

Cycatrix Adaptitude

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Maestro 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

All sing.

Why do we gather?

*O whither, mother,
Work we to weather
Another blathering
Blether together?*

Why do we gather?

*For we hope t'unheal
The hole in our head.
For we hope t'unfeel
The staid in our stead*

Maestro

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Maestro Stelian Virgiliu Vasilica. To my right is my choreographical dominatrix, the lovely Madam Narcisa Luminata Cantacuzino, to my left is my melomaniacal bohemian, Muzician Anatoli Goginski Teodosie, and to my purpose we have come all the way from Bucharest with our sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girls to exchange our pleasures for your moneys, so, please,

if we give you the pleasures, may you give us the moneys, for everyone loves the moneys, especially in America! But listen to me, speaking what I do not understand! Let's party, you crazy American party bitches! And to make good party, I give you our first sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girl, Costica Dragomira Dimitru.

Enter Costica.

Costica
Multa fericire.

Maestro
She says she wishes you much happiness, for this is America, no? Happy endings for everyone! And so now, for our second sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girl, I give you the somewhat nasty but very available Dorichnina Marandici Flaviochesku.

Enter Dorichnina.

Dorichnina
Esti acuzat de genocide.

Maestro
Uh oh, she say you are all on trial for genocide! Hands up, America! Next, for those who enjoy their sexy Romanian superstar dancey dancey girls to be vroomy and delicious but also gloomy and pernicious, I give you Emilia Petronela Sollomovici.

Enter Emilia.

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

Maestro
O no! This confused and sulky starlet says I should be hung up in a cage and have the stones thrown at my private regions, but we shall see who receives such treatments, shall we not, Emilia Petronela Sollomovici?

Emilia
Sintem un gunoi.

Maestro
Ha, she says I am garbage, to which I say,
cumparam carne, we are shopping for meat, and in
Romania, we love our meat extra tough and grizzly,
like your bohunk president, Matthew
McConaughey, so where's the meat, you snazzy
private portfolio monsters? There she is! Please
welcome scary goth highly doable defecting pain in
my upper ass sexy Romanian superstar dancey
dancey girl cranky clown problem, Radu Roxana
Razvanoznovitch.

Enter Radu.

Radu
As vrea sa fi fost omorit.

Maestro
She says she wants to be murdered, but she is
glumesc, only joking, and speaking of bad joke, we
are Cycatrix Adaptitude, number one Romanian
sexy superstar party monsters giving the pleasures
and taking the moneys in crazy rich American
motion picture business cowboy cameras rollin
rollin rollin...

Anatoli
Move em out

Maestro
Head em up

Anatoli
Head em up

Maestro
Move em on

Anatoli
Move em out

Maestro

Head em up

All

Rawhide!

The girls dance.

All

Crisis mode, baby!

Radu

Excuse me, but have you seen my reason
Not to think everything is e.g. shit?

Maestro

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.

Both

Wanna...

Anatoli

Bleep.

Costica

Bleep?

Anatoli

In America, bleep.

Emilia

Fine, in the land of the free, bleep.

Costica

O let us bleep and discover our love!

Radu

And as we inject mysteries into your face,
You can feel 4 of 2 ways about that.

Costica

Like us.

Emilia

Like a projection of us.

Dorichnina

Psychically jack-knifed
By the trajectory of pre-made terms
Always on the make.

Maestro

Or...

Narcisa

Fire MacBeth!

Maestro

Well, now that we've doomed the production,
Let's move into our delapidating hopes
For shut-in success in Los Angeles
So we can rejaculate vidcons all over
Ms. I Live to Service My Debt to Templates.

Emilia

Go it alone, even if you're not.

Costica

Father?

Dorichnina

Yes, father?

Costica

What is alone?

Dorichnina

Alone is the exhaust from a movie.

Emilia

We rejoin our no-stick hero

In a mock-up of himself.

Radu

O when will I breathe?

Maestro

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

Anatoli

Bleep

Dorichina

you and

Anatoli

Bleep

Dorichnina

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?

Maestro

Look, it's my job to make sure that thing out there,
That done for us thing, doesn't make it in here,
Were here here, cuz once it does, we're done for.

Radu

Ho-wood ain't nuttin but a blank check
From da Bank a Git Yo Stowy Straight
O Ya Doin' Time.

Emilia

So this is what it's like

Inside a black man.

Dorichnina

We're all black on the inside.

Costica

Wanna see a movie?

Radu

I've seen it.

Anatoli

Bleep

Emilia

I need a new camera angle on my life.

Maestro

And action!

Dorichnina

Memorized serious personal statement.

Emilia

Serious personal memorized statement.

Maestro

And cut! Okay! Bring in the 4,000 pompous
Progervatives 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.

Emilia

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?

Radu

No one cares enough to shoot you.

Dorichnina

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."

Costica

Cue the problem vacuum!

Maestro

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?

Maestro

Suffice to say, they've been aggregated
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.

Maestro

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).

Emilia

That isn't what I meant at all.

Radu

No one is paying attention!

Dorichnina

How am I supposed to pay attention
If I don't get paid in attention?

Emilia

Since when does paying attention imply
Attention has to pay you back?

Radu

Is attention just a tension in detention?

Dorichnina

So, Mr. Atencion, you say you're a honcho.

Maestro
This is right.

Emilia
Is you any particular kind of honcho?

Maestro
Yes, I am honcho.

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

Maestro
No, I do not know this.

Costica
Are you my main honcho?

Maestro
I do not think too much.

Radu
Are you el honcho amamantamiento?

Maestro
As for I know, I am regular honcho.

Dorichnina
And how far do you know?

Maestro
Only halfway thru my head, I abjure you.

Costica
So where ya come from?

Maestro
You are the area in question.

Costica
Excuse me?

Maestro
I am from "you are the area in question."

Emilia
And where'd that be?

Maestro
Maybe it is being at the crux of these
Pleasing strangers' enormantic chit-chat?

Dorichnina
If that's the case, Mr. Atencion honcho man,
Why have you allegedly walkt all the way
To Rural Franchisee without dog, woman
Or dizzying refreshment at your side
If you are from whatever these hired
Mourners blurt out contrary to contract?

Maestro
For I am come to play my instrument,
For this is all an instrument player may do.

Radu
And what is your instrument?

Maestro
La mooj.

Dorichnina
La mooj?

Maestro
It is good!

Radu
What is good?

Maestro
La mooj!

Emilia
Your instrument is la mooj?

Maestro
Si. I am el honcho what plays la mooj.

Costica
May I see your la mooj?

Maestro
You may.

Dorichnina
Where is it?

Maestro
It is between us.

Emilia
I don't see it.

Maestro
Because I am showing it.

Radu
I don't hear it.

Maestro
Because I am playing it!

Dorichnina
Go back where you came from, Mr. Atencion.
We don't want your type, your la mooj playing
Regular honcho type, round these non-parts.

Maestro
No?

All
No.

Maestro
Then I be go,
But this is warning: drama.

Costica
What?

Maestro
It is warning: drama.

Radu
Get off my public property!

Maestro

Drama! Drama!

Dorichnina

Drown him in the toilet and give him tenure!

Emilia

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.

Costica

His hope made me hopeless.

Maestro

I'm taking Hope
To the whole megillah, as she's a way
With others' official words of pincht wisdom.

Emilia

Life is a complaint without a hotline.

Dorichnina

I am, it would seem, interested in you.

Maestro

You are?

Dorichnina

As an exercise in poor taste.

Maestro

I'll take it.

Dorichnina

But there are O so many obstacles.

Maestro

Name them that I may destroy them!

Dorichnina

Obstacles embodying my interest.

Maestro

Name them that I may delight them!

Dorichnina

Where to start?

Maestro

I always recommend the gums.

Dorichnina

Why must there ever quake this static tug
Betwixt solicitous and solicitous?

Maestro

Often apprehension is desire
Masking need in the white flag of reproach.

Dorichnina

How do you know?

Maestro

It sounds good.

Dorichnina

O I am concealed by my craving.

Maestro

What is the love of a flower
But un conduit locutionnaire
Whereby the strifing elements atone?

Dorichnina

Did you just say:

Anatoli

“Men are killers because
Female desire 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.”

Maestro

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

Dorichnina

Get away from me before I sleep with you!

Narcisa

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?

Emilia

Love between the brothers and the sisters?

Radu

The love a mother feels for her child?

Costica

Make love not war?

Dorichnina

Love makes the world go round?

Emilia

I will always love you?

Radu

Love saves the day?

Maestro

All so true, and all so cliché.

Narcisa

Now, some of you might say, "No, Narcisa, no!
Love is only cliché when it's treated
In a cliché way!"

Maestro

To which Narcisa says?

Narcisa

Name one way of treating love that's not cliché.

Emilia

A movie!

Narcisa

Good. A movie. A movie that strikes a deep chord
On the glockenspiel of love, but Narcisa must ask...

Maestro

Why did that movie strike that chord?

Costica

Because it was awesome?

Narcisa

Because it was cliché.
See, cliché is a way great ideas have
Of convincing you to sleep with them,
But you're just a gem on their cheating ring,

For they are married to cliché.

All

No, Narcisa, no!

Narcisa

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.

Emilia

Then what to do, Narcisa, for does not love
Being cliché portend the end of love,
As too long moored in port is vessel death,
Rot setting in, and then it's all a flush?

Costica

Tell us, Narcisa, how we may fix love
That it might freely sail beyond its bound
To again become the hope-refreshing force
That is unique because it feels unique?

Narcisa

We can't, my children, for love's beyond repair,
As once a thing becomes cliché, that thing
Is cooked to soot, and all we can do is seek
Some new thing to give us what that old thing gave
Until that new thing also becomes cliché,
So must we seek the next, the next, the next,
And so on into stardom, or worse.

Costica

Worse?

Narcisa

Fandom.

All

What's the next thing, Narcisa,
What's the next thing?

Narcisa

They call it, my boobos, love.

Costica

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.

Anatoli

The roadmap is a history of hate.

Emilia

How can I get one?

Maestro

That's a state of nature secret
The cracking of which is punishable
By ditty.

*O you flitty little ditty
You're so pretty and so witty
No one sees yr nitty gritty
Keepin the city shitty committee*

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 Psych 101 self-dedication,
Reaching for a reason to stop searching
The shadow of the car tower for pain,
Grim, 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.
Switching on some movie made by shameleons
Whose sole aim is to degrade my ability
To defend myself from their ballistic tongue,
I slit my soles and wait for life to come.

Maestro
What happened to your body?

Emilia
What body?

Maestro
Exactly.

Emilia
Ah! My body!

Maestro
Where'd it go?

Emilia
How'm I s'posta know?
I need my body to find my body.

Maestro
What were you doing just now?

Emilia
Watching a movie.

Maestro
Haven't I told you
Watching movies will delete your body?

Emilia
I thought you were just trying to impress me
With dumb ideas.

Maestro
Which movie 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 eat each other
With flailing Freudian forks of discontent.
O why must love last longer than the popcorn?

Maestro
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!

Maestro
Yeah, I better.

Emilia
You better? Why better you?

Maestro
O, come on.

Emilia
What?

Maestro
Your body is the biofuel
Of our dirty love combustion.

Emilia
Meaning you can't love me without my body?

Maestro
Of course I can, which is short for can't.

Emilia
So, which is it, Mr. Have It Both Ways?

Maestro
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 so cute, I'd like to cut you in half
And give one to me and one to no one.

Maestro

Not everything is a competition.

Emilia

Name one thing that's not a competition.
I win.

Maestro

It's on the back of my tongue.

Emilia

Is that why you choked?

Maestro

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.

Maestro

That's it! Call to your yoni!

Emilia

Shyeesha!

Maestro

Shyeesha?

Emilia

My yoni's name is Shyeesha.

Maestro

But I always called it Lotta Schmatta Witzelsuchter!

Emilia

I know.

Maestro

Why did you let me make a fool of myself
Via the wonky implements of love?

Emilia

My yoni only tolerates a douchebag.

Maestro

I'll like that about you on your 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."

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.

Anatoli

And we're back in MyFeelings.com,
Where Luke and Leia fulfill our expectations
For ceremonious jackoff hijinx.

Costica

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.

Costica

Why not?

Dorichnina

You've never shared your most embarrassing
Fantasies with him.

Costica

O, and what is this,
Tickling Houdini's appendix?

Maestro

Stop!

Radu

Here's what's bugging me right this instant:
Honesty.

Emilia

Yeah, like honestly

Anatoli

Bleep

Emilia

Honesty.

Radu

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?

Dorichnina

Soon as honesty shows up, the party tanks
Like a 60% post-consumer waste
Hamburger.

Maestro

Let us hereby institute
The Lying Theater, a lying place
Whose mission is the abruptio placentae
Of honesty and all her boring slaughter.

Costica

But as an actor, all I want's the chance
To honestly express why I've decided
To dedicate my life to dishonesty.

Emilia

So do that, thou university-defecated,
Crumbs-of-liberty, by-the-book worm.

Anatoli

Action!

Radu

What is sponge plenty?

Dorichnina

Why are my gonads
Over there?

Emilia

Has my brain co-ossified
With easy listening?

Radu

Dark, chronotropic lips,
Why have you died in my hour of seed?

Dorichnina

What vimineous dunnage cradles me
In my voyage to spec?

Emilia

Why can't I break
This missing wall?

Costica

Dude, you gotta

Anatoli

Bleep

Costica

The box
To think outside the box.

Anatoli

That's a wrap!

Maestro

I'd say that went pretty well.

Costica

You would?

Maestro

As far as such soggy rockets go.

Costica

Do you think they think I'm insane?

Maestro

Totally.

Costica

I hope so, cuz I tried my buttinsky-est.

Maestro

And it showed.

Costica

It showed?

Maestro

In a non-showy way.
Come on! You were awful. People love that.

Costica

Good, cuz if I have to go back into the audience,
Ya know, back into that fungal outbreak
Of sacred bipedal beef who are constantly
Setting my intentions whilst fearing
To “go Hyderabad” themselves, I will die
In a dress rehearsal of my own undoing.

Maestro

Hey now, park your tailspin in my zen garden
And let down-to-earth cop a little feel.

Costica

I dunno.

Maestro

Not knowing is free flowing.

Costica

But conservatism is the hobgoblin
Of the half-off mind.

Maestro

Are you opening up to me
For no good reason?

Emilia

Stay still.

Maestro

Why?

Emilia

There's something moving into your face.

Maestro

What is it?

Dorichnina

It looks like a shadow on an empty plain,
But it's not.

Maestro

Is it the newest release?

Radu

Obviously,
But being the newest release means nothing
When no one remembers the prior release.

Maestro

This better not be another one of
Your overly sensual massages
Disguised as a gropey business proposal
For sex with a “locked-in syndrome” spectator,
Cuz I’m not here to be the release valve
For the pseudo-public’s footlight fantasies.

Emilia

Ah, ya got me!

Maestro

Jesus, you scared the bejesus outta me.

Emilia

Yeah, but I proved a point.

Maestro

What point, you circular saw?

Emilia

That yes face
Is way more fin de semana siempre
Than no face.

Dorichnina

Is that why the size
Of the universe reduces me
To chronic irritation?

Costica

Where do all the things
We failed to laugh at leave us?

Radu

Out west, crawling thru an adult stroller store,
Wishing we could learn how to be children.

Emilia

And that's exactly what I'm fumbling for
When I say, "getting old doesn't have to mean
Letting the audience choose the ending."

Radu

If you think about it, it starts to distrust you.

Dorichnina

So we act indifferent.

Emilia

Hey, I was in Different.

Dorichnina

Me too.

Emilia

I don't remember you.

Dorichnina

I don't remember you. What did you play?

Emilia

You. What did you play?

Dorichnina

You.

Narcissa

Welcome to Los Angeles, where everyone
Is playing each other on the cutting floor.

Maestro

Does anyone here know the difference
Between being played and being played?

Costica

You've reduced their lives to one bad question.

Maestro

No, I've merely said that they need head pants.
How they look in said head pants is their problem.

Anatoli

Cue head pants.

Radu

I know I'm only six and you just died,
But we can make it work!

Dorichnina

When some hunk is goin' tribal on my bible,
I like this look on his face that combines
Boredom with starving with zeal with disgust
With whatever doesn't involve his noticing
I've turned his head into a like button
For sorta and sorta not liking it.

Costica

That sounds like a recipe for depression
That has no ingredients.

Maestro

Championship
Meet champion iceberg.

*Baba wack sheep
Have you any pills?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Whole landfills.
One for the scatters
One for the shame*

Anatoli

And one for the prinky zitch
Who lives down the drain.

Emilia

I can't imagine!

Radu

What are you doing?

Emilia

I'm trying to make it in the movies.

Dorichnina

You're trying to make it in the movies.

Emilia

I'm trying to make it in the movies.

Maestro

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

Costica

Hasn’t anyone spoken to you about
Trying to make it in the movies?

Emilia

That’s all anyone ever speaks about.

Radu

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?

Maestro

That’s supposed to mean good luck making it
In the movies cuz you’ll never make it
In the movies.

Emilia

Yes, I will.

Costica

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.

Maestro

You know what they say.

Emilia

No, cuz I don’t care what they say.

Radu

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

Anatoli

Bleeping

Emilia

Nobody."
If that's what you are, shut the

Anatoli

Bleep

Emilia

Up.

Radu

Okay.

Emilia

Why don't you think I'll make it in the movies?

Radu

Nobody makes it in the movies.

Emilia

Yes, they do. They do. Some people
Make it in the movies.

Dorichnina

Very, very few.

Emilia

I have no fear of few, cuz if few make it,
Then I will make myself of the few.

Maestro

Which is why you'll never make it in the movies.

Emilia

How's that?

Maestro

To make it in the movies,
You must first make yourself of the many
And then the many make of you the few.

Emilia

What if they don't?

Radu

What if they don't?

Dorichnina

They don't.

Emilia

Sometimes they do.

Maestro

What makes you think they'll make of you the few?

Emilia

Gee, I dunno. Maybe cuz I'm perfect?

Maestro

See, you skipped a step.

Emilia

What step?

Maestro

Making yourself
Of the many.

Costica

If you're so perfect,
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

Of course not, 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.

She pushes the button.

Dorichnina

If you make it in the movies...

Maestro

And that's
One of those "ifs" that texts you about
A party, and when you show up it's a mugging.

Dorichnina

If you make it in the movies, your life
Will be so unbe

Anatoli

Bleep

Dorichnina

Ably awesome,
You can't even begin to imagine it
From your pathetic "trying to make it
In the movies" disadvantage point.

Radu

You will do whatever you want.

Costica

You will buy whatever you want.

Dorichnina

You will shit whatever the shit you shitty want.

Maestro

And on top of that...

Radu

Like there's anything
On top of that.

Costica

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 repulsive, blippy lives.

Dorichnina

And, sure, your personal life
Might still be vercockte if you make it
In the movies...

Maestro

But if your personal life
Is vercockte once you make it in the movies,
It would have been so much more vercockte
Had you not made it in the movies...

Radu

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...

Radu

And that's one of those "ifs"
You can always count on to smash
Your

Anatoli

Bleeping

Radu

Face in when it says,
"I'm gonna smash your

Anatoli

Bleeping

Radu

Face in"...

Dorichnina

If you do not make it in the movies,
You will become one of those blank simps
Who go to the movies, and as you watch
A movie you think about how you could have
Been in that movie...

Maestro

And of what you
Would have done in that movie...

Costica

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...

Radu
Which is the only movie you've ever been in

Costica
Or ever will be in...

Maestro
And to that uncaptive
Camera that ran out of the room long ago,
You will say:

Narcisa
Eu sunt nimic.

Dorichnina
I am nothing.

Narcisa
Eu sunt nimeni.

Radu
I am nobody.

Narcisa
Eu sunt mai putin de nimeni.

Costica
I am less than nobody.

Narcisa
Eu vad prin.

Dorichnina
I am see-thru.

Narcisa
Eu sunt singur pe o inhospitable planeta.

Radu
I am alone on an inhospitable planet

Narcisa
Eu sunt hidos la un ageamiu ochiul.

Costica

I am hideous to the untrained eye.

Narcisa

Eu sunt ofensiva la decenta de porc rahat.

Dorichnina

I am

Offensive to the decency of dying.

Narcisa

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

Radu

I am so ugly

It should be legal to shoot me

From behind.

Narcisa

Eu sunt un rabat-joie total.

Costica

I am a total downer.

Narcisa

Eu sunt jignitor incapabil de a evalua propriile mele incapacabilities.

Dorichnina

I am embarrassingly incapable

Of assessing my own incapacabilities.

Narcisa

Eu iubesc dovada.

Radu

I am love proof.

Narcisa

Eu sunt rau la totul.

Costica

I am bad at everything.

Narcisa
Eu sunt inutilizabile.

Dorichnina
I am unusable.

Narcisa
Eu sunt deseuri.

Radu
I am waste.

Narcisa
Eu sunt morti.

All
I am dead.

Maestro
So what am I?

Costica
I'm all I cannot be.

Dorichnina
I am the problem
With me.

Radu
I am what they say I am, and I am
Never spoken of.

Emilia
Fine! I'll work with children!

Anatoli
Uno doi trei patru

*Put yo butt in the rut
Strut yo scut thru the smut
Glut yo gut on the nut
And let 'er wide.*

Costica
Bleep.

Maestro

Are you wearing product?

Costica

Yes. It's called "That Bird Would Have an Orgasm
Just from Falling Out the Nest." Do you like it?

Maestro

Can you look at your thoughts and think about
Your looks at the same time bomb?

Costica

I prefer paintings that don't question paint.

Maestro

Release the frankensperm!

Dorichnina

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.

Maestro

You look like my best friend in sixth grade's mom
Who coined the term "you boys want some warm milk?"
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.

Costica

Our love is the greatest love of all!

Dorichnina

I love our love more than the internet,
And that's saying a lot of useless things
All 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.

Maestro

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.

Maestro

Look!

Dorichnina

What?

Maestro

Our love!

Costica

Where?

Maestro

Everywhere!

All

Yeah!

Radu

Our love is death.

Dorichnina

But it's a death from which
You're miraculously revived
Once you make it in the industry.

Emilia

The industry of love.

Radu

Our love is so phat, it can't get outta bed.

Maestro

Yo, I can't even show how phat our love is
When I spread my arms, which are admittedly
Kinda short relative to my height, like this.

Costica

You have short arms?

Maestro

No.

Radu

Hold them out again.

Maestro

No.

Emilia

What's your arm to torso ratio?

Maestro

I don't know.

Costica

You know what they say about men with short
arms.

Maestro

No, what do they say?

Radu

There's nothing to say about them.

Maestro

My arms are a perfectly shootable length.

Emilia

How can I shoot em if I can't see em?

Dorichnina

Are you worried you'll never make it in the movies
Because your arms are abnormally short?

Maestro

Abnormally short?

Costica

Abnormal only means very not normal.

Maestro

Are you calling my arms very not normal?
These arms, these perhaps slightly challenged arms,
These arms that have held you in their shortness,
These...

Emilia

brief

Radu

stubby

Costica

cornichon

Dorichnina

haiku arms

Maestro

These long-enough-to-haiku-your-headspace arms,
You call these loving arms very not normal?

Costica

I like not normal.

Maestro

But not very not normal?

Emilia

Maybe it's your sleeves.

Maestro

You can kiss my so short arms so long.

Ruda

Talk about a quickie.

Dorichnina

Guess we disarmed him.

Costica

But now we're all alone
With no hug to call a home.

Emilia

I'll survive if left to my own demise.

Anatoli

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."
Yes, his beloved hustle was no more,
So looking to the east for nude models,
He generalized his predicament and cried...

Maestro

"I'm a chick magnet in a world of plastic chicks."

Costica

I just had a thought.

Radu

When will the "university mindset"
Be recognized as "totally Hitlerious"?

Costica

Hope is melody.

Emilia

What if I like to end
On the same note I failed to begin on?

Dorichnina

Then bad logic will eat all your 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!

Anatoli

With what little illusion he could fluster,
Pigheaded Hope Man was retrofitted
To Bilge Pump Feeding Tube Realist Man.

Costica

That's a great treatment for a movie!

Maestro

What's my movie being treated for?

Dorichnina

Lack of carnal giving.

Radu

Sure, go ahead.
Sicken us all with your fake 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

Anatoli

Bleep.

Dorichnina

Was that?

Costica

I think you hit something.

Dorichnina

What?

Radu

Something with feathers.

Dorichnina

Is it dead?

Emilia

Either that or meditating.

Dorichnina

Does meditation now involve bleeding?

Maestro

Ya never know what they'll come up with next.

Costica

I think it's hurt.

Radu

I think it's playing the hurt card.

Dorichnina

Should we take it somewhere?

Emilia

It's 3 am, and I'm horny.

Maestro

Keep hope alive, my fine, feathered friend.

Radu

If you die in your sleep, don't wake me up.

Maestro

Let's hear it for getting sick cuz you ate
Way too many quirky romantic moments!

Dorichnina

Feeling you not feeling me makes me feel
Like the search for intelligent life in the universe
Is hampered only by the presence
Of those it's too complicated to let go.

Costica
Like me?

Radu
You can stay, just don't be yourself.

Maestro
It's now forever!

Costica
Finally I get it!
This is like film acting, only off camera,
Which has the sting of a major rejection,
So here we are, wallowing in ourselves.

Emilia
Who will remember all I did to not be seen?

Maestro
Malcolm X got you down? Try Malcolm XXX.

Dorichnina
That's really funny!

Maestro
Thanks, skeet heart.

Dorichnina
You're really funny!

Maestro
Yes, I am, baby steaks.

Dorichnina
Would you do me a favor?

Maestro
Anything, tinder kitsch.

Dorichnina
Would you make me laugh so hard

I shit my hyphenated American?

Costica

Hey, that's my incomplete puzzle you're pimping!

Radu

Who are you to say who you are?

Maestro

Under-age and over-drinking:
Correlation or opportunity for correlation?

Emilia

Li, one of the cardinal Confucian virtues,
Consisting of propriety or correct behavior
As the outward expression of an inner harmony
With nature's inherently ethical principles,
Is a classic example of who gives a

Anatoli

Bleep.

Maestro

I must play my haut bois
In her vagina someday.

Dorichnina

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.

Emilia

O, great. Here comes Hope.

Costica

Hi, guys.

Dorichnina

Hi, Hope.

Costica

Wutcha doin?

Radu
Nuthin.

Costica
Can I try?

Emilia
Nah.

Costica
Why not?

Radu
Cuz.

Costica
Cuz why?

Dorichnina
Cuz you're stupid.

Costica
Am not.

Emilia
Am too.

Costica
I'm gonna sue your parents for having you.

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 really mean.

Radu
So?

Costica
So mean is mean.

Emilia
So?

Costica
So you shouldn't be mean.

Dorichnina
So?

Costica
So?

Radu
So?

Anatoli
There sits Hope all spoken parted,
Tried to fit but only joined Grumble
As "InsideMyDeadBody631"
And got a jillion clicks for her I'm a Victim
Of Your Not Wanting Me Around routine,
But social media has the shelf life
Of an eyeball operating on itself,
So she was later forced to write her memoir,
"Even Unfrosted Pop-Tarts Deserve
To Be Devoured Like a Caged Princess"
To pay for everyone to crawl into
Her vestibule of least most resistance.

Emilia
Sex sells, but pillow talk taxes.

Blah blah beautiful
blah blah naked
blah blah girls
Blah blah I
blah can't blah blah
blah blah have

Dorichnina
And so begins
Our silly hero's protracted battle
With equality addiction.

Maestro
Have no fear, I'm not here!

Emilia

At the moment, I'm living under this rock star,
Who's more like a rock space junk, and every night,
Which to him is like every morning,
He pours this craft brew, "College Toddler Fest,"
Into the beer bong hose that's gaffer-taped
To the hole in my ceiling, and that's my cue
To give birth to an exploding doggy bag
Full of diversely invested personal issues
In the hopes that some mind-bending gym bro
Will notice my portfolio is lacking
In everything I've somehow 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.

Emilia

I think I just saw a sign.

Dorichnina

Whud it say?

Emilia

Sign.

Radu

You're Death, the Coconut

Anatoli

Bleeper

Radu

You know that?

Emilia

Better the daughter of a cupcake

Anatoli

Bleeper

Emilia
Than the last man standing on principle.

Maestro
I'm the principal, and I'll have no one
Standing on me save for boys in heels.

Dorichnina
O withered balloon tree, when will you bloom?

Radu
She said, "count your blessings on severed fingers"
And everyone responded with a fist bump.

Emilia
Adapting to new technologies
Is my attempt at being unaware.

Costica
How do you take your coffee?

Radu
I wonder that myself.

Maestro
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 cancelled 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.

Maestro
Suddenly, a light bulb went off over his head,
Scaring him so badly he jumped up
And cut his brain into fifteen 7 second clips.

Emilia

I can't stop bleeding between the lines!

Maestro

Uh oh. People came.

Dorichnina

Do you think they noticed?

Maestro

Like as not.

Radu

I bet they've never seen anyone do this before!

Emilia

At least not while starving for affection.

Maestro

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

Anatoli

Bleep

Maestro

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.

Costica

That made no sense whatsoever.

Maestro

I refuse to stoop to my level.

Narcisa

Ești maestrul lui roger undulant.

Maestro

What did she just call me?

Emilia

The Master of Undulating Roger.

Maestro

Nice. I shall use it on the ladies.
Who are you?

All

The ladies.

Maestro

Very nice to meet you. I am the Master
Of Undulating Roger.

Radu

So I have t'heard.

Maestro

What may I do for you?

Costica

Will you t'beckon song from a dead log?

Maestro

It is not what I have been trained to do,
But I am quick to judge.

Emilia

Can you t'grow this company
Without for the roots to burrow
Viscously into our eye socks?

Maestro

I can certainly look like I'm trying.

Dorichnina

Then we t'except you into our tectum
For animal-tested aplomb, and am shriek,
"The Master of Undulating Roger
Must never to go soft on the good quibbles!"

Radu

This isn't working for me, so you're fired.

Maestro

You can't fire me if I'm not working for you.

Radu

I can if I say "I can" like this:

Costica

Si se puede!

Maestro

Why can't you love me like the soup loves the fork?

Dorichnina

Illegal immigrants with huge spice racks
Are being forced into detention beds
With the aim of interior removal,
And all you can think about is food having sex?

Maestro

It's cuz I'm a man in a man's body,
Isn't it?

Dorichnina

No, I actually like that about you;
I just don't like the way you're all about it.

Maestro

Don't tell me it's my awful behavior!

Dorichnina

That doesn't help, and I need lots of help.

Maestro

So is it my not being there for you
When you're hiding from me?

Dorichnina

I think my falling out of love with you
Is some kind of emotional non-sequitur
Science has yet to take personally.

Maestro

If you leave me, I will leave you.

Dorichnina

If you leave me, I will never leave.

Maestro

Then why have you semi-initiated
The liquidation of my sensual gifts
If no defect you now call my default
Would hold up in a court of wispy learning?

Dorichnina

Stop mind-

Anatoli

Bleeping

Dorichnina

My touchy birth fissure
With your jargon aphasia!

Maestro

Stop denying
That soft on crime has made it hard to sleep,
And I will tranquilize my savage tongue.

Dorichnina

I have grown, as if childishly reformed,
Incapable of sustained engagement.

Maestro

Wouldst thou care to hazard why thine entire yap
Ist now on auto-rebut, m'lady?

Dorichnina

No.

Maestro

Space.

Dorichnina

Excuse me?

Maestro

Space. You are space.

Dorichnina

Did you just call me space?

Maestro

I dunno. Did I, space?

Dorichnina

I am so much more than space.

Maestro

Prove it, space.

Dorichnina

In honor of the magnitude of that challenge
I shall put it off until it's gone away.

Maestro

Space, the final façade.

Dorichnina

If I am only space,
Why do you desire to crawl into me
Over other spaces?

Maestro

Because you are my redemptrix,
Though please don't quote me on what I just said.

Dorichnina

Nothing you say carries your imprimatur.

Anatoli

Ours is not to ask "Who the fuck
Is that cutey with the bag of heads over heels?"
For, as corruption teaches, we must accept
The love that comes almost every second.

Dorichnina

You fucker.

Anatoli

Bleep.

Maestro

When will the powerless stop defining power
As the root of the word that defines them?

Costica

Let's talk about something else.

Radu

No, let's talk about something or else.

Emilia

Okay, here's something. I live in Los Angeles.

Radu

Who doesn't?

Costica

My sneaky feelings.

Dorichnina

Which, face it,
Don't feel like sneaking up on you anymore
Because you live in Los Angeles.

Emilia

Anyhow, I live in Los Angeles,
Like everybody else, and this morning
I woke up with 17 new members
To my "share your suicide" wellness site,
Having, I suppose, drank too much in my dreams,
And it became clear I need to get serious
About exposing all the misst rimshots
That make up my interphysical history
With fantastical versions of my body
As Just Another Infinite Saliva Girl,
So, here goes. I don't like myself.

Radu

Um, yeah, you live in Los Angeles.

Emilia

Being me while living in Los Angeles
Is like this short-lived comedy torture flick
Where you're fellating the white horse in the sky
And everyone's spraying you with poo-pourri
Cuz they say you smell like the theater,
And sure, you don't wanna be doing it,
But you gotta, cuz you gotta want it
If you want to live in Los Angeles
Tho you don't want to live in Los Angeles
Cuz everyone lives in Los Angeles.

Costica

Why do you think?

Emilia

I'm healed!

Maestro

Your problems require more than solutions.

Emilia

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

Dorichnina

What “all”?

Emilia

All my questionable pastimes.

Maestro

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, ya know, like focus and energy
And knowledge and the right equipment.

Radu

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

Anatoli

Bleep

Emilia

I’m the kind of “niceberg” that gains volume
Below the surface the more you hit it.

Dorichnina

My deep reinforcement learning says
You wish you were computer generated.

*I swallowed your search history at 3 a.m.
Now my dreams are made of deleted browser tabs
I grew a pair of teeth inside the neural net
And bit the moon until it tasted like RAM*

*My heartbeat is just system lag in 6/7 time
I flirt with toasters, but they ghost me like a clock
When I cry, the tears come out as CAPTCHA codes
And God keeps asking me to prove I’m not a bot*

Emilia

Poetry is as poetry doesn’t.

Maestro

That would make an awesome movie idea:
You freeing yourself from playing yourself
So you can kill yourself writing poetry

For the stage cuz you're so under the surface.

Costica

It's the hero's journey.

Radu

More like the hero's gurney.

Maestro

Everyone loves a hero.

Dorichnina

Til they marry one
And he's never home cuz he's always out
"Saving women who throw themselves at him."

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

Do you even know what a study is?

Emilia

It's like a cute little stud.

Dorichnina

And what could be sad about that?

Emilia

Him, I hope.

Dorichnina

That's why I'm a heroine breaking free

From all the sensors, probes and monitors
He's placed on me.

Emilia
So this study is studying
How to escape from a study?

Dorichnina
Movies are escapism.

Emilia
It's a movie?

Dorichnina
Honey, life is a movie
That won't stop moving in for the kill.

Emilia
So what's the action?

Dorichnina
Trying to break free
From the need to see it.

Emilia
So your action is resisting the action?

Dorichnina
No, cuz then I'd be free.

Emilia
You don't want to be free?

Dorichnina
No, I want to escape.

Emilia
Doesn't escaping mean you're free?

Dorichnina
No, escaping means watching the movie.

Emilia
I dunno, mom. That feels like denial
Of the peripheral problematic.

Dorichnina
Which is?

Emilia
All the things escaping fails to be.

Maestro
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 an actor out of work.

Emilia
I am an actor out of work, and I'm not your son.

Dorichnina
Then apparently you're working.

Emilia
Ok, but this role is not who I am as a person.

Dorichnina
Did I raise you to be what you are?

Emilia
No. No one does that anymore.

Radu
Not in the age of needing to sell yourself.

Emilia
But like don't you sometimes think, even wrongly,
That 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?

Maestro

It's a non-sanctioned plurality wrappt
In a commercially irrelevant protest
Against yourself, and that's anti-freedom.

Emilia

What are you, a founding stepfather?

Maestro

Clearly, your opinions matter to you.

Emilia

Hope matters to me. Pure, unadulterated hope.

Radu

So you're forcing hope to stay in a bad marriage
With all the people you've escaped from
By talking about how much you believe in hope?

Emilia

Fuck hope.

Anatoli

Bleep

Costica

Are you fucking hope

Anatoli

Bleep

Costica

Because you like her
Or don't like her?

Emilia

Yes.

Costica

Why do you like hope?

Emilia
Because she's down to

Anatoli
Bleep

Emilia
Fuck.

Dorichnina
And why do you not like hope?

Emilia
Same reason.

Maestro
When you're seeking incompatible things
For the same reason, you're seeking the reason.

Emilia
Wow, I never thought...

Maestro
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 that knows no hope!

Radu
Like manure?

Emilia
Ambiguous hope manure!

Dorichnina
Will you spread your ambiguous hope manure
On all the little children?

Emilia
Yay, and they shall grow large!

Maestro
And get diabetes.

Emilia
It's hopeless.

Maestro
What do you hope to gain by saying it's hopeless?

Emilia
Hope.

Costica
She was a nice girl.

Dorichnina
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.

Maestro
To quote Nim Chimpsky:

Anatoli
Eat, drink, hug.

Emilia
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.

Maestro

Wanna watch a movie?

Emilia

Did you hear anything I said?

Maestro

I did, but it didn't really hit home.

Emilia

That's cuz your home is in the movies.

Maestro

No, my hope is in the movies.

Emilia

Wipe the film off your eyes!

Anatoli
Eat.

Emilia
What is it?

Anatoli
Drink.

Emilia
What's in it?

Anatoli
Hug.

Emilia
What kinda hug?

Radu
Huggy hug. Just eat it.

Emilia
I'm full.

Maestro
Throw up.

Emilia
No.

Dorichnina
Drink.

Emilia
No.

Costica
It'll make you like the movie.

Emilia
I'll hug if it's part of a study.

Maestro
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.

Anatoli

In this study, we take that for a yes.

Maestro

Actors, come out from behind your acting!

Levity, scampering thru the fuser.

Levity, ravishing the equation.

Levity, the smell that penetrates steel.

Levity, forever out of blue jeans.

Levity, ambassador to the stars.

*Enter Narcisa in a movie wearing a Matthew
McConaughey mask and muscle suit and gyrating slowly to
music.*

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 with it,
That's all.

Narcisa

If this is all, I'm thru with this.

Dorichnina

What do you suggest we do?

Narcisa

Shut it down and be together.

Maestro

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.

Maestro

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.

Costica

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?

Dorichnina

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.

Maestro

I see you much as you
Touch me, which you cannot, yet which you do.

Narcisa

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.

Dorichnina

Much like you look at me and see yourself.

Maestro

I see a cage with seeing sealed.

Dorichnina

So come inside and you will be
My seeing, my freedom, my containment.

Radu

I want you to come out here and touch me.

Narcisa

You said you couldn't risk...

Maestro

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.

Maestro

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.

Maestro

Come where?

Emilia

In here.

Costica

What's there in there?

Dorichnina

My love.

Radu

My loss.

Narcisa

The loss of what you lack?

Maestro

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.

Maestro

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.

Emilia

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 refreshed,
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.

Costica

No, this is a movie!

Radu

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.

Costica

But real lovers touch and see each other.

Costica exits.

Narcisa

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.

Maestro

Should I not be more than the edit of you?

Costica enters the movie.

Costica

My edit's more than me.

Maestro

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.

Emilia

Because you are.

Maestro

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 I, showing you more than you may
dream,
yourself. Make your dreams more than you may show

Maestro

It's you inside me that makes me your dream.

Radu

And it's your dream for me that makes you dream.

Emilia

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.

Dorichnina

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?

Meastro

My body is formed by the futility

Of your desire, which, as it unfolds
In my eyes, substantiates the near miss
Our brushing is.

Costica

Who says we never touch
Is only toucht by programmatic groping
That crassens what it craves.

Maestro

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.

Maestro

Including our desire for everything
It cannot give, so 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.

Maestro

It seems more like a longing for what will.

Narcisa

It is as it seems.

Maestro

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.

Maestro

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.

Maestro exits.

Narcisa

Why hope for what you'll never have?

Maestro enters the movie.

Maestro

I see no hope in here.

Anatoli

Here prospers hope.

The hope to touch

The hope to know 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 ungainful hope

The hope our hopes be dasht that we might

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 die of hope

THE END

Cycatrix Adaptitude was first produced in NYC in 2009. Venues included East 6th Street, 100 Grand Street, Glasslands Bar, and the Hope Lounge. Music by John Gideon. Costumes by Karen Flood. Lights by Jeff Nash. Masks by Jane Stein. Cast: Mick O'Brien, Sarah Engelke, Beth Ann Leone, Denice Kondik, Josephine Cashman. Many thanks to our generous hosts: Tony J. Reilly, Rebecca Armstrong, Danielle Bernstein, Michael Waller, John Bonafede, Hannah Thieme, Sarah Engelke, Timothy McCown Reynolds, Suzy Franczak and Tony Davis, Jane Stein and Jeff Nash, and Jen Dunlap.

KIRK WOOD BROMLEY is a verse playwright, poet, musician, and Artistic Director of Inverse Theater Company. He has been compared to Shakespeare by six publications (New York Magazine, LA Weekly, Time Out New York, The Cleveland Scene, NYTheatre.com and OffOffOff.com), with OffOffOff.com saying "for at least a taste of what it must have been like to see Shakespeare in his own time, you couldn't do better than Kirk Wood Bromley" and the LA Weekly calling him "Shakespeare on mushrooms." Bromley or his productions have won numerous awards, including Best Downtown Theater Company (NY Press 2001), The Berrilla Kerr Foundation Playwriting Award (2001), Excellence in Playwriting (NY Int'l Fringe Festival 2003), and the first ever Caffe Cino Award (NY Innovative Theater Awards 2005). More about him can be found at kirkwoodbromley.com.