

## BOOKING

"What is your career?"

"I am a writer?"

"What is your name?"

"Nana."

"David sent you."

"What are you talking about?"

She was writing about the senior prom in Potter's Breath, Arkansas.

"Andi has found a most delightful prom dress."

Viv had been assigned to design the most precious prom dress.

"This is not simply an art work. It is an act of diversion."

"Viv, do you really think that you can create a contestatory object in Potter's Breath, Arkansas."

"The residents of Potter's Breath have just as much to question as anywhere else in the world."

"There is a certain arrogance which influences how you think about these people."

Lady Gwen sat on her porch as she watched the contestants flutter past.

"You are not really giving them any sense of authority."

"Nana, what do you want?"

"I want each character to reflect a sense of her own independence."

"These are proms attendees. What do you want? Tap dancing?"

"I will give you want!"

"Is anyone concentrating on the story?"

"There is a tasting for the wedding cake."

"It is already late."

"I like the spice cake with the caramel frosting."

"Are we going to add a cake?"

"My life is passing in front of my eyes."

"There is so much that I am seeing."

"Don't ask me the question!"

"Nana, what do you want to know?"

"Do you care about the characters?"

"Have you heard about the GM strike?"

"Those people were all overpaid."

"There are no GM plants in Arkansas."

"What do you call a living wage? Anything that you can get away with paying."

"The union is only making harder for the company to be competitive."

"The company has other interests than the market. It could have been a more authoritative player in the market."

"What is the point?"

"I am excellent at this."

"Is there a surprise?"

“This is another mediocre character.”  
 “I thought that this was just a hookup.”  
 She was writing about Potter’s Breath. There were certainly more important concerns.  
 “What are you talking about?”  
 “A good life for the children.”  
 “How much does the Walmart pay?”  
 “We are talking about more for shareholders.”  
 “They allow for expansion.”  
 “Closings and destruction.”  
 “There is a subtext. I do not understand.”  
 “Are you afraid to be alone?”  
 “Everyone asks that in Potter’s Breath.”  
 “There is faith, and there is moonshine.”  
 “I want a blow-up pool and a margarita.”  
 “What is the temperature?”  
 “High eighties.”  
 “Tell me about these wonderful designs.”  
 “These designs are going to change the nature of belief in this community.”  
 “Duh!”  
 “What is your intent? Are you offering a sense of confidence to the wearer? Or are you encouraging her to admit her existential doubt?”  
 “There are so many other levels.”  
 “That is what I am taught at fashion college.”  
 “Does anyone really care? They want to look good. No one wants to question her existence.”  
 “We are always asking questions about ourselves.”  
 “Can you keep doing this?”  
 “Can anyone?”  
 “Steven, I need you to breathe more life into your characters.”  
 “What characters? I have a woman on a proch watching the candidates for prom.”  
 “What about Andi?”  
 “She is over her head.”  
 “She is an observant person.”  
 “That is not going to work here.”  
 “Why not? What is the problem?”  
 “Where is the drain coming from?”  
 “I think that we realize what is the problem.”  
 “Do you know the artist?”  
 “Does anyone?”  
 “It is all about adorning the product.”  
 “Or adoring the product.”  
 “How can we care?”  
 “Why should we care?”

“We could talk to an auto worker.”  
 “Or a clerk at Walmart.”  
 “Similar concerns, but different levels of access.”  
 “What would it mean to market your dresses in Walmart?”  
 “The customers would not express the same concern for design.”  
 “That seems sad.”  
 “I think that is my calling.”  
 “What if they just want something cheap for the night?”  
 “Walmart could meet the demand.”  
 “That seems a little sad.”  
 “I am not going to cry over spilled whole milk.”  
 “It’s Brianna Mitchell.”  
 “I haven’t seen you since we graduated.”  
 “I’ve been away at University of Arkansas.”  
 “I miss you. You always looked at me with those longing eyes.”  
 “I always felt that you were too cool to ever want to hang out with me.”  
 “I called you the walking encyclopedia. I felt that there wasn’t a question which you couldn’t answer.”  
 “You ought to see me in college. I feel as if I never have the answers. What happened to that guy who you used to hang out with. What was his name? Bud?”  
 “Blaine.”  
 “Yeah, Blaine Robbins.”  
 “We got married.”  
 “Married.”  
 “It’s no big deal. He’s in the army. He got sent away somewhere.”  
 “Why aren’t you with him?”  
 “Some other country. Pakistan or India.”  
 “One of those countries we talked about in geography.”  
 “One of those. He tries to keep in touch in the internet. I just get lonely at night.”  
 “I remember you from that Halloween party senior year. You were wearing that cat costume you bought on Amazon.”  
 “I remember that.”  
 “You were a real scratcher. Then you started purring.”  
 “I haven’t change a bit.”  
 “I guess not.”  
 “What are you doing now?”  
 “I work at the CVS.”  
 “Sounds exciting.”  
 “Could be fun. But it’s a royal bore. I need some company.”  
 “You still live with your mom.”  
 “Yeah. But she’s with my grandma. She’s sick most of the time.”  
 “That’s not good for her.”  
 “My grandma mostly complains. That makes mama serve her every need.”

"That's seems like quite a big deal."

"As I said, I'm alone all the time. You need to stop by."

She was scaring me. I still thought about her while I was alone in my dorm room at school. I never thought that anything was going to happen with her. Now Brianna was inviting me to stop by the house.

I had this strange feeling that her mom was going to catch us together. She would jump to conclusions. She would have the perfect excuse to shoot me. I was betraying American honor.

I called Brianna after dinner.

"What are you doing?"

"I just got home from work. I took a shower. Now I am lounging around in my bathrobe."

"Maybe, I shouldn't have called. This is too soon. Sorry about the mess."

"What are you talking about? I'm not going anywhere. Stop on by. And bring some wine."

I looked around my parent's house. There was loads of wine. I nervously plied one of the bottles and headed for my car.

I had driven by Brianna's house so many times. And I always wanted to go inside and pay her a visit. I would stare at her door as if I was opening it. Only this time, I stopped in front of her house.

I was sure that her mother was going to open the door. There was Brianna in the white terrycloth bathrobe. It seemed to come open as she let me in the house. She strategically pulled it closed as she locked the door.

"Are you afraid of intruders?"

"My mother's not coming back tonight."

What about when I wanted to leave?

"You have the wine."

She came back with two glasses. She put the bottle on the table.

"Wine makes me a little crazy."

I watched her lounge on the couch. This was no longer the girl of my high school dream. She had seemed to mature so much. And she was naughty beyond belief. They had always said things about the prom queen. But she was a celebrity. Nothing seemed to phase that luster.

I kept thinking of her as a married woman. And I was supposed to sit respectfully across from her in the lounge chair."

"Come keep me warm, honey."

It was late spring. It was hardly cold in the house. She was experiencing a different kind of cold. How was I supposed to react? I tentatively found a place on the couch. She spread out her legs so that they were no resting in my lap.

"What are you afraid of? Bud is missing in action."

She had derisively called him Bud. She was stirring me to excitement. I thought about the forlorn mission of poor Bud. Neither of us could rescue her.

She puckered up and moved closer.

"We all have needs. We want to be held by someone who cares."

How much could she expect me to care? I had no idea what she was about. How would

she react if I told her about my psychology class. I had this vision that knowledge could change the world. In its pure form, it gave us the power to escape our circumstances.

Bud was advancing the American dream.

“Buy our rice, and we will protect you from the terrorists.”

And she was defending his honor at home.

“It won’t hurt if you give me a little kiss.”

“I suppose that a little kiss wouldn’t matter.”

I imagined that I had found her at the prom. And she was wearing that cat suit. I was shaking as I talked to her. I reached for her hand. Maybe, she could make me feel right about everything.

Her lips were so close to mine. I felt even more intoxicated by her breath. The wine had affected her in a special way. It turned her into some kind of witch. And I was not going to be very good at resisting her spell.

We hadn’t kissed yet, but she was cuddling on top of me. I was now participating in that marvelous event which gave me such an glorious feeling. I was now basking in that endless summer sun. And the heat was a blessing even as it worked away at my will

“I am not sure if we like each other that much.”

“Don’t say that to me. I am the prom queen.”

“We aren’t in high school anymore.”

“Don’t I know it. That gives us the right to do whatever we want.”

“And we also have to face the consequences for all our bad deeds.”

“That is the part which I like the best. I am feeling so sweaty with you on top of me.”

She let out this gentle laugh. It was meant to absolve anything which we did.

“I need to move.”

Her bathrobe was now so revealing. I felt that there was some secret weapon which was going to punish us both.

“She made me do it.”

It was all my doing. I reach over and pulled her close to me. Her breath was all hot. I kissed her so deeply. I was no longer making excuses. This was everything that I wanted.

I made sure that I left before the sun was up. My parents were still in bed when I got home. I went up to my bedroom and grabbed whatever was left of the night. My father had asked that I cut the lawn. But he had it all done by the time that I got up.

He commented ironically, “Late night studying?”

“No, sir.”

“I understand. You’ve been working hard all year.”

I wanted some kind of excuse for what had happened. I didn’t want to think that I had betrayed my principles.

When I drove by the house, Brianna’s mother was sitting on the porch with her. I imagined that she was correcting her daughter for something that she had done wrong. Maybe, Bud had called looking for her.

My conscience was bothering me. I needed to see Brianna.

“Where is the wine?”

“I didn’t bring any tonight.”

“Damn. I guess that I would have been out of luck if I wasn’t prepared for your arrival.”  
I didn’t have this in mind. How did she know that I was going to come back. I didn’t want to feel as if I was that predictable.

She laughed, “I am not going to leave my husband for you.”

She had already poured herself a glass of wine. I felt that there was no way to escape from her plans. And I was going to keep doing this.

“Do you like me?”

“I am still getting to know you.”

“You are teasing me.”

“Brianna, you are too serious to tease.”

I wanted her to take my breath away with one of her kisses. I wanted to think about nothing else. This was better than the wine at making me forget. I told myself that I did not want to go back to college. I wanted this to be forever. When Bud came back, I wanted to fight for her honor. He would no doubt be raring to kill me. And once he found out what was going on, he would put my face in the target. He would probably get the mom to help. They would both be gunning for me.

“How long is this going to go on?”

“Now is our forever.”

I wanted to write her poetry. I wanted to quite college for her. I could get a job in the auto plant. We could buy our own house.

I was returning from a long day at work. All that I could think about was her wine-scented breath. This was everything for me!

My mother caught me coming home late one morning.”

“What have you been doing?”

“Nothing. Just with friends.”

“You’ve been with the Mitchell girl. Everyone knows what’s going on. That girl’s married. And you’re not the first.”

What was my mother telling me? I was her son. And she was trying to destroy my dream.

I did my best to ignore what she was telling me.

“You are going to have to do a little more to help around this house.”

She felt as if she was laying down the law. But it really didn’t change anything. My parents acted as if this was only a phase. It would all pass. If they said anything more about it, it would only feed my illusion.

I sat with Brianna on her porch. It wasn’t as if anyone was watching us. We were free to do anything that we wanted. I started wondering why my mother had been saying these things to me. I let it pass.

When I followed Brianna into the house, all that I could think about was that cat suit. It was the only thing that meant anything to me.

I told her that I did not like the person who I was becoming. I was taking advantage of this terrible situation.

The next day she texted me: “I have never wanted anyone so much. I want to see you tonight. I want to kiss you all over.”

What did this say about her husband?

"He found some girl overseas. He wants to divorce me."

"Is that possible?"

I didn't want this. What had I done?

She glided through the room like the restless cat. I was seeing my college plans fade with each kiss. She wasn't going to come back with me to the University of Arkansas. And it was feeling more and more as if I was never going to make it back.

My mother reminded me, "You better get ready for college. There is only a couple of weeks."

My mother wasn't taking anything seriously about Brianna Mitchell. She acted as if I had a bad case of the flu. And time would make it all right.

One morning, I was sure that Brianna's mother was going to catch us. She came back around six. I was sneaking out the back as she pulled up. I jumped in my car, and drove back to the house. I breathed a sigh of relief.

Brianna caught wind that I was leaving to go back to college. I came by to see her one evening, and she answered the door in her bathrobe. She seemed all wet as if she had just jumped out of the shower.

"You can't come in here."

"What are you talking about?"

"I am with someone."

"I need to talk to you."

"This is best for both of us."

I didn't want Brianna giving me advice.

She added, "You knew this was coming."

How did I know?

When I go back to college, I did my best to put the experience behind me. That didn't seem to work. I wanted to see Brianna. She had her own ideas.

She only answered my texts once, "I told you that I am married."

That was a disheartening end to the adventure. And the more that it receded in my memory, the more that it seemed like a mirage which faded as the glare became less oppressive. The clarity was crushing. I lay in my bed and tried to bring it to life. I saw her at the Halloween party as Blaine dragged her off. By the end of the night, she had seemed trashed. I also remember her staggering around at the prom. But when she was with me, she always seemed so elegant. And the alcohol only made me more delirious.

I wished that the resolution had not been so abrupt. I tried to weave the story together in a multitude of different ways. I felt as if I had little to do with the outcome. Everything was about Brianna. I had been wowed by her. And she had played me from the beginning. I felt as if she had planted the memory of the Halloween party in my mind. And she had realized how to work me. I had been hypnotized for the whole summer. I was doing my best to shake off the effects. I felt frustrated that she would not communicate with me.

I had played a willing victim. I delivered her wine. I made her feel like the queen of the court. My successor served just as well. There was no poetry in the exchange. She was having the fun that she craved. I had no idea if what she told me about Bud was true. All of it served

her enhanced profile. She could ask for whatever she wanted. And she knew that she would get it.

She would never leave Potter's Breath. She had been the mistress of summer stock. She made all the bit players fit together. She could hand them all scripts and dismiss them when they were no longer needed. Everyone knew what was going on. That might have made things worse for her.

**"Nana, is that how you would tell the story?"**

**"You make her seem more forlorn than she is."**

**"I told the story how it happened."**

**"How it happened for you."**

**"Do you want to fill in for Brianna's story?"**

**"She has her own story. You are making her perform for your narrator."**

**"It was mostly his doing."**

**"And he took advantage of her."**

**"How?"**

**"He knew all about the alcohol."**

**"He was the one who felt rejected."**

**"He rejected her because he despised her."**

**"It never says that. He had this romantic attachment for her."**

**"There was nothing romantic for her. She may have tired with her much earlier."**

**But he made it seem as if he kept on with his visits. It probably ended that first night. Nothing ever happened."**

**"How can you say that."**

**"Look at you. I am making you angry."**

**"You are messing with my story."**

***"What is happening with you, Nana?"***

***"What are you asking me?"***

***"Your adventure with Nero."***

***"His name is not Nero."***

***"But Nero pretty well describes where it is all headed."***

***"I am enjoying someone who actually listens to me."***

***"He listens to you repeating his shit back to him."***

***"That is not what is happening."***

***"You are even more of an asshole than you ever were."***

***"What is that about?"***

***"I don't know. Honestly, Nero, it seems as if you are putting words in my mouth."***

***"My name is not Nero."***

***"I know that. Someone is fucking with me."***

***"You haven't been that nice to me recently. I am paying for this trip."***

***"Does that mean that you want me to be submissive?"***

***"Is that you speaking?"***

***"Whenever, I say something negative to you, it is not me speaking."***

***"Who is speaking?"***

***"I don't know what is wrong. Everything was going so well. Then I felt as if some spell***



*was cast on me."*

*"Why are you messing with me, Steven?"*

*"What is that about?"*

*"I came here to have an enjoyable time with my friend. And you are putting things in my head."*

*"How am I doing that?"*

*"You are making it seem as if he is only taking advantage of me."*

*"What is really happening?"*

*"I am learning how to share with another person. I am opening up to his way of thinking. I cannot always do it on my own."*

*"This guy doesn't know how to care for anyone. He is not yielding to you. He is styling in complete control. Has he read your writing?"*

*"He likes my writing."*

*"And he is working to advance the same principles for his life."*

*"Does that seem that extraordinary?"*

*"He is only going to get you fucked up."*

*"Are you telling me that I am fucked up?"*

*"He is not going to give you what you need. It is that simple."*

*"And what do I need."*

*"Someone who is a little more artistic. Someone who is not a user."*

*"Why do you call him a user?"*

*"What is he contributing to the world?"*

*"Steven, you are number one on pleasure road. So don't accuse other people of being manipulative."*

*"How are you being manipulative?"*

*"I am expected more from you."*

*"You are a loser, Steven, go fuck yourself!"*

*"I want you to be a better writer."*

*"I don't need that kind of help."*

*"If I want to be a better writer, do I have to be a better person?"*

*"You are asking my question. That is going to improve your writing."*

*"Why are you feeding me your shit? If I want to be a better writer, I go places which challenge my mind. They rip up my spirit and put it back together again. That is what makes me a better writer. Not your fucking moral quiz."*

*"You are being so defensive."*

*"I am not looking for a social critic."*

*"Why are you playing the social critic with me?"*

*"Am I supposed to want what you want?"*

*"I want this to be about something real. Something that I can hold and touch."*

*"How does the world become an object for knowledge?"*

*"I am in this until the end!"*

*"I am thinking of a word."*

*"Steven, what is the word?"*

*"Time to close up the shop!"*

"This was just getting good."

"Good is not the word for it!"

I was going through my locker, and I dropped one of my books. I stooped down to get it. As I looked over he was staring at my breasts. I felt this animal desire. I wanted him to rip off my clothes and vanquish me in front of everybody I could feel his tongue like a little cat tickling my insides. I gave him a big smile but he just turned away. He didn't realize this was his big chance..

His name was Brian. But I mockingly called him Brain. He may have been book smart, but he was dumb in the way of the world. There was no other way to explain it. I realized that if I teased him, he only made me feel more intelligent.

"What just happened to you?"

"My Dr. Pepper went up my nose?"

"Shit dog. I hate when that happens."

"What's on your mind?"

"I have no idea what is going on."

"Memories."

"Twinkies."

"Twinkies and Dr. Pepper. That is a fucking treat. The Dr. Pepper soaks into the sponge cake. That must have been the chemical reaction which set off the beginning of the universe."

We had shared a moment. That only made me want to hang out more with him. But it was all accidental for him. He assumed that I was going out with Bud. Bud wasn't much to satisfy a girl. I felt as if I had to shove a book in his hand just so he felt some sense of direction. Bud told everyone that we were going to get married. He just seemed to be one guy who wasn't afraid of me.

Brain was a whole different story. There were times when I felt as if he was sneering at me. I didn't spend all my time in the library. I didn't like reading. I think that it went back to my father.

My mother sent me on an errand to the CVS. I almost ran into Brain as I was coming out.

"You really are in a hurry. I guess you have to get your Rolos and get back to your book."

I imagined the caramel pouring out as he bit into the chocolate.

"How do you know about the Rolos?"

I liked his laugh."

"I know things!"

He was again taken aback.

"Why aren't we better friends?"

"I wish that we were!"

I wanted to talk to him about my life. I felt that no one else would understand me. But he was all tied up in himself. Nothing that I did was going to change that. I wanted him to nibble me like one of his Rolos.

He again escaped from me as if he was nervous about something.

My mother wondered why I had taken so long. She was never that crazy about anything that I did. I was raising myself most of the time. But this time, she was a little out of sorts. I had

no idea what was the big deal

“Bud called.”

I figure that I’d see him in class tomorrow. I had no idea why he didn’t try me on my cell phone. He was the last person in the world who still had a land line. And he was lucky that a mother was that old-fashioned.

I should have gotten Brain’s number. But I didn’t have the nerve. I wasn’t even part of his story.

I was excited about the Halloween party. This was my favorite time of year. I had ordered this great cat costume. And I hope the hell that it would make it in time. I was not a great fan of being a cat. I usually tried to be a little more extravagant. But this time, it was going to be all up to me. And I knew that I could make this costume come alive. I even practiced seductive moves around the room.

I wanted someone else to invite me to the party. I wanted Brain to do his part. But he was lost in his books. I think that he was just going to show up by himself.

Bud assumed that we were going. I didn’t even remember him asking. He just showed up that night in his pick up truck. And I jumped in with him. He found an old straw hat and some overalls. He even had a pitchfork. I could hardly comment.

He seemed a little take by my costume. He just kept staring. But he never complemented me. It was almost as if he had taken me for granted. I didn’t want to see myself as some kind of ornament.

Bud was his usual self. He would down a couple of beers. Then he would stare into space. He would scour around with his hand, and when he made contact with me, he held on tightly.

“Bud, I need to get a drink.”

“Go ahead.”

I saw Brain in the kitchen. He was in a droopy lion’s costume. He had a big smile on his face. But I couldn’t raise much more from him. It only made me want to drink more. He was between Sabrina and Ron. I called them the math club although there was no official club.

“Brianna!”

I looked over at him. What did he want to tell me?

“Hi, Brain.”

“Great seeing you!”

His friends seemed to hem him in. And I couldn’t say much more.”

“Look for me!”

When Brain found me, Bud was hanging on to me. Not in any affectionate way. He was getting tired and bored.

Brain didn’t even stopped. He went outside. I extricated myself from Brain and went to get another drink. I started slinking more as I had more to drink. My inner cat was being released for the world to observe.

Whenever Brain had a chance, he was staring at me. But he did nothing. Bud was leaning on me. And I wasn’t doing much better.

“Let’s get out of here.”

Bud and I made out just around the corner from my house. I knew that my mother wasn’t

home. But I did not want him coming in with me. It would be easier to jump out of his truck than trying to push him out.

As I fell asleep, I dreamed about Brain touching me all over. I felt elated. I wanted this feeling to last. Those clumsy kisses of Bud's only encouraged me to think of a more longing embrace from Brain. There was nothing romantic in Bud, only a sense of necessity. I was living up to my duty.

In this vision, I would end up as the Prom Queen. I sensed my heritage. At every dance and every party, I did what I could to advance my eventual claim to the throne. I zeored in on the competition. I was always humble enough that the other girls never thought of me as a rival. I just naturally acceded to the forces which drove me to the top. I felt fortunate.

As the time came to make the big decision, it only seemed natural that I would win. And I hoped that this achievement might serve as encouragement for my future plans. I hardly had any idea what this might be.

I wondered what Brain was thinking about all this commotion. Had he found one of the girls from math club to strike his fancy?

Bud thought that the prom was his excuse to drink more than usual. Before I knew it, I was driving that damn pick up. I was supposed to be the prom queen. But I felt more like his chauffeur. At the prom, he was falling over me. That only made me want drink more. All that I could think about was finding Brain. I wanted to get away from this silliness.

We ended up missing the after prom dinner. Bud just passed out. And I baby-sat him for the rest of night. He kept waking up. And I was thinking that maybe I could salvage something. But it never would end up that way. I had enough to drink myself, but I only wanted to get him home. I realized that this was not going to work. I needed to drive him back to my place.

I put him to sleep on the couch. It was two in the morning. I assumed that everyone else was still having fun. But there was no hope for me.

When he woke up the next morning, he confessed, "I had a great time!"

"What are you talking about?"

I wasn't going to argue. After I was the queen. There was no way that he could contradict. After this excitement, I did my best to bask in the glory. My friends asked why I never made it to the dinner.

"Buddy got frisky!"

I just nodded. There was little reason to make anyone think differently. The queen had the most passionate night of her life. That was a good story to leave with all the other girls. There were convinced that Bud and I had a wonderful life ahead of us.

Bud had plans to enlist after high school. And he was sure that I would marry him. I was never that enamored with him in the first place. I suddenly became confused about my options. I had thought about nursing. But I hadn't even prepared. I talked with the women down at Gia's salon. And they were already convincing me to come in to work as a receptionist and to help washing hair. This would be some money as I figured out what to do.

Bud had convinced my mother that I would marry him. He had done more convincing with my mother with me. That only made it inevitable that I would go along. I had no idea what any of this meant. I told him that I wanted to wait.

"I am not ready to have your babies."

When he borrowed money from his father to buy me a ring, it freaked me out. I wanted to say no. I was going to say no. The next thing that I knew, all my friends were admiring the ring.

I felt like saying, "You take the ring and one of your girls marry him."

I was tongue-tied. What had I got myself into?

My father had left the family under terrible circumstances. I still felt that incredible hollow. Bud did little to fill that emptiness. But I could pretend. After a couple of glasses of wine, I felt the power to deal with anything.

Bud's Dad helped us to get a place. And Bud shipped out to basic pretty soon after that. He would be back now and then. But I enjoyed my time away from him.

"Maybe you should get a cat!"

I had enough watching Bud when he was home. The cat would add to my burden. I prayed for him to be away. And I seemed to dread him being back. I found that I was drinking more wine when he was in town.

"Think about the word! Think about the book!"

"I shouldn't have made humans with so many flaws."

"We could try a redo."

"Sure, I did some things which were wrong. I just never imagined that things would get so out of control."

"I am watching games on television and making bets. I am in on the game."

Paul had been a star running back who had injured his knee senior year. He hadn't saved for college since he was sure that he would get a scholarship to college. He ended up getting a job through his uncle at the auto plant. I saw him out at the grocery store and invited him over.

"I'll bring some wine. I hear you like wine. "

He was already trashed by the time that he made it over. He assumed the wine would open me up. I was lonely, but I was no push over for his shit. He just stared at me as I sat on the couch

"What do you expect, Paul? That I am going to do a striptease for you?"

"That would be nice."

"Tell you what. Why don't you go first!"

I turned up the music. He stripped down to his shorts. I was thinking what a waste.

"It's your turn!"

I was whistling at him. I did my best to humiliate him

"Why are you making me feel like a pig at an auction?"

I knew what he had on his mind.

I told him, "I have had too much to drink to be very effective at doing anything at all. I don't even have the energy to kiss."

"I can make up for your lack of enthusiasm."

He bounded at me and fell over his feet. There he was lying on my floor. I prayed that he wouldn't pass out.

"You have got to go." I was emphatic

He was having none of this. I gathered up his clothes and tossed them out the door. He still would not take the hint. He did his best to hang on. He scampered to his feet. Then he

lunged at me. I caught him and I used his momentum to throw him out the door.

The next few days he tried to spread nasty rumors about me. I made countless jokes about him at the salon. And the word got around faster than his sorry asses story did. However there were some people who chose to believe Paul. A few of those were guys who tried the same mischief. I was good and ready. And I didn't mind them footing the wine bill. This was all fun in its own way.

I still had a vision that Brain might be different. He had been away at the University of Arkansas. When he got back from the year, he was all this grown man. I felt as if I had been left behind.

When he showed up with wine, I felt as if he was one of the others. I wanted to break a glass just to shake things up.

After I took a sip of wine, he tried to kiss me in the most clumsy way.

"Where did that come from?"

He assumed that I was going to melt at his feet. This made me even more confused about him. I had invited him here for a reason. But I was becoming uncertain about what that was. He was sitting across from me with a look of glee. I needed another glass of wine simply to deal with his obliviousness.

I started wondering what he had learned from his year at college. He had the look. He even had a little bit of the swagger. But it also seemed as if life had rolled on past him. My first impression were wrong. I wasn't sure how I was going to work this out.

He was already here. I wanted to make the best of things.

"So what did they teach you in school?"

He had no idea how he should answer me. He felt as if I was ruining the vibe. But he was visiting me. And I did not want to seem weak.

I kept drinking the wine. He might have thought that he was plying me; however I was only getting into myself.

"Are you okay?"

I nodded. He was staring at me. This was turning out nothing like I expected. And it didn't seem as if it could get any better.

"You want to do this again?"

"Really, Brain. It's not as if we have hit it off."

Did I need to help him out? I never had someone who seemed like such a cold fish. So this hardly seemed all that inspiring to me.

I felt that he needed to be shocked into party mode. There was nothing remotely nostalgic in this get together.

"Please give me another chance. I am not myself."

I did not want to be his psychiatrist. I had enough shit in my own life. What was bothering him?

Brain left without much incident.

The next night I had to stop for some shampoo. I came out of the CVS to see some kid waiting there. He asked me for a light. I told him that I didn't have one.

I asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I am waiting for my friend. She went in to fill a prescription."

I knew how this worked. The prescription could have been for him. And he stood there nervously. He wondered if they were going to question the scrip.

If I had been the pharmacist, I would have wondered what I was looking at. I would have stared her in the eyes. And I might have decided not to fill it.

“You will have to go back to the doctor. He does not have the dosage right.”

That was an easy call.

“Of course, he has it right.”

Sure it might have been right. But I was trying to check her out.

“Are you okay. You’re not shaking, are you.”

She was showing her nervousness.

“I would call him, but I don’t think that he’s in the office right now.”

She started fumbling with her purse. She seemed to be looking for something.

“I showed you my ID.”

“Willow, it has nothing to do with your ID. You are good. I am just not sure if I can help you the way that you would like.”

Jimmy was even more nervous as he waited. He was looking at his phone as he puffed deeply on a cigarette. He kept digging his feet into the gravel.

This was getting easier for neither of them. He couldn’t go back in to get her. But he couldn’t get stay calm as he waited in the parking lot.

When she came out without the prize, he seemed pissed. He wanted to take his anger out on her.

“What the fuck just happened?”

She didn’t reply. She jumped in the truck as he powered away.

“I have an idea,” he stated.

They drove off in the opposite direction. I made it back to the house. There were no visitors. And my mother was out for the night. I really didn’t want to be alone. But there was little choice. I was not going to drink a bottle of wine while I was by myself.

I thought about the kids at the drug store. I had little doubt where they were headed. I had enough to feel down about. But that was not me, not me at all.

I wanted Brain to be more than he was. I could work with him. What would I have to do to power him up. I knew that it wasn’t wine. I thought that he would be more into me. Maybe I had misread things.

I was not going to perform for him. I was not going to don a costume and prance around. If he didn’t like me that much, so be it. That didn’t mean that we couldn’t hang out.

Reluctantly, I agreed to give him another chance. There wasn’t all that much happening in Potter’s Breath. Maybe, I could use him for entertainment. I am sure that he had some potential.

When he came back to the house, I started to feel a little sorry for him. And I felt that I could use the company. My mother was away for another night. And I could do whatever I pleased. I just didn’t want to get drunk and give him some kind of advantage. On the other hand, this was not going to turn into a game of cat and mouse. I knew what I wanted. I just didn’t want Brain to feel that he held an edge over me. I didn’t want to get caught up in an ego contest.

Brian wasn't all that assertive. I was waiting for him to make a move. I started to run my fingers through his hair.

"Are you playing with me?"

This was not going to be easy.

"I could use another glass of wine."

I swore that I wanted to stay in control. I not ready to make a mistake, not at this point.

The wine gave me the focus that needed. If he was not that savvy, I would have to take it slow. I had enough night and a whole lot of wine.

"Have you been with a girl before?"

"Of course, I have. What do you take me for? Natalie and I went out for much of high school. And I have met girls at college."

"I am sure that you have. That isn't what I asked."

He gave me a sheepish look. I told myself that it was sexy. He needed work. I was sure that one kiss would be all that he needed. He would nostalgically remember our days in high school, and his natural impulses could take over from there. Nevertheless, there were moments when I had to wonder. I almost imagined that he needed a textbook to master. That would make it easy for him. He would feel the pressure and take care that he did not fail the final exam.

I realized how caught up in the moment we were both getting. I only wished that he was more of a natural. I was thinking longing kisses, and he wanted to put me on a pedestal. I only wished that I had a whistle which I could blow which would push him into action. What was I missing?

He gave me a twisted smile. It was his effort to play along. But he was nowhere near where he needed to be, and I was becoming impatient with his clumsy gestures. I wanted a man. And he was still acting like a boy.

If only he could keep up with me drinking. He was nursing the same beer which he had when he came in. There was no liquid courage which was going to get him doing a little song and dance. He was way too reserved.

I thought that humor might loosen him up, but he seemed to lack the ability to laugh. I was sure that his nervousness was getting the best of him. If Natalie had been his inspiration, I really wondered what they shared. I doubted if it was carnal appetites. He seemed tamer than well-behaved poodle at a kennel show. He was no bull in the china shop. He wanted to act out his fantasies, but he spent his time watching me as if I was a star of a reality TV show. He was waiting me to feed him with lines. And he expected me to be entertaining. There was not much I could do to make this show get off the ground.

As I poured myself another glass, I felt like a doctor at an important surgery. I realized that it wasn't good to mix alcohol with such a serious project.

It would have been so easy to let this moment slip from my hands. Brian had demonstrated his ineptitude the first time here. So I did not relish him to destroying the night.

I teased him, "Have you thought about switching to wine. It is so much more sophisticated."

I should have fed him hard liquor. He was having this way too easy. I wanted to ask him why he had even showed up. This was supposed to be an enjoyable night. He was failing the quiz. He was running out of resources. His brains should have been worth more.



“Brain, what does it take to get you into gear?”

“I like music.”

“If the music was any louder, I couldn’t hear what you’re saying to me.”

I did turn it up a little louder. Then I started to dance around the room. I wanted him to catch on. I felt that he wanted me to keep performing. I ended pulling him up. I was doing my best. He seemed to have two left feet. I tried to show him what to do. I had to shake my head. He had no idea. I felt like trading him in for a new model. This was not meant to be so trying.

I was not going to let this occasion go to waste.

“Did you like me in high school?”

“I feel a little ashamed, but I had a crush on you.”

“Why shame?”

“I never did anything. I never said a thing. I only watched you with Bud.”

“Now is your chance.”

“I guess I am not that cool.”

“What about Natalie?”

“It’s not like you think.”

I was not going ask what that meant.

“Do you want to give me a kiss?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“So let’s try.”

I closed my eyes. I wanted the kiss to be gentle. I needed it to transport me to a mystical place. It did not have the wonder which I expected. He did not know how to give. I tried to get a little aggressive. I needed to give him some confidence. He only pulled away.

“Sorry for that!”

I wasn’t sorry. He tried to come back with another kiss. I felt as if I was playing a game of tennis. I backed off. I needed to feel as if he really meant what was happening.

I could feel the first stirring of passion. I needed to get him more involved.

He kissed my neck, and he whispered in my ear. This was a little more exciting. I bit on his lip. This seemed to inflame him. He was no longer as tame.

I needed to drink more wine. He could taste the alcohol on my lips. That made him more impulsive.

“Should I go?”

“No, you’re great.”

I was doing what I could to build him up. I wanted this to mean something. He dqueezed me close. I let his energy invigorate me. I felt intoxicated. It was more the desire than the wine.

I felt in the midst of this storm. And the rain was pelting down on me. I surrendered to the incredible force. These waves poured over me. I was dashed in the currents. It was not so much his verve. I had unleashed a power deep inside of me.

I drank more wine, and I felt the rush. He gripped my hand, and he kissed me deeply. I felt a chill throughout my body.

Brain was finally living up to his promise. I wonder how hard he would take this. How would the emotions play out for him?

The next evening, Brain showed up with a bottle of wine. He did not show the same

hesitation as the night before. He had finally gotten over his shyness. And I had been overjoyed with his graciousness. I had not wasted my time.

Tonight, he seemed to understand what I needed. Over the next few weeks, Brain was everything that I needed.

I started to get worried that the puppy dog in him was develop these expectations. I would never be able to offer him what he now took for granted.

Brain was creating a story in his head. It was becoming more elaborate with each visit. I would not be able live up to his image of me. I was again the prom queen. And he wanted to worship me. I had not counted on this kind of attachment. This was now too much to deal with.

I wanted to set him loose.

"It not as if you're being fair."

I was not looking for a debate. I needed to clue Brain into the facts.

"Brain, you're young. You are going to get your heart broken millions of times."

"You have no idea how I feel."

I had to think about this for a long time. I had enough heart ache in my life. I wasn't about to stick the knife in deep. But Brain was carrying this a little far. He was helping me to forget these know-nothing guys who had been filing through here. I wanted someone to get the blood moving. I hardly wanted to make Brain feel as if I was using him. I really didn't think that there was that emotional depth to our relationship. I had given him all the cues. Now, he was trying to use my own show against me. I almost longed for one of those cowboys falling over himself in my front room.

"Brain, we can talk about it!"

"What are you going to say to me? That you sympathize. I love hanging out with you. I don't want to stop."

"I don't want you to get all weird with me. You have to be real. I offer nothing for you. You are going to get bored with me when you go back to school. Better to do it now."

"Brianna, I think that I am falling in love with you."

"Bud proposed to me. He even bought me a ring. Brain, these feelings do not last. You need to understand your heart."

He looked at me with his droopy eyes. He was trying to inspire my devotion. It would never work, not at this point.

I needed to figure out a solution. I went shopping for a cowboy. I found the perfect dude. When Brain called, he was lounging on the couch. Brain freaked out. He took one look at the cowboy, and he started to feel all anxious. I wasn't going to let him in. He tried to force the door.

"Brain, you don't want to mess with this guy."

He hightailed it out of there.

I turned to the cowboy, "You have to leave."

"What the fuck are you doing with me?"

"My ex is really pissed. I need to deal with this."

I didn't need to deal with anything. I found a bottle of wine. And I slept well.

A couple of weeks later, I saw Brain in Wendy's.

"You got the munchies."

"I just needed to get out of the house."

"Brianna, I am sorry that I acted like such a jerk."

"You know that I set you up."

"You did what?"

"Brain, you needed to learn a lesson. I hope that it sunk in."

Brain just stood there. He realized that I was right.

A few nights later, Brain showed up with a bottle of wine.

"A peace offering!"

I took the wine from him.

"You're not going to invite me in."

"No, I'm not. I am by myself. But you can't just show up and think that we can take over from where we left off. I told you how things were. I made it clear. Brain, nothing has changed. Spend your time getting ready for school."

"We need to talk."

"There is nothing to talk about. You have some things to figure out. And those things have nothing to do with me."

"We had a good time."

"We had a good time."

"And it's time to realize that is good for what it is, and that is all."

"It was more than that."

"That is the English major talking. Life is not poetry because you think it is."

"What does that mean?"

"You are a nice guy. You are. But you are too nice. You need to develop some mental toughness."

He didn't want to leave, and I was not going to waste a good bottle of wine.

"Nana, I need some help. What am I supposed to say to all this?"

As he kissed me, I was filled with this tender sensation. I didn't want to let go although I knew this would be the last time.

**"MAKE ME BE SOMETHING!"**

***"Nana, what can you do for her?"***

***"You've given me no choice."***

***"How is that?"***

***"You brought them back together."***

***"It is only temporary."***

***"But she has not will of her own. She is only giving in to what happens around her. She has no independent will."***

***"She made him what she wanted."***

***"That is only your fantasy."***

***"How would you want it? Do you really think that you would have resisted. After some wine and some sweet talk, you would been done for."***

***"You are not granting me the courage I deserve."***

I woke up with new inspiration. I was not going to return to Brain. I did feel as if I had used him. I felt that I had little choice. I was not going to take a puppy dog out for walks. I wondered if I was losing an opportunity for love. Brain would never understand. He had simple

goals. He was a college boy, but that seemed to say everything. He thought of himself as an artist, but his family expected him to be respectable. I would never be respectful. I was the bad girl from the other side of the tracks. My father had left under suspicious circumstances, and my father had never offered me the strict guidance that I needed. They all assumed that I was allowed to run wild.

*There was a moment when the world was going to explode before my eyes. All the inspiration would carry me along. And I would comfort that uplifting experience which would rescue me from my darkness.*

***“What do you know, Nana?”***

***“I know what is fake and what is real. Brianna knew how to satisfy herself. And she was not going to sell herself short.”***

***“Brian never cared for her. She should have never been so vulnerable.”***

*“I can give you what you need.”*

*“What do you take me for?”*

*“I know who you are. I know what you lack in your life.”*

*“The only thing that I lack is some intelligence in the men that I meet.”*

*“You give them the license to use you through and through.”*

*“What do you propose?”*

*“I can give you what you need?”*

*“Are you a blood truck?”*

*“What does that mean?”*

*“Are you telling me that you can transfuse me with iron rich blood. Otherwise, I don’t want your sorry ass excuses for emotion.”*

*“I can make you feel good.”*

*“How are you going to do that?”*

*“You know your routine.”*

*“This is not a routine.”*

*“What do you do after Brian leaves?”*

*“I am going to meet someone who is a little more mature.”*

*“In Potter’s Breath.”*

*“I can move to New Orleans. I can make a life for myself.”*

***“You are making a good entrance.”***

***“Is that enough?”***

***“It never is.”***

***“What are you learning?”***

***“That I can walk on water. That I have powers which I never thought that I had.”***

***“Maybe this should be your story, not Brain’s.”***

***“It is. Brain was nothing but an excuse.”***

***“And what did he excuse: your failure to commit.”***

***“You do not know as much about me as you think.”***

I felt as if my head had been spun around in a washer. My past was being thrown in my face. And my present was twisting around me like a boa constrictor. Those feelings pulled tightly on me. I needed more from myself I didn’t want to let down myself.

*“I haven’t seen you in a long time.”*

*"Not since high school."*

*"You should stop by at the house. We could catch up on old times."*

What did he want to tell me? I didn't want to relive my time with Bud. And other people only saw me from the outside. They would never understand when they got close. What did I need to do to change the story.

*"There isn't much that she wants to change."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You think that you had her right the first time through."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You like your version of the truth. How is she going to escape her contours?"*

*"She could get a new job. She could leave the city."*

*"She is going to settle down with someone who she meets in the small town."*

*"I have been waiting for my turn."*

*"And what do you have to offer."*

*"I know how to praise you."*

*"There is only one door in, but there are many doors out."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"What is wrong with you?"*

*"I have been working all night."*

*"Working how."*

*"Washing trays. Getting ready for tomorrow."*

*"You can't make the rules."*

*"What kind of life is this? I wake up and all that I remember is the night before. I want to forget."*

*"You will be okay."*

*"Why are you trying to tell me?"*

*"Someone has to tell you."*

*"This is getting too complex to follow."*

*"This has been a long night."*

*"Can we go at it now?"*

*"I have more trays for you to fill."*

*"There was a moment when you could have gotten in on the action. Forgetting is the only action."*

*"Forgetting only creates more forgetting."*

*"What is your job: to remember?"*

*"No one remember what they need to remember!"*

*"Are you dancing for me?"*

*"What?"*

*"You are freaking me out."*

*"You are a little late to get involved."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You can't change how I feel."*

Bud had told me that he had a surprise for me. I honestly was not looking forward to what he had to say. For all his excitement, I felt that it was not going to be good. I had endured

senior year. And I was lucky that I had no distractions along the way. And Bud had been saving his big news.

Bud was drinking on prom night. And I felt that we were never going to make the dinner. To be honest, I was ready to break up with him at that moment. But I did my best to hang on. With him drinking, I really wanted to get trashed. But if I left him on his own, I had no idea how we would ever survive. There I was drinking orange juice while he kept downing Coronas.

This was definitely going to be his big moment since I was sure that he was going to pass out any moment now. He finally had gotten his nerve, and I had to give him his due.

“Brianna, I like you a lot. And you know that better than fudge. I’m not sure if you know it, but I am about to enlist in the army. And there are going to be those lonely nights when I am not going to have much to think about except your sweet smile. That is why I want to ask you to marry me.”

He pulled out a diamond ring which he had bought at the local jewelry store. I was losing my mind. This was so much fuss. And it had nothing to do with me. I felt as if I was crushing him just by looking askance at him. What was I supposed to say?

“Bud, I really like you a lot. And you have been so supportive for everything that I have done. But I need to be totally honest with you. I am going to the University of Arkansas to study pre-med. I have told you that before. This has always been my dream. I wish that I could be the wife that you want me to be. I just can’t.”

I could see tears in his eyes. And he seemed to take it to heart. But a few seconds later, he started to teeter back and forth. Before I realized it, he reached for me. This was not a gesture of love. He realized that he was crashing down. And our night was pretty well over. I baby sat him until we got back to the house. And he would come to for a few seconds. He wanted to make it seem as if the rest of night was salvageable. It was not. My only goal was to get him back to his place in one piece. As much as I wished that I could be part of his life, there was nothing which would hold us together after. I had to rescue him when I needed. For the rest of my years, I would have to let Bud carry on with his plans. And I would have to go my way.

There were times that first year when I wondered if this was the right course for me. I had always been a natural in school. But I was not being assigned so much work I felt crushed. I had come here for a reason. I was committed to my success.

My uncle lived in Fayetteville. He was a bus inspector. He would take me out for lunch every couple of weeks. I felt as if he was there to monitor my progress. He was very encouraging. I did not want to give up. It would become hellish. College chemistry was taxing my memory. I was always good at math, but I had a lot of trouble keeping up with calculus.

My uncle gave me the encouragement that I needed. He was very into himself. His wife was not in the best of health. But he seemed to make the best of his life.

“You are going to make us proud when you become a doctor.”

“I am having trouble making it through my first year.”

“You only make a fuss because that motivates you to try harder.”

“Are you playing psychologist?”

He was all the psychologist that I needed. I could have felt let down by the whole experience. I did not.

He would tease me about some made up ailment. And he asked me to diagnose it to

prescribe the best remedy. We would both laugh about this game. I figure that it would only be more challenging when I was actually doing rounds. That only made me concentrate more on the chem class. I would have all the energy which I needed for math. And that would give me the confidence which I needed.

I participated in study groups. I got to know other students with similar goals as mine. This only made me more driven. I wasn't so much competitive as I was motivated by my work. I wanted to do well for myself.

The year went by much faster than I thought it would. Even my initial fears vanished. I was doing nothing but studying. But that was a blessing. It kept me out of mischief.

A few guys expressed interest. I had split my senior year between Bud and school so I wasn't looking for any distractions while in college.

I was at the CVS when I saw Brian. I hadn't seen him since high school.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"I have been up in Fayetteville."

"That is wild. I am surprised that we never ran into each other. What are you studying?"

"Pre-med."

"I didn't know. You are going to be a doctor."

"I am only in my first year. And it is kicking my ass."

"I am studying English Literature. I still want to be a writer."

"I seem to remember something about that."

"I might end up teaching high school."

"That sounds inspirational."

"I guess so."

"We ought to hang out while we're down here for the summer."

"Sounds good to me. I always wondered about you Brianna."

I wondered what had happened to Brian. Here he was in the flesh. He seemed so serious about his studies. He wasn't as overwhelmed as I was. I wanted that sense of balance. There was too much for me to worry about.

I wanted to feel more in control. I didn't want to sit in class and feel as if someone else was telling me what to do. Our programs were so different, but maybe I could find the necessary understanding after being in college longer. I felt the pressure to get good grades. I couldn't return home and make excuses. No one was going to rescue. I didn't have options waiting for me. This was my chance to excel. It wasn't a matter of making myself look all prim and proper. It didn't matter to anyone if I was a beauty queen. That must have made me feel self-centered. I was living in a world which no longer revolved around me. I was looking from the outside. And I only had a glimpse of what was going on.

Sometimes, I looked at my background in high school, and I wondered what I had missed. I was a conscientious student. But I now felt that I had to work so hard just for these meager results.

I looked deep into my mind. I was sure that there was a secret. If I could boil it down to this one basic principle, I would finally grasp what held it all together. I could use this key to unlock every door. Perhaps, this was only an illusion on my part.

I needed to stretch out. I needed to go for more walks. I needed to immerse myself in

nature. And in this unending dynamic, I would find the force which held everything in place.

It was not enough to have the understanding within me. That same energy held me in awe. There was pulse. I needed to soak it in. I immersed myself in these waters. I descended deeper and deeper. This awareness was revealing.

These rhythms were becoming more and more distracting. I needed to zero in on the essential unity. What was the life which quaked from deep within the earth? How could I get in tap with this boundless power? I threw myself into the molten form. I saw how it could benefit me.

I met Brian for lunch. I wanted to share my ideas with him. He seemed unique. My studies had becoming a demanding routine. Did he bring the same focus to his work? His method was completely different. He embraced knowledge. He did not fight with it. And his thoughts seemed to shape something so vital.

This was life. I needed figure out what it was. How could it motivate me to a more persistent insight.

I felt as if my head was bursting. I only wanted to think about my chicken sandwich. I hardly wanted to pretend that I lacked the fortitude to carry on with my task. This all seemed so natural to him. I still needed to discover a more constant pattern, something to hold it all together. There was so much emotion.

I wondered if I was getting too caught up in my ideas. Brian was pouring his heart out to me. And I had little understanding for what he was really saying. I had little connection to the person.

I recognized that my madness was getting the better of me. This should have been a whole lot easier.

“Does this impress you?”

What was I asking him?

“I am not easily impressed.”

He was so caught up in his world of ideas. I wanted to learn something more! I want to know what made Brian this way.

Brian had a story to share with me: “I know that you’re a biologist so you are probably going to enjoy this one. You know how they grow human cells in a lab. Well, I hear how you can harvest a little bit of DNA from a finger. Then you can keep the cells growing until you have a whole mass of human substance. A person can even make a meal out of a loved one. That is the perfect expression of love.”

“Brian, that is so much nonsense. It sounds gruesome. Like cannibalism.”

“It is just a thought. Why does it seem so repulsive?”

“I’m a vegetarian in the first place. And this sounds perverse.”

“What is wrong with eating chicken?”

“I don’t even eat chicken. But if I did, it would not be the same thing as eating human flesh. Have you thought about it?”

“I have. I thought that I would share it.”

“Brian, it sounds like a nightmare horror story.”

“It is not that bad.”

“Are you kidding?”



I lightly nipped his arm as if I was a wild wolf.

“How does that strike you?”

“It sort of gets me excited.”

“You are weirder than I thought.”

I smiled. That hardly made him feel at ease.

“Brian, I am different than you are. I think life is more sacred.”

“You are biologist. You make it up as you go along. You get into dissecting frogs.”

“I hate cutting up things.”

“You want to be a doctor.”

“I want to patch things up, not cut them up.”

“Sometimes you have to do one to do the other.”

“Brian, now you are really the doctor.”

“I prefer to live in the world of dreams.”

I kept a book of my dreams. I considered it a scientific project. I wondered whether dreams were the release mechanism from my daily stresses, or did they reveal something deeper about our existence. Brian had brought up an interesting point. What made us react to some flavors? Was desire contingent on the smell and colors in our environment? For the time being, I felt immune from those influences.

I did have a craving for ice cream. I wanted peach vanilla ice cream, and I knew the place where we could get it.

“Do you even know how they make ice cream?”

“Indeed, I do. My grand mother used to make it.

With that, I shut down any criticisms on his part. I could sense the ice cream melting on my tongue. I would hold it there until I could get that last drop. It gave me the power to remember what I wanted for my life. And I loved that sensation. It gave me sustenance. I could float on that feeling for a love time. I immersed myself in a fog of flowing cream.

I wished my world would remain like this. I didn’t have to envision tests or heartbreak. Everything was uplifting. This dream was an eternity.

The ice cream dripped down my cone. I caught it before it caught my fingers. I bit into ice cream. I wanted to taste the tartness of the peaches. This could not be more refreshing.

Brian did not have the same kind of mystical experience with ice cream. He wanted the universe to be more ordered. He did not want to worry about catching that dripping cream before it made a mess. It was better not to entertain a catastrophe. He didn’t want to get dirty. He wanted to avoid the stickiness. He wanted to be clean.

“Ice cream is perfect. It is everything that I could ever want.”

He thought about a world which was suspended in its frozen arrangement. And it made him afraid. He contemplated a planet which became warmer and warmer. And everything liquified and started to slip away. There was no structure which retained a permanent form. All was this shapeless present.

He commented, “I would hate to see you with pizza.”

“The melting cheese creates problems.”

I wondered what was the temperature of perfection. This was Arkansas. We had to be used to sudden changes in temperature. And we needed to accommodate ourselves to hot

summers.

“Brian, some nights I feel as if I am melting.”

I hated to feel the sweat congeal on my neck. I wanted clarity. I wanted to be clean. I wanted to bathe in ice cream.

“Are you going to rinse off?”

“I can’t rinse it off. I have transmuted. I have to accommodate to this new personality.”

**“You know what I’m talking about!”**

**“I am certainly doing my best, but that is hardly happening.”**

I wondered what would happen if we had class in pizza stores. I could not allow that much error in my life. I needed something more consistent. I needed to resolve the temperatures of fission and fusion. The world was held together by certainties, but my experience had so many inconsistencies.

“What is a perfect grilled cheese sandwich? How are you supposed to eat waffles.”

I had a grilled cheese and some fries. I needed something sweet to balance the delectable flavors. I pulled the slice of tomato from the bed of lettuce. I love the intersection of flavors. Was this enough to inspire me?

I observed the architecture of mac and cheese. I wondered about the integrity of a fried egg. Where was my search headed? I bit into a fish sandwich. I downed it with a coke. Were these the balances which held together my thought?

I felt that there was a puzzle which I needed to solve before I returned to school. What could Brian reveal to help me with my research? Maybe, there was something in his DNA which held the answer. I did not feel as if I could bridge our differences. His hopes were so distinct. I did not want to reflect back on the shared memories from high school.

These journeys would all stand in relief when I graduated. For the time being, I was living in portions. I was only meant to catch my breath before I got back in the race. Year two would be more fast paced. I would commit myself to all the tests. I would develop a medical mind. I would look for causes. This would assist my memory.

I thought about myself on an operation table. I had not been given anesthetic so that I could observe. At first, it all looked like an unholy mess. I was doing my best not to lose consciousness. It was more the shock than the pain.

I did what I could to see form where there was none. I followed the surgeon as he carried on with the procedure. I was the frog in bio class. They were replacing the malfunctioning parts. I was being transformed into the perfect human. My thoughts could correspond perfectly with my body. There would be nothing in my nature which would interrupt my thoughts. I would finally discover my genius.

I took my fork and made a special place for my green beans. I ate my potatoes first. Then I downed the meatloaf.

“I thought that you were a vegetarian.”

“I am.”

“Why are you eating meatloaf and chicken? Fish sandwich and pork barbecue.”

“These are thought experiments. I am preparing myself for class.”

“What about the grilled cheese?”

“That was mine.”

"I am glad that you know how to be honest with yourself."

I did not want to get punished for violating my own diet. He seemed to notice everything. Brian seemed more neurotic than I was. What were the standards which he applied to himself? He did not seem to be as conscientious.

I handed him a fork.

"This is an intelligent fork. I want you to make your way in the world with this utensil."

"I am touched."

"Are you going to learn the discipline?"

He hardly understood what I had to share. He was the writer, but he hardly knew how to inject magic into experience. I wanted to reach out. I wanted to nudge him so that he could understand more about himself.

I pulled him into a psychology class. I was playing with silver forks. And he was blessed with his wonder. If only he could feel the electricity which pulsed around him. He reached into the air and made contact with a certainty which was a marvel to him. The world offered him so much. Did he know what to make of the gifts? I needed to assist him in his transformation.

"Brianna, do you trust me?"

"I am not even sure if I trust myself."

"What does that mean?"

"I have a lot to learn."

"Why have you taken me under your wing? You treat me like the robin with the broken wing."

"Let us take a look at those wings."

"That isn't what I meant."

"You have to be serious about this."

"About what? Grilled cheese sandwiches or ice cream?"

"I want thing in my life to matter. I want a legacy."

"You are going to be a doctor. Is that not enough for you?"

"I want to commit myself to a mission."

"There is enough of a mission in medicine."

"What if I don't succeed?"

"You will find a place."

"We all find a place, but it will not correspond to what I really want for myself. I don't want to spend my life trying to hide my faults."

"You are being too hard on yourself."

"You do not know what it's like. I have so much work to do. I need to make sure that it is perfect."

"You have to find the perfection in yourself. It is all about how you see the world."

"You are sounding like me."

"I am doing my best."

"That is not what I mean."

"Brianna, what am I supposed to think?"

"Is that a general question?"

"There are all general questions."

I was taking the philosopher for a ride. His perspective of the world allowed for too much error. I needed more precision. I needed to cut my meat with a steak knife.

"Are you still a vegetarian?"

"I am serving the world the meal that is deserves at this crucial moment."

"And what is that?"

"Crow! It is all a diet of crow."

"What have we done wrong?"

"We only have to look at the results."

I didn't want Brian to give up on me. I wanted my learning in school to count for something.

Brian was taking it too casually. I wanted him to challenge me.

"I am sure there is a book which has the answers to all our questions."

"Brian, why are you trying to tease me."

"I am not teasing. I really do believe that we are one the verge of a more profound understanding.

"I am emerging from the shadows."

"Here is the book."

*"You are doing a great job at redeeming these characters."*

*"Are you mocking me?"*

*"I feel as if I am watching a performance of Hamlet in an anatomy class. You have all the right elements but none of the drama."*

*"You are too overcome by the ravages of human jealousy."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"I would have never guessed."*

*"This can go on forever."*

*"Do you want to hurt me?"*

*"What is this about?"*

*"We cannot depend on what we learn in school."*

*"What are we waiting for? Who are we? How are we sabotaging our own success?"*

*"There are different balances."*

*"You can finish up on top."*

*"At whose expense."*

*"What is your problem?"*

*"I am looking for a good tax accountant."*

*"I want to earn negative income. I want all the energy to flow into my direction. And the money flows out."*

*"Is that a new currency concept?"*

*"We were better the first time out!"*

I wondered what I needed to do to rescue Brian. Brianna recognized his shortcoming, but it was unlikely that they would arrive at some kind of resolution. She had shut down her emotions. And he did not know how to open the door to the flood.

*"You think that you can control thing which are beyond you."*

*"I focus on what I know. And I run it to death."*

*"None of this is going to work."*

**"There is charm in the way that she holds a grilled cheese."**

**"Are you charmed by the way that I hold a grilled cheese?"**

**"It depends if we grill cheddar."**

**"Are there other dreams?"**

**"Where does this end?"**

**"In Arkansas."**

**"It doesn't work that way."**

**Where was I supposed to take this? Would they just go back to school without seeing**

**each other again?"**

**"She is really caught up in school work!"**

***"When you find the answer, you do not choose it. It chooses you."***

***"That is the definition of addiction. You will never get over it no matter how hard you try."***

***"Why are you tripping me out, Nana? It's not as if you understand the obsession."***

***"What is that supposed to mean? You make it up as you go along."***

***"How was I given this body?"***

***"Someone took your DNA for a nutrition experiment, and he got greedy."***

***"I don't like where this is going."***

***"It is following the equations."***

***"Maybe, Brianna can learn them in physics class."***

***"She is a premed. She will not have to go that far."***

***"Did you see the body that they gave me?"***

***"What are you talking about?"***

***"I am spreading out against the sky. I am like a falcon. I am plastic. I am everything."***

***"Someone here is the real thing."***

***"This hurts so badly."***

***"It is not what you think it is."***

**"What are you doing, Brianna?"**

**"I am preparing some micro for the fall. I need to get a head start."**

**"Go get some ice cream. You have to forget about this kind of thing for a while."**

**"Where are we?"**

**"This is a map to the other side."**

**"There is no such thing."**

**"This is a place where everything holds together."**

**"I know the equation."**

**"The world cannot be folded over like a fried egg sandwich."**

**"You need to ask about this."**

**"I DO NOT NEED A FRIED EGG SANDWICH!"**

**"I am so over easy."**

**"Take one of these."**

**"This is so bad."**

**"There is a joke here."**

**"We have the nights all wrong."**

**"We will never have liberation."**

**"I have one question."**

**"Where did you get off?"**

**"Where I am all off."**

**"I can fake it."**

***"I can fake it."***

***"No, you can't. You completely believe it."***

*"There is this device which I can use to communicate with other people."*

*"Are you going to belabor the obvious?"*

*"When you want to say something, you have to start with something which is very simple."*

*"Where is this going?"*

*"We are going to understand Marie."*

*"Who is sweet Marie?"*

*"Mother, maybe I shouldn't be studying pre-med."*

*"That is your dream. You can't let someone talk you out of it."*

*"I am talking myself out of it."*

*"And then I woke up in the operating room, and they were all watching me."*

*"Remove the brain."*

*"We have done that before."*

"Brian, I need to tell you about this wild dream. I was asked to do a brain transplant. So they wheeled in the patient. And they had the brain preserved in this cooler. So I first removed the first brain. And this was a difficult removal. I needed to make sure that the heart was still pumping. We had this machine which made the heart continue to work. Just like a respirator. So I unhooked all the connections between the brain and the body. And I popped the old brain out. Then I opened the cooler, and I took out the preserved brain. I held the brain in my hand, and I inspected it. It was all ready to be hooked up. The connections were so complex. It seemed to take forever. It challenged all the knowledge that I had. But I was good. I did what I needed to get done. I made every single connection. I closed up the skull. And I left the patient to heal."

"When the patient finally recovered, it seemed like a miracle. All his problems seemed to be solved. But I reviewed the medical documents which I had used, and it became clear that one connection had not been made. I was shocked by my failure. I had done everything so well. The patient was doing so well. But the mistake meant that this person wouldn't be able to help himself and would say something insulting to other people when he was in a conversation."

"This is impossible."

"I think that you were my patient."

"What are you talking about?"

"Brian, you cannot control yourself when you talk."

"Why are you teasing me?"

"I am not teasing you. You have a problem."

"And what is that problem?"

"You can't control yourself. And I am sure that is due to a failed brain transplant."

“Why are you being so mean?”

“You are the mean one. I noticed that about you. You can be so nice. But then you have this tendency to say the worst things. I didn’t know the reason why until last night. I have finally figured out the secret.”

I had no idea why I let my dream story control our friendly get-together. I wondered if I would ever see him again. I would be so busy at school. I had messed it up. Then I started to think that I might have been right about him. I had said exactly what needed to be said. IT had turned into a slam dunk.

I wondered if my realization might have been the motivation to get him to come out of his shell. And that was all that we needed to improve our friendship. But Brain didn’t have that same knowledge about himself. And I was not going to give it to him with a parable about brain surgery. Brian was the damn poet, but he lacked the particular knowledge to make himself into a true artist.

I wished that my understanding of art was going to offer me the skills which I needed for my course work. I had thought about quitting. I now had a new motivation. I realized that I had a deeper understanding of the body and its needs. I was devoted to what I recognized. I knew that Brian did not have that same sense of commitment. I wished that I could teach him what I had learned.

He lacked the focus which was so essential to personal success.

**THIS PLACE IS A SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE!**

*“No one needs a fried egg sandwich, but at three in the morning, they can be delicious!”*

*The world chose you. You seemed to be an important person. You spent time choosing your clothes. And you waited and waited for that revelation. You watched the waves return. But none of that made much difference.*

*“The world chooses you.”*

“I will be everything that you want it to be. I will fly into your room. I will warm you up. I will give you lovely kisses.”

“That seems criminal to me.”

**“There was this guy at Arkansas who told me that crime was some kind of revolutionary action. Society is so full of shit. Everyone breaks the law. So the only way to fight the regime was to become a total criminal. He would steal shit from the convenience store. There was really nothing systematic about his actions. I figured that it would have not effect on the world. It only seemed senseless. But he was committed to this anarchic point of view.”**

Babs invited me back to the Boom boom room I figured this would be important part of my stay she claimed that she understood something mathematical. I was really interested in her knowledge whatever it might be. I was in this room full of star charts on the wall.

“This is how I know when to make love.”

“I am trying to make this work, but I do not really have the skills.”

If I am your partner will I receive you so. I will accept this kind of inspiration.

Methodology

Buy our rice , or we will let the terrorists invade!”

**“This is not a love hate things. I just don’t want you touching me.”**

**"I had a body book. It taught me how to combine the parts. A spiritual anatomy."**

"Who brought these people here?"

"It's a Saturday thing."

"I am not going to last much longer."

"Put some napkins in the bag."

"You are wasting paper. Bring a face cloth."

"I am not able to concentrate."

"I know you. You're Bud. You're working here. What happened to the army?"

"It was not for you."

**"I am waiting to eat something which is going to make me feel so much better."**

**"Where do we get one of you?"**

**"Sears. But they are closing the stores. We can put some versions in the model houses."**

**"Where am I going to shop?"**

**"Jupiter. They are the ultimate retail chain."**

*"I see reflections of myself on your skin. How have become part of your vision?"*

*"Your kisses are psychedelic."*

*"What are you talking about?"*

*"I can no longer feel my body."*

*"We are going to have to get in deeper."*

*"Every action has an equation. You need to right each one down."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"Your caress is reentry value."*

*"Into what?"*

*"When your machine comes back to zero!"*

"I am losing my ability to taste anything."

"Your senses have been dulled by eating bad food."

"I thought that you wanted to tell me something important."

"Anything that I tell you is important."

"What does that mean?"

"You told me that you can handle the equations. You have to be able to marshal all your senses."

"I have become too used to maximum stimulation. I don't think that I can deal with anything less."

"You will have to grope around in the darkness until you can find the cue which will help you find a minimal level of awareness."

**"What are you doing here?"**

**"I have signed up for sensory awareness class. They regress you to childhood. Then they take it from there."**

**"Was it a disturbing childhood?"**

**"I wouldn't say that. I only wanted more control than I had."**

**"What caused the fascination for hallucinogens?"**

**"A desire to pass over to the other side."**



**“Was there a fundamental dissatisfaction with life?”**

“How can I know to trust you?”

“I was born to be trusted.”

“That sounds like someone who is willing to push a friend over a bridge.”

“You are not giving me a chance. This is hardly fair.”

“Chan, you have a lot to learn and not very much time.”

“I have my whole life.”

“Your mind is going to get frozen in its present state, and you will not be able to escape.”

“How can you say that?”

“I need to tell you the truth.”

“That only sounds fair.”

“Fair sounds like the way to go.”

“I need help.”

**“I can teach you how to get your soul back.”**

**“How am I supposed to do that?”**

**“Stop living for your sensations. You need to discover the truth behind your sense impressions.”**

**“How am I supposed to do that?”**

**“Head towards the light.”**

**“I am being pulled along by an irresistible force.”**

**“I am losing my focus!”**

**“Why is the world put together the way that it is. Why do I respond the way that I do. Who put together this machine, and how is supposed to work?”**

**“I learn by doing!”**

**“This is really unbearable.”**

**“You will improve.”**

**“How will that happen?”**

**“Probably a blood transfusion.”**

“Will I have to rely on a blood transfusion for my health to improve?”

“You could seek therapy!”

“That seems a little cruel.”

“You asked for a remedy!”

“I want to know why I am turning out the way that I am.”

Chan wanted someone to document her story. We need to find a point of entry.

“This is not an engineering problem.”

“Do I have all the right parts.”

“The parts that you have may not be sufficient for your self-realization.”

“This seems like a good place to begin.”

“I want to be victorious.”

“Where do I sign up?”

**“Why do I feel worse in the morning than I do at night?”**

**“You let out all your anger at night so that you have nothing left in the morning.”**

Chan felt that she was getting closer to her understanding of self.

"Why are you here?"

"I am here for the experience."

"You need to enhance your experience."

"Am I a guinea pig?"

"We will hook you up to a port. You will be good!"

"I am glad that I can participate in my liberation."

"Are you free?"

**"You will receive sufficient revelation, but it may only last for a night."**

**"That is not going to be good."**

**"You only have three nights to play with."**

**"What should I spend the rest of my time doing?"**

**"Reviewing your finances, taking a hard look at you soul, and perfecting your skills in poker."**

**"Is that all that I am worth?"**

**"If you expend more emotion, you may be able to affect more people.**

***"I want so much more with these people."***

***"What do you want?"***

***"I want to be able to inject them for a long time."***

*"I remember all too well."*

*"What are you talking about?"*

*"Time travel."*

*"How is time travel possible. You would have to be able to regress all matter. That implies that all existence is totally continuous. Even if you could regress a clump of matter, there would be so much which would remain resistant to your influence."*

*"I feel as if I am back in my childhood."*

*"Where is that?"*

*"In Evansville, Indiana."*

*"I thought that time travel was aiming for somewhere in Michigan."*

*"I should complain. We are very close."*

*"The two states are contiguous, but you are southern Indiana. It is not exactly the same thing."*

*"It is hot and dry."*

*"It is cold and wet."*

*"Let it be what it must."*

*"I am in a barn with some cows."*

*"And how does that affect your dreams?"*

*"Would it make any difference if I was in southern Illinois?"*

*"Different rivers, different dreams."*

*"We are down on the Ohio or up on the Wabash."*

*"Did you observe the water flows? Did you consider damming the rivers? What is any of this about?"*

*"I am trying to discover important things about the movement of primal energies."*

*"Where is any of this going?"*

"I like you if you know what I mean."  
 "I don't have what you need to get happy."  
 "What do you have?"  
 "I have the route to the understanding of self."  
 "The self is only a transient blip in the recording of time."  
 "What does that mean?"  
 "You know what that means. I want to get high."  
 "How am I going to do that?"  
 "Eat this. Drink this. And read this!"  
 "What does the reading have to do with anything?"  
 "It is the prime vehicle."  
 "The rhyme vehicle."  
 "Where is this going?"  
 "We are going to be cooking pork!"  
 "I do not eat meat."  
 "You are the victim."  
 "I am not sure what you are telling me."  
 "Everyone out of the pool."  
 "I am not sure what your are telling me."  
 "I am repeating the same torture over and over again."  
 "Eat, drink, and be merry."  
 "We are not doing as horribly as I thought."  
 "What could that possibly mean?"  
 "This is all your doing."  
 "I baked a cake."  
 "And that is where it all ended."  
 "Why make the effort when you can pay someone else to do it."  
**"Are you sure?"**  
**"I have no idea what I am doing?"**  
**"Are you asking me to help?"**  
**"What kind of help can you offer?"**  
**"I have already ventured to all the times and places which you describe."**  
**"You can offer me the needed insight."**  
*"What can you tell me? You are addicted to time."*  
*"How does that work*  
 "I want to teach you a code."  
 "How does it work out?"  
 "Everything means something else."  
 "And what does something else means?"  
 "That is the something that is better than any something which has ever been."  
 "Something else."  
 "I already feel fucked up."  
 "Are you doing something to me?"

"I am the way that I am."  
 "Is this a crossword puzzle?"  
 "I am at a crossroads."  
 "You have to figure it out, not power it out."  
 "I have a power washer."  
 "This is going to be good."  
 "I want to explain the code to you."  
 "Taste this. It is going to get you high."  
 "High enough to enjoy myself this moment, or high enough to make me not want to go to work tomorrow."  
 "High enough that I am not going to care about anything else in my life."  
 "High enough that I can money by just being myself."  
 "That is a major engineering puzzle."  
 "Indeed, it is."  
 "I am allergic to nuts."  
 "I am allergic to knowledge."  
 "This is going to be so good."  
 "I admit my responsibility for fucking you up."  
 "I want to get fucked up."  
 "That is not what I am saying."  
 "Say it; don't spray it!"  
 "This is going to get good!"  
 "Detour."  
 "I am driving as fast as I can."  
 "Someone motioned me through here."  
**"Can I see your license and registration."**  
**"There is so little to being myself."**  
**"I am the entertainment."**  
**"We are the entertainment."**  
**"I am not going to get out of here."**  
**"I am being as good as good can be."**  
**"That is not going to solve my problem."**  
**"The only thing that helps is something that is going to clean out all the shit in my soul."**  
**"Take one of these."**  
**"What is it?"**  
**"Horse tranquilizer."**  
**"Really."**  
**"What do you want it to be? What would happen to fix you up?"**  
**"Something that gives me more control over my emotions."**  
**"Do you want some extra high or some extra low? Or do you just want some neutralization?"**  
**"I want a map which can help me make the right choices."**

**“Is that all that it is going to take?”**

“The chanting of the birds is going to make me feel better.”

“I have diagnosed you.”

“And what is the remedy?”

“Too much coffee.”

“Too much excitement.”

“This is going to be a good day.”

“Work like a machine.”

“It doesn’t work like that for me. I am a professional.”

“We share something.”

“A sense of rhythm.”

“What do you do?”

“I build things!”

“I take them apart.”

“A cycle provides us a complementary pattern.”

“I motorcycle.”

“A popsicle.”

“I need help.”

“Go in the big cooler.”

“I am cooling off.”

“I am angry.”

**“I had a career when I came in here.”**

**“The science is destroying me.”**

**“Make your own rules.”**

**“Read to me what you have. This could be entertaining.”**

**“I am into contracts.”**

**“It is all about a chemistry which takes place within the head and within the heart.”**

**“Combinations of combinations.”**

**“This is all about fear.”**

**“I am afraid what is happening to me.”**

**“I never understood that gut feeling.”**

**“You are making too much of this.”**

**“I feel as if I am falling from a tower!”**

“Where is this going to stop?”

“Total stimulation?”

“Is that physical or chemical?”

“All physical is chemical.”

“I am thinking of extra-chemical.”

“Outside of chemical.”

“No! Chemical plus something else.”

“What is the else?”

“More of what makes you what you are or what you were or what you want to be.”

“Forever and ever.”

"I am so fucked up."  
 "Obscenity."  
 "Sometimes that is the only way to escape from your conditioning."  
 "I am conditioned to extra pain."  
 "What goes along with the chemical?"  
 "Everyone understands ideation."  
 "I am crashing down."  
 "I have an accident insurance policy."  
 "Does it cover ego collapse?"  
 "It covers ego death? Does that apply?"  
 "There is short term and long term."  
 "I am floating in a gigantic bowl of Jello."  
 "That is your brain."  
 "Don't shake the Jello."  
 "I am monitoring the variations of Jello."  
 "This is so good."  
 "You are so good."  
 "Woo!"  
 "We are going to do this again."  
 "I am so fucked up."  
 "Is that an addendum to the last level of psychic liberation?"  
 "If you can't change what happens every day, then it's just the change."  
 "I will take a good fuck up over a sort of good change any day."  
 "If that was a bridge, it would come down."  
 "I would just swim across."  
 "Start swimming."  
 "I am a guppy."  
 "Guppies for social liberation."  
 "The bacon is sizzling."  
 "I hate bacon."  
 "Does that mean that the earth is burning up?"  
 "You couldn't be more perfect."  
 "I never listen."  
 "Nothing will be any different."

**I needed to teach Leander how to make each day better than the last. It was a matter of developing her identity.**

**"This feels so good!"**

**There is a point of intersection, a coming together, when that understanding of the image reveals everything that exists in and out of the soul."**

**"Let me tell you a story."**

**"Leander, you live totally in the present if you grasp what I am talking about."**

**"I am not looking for a savior."**

**"What would it take for you to have that intersection? That apex of**

understanding.”

“So much shit that it would fuck me up from here to eternity.”

“Eternity.”

“I am an eternity lover!”

“Take this pill, dear.”

“It is not going to work!”

“This is so tasty.”

“A million tastes take you to somewhere other than itself.”

“And what is that?”

“I am still learning. I need another taste to figure that out.”

“STOP AND LOOK!”

“I am not seeing what I need to see.”

“It is not here.”

“It is everywhere here.”

“Perfect extension.”

“Do you know what you are doing?”

“I am perfectly rigid about existence.”

“Musical chairs.”

“I will eventually find what I love.”

“Crackers.”

“Cereal.”

“Carrots.”

“The hutch.”

“The cave.”

“What do you want to be here?”

“I am not going to say anything back to what is being said.”

“I have been waiting.”

“Do not wait in vain.”

“We are passing into another realm.”

“Do you want to quit?”

“I want to get good at this.”

“How do I do that?”

“You were able to have what you wanted. Now I get what I want.”

“And what do you want?”

“Something which you may not like.”

“Are you choosing simply because what I am choosing?”

“WHERE AM I, WHAT AM I DOING, AND WHO AM I?”

“I don’t want to offend anyone.”

“What do you not like?”

“I am dripping out of myself.”

“Speak louder. I want to understand this any better.”

“Are you holy?”

“I cannot be saved.”

“Where did you find that out?”  
 “I live in a house which I do not own.”  
 “I own a house where I do not live.”  
 “This is getting to revved up.”  
 “Can you understand?”  
 “Where are you going to be in the future?”  
 “Why?”  
 “Drink more water.”  
 “There is not much fresh water here.”  
 “There is the diamond trade.”  
 “Even diamonds are not forever.”  
 “What does that mean?”  
 “We are all burning up.”  
 “I am burning for you.”  
 “You are the only one who will ever understand.”  
 “Don’t fuck me up whatever you do.”  
 “Why are you so powerful.”  
 “Do not hurt me.”  
 “I want to make decision.”  
 “Tomorrow will be better than today.”  
 “My brain is blowing up just thinking about it.”  
 “We the jury.”  
 “Guilty as fuck.”  
 “Guilty as sin.”  
 “This could not get any more fucked.”  
 “Give me the Jello.”  
 “That is a theme of the book.”  
 “It might be.”  
 “Mix petroleum and Jello.”  
 “Mix Vicks and caramel.”  
 “Do you need this?”  
 “Mix Vaseline and aspirin.”  
 “You are remarkable.”  
 “What do you call this?”  
 “A farm.”  
 “The deed.”  
 “This all connects.”  
 “I need comfort.”  
 “I need help for what is not available.”  
 “I am going to confess. I can accept people dominating me. But I just cannot  
 dominated myself.”  
 “Change the sheets.”  
 “What does that mean?”



“I couldn’t get any closer.”  
 “I am a writer.”  
 “Clean it up.”  
 “I am learning how to write. Before, everything was oral.”  
 “I have a story to tell.”  
 “I have a story to sell.”  
 “Stories suggest that there is coherence to your experience.”  
 “I have the job and the better job and the better economy. More credit. More leverage, and no chance of anything going down.”  
 “I am waiting for two people.”  
 “You lover and your dealer.”  
 “Your one and the same.”  
 “I can do this on my own.”  
 “How do you do that?”  
 “Brain power.”  
 “The brain needs a physical correspondent.”  
 “Do you know that is certain?”  
 “I am certain.”  
 “The flesh is certain.”  
**“SORROW IS CERTAIN!”**  
 “If I dealt with that much shit, I could not trace all the parameters of the empire.”  
 “What does that mean?”  
 “This is getting really silly.”  
 “My touch is going to get you high.”  
 “Are you God or something?”  
 “We are way beyond that.”  
 “Come and tell me what I need to hear.”  
 “This is my thing. Eat the doughnut.”  
 “We had that story.”  
 “What are you staring at?”  
 “Your fingers.”  
 “Don’t hurt me.”  
 “I am only wondering. What do you do?”  
 “What does that mean?”  
 “Do you know work.”  
 “Love work.”  
 “I didn’t think that I would get this far.”  
 “You can’t get much further.”  
 “The body has limited options.”  
 “Push the limits. Know what you cannot know.”  
 “This is not going to return.”  
 “I have a plane to catch.”  
 “I am sending a message your way.”

“Just say it.”  
“This way says so much more.”  
“Give me everything that I need.”  
“Everything and more.”  
“I like starting early as possible.”  
“I am filling in all the pieces.”  
“I want you with me.”  
“This is not about you.”  
“What does that man?”  
“Leander, you need to do more.”  
“I DO NOT WANT TO FUCKING KNOW!”  
“I have two dogs!”  
“You got blown out of the story.”  
“There was a history. Do you understand?”  
“I am making that melt away.”  
“You are repeating a bad history.”  
“Is this like a bad marriage?”  
“This is Saturday. You are getting so heavy.”  
“Most of the time there is enough space to find a way out.”  
“I am creating space.”  
“Teach me about myself.”  
“Do you have an ID?”  
“What does that mean?”  
“We can look things up.”  
“Someone is going to have make the first step.”  
“I am tripping over my feet.”  
“You are in defeat.”  
“She said there is not way that you are going to make sense of this.”  
“Why are you looking at me like that?”  
“I want to get inside of your head. I want to know what you are about.”  
“I am trying to pay for my car.”  
“Don’t pay. Sell. Get a bike.”  
“This is a smile and a prayer.”  
“I am so fucked up.”  
“You are seeing the pattern.”  
“I have all the numbers. “  
“We were way beyond where we needed to be.”  
“I want you to meet my friend.”  
“I am getting so fucked up on this.”  
“What did you bring to the table?”  
“Silverware.”  
“Hand-wipes.”  
“My basic stupidity.”

“You have wisdom; you need to take advantage of it.”  
 “Amber, you need to follow me.”  
 “What are you talking about?”  
 “Don’t talk to that guy. He is only going to get you fucked up thinking about yourself.”  
 “What should I be thinking about?”  
 “Going with the fucking flow.”  
 “You are coming apart.”  
 “Give me some glue for my soul.”  
 “Follow me.”  
 “This is so good.”  
 “Is that the best that you can do?”  
 “When I get home, I will be better.”  
 “I need you to explain how to make sense of this.”  
 “I cannot explain.”  
 “The Pied Piper will tell you.”  
 “Lean on me, lover.”  
 “You cannot give me what I do not already have.”  
 “I will give you a method.”  
 “I will lead you to water.”  
 “I will tell you when you can leave.”  
 “I will tell you how to get the manna.”  
 “Where there is a will, there is a way.”  
 “Blair come with me.”  
 “What do you want to tell me?”  
 “That you need to hide something about yourself.”  
 “Is this a game?”  
 “Blair, you can’t tell people everything.”  
 “There was a time when I had total focus.”  
 “What went wrong?”  
 “I encountered the thing.”  
 “I will do anything to learn about that.”  
 “Down this, Blair.”  
 “Blair is learning so much more than she needs to know.”  
 “Is Blair confessing?”  
 “Blair cannot hold her tongue.”  
 “I just want a memory. I want to fuck with the world.”  
 “I can’t help you there.”  
 “Blair, you are my memory.”  
 “I am my own sensation. I can’t do anything more than that.”  
**What does it mean to say that a person is nothing more than a sensation?**  
**“She knows the cues to success.”**  
 “Someone needs to get Blair out of here.”  
 “Blair, are you trying to tell us something.”

"I need you to take care of something."

"I am hammering away."

"I will never get to the next stage."

"It is all about breath control."

"Are you learning, or are you learning well?"

"No one learns here at all?"

"A machine that erases old mistakes."

"I need to finish this quickly."

"You are going to need much more endurance."

**Blair was engaged in activities which sapped her endurance.**

"I need some oxygen."

"We will reinvigorate you."

"With real oxygen or with a plan."

"What does Blair really need?"

"Do you care about this, Blair?"

"Are you asking yourself?"

"I am coming apart."

"You need to come apart in an organized way."

"I can do walls and windows."

"I need someone to do a floor plan."

"How does that work?"

"There is a place in the middle of the floor where I want to be able to collapse."

"Blair, you need to do what you are going to do."

"I am totally content to be that way."

"I want to be sitting there."

"Why are you destroying yourself?"

"I am regenerating."

"Blair is not that good at coming up with stories about herself."

"That is all that Blair does."

"Blair is sick in the bathroom. Someone needs to get her out of there."

"She is regenerating."

"I only want two things."

"I give two things and one extra thing."

"There is nothing superb in my act."

"It is an act. It is superb by definition."

"For all the whole way, you are only making it half the way."

"I don't want to end like that."

"Are you really here?"

"I have nothing to take away from here."

"Blair, hurry up."

"Why can't Blair be a doctor?"

"Here are some prescriptions and a fork."

"We were going to hang out together."

"I know where this is going to end."

"I am not going to work at this."

"I have designed a complete picture."

"I know what that is. I need to show a little more to get someone to see. Show more and say less. And then, I spill the beans."

"You weren't along at all."

"Keep talking."

"This was Blair's story."

"This is packed tightly."

"So glib."

"So little to do."

"You are going to have to be more active if you want to finish."

"I have to get out of here for a while."

"Anything will do."

"You had a moment. I could have given you fate."

"I didn't get it."

"Why are you going along?"

"I have nothing better to do."

**"Blair has no experience outside of this moment. That is why she needs to return to the now."**

**"I know where this makes total sense."**

**"I am on the edge of blowing all this up."**

**"We are all working on this together."**

**"I can teach you something about focus and discipline."**

**"I am getting there by chaos."**

**"WE ARE IN THE CHAOS ROOM WITH BLAIR!"**

***"Honey, what you give, you will have to take away."***

***"And what is that?"***

***"I want that look."***

***"TAKE THIS BLAIR. NOW SQUEEZE YOUR BODY IN A LITTLE BALL."***

***"WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME?"***

***"CROSS OVER!"***

***"THIS IS BULL SHIT!"***

***"Do something, Blair!"***

***"I am so good at this!"***

***"You need to be better."***

***"I can fly."***

***"Shut up, Blair. You need to go home."***

***"WHO IS TALKING TO BLAIR?"***

***"BLAIR-FRIEND!"***

***"I AM!"***

***"I AM! I AM! I AM!"***

***"Go into the next room!"***

***"Call the dinosaur!"***

*"You must do it now!"*  
*"You are making it mean something that it can never mean."*  
*"You are losing the ability to play."*  
*"I am going in for an improvement."*  
*"It has nothing to do with how you perceive yourself. What are you really like?"*  
*"I have no idea."*  
*"This is a battle."*  
*"Where do you work?"*  
*"This is a hospital chart."*  
*"Blair, can you read a hospital chart?"*  
*"I am a fucking nurse."*  
*"Blair, can you read the fucking hospital chart."*  
*"Am I sick? I am not going to stay in the hospital. There is nothing wrong with me."*  
*"You need to listen to someone."*  
*"That is not how I work."*  
*"Where did you go?"*  
*"Why are you not going to come back?"*  
*"No one comes back."*  
*"You embarrassed me."*  
*"I didn't mean to be embarrassing."*  
*"You said things that made me think that you do not love me."*  
*"I am sorry that I did that."*  
*"What the fuck are you thinking?"*  
*"I want to hurt you because you are trying to control my life too much."*  
*"Stop that?"*  
*"My head is going to explode."*  
*"You are messing with me."*  
*"You are leading me on."*  
*"You don't know how to have a normal relationship."*  
*"Relationships are not normal. We are carnal animals. We live by the flesh. If we do not have it. We die."*  
*"Love."*  
*"Hunger."*  
*"You are such a bitch."*  
*"I am only looking out for you. I did nothing."*  
*"He might as well have fucked you."*  
*"Would you have watched?"*  
*"Why are you so creepy?"*  
*"How is this happening?"*  
*"Are you doing this on your own?"*  
*"I am just doing it."*  
*"I have one friend."*  
*"I have one book."*  
*"I am living by the book."*

*"Can you see it? What is the visual component?"*  
*"Catch up with me!"*  
*"You are not prepared for what is going to happen."*  
*"What is that?"*  
*"A chase across three countries."*  
*"Bringing down boundaries."*  
*"Only for a few people."*  
*"Is this a chorus?"*  
*"All visuals."*  
*"I was so close to understanding."*  
*"I needed to say something."*  
*"I am letting go of it all!"*  
*"Shut the fuck up!"*  
*"This is my show."*  
*"Blair comes out."*  
*"Blair get out of the fucking bathroom. Everyone else is waiting."*  
*"I am playing doctor. I am getting rid of all the bad memories."*  
*"Everyone else has their own shit that they want to deal with. Step up like an adult."*  
*"I don't need you putting me down."*  
*"What do you want me to say to you?"*  
*"I want you to strip me down to nothing."*  
*"You are doing a great job of doing that for yourself."*  
*"I love you."*  
*"I love my bull shit."*  
*"I am getting there."*  
*"Blair, I need to get really fucked up."*  
*"Total concentration of the soul."*  
*"You are not some kind of fucking mystic."*  
*"I am about to blow."*  
*"I have go this. Blair, you are slipping away."*  
*"Blair needs investors."*  
*"Blair does not work like that!"*  
*"There is a sweetness."*  
*"The Executioner's Song!"*  
*"Do not do me like that!"*  
*"What do you want? You want something that no one can give you. Quit being impetuous."*  
*"They found someone passed out in the bathroom."*  
*"I wasn't passed out. I was resistant to coming out."*  
*"Blair you are not going to do very good as a witness."*  
*"Blair needs an adviser."*  
*"Blair, I am going to be looking out for you."*  
*"You are getting in my way. What do you want me to do? Do you want to tell me how to dress?"*

**“You have a style. Whatever that is, I do not want to mess with that. There is something that I want you to give me. There is something that you need. Only I can give that to you.”**

**“Are you doing a training book?”**

**“I am getting faster.”**

**“You cannot do this in your mind. You have to learn to make the ground work for you. You have to transform your body.”**

**“Are you going to force yourself?”**

**“I have already shown force.”**

**“This is pathetic.”**

**“Blair is not to be seen.”**

**“What does that mean?”**

**“She is not longer in the club.”**

**“What am I supposed to do about it?”**

**“You have the skill.”**

**“Mother taught it to me.”**

**“Mother taught me many things.”**

**“Mother is many things.”**

**“Blair is with mother.”**

**“Her mother? Or the eternal mother?”**

**“This is a mother which she is transforming into the eternal mother.”**

**“What is all the talk of maternal?”**

**“I can write that story. Houses, clothes, and furniture.”**

**“This was about a rip in time. That is where Blair disappeared.”**

**“When she come back, everything will be better.”**

**“Blair knows things that no one else knows.”**

**“She is overwhelmed by experience.”**

**“I don’t really like how you are talking about me.”**

**“What do you want me to say?”**

**“That you are a shithead who is saying things about me which are interfering with my psychological stability.”**

**“Blair you are trying too hard to influence your own life.”**

**“It does not work like that. I am doing my thing.”**

**“I am making something happen which has never happened before in human time.”**

**“Not this!”**

**“This is all haphazard.”**

**“If this was all there was to me, I would be haphazard. I have it all under control.”**

**“If I listened, Blair could tell me everything that needs to be said. As such, Blair needs to be ready to talk.”**

**“Hit the road, children.”**

**“Hit the road, children. You have nothing to say. Hit the road, children. Along comes Judgement Day.”**

**“One person’s judgement is another person’s attempt.”**



“Why are you trying to destroy me?”  
 “The morning is going to be long.”  
 “I think that I know.”  
 “You do no know.”  
 “You had your chance to ask.”  
 “YOUR IDEAS ARE LIKE AMPHETAMINE PILLS!”  
 “We are all leaving on a bus.”  
 “We are going on a pilgrimage.”  
 “You have to be left where you want to stay.”  
 “BLAIR, YOU ARE MY CHOSEN ONE IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED!”  
 “Your turn!”  
 “Take your turns.”  
 “This is so good!”  
 “Save one for me.”  
 “I do not care.”  
 “You tried to destroy my life.”  
 “Blair, you are so fucking sensitive!”  
 “I have feelings. I am going to create a world.”  
 “Are you going to try to do that on your own?”  
 “Wrong story.”  
 “It is all in a book for you.”  
 “These are places where you need to go. These are thing that you need to buy.”  
 “Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! I can make my own life.”  
 “Get toothpaste. Get a tooth brush. Find the liberation quotient.”  
 “Stop it!”  
 “Blair, what do you need to do?”  
 “I need to sleep.”  
 “I am a writer.”  
 “I can give you something to sleep. I can settle you down.”  
 “Are you settled down?”  
 “Solve this for me!”  
 “I can tell what is going on.”  
 “Who entered the room?”  
 “We are entering another room.”  
 “The Whispering Room.”  
 “I have heard too many people whispering insults against me.”  
 “What do normal people care about?”  
 “What do nominal people care about?”  
 “BLAIR! BLAIR! BLAIR!”  
 “I do believe. But it is not enough. I am not fit enough to finish this tale.”  
 “Things are getting too mixed up.”  
 “No one can help!”  
 “I have a car. Blair, jump in the car. Let’s get out of here.”

"Where are we going?"

"I have a place in Marietta."

"Are you kidding? Do you think that I want to go back to Marietta?"

"What do you want Blair?"

"I want someone to pray for me. I want someone to get me some food. I want to be with people who want to be with me."

"Blair, you want to be a fucking star. You want people to love you. You can't hide behind that act."

"Why are you so mean? You can't be me."

"What are you telling me, Blair?"

"You are my friend. I don't want you criticizing me."

"Stop the car. I am going to be sick."

"We are not in the car. You are sitting next to me in a bar."

"This is so fucked up."

"We need to go somewhere else."

"Where could that be?"

"The end is coming soon."

"I can help."

"How is that?"

"This needs to mean something."

"Cut the shit!"

"I just want you to get me high."

"You can't be more high than you are."

"I want a Godhead. I want eternity. I want perfection."

"You need to find that in yourself."

"I was almost all the way there."

"At this moment, no one can understand what I am going through."

"I am going through so much shit."

"Are you talking to yourself again, Blair?"

"What of it?"

"You are messing with all of us."

"Things are never what they seem."

"Someone loves Blair."

"Is Blair loveable?"

"I will remember this for a long time."

"Is Blair loveable?"

"I need to get out of this."

"Blair, you look so great. When I am high, you look fucking stupendous. I do not want to stop seeing you like this."

"We are going to need a change."

"We need to end this while we still can."

"Did you save a memory?"

"I only have to remember a little part of the story."

me”

“I bought all these drinks, and I dropped them.”

“That is such a waste.”

“Admit it: Blair is a fuck up.”

“We didn’t say that about you?”

“What do you want me to say about you?”

“I liked this guy a lot. And he ended up going out with some girl who looked just like

“That is not a good way to tell it.”

“I have come to destroy!”

“This is the Avenging Angel.”

“Blair, did you bring the Avenging Angel.”

“I have allies.”

“I have a mind.”

“You would be better served by ending this.”

“I can sustain myself on this.”

“I recognize you.”

“I gave you everything that you needed. It was enough.”

“Who is that?”

“No one is here. Only a bunch of sensations.”

“Someone is making noise behind that door.”

“Open the door, and no one is there.”

“I can add two numbers. That is all that we need.”

“Are you keeping your eyes on what you need to be seeing.”

“I don’t want to fade like that.”

“Where is the Avenging Angel?”

“I don’t want you messing with Blair.”

“You have things which I want to know.”

“A taste for shoes.”

“My life is a retail nightmare.”

“You are in my way.”

“This is so far beyond way.”

“This is pure freedom.”

“Anyone could do better than Blair.”

“They are not going to work that way.”

“I saw something that I really liked.”

“A picture of a dog.”

“A new car.”

“A bridge.”

“Blair, the fucking bridge is going to fall down!”

“The car is in the shop.”

“The dog is barking.”

“Blair, the dog is barking.”

“Where am I?”

"Did he give you what you needed?"

"I needed to take what I needed."

"I was divided."

"I did not see it."

"Someone gave me her soul."

"Work with him."

"Who brought you here?"

"I work in a restaurant."

"I do hair."

"I am in transportation."

"I am never getting where I want to go."

"This hurts me more than I want it too."

"I was almost there."

"I could give Blair a bigger story."

"Blair on a shopping spree."

"Blair understanding her socio-economic alienation."

"Did you come dressed for this?"

"I could not be more perfect."

"Where are you going to perform your anxiety?"

"I need to find the soul."

"There is only a manipulation of the plastic material."

"I am being tossed aside."

"My life is tossing me a thousand places."

"Is this all that I get?"

"I will lead you to the mountain."

"I do not want to go to the mountain."

"I will lead you to French toast."

"Why French?"

"Simple manipulations of the plastic material."

"There are no more stories."

"We are looking for strategies for change. Stories only distract people from the changes which they need to make. They use the story as an inspiration to go back to who they were. You need to make the break. You need to stop the story machine."

"This is not working."

"Blair, you are an expert at what you do."

"I want one thing. I want to make it through the tunnel of love."

"Tell me more."

"There is so much more."

"This is not helping."

"What has made you this way?"

"The monster who you are."

"What went on?"

"Charlie, why don't you fucking take me somewhere?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Somewhere fast. Somewhere to rev the vehicle."

"What are you doing?"

"Somewhere full of life. I am dying with you."

"You chose this. Take what you are given."

"This is not a good way to end!"

"We are catching up to where we need to be."

"Tomorrow is another day."

"You are going to have to do work tomorrow."

"I am not afraid!"

"Let me read your fortune."

"Blair, you are my fortune."

"What was that about?"

"Should we let this go?"

"This could be lovely."

"I want your life to resolve in a happy ending."

***"What does that move mean?"***

***"That mean that I am a queen. I am meant to rule among others."***

***"Does that make you superior?"***

***"I do not think of myself that way."***

***"But you do believe that you are unique."***

***"There is no other way to explain my skill."***

Bridget was ready to cast off her guilt.

"My performance is going to be expert."

"What do you have to tell us?"

"I was born. I lived, and I felt pain. Suffering is the way to knowledge."

"Whose suffering? Yours or ours."

"In the soul, all suffering is the same. It is a separation from our primal being."

"Bridget, explain!"

"I always thought that I was a great person in the past. I rode a stately carriage."

"And you were a persecutor."

"What does that mean?"

"That is the source of your guilt. You are reincarnated from a time when you were a rotten person."

"I was a refined person. I had culture. I had accustomed myself to gourmet food."

"Where is this going to end up?"

"In a confessional You finally admit to the offenses from a past life."

"This is getting deep."

"This is complete regression."

"On this theory, you regress to a period of maximum guilt."

"That is all that I need to admit."

"What do you want me to say?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"Are we creating an enactment?"

“Who am I supposed to be?”

“Is this a bedroom thing. One is dominant, and one is submissive.”

“I am always submissive.”

“In your regression, you can be dominant. Then you have to admit to the crimes of the dominant culture.”

“I like syrup in my oatmeal.”

“This is your poison. You want to poison me. You want to eliminate me from the planet.”

“Ha! Ha!”

“I can’t stop this from happening.”

“Bridget, what is your real problem?”

“Tell me what is yours.”

“I don’t have a problem. You sought me out. You wanted me to depict you in a perfect light. Who are you now?”

“You are saying so many things. You are trying to trick me.”

“Tell me what you want Bridget. How would you like to be portrayed?”

“As elegant. I have a purpose. I have a story. I want to help people.”

“And how do you propose to do that?”

“I will eat differently. I will wear different clothes. Think of my body in a different way. Think of me in a different way.”

“What do you want from me?”

“You could be a guardian. You can keep me safe when I seem to get out of control.”

“I am supposed to like that?”

“I am not sure. Is that our expectation for our relationship.”

“Marriage.”

“I am not sure if I can go along with a marriage.”

“I don’t want you to leave me at the altar.”

“I want to look right. You know Consolacion.”

“Consolacion?”

“From reality TV.”

“The girl in the detention center.”

“I love that show.”

“I thought these places were discontinued.”

“This is how America keeps order. We are taught how to forget.”

“Can you perform her pain?”

“I am learning. I do not have the same background, but I have pain in life.”

“So you need to exaggerate what you have.”

“We have to push further into the past.”

“How are you going to do that?”

“There are therapies. Are you willing to cooperate?”

“What am I supposed to do? You have to be committed to the cure.”

“How am I going to do that?”

“Be more sympathetic with me. Do not taunt me!”

"You need to quit saying ridiculous things. You are not a part of events which you see on television."

"You have to learn how to identify. There are ways to derive hope from the experience of others. We can notice their resilience. We can see a power which seems to elude us."

"For you, Consolacion offers that blessing."

"I definitely feel blessed when I watch her."

"That could be an act."

"She is in a detention center. I need you to go there and take pictures."

Jack was able to arrange an assignment with an online news magazine. He would go to the very center where Consolacion was being housed.

At first, the officials tried to deny his press pass.

"We are not allowed to have anyone shooting here."

"The Director wanted to present a more sympathetic view of what was going on."

After he started shooting, Jack realized that there was no sympathetic view. The faces were all drawn and wan. There was an emptiness in their eyes. It was clear that few people here felt any moments of comfort. They had been drained of their strength. How could a reality show even be filmed here?

Consolacion was housed in a different part of the center. The decision to separate was not immediate. It made it easier to set the term of the show. The people did not have to apologize for the treatment of the others. Consolacion did not enjoy being a prisoner. But they brought her nice clothes. This seemed to limit the exposure of the center. The Director could use Consolacion as a model prisoner.

Jack was able to take schedule a session alone with Consolacion.

"I was told that you have special beliefs."

"What are you talking about?"

"They claim that you have supernatural powers."

"It would not be an exaggeration to say that I have the gift."

"But you are still imprisoned in here."

"I can see things, but I continue to be housed against my will. I still have special skills. No one can take them away from me. Even if they drugged me all the time, I would see things in my dreams."

"They do not drug you."

"They do not. I know that they use chemical restraints against other detainees. It is their only way to control this number detainees with so few guards."

"These are only children."

"It would still be difficult for them to maintain to order."

"Hence, the drugging."

"They do not drug me since it would be obvious in my show."

"What about the people who interact with you."

"I have a host of people associated with the show. Fashion people. They are trying to develop my image. And a photographer. There is a guru. The producers are trying to influence how I think. They want me to be a spiritual asset."

"How does that work?"

"It is quite amazing! I have a lot to share."

Jack was able to take sensitive pictures. He captured the vulnerability of Consolacion. He also showed that unique quality of hers. This was the leadership potential which she manifested.

"These are amazing picture. I am surprised that they let you get away with this."

"They had no idea what I was doing. I think that this is going to be quite significant."

"You have made the place look more hideous. I only hope that can make a real difference."

This may not have been enough to change the balance of power. Some people found a real delight in the sadistic behavior. This made them feel less vulnerable in their own lives. If they could blame these helpless children, then adults had little chance of allowing their arguments to be heard.

"What does this show you, Bridget?"

"I identify even more with the plight of Consolacion."

"Does that make you feel more helpless?"

"They make me feel more empowered. I feel that I can act out their stories in theater."

"Maybe, they do not need you performing their pain."

"I am not trying to exploit their suffering."

"You still feel that you share something essential with their experience. Bridget, have you regressed enough in your life."

"I feel as if you are not giving me credit."

"I have been doing nothing if not giving you credit."

"What does that mean?"

"What would any other guy do?"

"What does that mean: what would I do for any other guy?"

"What is Consolacion doing for the world?"

"Bridget, you have veered off the main path. You do not recognize the distinction between skin and flesh."

"The skin is beautiful."

"But the flesh is the culmination of all these contacts. It is the belief that you see as liberating."

"Jack gives me what I need."

"You need doughnuts."

"What does that mean?"

"I embrace the flesh."

"Why are you so willing to degrade Bridget?"

"She does not want anything different."

"That is not her fault."

"She had always given herself a pass. And it is no different now."

*"These pictures are so good. I want you to capture my essence."*

*"You shouldn't be afraid to show yourself."*

*"I have given you everything that I can. What do you want from me?"*

*"I want remorse."*

*"What is remorse? What am I sorry for?"*



***“This is your thing. You tell me.”***

The show was becoming more entertaining for the audience. Doreen was Consolacion's. She was doing her best to get Consolacion free. This would aid her in developing her career. The government wanted to use Consolacion as an example.

The officials reasoned: “This is a country of laws. Just because someone has money does not mean that she can violate our laws.”

Doreen was a committed lawyer, but she also saw this an opportunity to advance her career.

Marie indicated that Doreen was not doing this for the long haul.

“I hate to think that any of us have an agenda. This is thankless work. We are dealing with a cruel system which has little concern for children. They are monsters. So it is tough even getting the slightest victories. Doreen realized that there was a great deal of notoriety with Consolacion's case. Before this, she was more of an ambulance chaser. Now, she feels that she can get her career on a professional footing.”

The success of the show depended on creating a real villain. When Phil was caught spying on Consolacion, this seemed like a perfect opportunity. Consolacion felt that he should be punished for what he had done. He should be fired and punished.

“I am already suffering indignity in being placed in this facility. Now, I am just a piece of meat to dissected by this miscreant.”

The producers felt that they could use Phil to create some drama. Doreen started to develop a relationship with Phil. This added another complication.

“She is a pig. I don't want her as a lawyer.”

The producers needed to get the two women together. Once the sparks started to fly, everyone the audience would go crazy.

“Bitch, I do not need you in my shit. Do you know who this guy is?”

“He appreciates beauty.”

“There is not a sufficient punishment for him. If I had the opportunity I would scratch his eyes out.”

She could only see blood.

“And when I am finished with him, I can rip you apart.”

“You don't have to wait. I am here now.”

“If I touched you, the guards would be all over me.”

“I think that producers want to see this happen.”

Consolacion was not sure if she wanted to seem so petty. Doreen now took this as a sign of weakness. She felt as if she was just protecting herself. Consolacion was off balance. She fell over. As she went down she grabbed at Doreen.

“What are we going to do about this?” Consolacion asked.

Doreen started to pull Consolacion's luxuriously flowing hair. Consolacion did not want to react aggressively. But she needed to defend herself. She had the height on Doreen. Doreen was not small. The two women struggled.

Consolacion was more familiar with street fighting. And she was able to pin Doreen down. Then she jumped up.

This had all been filmed. Consolacion did not want the audience to see this. But she had

made her point. That only made her seem more powerful.

Doreen was completely the stuff of reality TV. She would leave this show, but she wanted to parlay this into her own show. She could find a host of clients who be spectacle for television.

“Won’t the show violate their legal rights?”

“Everyone can agree to sign releases which waive those rights.”

“Are such agreements binding?”

“Everything will be above board.”

“What does that mean?”

The inmates were gathered in two lines. Many could barely stand up. One of the guards went through the first line and then the second. He picked out some of the older detainees. These were the troublemakers. Consolacion was among this group. There were thirteen in all. There was no special significance to the number. They had just decided on those who had come to their attention.

The thirteen were surrounded by armed guards. These were feeble children. But the guards did everything to look threatening.

The children were directed onto a bus. Two guards rode along with the group.

“Where are we going?”

“You will see when we get there.”

“You are not going to try to kill us.”

“Don’t be silly.”

“Why are you pointing the guns at us?”

“We are not pointing them at you.”

They continued to wonder. Indeed, it seemed as if they would have to make a decision. If there were no quarters to house the children, there were only a few choices. They could abandon them in the desert to fend for themselves. Or they could neutralize them.

“Where are we going?”

“We have answered that.”

Consolacion spoke up, “I have a television show, which they film all the time.”

“I guess your television show has been preempted by reality.”

“What does that mean? You cannot do that to us.”

“We are doing it to you. There is no reason to question this. You simply have to go along. Quit complaining. The others are accommodating.”

“No, we aren’t.”

They all took this as a pretext. They started stamping on the ground and screaming.

The bus driver stopped the bus.

“If you don’t stop this, we are not going anywhere.”

The kids would not stop their noise. They felt as if they were victorious. One of the guards pointed his gun at one of the children. He kept moving closer. The rest of the children refused to be quiet.

The guard got trigger happy, and fired near the boy. Everyone jumped.

“Let us get going now!”

The kids realized that these guards were not stable people. They did not want to risk any

more incidents. This made it even more questionable about their final destination.

The driver was already jittery. Once he heard the shots, he felt unable to concentrate. There was some debris in the road, and he felt unable to stop in time. The bus careened on its side. The children were held in place, but the two guards were tossed in the air. At the same time, the bus crashed into a guard rail. The bus was immobile. One of the wheels continued to twirl in the air. The children were able to push open the emergency exit.

"I guess that they got their wish. We have been abandoned in the desert."

"It is not as bad as it seems. We are on the road. There is a way out of here."

"I am not some kind of freak who is just entertainment for other people. I am not a spectacle to be ogled at and laughed at. I am being kept prisoner here. I have done something wrong. I am being used as a pawn in your political intrigue. This is hardly fair to me. You are holding me hostage, and I have no way to meet the price whatever that might be."

"I was trying to escape from a horrendous way of life. I really had no alternative. This was hardly a choice. The circumstances drove me to leave. And there was really nowhere else that I could go. It was hell just making it across the border. And I was swarmed before I could make my way any further. I wish that I had the papers. I wanted asylum. I wanted to be in a place where I could be respected. Where I could live my dreams in peace."

"This is so terrible. Where the hell am I going? I want to blame myself. I only wish that there was something that I could do to get out of here."

"I think that they want us to hate ourselves. This goes beyond trying to torture us. They try to be clever about this so that it never seems as if they are doing anything illegal. They have learned these techniques in wartime. Now they are applying these techniques to children. I don't really understand this. What are they defending? I came for the promise of a better life. What is a better life if you don't live free?"

"What are there trying to do to us?"

"I have a soul. And you are doing everything that you can to deny my existence."

"You have created this weird scenario that I am a character in a reality television show. That is only mocking my suffering. I would never submit to anything so humiliating. They are treating all of us terribly. This is not material for jokes. I cannot imagine people watching us from the comfort of their homes and gloating about the drama of our lives."

"I hate to believe that there are people in America who are so envious about the fate of others that they would allow them to be mocked on television. This is a sadistic streak. Fortunately, none of this is true. None of this will ever be true. I have my dignity. I am a noble person. Why do you find pleasure in treating people like dogs?"

"I was never a fan of reality shows. There are such a terrible example of human kind. People find pleasure in cheap gossip, vulgar language and people beating each other in the streets. The Romans had circuses where they would watch the slaughter of human beings. People still love bull fighting. But Americans delight in the beating of human beings. This is their version of dog fighting. And it is so primitive."

"I have seen gang fights in the street. I have been threatened with guns and knives. Relatives of mine have been killed by vigilante armies. These fascist wolves have no respect for human life. They will kill civilians on a whim. These death squads are everywhere. They are trying to involve people in their war. This is also a way to make sure that people do not fight

for higher wages. We do not have enough for our families, and we are threatened by the wolf squads.”

“No wonder we want to escape. We do not want to live our lives this way anymore. So we would only feel insulted if someone wanted to create a reality show.”

“The guards would taunt us with the same kind of ridiculous arguments again and again.

***“Can you understand how there is not longer room for refugees in our country?”***

**“There is work that we can do. There are places we can live. We have relative. There are people who ware willing to take us in”.**

***“People are being paid so much less because people like you are willing to work for nothing.”***

**“We only ask that people be fair. There is loads of work to be done. We usually have no trouble finding work. We come because there is demand for our services.”**

***“You have destroyed our country. What is there left? We have to protect ourselves.”***

**“We can all work together. We have skills. We can complement what you can do and make your country a better place.”**

***“You are the problem.”***

“There is this girl that I saw on television. She wanted to be a model in Honduras. But the death squads terrorized her family. She felt that she needed to leave the country. She tried to get papers in her country. But they stole her money. And the papers were fake. She decided to attempt the crossing. But she was picked up after she crossed the border. She is all of eighteen, and she is being held as a prisoner in a detention center. I think that if I performed her life, I would get a better understanding of what is going on in her life.”

“What are you talking about Bridget?”

“I have this great idea. You don’t think that I am taking advantage of her situation.”

“I am totally with you.”

“You are making faces at me. You aren’t questioning what I am doing.”

“I am not sure if that is really fair to someone who is being mistreated.”

“I feel her plight. I want to be sympathetic.”

“It is one thing to be sympathetic. You have to be more tolerant of her situation.”

“What else can I do? Her story needs to be told.”

“That is not the same thing as performing her life.”

“She understands her pain. She is different than I am. I do not feel as if I understand who I am.”

“You are trying to take her identity.”

“I want to understand her. I want to understand myself. I am not real. I do not have a soul. I have come from a culture which succeeds by oppressing others. I have been drawn into their way of life. That is why she is so appealing to me.”

“You have to find something in yourself.”

“Jack, have you found that things in yourself. Who are you? You photograph people because you want them to speak for you.”

“But they still have an independence.”

“That is not the point. You are a photographer, and I am an artist with my words.”

“That is still not right.”

"What are you telling me Jack. This is not a moral thing. I feel her plight."

"It is one thing to feel it, but when you represent it on stage, you are taking something from her that you cannot take."

"This is what I feel deep in my soul. Maybe, I am telling you something that I cannot tell you otherwise."

"I am encouraging your art. I am not going to tell you to do something that you shouldn't be doing."

"Sometimes, I am not sure what you are telling me. I almost feel as if you are doing things to mess with me. I don't understand it whatsoever."

"Bridget, you need to chill."

"You are making me all guilty about what I am doing. Now you are asking me to chill. This is not helping."

"What do you want me to say, baby. I love you."

"Love is not going to cut it right now."

"If I feel as if you are making bad decisions, I need to say what I feel."

"This sucks."

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know what to say. I feel this deep inside of me. You can't take that away from me. Let me be me."

"How? Do you think that anyone lets this girl be herself?"

"She needs to have her story told."

"By a debutante."

"Who is putting these words in your mouth. You have never talked to me like this before."

"Honey, I want you to be real."

"Real how?"

"You are trying to make theater about another person's life."

"She has a dramatic life. And it is important to sympathize with her situation."

"It is one thing to sympathize."

"I have so much emotion. This country is so out of control. This is one way that I can express my feelings."

"You have to think about what you are doing. Otherwise, you are no different than the people that you criticizing."

"You always say that. I want a voice."

"What kind of voice is that if your suffering is not like the people who you portray?"

"I am trying to learn."

"But there are some performances which are inherently offensive."

"I am not putting on weird makeup to mock the child. I am only developing her situation into something that can be publicly performed. This can help people to better understand her life."

"Maybe, she does not want that kind of understanding. It is not up to you to decide."

"I am trying to reinvigorate her experience. She has been silenced by the government. I want her to be liberated."

"Maybe, she does not need you to speak for her."

"I want to tell her story."

"We need to let her tell her own story."

"This is a step."

*"And you really believe that you are going to get out of here."*

*"If you want to leave, there is a door open for you."*

*"I am willing to take that door."*

*"There is no way to move ahead."*

*"Something is wrong with the way that all the wires cross."*

*"I only want to be heard. Why is everyone interfering with what I want to say?"*

*"You are an interference. You should have never come here."*

*"I wanted to protect myself. I wanted to defend my rights. I want to be a free person."*

*"This is now your dreams."*

*"Why do you mock me?"*

***"My name is Renee. I have a lovely life. I just finished yoga. I have a wonderful smile on my face. I am here to take Bridget's place."***

***"How does that work?"***

***"I am replacing Bridget in your life. I have none of the ambiguity about my life. I feel good in my skin. You don't have to do a thing. Bridget is gone. She is going to solve her problems. And I am here to make your feel good."***

***"How does that work?"***

***"I will do what you want, honey. I eat lots of vegetables, and I drink water. I do not make a mess. I ride bikes. I will do whatever you want. I realize that you are an artistic type. I will encourage your art. I will read magazine articles and I can tell you about from what I read. I will read self-help books so that I can be the best partner. I will go to a therapist so that I can learn things that I can share with you. I will give you want need. I will make you feel good. I will love your body. I will give you gifts. I will make you feel better about yourself. I will do everything that I can to bless your life. After a while, you will act as if I have always been your partner. We will not fight. I will be the perfect wife. We will have lovely children. They will take after you, and you can take them fishing. I will never quarrel with you. I have a great job, and you have a great job. We will forever have a perfect life. And in the end, the world will love us for being perfect."***

***"I want Bridget."***

***"I look lovelier than Bridget. My body has better tone. I was made for a man. And I am a perfect woman. What could be better?"***

***"You are probably right."***

***"Probably right!"***

***"When Bridget left me, I had to wonder. I think that I made up Bridget to deal with the lulls in my life. Renee is the perfect partner. She anticipate what I need. I want to work with her. We share the chores. I eat off her plate. Sometimes we only need on plate. I feel that we are one mind, but I do not try to interfere with her life. She has her life."***

***"Honey, I heard about this girl Consolacion. And I feel more and more that this is my life. What am I doing to myself? What is she doing to me?"***

***"Honey, what was that about?"***

**"Do not call me honey. I am Consolacion. I have been brought to this house against my will."**

**"Consolacion, I will give you everything that a wife needs."**

**"I do not want to be your wife. You are a creepy man. What is wrong with you? You give me these weird looks. I am a lovely young woman, and I am being destroyed by someone who is not me."**

**"I give you opportunity."**

**"As your wife. You want to make me a servant."**

**"I want to live a wonderful life with you."**

**"Where is all this going?"**

**"We are being entertained in our own way. That is love."**

**"Do not interfere with my life."**

**"I am protecting something about my life."**

**"Do not try to tease me!"**

**"You cannot change the world by snapping your fingers."**

**"Do you respect this?"**

**"I do not even know what this is about."**

***"You are a fucking whore. You are trying to get into my business as if you are one tough bitch. You are no gangbanger."***

***"Honey, what are you watching."***

***"This a reality show. This girl just made it into the States. And she is hanging around with these lowlifes. She is doing what she can to protect herself."***

***"How did she get in the country?"***

***"She crossed the porous border. But they are trying to advance this weak version of Fortress America."***

***"You can have what you want. There are different flavors of Oreos."***

***"There are Oreos and Twinkies."***

***"They are more expensive in other countries."***

***"You have to pay a med cost."***

***"Do you feel safe?"***

***"Your kids are going to beat the shit out of your these days. What is safety?"***

***"Are you doing well for yourself."***

***"Bridget, is there something that you want to show me."***

***"I want you to lick the guilt off of my skin."***

***"How do I do that?"***

***"You have to be yourself."***

***"I do not even know what is expected of me."***

***"You read my vows."***

***"I am sure if any of them made any sense to me. I thought that this was performance piece."***

***"This is a real marriage."***

***"I was told that I could leave if I did not like the wedding presents."***

***"We can all try new things."***

***"I just need to get out of here."***

***"This is a shit hole."***

***"That is how we live our lives."***

***"I only want you to be nice."***

***"Get out of my face."***

***"Who is putting these ideas in my head?"***

***"My head is getting too big."***

*"Things were doing so well. And you started to watch REALITY TV. Now you are treating me like shit."*

***"It is going nowhere."***

***"Is that something that you heard on television?"***

***"I heard someone say: 'Suck on this.' Suck on this!"***

***"We used to get on so well together."***

***"Now, I realize that you are a total shithead."***

***"That is a little cruel."***

***"I am doing my best to open my heart."***

***"There are so many hearts. I want one that I can hold on to."***

***"Consolacion, that fucking lawyer is conspiring to get her own show. She is going to sell you down the river for a contract. She does not give a fuck about you."***

***"She got me out of the center. She got me a show."***

***"She had some guy taking pictures of you."***

***"And I can't sue."***

***"You sure can sue."***

***"This is so out of hand."***

***"Everyone is making so much noise."***

***"There is something that I need to ask you."***

***"Jack, there is something that I need to ask you. What would you do if we were not together?"***

***"I hurt."***

***"What do you mean that you hurt? Is this a marriage? Are you willing to do your part?"***

***"Do you like the gifts that you got?"***

***"Bridget, do you even know who you are. You are trying to be so many different kinds of people."***

***"What is your name?"***

***"Dale."***

***"I can take a doughnut and bring it to life. Give me some money. I want to be sweet."***

***"You cannot live on doughnuts."***

***"I have a chemical solution to existence."***

***"The rest of our lives is going to be wonderful."***

***"Do you love doughnuts too?"***

***"We both enjoy fun."***

***"Do you want to have fun?"***

***"Take a box."***

***"How does that work?"***



"There is an extra one for a friend."  
 "I only want to last."  
 "It is not the taste. Only the hope that you can have another."  
 "There are more in the box."  
 "Do you want to share?"  
 "What is this about?"  
 "There are those who eat, and those who make."  
 "There is a mix here."  
 "A mixed box."  
 "What do you do when you cannot get what you want?"  
 "I can help you to have fun."  
 "I am not a big doughnut person."  
 "I can make you feel things that no one else can."  
 "And I have to keep buying you doughnuts."  
 "This is a deal."  
 "I am not comfortable with any of this."  
 "We are going to accommodate to what is happening to us!"  
 "Do you have a bodyguard?"  
 "Are you destroying yourself?"  
 "It is not the doughnuts. It is what they represent."  
 "And what do they represent."  
 "I am trying to get out of this life into another."  
 "There is a cave where we can hide out."  
 "When I started to realize where I was, I didn't want to exist like this."  
 "This is a bad joke."  
 "I am over this."  
 "Maybe, you can teach me the way to transcend."  
 "Have the thirteenth!"  
 "Just get me one!"  
 "I want to get out of here."  
 "I am curious."  
 "This hurts too much!"  
 "I have seen it all!"  
 "Do your tap dance."  
 "I am inside without being inside."  
 "It is something that is going on in the blood."  
**"There is a moment when I am completely part of the moment. The sugar is so stimulating."**  
**"Where is this going?"**  
**"I found you. And I wanted to make you feel as if you mean something. There is something in your life which makes you feel excited about yourself."**  
**"This is one of the worst days of my life."**  
**"This is a really good doughnut."**

**“Some things should not be said. They only need to be experienced.”**

“Love can be like a jellyfish.”

“What does that mean?”

“There are no parts. Life is perfect extension. It spreads out into the space that it is given. It enjoys because that is how being works.”

“If you pass an electric current, the animal enters an excited state. This is the basis for an emotional response.”

“Does it progress from there? Does the animal evolve so that it can better withstand these electrical shocks?”

“At what level, do these shocks destroy the animal. If the shocks are maintained at a slightly lower level, the animal is not harmed.”

“You really believe that.”

“I live like that.”

“We are like jellyfish.”

“We stun and are stunned. We absorb and are absorbed.”

“This is a likely love story.”

**“This cannot be translated.”**

**“What does that mean?”**

**“The words have an accompanying code which will not translate.”**

**“I think that she understands really well.”**

“We don’t have any homework. What do you want to do?”

“Keep as far away from the police as possible.”

“Should we be afraid of the police?”

“They are there to keep us on our toes. They are always trying to see if our papers are in order.”

“Why do we need papers?”

“They want to make sure that no one is destroying the power grid.”

“Otherwise, they will just let us go.”

“They do make a record that we have come in contact with them. I hear that after a few time, they decide to pick us up.”

“How many times is that?”

**“I feel that this story is about you.”**

**“What is that supposed to mean?”**

**“You have that want look. You are a symbol of the resilience of a new era.”**

**“How do I do that?”**

**“Stay hungry.”**

**“What does that mean?”**

**“You need to learn to last despite the adversity.”**

**“I am doing my homework. I am learning the important lessons.”**

**“Let me see your homework.”**

**“What are you asking us?”**

**“We are searching for irregularities.”**

**“In our homework? Are you going to punish us if our homework does not look right.”**

**“We are looking for subversive thought. People who do not endorse the benefits of**

*hard work and free enterprise.”*

*“You guys spend all your time going to cat houses and driving around drunk. But you are protecting the state.”*

*“Are you telling us to ban cats?”*

*“I am telling you to try to do our homework. If you can’t even get close, then I will give you the reward that you deserve.”*

*“Where does this come from?”*

*“You are all on a list.”*

*“That is all that you can do. Create lists and kill people.”*

*“Are you threatening us?”*

*“I only want to eat the perfect chicken sandwich. That is the only reason to live in this country.”*

*“Who is going to liberate the chickens?”*

*“That is a serious question. But someone needs to make sure that the chickens do not have subversive thoughts.”*

*“Is this really a story for people who are already part of the horror viewing audience?”*

*“Think about it. If you lived the life of a chicken, it could be hellish.”*

*“Is this symbolism?”*

*“This is Friday night. It is all symbolic of a time when we will be liberated.”*

*“Someone needs to sharpen the bones!”*

*“There are chicken bones piled somewhere so that we can have perfectly shaped sandwiches.”*

*“What if the animals were bred without backbones? They would make a perfect meal. There would be no reason to doubt this combination. Chickens for sandwiches. There would be no way that they could object to the dominant culture. The culture dominating them for sandwiches.”*

*“As long as we take what we are given, our lives will be an everlasting line in the drive through.”*

*“We are coming to a secret understanding.”*

*“That is all part of this story.”*

*“Let us get out of here!”*

*“What is that supposed to mean?”*

*“There is a door, and we are supposed to pass through.”*

*“I am on a list.”*

*“It is an extra homework list.”*

*“Someone has to take the chickens in outer space.”*

*“They are going to orbit the globe.”*

*“They will be better tasting. They will have contemplated weightlessness.”*

*“How many chickens are sacrificed so that human beings can have the perfect eating experience?”*

*“You were upstairs cooking chicken. I could smell dinner. It made me hungry.”*

*“What are you doing Constance?”*

*“I want you to care for me.”*

*“Eat the chicken, and quit making a fuss.”*

"I do not really like chicken."

"I want to make this an enjoyable experience."

"Do you care for me?"

"I like making you chicken."

"What if I want vegetables?"

"I made rice and green beans. You have a salad. Is there something that you want that you cannot have."

"I want to freak you out."

"There are things that will not change."

"I want you to love me more than anyone."

"I am not that kind of person. I live too much in the present. I can make a meal. I can eat it with you. I can share small talk. I don't know what life will be like five years from now. The price of rice may go up. I may decide that I don't want to eat chicken anymore."

"What kind of person are you? There are important things going on in the world around us. And we sit around and talk about chickens. That is really distracting."

"There is only so much that I can tell you."

"I wish that I was more artistic."

"You are artistic. And you take photographs."

"What do you want to tell me?"

"I like hanging out with you. I can't tell you things that I don't believe. I enjoy my life, and I like hanging out with you."

"I want you to be a little more adventuresome."

**"What is your one regret?"**

**"My husband never challenged me."**

**"What does that mean?"**

**"He never surprised me in bed. I tried to explain it to you. I no longer feel sexy after spending all that time with him."**

**"Bridget, maybe you could do a sexy dance for me. I think that I would understand you better. Show me the action that goes on inside of your soul."**

**"I am trying to reveal my soul. I want you to understand me in a deep way."**

**"There is only one way for human beings to share."**

**"By touch."**

**"By speech."**

**"We imagine things that are there even if they do not appear before us."**

**"Did someone just steal something?"**

**"What are you trying to take from me?"**

**"You are the one who said that your husband did not satisfy you."**

**"I don't think that I said that. I stopped feeling sexy."**

**"I can make you feel sexy. Then what. Are you going to be more creative? Are you going to be able to understand the world any better than you do now?"**

**"These are all things that I feel must be understood."**

**"There is a place where you can come and reveal yourself."**

**"Do either of us care about each other?"**

*“There was a period in my life when I felt perfectly content. I didn’t need anyone, and no one needed me. I am not sure why that feeling did not last. I felt that I could do my work online. I could have an exercise machine. And I would get my food delivered. This started to become more extreme. I couldn’t even face the delivery driver. It wasn’t that I was afraid to go outside. But I found excuses so that I never needed to leave the house. I did not have pet. I was the only one who cared. I was the only one who mattered.”*

*“I started to feel as if I was one of those characters who was in solitary. No one could offer me the consolation that I needed. I lost track of the days. I was barely able to finish my work. I devised this program which would do all my work for me. I really didn’t have to leave the house. I felt supreme in this experience. I was more than blessed. I owned my little part of the planet.”*

*“My landlord would knock the door to see if I was alive. I would tell him that I had paid him, and that everything was fine. My place was clean. I put the trash down the incinerator. He had no reason to bother me. He accepted my explanation. I felt that I was seeing things. But that did not bother me. There were people who visited me in the apartment. I did not let that affect me. I found a perfection in this space. I live as I was meant to live.”*

*“My company valued my service. I enhanced their value. And I was an excellent employee. They did for me, and I did for them. This was perfection.”*

*“Tell me when your husband ceased to please you.”*

*“One day I saw him looking out the window, and I told myself that I did not even know this person. I had spent years living with him, but there was little that we shared except a house. I watched him drink a glass of beer. As he drained his glass, I felt less and less connected to him. When the glass was empty, he was not longer a part of my life. I was not sure what I was supposed to tell him. He had been part of my life. But I had become thoroughly bored.”*

*“I didn’t hate him. He was a non-entity in my world. There was nothing that he could do to change this. The book had been closed once and for all. He could not plead with me to open it. I wanted him to disappear. I felt as if I could no longer live with him.”*

*“I wasn’t sure what I was supposed to say. Was I supposed to write him a letter? I felt that I could not face him. I didn’t want to hurt him. There was no longer an emotional connection. I didn’t want the alienation of my affection to turn into contempt. There was nothing that strong in my feeling. There was simply this vague reflection. And the idea was growing on me. It was like this worm which worked its way from the inside. I could feel it boring. And it got deeper and deeper. I only wished that I could scream.”*

*“His endless tolerance had turned into this feeling which I could no longer tolerate. His love irked me. Everything about him started to give me the creeps.”*

*“I now feel as if I need something to be around him. I want to get drunk. I once found him to be the essence of beauty. I lived to hear him speak. Now, he is insufferable. And that sensation is so overwhelming that it feels that I cannot deal with it whatsoever.”*

*“When I wake up, I do not want to run into him. I want his dishes to be in the dishwasher. I do not want to think about what he has eaten. I only want to clap my hands and have him gone.”*

*“I know what you are thinking. That I want you to convince me to find some kindness in my heart. After all, there was a time when we did live in harmony. By there was a contradiction*

*in my existence. I could not abide with that. It was something that I had learned to deal with, like a rash. But I didn't want to live with that condition. I had so much doubt about myself. I could not bear all that confusion. It went back to my childhood. I had met this wonderful man. He was the man of my dream. So caring. He was everything that I needed. He let me do what I wanted. But I hated the fact that he seemed so tolerant of everything. I only felt crushed by his attention or his lack of it. The door had been closed so hard on my. And I wanted to roam. I felt that I was going to mess it all up. That was cause for concern. I doubted why we were together. I felt that I needed to close this down once and for all. This was too much to think about."*

*"I felt that I had let down this man who I had loved. But there was no longer that feeling that was going to hold us together."*

***"What is it now?"***

***"You are really fucking with her."***

***"I am not saying a thing to her."***

***"You have to be feeding dialogue to her. You bring her to this place. And you make her have all these doubts about the person that she lives with. Are you trying to get in her life. Are you trying to mess with her in some kind of perverse way?"***

***"I am not her therapist."***

***"Some people have different purposes in life. Some like to work. Others like to tinker. Then there are the creative types. People should stay away from the creative types. They never really know what they want."***

***"Are you calling me a creative type?"***

***"What type do you want to call yourself?"***

***"I am creative, but I do not fit a type."***

***"But your creativity interferes with your ability to have a stable life."***

***"My creativity is part of my life."***

***"Where is this going?"***

***"Do you want to have a social life?"***

***"Why am I not asking you questions?"***

***"I am a professional."***

***"I am not looking for a professional. I only want someone who can share ideas with me."***

***"You want me to admit that I am fucked up."***

***"That seems a little harsh."***

***"I am hurting too."***

***"I thought that you were a professional."***

***"You were not looking for a professional."***

***"This is how I live."***

***"This is how I live."***

***"This is not a story. This is my life."***

***"Honey, I need to talk to you. When we first got together, you turned me on. I felt that you were the only one who could make me feel that way. But that feeling never went anywhere. I have found someone who knows how to satisfy me in way that you could never satisfy me. I don't know how to explain this. I never thought that this kind of thing existed."***

***"Maybe, you don't know how to like yourself."***

*"That seems like a shitty thing to say."*

*"What are you saying to me? That I have not been satisfying to you."*

*"This is not up to you to say."*

*"Hold on. We needed to work on this."*

*"I told you again and again. You never listened."*

*"I thought that was the condition of our marriage. Give and take. I never thought that you would walk out."*

*"I haven't left. Not yet. But I have met someone who can give me what I need. I think that I what I need to pursue."*

*"Did you tell me what I wanted to hear?"*

*"This is never going to get anywhere."*

*"Why do you want to destroy my life?"*

*"What does this mean? Bridget, you have skills. You want to perform. You need to do your thing."*

*"How long will this go on?"*

*"I am not interfering with your desires."*

*"I want to do this play about a woman who gets away with killing her husband."*

*"Why would you want to do such a thing?"*

*"I think that it would free me to say things that I can never say around you."*

*"Do you want to kill me?"*

*"There are times that you are so condescending. I want to tell you to shut up. But you do not give me a chance."*

*"This feels hurtful."*

*"You have to know that something has been going on."*

*"The writing."*

*"I have been seeing someone."*

*"I want to put all this behind me."*

*"So you write a play about a woman killing her husband. Couldn't you just have her read Agamemnon?"*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You don't have to act out everything that you feel."*

*"I have feelings. They are mine. I need to express them. I do not want to feel as if you are controlling my life."*

*"I am not trying to dominate you."*

*"You are frustrating. I cannot say what needs to be said. You are messing with my mind. I don't want you doing this to me. I want a life of my own."*

*"I never interfered with your writing."*

*"Honey, I am not talking about that. We have become so close that I cannot find that free space in myself. It is all cluttered with our garbage. I try to get free, but I cannot. You are crushing me."*

*"You feel as if I am killing you that is why you write a story like that. You just need to say what needs to be said."*

*"No matter how hard I try, I cannot get out what needs to be said. He is preventing me from being myself. He does not understand. I just became someone that he wanted me to be."*

*"Maybe, you have problems drawing boundaries."*

*"There are no boundaries where we live. Everything is about him."*

*"How are we supposed to change things?"*

*"You are the one."*

*"What? Who?"*

*"You are the one who does not understand boundaries."*

*"What are we going to do for fun?"*

*"We are going to fill these glasses with ice. Then we are going to watch the ice melt. That is a special kind of entertainment. We have no other worries so we can totally enjoy that aspect of our lives. We are carefree."*

*"The planet is experiencing this kind of destruction. We need to do something."*

*"What would that involve? You cannot refreeze ice."*

*"Actually, you can."*

*"That isn't what I mean. Once the freeze is gone, we have to live with the heat."*

*"Are you the one?"*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"Are you Consolacion?"*

*"Who is Consolacion?"*

*"She is going to lead us through the desert."*

*"We live in a time without belief. No one will ever take us out of the desert."*

*"We are not all hopeless people."*

*"Some are very hopeless people."*

*"Then it is up to you to offer hope."*

*"And how do I do that?"*

*"By being yourself. By being the public face of human suffering. By ennobling our condition."*

*"Society wants pleasure."*

*"We can put you in a happy place."*

*"Then I have to deal with even more shit."*

*"That is theater."*

*"Where is this going?"*

*"What are you drinking?"*

*"Pure water."*

*"This is a rare commodity."*

*"Don't run away."*

*"Where is the date?"*

*"I could offer you an opportunity."*

*"Perhaps, if someone came into your house every day and shared her joys and her suffering, then that could be the basis for deeper understanding."*

*"You want me to be in a reality TV show. You want me to get in these bull shit fights on screen. You are taking advantage of my situation."*

*"Consider what you can teach people."*

*"They do not want to learn."*

*"Why is that?"*



“They feel as if they are ahead in the game. And they want to maintain their position. They do not want someone else to gain on them. So if we use another technique. We could entertain and teach at the same time.”

“I don’t think that you are going to turn on anyone by making fun of people who are just trying to live their lives.”

“What do you want me to teach?”

“What can you ever learn?”

“There is only one winner.”

*“I feel as if I am getting distracted from my performance. I worked to capture the experience of this girl.”*

*“You turned her life into a reality show.”*

*“This was only a fictional performance.”*

*“You have her lawyer sleeping with her jailer. Does that makes sense? These lawyers are devoted people. You need this fictional where everything connects. It is a way of denying your own motives.”*

*“What are they?”*

*“You see a world that much more rapacious. Someone has done something to you. So everyone is just doing something to someone else.”*

*“Is this supposed to be some kind of game?”*

*“You are the one who is making this a game.”*

“I need to get away from him. He is not that tolerant of my ideas. I try to explain to him. And he always has an answer.”

“You have to be more assertive.”

“Let me try it with you. I am doing this play about a girl who is being held in a detention center. And it is like a reality TV show.”

“Don’t you think that is a little mercenary?”

“What does that mean?”

“You are taking advantage of her situation.”

“How am I doing that?”

“She is suffering. And you are mocking her situation.”

“There is no mocking. This is realism.”

“By turning this into gossip and back-biting.”

“How is it back-biting?”

“There are people who are persecuting her. And you are acting as if this is cheap entertainment.”

“You are talking like Jack.”

“Explain it for me. What am I supposed to say?”

“You are supposed to let me explore my artistic ideas.”

“Towards what end?”

“I am trying to give credibility to this girl’s experience.”

“She is not here to sleep her way to the top”

“I am not saying that about her.”

“What are you saying?”

“Just because she is a prisoner does not mean that she does not have aspirations.”

**“But her aspirations are not like your aspiration. That is where you are taking advantage of her.”**

**“Life will be better!”**

**“What are you telling me?”**

**“Are you spying on me?”**

**“When was the last time when you had an original idea of your own?”**

**“I understand the life of jellyfish.”**

**“You are trying to hurt me.”**

**“How am I doing that?”**

**“This story has to end here. I have to see someone.”**

***“I can barely get a job. And I get this job cold-calling sales leads. I am selling alarm systems. And I have demographic data which shows all the break in in the area. And it is my job to put the fear of the Lord in other people.”***

***“Don’t interrupt me with your bull shit.”***

**“Don’t interrupt me with your bull shit!”**

**“Sometimes that is all that people can tolerate.”**

**“Do you have things which I can understand?”**

**“The secret life of jellyfish.”**

**“Ah, I understand!”**

**“You won’t be able to hold this in for long.”**

**“What does that mean?”**

**“There are things that you need to teach me.”**

**“I am going to explode.”**

**“I brought you a present.”**

**“I am not sure if that is what I need.”**

**You were upstairs cooking chicken. I could smell dinner. It made me hungry.**

**“What are you doing Constance?”**

**“I want you to care for me.”**

**“Eat the chicken, and quit making a fuss.”**

**“I do not really like chicken.”**

**“I want to make this an enjoyable experience.”**

**“Do you care for me?”**

**“I like making you chicken.”**

**“What if I want vegetables?”**

**“I made rice and green beans. You have a salad. Is there something that you want that you cannot have.”**

**“I want to freak you out.”**

**“There are things that will not change.”**

**“I want you to love me more than anyone.”**

**“I am not that kind of person. I live too much in the present. I can make a meal. I can eat it with you. I can share small talk. I don’t know what life will be like five years from now. The price of rice may go up. I may decide that I don’t want to eat chicken anymore.”**

**“What kind of person are you? There are important things going on in the world around**

us. And we sit around and talk about chickens. That is really distracting.”

“There is only so much that I can tell you.”

“I wish that I was more artistic.”

“You are artistic. And you take photographs.”

“What do you want to tell me?”

“I like hanging out with you. I can’t tell you things that I don’t believe. I enjoy my life, and I like hanging out with you.”

“I want you to to be a little more adventuresome.”

**“What is your one regret?”**

**“My husband never challenged me.”**

**“What does that mean?”**

**“He never surprised me in bed. I tried to explain it to you. I no longer feel sexy after spending all that time with him.”**

**“Bridget, maybe you could do a sexy dance for me. I think that I would understand you better. Show me the action that goes on inside of your soul.”**

**“I am trying to reveal my soul. I want you to understand me in a deep way.”**

**“There is only one way for human beings to share.”**

**“By touch.”**

**“By speech.”**

**“We imagine things that are there even if they do not appear before us.”**

**“Did someone just steal something?”**

**“What are you trying to take from me?”**

**“You are the one who said that your husband did not satisfy you.”**

**“I don’t think that I said that. I stopped feeling sexy.”**

**“I can make you feel sexy. Then what. Are you going to be more creative? Are you going to be able to understand the world any better than you do now?”**

**“These are all things that I feel must be understood.”**

**“There is a place where you can come and reveal yourself.”**

**“Do either of us care about each other.”**

“Constance, what am I looking at?”

“You are looking things which you want, but you cannot have.”

“I have everything that I need.”

“For whom? For how long?”

“Where is Constance hiding? How many room are there in the house?”

“I am hiding in the attic.”

“And what are you doing in the attic?”

“I am wondering why no one else is in the attic with you.”

“There is a point when I need to stop talking to myself.”

“How is that going?”

“I feel as if I have a lot to tell. But I am afraid how I am telling the story.”

**“It is not just about what I am hiding in myself. It is about how I can influence you to do what I need.”**

**“I am making dinner in the kitchen.”**

**"I am not delighted by what I am eating."**

**"What is going to delight?"**

**"I don't want you to ever leave me."**

**"Is that some kind of obsessional thing?"**

**"How would I express that?"**

**"This is a mystery. Who put something in my food because she wanted me to stay?"**

**Is that your story, Constance."**

**"I can do anything to make you feel good."**

**"Anything, Constance."**

**"What if this connection is only meant to be temporary? Can you offer me something to make it permanent."**

*"I could help you with your relationship."*

*"How are you going to do that Constance?"*

*"I would start by making him a sexy dinner with candlelight."*

*"I am over doing things for him. He had to do things for me."*

*"You have to be positive in order to create positive change."*

*"I am not going at changing things which cannot be changed."*

*"Where is this coming from?"*

*"I only have to think about him. The love which once existed is no longer there. I hate to be so crass about my love. But that wonder which obsessed me for so long is gone."*

*"Are you saying that I think that you are saying."*

**"What do you have that is going to make me feel better about myself?"**

**"There is only one way to feel better about yourself. You have to learn how to make someone else feel good about himself."**

**"He is doing nothing but take advantage of me. I hate to think that he is that kind of person."**

**"You have not been giving enough of yourself. And that is why he has been holding back."**

**"You have to learn how to let go."**

**"You can't let go if your world is closing in on you."**

**"You need new techniques."**

**"Is that your skill? You try to make people become something that they are not."**

**"I teach them how to interact with other people."**

**"And how do you do that?"**

**"I bring out the best in them."**

**"There is such a thing."**

**"We all have skills."**

**"Don't let it destroy you."**

**"Stop it when you can."**

**"This needs to be fast."**

**"I will close my eyes."**

**"Tell him that everything about him is stupendous."**

**"I cannot lie. He does not satisfy me."**

**"Satisfy yourself, and tell the world that it is all about him."**

*"I can die and come back to life."*

*"I don't want to blow this."*

*"What is the charge?"*

*"This is all free."*

*"I need to explore."*

*"What part of my body do you like?"*

*"Are you asking me about the secret life of jellyfish?"*

*"Constance, I need you to show me who I am. I am so used to seeing my reflection in your eyes."*

*"There is so much opportunity available for me."*

*"I do not want you to slow me down."*

*"I am afraid of being alone. I do not want to be haunted by my surroundings. I hear noises in the attic. I feel that even the ghosts hate me."*

*"So you stay with someone because you believe that he is going to give you the security that you crave. You are only giving your fear more credibility."*

*"How does that go?"*

*"You are destroying me."*

*"How do you accomplish that?"*

*"Everyone escapes in good time!"*

*"Is this totem or taboo?"*

*"What is that supposed to mean?"*

*"We want something that we cannot have."*

*"You are going to miss that last bus!"*

*"We have what we do not really want."*

*"There is so much more to fill your wallet with."*

*"These are business cards."*

*"Where is this all going?"*

*"To a place where we can hide for a long time."*

*"What is the last act?"*

*"I do not want share this!"*

*"This is not going to save me."*

*"You have to destroy him."*

*"I tried. He did me wrong."*

*"You have an hour to make all this come out right."*

*"I am holding my breath, and I am doing everything that I can to become part of this story."*

*"Give of your body."*

*"I cannot give him what he wants from me."*

*"What part of me is the most loveable?"*

*"Your heart. You have a wonderful heart."*

*"At that moment, I wanted to destroy him. I felt as if there was nothing that I could ever give him which would make me feel better about myself. He had sucked all the life out of me. I was not going to give him something to make him feel good about himself."*

*"I should have been writing this at home."*

**“What does Constance have to do with this story?”**

**“She is everything about this story. She can have pleasure. She is one with her body. I feel as if someone is trying to take me over. Someone is doing everything that she can to destroy me.”**

***“I had entered the hall of the Emperor. There was nothing that I could do to escape his regime. He felt that he had total ownership of my body.”***

***“I cannot go along with this characterization.”***

***“That is exactly what you have done.”***

***“Constance, you cannot tell me about my life!”***

***“This is so fucked up.”***

***“Nothing is working.”***

***“You are working for me. You make me feel so good.”***

***“What is this about.”***

***“I am giving myself a reprieve.”***

***“I will give everything to you.”***

***“Do not tell me a story if you do not want me to use it?”***

**“I do not understand what was happening to me. I felt as if I was being enaged by this entity. Our forms mixed in entirety. I can barely describe what happened.”**

**“Someone gave you a chemical.”**

**“I wanted something which would speak for the feelings which I had withing myself.”**

**“This is getting way out of control.”**

***“Is this totem or taboo?”***

***“It is the taboo totem, and it turns me on.”***

***“That is a total mental concoction.”***

***“I need to stop.”***

***“It is taking me over.”***

***“I need the song to change.”***

***“FUCK ME, UNIVERSE!”***

**“I felt as if I had been given over to this force which took me over.”**

**“Not the time.”**

**“I am ravaged.”**

**“Fuck you!”**

**“I need to get the numbers.”**

**“This is too good. I have to perform this next time that I am on stage.”**

**“People will only question your sanity.”**

**“You have been terrible to me.”**

**“What does that mean, Bridget?”**

**“I am struggling to figure out who I am. And you have done everything that you can to mock me.”**

**“You have this idea that you can say whatever you want, and people should accept it. Do you even consider what you are saying?”**

**“You are disrespecting me.”**

**“Lexa, you are making it difficult.”**

“You just can’t create history by hurting people.”  
 “What is that supposed to mean?”  
 “You can’t make your point by pushing people around.”  
 “Am I hurting you?”  
 “I am feeling bad.”  
 “You are the one who feels guilty.”  
**“This is where everything gets started.”**  
**“I can turn off the television.”**  
**“I feel badly.”**  
**“This hurts!”**  
 “Will you love me if I feel unloveable?”  
 “Is that a request?”  
 “You are excellent consumers.”  
 “Someone has to buy the shit.”  
 “We are going to reveal what it takes to love Bridget.”  
 “If Bridget acted more like Renee, she would be a better consumer.”  
 “I just finished yoga. I feel great.”  
 “Bridge build me a bridge.”  
 “Renee build me a window.”  
 “Who is talking?”  
 “Jack was here, but I am asking the questions.”  
 “And you are always so creepy.”  
 “I am engaging in penance.”  
 “I mistook you for someone else.”  
 “Let’s be friends.”  
 “Are we going to give of our souls?”  
 “When I moved into your house, I thought that I had gone to heaven.”  
 “Suburbia really satisfied you. I hope that it all went well with your kids.”  
 “We don’t have kids.”  
 “Renee will be ready to have kids sooner. Renee can satisfy you better.”  
 “Is there something wrong with the way that I satisfy?”  
 “Make it loud!”  
 “What is satisfaction? It is becoming too concerned with what is on the outside. You need a better measure of personal development.”  
 “What do you want me to tell you? What do you have to offer?”  
**“I am no longer Bridget. I am Consolacion.”**  
**“How do you go through that kind of transformation?”**  
**“Theater depends on us giving something of ourselves so that our performances can appear to be more authentic.”**  
**“How do you do that?”**  
**“Look at me. Look at my face, my gestures. I have totally changed.”**  
**“What does that mean?”**  
**“Jack, take my picture. I am waiting to get out of here. I want the world to know.”**

**"You are not the real Consolacion."**

**"I could be. I think that my make up is pretty good."**

**"Your hair is not the same tint. You do not have the same cheekbones."**

**"I can affect her look. I studied the tapes. I can do a better Consolacion than Consolacion."**

**"That is absurd."**

**"I can get more people interested in her plight."**

**"That is a grotesque way of thinking about her life."**

**"Jack, take my fucking picture."**

**"Does anyone even know what I am here?"**

**"We have total control over your life. You can scream. You can cry. You can shake your body. No one gives a damn about what is happening to you. Your life is effectively over."**

**"I am sure that there are no witnesses to what is happening. I can provide a valuable record of what is going on."**

**"You are muddying the waters. People will pay to see you perform, but that will only make them entertained. You are not motivating anyone to act."**

**"I am creating a gap in their soul. They will seek wholeness. The only way to fill that gap is by action."**

**"Why don't you just do something. People can learn from your example."**

**"My example will not be noticed."**

**"Bridget, play yourself. What is really bothering you?"**

**"You are. Your utter complacency."**

**"Do you want to give back the wedding presents?"**

**"I have been using them."**

**"Do you want a divorce?"**

**"I don't want to embarrass myself or my family?"**

**"Do you want to renew our vows?"**

**"I do not want to do something that I do not feel."**

**"You always have the chance to do something in your life over. You can finally get it right."**

**"Is that what you want from me? What am I supposed to do over again?"**

**"Kiss me. Tell me that you love me."**

**"I could try to make a souffle."**

**"And why would you do that?"**

**"I don't have time for this."**

**"Bridget, do you want to leave?"**

**"Neither of us is saying this. We do not even believe it."**

**"I am looking for someone who wants to be completely free."**

**"We can all be free if we ignore who we are."**

**"I am so free."**

**"Who are you?"**

**"I am your prisoner."**

**"Then you are the one who is in chains."**



"You leave here, and you can never have fun. In your heart, you only feel pain."

"Am I supposed to do something that will make you feel better?"

"Bridget, can you make an effort?"

"I am not even sure how we became part of this story."

"I am not even sure how we are connected."

"By love. By true love."

"By a wedding collection."

"By matching toasters."

"Which greet your by saying good morning."

"I am not sure if I can top that."

"Please, don't try."

"I am not trying to be cute. This is how we live."

"Or don't want to live."

"Don't try to second guess our life. No one else does anything like that."

"Everyone does. They hold their tongues and suffer inside. That kind of thing never lasts. It eats at the soul."

"One day the wind is blowing through the pine trees. And you just head out into the wilderness. And that is the end."

"I thing that I deserve more than that."

"What are you saying about me."

"The door is there for either of us."

"But neither of us opens that door."

*"I have your doughnuts."*

*"Where is that going to take me?"*

*"I live with this guy. But he isn't there now. We can go back and have some fun."*

*"That is how you sign your death sentence. You see that the door is open, and you walk through."*

*"You won't die as long as you are still eating doughnuts."*

*"I wish that was all. You can pay for this play by telling people that the doughnuts are sweet."*

"The doughnuts are sweet."

*"I can close my eyes and get into the moment. We go somewhere and eat doughnuts together. We go somewhere, and we live each other's lives. But the body thing is so different."*

*"Constance Sweet could give advice."*

*"You need superhuman powers to hang on. But there is only so much that you can do with a weak little body."*

*"Where is this going to end up?"*

*"At the confessional."*

*"What is that?"*

*"What happens after torture."*

*"Are you good at this?"*

*"I try to never reveal what I know. I do not know that much so it is a little useless to torture me."*

*"They do it anyway."*

*"That is how they get pleasure."*

*This was a warehouse space. They fenced off the sections. But there really were no private sections for any of the detainees. There was no motivation to turn off the lights. This kind of torture was well know. But they afforded themselves of all these kinds of practices.*

*"I want you to look as if you are having fun."*

*"I am a prisoner."*

*"You have the keys to my car. You can go anywhere you want to in the house. What is your problem, Bridget."*

*"I am getting into my role."*

*"You need to go back to work."*

*"I am not sure if this job is for me."*

*"With a house like this, you can get the kind of wife who you need."*

*"I am not good with people."*

*"Either is she."*

*"Where is this going?"*

*"I watched you dance around the room, and I really got into you."*

*"I am married."*

*"You know that, and I know that, but it never stopped you before."*

*"I have changed."*

*"That is what you say. You are not being satisfied by your husband. And I can do things for you."*

*"Can you teach me how to be a better writer?"*

*"Who do you think that I am: fucking Rumpelstiltskin?"*

*"You look fucking bored."*

*"I can make your look positively radiant."*

*"I am not supposed to want too much or I wil turn my back on my life."*

*"This was so wonderful."*

*"It always will be."*

*"Make something. I am hungry."*

*"I have some day old doughnuts. Dale brought them by."*

*"Who is Dale?"*

*"She is some girl who I let live here. She is reall y messed up."*

*"There is so much noise in here."*

*"I need to go to work."*

*"What do you do?"*

*"I make money move. I make money on money."*

*"I didn't think that anyone else wanted to play."*

*"You follow the playbook."*

*"How does that work?"*

*"You get what you want to. It doesn't mean much. It never does."*

*"This is not going to be fair."*

*"Take it easy on me."*

*"If he sees doughnuts in the bed, he will know that I have been fucking someone."*

*"I made you feel good."*

*"I liked the doughnuts the best."*

*"Can you say something more romantic?"*

*"You have sugar on your chin."*

*"Are you going to lick it off?"*

*"I don't feel that much confection for you."*

*"That is quaint."*

*"Do you like my body?"*

*"You don't take care of yourself. You like to get really fucked up."*

*"I bring doughnuts."*

*"This is not comedy."*

*"I don't want to be saved."*

*"No one does. That is when you most need help."*

*"Can you help me?"*

*"I can bring you food."*

*"I want more than doughnuts."*

*"I need to confess."*

*"I slept with someone."*

*"Was it enjoyable?"*

*"It was. And he brought me doughnuts. He understood what I was about."*

*"This is not going to end well."*

*"You need to dress better."*

*"It is not a dresssing question."*

*"I love salad."*

*"Bring on the turkey."*

*"I don't want to quit!"*

*"This is not a marriage."*

*"What would be a marriage?"*

*"More concern for cooking. Less concern for bullshit."*

*"I want my rice pudding."*

*"I think that this is something which I am not going to love."*

*"What do you love?"*

*"I am getting in on self-love."*

*"I could be less formal. I could go into your room and clean things."*

*"I am a dirt bag."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"I don't care if you keep fucking guys. I do not want to hear about it. And if I catch you bringing someone here, then it is all over. Of course, I don't want this to keep going on. But I do not want you to beat up on yourself as you are improving your character."*

*"Do you really think that we can make ourselves better that way?"*

*"I have no idea what you want to tell me."*

*"There are only a few more days of this."*

*"What do you like? Bridget, what really turns you on?"*

*"Guy's bodies. The smell."*

*"These are only cues to your demise."*

*"I could get conditioned to a specific cologne. But it would only turn me on if someone else wore it."*

*"You are making all the excuses. Do you really want to change? Just bring a guy home and fuck him. Show me what you really think."*

*"This is getting nasty."*

*"I can't improve things for you, Bridget. If this is shit, then this is our lives."*

*"That is not supposed to sound cute."*

*"How does it sound?"*

*"It sounds as if you are a dickhead. I like being with you. What more should I say?"*

*"Why did you betray me?"*

*"You are betrayable."*

*"You can't always blame the person who you rong."*

*"Who do you want me to blame?"*

*"Is it a matter of blame. You are a total weasel. You slip our of any situation. I do all that I can to trust you, And you make no effort. You call this a marriage."*

*"You call it a marriage. I am just along for the perks. The house and all that."*

*"You like the house."*

*"I like what I can get. I am more mercenary than you know. My parents taught me how to take care of myself."*

*"You are not really like this in your life. Why do you do this in the performance piece?"*

*"I thought that this would be kind of cute."*

*"How did you get in here?"*

*"I never said yes."*

*"Yes, yes, yes. What do you want? Blood?"*

*"Yes!"*

*"Everyone is a garden variety winner."*

*"I don't think that I could feel any worse."*

*"You needed to stay on your meds."*

*"I was taking meds to quit doing coke. I don't want to do coke any more so I don't need to take meds."*

*"This is getting even more complex than I could imagine."*

*"Where do you want to start this?"*

*"We could find a plan. We could play a game squash. It could release tension."*

*"Here is my problem. I have been running to ease my tension. And it worked. But my body is totally exhausted. And now I have this sense of letdown about my whole life."*

*"You need to get used to moments like this. You are not going to find perfection in your life."*

*"I don't want to feel perfect. I just want to end this feeling of being totally drained."*

*"Drink more water."*

*"Is that professional advice?"*

*"It wouldn't hurt."*

*"I want you to go deeper into my psyche. Why can't I find satisfaction?"*

*"Because you look for satisfaction."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You are looking for something which wreaks havoc with your life. And you want to keep on like that. It is only fucking with your life."*

*"You are really saying that to me."*

*"That is what you are hearing so it must be what I am saying."*

*"There are different ways of listening. I could say that you are just feeding me with shit to make me feel badly about myself."*

*"You are the one who is chasing the dragon."*

*"I am only trying to survive. What can you give me that I don't have."*

*"I am not here to fill in the gaps. What do you want for yourself? Maybe you should just quit while you have the chance."*

*"Quit my life."*

*"Quit the rat race."*

*"Do I look like a rat?"*

*"You are doing a pretty good job at acting like one."*

*"Do therapists really say this kind of thing these days?"*

*"I told you that you are hearing what you want to hear. I am probably just listening. But your mind is racing at a million miles a minute. So you are putting words in my mouth."*

*"What would you be saying if I was not putting words in your mouth?"*

*"Probably the same thing."*

*If she could climb a mountain, she would see the world in a better perspective."*

*"I am looking down on myself. It is not helping. I am only feeling more desperate."*

*"You need to climb higher."*

*"What does Constance want to teach me?"*

*"How any woman can enjoy herself?"*

*"Probably by staying away from guys."*

*"You have to get you guy to do what you want him to do."*

*"Why does life have to be so simple?"*

*"It doesn't. But life ends up working out that way."*

*"This is going to take forever."*

*"Pretend that you are enjoying yourself."*

*"There is a point when you are just going to scream."*

*"It does not work this way."*

*"I would like another story."*

*"What is the best way to work this."*

*"Say what you really like."*

*"There are different ways to show off. Different ways to say what you want."*

*"What does it really take to entertain you?"*

*"I am afraid of entertainment. I want to pretend that hat I have is something worthwhile."*

*"How does that work?"*

*"You learn how to hold your tongue."*

*"Are you that good of a cook?"*

“No one is.”  
 “I want names for thing.”  
 “I am loosening up!”  
 “What do you call that?”  
 “Suicide souffle.”  
 “How does that work?”  
 “You have to take it out of the oven at just the right moment; otherwise, it falls.”  
 “I do not have a chance.”  
 “Don’t open the oven before the time is right.”  
 “You said that this was not going to last.”  
 “The cooking changed the equation.”  
 “Things are a little to safe in your life.”  
 “How is that supposed to work?”  
 “I don not have to go back to the beginning.”  
 “I can sit and look at myself in the mirror all day.”  
 “Do people do that?”  
 “Life is going to go back to how it was. No one will care.”  
 “Someone cares.”  
 “The person who glazes the doughnuts.”  
 “You are sparkling.”  
 “It’s the doughnuts.”  
 “It’s the glaze.”  
 “Are you talking about me?”  
 “This is universal.”  
 “Are you going to home and think about it?”  
 “There was another answer. I was not really a part of it.”  
 “I was not a disciple.”  
 “I could teach you the catechism.”  
 “It is a little early in the progress of the story.”  
 “No one had a chance.”  
 “They were all fuck ups.”  
 “I could smoke you.”  
 “Read the catechism.”  
 “I want to be chosen. Not just one among many.”  
 “That is hardly going to sufficient. You have to show that you worthy.”  
 “I feel guilt, and I am looking for forgiveness.”  
 “That does not work here. That only allows you to keep fucking up over and over again.”  
 “That is a flimsy answer.”  
 “Do you want to get in on this?”  
 “I came here.”  
 “Learn the rules or find the door.”  
 “That is pretty weak.”  
 “That is your situation.”

**“Why are you so mean?”**

**“Why aren’t you?”**

**“I am really blasted.”**

**“What do you do?”**

**“I am a savior. Few people have them. But I do what I can. After I do my work, there is not much left.”**

**“Have you been doing this a long time?”**

**“I have made a life out of it. That does not mean that I always have the resources to do my work. Some days, I feel hopeless. That does not stop me.”**

**“You sound invincible.”**

**“I am human.”**

**“You could have missed.”**

**“Why are you such a dumb fuck.”**

**“Are you leading them through the desert?”**

**“But there are so many people depending on you.”**

**“I do what I can. Often, that is hardly enough.”**

**“But you qualify.”**

**“I have my training. I have my commitment.”**

**“Where am I?”**

**“If I knew, we would not be lost.”**

**“We are lost.”**

**“We are lost.”**

**“That is a pretty shitty thing to tell me.”**

**“Look at yourself. Look at me. We are both going through this together.”**

**“I am taking this all in, I only want to get out of here.”**

**“Is this what you exchanged your life for?”**

**“We are really in this together.”**

**“We have no water.”**

**“And we have little hope.”**

**“I am already getting impatient.”**

**“This is real. This is not a performance piece.”**

**“I have been camping before.”**

**“This is not camping. This is a death march.”**

**“Why do you say that?”**

**“You have to understand something about history. Especially when you are part of it.”**

**“I am not going to give you a good answer today.”**

**“Twinkle, twinkle, little star!”**

**“That is not going to help.”**

**“What will help.”**

**“Have you ever thought that he looks like a fool?”**

**“He looks like a fool.”**

**“You believe what you see so much more than you should.”**

**“I am going back to this contemptible life with you.”**

**“Everything is in its place.”**

*"And you lose us in the desert."*

*"I am not really lost."*

*"I am. And I do not feel as if you are going to lead us back to anything of merit."*

*"I need some shut eye."*

*"Are you going to shut me out?"*

*"Shut the fuck up?"*

*"This is going to turn into a terrible conflict."*

*"I am going to escape from myself."*

*"Throw some water on it."*

*"We are out of water."*

*"I do not care. You put it together."*

*"I am not doing well at putting anything together."*

*"This was supposed to be a vacation."*

*"This is getting overwhelming."*

*"Use some of your mediation."*

*"Medication."*

*"The wind is getting in the way of our resolution."*

*"Vanish."*

*"We have both vanished, and there seems to be little hope of making out of here alive."*

*"Most people do not have those kind of challenges in our life."*

*"I am the stupid guy who walked in the room."*

*"Your chance is coming soon"*

*"Someone needs to shake things up."*

*"I am going to use my feet if I have to."*

*"This is not a learning experience."*

*"You said that it is not meant to be. I am trying to understand how I can process this. But I am just going along with this as best as I can."*

***"I think that if I was a fucking machine that this method would make me feel right. I am not the rat who is looking for a stimulus. No one really is. I can eat the bag of chips. I can down a bag of candy. But none of this says what makes me tick. Maybe you are trying to impress someone. If that is what it takes, I opt out."***

*"You are so wrapped in yourself."*

***"There is only so much I can do to satisfy someone else. I do not really enjoy humiliation."***

***"Do you realize that you have shamed all the other characters in this game. It is all down to me and you, and that doesn't help. You want my help. I am trying to be honest with you. If that is really your nature, you need to admit. You cannot jump out of your world simply by snapping your fingers."***

*"I am snapping without end."*

*"There is nothing for me here."*

*"There is another side."*

*"Cooking chickens on an open fire."*

*"Do I need advice?"*

*"Does anyone?"*



***"I am a great consumer."***

***"I eat ideas."***

***"I swallow humanity whole."***

***"This is going to be no better for me."***

***"Constance, you need to listen better."***

***"I thought that I was the teacher."***

***"It was all performance art, and it really wasn't going anywhere."***

*"How does dog shit find its level?"*

*"There is a one-to-one correspondance."*

*"There is a pole."*

*"There is a singularity."*

*"It flows uphill."*

*"Where did you come in?"*

*"In the limo!"*

*"Are there really rules."*

*"First, we create the rules. Then we create the game."*

*"Just a way of putting people down."*

*"There is a point where total pleasure will dominate."*

*"And how does that go. Too much of a good thing will destroy you."*

*"What do you take afterwards?"*

***"SCORN!"***

*"What a mix!"*

***"CONSTANCE, CONSTANCE, CONSTANCE, WHERE IS THIS GOING?"***

***"WHERE IT STARTED!"***

***"I never end up liking what I am supposed to like."***

***"We are all simple creatures. We are convinced by a meal and a hug."***

***"I that I was unique, but I feel as if someone has been messing with my act."***

*"Is this a performance?"*

*"Yes, Constance. You are going to explain how to eat a banana."*

*"A banana could be a weapon."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"Things have unintended consequences."*

*"Like a lawn that is not mowed."*

*"We are so deep in the woods."*

*"I found a snake."*

*"I am not looking for temptation."*

*"You can find things to do with a snake."*

*"This is going to be a terrible story."*

*"I was teaching you how to play the game, and now, you are telling me what to do."*

*"This is the end."*

*"This is not going to get done."*

*"I will fill it in later."*

*"I do not have time to make this happen."*

*"Lie back on the bed."*

*"I am not going along."*

*"I am not very good at fantasy."*

*"I have seen people lose it before the they completed their act."*

*"You are not as good at this as you think."*

*"I am ready to regress."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"There was a time in history when life seemed more conducive to me."*

*"What happened to break the concentration?"*

*"I moved in with someone. I thought that I might enjoy this forever."*

*"I hurt."*

*"I do not want to move."*

*"I am also a writer."*

*"Then write me out of this terrible situation."*

*"Be positive."*

*"You call yourself a writer. I should have hired a cuckoo clock."*

*"Take what you can get."*

*"Why did this end like that?"*

*"We were not really compatible. He lost the ability to satisfy me."*

*"You did not progress beyond satisfaction. What was the last book that you read?"*

*How did you find satisfaction in yourself. Make yourself a good meal."*

*"Don't order me around."*

*"Are you playing Jack? I never ordered him around. I told him that he was not giving me what I needed?"*

*"Who is talking?"*

*"Jack got what he wanted, and so did I."*

*"There is a situation and a few character."*

*"How would a sexual surrogate have helped?"*

*"Do you have any other great ideas? Hot oils. Cold wax."*

*"Ice cream. It is the only idea."*

*"America is full of confusion."*

*"Too many video games. Not enough heros. No one speaks the truth to power."*

*"You are face to face with your enemy."*

*"You must not speak ill of the dead."*

*"You have a lovely body."*

*"You are my lovely buddy."*

*"Constance, you have the parts. What are you going to do with them?"*

*"Make love, make soup, make up shit. I am going to live. I am tired of playing according to a script."*

*"The script is in your body. It buzzes like a boa constrictor."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You could not escape if you wanted to."*

*"I need something to make me really fucked up."*

*"Have then found you?"*

*"I am nowhere to be found."*

*"I want to give you something to make yourself feel better."*  
*"I have found the man."*  
*"I have found what makes the man."*  
*"How does that work?"*  
*"Certain essential chemicals in the right order."*  
*"That is what I need."*  
*"You need a kiss."*  
*"I need a totem."*  
*"This guy is slow."*  
*"He is only her totem."*  
*"There is a prohibition."*  
*"We all have to leave together."*  
*"Is this a fire drill?"*  
*"I can help with your love life."*  
*"You are almost a person."*  
*"You have learned to give and receive."*  
*"Something I do not want to receive."*  
*"This is not about having a bad cold."*  
*"Take it for what it is. This is the best that you are going to get."*  
*"I am looking for some cookie batter."*  
*"Heat the ovens."*  
*"This has to be one of the worst days of my life."*  
*"You should not have eaten the bratwurst."*  
*"It is on the menu. That is my program."*  
*"The brats are good."*  
*"How does that work?"*  
*"The monster of the midway is back."*  
*"Do you know who I am?"*  
*"I led you to the mountain."*  
*"Does anyone really think that you are good?"*  
*"The sun god."*  
*"The cook."*  
*"I am on ice."*  
*"Constance, what should I do now?"*  
*"Grab the totem, and shake it!"*  
*"What does that mean?"*  
*"You are trying to create a universal rule."*  
*"What could it be?"*  
*"One more spell."*  
*"One more chicken sacrifice."*  
*"These are chicken dogs."*  
*"This is going to be one of the best days of your life."*  
*"These are dogs made from rat."*  
*"Bull shit."*

***“What is this totem shit?”***

***“We obey rules. We learn about patterns,”***

***“READY! SET! GO!”***

***“There is glamor in situations which create a direct contact between the observer and the historical actor.”***

***“How can you know history as it is happening?”***

***“You re not allowed to interfere.”***

***“That is an interference.”***

***“Sometimes, your meal is an object lesson. It comes to life.”***

***“I do not want to even think that this is happening.”***

***“Why are you so uncooperative, Jack.”***

***“I want to eat my veggie dog without commentary. Sometimes, eating is just that. It is not a political act.”***

***“But it is an act. It demonstrates a unique connection to the world as it exists.”***

***“I only want to get out of here.”***

***“It is not as it once was.”***

***“I was already losing interest.”***

***“You cannot catch the last bus.”***

***“I question what I have been doing. Then I realize how brilliant you are., All that I want to do is watch you perform.”***

***“You are not going to like what I have to say. All you, all men have contributed to fucking up my life. I think that Constance set me straight.”***

***“Constance is not even the person that you want her to be. She is total submissive to the dominant order. She is overwhelmed by the taboo.”***

***“What does that mean?”***

***“She is part of the order that she criticizes.”***

***“Jack, you are too. When I watch ou eat the eternal hot dog, veggie or otherwise, I realize that you are on an imposition on my consciousness.”***

***“Then you are going to seek someone who is not even as socially conscious.”***

***“Constance has convinced me that consciousness is interrupting my ability to realize my personality! I need to feel things. I need to simulate myself in ways that help me to forget all the bullshit that grips my soul.”***

***“What does that mean?”***

***“I need to whip you with the hot dog.”***

***“Huh?”***

***“You hear things as you want to hear them.”***

***“Do I need to watch this?”***

***“You assigned mate is waiting for you.”***

***“Everyone has someone who she wants or does not want.”***

***“I am feeling down.”***

***“Eat the cookie.”***

***“I am getting sick. I do not want dessert.”***

***“Where is the revolution?”***

***“Back in the cell.”***

"Pose for me! Allow me to remember everything that I am seeing."  
 "This is too good to remember."  
 "I need to focus."  
 "I am washing my hands of everything that was happening around me."  
 "This is not fixed."  
 "*Honey, what do you have.*"  
 "*Everything that you have. This is not going to progress humankind.*"  
 "Why are you still here?"  
 "I made the salad."  
 "*Just because I am still at the table does not mean that I want to eat the meal.*"  
 "In the beginning was the bread."  
 "I am swimming in flour."  
 "I am breaded."  
 "I am crisp."  
 "Kiss me, lover."  
 "This is so wrong."  
 "I cannot stop!"  
 "Sometimes, you act according to impulse."  
 "This is all impulse."  
 "I hurt so much."  
 "Swallow this. You will be free.."  
 "That is so perverse."  
 "It is all bubbling in oil."  
 "Don't let it smoke!"  
 "This is the perfect temperature."  
 "Only a few more days."  
 "You are lovely."  
 "Lovely does not do it. Are you edible?"  
 "He is consuming me."  
 "What do you get?"  
 "A whole lot of forgetting!"  
 "And I am back to the beginning!"  
 "Why did you hurt me?"  
 "You imagine too much."  
 "This is a legal matter."  
 "The oil is too hot."  
 "Kiss me."  
 "Too many doughnuts."  
 "Baby is bringing drugs."  
 "That is not going to end the pain.""  
 "The pain cannot be alleviated.""  
 "Don't worry about it."  
 "There is one place that I want it to work."

*"The creamy center."*

*"It is another syrup resolution."*

*"He wants to reveal himself."*

*"Did I hurt you? Did I push you? Did I influence you to do something which you regretted."*

*"That was so natural."*

*"Jack, you taunt me."*

*"Your drink is coming."*

*"There is never any outside the outside."*

*"Do I have to live with this?"*

*"I am learning?"*

*"The story is going to get on an even footing."*

*"I want to suck the sweetness from the doughnut, but I will not eat it."*

*"What is that about?"*

*"Are you passionate?"*

*"I love the whole doughnut."*

*"This is the whole doughnut theory."*

*"Continue the conversation for me!"*

*"I am not clued into the rhythm."*

*"This is arhythmic."*

*"A new kind of crossing. A going back and forth."*

*"I don't want to see any of this."*

*"Powdered sugar."*

**"What the fuck is going on?"**

**"He is coming back. He is going to shoot you for being here."**

**"I only sucked the sweet from the doughnuts. I did nothing wrong."**

**"I do not feel right."**

**"How come people like lesser players."**

**"Someone likes the shit."**

**"That is how it goes."**

**"We feel sorry for the guy who gets caught on the wrong end of doughnut."**

**"You are the dumb fuck who makes this go."**

**"What are you doing with my woman?"**

**"I am buying her doughnuts."**

**"Have you been doing my shit?"**

**"I do not know what the fuck you are talking about."**

**"There is a dirty party."**

**"Dirty rubbing. But that is coming."**

**"I am not even in this game."**

**"Who makes this go?"**

**"Lie here, and say nothing."**

**"Say something because you are going to head back to his place, and you will have to deal with his shit for the rest of your life."**

“I never touched the doughnuts.”  
 “I am going to fuck you up.”  
 “What did I get into?”  
 “Different people admire different kinds of performance.”  
 “*I was trying to teach you, Bridget.*”  
 “*You were trying to humiliate me. I do not enjoy humiliation.*”  
 “Who does?”  
 “*Dee says it is the first step in universal development.*”  
 “*Your development has stalled.*”  
 “*If he is the guy, then he is insane!*”  
 “*Someone is going to have to level all this off.*”  
 “*I ate too many fucking doughnuts.*”  
 “*There is therapy.*”  
 “*I ate the doughnuts. I am not continually eating doughnuts.*”  
 “*I knew that is was not going to be any better.*”  
 “*Someone told me that a shrink was needed.*”  
 “*This is humanity.*”  
 “*Chew on this.*”  
 “*What is that?*”  
 “*I am very sorry.*”  
 “*Will you share?*”  
 “*I am giving you memory.*”  
 “*There needs to be more than that.*”  
 “*There is touch. But you can crash in the middle. You will only remember the taste.*”  
 “*Was it good?*”  
 “*It tastes like rabbit.*”  
 “*Doughnuts?*”  
 “*Chicken.*”  
 “*This is so pathetic.*”  
 “*I will get it all done!*”  
 “*I can sew the parts together at home.*”  
 “*We never see what we hope to see.*”  
 “*Forget about it. It will all work out in review.*”  
 “*That is the performance piece.*”  
 “*You are good at taking care of this!*”  
 “I really can’t stay here anymore.”  
 “Be honest! These are your appliances.”  
 “I like the new refrigerator.”  
 “This is not a good time to come in here.”  
 “The door is closed.”  
 “This is a warning.”  
 “If you need to leave, just leave.”  
 “This will not be open on Monday.”  
 “What does perfection do?”

"I wanted this to work."  
 "It is working. Only in this weird performance art version."  
 "Be careful."  
 "Care is all that matters."  
 "*How did I end up here?*"  
 "*You ate all the doughnuts. Some kind of sugar reaction.*"  
 "*Are you mocking my situation.*"  
 "*I am trying to level with you, Bridget. You do not remember coming in here.*"  
 "*I barely feel as if I am here.*"  
 "You weren't aiming too high."  
 "The government assigned him to me."  
 "What do you have in common?"  
 "House payments."  
 "***You can always trade up.***"  
 "***They assigned a kid to us as well.***"  
 "***You don't have to go along with everything that they tell you.***"  
 "***He's a believer just like me.***"  
 "What is that pile of shit?"  
 "Scratch offs."  
 "Win?"  
 "No, I elected to give more money to education instead. Win, win!"  
 "GET ME OUT OF HERE!"  
 "Have you seen her?"  
 "What do you want with her?"  
 "**Don't worry. He is good.**"  
 "*You are really going to leave him. You have a family now. You are going to break up your family.*"  
 "*That is not really my story.*"  
 "*What is going on with you.*"  
 "*Where are your drinks?*"  
 "*I am not drinking tonight.*"  
 "***Is something wrong?***"  
 "***I am afraid.***"  
 "***What are you afraid of?***"  
 "***I am afraid of you.***"  
 "***I am afraid of you.***"  
 "**I WANT TO BUY MYSELF BACK FROM THE STATE.**"  
 "***These are things that are not for sale.***"  
 "***What are we going to do when we have to take back those things which are not for sale?***"  
 "***Can you get me out of here?***"  
 "***Consalicion, how much can you pay?***"  
 "***If I could pay, I would not be in here.***"  
 "***I can get you a job, then you can pay me.***"



*"How did you do?"*

*"There was one question which I have never seen before."*

*"What did you answer?"*

*"I wasn't sure what to answer. I felt tricked. I don't want to think about the experience."*

*"We are trying to get to your life."*

*"WRONG ONE!"*

*"You can wait. There is one waiting for you."*

*"You look great. I look great."*

*"This is a displacement to a wonderful locale."*

*"Use both hands."*

*"Oh yeah. What am I going to ?"*

*"I am going to build something."*

*"This is something that I cannot share."*

*"There is no such a thing. I cannot go back to that thing."*

*"I am glad that you are silent. You are facing it."*

*"It would never work."*

*"We can get a little house."*

*"How was I supposed to help?"*

*"It should have been obvious."*

*"It was just such a waste. You are.. such a waste."*

*"This is not for sale."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"I don't know why."*

*"I am the only one willing to listen to your shit."*

*"What do you have for me?"*

*"I can suck the poison out of your body."*

*"What do you want, Torre?"*

*"I want to be with you."*

*"Do you really?"*

*"I am only reading what is on the page."*

*"Watch what is going on."*

*"I want to read this."*

*"This is about you."*

*"How is that?"*

*"I met a guy in the street. He wanted to come back to my place. He helped me to forget my past love."*

*"Tell me more, Torre."*

*"I am only reading what is here."*

*"What is it, Renee?"*

*"Everyone will be fed and clothed, but there will still be people like me. Special people. People with privileges."*

*"If I read the book, will I understand how to do it?"*

*"I barely have time to eat with this job."*

"Honey, you will be good."

"Are you the one?"

"If you are the one, do a miracle!"

"What is wrong?"

"I need to go and see what is happening."

"You are too distracted."

"We are all distracted."

*"I wish that I had have stayed with Renee."*

*"Were you with Renee?"*

"What is going on?"

"I saw your wife hanging out with Harriman."

"Bridget is with Harriman."

"Jack, it is only business. Get over it!"

"What do you mean business."

"He is a friend."

"A friend."

"Sometimes, I wonder if I truly love you."

"What does that mean?"

"Jack, you haven't been yourself at work lately."

"What does that mean?"

"You are never going to get a promotion."

"You have to be working all the time."

"I need a vacation."

"Are you working for yourself"

"Everyone wants to touch you."

*"You're letting it get to you. You need to snap out of it. You are not going to get Bridget back."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"You are becoming your own worst enemy."*

*"I don't know if I can do anything to help. There is someone that I need you to see."*

*"Let's go!"*

*"This is going to take a lot of effort on your part."*

"You really think that you have it together. You have a long way to go."

*"You are lucky to be alive. I have so much more that I need to show you."*

*"I only have one thing to think about. Getting it done, and getting out of here."*

*"What are you doing back here? I ought to have you arrested."*

*"Are they still afraid of me coming back?"*

*"You've become a ghost."*

*"What?"*

*"I know what you are trying to do!"*

"You won't be able to stop me now."

"Who is going to believe you?"

"I have so much more to accomplish."

*"Where did that come from? I could tell that you've been saving something."*

*"I don't care what it is. Just give me what you've got."*

*"There's still a few things that I need to take care of."*

*"You're not going to leave me here like this. You still have a few things that you have to teach me."*

*"If I get out of here, I am going to take you with me."*

*"I can't do this anymore."*

*"I need to make something out of my life."*

*"Everyone figured that you'd make it out of here. Thanks for telling me."*

*"I've got some beers and cigarettes. Let's call it a party."*

*"You need to show up everyday."*

*"You need to tell Harriman something. Your life is never going to be perfect."*

*"What do you want?"*

*"I can't please you."*

*"What do you want?"*

*"I don't have enough."*

*"What do you want?"*

*"Something special."*

*"What do you want?"*

*"I don't think that you've got anything that I need."*

*"What do you want? You're bothering me."*

*"I want to lick the ice cream off your body."*

*"What are you going to do for me when I feel shitty?"*

*"How shitty do you feel? I don't want you to rain on my parade."*

*"Put all your love in my hand."*

*"If I kiss you, will I get an A on my math exam?"*

*"Do you think that my kiss transmits special knowledge?"*

*"This is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."*

*"I've been thinking about you all the time."*

*"Your feelings are going to your head."*

*"What does that mean? Don't you love me?"*

*"We barely know each other. Let's give it some time."*

*"How much time? A week? Two weeks?"*

*"You are getting to the heart of my insecurity."*

*"Why should I expect you to help me?"*

*"I really cannot be helped."*

*"There are rules here."*

*"You have to be willing to give more of yourself."*

*"I feel as if you are taking something from which I cannot give."*

*"Bridget, do you even listen to yourself. Or is this one of your performance pieces."*

*"This is not coming from you."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"Someone is putting words in my mouth. Someone has a beef, and they are pushing it on me, if you know what I mean."*

*"I am trying understand you, Bridget. But you are become more and more difficult to*

*understand."*

*"I'll take that."*

*"This is definitely becoming more involved than I am ready for."*

*"Sometimes you end up giving more involved."*

*"We have been through a lot of shit."*

*"I find that I am always watching your drama. I can only take so much of it. Do you, or do you not want to be with me?"*

*"I am not good with ultimatums."*

*"You need to be more patient."*

*"This is your life."*

*"This is over my head."*

*"I can only take so much of this fuss."*

*"If I wanted to wait on this, I don't think that I could take it."*

*"Doreen, I need your help."*

*"What is that supposed to mean?"*

*"There are things in my life which are out of my control. I figured that the law could clear all this up."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"People do things that they should not do. And there are ways to get them on track."*

*"This is so precious."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"I didn't think that you had it in you."*

*"Had what?"*

*"Verve. I thought that you did everything to get some kind of rise out of other people. Now I am seeing that there is a human side to you."*

*"There is more to my life than making money."*

*"What does that suppose to mean?"*

*"Sometimes, you need to learn how to hold back. Don't reveal all your cards at one time."*

*"Is this my story?"*

*"Where are we?"*

*"At Doreen's place. She comes out of the shower."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"Who let you in?"*

*"What are you waiting for?"*

*"You sent me a message that said the door was open. You wouldn't have left the door open unless you told me about it."*

*"You could have jimmied with the door."*

*"And what is that supposed to mean?"*

*"I was sure that my door was locked. But I have been having some problems, and I relayed my concerns to the landlord."*

*"Are you really that open to the lives of other people?"*

*"It is a job. And that is why I am so willing to give people what they need. It is a*

trade off.”

“But you reach a point in life where you want a little more than that. You feel as if everyone is cornering you.”

“Where is this coming from?”

“Is there another side to you?”

“I have a dream like everyone else. I will find someone who truly understands me.”

“You need to give a little more of yourself.”

“I am not acting.”

“You are blowing up the phone with your shit.”

“I need to take over this one.”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

*“What is this about Eric?”*

*“What are you talking about Bridget?”*

*“You are giving me the cold shoulder.”*

*“You slept with that guy Jack.”*

*“What of it? I was so fucked up. You know how I get when I get fucked up. I do things. It does not come from deep inside of me.”*

*“And you expect me to forgive that.”*

*“I don’t expect anything. But we have been through too much of this shit already.”*

*“Sometimes, I think that some people understand.”*

*“You find someone who is willing to tolerate your shit. You keep looking and thinking that it is better as it is. But then that shit is so overwhelming.”*

“She is ashamed of life with her parents. So she goes out and has a wild life. Do you want me to talk about the wild life, or the life with her parents.”

*“I am thinking things about you which are barely legal. I am going to lose my principles.”*

*“Why do you think that I winked at you? I want you to fuck my brains out. I want to hold your big, hard cock. So, I said it!”*

*“Doreen, are you okay?”*

*“You are really doing things to my mind.”*

“I want to see something reminds me that I am still part of this world. Renée we have goodies for you if you shut your mouth.”

“The defendant felt feverish about her attraction. This is how people feel.”

“A political connection. Why do people accept what they are given? Why do they buy in?”

“Why did you do it?”

“I was fucked up! I have no idea! Sorry make no sense.”

“Are you like me?”

“You’re a whore. You’re no gangbanger.”

“Don’t go behind my back like that.”

“I’m done.”

SECRET!

“I know how to make you feel good.”

“Do you now?”

"I rub. I touch."

"You want to know."

"What am I supposed to tell you?"

"I am just a machine who. Someone who cheers others on."

See that guy over there. He's checking me out and it's kind of cute he's kind of cute.

"Think about what is happening to you. He's just a fan."

"Do you want to hear my story?"

"I live in a big house. I have loads of room. I have a great job. I'm not racked by emotional confusion."

I see what has to be done, and I am ready to make an effort to stop it. I consented to the use of information to keep people in captivity."

"I live in a world where the accumulation of wedding presents means that I do not have to give any of this up and still hope for the change that will come."

*"Eric, let's go back to the place."*

*"What about Jack? He keeps looking at you."*

*"Ed? He is a nobody."*

*"Didn't you live with him?"*

*"It was no good."*

*"You were married."*

*"No. I lived with him. It was all a big mistake. I will never do something like that again."*

*"How does that work?"*

*"You realize that you do stupid thing."*

*"What comes from that?"*

*"Are you the owner?"*

*"Can't you be responsible?"*

*"If I want to be with someone, that is my right."*

*"I do not want to get in a fight."*

*"He is the manager."*

*"Yes, I am."*

*"Yes. I am."*

*"You are doing awful things to me."*

*"There is a file that explains it all to me."*

*"I would take care of anyone."*

*"I could have been nicer."*

*"We are all in this together."*

*"I feel as if I am in the middle of a war."*

*"That is your love life."*

*"I do not want to lose this."*

*"Fuck me good and make me forget."*

*"And what good is forgetting."*

*"When I remember, I will be sitting at my computer. It will be the basis of a good confessional."*

*"These people have thought about this shit all their lives."*

***“I worked at this. I did not want to lose.”***

***“How does that go?”***

***“Out of my face.”***

“I do not need a place.”

“Who is listening to this shit?”

“I am getting to center of this feeling.”

“The ice cream rolls down your leg.”

“What else is there to your life? Are you thinking about the price of tea in China?”

“I am thinking about the price of wheat in Kansas. This is not being handled well.”

“What does that mean?”

“All these fake emotions.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You want to win in ways that no one can win.”

“You do not have what you think that you have.”

“No one is going to go along with all those things that you have.”

“Is that some kind of disease?”

“It is a condition. The human condition.”

“I am different every night.”

“I have some outfits that I would like you to wear. I have some poses. Here is a script.”

“I write my own words.”

“What words? What is going on at home?”

“Baby doll is eating cookies.”

“Anything that crunches.”

“This is how life gets going.”

“I cannot stop.”

“I am not afraid.”

“I am getting ready for the big match.”

“I am beaten and broken.”

“It is your turn, Bridget.”

“I am reincarnated.”

“All of you. Or only your fingers. Or your mind.”

“My sex.”

“What is that?”

“My retreating form?”

“What did you last night? What did you see? What happened when you arrived at the Boom Boom Room?”

“What does it look like?”

“Faded photographs on the wall. Beauty shots.”

“Everyone has another side.”

“How many holes?”

“How many rooms?”

“Were the photographs autographed?”

“Do not taunt me?”

“How does that go?”  
“A put down!”  
“Where is this going?”  
“This is all going somewhere.”  
“We could be friends.”  
“Friends hurt together.”  
“Where do they hurt?”  
“In the tender areas.”  
“How much does this cost?”  
“More than I can pay.”  
“How much are you going to pay?”  
“You have hit the jackpot.”  
“You can get it for free if you scratch it off.”  
“I have an itch that I cannot scratch.”  
“I can get in deep and scratch it off.”  
“How much are you going to pay?”  
“I am going to pay real money!”  
“It doesn’t matter. Keep it going.”  
“I only want one thing from you.”  
“What is that?”  
“I want a memory that is going to last forever.”  
“What kind of dream is that?”  
“I can feel this scratching from deep inside.”  
“What if I told you that was me?”  
“That would not be cool at all. I did not invite you to scratch.”  
“He told me that it would be okay.”  
“I never said that it would be okay.”  
“Let me take care of you.”  
“I have someone who is taking care of me already.”  
“This is not normal.”  
“It will feel okay.”  
“When he touches you, I am scratching that itch.”  
“He said that this was okay. Is this some kind of cult thing?”  
“How do you feel it, Bridget?”  
“Do not do the same shit over and over again.”  
“This is not a part which I want.”  
“I was bent and folded in parts.”  
“Kiss me!”  
“Are you making me doing this?”  
“It is the coke.”  
“I did not do coke.”  
“Don’t worry about it. Keep on with what has been going on.”  
“I need to get out while I can.”



“There is only one way out of here.”  
“Are you going somewhere else after this?”  
“The Boom Boom Room.”  
“I want certainty.”  
“This will make you feel great.”  
“I am going to pass out in some bathroom.”  
“What is going on, Dale?”  
“I ate all the doughnuts. I cannot even move.”  
“They were tainted.”  
“I am understanding none of this.”  
“I need to finish this.”  
“Just put it in.”  
“That guy is going to kill me.”  
“He is passed out.”  
“Something does not seem right here.”  
“It all comes down to this.”  
“I ate the last doughnut.”  
“Bridget, you are suffering from a compassion deficit.”  
“I do what I need to do.”