



***Repeat  
Victimization  
(an immurement play)***

**CAST:**

AUGUSTA

MAY

JUNE

JULY

**A note on the text:** This script is essentially a score for four voices; while there are songs, we are speaking most of the time. Let the spaces in between fill themselves in with time.

// within a line of dialogue indicates the overlapping start of the next line

**A note on the songs:** When we sing, we are aware that we are singing. The songs are not soliloquies put to music. Somewhere in the space, if possible, there is at least one instrumentalist accompanying the songs. I highly suggest the use of a polyphonic synth keyboard. Acapella sequences are noted as such. The actors need not be virtuosic singers, they need only to believe in themselves.

**A note on the space:** We are immured. In the initial space of confinement there is a metal door and a slinky thin screen that shows us digital images.

THEY DESPISE FLATTERY  
-Hrosvitha, *Dulcitius*

*We are immured.*

*As we enter, part of the structure in which we will be confined is being constructed before our eyes. For instance, we could be getting walled in from the inside. We enter the visible area as a procession, wearing stained white clothing and quietly crying stoic tears.*

*While this is occurring we hear two incongruous tracks of music playing over each other: one is a very full anthemic type of march, it swells. The other is a more rubato type of dirge, or instrumental lamentation, it lingers. Other sounds exist but are subdued in the interplay between these two pieces.*

*On screen:*

*The Sun comes up.*

*A song:*

AUGUSTA

*(singing)*

CRUSHED BY THE SCHOOLBUS NOW I WALK LIKE A CHICKEN  
HAD AN APPARITION OF AN APPARITION

TURN DOWN THE HALLWAY SMELL OF SHIT RUSHING IN  
YEAH I GOT USED TO THAT FASTER THAN ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT!

BLESS THE HOLE IN MY INTESTINES BLESS THE WORMS IN MY EYES  
WHY DIDN'T I STOOP TO MENTION? WHAT COULDN'T I REALIZE?

CRUSHED BY THE SCHOOLBUS NOW I WALK LIKE A CHICKEN  
HAD AN APPARITION OF AN APPARITION...

*The song ends*

AUGUSTA

*(ostensibly to the audience)*

Thank you for joining us today. We are indeed stuck here underground and if you touch the door you'll be shocked with thousands of volts of electrical current and die. Any questions?

MAY

*(raising hand)*

I'm a virgin and I despise flattery.

JUNE

//damn

ookay

JULY  
alright...

AUGUSTA  
that's not a question. Any QUESTIONS?  
no?  
no?

JULY  
how did the sun get in here?

AUGUSTA  
Now that is a question. Take note.  
Fortunately, it is all real.

JUNE  
Really?

JULY  
Really real?

AUGUSTA  
Really real.

JUNE  
But how?

AUGUSTA  
There is a real time camera pointed at the sky that is being real time transmitted to a highly thin screen, thin like paper, looking so real as such (*her voice almost imperceptibly starts to break. she composes herself*) Looking realer than really real. But ultimately it's just only merely, real. Does that make sense?

*Silence.*

AUGUSTA  
???

MAY and JUNE and JULY  
YES

AUGUSTA  
Great

JUNE

so you're a virgin ahuh classic a classic stripe to a fresh uh daisyboned in the spring of youth to be so a spoken like

JULY

i think what she is trying to say trying to say here—

MAY

Well it's true it's all true what they say about me i am a virgin yes a virgin so beloved of god and my faith is unshakeable literally and utterly and truefully and that is why i am down here as opposed to in say a brothel or shot dead by the firing squad because every time they try to there's a righteous intervention even if you can't necessarily prove it on paper god intervenes and—

AUGUSTA

No other questions?

*(pause)*

Well, there's time.

*An actual long silence. We look around, disperse to corners of the room, sit, kneel, lose ourselves in thought, etc. Obviously it is such a small space that we can still look at each other quite easily.*

AUGUSTA

I'll tell you a story.

JUNE

great  
amazing  
fruititious

AUGUSTA

It's rrrrezonant

JUNE

I'm sure

JULY

I'm sleepy

AUGUSTA

*(slight chuckle)*

This one is about men

*June looks at May with a performative "you're not going to understand this" type of glance.*

AUGUSTA

Stitched red sweater, brown shoes with those stylistic perforations as to denote a type of sensitivity to the hard urban concrete. Is there nothing more than accoutrement to a person? Ah. Mouth sealed so firmly, except when it needed not to. Open just the amount, seemly and becoming. Keep you within his sights, constantly, so game to preach a kind of humanistic ideal, of the rights of the individual as he, the individual is ah ah ah

JUNE

born free—

AUGUSTA

—and is everywhere else in chains, very good, thank you. (*pause*) Where was I? We could go backwards no that would ruin it. Where are you she says? It's so late why aren't you here with me? He doesn't say anything because there were no cell phones back then. So she whispers it into the wind. She's at home with her grouching mother and her runny eyed configured mass of child to as not determine it male or female. He was at the library studying for his big exam, ungrateful bitch doubting my motives. Oh but the day comes the exam long ago passed, or something like that, and he's never around, the runny eyed mass is now again replicated into an even smaller more nebulous form, she's got two basically, and a third with her mother being so so so old now as to not be much in the manner of autonomous—

And he's never around never comes home, and when he does his hair and beard are smelling in a very, very wrong way if you know what I mean, he does have a cell phone now, they basically all do and how it abuses its light as to cast darkness upon the household even and especially with its artfish seeingeye camera apparatus—

And she wretchedly fantasizes about them because it is unknowable how many or where from or what age or color hair—

One night, after she has been praying, praying for a type of reprieve from her bitterness, one night as they are finally going to make love, to each other this time, (if one can even call it love), she reaches into his finely woven wool trousers, which is unusual for her because she is extremely sexually passive to the extent one may consider it a medical condition—she takes off his pants looks upon his form, and instead of genitaliya he's sprouted a spiky tree branch  
No leaves

JULY

ew

AUGUSTA

heehee

JUNE

(*referring to May*)

She didn't get it

MAY

Got it just fine thanks

It's a cautionary tale

JUNE

No it's not, it's a revenge fantasy, an obscenity narrative

AUGUSTA

*(too sweetly)*

it's whatever you want it to be.

Who's next?

JUNE

Alright sure. I think I heard this one somewhere.

MAY

So stealing

JUNE

Stealing is fine

JULY

It's not even actually a deadly sin.

JUNE

Did you think of that

Did you think of that?

Anyway.

This is about someone whose name I don't remember but feel free to assign any name that will thusly please ya. Okay. *(clears throat)*

Having been born in Armotolia—

MAY

Where's that

AUGUSTA

Kind of—

JULY

Kind of a tartacelesia

AUGUSTA

//ciscausasia

JULY

*(a little sleepy)*

//or herezgovnic contra-adriatic pseduoturkestan

The region that looks like little fingers maybe

JUNE

Doesn't really matter  
Anyway—

MAY

How can you say it doesn't really matter, context is everything is it not, how do you expect us to picture any image do any picturing, the act of which depends upon—

AUGUSTA

is it on the black sea?

JULY

I don't think so...?

JUNE

Does not really matter!  
Make something up if that gets you appayed  
Anyway!

Having been brought up, coming up as one comes, never reproached enough by her lacksadaisical mother and father who only have their own selves to reproach when confronted by the most reproachable manner of the gens fils excetra and being in her utter midyears mediocrity in all the things, passions grown invariably mid, nothing coming easily but still downright unwilling to cross a certain threshold to do anything truly difficult and or even reach a level of specialness in the simple field of ascribing one's thoughts to paper, though she did think much about doing that—if only appreciating warm meals and taking warm showers could be considered admirable skills! Perhaps then she would have surmised a type of completion of the completion

JULY

*(rubbing her arms)*

Seems rather off the cold cuff to be describing here in this cold basement no?

AUGUSTA

It's only cold if you let it be cold.

JUNE

*(continuing on)*

But being ungiven to blaming herself she posits it's everyone else of the world who contributes to her trite isolated stagnation. So. Decisions, decisions. Option one: accept mediocrity, crouch behind the screen door in your big college sweatshirt, watch your shows, perform fellatio, look up and down at yourself in the mirror once awhile, experiment with do-it-yourself religions, order one in the mail, look at the pieces in the kit, shake your head and order another, gain stale complacent weight, the weight of time and the particles that make up everything around you. Option two: kill yourself. Option three: rise above it. Oh but how?? Circular nonsolutions. What is—what I think happens—I'm not sure how exactly—but nonetheless our hero finds herself standing atop a *(draws a circle in the air)* you've seen it before.



JULY

an occult symbol  
 help me i'm in the pool like  
 can anyone save me i'm  
 in the poo-ool

JUNE

Uh right

For the very and explicit purpose of summoning a devil, although all she's presented with is some middleman, some middleaged slightly balding figure of truly average height, dressed plainly, with whom to parlay—

MAY

If you think about it there's really no such thing as occult symbolism don't even know what it would look like  
 in fact what does that even mean to "summon the devil" you scarcely need to look far out in the open to find him—just open your door and stick your little head out...

*Her voice trails off, we all looks pretty sad. We each look towards a different corner of the space.*

JULY

Out

MAY

Out

JUNE

Out...

*A long silence.*

JULY

We're in hell now.

AUGUSTA

Don't be ridiculous.  
 Time exists here  
 Look—

*Augusta points to the screen.  
 On screen:  
 The moon comes up.*

JULY

*(seething somewhat)*

So we've already been here forever

MAY

Forever is a short forever  
is backwards

JUNE

We won't even die young, we'll just age poorly.

AUGUSTA

Hey now. Hey now.

This is all true.

Any questions

Any questions

*(a silence. To June:)*

Did you want to finish your story now

MAY

I think we get the point

JUNE

Yeah, I think the point was  
made

MAY

Every time they try to shoot me the bullet does a glance and turns into a harmless palmetto bug and lands on my finger and every time they try to rape me their arousal is transferred to the love of a wellseasoned cast iron pan.

AUGUSTA

What's interesting is—

JUNE

this room here if it started to fill with highly reactive fumes, naturally they would be colored quite ambiguously: it's never green, for instance, is it, rarely orange, possibly white or offwhite, more likely colorless. and the presence of a smell who knows either, could be filling right now.

*They all look towards Augusta. She shrugs as to mean "probably."*

MAY

Everything is like that already  
Since you were born  
Since I was born  
So

JULY

Ah so

*(thinks)*

I'm sleepy

AUGUSTA

I never sleep

*(she points to the ground)*

these rats you have to shake 'em from their canisters

MAY

What canisters

AUGUSTA

This is the canister

*We're waiting for a "heehee" but no such luck. Pause. Time passes.*

MAY

I'll go, now.

This is why I'm here:

JUNE

Nobody cares

MAY

Nobody cared to hear the stories

JULY

I thought they were

alright

MAY

Well I did too that's my point

AUGUSTA

Don't be so confused

the built structure calls for bodies

that's the only real reason,

everything else is cope, is attempting to get a handle on that which lacks a handle, is wishful

thinking, is masochistic revelring

any questions—

JUNE

Alright alright let me guess

Somebody maybe it's your own folks cuz your own folks know how to do it to you  
they want you to marry a pagan who's probably no worse than anyone else won't treat you that  
bad will hold your hand in public and sweep the floor once in a while when you have a migraine  
but of course you won't go through with it, better to be celibate forever, attain your uh

JULY

*(drawing a shape in the air)*

Virginity crown

JUNE

Right but you're also gunning for sainthood  
which requires punishment  
You know, punishment?

MAY

My sisters and I

They used to have names

At one point we all had names

but

*(pause)*

They are all dead now, but their deaths were made clean and painless, their souls exiting before  
the moment of bodily death, their corpses could not be desecrated as intended.

A roman emperor and his provincial governors sentenced us to death by torture

Because we wouldn't eat the sacrificial offerings

JULY

Oh well... why not?

MAY

You're not supposed to abase the oiled head of the savior at the feet of Images

JUNE

Oh come// on...

AUGUSTA

She hasn't even eaten the sacrificial offerings....

JUNE

We've all eaten the sacrificial offerings, just eat the goddamn sacrificial offerings, it's not that  
hard, it's not like you have to like it, I mean does it matter, what is it anyway, a slice of cured  
meat, a few olives? I guess it could theoretically be anything. But still.

MAY

*(at peace)*

If I can't choose to die for something, then why bother living??

*A silence.*

JULY

Ok I

I'll do my story do a st-story and then rest just a moment of rest.

Ahhhh

*(touches her teeth with her fingernail, thinks)*

umm

hmm

*(a long exhale)*

I don't know if my lips move

JUNE

They're moving alright

JULY

I want to be tiny

a tiny amongst tinies

there was a time i was really so ecstatic to have my blood warm up and bubbly and green and good, to be sure there was an omnibus of scabine entities lingering where you would think they would linger

I used to be so vexed by extreme feelings but now so lucky so numbed so cained

umm

I don't know if my lips move when, when I...

*(pause, a realization)*

Oh Oh wait

There is an inscription in the town where I'm from, a large transition was undergone we underwent a largeish transition

maybe you remember when it was, I don't, maybe you do, it was in the news, everyone wore headphones where messages were relayed to us about the transition and what it would entail

MAY

Entail?

JULY

Economically speaking.

There was inscription erected by where the train would drop you off. It read like this:

*Some vamping of chords.*

JULY

*(a blank monotone)*

"You made it! Coal engines and hi-speed rails! You heard me right! Train time! Choo-choo! All my beliefs sickened and—"

*A song:*

JULY

*(singing)*

ULTRAVALIDATED  
 A GRAVE WITH A DEDICATION  
 DEDICATED TO THOSE  
 WHO JUST HAD TO COLLAB  
 (THEY JUST **HAD** TO)  
 IT'S THEIR OWN RESIDUAL TRAUMA  
 HAVING DONE  
 THE COLLAB  
 DON'T LAUGH!  
 DON'T BELITTLE!  
 DON'T GASLIGHT!  
 YOU CAN SEE IT FROM HERE  
 CAN SMELL IT FROM HERE  
 I SHIRK THE BLANKET OF SHAME  
 WHY EVEN BE BEHOLDEN  
 TO THAT??  
 ONLY GOD  
 CAN JUDGE ME  
 AND HE WILL! AND HE WILL! AND HE WILL!

*The song ends. July is really sleepy now. Different chords  
 vamping, more dissonant than before.*

AUGUSTA

You get to have three

JUNE

Judges in the afterlife

MAY

Figure types

JUNE

// professional sports players, DB cooper, John the Baptist, an all alighted nineties

AUGUSTA

a cadre of plump schoolgals, Dido, Aeneas

MAY

a shriveled youth a childlike adult, something in between

JUNE

desolate sociology majors, Ovid, // a pet parrot

AUGUSTA

tipper gore, kafka, oh oh wait i know this one a a a cutie in a breadbowl? A sweetie in a wire cage?

MAY

Mere figures

JUNE

Judging you in the afterlife

AUGUSTA

You get to have three

*Silence. July has fallen asleep. It is not exactly a resplendently peaceful slumber. She's kind of just there, not snoring but still breathing.*

AUGUSTA

How do you think I've lived this long?

*Silence.*

AUGUSTA

I'd like if you asked but I'll tell you anyway.

MAY

I just don't really understand the question

AUGUSTA

I've been down here longer than anyone  
I've seen the sun rise and set on that screen more than anyone  
when I got here the screen was new  
now I imagine it's kind of dated  
do you think it's kind of dated?

*Silence. May and June shrug.*

AUGUSTA

How do you think I've survived when no one else has?

*A song:*

AUGUSTA

*(singing)*

BUTTER TOP SEASON ROT

TOO CRAZY TO BE REAL

GANYMEDIC EXCESS  
TOO CRAZY TO BE REAL

CHILL OUT HANG OUT  
TOO CRAZY TO BE REAL

DIAMOND PERSONALITIES  
TOO CRAZY TO BE REAL

REPULSIVE BABY BIRDS  
TOO CRAZY TO BE REAL

DEFAMATION YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND  
YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS

*The song fades over the following:*

AUGUSTA

some of the others who I am afraid also lacked names

names names names

They gave up so fast

Laid down and moaned a bit and closed their eyes

and went silent and motionless

and didn't get up

might have just been insulin related

or despair

you know, despair?

And the others wouldn't touch them thought it was bad luck

but let's be real if you're here not much worse your luck could get

And once you do it once you may as well do it indefinitely

And so that is why I've managed to endure

JUNE and MAY

You just ate people?

AUGUSTA

I just ate people

Yes

Any questions?

Any questions?

*Silence. Augusta rests her head on a surface.*



AUGUSTA

I never sleep either.  
I might not wake up,  
so why take a chance

*Stillness that seems impossible. After a long moment May and June exhale simultaneously, they look at each other, with some metered reproach, and then away, and then again with some piquant curiosity, and then away again. This sequence is stylized and intentional, you can't miss it.*

*A song:*

MAY

*(singing)*

THE LITTLE LINES DRAWN IN THE MILK FLUID OF MY BLOOD  
I TURN MY HEAD WAITING  
FOR THE CALL OF THE NUMBER, DIALED IN  
THE TEARS SHED  
THE TEARS NOT SHED

JUNE

*(singing)*

IT DIDN'T TURN ME ON TO BE APPROACHED BY THE SPECTRE OF DEATH  
IT DIDN'T TURN ME ON TO BRUSH MY TEETH WITH DRAINO  
IT DIDN'T SOUNDHECK MY IMPULSE METER  
TO LOWPASS YOUR GOOD GRACES  
OUT OF MY SPINE

MAY and JUNE

*(singing)*

I'M BEGGING YOU NOT TO NOTICE  
I'M BEGGING YOU NOT TO NOTICE  
I'M BEGGING YOU NOT TO NOTICE  
I'M WAITING FOR A ROUGH AND SMOOTH FORGIVENESS  
ROUGH AND SMOOTH FORGIVENESS  
ROUGH AND SMOOTH FORGIVENESS

*The song ends*

*On screen: the sun comes up*

JUNE

I've come to doubt even this

MAY

But she said—

JUNE

She did say  
but she also eats people

MAY

She did say that too

AUGUSTA

O for certeyn

*We turn to look at Augusta*

AUGUSTA

O o o for certeyn  
right quirky you were as you were blinkedly birthed from your mothers wom  
her looking down at you from in between her legs as ya were borned  
thinking  
right quirky it will be right quirky

JUNE

O for “certeyn”...

AUGUSTA

Now you’ve got rights to wave the contrary flag, flag of contrariness  
the little ashes under your nose stinging the, uh the white part of your eyes, the—

MAY

Cornea

AUGUSTA

Yes the cornea

Here’s a story:

So blessed and all insides excoriated, she remembered her childhood in ygpt a sort of an  
entreatment to a trip to the, trip to the...the old shopping mall none but a teared upon the  
eschalator the ahh what do you call it the staircase that propels itself through perpetual spin, its  
body undergoing the concentrique

JUNE

oh right the uhh “concentrique”

AUGUSTA

and her sister too performing their dual adulteries hehe with all the newly defined community  
groups

Adolescent nipples poked halfway thru... but to them no exploitation, hard as it is to imagine no exploitation as even if you don't feel it doesn't necessarily mean it isn't there even if there's a sort of free association of producers

MAY

not sure what she was producing  
Some kind of body spectacle?

*(silence)*

I saw something appear in the beyond

AUGUSTA

it's an  
allllelegory in the first place

JUNE

my old home my  
san fran cis coooo

AUGUSTA

You know what happens

MAY

Yes

Obviously  
the sword

Literal swords I mean

Both cities razed

their inhabitants wake up into a burnt world

Because the *(whisper)* sluts *(normal voice)* are just cities

geographic *(whisper)* sluts

I'm not saying that as a value judgment

*Long sigh, in the distance. Almost impossible as in where would it have come from? Rats come through the cracks in the walls. They go about their rat business. We react to the rats individually: fear, disgust, curiosity, they're kind of cute, etc. July remains asleep.*

AUGUSTA

Someone should tell her

JUNE

That you ate people

AUGUSTA

Ah sure but

Something else

MAY

That we could eat the rats?

AUGUSTA

*(a dismissive shrug)*

Good luck catching them

*Some rats run by, they are, in fact, really hard to catch.*

AUGUSTA

I started moisturizing this year

JUNE

This...?

MAY

This...?

AUGUSTA

All the other years showing on our faces as everyone can tell but then as such stopped in its tracks hmm—

yet no fine shea butter, no pilfered argan oil from the settlement grounds, how do they squeeze the oil out of the seed? No, look—

*We turn our attention to the soft dirt of the ground. A silence. June appears sickly, about to throw up.*

JUNE

Oh no O

MAY

Oh...

*Augusta lies down, does a bit of a snow angel in the dirt*

AUGUSTA

It is our fate to moisturize the next generation.

To nourish the ground and their skin

MAY

I hate that word

Nurrrrish

*June is about to throw up but doesn't. Augusta closes her eyes but isn't really asleep (as promised) (though who can tell exactly).*

MAY

*(to Augusta)*

So how many are here  
 how many bodies in this room  
 You said any any questions  
 This is just one  
 how many in this room that you know of  
 in partial or total decomposition

*July wakes up, she does not look well rested.*

JULY

*(sleepy)*

I was so sleepy  
 Yes  
 I just woke up  
 yes  
 Now I am awake but *(pause)* shit  
 still sleepy

JUNE

What a synthesis

JULY

I was asleep now I am awake but I cannot jump the gun and speak of well restedness  
 I slept for a while yes (or...)  
 and then I woke up yes  
 I did not dream  
 no  
*(pause)*  
 Or if I did it's all lost now  
*(pause)*  
 Some say the best way to recover your lost dream is to return to sleep as soon as  
 as soon as  
 yes

*July lays back down and is again still. Silence.  
 May looks at the door, perhaps approaches it. Retreats.*

MAY

My sisters and I, when we were  
 detained  
 Would pass the time singing hymns

JUNE

I keep forgetting it's not your first time

MAY

What

*(pause)*

Oh

In many ways it was nicer

It was too dark as to see more than an inch in front of your face, for instance  
easier to dream that way.

One that we would sing, it went like this:

*May hums the tune.*

JUNE

It doesn't help

MAY

Nothing helps

It is a good impediment however to certain impure thoughts—

Are you also beset with impure thoughts?

JUNE

All the time

MAY

All the time!

JUNE

But

Look

Hunger is an impure thought

Teeth colliding and juices evaporizing—

Impure

Don't you think?

MAY

Hunger is not an impure thought

it's the dissonance between two expectations which are not by necessity impure

JUNE

Okay anyway

The door is an impure thought

*They both turn to look at the door.*

JUNE

Hundreds of thousands of volts of electric whatever

MAY

I don't know much about electricity

never studied it

not that it's not real

I'm just not qualified to say what it is or it isn't or what it does or doesn't do

JUNE

Verygood.

The volts rupturing your body, that's an impure thought

The breeze on your face, that which cannot be simulated on whatever that is (*points to the screen*)

The wetness of the dirt oh that's an impure thought

*A moment*

*A song:*

JUNE

*(singing)*

AM I IN LA LA LA LA LA LA LOVE?

AM I IN HE HE HE HE HE HE HEAT?

AM I IN LA LA LA LA LA LA LOVE?

AM I IN HE HE HE HE HE HE HEAT?

*May and June duet without really looking at each other.*

MAY

*(singing)*

AM I IN LA LA LA LA LA LA LOVE?

AM I IN HE HE HE HE HE HE HEAT?

AM I IN LA LA LA LA LA LA LOVE?

AM I IN HE HE HE HE HE HE HEAT?

MAY and JUNE

*(singing)*

IS MY COLLANDER STRAINED?

ARE MY ANKLES TOO THIN?

AM I PLAYING A GAME?

I JUST CAN'T EVER WIN?

*The song ends.*

JUNE

What do you remember?

MAY

Is this a game

JUNE

Yes let's say yes

MAY

Fine

I am given to what can only be called a precious type of misremembering  
a pale orange glaze overwhich—

I'm always washing the disinfectant off my hands, remove the chemical cleansers and the  
fragrant parfum

We had to write letters in prison

to the anima in our heads, as kind of an exercise in (*reproachfully*) creating an individualized self  
where none was thought to have previously existed

to effectively snuff out any hope of collective myceliac consciousness, for instance—

to birth "real identities" within

I kept it short: dedications, a statement, an apology of some kind

all very brief and non-noticeable

sharpie bleeding onto my hands

(*points to the door*)

It looms

JUNE

I don't believe you'd actually do it

MAY

Do what

JUNE

Surrender your flesh form in an instant

MAY

Hmm

(*pause*)

My mother was mortal, with fat sagging arms

Fat and fleshy the kind you can leave an imprint on

JUNE

And what happened to her

MAY

Her soul was escorted from her body after completing the mourning period for my sisters



I envied that

JUNE

That

MAY

Her

And them

*A silence*

MAY

What do you remember

JUNE

I remember smooth coat horses in unnatural hair colors

I remember brushing their teeth with soda paste and pungent oil

And riding, unreal horses, being shaken and falling endless depths

My tears numbering erratically, like a passenger-side window full of raindrops

And I, aggrieved that my tears don't have a number don't have a weight in gold or feathers

MAY

Which is about the same no

no?

JUNE

I also had family who also had names at some point

Ones you might even be forced to confront the fact that you would have recognized

But of course not anymore

My head was wedged and rendered immovable in the birth canal for several hours

something trickling in my brain

Which rendered me of ill temperament and bad decision making

Would you believe that?

*(pause)*

Would you believe that?

MAY

???

JUNE

It came a time everyone got to thinking

She's going to remitto, remittere herself on another's behalf

and get in all manner of trouble

and bring shame upon everyone within a hundred mile radia

of course they were right

MAY

Of course?

JUNE

Of course

I would shake and speak that which should not have been spake aloud  
and all the interventions could only do as to make it worse  
such to the point it came to the last option  
which was to into the soft core of my brain and extract the stone that lies within—  
get in the car get in the car honey we're going for a drive, haven't you missed your favorite  
syrups—

and when they extract they extract the stone you are instructed to keep talking  
until you can't anymore

but I never stopped

like goddamn horsey hooves

clomp clomp clomp—

And then I never saw any of them again

*(pause)*

Why can't I countenance, appendage my traumie like oldstyle?

Why do I remain why do I remain a worthless functionary, drawn into the colossal gig, the bone  
economy—?

Why can't I believe instead of what I belief to believe?

Why can't I squirt it out through a pair of engine eyes?

Why am I so blocked up?

Why does this living tomb of a basement room appear wide, plushy and comfortable in  
comparison to the tomb of my body and mind?

What will they do what will I ever do I am entombed alive for no good reason if any good reason  
was a good reason who is to say what will follow I cannot follow who is to say what my desire  
was in that moment what is to say—WHAT. IS. THAT. MINIMAL PIANO??

*We have indeed been hearing some minimal piano for about fifteen  
seconds prior to this. The musician stops awkwardly and abruptly.  
A moment, May and June look at the door.*

MAY

I don't believe you'd actually do it

JUNE

Well

*(pause)*

I wouldn't

in this particular moment

Because it's too final

Too much choice

If you pushed me it would be something entirely different

*They spontaneously hug. They looked shocked at one another.*

MAY

This world is averse to virgins  
They hate us out there  
Refusal is anathematic  
It's all entry all the time

JUNE

Someday, sometimes you, one, may entreat—

MAY

be CONVINCED to entreat—  
Look at the structures built  
Look what is getting affixed in the ground

JUNE

affixed

MAY

exactly

JUNE

I have a gun

MAY

*(chuckle)*  
Imagine

JUNE

I'm imagining I have a gun

MAY

All it is is that which we never never asked for—!  
The globe substantialized  
Those oedipal structures protruding upwards from the ground  
patriarchal erections as I said no one asked for in every place and town  
dug into the cold earth

JUNE

I bet you're from somewhere really cold and dry

*They are about to embrace again. Augusta stands up, May and June walk as far apart from each other as they can (which is obviously not very far)*

AUGUSTA  
28 or 29

MAY  
What

AUGUSTA  
You asked  
I calculated  
I can't know exactly  
I can however at this time account  
for 28 or 29

*On screen: The moon comes up*

JUNE  
*(pointing to July)*  
Wake her up

MAY  
She seems so at peace

JUNE  
I want to hear about the transition  
It might be instructive

*May tenderly nudges July with her foot. At first she doesn't stir.*

MAY  
Do you think she's just given up?  
*(to Augusta)*  
Wait a moment i'm not sure i'm not sure  
don't jump the—  
just don't be hungry!

*She nudges July again, a bit more forcefully. July stirs.*

JUNE  
We want to hear about the transition.

*July does not move from the floor, she groggily puts her hands  
over her eyes.*

JULY  
*(sleepily)*  
Shake you out of bed and into the town square

which reminded me of something else but not anything i could have experienced or was known to experience

those years were full of light but as such the case it's hard to get a good look at anything what with all that glare

women crying

crying the way as, you know, some are liable to choke on their own spittle upon getting excited...

Now please listen put on your headphones and listen. You're going to be reintegrated into the world economy, if only for the first time. Now I am crying nothing makes sense I'm crying but I don't know why it's a memory of something longgone. Look kid no one is going to shoot you. No one is going to shoot you! A building or two on fire, stairwell doors with locks engaged. Thank you for reintegrating us into the world economy e e e e e. No one shooting no firearms discharged however, that's all passed all footnote and if it is, if it is discharged it's only rubber or metaphorical bullets being discharged.

*A song:*

JULY

*(singing sleepily)*

YOU ARE MY ONE HONEY PIE

ONE ONE ONE ONE

ONE

...

YOU ARE MY TWO HONEY PIE

TWO TWO TWO TWO

*(yawn, spoken) twooooo....*

*The song ends. July removes her hands from her face. She is again asleep.*

AUGUSTA

Well good for her I suppose

MAY

What do you mean

seemed desolate

AUGUSTA

Even so—

All the hatches opening for her people

All the televised song competitions they could never have competed in before the transition

Don't you find cultural song and dance to be the best way to demonstrate your humanity to others?

MAY

Hmm

AUGUSTA

*(to June)*

I will entreat

Entreat to hear if you will, about the parlay

JUNE

What?

AUGUSTA

In cryptomakedonia, or—

JUNE

Oh right

The parlay, parolo, parere

Where were we...?

She requests from the middleman one for the other, one for the other

Mostly the following:

An ascendant reliance to get out of bed at any time desired,

The ability to form precise mental images without any defects—

MAY

I can do that already

AUGUSTA

Me too

JUNE

*(continuing on)*

The ability to replenish lost cells of any kind—hair, skin, connective tissue

The prediction and obstruction and interdiction of the weather

Certain alchemical conversions

A repository of all historical figures to procure as concubines

The ability to cum on command

A lot of party tricks

While theoretically these availances could be used for a multitude of purposes, even well-worldchanging incidences,

they are mostly utilized as party tricks

And she did like her parties

AUGUSTA

And the parlay

Every parlay every negotiation has within it an implicit other side  
an aspect of an aspect liable as to be communicated in a ratio

JUNE

Indeed—

everything incurs a cost:

So, being become this arbitrix of the damned, a minister of struggle, some kinda witness of degradation, she signs in blood the following:

Quite simply: the powers are good for 24 years, at which point her body soul everything will get totally trashed

MAY

And she'll go to hell

*A moment*

JUNE

Well we're not there yet

in the story—

But yes

An availance that expires and a punishment that has no end:

you live on borrowed time, i live on borrowed time, et cetera

and before that

AUGUSTA and MAY

Party tricks

JUNE

*(continuing on)*

and a lot of waiting, ups and downs, the ups being the reprieve of the few years of the regular passage of time, the downs being knowing finally knowing not having any doubt any more, lying in bed just gridlocked and unmoving.

Shrivening, in expert manner of all respertise, a shapen image of the helen of troy—

no not in this version it's uh

Menelaus

MAY

Why

AUGUSTA

Helen was booked

MAY

So she's fornicating with a shadow

AUGUSTA

Righteous

MAY

Verygood

JUNE

and entertaining herself in these moments of otherwise totally down in the hole  
 shortly before the end, perhaps a year before,  
 she transfers the shadow into a human form giving birth to a grown entity, also shadowy, who  
 appears as an infant but speaks as an adult who will tell her many strange things happening  
 simultaneously in strange places, and the future and the past too

MAY

Lines in the night sky

AUGUSTA

Spectral contacts

JUNE

Oil gestating under the earth

AUGUSTA

Unexpected growth trajectories

MAY

A real lord of information

JUNE

And right before, just a hair's breadth of time  
 before her skull is made to do the crayon thing against the wall  
 She gathers all her horrible chattering friends together, with their plaster teeth and preeny necks  
 and addresses them: O pals, O chums of the past,  
 don't do it, that which I have done, nothing is worth it, you do have a soul, everyone does  
 I have so many tricks up my sleeve  
 But none of them are enough  
 I have no one to blame and I can't say I have what constitutes a regret  
 Because given the chance I would have repeated everything  
 All my choices  
 But learn from me, let me be a sad example.  
 And they think it's some kind of metacommentary standup impractical laugh-sesh  
 Though of course nothing could be further from the truth,  
 And everyone leaves just really really confused

*A long silence.*

JUNE

There's something lonely about a permanent world



MAY

Oh really now

AUGUSTA

It doesn't belong to you it doesn't remain and if it does not rightfully

I only know this because of the other bodies that live in me and congeal around me

That the self is a mechanical bird, use as you please.

There's nothing beneath us though, we're as far down as it goes but that's not very relevant now  
it's of a diminished rellelelelevance

*(pause)*

The joy that one could have is that this building we 28 or 29 or 32 or 33 corpses are immured  
within and underneath is in fact beautiful or one day has a beautified visage, that it brings some  
joy some awe to others.

Our only task is to hope, dare i say dream dare i say...

MAY

And in the interim?

JUNE

It's all interim

It's not like they'll ever let us see it

AUGUSTA

We can think of the future happiness that will be transferred from our bodily energies  
into the architecture, what could it be oh a—

shopping centre?

fitness spin area?

a government office?

another, bigger prison? for temporary sentences?

parliament itself?

a station for the neurotic rich to receive enemas?

*(whisper)* a shopping centre?

*(normal volume)* that is all we can do with our remaining energies—hope they'll jinglejang our  
fiscalforms, hope that all of this means something

JUNE

You're kidding?

MAY

Reform the tomb?

Replace the tomb with infinitely recursing tombs within?

And without?

JUNE

Ridiculous

AUGUSTA

But what else can we do  
antagonize?  
Hate each other?  
Leave?

*We all look at the door.*

JUNE

*(speaking very quickly)*  
I'd die // but I'm worried I'll be back

MAY

*(speaking very quickly)*  
I'd die but I'm worried I'll foul myself

*We look at each other, a little awkward.*

AUGUSTA

So we'll sit it out we're just sitting it out  
sitting being a flexible generous term  
time exists time is finite  
time moves faster than you think  
so fast as you'll suddenly be an oldhead and not know it  
but of course sometimes it's the opposite

*On screen: an exercise video. We do our exercises. July continues to sleep.*

*The exercise video ends. A loud noise that shouldn't exist.  
We grab our heads in pain, why does it hurt this badly?*

JUNE

*(to May, accusatory)*  
You have a body and that realization is splintering

MAY

*(to June, accusatory)*  
You have a soul and that realization is splintering

AUGUSTA

Crimes against the body made meaningless by the body being made meaningless

MAY

If this life on earth is just a fragment of eternity why not splinter it

JUNE

If the body is all there is than why not return it to the nitrogen cycle

MAY

I never said it was!  
I tire of this!  
I am so tired of this!

*We are interrupted by another terrible intrusive sound. June and Augusta rub dirt from the ground on their arms. May starts to scratch the surface of the wall.*

*July wakes up.*

JULY

Look around!  
I'm expansive I'm everywhere air air air  
I'm clinging to the walls  
No no no no no

*July runs to the door, she opens the door. She is not shocked with anything. She walks out, the door clangs shut. We look on in a resigned confusion. Are we dreaming?*

*Lights out but for the screen. Something swirls. Fireworks but not really not exactly.*

*On screen: a montage: under each image is a written image-description but the words fly by so fast we can't get a good look at them. Sound of planes landing.*

*Lipstick being applied to a type of barn animal*

*Potatoes being peeled*

*Peeled potatoes being chopped*

*POV of dirt being piled on top of us as though we are lying in a grave*

*Potatoes being dug out of the dirt with shovels or machines*

*A hand holding a freshly dug potatoe*

*A congruous but disembodied smile*

*The last image flickers in sepia tone, perhaps even strobes if our brains can tolerate that.*

*We, the audience, can read the flickering on each other's bodies.*

*Darkness.*

*When we spring back into the visible we are even more tightly situated. There now is the façade of a countertop, an imagined cash register/card reader system, and a space behind the counter that is also quite small. May and June have put on matching oversize t-shirts over their clothes, as well as long grey aprons over their t-shirts. They also both have their hair tucked into matching baseball caps emblazoned with unrecognizable insignias. Our hands, which are enveloped in disposable gloves, are clasped over our chests, we look straightup lobotomized, stare at the audience with big empty eyes.*

*We hear the crackle of a fly zapper somewhere upstage, we dimly turn to look at it and then back at the audience. Silence, then—a crackle of the radio, May tunes it a little, it is now sort of recognizable as “Am I in Lalalalala love??”*

MAY and JUNE

*(singing)*

AM I IN LA LA LA LA LA LA LOVE?

AM I IN HE HE HE HE HE HE HEAT?

AM I IN LA LA LA LA LA LA LOVE?

AM I IN HE HE HE HE HE HE HEAT?

*Radio devolves back into static beyond recognition. We trail off.*

MAY

There's this game // where you play as a bullet hole in the wall from a bygone civil war and you're just dreaming to know how you came to exist to reexperience your birthmoment, which is outta reach because there's like BEEN a peace treaty so everyone is acting all weird like who's gonna be the one to violate the treaty first but you—you're just craving that silvery form to pierce the same spot in the same wall so you can as i said reexperience your creation—

JUNE

There's this game where you run around convincing lonely housewives that their children have been replaced by robots who are holding their real kids hostage and the only way to get them back is to feed the fake robot kids an antifreeze smoothie beverage and if they don't do that then all the other housewives are going to look at them weird like what, you DON'T want your real kid back are you even a person are you unwilling to join the sociae the socium that we perhaps may have forgotten about in the interim but now we reeelly reeely care about the socius the sociae // you can be king in the desert but not a populated one no

MAY

*(loud whisper)*

Bitch

JUNE

what

MAY

Oh it's—  
well nothing

JUNE

*(as a customer)*  
Can I get something aged and rotten please

MAY

Aged and what

JUNE

Aged and rotten please  
Something from the very very back of the walkin fridge  
something that's not supposed to be there

MAY

I encountered something in the within the walkin fridge the other day  
I had an apparition

JUNE

Of what

MAY

...  
*(grasps for a word for a moment)*  
ehh  
You know

JUNE

Not really

MAY

Usually I just go in there to lie down on the cool cool floor and attempt to dream of tubularly  
shaped root vegetables *(shudders pleasurably)*  
But the other day I saw something appear in the condensation

JUNE

come out come out

MAY

*(speaking to the imaginary customer)*  
Well we have  
bottered tost

wellaged forsure  
uhuh slice of avah cahdo

JUNE  
*(wistful)*  
avahcado...  
My old home! My sanfransischo!

MAY  
Heehee  
Iceburg lettuce meltdown  
Absorbent mushroom hivemind  
but you probably don't Get It and never will

*The zapping of another fly, we look towards it.*

JUNE  
I couldn't imagine that kind of sacrifice

MAY  
Me neither!

JUNE  
My teeth hurt

MAY  
Mine too

*A sound effect that resembles one of the horrible takeout/delivery notifications. We robotically make sandwiches though it's not instantly clear what kind of sandwiches they are. The final products are shapeless, formless entities. We wrap them in paper and hand them off into the audience. The audience is entreated to eat the sandwiches. We look at the audience; we gawk and gasp and shudder and gag.*

MAY  
Watch

JUNE  
Watch as they put those slugs in their mouths

MAY  
Watch their jaws unclench and loll

JUNE

Watch as little tears form at the corner of their eyes

*We make noises of disgust, shield our eyes, etc. A moment.*

JUNE

I've made a discovery  
the anogenital tract, the taint  
I discovered it

MAY

*(as a Freudian)*  
You mean RE-discovered

JUNE

but the thing is it's getting shorter  
every generation it gets a little shorter  
the estrogenizing plastics in the clouds, the lakes and rivers, under your bed  
and in a few go rounds of the descendance, there will be no distance between the holes  
none whatsoever it will be just one hole—  
the cloacalypse

MAY

I say  
don't take your drugs anymore  
it's tiresommmmm

JUNE

Ahhhh  
but then what am I supposed to call myself? Who will I be when I'm alone?

*A song:*

MAY

*(singing)*  
I  
LIVE ON BORROWED TIME //  
YOU LIVE  
LIVE ON BORROWED TIME

MAY and JUNE

*(singing)*  
I  
LIVE ON BORROWED TIME  
YOU LIVE  
LIVE ON BORROWED TIME  
I



LIVE ON BORROWED TIME  
 YOU LIVE  
 LIVE ON BORROWED TIME

*The song ends. Enter Augusta, dressed as a girlboss. Her suit is a single solid color, perhaps apricot.*

AUGUSTA

Thank you

Thank you

Thank

you

That was SO good how do you do it? I would have another but (*indicates belly*) you know how it is.

*May and June titter in combined anxiety and derision.*

AUGUSTA

I'm so used to crisis, by now

I'm just letting you know

repeat victimization is nothing new to me—

None but those acquainted can conceive of it

the randomized peril the eyes pleading and warm

the entry into yet another place of establishment

and I just become run down into nothing!!

Ahahahahaaaa... (*a long exhale*)

Anyway, my travelogue of woes, instances of my repeat victimizations—

in places so alike to here, with me, playing the role of—a customer

Ashes in the food, for example

the act of waiting, indefinite waiting, boring holes in my organs

everything, everything getting away from me

all my cards skimmed!

So much for love and agape remember Agapeeee??

Faith Hope Charity

none of it left in this world you'd think there's absolutely none left

I rent an axe, grind it for an hour or so, nothing helps. Take a muay thai lesson yes that's the art

of the seven elbows, no stay of suffering there neither.

(*an audible exhale*)

But I can see that you girls (or whatever you are)

are truly earnest even though no one really wants to be here aha trust me I know

I have no reason to believe any misfortune will befall me right here, right now.

I'm just tired of being chased down and hounded I'm always being pushed and shoved and

whenever I try to advocate for myself I am shouted back down into the kennel again hmm go

back, go back to the scene of your trauma how nice was your reprieve while it lasted—

*While Augusta has been talking we have been making crude sexual gestures; pretending to finger or fist one another under the counter, making silly pleasure-faces, things of that nature.*

## AUGUSTA

Just so you're aware there was a real story something actually happened in my family past so it's not just any gardenvariety malediction—I own it now

As in, who owns it now? I do

So don't remention the exploited weaknesses, the impasses in the middle of the night, intrusions into the bone of your skull, don't mention it or you'll owe me! perhaps you're familiar with this concept of owing? of debt?

*(pause)*

you may have heard a bunch of the kids the kids whose parents maybe never made them go to the museum enough when they were petite

Poor things! and so there's a power vacuum of sorts when it comes to their cultural education and as you'd expect it's the corporate numnums *(with humility)* like me who end up filling that void

but that's just the forces of our reality of course

so you may have heard a bunch of these kids playing the genocide simulator games in fact it's been optioned to a film optioned to a series optioned to...

And well that's because you know my relative she was actually immured in one of those structures, we're not sure if it was a punishment for something or more of a sacrifice situation but she was really confined and couldn't leave and maaaybe cannibalized others (we don't know) but she died and we own the rights to the genocide simulator game. Maybe you've played it, raise your arms a bit like a scarecrow and walk in a long line. Sound familiar?

They had names at one point they all they all had names

Names, names, names...

Again remember what happens to you if you bring it up as your own, like sorry we'll have to get the nasty paperwork involved oops...

But I can tell you two are really upright in the manner which tells me you wouldn't be here by choice were it up to you, you'd be doing something really gentle, really refined with a tendency towards the selfless and charitable.

## MAY

*(mirthless recitation)*

My doggie-dog is chronically ill

He was born with a liver too big for his tiny body

He needs soo many operations

## JUNE

*(similarly)*

I gotta fix my teeth

and back

and—

AUGUSTA

You know, in China,  
They had a century of humiliation

MAY

Oh wow  
A whole century

*A rat runs around in the space, it catches our attention, arguably  
it's kind of cute.*

*Augusta does not notice this minor health code violation*

AUGUSTA

For me, that humiliation,  
it's like all 100 years of it all in an instant  
and then, just enough of a reprieve to forget  
and then, when it hits me again,  
I'm twice the fool

JUNE

Twice the fool

AUGUSTA

What?

JUNE

What?

AUGUSTA

What?

JUNE

Wh—

MAY

Forgive her, madame, she's an echolalic  
inveterate

*We use our hands to indicate a tip jar (real or imagined).*

MAY

But we're looking towards funding research  
to find a cure

JUNE

Cure...

*Augusta slowly and painfully attempts to reach into her pockets.  
She fishes around in there. A moment.*

AUGUSTA

I am

just

just

so sorry

I just

I just don't carry cash haven't for years ugh this is part of my problem my overprivileged myopic worldview! I am so sorry and the sorryness bears down on me like nothing else!

*(short cry of despair)*

O abjection!

my insides!

*Augusta hurries out, in tears. We laugh and sneer.*

MAY

I'm still a virgin

if anyone asks,

not that anyone asked

or would ever ask

JUNE

My teeth hurt

MAY

Mine too

JUNE

But our teeth should always hurt

that's how it is:

we slop our foods as to chew less

but the mouth becomes too small to fit all our teeth

so they always hurt

like our backs

MAY

Like *your* back

JUNE

Who are you trying to fool

wearing that bra

ghost cups with nothing in them

MAY

I don't need you anymore

JUNE

Okay bitch I don't need you either

*A song:*

MAY and JUNE

*(singing)*

I CAME IN DISGUISE

EVERYTHING I HAVE

I HAD TO STEAL

TOO CRAZY TO BE REAL

*We continue but with a different melody.*

*A song:*

MAY and JUNE

*(singing)*

EVERYTHING A WORD YOU HAVEN'T HEARD

NEW SLURS

NEW SLURS

NEW SLURS

NEW SLURS ?

*Ritardando and fade. Ding of the notification again, we bow our heads in submission. As the sound dings more rats come out of their hiding holes. We giggle insipidly.*

MAY

Minor

JUNE

minor violation

MAY

outta the box

JUNE

you have to shake em from the box

*We start to feed the formless sammiches to the rats. A moment.*

JUNE

how do we keep doing this

MAY  
don't ask me  
*(points to her temples)*  
ask the monkey mechanic

JUNE  
Oh right the "mechanique"  
of course.

*May silently claps her hands, like monkey cymbals*

JUNE  
Soon they'll be in here, sure as they're gathered outside right now

MAY  
Who?

JUNE  
Don't think about it

MAY  
ohh  
I can't not think about it now  
Who is looming beyond those panes of presumably breakable glass?  
Why have they covered the windows in stickered vinyl making them impossible to see out of?

JUNE  
*(shrugging)*  
We're surrounded

MAY  
What have we done to incur these costs?

JUNE  
Soon they'll enter, with lips so wet they'll be burning later

MAY  
O my word  
they're shanking my word

JUNE  
you've encountered something in the walk-in fridge

*May nods*

JUNE

a figure  
something like ten or twelve feet high  
split you in two with a glance

MAY

o it's teering me 'part

JUNE

yes because  
because it can  
and it makes a map of your entrails, a message to a future u

MAY

and the map is a key of understanding  
I'm wearing the uniform of one who came before, colorcoded and enpatterned

JUNE

They got some evolved human architecture around here

MAY

No lies therein

*May starts to eat some pre-sliced grape tomatoes. She rubs the squishy tomatoes on the exposed skin of her forearms.*

MAY

Remember when tomatoes used to taste like something

JUNE

Some things aren't supposed to taste like anything  
better that way

MAY

what can you say  
at least i'm employed  
what can you do

JUNE

hatemyself hmm hate myself  
of the selfhate industrial complex

MAY

not that there's any industry anymore

JUNE

don't be foolish  
look at all this wax paper  
someone's got to've waxed it

MAY  
big waxing machine, located in the peripherals, waxes 99 point 9 percent of the worlds wax  
paper

JUNE  
it was an example  
but anyway someone's got to hit the on button surely  
and the other industries, the industries of  
hug and kiss  
music and dance

MAY  
green juice and avah cado

JUNE  
My old home  
my sanfran ciscoo...  
califenced-in

MAY  
the big movie big tv the big academy

JUNE  
to say nothing of big weed and the big Dog

MAY  
that's a big one  
Big matreemoney

JUNE  
Big de-vorce

MAY  
Big waving of fists in the air, you'll never see her again, court's on my side and you'll never see  
her again.

JUNE  
Big crying on the couch

MAY  
Big sanctimony



JUNE

Big sleepyheads

MAY

Hate them

JUNE

Big takeout big delivery

MAY

big walkability

JUNE

big click big cunt big seafood big fish smell

MAY

Big fermemermentation

JUNE

How you think any of it becomes big without any notion of physical industry

MAY

Aah the hosted platforms and their compeer file formats

It's not even a button to press or a switch to pull

JUNE

big reaction big feeling big emotes

MAY

big disappointment and oh yea big forgetting

*(hums a bit of "New Slurs." Pause)*

I lay in the back of the walk-in fridge practicing forgetting,

i could have endeavored to learn how to be a thing as to not consume or metabolize or breathe

with my mouth open

and as I did, I had an apparition of

of...

well no matter

*Silence. The zapping of a fly. We look towards the fly zapper and then look back. We stare expectantly at the audience. Some casino-type beats, we do not react. A fill, another fill, and again...*

*On screen: We watch a few minutes of this film (permission pending) <https://youtu.be/1BzJCKNFRcI?t=151>*

*July isolated in a small, round pool of light: we can see her face and the screen, little else. We (the audience) might have been moved as to be sitting closer together, essentially at July's feet.*

JULY

Honestly I thought it would have been over by now

But

That was good I guess

pretty good

I didn't really—didn't really get a chance to—

I neglected to speak to the people

Okay

Well now, now I'll speak to the people

...

Hi

How's it going?

It's uh

I think we're looking at each other would you say we're almost definitely looking at each other?

*(pause)*

I hope everyone's having a good time

I don't have any uh surveys for you to fill out so we just aren't going to do that

I'm not sure if that's something you tend to look forward to or...

So uh

Current events? Current events?

*(a long awkward silence)*

I know that's so hard uh after all what even constitutes "current" or an "event"

*(a longer silence)*

I know you're still here mainly because you can't leave

But I left, I walked straight out I did it

but what was out there, actually, what did I find?

What difference did it make?

Did I compulsively stuff myself in suitcases, were those the only kind of structures I could tolerate?

because in a way I missed it?

*(pause)*

Here is the fantasy:

It's you. You're getting walled up. They complete the procedure. You stand there, entombed in concrete and brick without food or water unable to sit or lie down but you have a song stuck in your head that you can't get out and hearing that song over and over is what keeps you alive

*A moment of silence to imagine/hear the songs stuck in our various heads*

JULY

And you stay like that for a hundred and twenty years

At which point you suddenly forget—how did it go, how did it go again??

and you shake  
 and your shaking destructs the foundation of the structure within which you are immured  
 The form crumbles, it shatters  
 and so do you  
 and only now is the song complete.

...

Here is the encounter:  
 the steel instrument on the soft flesh part of the brain.  
 Here is some unrighteous gossip just now uncovered: I heard you making grocery lists in your  
 heads this whole time. Don't worry I'm not trying to sound judgmental.  
 Don't worry because bread, milk, tea, apples, gum, what have you.  
 Here is the reality:

*On screen:  
 traffic cameras, real traffic, with real time stamps, that which is  
 happening Right Now.*

JULY

Okay never mind enough of that.

Here is the vision:

It's you—you're cutting your fingernails on the subway, you will do it every night, there will  
 always be more nail to cut, more keratin as to keep making that infernal clicky sound.

Here is a piece of advice:

Don't get too sleepy as to collapse within a snowdrift, alright  
 save your energy so you can chase after vermin.

Here is the dream:

It's you, you're looking out your window which overlooks your apartment building's courtyard  
 to see your neighbor, an old man whose name you do not know, maybe he's not even your real  
 neighbor, but because it's a dream there are some things you just understand.

You see him being visited by an angel, a real angel that descends from above to touch his crinkly  
 face skin and then dissipates in a flash of light.

Shocked by the miracle and forced to confront your own lack of faith, you leave your apartment  
 to lie down on the cold concrete of the sidewalk. Because it's a dream you're probably naked.

You press your cheek to the ground and look at the world sideways.

The neighbor from before chastises you for always showing your oversized labia to everyone.

We've seen it so much, and don't remotely want or need to, have some self-respect, he says.

You walk back into your building, you obviously don't have your keys and yet all the doors  
 swing open for you. A second miracle.

The knowledge of the existence of angels and miracles continues to haunt you. It's one thing to  
 have been told what to believe and another to see it, to stare helplessly at the events of your own  
 life once you have seen the angels

...

I think I'm drifting

Sorry

Well not really sorry

But guilty yes I feel guilty but I can't do it over and if I could I would do everything exactly the same I just know I'd do the exact same thing over and over again and that's why I'm guilty as opposed to sorry, that's where the blame lies

*(pause)*

Do you believe in faerie sprites?

Neither do I

...

*A long silence. The small amount of light slowly starts to fade.*

JULY

Here is a ring:

I would never entreat never would I entreat I because I never would

I didn't and don't now I did but don't anymore

I wouldn't but if I should I still might not

I used to but I never would other than that but I used to

*Darkness, sound of footsteps.*

*On screen:*

*The sun comes up*