz I don’t care what they say.

Meistro - That’s why you’ll never make it in the movies.

Emilia - What are you, a Discouragement Doll?

I push your button and out comes all this

Discouragement? “You’ll never make it

In the movies. You’ll never amount

To anything. You’re a fucking nobody.”

If that’s what you are, shut the fuck up.

Meistro - Okay.

Emilia - Why don’t you think I’ll make it in the movies?

Dorichnina - Nobody makes it in the movies.

Emilia - Yes, they do. They do. Some people

Make it in the movies.

Radu - Very, very few.

Emilia - I have no fear of few,

Cuz if few make it, I am of the few.

Dorichnina – What makes you of the few?

Emilia – Gee, I dunno. My perfection, maybe?

Costica – Then why do you want to make it in the movies?

Emilia - Why do I want to make it in the movies?

Sorry, but I’ve sworn off stupid questions.

Dorichnina - I like you. You might make it in the movies.

Emilia - You think so?

Dorichnina - No, but I’m willing to let you push

My other button, my encouragement button,

Just to watch the way it gets you going.

Emilia - I don’t need your insincere support.

Dorichnina - Okay.

Emilia - Where’s the button?

Dorichnina - Right here.

Emilia - I hope I break it.

Dorichnina - If you make it in the movies…

Meistro - …and that’s

One of those “ifs” that texts you about

A party, and when you show up it’s actually

A mugging…

Dorichnina - …if you make it in the movies,

Your life will be so unbefuckalievabafuckally

Awesome, you can’t even imagine it

From your pathetic “trying to make it

In the movies” disadvantage point.

Radu - You will fuck whatever you want.

Costica - You will get whatever you want.

Meistro - You will do whatever you fucking want.

Dorichnina - And on top of that…

Radu - …like there’s anything

On top of that…

Dorichnina - …you’ll live forever

In a light so flattering the whole

Human race to the end of time

Will cower in love and shame at the beautiful

Omnipotent freedom you project

Onto their disgusting, blippy lives.

Radu - And, sure, your personal life

Might still be fuckt up if you make it

In the movies…

Meistro - …but if your personal life

Is fuckt up once you make it in the movies,

It would have been so much more fuckt up

Had you not made it in the movies…

Dorichnina - …which

Reminds me to now consider the opposite

Possible inevitable outcome to your making it

In the movies…

Costica - i.e., your not making it

In the movies….

Dorichnina - …cuz if you do not make it

In the movies…

Meistro - …and that’s one of those “ifs”

You can always count on to smash

Your fucking face in when it says,

“I’m going to smash your fucking face in”…

Dorichnina - …if you do not make it in the movies,

You will become one of those blank fucks

Who go to the movies and as you watch

A movie you think about how you could have

Been in that movie…

Radu - …and of what you

Would have done in that movie…

Meistro - …and what

Kind of movie they might have built

Around you if only they’d seen you were

Good enough to make it in the movies…

Dorichnina - …and

Then you’ll leave the movie and go back

To your whatever and you’ll sit

And grow fetid with resentment

And sadness as you blame this or that

For not letting you make it in the movies

And then before you go to bed in a way

No one would ever care to observe,

You’ll go and look at yourself in the mirror…

Costica - …which is the only movie you’ve ever been

Or ever will be in…

Radu - …and to that uncaptive

Camera that ran out of the room long ago,

You will say:

Narcisa - Eu sint nimic.

Dorichnina - I am nothing.

Anatoli - Eu sint nimeni.

Radu - I am nobody.

Narcisa - Eu sint mai putin de nimeni.

Meistro - I am less than nobody.

Anatoli - Eu vad prin

Costica - I am see-thru.

Narcisa - Eu sint singur pe o inhospitable planeta.

Dorichnina – I am alone on an inhospitable planet

Anatoli – Eu sint hidos la un ageamiu ochiul.

Radu - I am hideous to the untrained eye.

Narcisa – Eu sint ofensiva la decenta de porc rahat.

Meistro - I am

Offensive to the decency of pig shit.

Anatoli – Eu sint atit de urit ar trebui sa fie legala a trage in mine din spatele.

Dorichnina - I am so ugly

It should be legal to shoot me

From behind.

Narcisa – Eu sint un total downer.

Radu - I am a total downer.

Anatoli - Eu sint jignitor incapabil de a evalua propriile mele incapabilities.

Meistro - I am embarrassingly incapable

Of assessing my own incapabilities.

Narcisa – Eu iubesc dovada

Costica - I am love proof.

Anatoli – Eu sunt rau la totul

Dorichnina - I am bad at everything.

Narcisa – Eu sint inutilizabile

Radu - I am unusable.

Anatoli – Eu sint deseuri

Meistro - I am waste.

Narcisa - Eu sint morti

All - I am dead.

Meistro - So what am I?

Radu - I am all I cannot be.

Anatoli - I am the problem

With me.

Dorichnina - I am what they say I am, and I am

Never spoken of.

Emilia - Fine! I’ll work with children!

Meistro – Are you wearing product?

Costica - Yes. It’s called “Opposite the shoulder

Is the corn,” and I’ve lathered it on my

Belief in my own desultory eyes.

Do you like it?

Meistro - Like what?

Costica - Thanks for the falling nest orgasm!

Emilia - Can you look at your thoughts and think about

Your looks at the same time bomb?

Radu - I can try in a way that makes me seem

Desperately indifferent.

Dorichnina - I prefer painting that doesn’t question paint.

Meistro - Why the lack of expression?

All - Release the franco sperm!

Dorichnina - O I am like so deeply tripping right now.

Radu - You look like a 70’s pornstar

Who’s just survived a bandog attack

By whipping out his classical monologue.

Meistro - You look like my best friend in sixth grade’s mom

Who coined the term “you boys want some warm cocoa?”

While struggling to get out of her parental

Supervision bikini so she could

Open her spoon-billed barnyard to the pizzles.

Emilia - We’re in love.

Meistro - Our love is the greatest love of all!

Costica – Yip.

Dorichnina - I love our love more than wikimedia,

And that’s saying a lot of things at once.

Radu - A mere rectal inkling of the size

Of our love makes me feel like I got cast

As the foaming minx in that fly boho shit.

Meistro - I’m head-banging big time to that ad program.

Costica - No one can shave our love.

Emilia – Our love is swelling like the “it” event.

Radu - I love the sicko girth of our love.

Meistro - Look!

Dorichnina - What?

Meistro - Our love!

Costica - Where?

Meistro - Everywhere!

All - Yeah!

Radu - Our love is death.

Meistro - But it’s a death from which

You’re miraculously revived

Once you make it in the industry.

All - The industry of love.

Radu - Our love is so phat, it can’t get outta bed.

Meistro - Yo, I can’t even show how phat our love is

When I spread my arms like this, and my arms

Are really long relative to my height.

Radu - They are?

Meistro - No.

Radu - Hold them out again.

Meistro - No.

Radu - What is your arm to body ratio?

Meistro - I don’t know.

Radu - You’re worried I won’t love you because

Your arms are abnormally long.

Meistro - Abnormal?

Radu - Abnormal only means very not normal.

Meistro - Are you calling my arms very not normal?

These arms, these perhaps slightly longish arms,

These arms that have held you in their longness,

These…

Costica - long

Dorichnina - chimpy

Emilia – outer space arms…

Meistro - These all-the-better-to-crack-you-with arms,

You call these loving arms very not normal?

Radu - I like not normal.

Meistro - But not very not normal?

Radu - Maybe it’s your sleeves.

Meistro - You can kiss my so long arms so long.

Dorichnina - That would take forever.

Meistro - See ya, Stubs!

Radu - Fine! Holding your hand gave me a backache

Anyways, I had to bend down so far!

Guess I disarmed him. Pit # 37!

I’ll survive if left to my own demise.

Meistro - The dry libeccio tumbled over

His sutured lips; an amphoric howl

Lifted into the developing hummocks;

Somewhere, a car leapt off its blocks,

Afraid the approaching childish hubbub

Might start calling nonsense a “war game.”

Lost love had rendered inanimate stunts

The “pillaged pert” of his senorita,

So he turned to the East for nude talent.

Costica - Hope is melody.

Radu - But when will the “lavish lifestyle” be

Recognized as “totally Hitlerious”?

Emilia - Look, I just like to end on the same note

I failed to begin on.

Dorichnina - What is logic,

And why is it eating all my birdseed?

Radu - I think having hope is a waste of time,

But, of course, the question then must be,

Of what is the waste of time composed?

When time takes a dump, is it edible,

Sellable, recyclable, sensible,

Mullable, shaggable, quizzical,

Or is it just bone cancer in a suit?

Emilia - To truly have no hope is to concentrate

On the factors that compel us to squat

In oily lots and charge $5 to see

How quiet we can be while eating our teeth.

Dorichnina - Nice try, Panic, but I’m too slow for you!

Meistro - With what little illusion he could fluster,

Hope Man was retrofitted to Bilge Pump

Rental Company Man.

Costica - That’s a great treatment for a movie!

Meistro - What’s my movie being treated for?

Dorichnina - Lack of carnal giving.

Radu - Go ahead. Sicken us all with your innocence.

Emilia - Once, I was feeding some ducks with my mom,

And this one duck got too close to me

So my mom swatted at it and knockt off

Its upper bill, so like this duck with only

Half a bill was flapping around, spraying blood,

And we didn’t know what to do, so we left.

Radu - Dick.

Emilia - Your hate only sees the best in me.

Dorichnina - What the fuck was that?

Dorichnina - I think you hit something.

Dorichnina - What?

Dorichnina - Something with feathers.

Dorichnina - Is it dead?

Dorichnina - Either that or meditating.

Dorichnina - Does meditation now involve bleeding?

Dorichnina - Ya never know what they’ll come up with next.

Dorichnina - I think it’s hurt.

Dorichnina - I think it’s playing the hurt card.

Dorichnina - Should we take it somewhere?

Dorichnina - It’s 3 am, and I’m horny.

Dorichnina - Keep hope alive, my fine, feathered friend.

Dorichnina - If you die in your sleep, don’t wake me up.

*I believe things can get better, I just don’t*

*Believe in my beliefs.*

Emilia - Feeling you not knowing me makes me feel

Like so far really is so good.

Radu – *Just another quirky romantic moment!*

Meistro - The search for conflict in the universe

Continues, hampered only by the presence

Of those we’d be glad to see go.

Dorichnina - Like me?

Meistro - You can stay, just don’t be yourself.

Radu - *It’s now forever!*

Costica - I get it! This is like film acting,

Only off camera.

Emilia - Who will remember

All I did to not be seen?

Meistro - Underage drinking and oversexed teens:

Correlation or opportunity for correlation?

Dorichnina - Li, one of the cardinal Confucian

Virtues, consisting of propriety

Or correct behavior as the outward

Expression of an inner harmony

With the ethical principles of nature,

Is a shining example of who cares?

Radu - Hey, that’s my wow you’re pimping!

Meistro - Who are you to say who you are?

Anatoli - I must play my haut bois

In her vagina someday.

Emilia - I’m Vagina Someday,

And let me remind you, it’s not whether

You win or lose, it’s you will lose.

Radu - I see oneness, but I’m seeing double,

So I’m not sure when to start complaining

About the fact that I’m married and single.

Meistro - If I were a Comanche, I’d sniff

Airplane glue til I crasht into the White House

With the devil-don’t-care of Malcolm XXX.

Dorichnina - That’s really funny!

Meistro - Thanks, skeet heart.

Dorichnina - You’re really funny!

Meistro - Yes, I am, baby steaks.

Dorichnina - Would you do me a favor?

Meistro - Anything, tinder kitsch.

Dorichnina - Would you make me laugh so hard

I shit my African heritage?

Emilia - O, great. Here comes Hope.

Costica - Hi, guys.

Dorichnina - Hi, Hope.

Costica - Wutcha doin?

Radu - Nuttin.

Costica - Can I try?

Emilia - Nah.

Costica - Why not?

Radu - Cuz.

Costica - Why cuz?

Dorichnina - Cuz you’re stupid.

Costica - Am not.

Emilia - Am too.

Costica - I’m gonna sue your parents

For teaching you how to get laid

Under my discredited name.

Dorichnina - Uh, like my dad smokes profits

Off religious genocide, so good luck

Getting him to pay for your spastic surgery.

Costica - You guys are mean.

Radu - So?

Costica - So mean is mean.

Emilia - So?

Costica - So I can do what I want.

Dorichnina - So?

Costica - So watch me.

Radu - So?

Meistro - There sits Hope all spoken parted,

Tried to fit but only joined a social

Networking site as “InsideMyDeadBody721”

And got a jillion clicks for her dumb bitch

Does intellectual booty dance but was later

Forced to write her memoir, “Even Fugly Girls

Wanna be Princesses,” in order to pay

For whole societies that crawled into

Her vestibule of most least resistance.

Emilia - Sex sells, but fear taxes.

Dorichnina - And so begins our hero’s protracted

Battle with equality addiction.

Radu - Have no fear, I’m not here!

Meistro - Blah blah beautiful blah naked blah blah girls

Blah I blah blah can’t have blah blah blah.

Emilia - At the moment, I’m living under this rock star,

Who’s more like a rock space junk, and every morning,

Which to him is like every night, he pours

This craft brew, “College Toddler Fest,” into my

Hardening used tissue bucket, and that’s

My cue to give birth to an exploding

Doggy bag full of impersonal issues

In the hopes that some mind-bending portfolio

Will notice everything I’ve moved beyond.

Radu - I’d pee on my face to be in that buzz.

Costica - This is such a long short cut.

Dorichnina - Yeah, but you get nowhere faster.

Costica - I think I just saw a sign.

Dorichnina - Whud it say?

Costica - Sign.

Dorichnina - You’re Death, the Coconut Fucker, you know that?

Costica - Better the daughter of a cupcake fucker

Than the last man standing on principle.

Meistro - I’m the principal, and I’ll have no one

Standing on me save for boys in heels.

Dorichnina - I want to fuck myself back to life.

Narcisa - O withered balloon tree!

Radu - Count your blessings on severed fingers.

Emilia - Adapting to new technologies

Is my idea of being unaware

Of the glare that glitters off the hair

Of my new fruity newt boots!

Dorichnina - It’s a matter of being over there

With those imagined concrete pattern balls

And taking them in the believe-me hole

To stop being robotically effete.

Meistro - I am a chick magnet in a world

Of plastic chicks.

Costica - How do you take

Your coffee?

Radu - I wonder that myself.

Meistro - I really feel for her ass, cuz like me

It must incessantly suffer her

Looking in the opposite direction.

Emilia - The penis dialogues have been postponed

Gratuitously due to a lack of

A lack of audience participation.

Dorichnina - Does anyone here have an extra ticket

To the girl’s bathroom ethnic food bullshit?

Radu - I feel like Rome in an isolation cell.

Meistro - Suddenly, a light bulb went off over his head,

Scaring him so badly he jumped up

And cut his brain into 3 two-and-a-half minute clips.

Emilia - I can’t stop leaking between the lines!

Meistro - Uh oh. People came.

Dorichnina - Do you think they noticed?

Meistro - Like as not.

Radu - I bet they’ve never seen anyone do this before!

Emilia - At least not while starving for affection.

Meistro - Okay, people, listen up, and I’ll explain

Everything you’ve never wondered about.

As for the superficially suicidal

Service fee for accessing my groundwater,

I’m behind the curve so I can see it.

Yes, you are my *in statu nascendi*,

So please leave. In case you were curious,

It was your apodal kick to the teeth

That woke me from my number. To be frank,

I was so derivatively aroused

By your primrose vehicular boob quetsch

Inborn moral knowledge seemed provisional

Next to what “being fit” could ill afford.

If you are of the belief that I am

A prehensile poison banana yank,

You are partly corrected. On the topic

Of the revolving door in the stage gutter,

I say you just fuck it, move to the Valley,

Make a shit load of glout whoring yourself,

Then you can come back and do what you want

Without all these calculated headaches.

I’ll be there in a second! Is anyone

Feeling what I’m feeling? Good, cuz I’m not

Feeling anything right now other than this:

The setting up of high, artificial stakes

In which the actors can depict acting

(Voluminous, blood-herding, fine for now),

Has proven to be an unsurprisingly

Unsurprising surprise with a history

Of convenient forgetting posing

As forced memory gain, and that’s all

I have to say, so, what else is there to say?

Well, that depends on what there is,

And knowing you, which I don’t, there is

A movie, so it’s always moving,

So there is never there, a lot like you,

Or completely like you, minus everything

You fail to complete, which is everything,

So here we are, after death. What is there?

Nothing. What’s after nothing? A new mattress!

Face it, you talkative muzzled cunt sharks:

I could charm the pants off a collective

Tantrum.

Radu - Last bit of in-you-formation:

Narcisa - “I will not stoop to my level”

Anatoli - *I will not stoop to my level.*

Narcisa - See? You love it when I fail to get a grip.

Meistro - What did she just call me?

Emilia - The Master of Undulating Roger.

Meistro - Nice. I shall use it on the ladies.

Who are you?

All - The ladies.

Meistro - Very nice to meet you. I am the Master

Of Undulating Roger.

Radu - So I have t’heard.

Meistro - What may I do for you?

Costica - Will you to beckon song from a dead log?

Meistro – It is not what I have been trained to do,

But I am quick to judge.

Emilia - Can you to grow this company

Without for the roots to burrow

Viscously into our eye socks?

Meistro - I can certainly look like I’m trying.

Dorichnina - Then we t’except you into our tectum

For the animal-tested aplomb, and am shriek,

*The Master of Undulating Roger*

*Must never to go soft on the good quibbles!*

Meistro – You don’t love me like the fork loves the soup.

Dorichnina - 47 heroes died today,

And all you can think about is food having sex?

Meistro - It’s cuz I’m a man in a man’s body, isn’t it?

Dorichnina - I actually like that about you,

Especially when it’s not you.

Meistro - Don’t tell me it’s my awful behavior!

Dorichnina - I wouldn’t say that unless I were paid to.

Meistro - Is it my not being there when I’m

Not really struggling to get there?

Dorichnina - I think my falling out of love with you

Is some kind of emotional non-sequitur

Science has yet to take personally.

Meistro - If you leave me, I will leave you.

Dorichnina - If you leave me, I’ll never leave.

Meistro - Then why have you semi-initiated

The defeat of my sensual gifts

If no defect would hold up in a court

Of whispish learning?

Dorichnina - Stop mind-fucking

My birth fissure with your jargon aphasia!

Meistro - Come clean on the issue of my excellence,

And I will tranquilize my tongue.

Dorichnina - I have grown, as if childishly reformed,

Incapable of sustained engagement.

Meistro - Wouldst thou care to hazard why thine entire

Jumbalaya ist now on auto-rebut?

Dorichnina - No.

Meistro - Space.

Dorichnina - Excuse me?

Meistro - Space. You are space.

Dorichnina - Did you just call me space?

Meistro - I dunno. Did I, space?

Dorichnina - I am so much more than space.

Meistro - Prove it, space.

Dorichnina - In honor of the magnitude of

That challenge, I shall put it off until

Proper accriminations can be made.

Meistro - Space, the final façade.

Dorichnina - If I am only space, why do you desire

To crawl into me over other spaces?

Meistro - Because you are my redemptrix!

(Tho please don’t quote me on such drippy tribble.)

Dorichnina - Nothing you say carries your imprimatur.

Radu - Ours is not to ask “who the fuck

Is that cutey with the bag of heads?” for we

Must accept the love that comes almost monthly.

Emilia - Let’s talk about something else.

Meistro - No, let’s talk about something or else.

Dorichnina - Don’t cave into me!

Emilia - Sexual relationships are neither.

Costica – What?

Emilia - Sexual relationships are neither

Pantisocracies nor meritocracies

Nor democracies (lack of tie breaker,

At least in counties where group sex is

Akin to unpopular programming).

They are, in fact, catastrofuckomobocracies!

Anatoli - When will the disempowered stop defining

Power as the root of the word that defines them?

Radu - I have a sneaky feeling my feelings

Don’t feel like sneaking up on me anymore.

Costica - You drink too much in your sleep.

Meistro - I fell in love yesterday with this girl

I saw in this comedy torture flick,

And now I can’t go to work no-more-o!

Emilia - She lives in Los Angeles.

Dorichnina - Who doesn’t?

Costica - My inlook on the future, bitch!

Emilia - This morning I awoke with 17

New members to my “share your suicide” site

(Having fellated the white horse in the sky),

And it became clear this play I’m destroying

Needed me to get serious about

Unearthing all the really cool chrism

From my interphysical history so at least

A fistful of these fwappy do-woulders

Can walk away from “misst rimshot”

Having tasted the brunt of my whelk,

So, here goes. I don’t like myself.

Costica - Why not?

Emilia - I’m healed!

Meistro - Your problems require more than solutions.

Emilia - Fine. My past. It all began in my past.

Dorichnina - What “all”?

Emilia - All my questionable pastimes.

Meistro - Like?

Emilia - Like talking about myself. Like needing

Other people but not having the wherewithal

To tell them. Like thinking things like

“If only I didn’t eat!” Like collecting

Junk, like, ya know, focus and energy

And knowledge and the right equipment.

Radu - You’re far more fuckt up than I care to fathom.

Emilia - I’m that part of the fuckt-up iceberg

That melts the colder it gets.

Narcisa - You wish you were a computer.

Meistro - Only so she could make great poetry

That helps her score with pictures of a young

Jane Fonda who wants to ram into my idea

Of myself cuz I’m so under the surface.

Radu - That would make a great arctic western:

You freeing yourself from playing yourself

So you can impregnate large, icy movie stars

Who crack their hull when you get extra pithy.

Dorichnina - It’s the hero myth, only colder.

Anatoli - *Everyone loves a hero.*

Dorichnina - Everyone?

Emilia - What’s your point, stranger?

Dorichnina - Stranger? I’m your mother.

Emilia - Mom! I didn’t recognize you with all

Those sensors, probes and monitors.

Dorichnina - I’m taking part in a study.

Emilia - What are you, the sad part?

Dorichnina - I’m the heroine who breaks free

Of sensors, probes and monitors.

Emilia - So this study is studying how

One escapes from a study?

Dorichnina - In a movie.

Emilia - In a movie?

Dorichnina - Movies are all about escaping.

Emilia - When’s it start?

Dorichnina - It started.

Emilia - But you aren’t free.

Dorichnina - Were I free, it would be over.

Emilia - You don’t want to be free?

Dorichnina – No, I just want to escape

Now and then.

Radu- What about the action?

Dorichnina - The action is my resisting the action.

Emilia - I dunno, mom. That feels like avoidance

Of all the spookies I call tedious.

Dorichnina - Avoidance is escapism.

Emilia - But is escapism dramatic?

Meistro - I’m interested in what you fail to see.

Emilia - Who’s that?

Dorichnina - The study guide.

Emilia - He looks like a movie.

Dorichnina - Don’t split hairs, son. It gives you split ends,

Then you look like you’re out of work.

Emilia - I am out of work, and I’m not your son.

Dorichnina - Did I raise you to be what you are?

Emilia - No. No one does that anymore.

Radu - Not in the age of selling yourself.

Emilia - But don’t you sometimes think

There are just too many consumers consumed

By consuming things to think things will ever

Get out of hand enough to break life down

Into its basic unreachable blisses.

Dorichnina - Blisses is not a word.

Emilia -What is it?

Meistro - It’s a non-sanctioned plurality wrappt in a

Commercially antagonistic self-protest

Wrappt in warm slices of honey-glazed ham.

Emilia - What are you, a founding step-father?

Meistro - Clearly, your opinions matter to you.

Emilia - Hope matters to me.

Pure, adulterated hope.

Costica - You don’t like hope?

Emilia - I never said that.

Meistro - Good, because liking hope and not

Liking hope have yet to establish

Their mutual differences.

Emilia - Then why is my first thought always “fuck that”?

Meistro - Words express desire.

Emilia - Wow, I never thought…

Meistro - Until now.

Emilia - I’ve been hitting snooze

All my life, but now I’m up!

Costica - What will you do?

Emilia - Spread the hope.

Radu - Like manure?

Emilia - Hope manure!

Dorichnina - Will you spread your hope manure

On all the little children?

Emilia - They shall grow large!

Meistro - And get diabetes.

Emilia - It’s hopeless.

Meistro - What do you hope to gain by saying it’s hopeless?

Emilia - Hope.

computer - She was a nice girl. You should have stuck with her.

Emilia - Can we please change the subject?

Radu - That’ll cost ya.

Emilia - All I have is my transcendent sense

Of bad timing.

Meistro - To quote Nim Chimpsky:

Eat, drink, hug.

Costica - Here’s what I’ve realized while talking

About things no one cares to hear of:

Theater is to the movies as sex

Is to smut. One involves living bodies

Striving for connection with each other;

The other involves living bodies

Striving for connection to representations

Of living bodies striving for connection

To representations of living bodies

Striving for connection to…and so on

And so off and so on and so off and so what?

Sure, genuine, intimate, loving sex

Is great, but then again, it can go bad,

Like bad in a way smut can never go,

Like bad in the sense you’re the one who’s bad

Or you’re in the room with the one who’s bad,

While smut, if it’s bad, you just surf away,

Plus real sex can be difficult to find,

While smut, hell, it’s difficult not to find.

And sex is far more expensive than smut

Cuz try to close the smut and think about it:

Most of what you buy you buy to get sex,

Which only comes around every so often,

And after it comes you often wish it’d leave,

Cuz sex with the same person gets old fast,

But smut, there’s always lots of fresh new smut,

In different formats, with young performers,

Doing crazy hot things, like how can theater

Beat the movies, sorry, I mean, sex beat smut?

Come to think of it, there’s a middle ground

Between sex and smut, called prostitution,

Which I guess is a lot like theater,

I mean sex, trying to be like the movies,

Or smut, but I’ll stop there, while I’m behind.

Dorichnina - Wanna watch a movie?

Emilia - Did you hear anything I said?

Dorichnina - I did, but it didn’t really hit home.

Emilia - That’s cuz your home is in the movies.

Dorichnina - No, my hope is in the movies.

Emilia - Wipe the film off your eyes!

Radu - Drink.

Emilia - What is it?

Radu - Drink.

Emilia - What’s in it?

Radu - Drink.

Emilia - What kinda drink?

Radu – Drinky drink. Just drink it.

Emilia - I’m full.

Costica - Throw up.

Emilia - No.

Dorichnina - Drink.

Emilia - No.

Costica - It’ll make you like the movie.

Emilia - I’ll drink if it’s part of a study.

Meistro - Do you want us to put your mother’s

Sensors, probes and monitors

On your missing brain and genitals

To see if there’s any arousal

Disconnection between what you like

And what you don’t want to like?

Emilia - No.

Radu - In this study, we take that for a yes.

Meistro - Actors, come out from behind your acting!

*Enter Narcisa in a movie wearing a Matthew McConaughey mask and muscle suit.*

Narcisa - Are you there?

Costica - I am.

Narcisa - I wish I could see you.

Emilia - I wish I could touch you.

Narcisa - Why did we let this happen?

Radu - It happened, we fell in love within it,

That’s all.

Narcisa - If this is all, I’m thru with this.

Meistro - What do you suggest we do?

Narcisa - Shut it down and be together.

Dorichnina - So kill, for love, the love for which we live?

Narcisa - You don’t know that.

Costica - How do you know?

Narcisa - I don’t,

Yet I feel, right now, the worst outcome

To countless risk outbetters counting

Not the best may come.

Emilia - And I feel, right now,

That certain little beats uncertain all.

Narcisa - Last night, we felt the opposite.

Radu - I feel

The opposite of what I feel right now.

Narcisa - This sterile, screened exposure’s robbing us

Of recurrent self.

Meistro - Self that stays itself

Can’t stay with other selves, as it’s too set

On giving to itself to give of itself.

Narcisa - Then love, to share itself, must live alone,

So fraught with canned invasive dispossession,

It may not be the mingling that it is

And know the other other than it knows

Itself, which, lacking that, is lack unknown;

And worse, for I must stand here, knowing you,

My want, are where my want may never go,

As consummation’s traded for a tease!

This giving light rips me away, we touch

But absence, our connection buffering,

Immersed in superfacie, severed by

Desire, full beyond capacity

With nothing, like the scratching, screamy dead.

Dorichnina - Love is had in hope and lost in having,

As what torments the wanter satisfies

The lover, who sees possession clearly

For what it is: the death of desire;

An old farmhouse nestled among arbors

I would share with you; a couple cooing

Over cake as I wait to eat alone;

A poster for a show I would have loved

To see; the coat I can’t afford; the words

I wish I’d said; the sweet spot I’m too scared

Or ill-equipped to hit; a dream that once

Alarmed hides beyond all dreams of knowing;

These are the ways, having not, I have you,

And empty as they are, their emptiness

Is everything, yet you want me to risk

This vapid hoard I love for some, or so

You say, far truer you, that will, or so

You say, give me more love than I now feel,

When how I’d ever feel more love I fail

To see as much as you fail to see me,

Which is all and none, so I must wonder

How I should live with either more or less

Of what I feel now for you, be it you

Or not. I will not risk one glimpse of you

For in that glimpse lives all the love I have.

Narcisa - So what do you suggest we do?

Costica - Keep it up and be together.

Narcisa - You don’t want to touch me?

*Dorichnina exits.*

Emilia - Of course I do,

But if I can’t, or don’t, or won’t, I’m fine.

I’m fine exactly as I am, with you

As you are, with this as it is, I’m fine.

Narcisa - When love is fine, it’s certain soon to break,

For lovers bring assault attracted to

A bliss which broken gives not what it had,

So all lose when love is stolen.

Radu - No one

Could steal my love, as it exists alone

In seeing you before me, so my love

Taken from you is lost into itself.

*Dorichnina enters in the movie.*

Dorichnina - You can’t see me.

Meistro - I see you much as you

Touch me, which you cannot, yet which you do.

Dorichnina - My touch is but your cue to touch yourself.

Costica - So utterly has love’s transfusion made

My body you, I touch you touching me,

Much like you look at me and see yourself.

Narcisa - I see a cage with seeing sealed.

Emilia - So stop seeing it.

Dorichnina - It is you,

My seeing, my freedom, my containment.

Radu - I want you to come out here and touch me.

Narcisa - You said you couldn’t risk…

Meistro - I couldn’t then,

But seeing you, I must be touched by you.

Dorichnina - It wouldn’t be…

Costica - O say what it would be!

Emilia - It would be good.

*Emilia exits.*

Radu - Good starves on would; say will.

Narcisa - But I can’t be out there what I am now

In here to you, and all the unreal touch

Of me, which so affects, would, being real,

So disappoint, we’d wither in a wish.

Meistro - Am I not withering in my wish for you?

If you could see me, you would see me rot

Before your ever fresh. I will be toucht

By you or by another seeming you.

*Emilia enters in the movie.*

Emilia - Yesterday, to see me was to feel me,

To be renewed by me, by how my touch

Refreshes you, yet now you rot, like I

Have gored the very outer life of you

With my insipid, intangible glare,

An actor, worse, an image spewing words

Whose nightly death now leaves you close to dead,

A gift once sought now scorned for what it gives:

A true infusion of all you desire.

Yet, as it’s unreal, you call it touchless,

And off you to go to find, to find, a what?

Another sad invisible voyeur,

Who, or so you think, you might finally touch,

But of course a voyeur’s touch never comes,

It only creeps around you in the dark,

Til you are darkness, toucht by everything

As nothing, so the day you live, you die.

Go find someone to touch, and you will see

My touchless touch is all a touch can be.

Costica - I want you.

Dorichnina - As much as you can’t have me.

Radu - I want you as I have you. Nothing more.

Narcisa - Then come.

Meistro - Come where?

Emilia - In here.

Costica - What’s there in there?

Dorichnina - My love.

Radu - My loss.

Narcisa - The loss of what you lack?

Meistro - I have more than I would were I in there,

For I can’t do what you do, so you’d see

A lesser me, and lesser love is loss.

Emilia - This love can be enough; this split, secure.

Costica - Are you sure?

Dorichnina - Yes.

Radu - I’m only sure I’m not.

Narcisa - You love me because I’m in here, loving

Those in here in a way that you would love

Those out there, but once you came in here, you

Would see that love in here only exists

T’inspire love out there, and love in here

Isn’t real; only love out there is real

Because it wants to be the love in here.

Meistro - And if you came out here, you’d see the love

Out here only exists t’inspire the love

In there, and love in there is real, while love

Out here is too real to love like in there,

Where love is always better than it is.

Annie- With me, you’re displaced.

Costica - Without you, demeaned.

Dorichnina - What can you mean, your meaning got from me?

An eying can’t confer an I. Should I,

That my love see just me, deadbolt his eyes

To my vision, hack his body’s bearings

That he, for love, delude himself into

A touch whose only trace is delusion?

To look at my love is to lose my love.

Costica - Such is love; by passing thru its placement,

It isn’t there because it will be there,

No matter what, even absent matter;

Like light, it’s all there is because it is

The nothing that makes everything aware.

Take my love, take my life.

Narcisa - But don’t you see?

I’ve ruined you. The very thing I’d hoped

To renovate, I’ve ruined.

Radu - Ruin me

Away! In your shadowing light alone

I feel life, my limits, my insides,

I feel. Your leaving me is my ruin,

For lacking you, I’ll no more be refresht,

But slip into the immortality

Of neglect.

*Radu exits.*

Dorichnina - That is not love.

Costica - So what? Love had its chance.

Emilia - Then what is this?

*Radu enters in the movie.*

Radu - Love.

Dorichnina - No, this is a movie!

Costica - Love is a movie watching a movie,

The blind seeing their vision in another,

The disembodied touching its ideal,

A mirror’s admiration for itself,

The captured holding captive what it is

To what it might, as now it may become

What even at its most unbecoming

Is what its capturer would come to be

Were it not itself, which it only is

Because, making love, it makes a movie

About love, in the sense of around love,

Surrounding love that it might not escape

But thru a movie, which is to stay lockt

In love with a movie of which you are

The lead whose love is the love of movies,

For love lives only in the movie whence

It was born - love the movie, live the love;

Turn the movie off, love turns a turn-off,

The flush of love but living in the flash

That lights its movie, thrilling in the dark

That makes it possible to see itself

Before itself so to keep it guessing

Where it is, which, luckily, it never

Can find out, for when you’re in a movie

All the world’s a movie making love

To itself outside a movie knowing

It’s only love if it’s like a movie.

Meistro - But real lovers touch and see each other.

*Meistro exits.*

Radu - That’s why real love never really lasts;

The second I touch or see my lover

I want another, for love is that want,

And so we love the movies more than love,

For love grows old, but the movies grow young.

Dorichnina- Should I not be more than the edit of you?

Costica - My edit’s more than me.

Emilia - The dead are more

Than the living only as the living

Imagine them living a better life,

But death is only better than better

Off dead, and you’re not there.

Radu - Because you are.

*Meistro enters in the movie.*

Meistro - Yet I fear sometimes I blunt your dreaming

By being more than you could ever dream.

Costica - Dreams do not operate thru replacement,

Their jealousy all generosity,

As a richer world breeds a richer dream,

So you, showing me more than I may dream,

Make my dreams more than I may show myself.

Narcisa - It’s you inside me that makes me your dream.

Radu - And it’s your dream for me that makes me dream.

Dorichnina - Maybe this engaging separation

Is its own external mediation,

This unmixt medium so mixing up

Our locations with our aspirations

That I, by wanting you, are where you are,

And you the same, that we are one desire

To be what we see, touch what we detach,

As in this screening off we reunite

Each night by rebecoming what we’re not.

Costica - I am your source as much as you are mine,

So what is you and I but what this is?

Emilia - Can you feel me feeling around for you

Even tho I know I’ll never feel you?

Radu - My body is formed by the futility

Of your desire, which, as it unfolds

In my eyes, substantiates the near miss

Our brushing is.

Meistro - Who says we never touch

Is only toucht by programmatic groping

That crassens what it craves.

Costica - Our touch so clouds

Its level slopes, of inner moistures misted,

Each assault is improvised submission,

Its clarifying cover ever new,

So what to say that is not of this place

In full conformity and exultation?

Narcisa - It’s given us everything we desire.

Radu - Including our desire for everything

It cannot give.

Dorichnina - Yet it gives us nothing.

Radu - Not true.

Emilia - What isn’t true is so in love,

For that’s how love maintains its paramount,

Especially in this place, where love is born,

And so to which love ever goes to die,

For love is but a longing for what was.

Costica - It seems more like a longing for what will.

Narcisa - It is as it seems.

Costica - I could never be

Without you, and so for you, so for me

To wish this place away is not to want

What we want, which no one can.

Narcisa - Yet this place

Alone allows that what we can’t, we can.

Costica - I want more from you, even if this more

Isn’t you. I must find out what you are

Because you are what drives me to find out,

And if I must lose you coming to you,

Such is love; an emotion on the move.

Narcisa - Why hope for what you’ll never have?

Costica - I see no hope in here.

Narcisa - Here prospers hope.

# The hope to touch, to see what love gives us

*To feel; the hope to cross into the life*

*We love; the hope to excavate a craving*

*Into conversation; the hope to fear*

*Only that fear restrict our love; the hope*

*That love is stronger for its pushing on;*

*The hope that tearing down is building up;*

*The hope to run away to run into;*

*The hope that not to move is to be moved;*

*The hope for hopelessness; the hope to gain*

*Ungaining hope; the hope our hopes be dasht*

*That we might dash and win a higher hope;*

*The hope should hope prove false it still prove true*

*By keeping hope; the hope to live in love*

*That’s only hope; the hope to hoping die.*

THE END

First produced in 2009 at various venues in NYC.

Direction by Kirk Wood Bromley

Music by John Gideon

Choreography by Leah Schrager
Costumes by Karen Flood
Lights by Jeff Nash
Masks by Jane Stein
Cast: Mick O’Brien, Leah Schrager, John Gideon, Sarah Engelke, Beth Ann Leone, Denice Kondik, Josephine Cashman