

# 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  
Rejuculate 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 boobos, 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 boobos, 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 incapacabilities.

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 - chimp

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 knocked 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 - Wutch a 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 - Bliss 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, screamly 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 refreshment,  
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 unmixed 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 though 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 touched 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