

RENATA CIARAVINO

NIGHT OPERA

HEARTLESS

*A stage and an orchestra,
A small fire burning at the side of the orchestra for the entire show*

Chorus/rock band

Coryphaeus

Look-out

Pirate

Wannabe showgirl

A woman

A man

A City Park.

Look-out and Pirate are sitted on a bench.

Pirate They're takin' over the entire fuckin' city, but they're not comin' here. Over my dead body they're comin' here... Hey you, Chink! Hear me? Hear what I'm sayin?

Look-out He's gonna' come here ad we're gonna' talk....

Pirate You're the only nutter that still thinks you can talk to the Chinks. They don't talk to us. They don't talk to nobody! Ever hear'em? "Prease. Tlank you. Tlank you velly much. Prease"... They don't even know how to say the fuckin' letter "R"! Hey.....Where'd you go yesterday? How come you didn't show at De Sade?

Look-out I was hangin' with my man Lightnin' Bolt, watchin' porno flicks all night.

Pirate Lightnin' Bolt? He still breathin'?

Look-out More or less. You know he became a Jehovah's Witness?

Pirate What the fuck you sayin'? Who? Lightnin' Bolt?

Look-out Yeah. Lightnin' Bolt. Musta' blown a fuse in his head.

Pirate Just wait 'til he comes knockin' on *my* door one Sunday...

Look-out I went there once, too.

Pirate Where?

Look-out ...One of their meetings.

Pirate Don't bullshit me. To do what?

Look-out How do I know? I just felt like goin'.

Pirate With all the problems we got, you blow your time talkin' about God?

Look-out So what if he don't show?

Pirate He'll show. He's shittin' himself to death from the fear. He'll be comin' round now any minute.

Look-out So where's he live, anyway?

Pirate Fuck knows. Maybe in a bag.

Look-out Who knows how Chinks fuck?

Pirate Can you scope a Chink cunt? I'd never go anywhere near one!

Look-out Hey....how long we known each other?

Pirate Seems like 70 years.

Look-out Naw, we were in the same class in grade school.

Pirate You want a rockin' chair, grandpa? Help you remember?

Look-out We both liked science class.

Pirate Right....but we flunked out twice.

Look-out That don't matter. We still liked it.

Pirate Maybe it's better off he don't show. I could kill that sucker, the ways things are now.

Look-out Pirate...there's somethin' I gotta' tell ya'.

Pirate Of course, he might show up with some of his friends....

Look-out They'd kick our ass...

Pirate Yeah.....Listen. I'm callin' Sabbo. Tell him to look sharp. Get the rest of us involved.
Can't go makin' mistakes.

Pirate calls Sabbo

Pirate Nobody home...You packed?

Look-out Zero. Hey, we're just supposed to talk to the guy.

Pirate You faggot!

Look-out Yesterday I looked at my mother's face for the first time.

Pirate You don't say....So what, like, you were blind before?

Look-out I was just lookin' at the colour of her eyes. All the wrinkles on her face. Those old age spots.

Pirate There he is! Look! That's him over there.....No, no it ain't!
11 o'clock....11 o'clock sharp I'm gonna' blow that Chink away...Soon as he shows...

Coryphaeus

City, be my muse!

Especially at night

Especially the night I'm talking about

I'm talking about the night,

the nights where I dreamed a thousand times to be able to sit down without a word

Neither inside or outside,

In an empty square;

Nights so beautiful it seemed strange

They'd ever be followed by a day;

Nights in which I'd dreamed of crazy tongues drooling saliva around the hidden corner,

Flicking out suddenly, like a present, falling down to the ground;

Dreamed of hardworking guys' hands between my legs

I'm not ashamed of obscene words

It's a part of the game.

Dreamed of nights in which the end meant the death of something else;

In which the end started a whole new dance

And a nostalgia that never ends.

City, be my muse!

You've always been my muse....until today.

But now maybe you want to quit

You, my one, my only, my first, my last,

Oh, fire-bearing muse of mine!

All those women trudging home from work along the ring road late at night,

on their feet all day cleaning other people's houses

walking other people's dogs....

Carrying plastic bags filled with food to cook, late at night, for a hungry husband

14 hours of non-stop work

Eyes cast humbly to the ground

In front of a threatening boss
Just to keep his own lousy job and come home tired at night
And rest in the arms of a woman with swollen feet.
Oh, fire-bearing muse of mine!
There are moralist drug addicts on the tram
Who drive little girls to prostitute at the station
Cramped in toilets afloat in the piss of the commuters;
blowjobs by underpaid 16 year olds;
rapists out in the freight train yards
making their way past the ruins and the faces of politicians on billboards;
eighty year old homeless people warmed only by sheets of cardboard
in cardboard coffins.
I dreamed of walls – people - words – and eyes,
And the millions of bodies
Throbbing with desire
flung against your walls
City, you are the Plague!
Especially at night
It's the night I'm talking about.

Chorus

- This is a story that is not really a story, a story that takes Night as both Night and Twilight Zone.
- This, in particular and symbolically, is the story of a mean dog-owner who cries over his dog...
- ... When the dog is dead and gone.
- This is the story of a matador who plunges in the sword ...
- Just when the bull finally thinks he's safe.
- The story of a bird who thinks she's flying when she's only falling
- But in the end there will be a piece dedicated to love.
- A feasible love.
- A love that does not devour the lovers.
- Sometimes sadomasochism.
- Sometimes pornography.
- But in the end there will be a piece dedicated to love.
- A feasible love, a love that does not devour the lovers.
- With the participation of a drum set, an electric guitar, a bass, and a keyboard.
- To tell the tale...
- Of a terrible nostalgia.
- We tried to put a little sweet and light at the start of the story...
- But the pain went and hogged the scene.
- This is the story of how good you feel when you finally admit you're guilty.
- But in the end there will be a piece dedicated to love, a feasible love, a love that does not devour the lovers.
- A piece dedicated to love that you can take home with you.
- This is a story that features the night as a possibility.
- A story that's not even a story, a story that begins by admitting its devastating weakness

A flat.

A woman

I look around. I look at the faces of all the people and I wish that I could just hurry up and off myself. More than that, I don't just want to die, I want to die in a very special way: I want to hurt myself, really, *really*, hurt myself.

But just dying won't be enough for me.

Before I go, I want to see myself in pieces, groveling in the dirt on my knees.

I'd like to be able to chop myself up, piece by piece.

I see myself hacking off an arm, and then stuffing it into a drawer or into the fridge. Or maybe just throwing it out the window.

I'd like to sever my legs and just throw'em somewhere, anywhere.

Just to see all that blood dripping down from the stumps, the white bone inside. Jab my finger into the tissue and see if it makes an impression, see if it hurts.

I wish I had the force to bite off my own fingers, one at a time.

I'd like to feel my guts spilling out, slowly. Like to feel myself getting lighter.

I wish I could watch every step, and then tear my eyes out, first one, then the other.

I wonder what it would like to see just half of things.

Then see nothing at all. ever again.

Just to keep smelling the scent of blood, the flesh.

And then, in the end, not to have anything left at all, just dissolve on the cold sidewalk.

Like a trash bag of empty skin.

But more than anything else, I want the others to find me that way.

I want my mother to find me. I want my father to see me like that. Standing all around, I want my grand-parents, my school teachers, the cops, my mates, the Priest, the Muslims and the Jews, all the men and all the women, all the doctors and psychiatrists...

I want'em all to be there...just to see me.

And more than that, I want them to feel bad and even puke when they scrape me off the ground

And pick me up in their arms, whatever's left of me.

And then they'll have to clean me up, dress me, put all the pieces back together again, cover the

empty eye sockets, place a bunch of roses over my hands not to show that I tore them off.
And more than that, I want that vision of me to stay in their heads for the rest of their lives so they
can never, ever shrug it off with relief.

I want it to terrify them,

I want them to feel guilty.

I want them to *knot* in their heart of hearts: she's dead and it's *our* fault.

Every time they close their eyes, every time the lights go out,

That vision of me will always be there, hacked into pieces,

Me, coming all untangled, me, staring at them and not smiling.

And more than that: I want that this stops them from ever feeling good about anything or anyone
again.

I want them to always feel like they're walking on slime,

And if they get distracted for a single second, they'll slip and crack their heads open.

Like if they always had ocean waves rising up around their throats,

and if they forget about me for even a second the waves'll drag'em deep down to the bottom.

And icy fingers will hold them down at the bottom of the ocean

And they just won't be able to breathe, and the sky up above keeps getting bigger and bigger

Like their fear and the end in their eyes.

I've just killed my husband.

I wanted to turn myself in, but then I was afraid.

They put you up against the wall and tell you that they're going to kill your children.

I haven't got any children. My ovaries are all dried up.

All I had was my husband. But I killed him.

He wanted to leave me. After 30 years of marriage.

You just don't *do* certain things.

After 30 years of marriage.

And after never satisfying my needs. Not even once.

A Disco.

Wannabe showgirl

I look around and get depressed. I look at the other women
And think that they're already thirty years old and can't even ask a decent price.
They can only hope for the sixty-year olds who haven't been able to get it up for ages.
Have you ever seen those flaccid, old brown dicks, that turn purple when they take Viagra?
That look like they're about to explode in your face before you've even brought them to your lips?
And when I look at the necks of certain women, I get depressed,
When I see that flabby skin that's just dripping off their bones
And looks like it'll flop to the floor any minute.
The rest of their body might be OK, but the skin looks dead already just hanging onto the bone.
Me, I want to get it all over with, fast.
When your body is falling apart, you can't even have sex.
I've got friends who've stopped screwing because when they bend their legs
Their cellulite oozes out all over.
I've got friends who don't want it up the ass anymore
because their ass is drooped and full of holes, and they don't want the guy to see.
I've still got around 5 years left to go before I'm out of the market
And I've wasted enough time already.
Did you see that guy I went with before?
He's a writer for "The Millionaire"¹, did you watch on tv?
We just finished fucking.
I met him here at the "De Sade Club".
We did it over there. In the private bathroom.
I knocked on the toilet door. He opened.
"It smells a little like shit in here", he goes. "That's OK, I've got a cold. Can't smell a thing".
I did it the way he likes it: standing up, from behind, arms and legs spread out wide
Leaning on the loo's flush handle.
As he was doing me, I was thinking that most loos haven't even got flush handles anymore,
Now they've got photocells or something.

¹ An Italian Tv Show

Funny they still have them here at De Sade.

He said he'd get me a screen test with Jerry Scotti.

A flat.

An old man

I'm dead... Inside.

Tonight I'll have to do something about it.

I'm not curious about anything. Much less youth.

It annoys me that there are people who have more years left to live than me.

I really, truly hate it. So when somebody younger talks to me I pretend not to listen.

All the more reason because I didn't do shit in life.

The world isn't waiting for anyone, and if it isn't waiting for me

I'll make sure it won't wait for anyone else, either.

That's why I also try to demoralize anyone younger than me I happen to meet.

I just get so tremendously bored and so I sit on this sofa and waste

Looking at a photo someone took of me

30 years ago hanging on the wall next to the television.

I'm married, but I don't screw very often.

I don't screw because I can't usually get it up,

I can't get it up because my mind is too full of thoughts

of death, usually hers.

But also the death of any unlucky soul I've paid to screw me.

While I'm fucking, I'm thinking: "What a shitty life it is for you, obliged to screw somebody like me for a living".

I'm thinking how ugly it all is.

And if she happens to be pretty, I feel like pulling out a putty knife

And dragging it across her cheek.

When I got out and have to meet people,

I give absolutely no value to anything they say or anything they do

And instead try to give the idea that I'm really doing marvelous things.

And if the people in front of me are a little weak, they usually fall for it

And begin thinking that they've failed in life or already wasted their time

Even if they're still young.

I look down on everyone.

People think I'm someone.

But I'm the only one who knows that I've never looked anyone in the eye

Only because I was just afraid to.

That's enough. Now leave me alone.

Coryphaeus

When it was not yet night
We walked slowly without hearing our own footsteps
So that the road beneath our feet
Would echo only with the sound of our shadow.
We ignored the threats of the Moon
Those full-moon nights that raise the tides
and race the breath.
We banished the fire of words from our midst,
And we never stopped when people called us,
We left our wounded lying there, and kept on walking.
We crossed bridges without fearing the void below,
And traveled our road without assurance
From things that happened before,
And we slowed our steps to the point of stopping
So we wouldn't miss even a breath of what was going on.
And then the night came down.
It looked the end but there's more...
It looked the end but there's more...

A toilette at the railways station.

Someone is knocking.

A Woman

Wait a minute! I'm not done yet!

(She' reading on the door)

STUD FROM COMO SEEKS 30-40 YR. OLD FILLY
HUNGRY SLUTS WANTED FOR....

(She writes her add on the door)

Seeking Old Ladies....Ladies,
Swollen with old pride,
Once givers of many kisses,
Knocked head over heels by love more than once,
Taking three years to recover
After every love that died,
Who never gave too many blow-jobs
(and reconciled to the fact)
Seeking old, young, middle-aged
Lost companions,
Lonely Sunday stalkers,
survivors of something
short of everything,
to share:
the few years left,
all the blow-jobs never given,
Hard Rock concerts,

Hard luck races past empty city culverts,
Words like, honey, dear, darling whispered unexpectedly,
Manic laughter,
Trembling kisses on toothless gums...
Also to share
The strength to say:
“Missus Death
Go get screwed by horny bulls,
And leave me alone, pay me no mind,
Just let me fill with joy,
Until I get strong enough,
To say, the next time we meet,
Without a care:
“Missus Death, let’s just talk this over,
Woman to woman.
Make me jump, if you must
But slowly enough
For me to have
A last laugh or two.

A booth.

A man

Hallo Madame! You don't know me.

But I read your advertisement, the one on the bathroom door.

I've been searching for you for thirty years. I thought I'd never find you.

You don't know how hard it was for me to leave my house and trace you.

I can say that I'm an expert on rivers,

A real river lover,

Not to mention concerts,

When it comes to concerts, I'm a maestro,

Rock classic pop, you name it. That was me.

As for oral sex,

I'm not picky, ma'am.

I know how to wait.

As regards the acceptance of happiness that leads to exuberance

It's a little less simple.

Maybe we can talk about that some other time.

I'm just an average guy,

But that doesn't mean I won't surprise you one day with a bouquet of roses

Or nonsense laughter just for the sake of laughing.

I can promise that I'll learn to call you "Honey"

Without ever getting tired

And even to call you "Love"

Believing myself every time,

If you can be patient with me.

I'm married.

I'll be honest right from the start.

But I'm trying to leave my wife.

My wife never really satisfied me.

I'll be waiting for you call.

Pardon me again for the hour.

The bathroom in the Disco.

Wannabe showgirl

Ciao

Ciao

I never imagined you'd be like this...

So how did you imagine me?

....Taller

Is that a problem?

I don't know....Let me see you from behind...

I'm a little embarrassed.

Perfectly normal. Come on. I just want to see your back.

Here.

Did you got to school?

I've taken courses.

Why television?

There are things I'd like to express...

That's it?

I want to buy a house.

Let me see your ass. Put it right here in my face.

Now, wait a minute...

Come on...!

Do you feel like talking about that other thing?

What do you mean, you don't trust me?

I just want to be sure. It makes me feel better.

There's hundreds of you that want to do it.

But I've wanted to do it ever since I was small.

Now open your legs.....all the way!

When I was little, I used to put on shows at my neighbor's house and everybody liked it.

What do you like to do most?

Dance.

Show me.

The Wannabe showgirl dances.

Coyphaeus

I spent entire nights thinking I would be here forever
And for nights on end, I gazed into the eyes of men and women
Who believed they would be here forever.
I ended the most beautiful nights of my life
Thinking I could only go higher.
I looked at hands as if they were the hands of Virgin Marys,
And I kissed those hands as if I'd known them truly.
I've caressed blooming bellies
Thinking the Gates of Paradise were about to open.
I slammed doors, thinking that somebody would have
Stopped me on the stairs
I diligently studied nighttime speeches
Sure they would have saved my life.
I made promises that I knew I wouldn't keep.
I refused wine so I wouldn't get lost.
I went down into the streets and then cried because I was lost.
I wrote at night above a flag on my balcony.
Here am I, come and see me.

Because no one ever came to visit,
I put my head on the table,
With my heads in my hands,
Thinking:
That maybe I'd written my words too small ...
And in the night I learned that I had to learn to exaggerate.

A City Park.

Pirate What's this stuff we're smoking?? Who sold you this shit?

Look-out Curtain

Pirate Since when's he calling himself Curtain?

Look-out Since that night at Samantha's. He goes, oh Sammy, tear off a bit of that curtain, love
We need a saffy for the chillum.

Pirate And a right wanker's name it is. I don't smoke shit any more. Too much fuckin' paper.

Look-out Then there's the forests...

Pirate What the fuck do the forests have to do with it?

Look-out There's no more oaks, no more pines, no more nothin'...

Pirate It's fuckin' full of trees. Go down the river, there's fuckin' trees everywhere.

Look-out *You* go down the river. Ain't nothin' but rats!

Pirate Now who the fuck's got the time to go down to the river? All this shit with the Chinks
and you piss off down the river.

Look-out Hey did you hear about that meteorite that's gonna' hit Italy in thirty years?

Pirate What?

Look-out Italy. They say it's gonna' land right here on Italy.

Pirate Couldn't it drop somewhere on France? Bloody Frogs piss me off

Look-out When did you ever meet any Frogs?

Pirate Never, and I hope I never do!

Look-out Do you like the new Pope?

Pirate What is this? Religion hour?

Look-out Do you like him or not?

Pirate What the fuck do I know? Maybe the other one was better

Look-out I knew it. That's what they all say. Because they don't know what else to say. This chick
told me that the Polack had AIDS. And that's what he died of. And that chick don't

Pirate So I guess the Kraut's better then.

Look-out Yeah, but he sounds a faggot Hitler when he talks.

Pirate OK, OK, he's a faggoty Hitler. Look. It's one thirty in the morning and the Chink still

ain't here.

Look-out I got a tattoo done.

Pirate Oh really. What is it?

Look-out Kali.

Pirate All you got is pussy on your mind.

Look-out No, man. Kali is a goddess.

Pirate Every pussy is a goddess. For an hour.

Pirate What the fuck is wrong with you, man?

Look-out I'm just thinkin' about Terry.

Pirate Now...who.... the... fuck... is Terry?

Look-out ...Don't want to talk about it.

Pirate Fine with me....

Look-out But maybe I ought to talk about it....

Pirate Then shoot.

Look-out I met her at Franky's house.

Pirate Is it 3 o'clock?

Look-out It's 3 O'clock. Frankie wanted to watch them bombing Iraq. I did too, but then Terry goes "I'm getting bored" so I took her into Frankie's mom's bedroom; you've ever see it? Death itself. So I thought to myself: well, here we are: blowjob time at last! But instead the bitch only humiliated me.

Pirate What do ya' mean??

Look-out It stank.

Pirate What stank?

Look-out My dick! What stank? My dick stank! She said she wouldn't put it in her mouth even with an oxygen mask on... I never ran into her again, anyway. Listen....Do you really think it was terrorists who blew up the Twin Towers?

Pirate Of course it was. Bin Laden.

Look-out It don't make any sense to me.

Pirate So what doe it have to make any sense to you?

Look-out They had to take Tony's sister to the Emergency Room. Se had a neon tube in her cunt.

Pirate So what was she doing with a neon tube in her?

Look-out Trying to brighten things up? How the fuck do I know? What do you think?

Look-out Sometimes I think I should've gone into politics.

Pirate Now who the fuck would ever vote for you?

Look-out Well....You....Curtain.... Tony....maybe Terry.

Pirate One thirty and the Chink still ain't here.

Look-out Look....You believe in God?

Pirate Like... ...Who gives a shit?

Look-out I always wonder....

Pirate So what do you say?

Look-out No.

A flat.

A Lady

The lady makes a blowjob with a banana, while she's crying.

While in the same flat An old man (he is actually her husband)...

An old man

Some nights....when there's nothin' on tv...

And the wife's gone to bed already,

I look down and play a bit with my bird.

It's 3 centimeters long.

Sometimes I pull it back between my legs and pretend I have a cunt.

But after a while I get bored so I take a shower.

My tongue is often coated and I've got acid breath.,

Because I've got a chronic gastric ulcer.

I'm waiting for a call, a very important call, but....

A Disco.

Wannabe showgirl

You know that once I was gonna' have a baby?

When I saw that I wouldn't even be able to screen test,

I just put my mind to rest...

Pregnant girls get big bellies. Their skin goes tight.

Your nipples explode.

My mother's ass looks like a spider web.

You just swell right up.

Then I got this call.

Not that they were offering me a job or anything. But they wanted me to come in for a test.

I couldn't let them see me like that. They would have laughed in my face.

If I don't try now, the years will take my chance.

The Woman kills the Old Man, her husband.

disco.

Wannabe showgirl

I'm waiting for this guy. He's one of the writers for Millionaire, you know the show, don't you?

Can you believe I've been waiting for this moment for two years?

He's late.

He called me last week.

I hope he didn't forget.

They say that if you want to do what I want to do, you've gotta' fuck for it.

As if this were the first time I do it with a guy I don't like...

Here he comes now.

I've got a date in a toilet stall.

A city Park.

Look-out It's 4 AM. Fuck it. I'm leaving.

Pirate Sit the fuck back down! You ain't goin' anywhere! Me and you 're gonna' bust that Chink's balls.

Look-out Ain't no Chink in sight. And it's startin' to get light.

Pirate If he don't show tonight, he'll show tomorrow. And if he don't show tomorrow, we'll go and get him. But we can't quit now. We'll make him close that store for good!

Look-out But what do you wanna' make him close if for? It's not like he's your competition or anything. You don't even have a job!.

Pirate And why do you think I don't have a job?

Look-out How the fuck should I know? Maybe you never wanted one.

Pirate Good thing for you you're my friend; otherwise I've spit in people's faces for less than that.

Look-out I'm outta' here.

Pirate Hey....give it another half an hour.

Look-out No, Man, I'm leavin'. Now.

Pirate Comin' here tomorrow? Same time, same station?

Look-out No Man, tomorrow I'm going away.

Pirate What do ya' mean?

Look-out It's time for me to split.

Pirate Gonna' go somewhere?

Look-out I'm changing location.

Pirate You've been saying that 20 years.

Look-out Tomorrow I'm gonna' do it.

Pirate Yer' outta' yer fucking' skull.

Look-out That's right.

Pirate You'll only be doin' what the Chink what you to do.

Look-out I told ya': I don't give a shit about no Chinese.

Pirate Sure you do!.

Look-out No! I really don't. Why don't you just get on home instead?

Pirate Because I've gotta' wait for him.

Look-out He ain't gonna' show anyway.

Pirate And what if he does?

Look-out I'm tellin' ya': he's not comin.

Pirate But he shows up, he's gotta' find someone here waitin' for him.

Look-out Then go do whatever the fuck you want.

Pirate You don't give a shit if they take over your own house?

Look-out They can *burn my house if they want to*.

Pirate No! They ain't about to burn anything. We're gonna' burn their asses!

Look-out I got a job.

Pirate What?

Look-out I said I found a job.

Pirate Why didn't you say so before?

Look-out I tried but you wouldn't listen.

Pirate Well then you didn't try very hard.

Look-out The only thing you hear is the bullshit you say.

Pirate Well then you're a pussy. You've got no balls.

Look-out Me? No balls?

Pirate No. No balls at all. You never did. That's just the way your are. A guy comes up to you and pisses in your face. You tell him somethin' you read in a book while you were takin' a crap.

Look-out Don't you see where are, Man? Don't you smell the fucking *stink*?

Pirate I don't give a shit about the stink This is where I live!

Look-out Well I don't want to live here any more.

Pirate You're just a tosser. A wanker. A fuckin' loser.

Look-out Me? *I'm* the wanker?

You spend all your time waitin' for a guy who never shows, a guy you only dreamed about, and *I'm* the loser? *I'm* leaving tomorrow.

Pirate You can't leave!

Look-out So what do you care if I leave? You got everything you want here, no?

Pirate Look....How long have we been friends?

Look-out You want a rockin' chair, grandpa? Help you remember?

Pirate Now we're just gonna' sit down here and talk about it.

Look-out Talk about it? You're the only one who still thinks you can talk about things here!

Pirate Come on, Man...

Look-out Come on what? That's what you always said to me!

On this park bench? In this street? Great place for a conversation.

These four old winos sittin' here soused breathin' booze at 10 AM. Nice neighborhood!

With those tramps up their on their balconies gabbin' about the other one's kid with drug problems because their own kids are straight as arrows. Meanwhile they're getting' fucked up the ass working in some call center. Nice ladies. Nice ladies indeed.

The give anybody a blow-job just to get money for a tanning treatment, by the way...

Model citizens.

And this city park!

This beautiful city park....

I'm hungry so I come here.

I have to shit and so I come here.

I have to score some dope and so I come here.

I'm horny and want to screw. I don't know where to go and so I come here.

I'm always here

My parents are driving me nuts and instead of running away screaming or flippin' my fuckin' lid I come here, and go on and on and on about what that guy did or what that chick or where they found that dude dead.

Fucking here.

Always fucking here.

Every fucking night and day.

I spent every fuckin' night of my life in this park with you doin' shit!

Pirate You can't just leave me here on my own like this.

Look-out Yes I can.

Look-out leaves.

Pirate Look-out! They've got to say hello to us when we enter their stores! Look-out, get the fuck back here !!!

Pirate

Yesterday was shit. Total shit of a day. I had to take 40 drops of Xanax just to start nodding off. Then I dropped dead asleep like I do every night .

But today is different. I'm really making an effort because I want it to be beautiful, a really beautiful day today.

I went to Rome, the Vatican, right? And I kissed the ring on the Pope's hand, and when he told me that "the last shall be the first", I told him: suck... me...off!

I got on the bus, and when some old cow cursed me out 'cause I bumped into her stinkin' hunch, I grabbed her spotty, wrinkled puss with both hands and told her: ...Suck...me...off!

I went to the supermarket and filled my shopping cart without looking at the prices for the first time in my whole life. When the girl at the cash register asked me: "Cash or credit?" I told her: you want I tell you now or you want I wait for ya' outside and tell ya'in the parkin' lot: Suck ...me...off!

I went to my landlady, and when she told me I gotta' start payin' the rent in advance 'cause she got a line a' niggers outside the door ready to pay double, I told her: "I got a line a' assholes outside my door beggin' me on their knees to tell you: suck ...me...off!.

I went to the bank, you know, the one on TV that goes: "Bring us your 10 percent and we'll do the rest", and I pulled out my dick and put in on the counter. "Here's my 10 percent, you do the rest and stick it up your ass. And don't make me have to tell you twice!".

Suck ...me...off!.

I went to my ex-girlfriend who used to tell me I was a waster 'cause I didn't have a job at 30 years old. I looked her right in the eyes and told her that only a frigid, post-feminist bitch like her never got off on hearing a man say: Suck ...me...off!

I went to my mother, and when I she told me she was sad because if she'd known what I was goin' grow up to be she would've gotten an abortion, quick, I told her: "I'm sad, too, Mum, because you let me down hard and because I never once heard you say: suck ...me...off!

It was better today, but I still wasn't gettin' much feeling.

I went to the park. I jumped up onto a car parked by the side of the road. I jumped off, and landed on my knees and must've broken one. Even that was nothin', *nothin'*.

That was better than before, but I still wasn't feelin' enough.

The only thing I felt was dead. Dead on arrival. Dead to the world.

I got in a car. I got on the freeway. Rolled the window all the way down. Started screamin' at all those wankers backed up in traffic just like me, chokin' in a grey cloud of exhaust fumes.

"I hate you all! Cock-suckin' dick-head bastard wimps!, I hate each and every fuckin' one of you!!!

Then a trucker nearly side-swiped me. He pulled over in front. Jumped down from the cab, and came walkin' up to me with a tire-iron in his hand.

He told me to get out.

He told me to shut my fucking mouth.

He told me "Now you're gonna' get it..."

And I thought: "Well thank God! Finally *somebody* understands!"

When he started to bash in my legs with the tire-iron, I told him:

"Where you *been* all my life?"

Now *hammer* me!

Kick my *head* in!

Break my *arms*!

Go *nuts*!

Mutilate me *for real*!

Make me *feel* it. Make me feel I'm real!"!

And when he finally let up, and left me lyin' there in the street in a pool of my own blood, I was *happy*! I was *happy* because I knew I was *alive*. I wasn't *dead* anymore: I was *alive*!

So I tried to stand up to call for help... Hey! I'm all in fuckin' bleedin' pieces here but I'm *happy*!

Come on over and *get* me. I'm here. Get here fast as you can... crash with me tonight and if you can choke me on your lips... now I'm able to say... I love you...

Yesterday was shit. Total shit of a day. I had to take 40 drops of Xanax just to start nodding off. Then I dropped dead asleep like I do *every* night .

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