

IRRESISTIBLE

“Every girl here wants me. They are talk about me. They spread rumors. I go home and think about me. I’m irresistible. That’s all that matters. That’s the only thing that makes any difference in my life. Anything that makes any difference in their lives. I blew my load all over Polly. Polly likes it hard. I get excited just thinking about her. I look at her, and she seems straight out of a porn movie. And she’ll do anything that I want. I can be mean to her, and I apologize to her, and she still wants to me back. What does that say about me? I’m a fucking God. I can get away with anything that I want to do. I’m the head of the love criminals. There’s no other way to think about this!”

“When I get older, I’ll trade my luxe for power. All these girls will be washed up. They’ll be too old. And I’ll find new ones. I’ll find better ones. I’ll be typing my game. I’ll be a famous director. I can get anything that I want.”

“I will be like Caramel. The whole world will be talking about me. I will be a genius. And everyone will want what I have. They will want it until the ends of time. Linda is Julie’s best friend. And Linda wants to me. Sandra asked me to come to her place. She just wanted to fuck. Lisa got all riled up after she realized that she wanted me too. That’s why she spread all those rumors about me. Denise still tells stories about me. Annabel and Melanie make up all kinds of shit. Harmonies on my ass. I wish that I could give them all what I have. I just want to satisfy them all.”

“Shawna and I got together. I was a little drunk. We were both coked out. My dick was a little numb. She didn’t mind. We both got what we needed. It’s like that all the time. I look at myself with Polly. We look like such a great couple.”

“I saw Katrina here tonight. She still gives me that look. She wants to get together. She wants to make it happen again. She denies it. But I can tell. That is why she denies me. That’s why she pretends that she saying now. When I know what she’s really all about.”

“Vittorio, I don’t want to talk to you anymore. I don’t want to share any details from my private life. I don’t want to be friends. I don’t want to update you on whether I’m happy. You treated me like shit. You got all coked up and just hung out with your friends. You disappeared on me. It was six in the morning and you were still trashed and doing Coke. You even got beat up for doing your bullshit. This is what you do all the time. And you think it’s okay. You think you’re just so wonderful that every girl would tolerate your shit. I’m not one of them. I’m so over everything about you. You can’t even see it.”

“You’re more than a creep. You’re a monster. When you don’t get what you want, you’re mean. Even when I was nice with you, you could get all drunk and say mean things about me. You talk on and on about your own talent. And there wasn’t that much there. I don’t like your movies and your music. Honestly, you’re a little bit of a talentless motherfucker. You’re taking up space and by doing that, you’re trying to crowd out the efforts of other people with real talent. You complain about the others around here. Honestly a lot of you guys are the same. You feel the world turns with your shit. But none of it seems to go anywhere.”

“It’s just a whole mess. And you think that women like me are going to fall at your feet. The stories are getting around about you. Girls come up to me, and they ask if I went out with you. I tell it as a dias as it is. You’re not a good person. You don’t even know how to be a good

person. You create this myth how you want to have babies. And you want to be a father. Want to have a family. You're not the only guy who dishes out this bullshit. Behind it all is the big lie. Fundamentally, you don't want to be with any of us. You just want to keep the game going. Do you want every girl to be breathless? Once and for all so many of us are catching on. You're completely transparent. That's why you need new women. You need new stories. You need new lies. All the old ones have overwhelmed you."

"You're drowning in your bullshit. You don't even realize how bad it is. Cause you're in the midst of the process. We keep shitting it out. Everyone else is there to catch it. You still have your long-term admirers. Maybe you help them get drugs. Or they keep the show going for you. And you help them with their own lies. In that circle, the lies gets thicker. And you keep on with the same thing. You always believe that you're a legend. What do you have to say to the world? That you're beautiful? Think about how any woman sees you. She sees all the shit that you do. She sees that you're a creep. You only have to face it.

After a while, everybody can be conditioned in this way your face is recognizable. You're a walking wanted poster. And when they catch you, they are going to punish you bad. It doesn't even have to be that way. You were living on this stupid reputation. And it keeps getting magnified. But it's not quite working in your favor. Every new story makes it worse. You've seen it happen. You might be overconfident. You're a little obnoxious. You piss off the wrong people. And what comes down. Your spotless reputation has been damaged once and for all. You find women who are totally devoted to you. You sit around and commiserate. You talk about growing up. You talk about the sadness in your lives. This is who you are. This is what you are. And nothing will change it. You add to the bullshit. You add to the craziness. You find women with low self-esteem. The worst ones have their own bullshit line. And you pull it along like it's conspiracy theory, and you fit yourself somewhere within. For you, you're the second coming. You're the best thing that's ever happened to any of his girls."

"It's not even what you say. That's what they believe. They keep their televisions tuned to your station. And every mistake on your part on the adds to that sensation. How does this all work out. How does it get to this point. What makes you this way? You've been working on this. Do you want to be a writer? You want to be a filmmaker. But your ideas are all imitative. It's all about some ruthless kid trying to get to the top. That's your story. But it's nothing new. Maybe people can deal with it one on one, but on the screen your dishonesty becomes evident. You pursue the solitary pleasure at the expense of others. You are enamored with women's bodies, but you want them all to be compliant. Do you want them all to go along with your dream. And that makes you feel wonderful. That makes you feel wanted. It confirms your method. It highlights your insight. It makes you think that you were victorious."

"That's why you want the cameras rolling. You say that you're talking about love. You are a troubled sore. People want to share your story. But you're just another user. And you found a whole new crew of people who are more ruthless. And they give you tribute. Adopted your method. This is your society. You save a little bit, and you find a way to keep everybody in his place. No one has a chance. You see what the downside is. If you're too fucked up, you go into a tailspin. Sometimes you're in a bender, and you can't get off. The sensation is ongoing. That adds to the feeling you're about to crash. You're going to destroy your legacy. Where does this go? Where does any of this go? Where does it take you? What are you getting out of this?"

“At moments like this you are convinced that nothing can stop you. If you can get over this kind of challenge, and your triumph is eternal. There’s nothing whatsoever that can get in your way. Moments like this, you are a radoca;. You take chances. And others admire your daring. How can you keep getting away with the shit? You must be brilliant you must have nine lives. And this becomes a story in itself. I just want to find out what happened. You mesmerize them with these new tails. You’re always this young rebel ready to try something new. He become the excuse for others. They’re waiting for you. You can take her weed. It’s your script. Fill it in. You’re the Director.”

“If you’re so good at writing, if you have such a high level of consciousness, how come you’re such a shithead? How come you leave disaster in your wake. There’s a few people who can understand that. They see exactly what is happening. They’re trying to teach you a lesson. This is a lesson that you don’t want to learn. That would mean surrendering control. That would mean admitting that you don’t have an all worked out. In a sentence, you understand the challenge. You recognize that danger that hangs over everyone. Do you think that you’re ready to depict a story. In the end, you’re too caught up in your self-admiration. You’re never going to have the opportunity to diagnose what is really going on. You admire people who you think are winners. But it’s so evident what is the actual story.”

“You’re attracted to bullies. And we live in a society where bullies are rewarded. And you’re never going to see that. You’re never going to expose the truth. Basically, you’re part of the problem. But every little triumph reminds you that you’re in control. It locks down this kind of repressiveness. You can look down on people. You can mark their failures. You can bring the magnifying glass up to their actions. And that only adds to your immunity. It hinders their progress. And you were there front and center controlling things as they go. Could it be worse? Could any of this be worse.”

“As you gain more assurance, you become more haphazard. You give into your own weaknesses. Eventually, you won’t have enough resources to fight back. That’ll make him more desperate. I’m waiting for that day. It’s amazing how insecurity can make people so manipulative. They seem to take advantage of the good graces of others. Vittorio, people feel sorry for you. They want to remedy your shortcomings. How long will this continue for? Why is the story even interesting anymore? It’s just a blueprint how to hurt others. And you’re really into that.”

“It’s more than just being mean to me. Honestly Vittorio do you have a method? You’re trying to get into my head. Trying to get me to do things that are detrimental to my health. This is nothing new. You’ve thought this out. It has taken me a while to recognize that this was happening. I think that I hated myself. And you found some kind of delight in keeping this feeling going. I can’t even explain all of the aspects of this kind of thinking. If I could’ve done this over, perhaps I could’ve changed the plan. I could’ve prevented all the pain. I don’t really want to have a conversation with you at all. I don’t know why you keep harassing me. I don’t know why you think that there is some thing that I can give you.”

“There’s nothing. You’re not going to make me feel better about myself. You’re not going give me some thing that I don’t have. You don’t even have your shit together. Everything about your life is about silhouettes. You watch everything from the outside. But you’re not involved. I think that’s how it works. That is basically the relationship between you and me:

nothing is filled in. That is why I think there's nothing more to say. Everything was about this promise that never came to fruition. I would be a fool to think that I could go on with us."

"You would spent all night insulting me. And then you asked me the next day what was wrong. You would act as if none of this happened. I know that you're going through this kind of stuff with yourself. You keep tearing down yourself. Then you build yourself up as if nothing happened. This is part of your condition. But it's not part of mine. I can't deal with this kind of inconsistency. I believe that I have my life together. I may have plans for the future. I'm going to get to them. But let me deal with what's going on in the present. Do you think that you're an extra expert about this future experience. But you're caught in your present. All you can do is work and make money. And you're not even that good at that."

"I don't want to be part of your life. That's not gooing help me to improve. It is not going to change a thing for me. And Vittorio, I need a clearer direction. I'm not gonna bother you. I don't want you to bother me. I need things to be different. I need to take control over my own life. And you're not helping me to do that. You're only destroying me. Since I've detached myself from you. All these things in my life makes sense. I no longer question myself in the same way. I'm no longer vulnerable. I have a greater sense of motivation. I think that you take delight in the weaknesses of others. You exploit them because you can't do what you need to do to improve your own situation."

"In this way, I'm not like you. I have experiences that can assist in my fulfillment. My growth is important. I know what I need to protect myself. And you're not there for me. There's nothing that you can give me that is going to help me find clarity. You can't come to terms with your own history. You're never going to tell a coherent story until you do. You refuse to admit the stakes if your parents had created impediments to your development. I think that's probably why you have so much difficulty moving on. You assert so much agency on your own part that you're unable to deal with the actual restrictions on your own development. You credit yourself for the least effort. But there's something more behind this."

"I have success all around me. I have people who are rooting for me. They know all the things that I can do. In your case it's different. You have these fans that boost you up. But they never really address what's going on in your life. You can't even do the same. You were just caught in your own troubles. I hate to interfere. I wish they could offer more support, and I think that was way our relationship was. Everything was based on whatt I was willing to do to help you. In the end you weren't anything there for me. All you know how to do is to flirt. And you're not very good at the nuts and bolts of a relationship. Why do you think I think would want to have babies with you? Why do you think that your home life is going to be better if you're not willing to give 100%? Everything is about intention for you. It has nothing to do with actual delivery and implementation. You're making these promises to yourself, but you're unable to fulfill any of them."

"That's hardly a basis for growth. You're finding people who have little respect for themselves, and you're playing Pied Piper with them. They feel that you're charming and brilliant and beautiful. You're bargaining with your youth. Instead of doing the real work, you're engaging flattery. That flattery makes you think that you have something to say. Everything is about the triumph of the powerful. But you're not that powerful. So your message is useless. There's not even any irony. It's just pathetic."

“And you engage others are just as confused as you are. This only adds to a sense of despair. I think that feeds the drinking and the drug use. You keep pushing and I hope that you’re going to find some kind of blessing. It’s simply not there. There’s times when you need yourself to be more assertive. And you’re just shutting down. It’s almost pathetic. He seems so much weaker than you at on. I’m not there to pick you up. After you’ve berated me over and over again, I’m not coming back for more. I’ve had it with these games of yours. Let’s try to develop the analysis a little further. This can make it clear that I want nothing to do with you. Can you see the world as a gratification of your desires? And there’s so many people that just go along with this kind of thing. Victoria, none of this leads anywhere. None of this benefits you in the long run. He only demonstrate your weakness. Why is there any different in the cameras running? How can you perk up for the world. Your idea of entertainment is the same provocation. Nobody’s accountable. Everyone’s looking for fun. You feeling well. That is all part of your nature. What do you have to do to grow?”

“How can you achieve a greater understanding? All these questions seem lost on you. This is all part of your confusion. No one is going to sort it out for you. There’s nothing explain any of this. You’re willing to continue to harass me. Do you think all of this is okay? That I shouldn’t object. That I should just go along with your criticisms. I do not need this kind of interference. I am not that vulnerable to you. Who are you hanging out with? What skills do they have. When you ask these questions good and hard, what happens? You admit your own and limitations. You hide all that inability. You insult other people. This becomes your excuse. If you really thought this way, maybe you do more to boost them up. Or you would spend greater effort advancing your own skills if you were looking at a real way to improve your life. You need to overcome empty platitudes. Staying here is your addiction.”

“The only script that you can understand is one that sustains your personal illusion. Honestly, you’re not much better than a director of porn films. Everything is about your personal stimulation. And everyone is just an appendage to your own stimulation and there’s really not much of a story. You appear to have these regrets about how things turn out. But there’s not much else involved. There’s only your inability to transform things.”

More than ever Vittorio realized the risks. He realized that the rumor could be devastating. Julie was in the bathroom and she was talking about it with her friends. Charmaine heard it as well. For the time being, it was all about Julie. If she questioned the rumor it would lose momentum. But if she gave it authority it would suddenly become true. Even if it had no basis in fact. Joy would’ve created enough of a doubt about Vittorio that he wouldn’t be able to hide any longer. Joy you had already expressed interest in Vittorio. It now appeared critical that Vittorio nail down Julie’s support. For the time being, he played along with her. And that was more than enough. After that point, Charmaine poked holes in the rumor. She took Vittorio’s word for it, and nothing that happened with the accuser. That was enough in the self. Sure, some people would continue to whisper the rumor, but it is lost any authority. Vittorio seemed to draw energy from this exchange.”

Julie based her power around Reunion. She seemed more powerful than ever. She already knew things about sly. He was so afraid of her. She marked Katrina’s. And she called out Dusk. All in all, the situation benefited Victoria but it would eventually turn bad for Julie. She would realize how she had been manipulated her. She would see Vittorio flirting with another girl

everything was too obvious for the time being, everything was going Vittorio's way it was simple. He had a Julie eating out of his hands."

She paraded Vittorio around as if they were the royal couple. For the time being, who could dispute that? Sure, this was all enacted for Reunion but it had all the power of a pinky promise. It was ready to destroy any naysayers and this was brilliant. Vittorio had planted a seed. There were still people who thought he was a creep. Now, he could laugh it off. Julie could come to his defense. She could walk all these guys were licking their chops on the sidelines. After all, Julie had an argument. Sure, she had a reason to. Who else could see as much? Cluelessness abounded. Julie thought that she was pulling the strings but Vittorio had his own agenda, and it seemed ever present. Even if Vittorio messed up, Julie still had a back up plan. She realized how to destroy him once and for all no one would really notice his absence. And she would come out of it all the better for wear. The story only seemed more remarkable. That gave Julie the impact that she needed. When she wanted to come over, she would beckon Vittorio from his slumber, and he would come running. What new did she have? He talked a powerful game, and she knew how to put him in his place. That wouldn't last forever.

Vittorio had hidden agenda, and he was hardly about to give up on it. Maybe, he would be glaring at it. Or he would be someone new. But he would also mock these novices for being too obvious. They did not have the subtlety of Julie. This was her room. No one was going to be able to take this from her. In the final act, she would be triumphant. She could plunge a saber into Vittorio, and she would remain the heroine in blood. She would cackle on cue as if to mock his challenge. And she would go back to being herself.

There was something unusual in this portrayal.

"I was all in this. And I should've grabbed this opportunity to expose Vittorio."

For his part, he was still the prince. Julie had quashed the rumor.

"I need to get out the truth."

But it wasn't going to happen. Julie could continue playing the game. She would make convenient use of Vittorio. He was playing his games with Polly. It seemed unbeknownst to Reunion. He remained trapped in his dissipation. He could play a little game. He was paid playing tribute to her not the other way around. Even if he got caught, Vittorio believed that he was creating a script, but he had become an understudy.

Now, Julie was towering over Marchesa. Ariadne was wandering around confused. Kim was equally bewildered. Even Dakota was caught up in the whirlwind around Sly. This was all show that it was truly Julie's story for now.

"Vittorio you're only irresistible to other people like you who embrace your circumstances you claim that you can resist Sammy. Or that Lira wants to follow you back to your place. Are you any different than any of them? Under the right circumstances, Sammy has her own appeals. There's some moments in her life when Lira is rejected by somebody that she wants. Even if a person feels that she has irresistible, she may not be able to get other to do what she needs or what she expects."

"Her irresistibility only works from one frame of perspective. It doesn't give you the ability to influence those who you may really need. You're chasing after people with less resources than you have. You exaggerate their connections or their abilities. You always talk about how people can do it on their own. You're not really doing it on your own. And you're

only finding others are the same way.”

“You are living off your past motivation. You are relying on a future possibility that hasn’t even manifested itself yet. Of course you’re irresistible to people who have no power. You’re irresistible to people who are dragging you down because you’re dragging them down. At six in the morning when you’re doing another line of Coke, there is no irresistibility here. If you happen to reach over and give your partner in crime a kiss, that doesn’t make her a catch. That doesn’t make her you a catch. You’re both bottom feeders, no matter how pretty you might look in the mirror once you clean yourself up. Anyone who has eyes can see what you’re really about. They can see your uniform. They can see it in your eyes. They notice it in your gait. From the moment that you grab that second drink you are hooked, and the only people who get you at that point are the people who are just as mystified as you are. You know that’s how it works.”

“You realize that’s how you want it to work. That’s why you’re participating. That’s why you’re sweating. It’s not appealing. This is not desirous. You’re irresistible because you’re desperate, and you have that appeal for others who recognize the trauma. They’re there for the endless misery because misery loves company. Those are your compatriots.

“I see you in the hot sun. They all see you twisting in the hot night air. It’s pretty much the same thing. You’re all on board. And you can sit casually in your seat and watch the newcomers file in. And they will give you that look. They’re equally impressed by your meager accomplishments. Next to them, you might as well be a God. It’s not even clear if they’re breathing oxygen. But you claim that you were sucking up the delectable nightmare. You are welcome player, since you have to chips play. Even the consummate wonder is going to have that moment when she turns to you and gives you it all. You can always find someone who wants to suck up your youth. And you take it for an eternity, that it never is. You’re waiting for someone to rescue you. To put the keys in your hand.”

“What is that about. Are you afraid? Are you going to jump? How is this going to affect you? Is this going to hurt? Is this a better script? Have you been invited along? You’re closer than you know. You’re closer than anyone you know. That will be the invitation that you were looking for without being a little extra. Who’s hiding? What are you hiding? Who else is along for the experience? How can you recruit others who will testify to your unique attractions? Are we missing something? Are we all losing our way? This is your script? What is in there? Are you going to spend all your money to show her a good time. What’s her dream? For the moment you say she’s resistible. Do you want to talk about her abilities to go along. I’ll give you credit.”

“Everybody’s gets credit for the night. And you can cash it in with that one kiss. And you’re buying emotions. And you’re buying serenity. You’re buying long-term happiness. You’re trading in the moment. But you’re always dealing with big players. And every highroller knows that he has a winner now and then. She feels the same way. And she reaches out to you. She takes what’s available. And you take what you’re giving. And you take what you need. And it all makes sense. And it all make sense together. Maybe there are those who don’t know how to play.”

“I don’t know how to hang around with you or Sly and wait for that moment when everybody is vulnerable. And someone’s looking for someone else to hold onto. And you make a pretty good candidate. That enhances your silly belief. You’re sitting with someone who is gleeful. She’s giddy. And she believes in you. And you pilot on. She might as well be taking

dictation. And you're planning out your week. You're going to make all these wonderful contacts. And your creativity is finally going to find that outlet. You're good at this. You've learned the ropes. More than that, you're a master. And she is in your master class. And you're setting them up for close-ups. And you know that you're going to replace her before a long everybody's going to get replaced. But you don't want anyone to know. This is all part of the celebration."

"You're the director. You can fire the talent at will. None of these contracts mean much of anything. You can dish out the bullshit. You can promise to ease their pain. You're a doctor. You offer the anesthetic. You melt the hearts down. The body gives away to you. For that second everybody's more talented. We're all together. We're all masters. No one compares?. How could she. The promise is more wonderful than anyone knows. It's how it works. That's why you signed up to. At six in the morning, you just want another piece of cake. You love the coconut frosting. And you stayed up all night to taste it. What else is in your arsenal? You're holding on for dear life. You're begging for credibility. And I'll give it to you."

"I'll be your audience. I'll write it down all down. I'll help you with your make up. I'll give you the best lighting. A patio in the back and send you off to kindergarten. I'll give you a treat. I'll remind everyone that you're the star. This is your story. And when you show up, you can keep everyone talking. After all, this is a horror movie."

"You can play the villain. You can capture that work of dissipation. You can demonstrate what it means to desire. You can ask for what you need. You can find gratification. You can find validation. This is a horror movie. You can find victims. You can walk over the bodies. We can walk over the bodies. You didn't do this. They're all responsible for themselves. They all showed up for a casting call. Nobody knew that the Kool-Aid was poisoned. What does it matter?"

"Everyone had that moment in the sun. And the artificial light can be turned up. And the macabre looks can be all the more intense. Everyone is on board. This is where the treasure hunt makes a discovery. You just need to wipe your lips of the blood before and anyone realizes that you're the killer."

"You're the one stooped over the ribeye. You're the one stuffing your face. And one in the slaughterhouse making it all happen. That's because the lights are still on and the camera is rolling. And how are you be able to sleep this went off. How can you hold yourself up while you're at work. Why do you even have to work? You're the chosen one. You have chosen ideas. You're a winner. And you're not the only one who is winning. You are working with a merry crew. You're all blessed. Blessed by yourselves, and you're blessed by others.

"For now you have to keep the faith. The faith is everything. You are everything. Indeed and that is why they love you you have a vision. Even as your stars come and go, even if they lose their luster, your shine on. Why? You are vicious. At the end of the night, you're not afraid to insult those around you. They haven't succeeded. And they didn't make the audition. They were cowards. They chickened out before the final act. That's why everybody loves you. You can last tonight. You can last forever. That gives you the good grace. That provides you with your liberation. We've got a place waiting for you. You can sit at the director's chair. That is how this movie works."

"The director gets convicted for killing his stars. Vittorio, you're killing me. Give me a drink! Get me a life. He'll work a little harder for them. How hard are you working for yourself?"

What are you going to do when you find someone who wants to bleed you dry? Are you going to turn on the jets. Are you going to demonstrate that you're in it for the long-haul. You're always training. You're always rehearsing. You're always making notes. Anything that comes out of your mouth is brilliant. Your life has always been a wonder. Everything about you is magnificent. Even your collapse is masterful .

“You're a stunt man. Everybody wants another stunt. They want to see something blown out. And you're not the first. And you make it so much worse. No one can tell the difference. Why would a person want to know another reality? This is the best possible worlds. You are the master of ceremonies. Give us a dedication. Help us to understand why you're so good at this. Invite others to join the flock. Remind us all that you're watching out for us. Do you understand how it works. You're relentless. You keep trying to convince your victims that it's okay. And it's a horror movie. So they're supposed to ask for more. You're supposed to create pain. And they're supposed to beg you for more.”

“They are shrinking violets. They're shrinking with you. They're going along with your darkness. You're so seductive stand in line. You've made the cut.”

“Now you're going to have to talk to the Level 2 representative. They're going to ask you some personal questions. You are expected answer honestly. I don't even know what I'm standing on. I have to admit that this was worse than a dog. I'm going to remember this for a long time.”

“Tell me, Vittorio, would it be any different if all your victims have been tortured. Would it be any different if they were numb to life? When do they enter your story? When do they become part of your tail? Are they are falling down? Do you prop them up and give them words? Are you a ventriloquist among the dead?”

“I can take this. I can work it out I can make it happen for me. My nemesis is waiting for me. Vittorio, do you even recognize that you have a nemesis? Do you know where this is headed? Few of us have the skills to take her to the next level. I am rewriting history. It doesn't matter where I am. I just need enough oxygen. I need enough friction. I need something that's going to make me go. You're not as close as you think you are. I'm trying to gauge that noise. I'm trying to match it with my heartbeat. I'm going to another place.

This is the place where you are Vittorio, but you don't want anyone to know. You've gone tough on them. But you're right in the middle of this shit. There's no one here to rescue you. There's no one here to kiss you and make it better. We're not going to be able to get to your shit, until we get to their shit. Do you understand how this is going? How do you make a rain storm happen all the time? How do you make any of this ago? Do you need to do to get yourself together? The world is living beyond itself. Vittorio, I'm taking you to this other place. You and I are going to live among the dead. We'll see them walking. We'll see them hand-in-hand. We'll see them go down.”

“We'll see them are for your juice. And you know what it is to take it on the concrete. That's where we're going Vittorio. I've invited you here because I think that you're special. I am the ghost of Vittorio Past. You know what that means. If you learn this lesson, you could be the artist that you want to be. All of you could be. As the world divides, you're all going to go to the left side. And it's happening on the right. It's happening in the blast furnace. But you want to blow it up before it completes its routine. Do you understand what that is really about? Do you

understand how those sequences work?”

“What are you going to do for me? How are you going to make me better? What happens when the machine turns into a rabid dog. Who is watching you? Who is keeping track? Do I need to call your house. You’ve covered one of the bases. But you missed the most important one. It’s all about you. I’ve never understood you. And you still don’t. No one does. No one can. You have to zig zag. Do you think that’s going to slow me down?”

“You think that it’s going to slow down there argument. You’ve had so much action that you’ve been turned into an action. This is where it all comes together. This is where it all gets brilliant. This is where genius lies. This is where a genius lies. The genius decides to lie. The lie is not genius. Who are you avoiding? I am avoiding you. I’m avoiding the monsters. I’m avoiding the wine monsters. We have a lot of work ahead of us. We will complete it. I think I understand. I know that I understand. Someone has to ask. Someone wants to know. This is how it works for me. I don’t want any kind of interference.”

“I don’t want be on your system.”

Vittorio gasps.

“What is happening to him. He’s collapsed on Van Buren St. Someone’s going to bring him some water.”

“Why are you here? I came here for the really serious juice.”

“This stuff is recombinant DNA.”

“How does it work?”

“It’s just does crazy stuff with your central nervous system. We are clearing out some bad circuitry. That was the intent. That was the contant. You wanted some of it. It’s in the juice. This juice is really good. That’s all that it took.”

He just wanted a taste. He wanted a little more for yourself.

“You asked for it. You asked for it. You gasped for it. This is good for you. This is wonderful for you.”

What goes on behind the fence? What goes on behind the wall? We come face-to-face. We come face-to-face with a smile. I was waiting for a super smile. I was waiting for a glance. Nothing was too close. Nothing was too far away.

“I’m offering things. What are you going to do about it? What are you going to do about it? What are you going to do about it? There’s too much stuff in my head. There’s too much bother. There are too many interruptions.”

“Vittorio, you need to stand up. We need to get you out of here. Here’s the problem with your story: you always have partners in crime. You never go deep enough. You never realize how you’re bottoming out. Because you keep biting a mouse more. You keep creating deeper and deeper excavations in your fucking soul. And none of it’s going to get you out.”

“It’s going to make you want it more. You’re not going to even understand what has to be done. You’re going to need to get to work. You’re going to be working overtime. You’re going to be working at this all the time. Do you understand how this hurts? Do you understand how this is supposed to hurt question.? We can’t abide by traditional feelings. You can’t map the sensations on the body. What else is going on? We have to find a lucrative method. I came for the partnership.”

“Look at where your partners are taking you. Look at where you’re going. I fell right here. I let it all out. I cried. I side. I said oh my. I can’t stop this. I don’t want to stop this. This is an ongoing thing. This is the easy part. If this really works, it’s going to change things. It’s going to change your outlook.

“It’s going to change your way of life. This is where you need to hide. I need you to go down to wardrobe. We’re going to give you some clothes. We are in a come back and you’re going to stun everyone. What does any of this mean? Why should I have this matter? Why should any of us matter? We made we need to make this happen. We need to make ourselves happen. Our lives are just colonies of our former selves. That is how we put the body together. Those are the little animals that subsist in the soul. I need to make this functional. I need to make this last. I need to make this go on. I need to make the stop. I need to make it gone. I need to make this start I need to make this go on go on go on go on. If you wanted a machine, I would’ve given you a machine. Over my shoulder. I’m giving you a solution. I’m giving you a map. I’m turning you on. I’m turning you off. Just when you think it’s safe to go in the water, I’m creating an electronic shark.

Do you know where I am? Do you know who I am? These are simple responses. I am here. And I am not here. You were here. And you are not here. I am eating. And I am not eating. I need you to be here. I needed to be some thing for me I think you understand I didn’t realize that it would be like this that these will be my only companions. Vittorio would you see this. To see all the cats around here? This is more than your cat. This is deep shit. This is multi dimensional. This is going to affect you. This is going to affect me. I need to stop. I need to start again. I need to stop. I need to start again.”

Vittorio, get up off the ground. I’m coming to see you. I’m bringing you medicine. I’m going to get you fucked up. There’s all the facilitators. I need some water for forms of facilitation. You’ve got the paranoia and the disassociation and the real fear and the pretend fear and I don’t want to think about the fear fear and you’re in my face fear and you’re in my mind fear and I don’t want to think about the I don’t want to think about the I wouldn’t want to think about the I don’t want to think about the fear fear fear you’ve got that too you’ve got the pain, and you’ve got the pleasure you’ve got the propane and you’ve got the good measure. This is all for you.”

“This is more than that Vittorio. Do you want to try it, I’m not looking for free association. I’m looking at the association for the free. Do you even know the difference anymore. I’m not looking for the association. I’m looking for the association of the free. I don’t want to go to your shit hole. I don’t want you taking me by your mind to the shit hole. I want some real thoughts here. You’re a collapsed in the fucking drug den. You’re crawling all around. What are you going to say? The rat did this to me. The fucking rat did this to me. Why did you do this to me. Why are you playing the rat. Why are you standing alone I’m taking a detour. I’m taking a dog detour.”

“I’m getting rid of these dog things in my mind. I’m getting rid of the anger and the fear. Brooklyn, you can take me there. Everyone can take me there. I need to make something happen. I didn’t come all this way if I wasn’t going to make something happen. What’s in the shadows? What’s not in the shadows? What’s in the dream? Was not in the dream? What’s in the pan? It’s not in the pan? This is a more intense stimulation. It is a reminder of something if you don’t want

to think about it. This is a reminder of some thing that gets you excited. This is the addition. This is the subtraction. This is the addition. This is the distraction. This is the resting. This is the dog. Victoria, you have become a dog. You have become a dog. You're barking. You know what you want. You're a canine. You were hungry for a ribeye. This is no place to lose your shit. Vittorio, this is no place to lose your shit."

"Every one of your pickle desires. There's nothing in the way of creating and illuminating the understanding of the world as it is or as it will be. Of the world as it is or how it will be. It's all going to make sense. We're all going down the same road. It's the hell in a handbasket. What do you have in there. How did you get away? How did anyone get away? How is it possible to get away? I need a sandwich. Why is this shit so expensive? Someone's going to give me a reason. Someone's going to invest. Once someone will understand. Do you know the marker?"

He know the things that make this a go.

"We were all the way there, and now we're not there at all. It was a special moment. There was special grace. There was special dispensation now, none of that is there. Who lives in these fields? You could've made your life my life. But I would've complicated things.

That would've complicated things. I don't even know if you understand what's going on I just want my rations. I'm like any one of these kittens. I want to be fed. I'm looking at a good suit. I made it by the monster. Now the monster is in there. I never even had a chance to thank you. We're still a little too close for comfort. Maybe, you smell blood. Maybe, I'm too close to your food. None of this makes any difference we're all clued in. We're all turned on. There was a glimmer of hope. It's not the guy who turns everyone on. It's the guy doing the work. Is the guy who's connecting the parts. It's the guy who is part of the electricity."

"Are you that guy, Vittorio? It's not about your shirt. It's not about your jacket. It's not about your friendly words. Are you that guy? Who is Maria no what does Maria know? Or does anyone know now? Why should I care? Why should I bother? Why should I care? I care. I want someone to love me. Of course you do.

The Vittorio. Vittorio, this is all about you. Love is more self gratification. This is all about you. How are you following me? Why are you giving me the high? I never got to do the data analysis. What happened? How do we all get reduced to this point? We have people who don't even know what they don't know. How did everything get reduced to this point? Victoria, you're not at the party. Here on the streets with me. And there's a whole different logic. Are you even ready for that. Is any of you ready for that? Do you like it as it is?? Do you want it straight. I have to hold to this. I have to hold on. I can learn these things. I can play these things. I could want to be these things. I am none of these things. I'm only this one thing. Lob the ball to me. Teach me the sport. Teach me the game. Make me clean. Tell me that I'm different. Tell me what I'm all about. Run my show! Will it be in May. I'm wonderful. I'm in the middle of some thing. I am some thing. I'm good at something. Tomorrow will be the day. Happy I will be really good at some thing. I'm working at this. Do you ever look at yourself in the mirror? I look at my reflection in the water. I study the shadows. I am on among the shadows. I am the prime shadow. Do you even know what this is about? Your chest chasing the zigzag. I saw what you saw away before you saw it. And you need to file it away. You just didn't need the suspicion."

"You are near the satisfaction. That should tell you everything. That should tell all of you the same thing. I'm way beyond where you are. Play this with me. I know about tastes. I know

about the juice. You need to have it. You need to swallow it down. You need to stick to your guns. This needs to be specific. This needs to be wonderful. Do you know what this means? Do you know what you're working on? Do you care? Do you have a show? Do you want even try? You can fill the audience with your admirers. It doesn't change the physics lesson. It doesn't change the physics lesson. I hate being a sitting duck out here."

"Isn't that what you're saying to yourself? Isn't that what you're saying to the world? How is that popping noise? What's going on in the alleyway? Who's taking revenge? If it's you, you need to stop it. This is not revenge."