

## VITTORIO OUT OF HIS MIND

“Everyone has his ex cathedra moment of righteous indignation., But he can’t admit to his own faults. And when he is the middle of temptation, he is never any different. He just does which seems expedient. That’s how it all works out. That’s how it’s held together. It’s pretty much the same thing Each person wants to be a top dog whether he touting his integrity or collecting his reward. It’s always exactly the same thing.”

“I feel as if you’re probably laughing at me. Honestly this is pretty serious. She’s my ex. I found her. I created her. You’re not allowed to love. That’s what she wants. She just wants to get into your head. She’s messing with you. She messed with me. Look at her. She’s all fucked up. She has a great body. This has not been my doing. I haven’t done anything to her. She was the one who is fucking with me. She would be mean to me. Don’t text her. Block her. Get her out of your life. She’s a mess. Why do you think that she was abused by her ex? She brought this on herself. I know it was going on. She did the same thing to me. She made me feel like I was worthless. She made me depressed. I already had issues with depression. And she tried to make it worse. That was all part of her nature. Why was she even treating me this way at all? I gave her a chance. I brought her out. I gave credibility to her.”

“I inspired her to be more than she was. And then she turned on me like a knife. And she’s going to do the same to you. She’s just waiting until you’re give yourself to her. Then she’s going to overwhelm you. She’s going to suck all your energy. She’s going to turn you into the shell of a man. Do you understand what I’m saying to you? I’m your friend. All these idiots want to fuck her. But you need to be different. How many people have you fucked so far? You’re a loser. You’re not like me. I fucked everyone in the club. They wanted me. They all love my hard erect dick. What do you have to give? It’s all shriveled up. You’re nasty. They don’t want you. So she comes on to you. Do you think it’s some thing? It makes you think that you have a story.”

“You’ve never had a story. You’re not like me. Look at me. I’m tall. Girls like me. They want to touch me. They want to touch me everywhere. They wanna deal with my shit. They want me to insult them. They want me to demean them. They want me to have sex with multiple partners, even after I’ve committed myself to them. They love it raw. They love the risk. They want to man who takes charge. I’m that kind of man. I tell them what I want. I tell them who I am. I’m the boss. I’m the one in control.”

“Do you have any doubt about this? It was all coming down to this anyway. When I left, it created a vacuum. And she was sucked into that white vacuum. She’s just using you because she can’t get back at me. So she gets back at you, and she gets back at me. She was mean to me. You’ll just have to say it to her. Don’t text me anymore. I don’t want you in my life at all. You need to make an effort. I wish there was an alternative. I wish you had an alternative. I wish she had an ultra. I wish that we all had alternatives. Why do you have to live like this”.

“We’re like these wild animals at each other’s throat’s. She wants to hurt me. You want to hurt me. Everyone wants to hurt me. My mother did this. My father did this. Now you’re doing this good. What made you this way? When you read me this way? I think that you found me because he realized you could take advantage of me.”

“ You realized that you could hurt me. You realized you could do things to me. That’s how I felt about her. That’s what I’m trying to communicate to you.

She's never going to care for you at all. She would never have noticed you anyway. She's always wanted me. I belong to her in some deep way. This has nothing to do with you. Go away. She's mine. I deeply affected her emotions. And she knows this. That's why she wants me back at her self. She's going to threaten everybody. She's going to tell them all. Watch what she does.. It's so obvious what she cares about. That's how it works. She just drains everybody. She's an empty shell; she's got a great body. She just wanted to have sex all the time. I felt the same way. She brought up my animal nature. I still reminisce about her body. I still reminisce being inside her. I think about it again and again. I want nothing else."

"She just came here to bother me. She came here to hurt me. She's trying to take my life. Do you see what kind of person she is.? That has everything to do with everything. That's why she is the way that she is. She doesn't have anything going on in her life. She's annoying. Five years from now no one's gonna remember. So she sucks off of people like you and me. She steals our identity; she takes our energy. She drains us. She turns it into nothing. So we both live in this endless nothingness, and there's people like her who are trying to destroy us. Don't you see that? I see it better than anybody I know it. She's doing she's going to turn you into nothing. Then you'll be jealous just like me. And she'll find some new guy. And she'll be sucking on his cock. She'll send pictures to us."

"I will both feel bad about it. Because she's never going to be faithful to you, because she wasn't faithful to me. This has nothing to do with my behavior. This was the way that she was. She could never be trusted. This is the kind of person that she is. She's insatiable. She just wants someone to turn her on. Her ex did his best to give her what she needed, and you know how she treated him. He felt as if she was killing him. She was destroying him. So he fought her off just to defend himself. After being with her, it's so obvious what went on. That's why I'm begging you. You need to break it off right now. Don't say another word. Don't send another text. Block her."

"Prevent her from having anything to do with you. You're the one friend that I have. You're not going to screw me over. But there's nothing in your life. That's why you think that she's going to add to your story. But it's never going to be like that. She's like an open book. She's vampiric. That's how she works. Everything is about her. She pretends that she's self-reliant and independent. But she just wanted me to feel sorry for her. That's all that she did. She would whine all the time about her condition. She couldn't talk about anything else. I got sick of it. And when I said some thing, she would call me names."

"She would be a little of me. She would tell me to kill myself. What kind of woman is this? Do you know what's going on? She's going to do this to you too. That's the way that she works. She'll find something that you value, and she'll just destroy that. She's so good at doing this. She renews this feeling again and again. That's what makes her better than she is."

"Everybody thinks there's something there. That's why I'm telling you. She's mine. She'll always be mine. And we have a code between us. We're friends. You're not supposed to do something like this. I would expect it of anyone else. Not from you. You were supposed to be different. She would never of talk to you if I wasn't around. It's the same with a lot of other women that I knew. You try to pretend that you had some special connection to them. I was going to leave the city. I was going to leave this life. And I met her. And I hung on. I kept thinking that maybe she has something more to offer. I cherish my time with her. I hoped it could

be something more. But it was also devastating.”

“She devastated me more than you can know. I felt as if my whole personality had been hollowed out. I was only a shell. I thought for some thing more. I wanted some kind of integrity. Through it all, she was mocking me. She was defeating me. She was belittling me. She made me feel as if I had never been born. She mocked my family. She said nasty things about my mother. And how could I give her any credibility.? She’s doing the same to you. She wants to be part of your every waking moment. To see how it’s all draining you. You have nothing left. You without hope. It’s going nowhere. It’s monstrous. It’s impossible. That’s why you need to get away.”

“You need to let go. You need to put all this behind here. Listen to what I’m saying. It couldn’t be any plainer. All the girls at Reunion are the same. None of them cared about me. I just wanted to fuck. They’re all the same. They’re empty vessels. I would do anything that I could to try to fill up for that void. I was watching a movie. And it was all empty. It was nothingness. I it’s gonna be like that forever. There’s nothing that anyone can do. She’s almost like a witch. She affects us all that way. She’s there to destroy us. I need your help I need to stop or while you can. Eventually, it’s just going to be too late. There won’t be anything that you can do. She’ll have an endless power over you.”

She’s cute. She thinks she has some thing. She thinks it’s more than that. She believes it’s extra special. And you think it’s special too. Just when she’s into you, you think that confirms everything that you believe about the world. She’s your shining star. Listen to me! I made her special. She would be absolutely nothing without me. She has a great body. But I knew how to work it. She wasn’t all that good. It all happened. It was all because of me. I had the experience. I’ve been with other women.

Honestly, sometimes I would wonder to myself. It was a blessed? Did she ignore everything that I had given her”

“Vittorio, I guess it comes down to being you. This time it seems as if I am doing the dirty job and you’re suffering from my actions. Why have I had to see the tears of the women you fucked over? Does that mean that I would be the same? Is that what you want me to say when you put your arms around me and say it pals. It really doesn’t work that way. This is how you came into my life. This was how she came into my wife. And you can’t take that away from me.”

“Vittorio, I’ve already dealt with Colin’s bullshit. You all think that you’re some kind of gift to women. And it all comes down to something sexual. You have some vague understanding of the kind of cruelty that your partners me have experienced in the past. But you’re pretty good at making it worse. Do you know how to turn the knife inside and add to the damage. I don’t see myself as some kind of savior. But what do I owe you? Sure, there are moments that you help me out, and I don’t want to take that away. But there are moments that you embarrassed me so badly. It was almost as if you let down the both of us”.

“Your only concern was getting fucked up. And you seem to give a D to others who felt the same way. I’ve never been here to give you some kind of redemption. But you were clinging to that. And I think that understanding alone is enough to remind me of a deeper truth. I do everything that I can to give you some kind of credibility. But maybe this is some thing that you need to understand a little better. You think that it’s her doing.”

“This time, I’m running the show. I’m making the movie. I’m calling the shots. You’re only around for the accolades. Wow, buddy boy, the prices have stopped. And there’s some

reckoning. What is this all about? How am I supposed to respond? We both need to be honest in the deep way. How much is that involve? Or do we have bills? These are important things for us to recognize. That makes us who we are.”

“I think it’s easy to lose the trail. Some people try to reduce human beings to their basic animalistic instincts. Much more complex than that. People have the ability to create their own environments. They can use language and history in an understanding of their past experiences to develop ideas of what they want for themselves. This emphasis on brutality is not inherent to human nature. It’s a characteristic of the economic system that continued is to foster this kind of competitiveness. It leads nowhere. Some people control the game. The rest just get lost trying to play.”

“Listen, dude, you need to quit hanging around with her. You can’t be with her. I found her. We were going to have babies together. I don’t want you in referring in my life. You have no right whatsoever dude, it’s simple she’s mine. This is broken. This is how we get along together. You’re not allowed to do this. Who do you think you are? You’re some old pervert. I just want to take it vantage of you. You’re a pedophile. You should be arrested for what you’re doing. I should kill you. I’m going kill you. If I see you at Reunion, I’m going do kick the shit out of you in front of everyone. I’m going to get a thrill out of doing it. Everyone’s going to look at me and see how strong I am.”

“I m just going to kill you. I would be totally justified. After what you did, people would cheer me on. Her family would cheer me on. They never want her with some per. She knows it’s wrong, she’s going to come to her senses. Then she’s going to attack you. She’s going to be mean to you. She was mean to me. That’s all her nature. That’s how she acts. It doesn’t work in any other way. She only wanted to hurt me. She’s sadistic. She likes hurting other people. She liked doing things to me. She makes me weak. She destroys them. I still don’t know why she is the way that she is.”

“I didn’t think I could rescue her. But I loved her. We’re the same kind of people she and I. We’re on the same side of the world. She’s even more my family. She wanted a strong man. She was saying nasty things. This was all part of my nature. She got off of it. Thank you for strings. I can hardly deal with it. It added to my depression.”

“I need to be sympathetic.”

“We were friends. This isn’t funny. I helped you out. What gives you the right.”

“She’s a little baby. She’s my baby. She’s just trying to get back with me. She found you so she could get back at me. You need to quit this. You can’t go along with it. You can feed your perverse fantasy. She gets a sick gratification from it. I can’t figure it out. Her parents were together. They have the money. There is no reason that she should be the way that she is. But that’s what she does.”

“She made me think that she loved me. I loved her. She loved me. But then she would say this awful thing about me. It made me suicidal. It made me hopeless.”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

“What did she want for a night? Why was she making you feel so ugly. She would find these little characteristics in you, and she would exaggerate them to be mean to you.”

“She would say the same things over and over again. I could barely escape. She was in my mind. I knew how she worked. She would do it over and over again. And I couldn’t do

anything to stop her. She was a psychotic. She knew how to find my weakness. And would twist that knife in me again and again. Way more than that.”

“It would her more excited. It was almost sexual. I can’t explain it. What was it? It was all these different moods at once. She would be one way one moment, and completely different another. I had no idea what was going on. I had not idea what I was dealing with it.”

I tried explain why she did what she does. This was confusing. This was her nature. Surreal. It was scary.”

“She gets off being this way. She did it to her husband. She’ll probably do it to other gus. She hates her self. So she hates other people. And it goes on and on and on. She acts like she’s perfectly happy. But then she’ll turn on anyone. She’s going to do it to you. I’m telling you not to hang around with her. You’re hurting me. This is not good for me. You’re supposed to be my friend. If you’re my friend, you will do what was good for me. I need to stay away from her.”

“She and I were going to get back together again. We’re going to have babies. We were going to have a family. You can’t have a family.. She doesn’t really want you. She’s just using you to get back at me. Should do it again and again. Do you know what the issue is about? I’m going to come back and fuck you up. I’m going to make you scream as I torture you. And then I cut off your head. You better fear me. I’m coming for you.”

“Is this some kind of movie thing? Are you making it up as you go along? Am I supposed to recognize the quotations. Is this make you sound tougher? For the sake of my life. What does it even mean? Do you think that you’re stronger than you are. You are really weak. I can sence your weakness.”

“It’s all about you. It’s all around you. It’s everything that you are. Makes me sick. You make me sick. Existence. This couldn’t be more grotesque. You’re not up to any good You’re a true monster. Chronic. You’re preying on this young girl. What do you think she’s going to give you. She wants to fuck everybody. She wants to throw it in my face. Monster! It doesn’t take much to trigger her. We just have to know it.”

“I can meet you right now. I can’t figure it out, I need to tell you something. This is beyond all of us. This is what makes her the way that she is. You’re messing with things. She could’ve healed. Ravaged. You first. You made it worse.”

“Now, she’s going to do it to you. She’s going to strip you down. She’s going to make it impossible for you. She doesn’t even know what she’s doing. She isn’t in control, She doesn’t want tomorrow.. She works with creative people because she knows she can use our imagination against us. She’s taken the sky from us. That’s all. She’s looking for victims. And she’s going to find them. She lives be satisfied. She recognizes that there’s nothing else.”

“She can make herself look sweet. She was only looking for the opportunity to twist it in. This was some game that she was playing She will continue doing this. I couldn’t escape. She was into torture. She knew this. She was ravenous. She lived for her own gratification.:

“I didn’t even think this is awesome.”

“He was face-to-face with his experience. No wonder. She was all about her appetites. She could never constrain them.”

“Whether she was eating, or sex, there was this constant devotion to this wildness. She couldn’t be tamed. She tried to take herself seriously, but she knew it was futile. She looked for this opportunity. She knew what it meant. Sometimes, she would pretend that she was sorry. I

would let down my guard. Then she would go into attack mode.”

“She was just as bad as ever. So much. Left me in the darkness. She left me in disbelief. That was always true. It had to be seen. She could never be wrong. It was always about being right. That’s how she lived her life. She only became more convinced that she was correct. We would be hanging together, and she would criticize me all the time. She would criticize other people. She would chew at them and destroy them.”

“She wasn’t all that friendly with homeless people. She was a person of privilege. And she embraced her privilege. She thought it was only natural. She mocked the feelings of others. That’s why it was so easy for her.”

I wanted to understand her better. But it was all too obvious. This was her character, and there was no other way to see this. I loved her. She loved me. I knew it in my bones. She would tell me as much.”

“Somebody said everything.”

“I loved your body. That’s why you need to stay away. This is not your girl. She gave her body to me. You need to leave. You need to let her know.”

“Vittorio, we’re scrambling to get his message.”

He lived in Los Angeles. He hadn’t separated with Mandalay under the best of terms. He was trying to dictate her behavior. They were both existing under the same star. She tolerated him for five months, and she believed that her rude remarks created enough of a defense barrier. She wanted that feeling of closeness more than anything else. This wouldn’t be the first and it wouldn’t be the last time in her life that she would compromise cheating her dream.

What was she expecting? Certainly she was facing her own challenges. If she hung around with somebody who claimed to be creative, she could act as if she was following her own creative dreams. She could listen to music and give it this wonderful credibility. When she had been with Vittorio, she believed that he added to her sensibility. There were moments that he wanted to pretend that they were some kind of power couple. She would offer her political beliefs, and sometimes it would all sound like conspiracy. Vittorio would encourage her to go off. It only made him feel more powerful.

She might’ve seen herself as questioning fake feminism, but why was she giving her time to Vittorio? Her history was all already marked by obvious exploitation. She may not have been affected by traumatic episodes. But the influences were there. She could recognize what was going on. Certainly there were enough signs. But Vittorio was trying to be crafty. He was manipulating her. And she really thought that she was running the game. Vittorio would go off on his own adventures, while she was at home by herself.

She was barely part of the story. She was barely part of her own life. No wonder she was drawn to conspiracy in an effort to to grant herself another level of control. And she welcomed those appeals. They made her feel stronger, Vittorio just wanted to control her. And he felt that control extended even after he had left the city. He expected that she would be waiting for him.

He was angry at me. It went beyond any kind of bro code he had left the scene. But he still carried on with this attitude, and she seemed perpetuate that belief for him. She had given her heart. And what had she received in return?

His warning seemed insistent, and he was not about to let this go. He kept calling me. I wouldn’t answer, but that didn’t change things.”

“Come on, bro. Pick up the phone. You owe it to me.”

Of course, I did. We had been through too much already. But he wasn't looking for an explanation. He was trying to dictate terms. It wasn't as if he was willing to give up anything. He was at home by himself in his room, and the jealousy was brewing. This was all in his head. This was a guy who would be mean to other women. And he would always be looking for someone new to try to pick up. The search would never end. He was always on the hunt, and the venom would continue to flow. He had his own cruelty. And Mandalay could feel that intensity of his.

She retreated in herself. She clung to her past. This was all that she had in her favor. And that vision became more powerful. It added to her certainty. She kept hoping for some kind of resolution that would add more credibility to her vision.

She wanted to be more creative. Her husband had robbed her spark from her. And she could feel that horrible aftermath from what had happened between them,

This only added to her zeal. She kept hoping. Perhaps, the inspiration would become more intense. She would find that canvas that could enhance her nature. The fire was more all-encompassing. She was drawn by this supernatural appeal, but there was something that might invigorate the moment.

She wanted Vitorrio to be more than he was. She cast him in this story. This added to his aura. She realized that there was nothing to it. That did not diminish the belief. She felt that she had that power. Perhaps, she could redeem him. There was nothing else.

She didn't want to be the one to walk away. When he went to Los Angeles, she imagined that she would go along. But he didn't really leave a place for her. She would only be an ornament in his world. Over time, she would feel herself die in his arms. She would never admit to herself how bad things were. This only added to the sense of helplessness.

She felt sad that she had been left this way. But he had done her a favor. He had liberated from this prison. It might only be time before she would find her creative drive. What did she need to get going? How could her life find motivation?

“You don't really understand. These are not idle threats. I am going to hurt you so badly that you won't want to live anymore. This is what men do. You are a little pussy. And I am going to show you what you are made of. I have to take care of this. And I am going to do what needs to get done. I am my own enforcer. And you will learn. It will end up as it always has been.”

“I am your destroyer.”

Vittorio was trying to communicate in such an ominous manner. He was the avenging angel. The carnage would be evident. This was how it was always supposed to be. Vittorio did not want to let go of his calling.

“Is that all you have for me?”

His viciousness did not have a limit, and he could only contemplate what else he could say in his defense. He wanted his words to echo far beyond his room. He wanted me to believe that he was still in Phoenix, and he could continue to make his power felt.

I could only smile. He would try to assert himself. His desperation was evident. His idea were not that complex. Here was someone, who wanted to be a filmmaker. Now, he was casting for a villain. And this script seemed so meager. This was more than a little ridiculous.

He was trying to make his insults land. And I waited for this attempts. Perhaps, he could have told me something about myself. But he should have wasted his time. He was finding little success. He did not have me on the run.

Vittorio was not even achieving a sense of irony. He was never going to have a family with Mandalay. That opportunity was long gone. He had abandoned those dreams in Phoenix. If he was so successful in Los Angeles, why would he even bother? Where were all the young actresses waiting to get cast in his next film. It was all more of an exaggeration. It was never going to achieve that true genius.

There was something unique about Mandalay, but he had already crushed what had burned bright. She wanted nothing to do with that experience.”

Mandalay was trying to convince herself that this was all past. But she had given a lot of herself to Vittorio. She had given him her love. And she survived by giving to others. She realizes that she had this side. And she did not want to be overcome by feelings of revenge. She was not thinking in this way.

Mandalay observed Vittorio’s bitterness. There was nothing charming about that. But she did find her own satisfaction realizing that she was affecting him in a deep manner. It was almost as if she saw a ghost. She was frightened by what was happening to her. She could feel herself get pulled in again.

She was a wolf in a trap. And was was doing everything that she could to free herself. Her howls became more insistent, and this added to her confidence. But she could do nothing to escape.

She wanted to get away from this nightmare. She saw how these appeals could be become more insistent. It wouldn’t take much. And she would be lost once again. She had battled to get herself back.

She would not let herself spiral. She had achieved the right effect. He was still sensitive to losing her. But she did not want surrender her integrity. She had been dealing with a monster, and she had contributed to his cruelty. And she wanted to blame it on him. But this was something else.

She was not about to fall under his spell. He wasn’t all that convincing. She saw how he could take advantage of her uncertainty.

She was living in this world of phantoms. What was her place in this realm? She needed to make the right connection. She could not let him be disruptive of her nature. She could find strength. She could discover the power that would allow her to battle this evil spirit. Perhaps, this spirit had taken over Vittorio. Or he had called upon it to advance his nefarious efforts.

Sometimes, when she recognized that dangers, she wondered if she had given him too much power. And she was only adding to this belief. What was the imbalance?

Vittorio had felt that his experience in Phoenix paid tribute to his artistic skills. He could return to Los Angeles with greater motivation. He would be discovered. In years to come, he would be a well-known director. And he could kill all the dragons from his past. He would demonstrate his marvel. This would add to his reputation. He would be untouchable.”

Why was he still concerned about Mandalay? She represented his plans for the future. He would eventually replace her. But he needed her to be there for the moment. She was still in the back of his mind. This was part of this chronology that he still cherished.



Mandalay occupied a special place in his mind. This dream would last forever, He had created his own fairy tale. This seemed more important than one of his scripts. He was not going to let go. This was his leverage. This was more important now. The vision had acquired more significance. He enhanced that outlook. He was running that story again and again. It played on repeat until perpetuity. And he lost himself in that enactment. That only made him more defensive.

Vittorio wanted an enemy. He was struggling. So this enemy would offer more of a support for his dream. He was more convinced that he would be triumphant. If he could defeat his enemy, he could take on any challenge.

“He threatened to kill me.”

“He says that you threatened to kill him.”

“Why would I threaten him? I have everything that I want.”

“Here, read this.”

“What is this?”

“This is the script for our confrontation.”

“What are you talking about? You don’t even live here anymore.”

“I am going to get an actor to play me.”

“Will he actually kick my ass?”

“You need to block out that scene.”

“We are getting caught up in petty rivalries.”

“We all have emotions.”

“What do you care about?”

“I need to do my job. I need to pay my rent.”

“What do you do besides that?”

“I show my love to other people.”

“By hitting them.”

“Where should I be looking?”

“Don’t look into the camera. Remember what it sees.”

I drifted off and caused a car accident.

“Don’t touch me.”

“She is going to destroy you too.”

“I am not destroyed.”

“What do you want to know?”

“I need us to be friends.”

“What is happening to us now?”

“Who blessed us.”

“THE CREATOR.”

She told him, “Neither of us are really believers. We are the damned.”

“I don’t want to be like this.”

What was seeing on the television?

“It is not the seeing. It is the believing. Listen to what they are saying.”

“There is another level of human experience. We get our secret instructions. And they tell us what to do.”

“That is too much of a fucking interference.”

“Calm down.”

“I want this to mean something more.”

“You tell me.”

“I want to avoid temptation.:

Vittorio needs to provide a concluding soliloquy.”

“He has more things to say.”

“We all laugh at our weaknesses.”

“The quality of health care.”

“Not the speech.”

“Did you read it.”

“You are not the same person.”

“Who is?”

“I made a serious mistake.”

“I know how to laugh at myself.”

“Vittorio, you want to kick my ass. There is no laughing involved.”

“I will laugh when you hurt.”

“That will not be story.”

“What would a story be?”

“You could take this over.”

“There is a national policy.”

“What is there?”

“What do you want to be?”

“We need to cover every value.”

Vittorio treated everyone like a number. He called it abundance. This was some strategy that he had developed in dealing with crypto.”

“I am perfect as I am.”

“What are you pointing at?”

“I am looking at my reflection.”

“You are old. You are useless. You can’t even publish your novels. You sit around trying to get acknowledgment from other people.”

“I need to include every possibility.”

“Vittorio, you would be a great visual artist if you had discipline.”

“I am more than a little focused.”

“Where are you going?”

“I am going where I am headed.”

: “Did you drive here?”

“I got the job done.”

“Let me walk you out of here.”

“Vittorio is waiting for me.”

I wished that he had an answer. All his time spent like this should have revealed a little more to him. He seemed oblivious to the world.

“Do you know who I am?”

“I am trying to figure that out.”

“We all are.”

“We may have to come back to the same realization.”

We all ended up at this old movie theater. There was only one screen. The movie was not playing. There was someone singing in front with a weak PA system.

“Do we walk in here.”

“This is the place.”

“What were you hoping to see?”

“I have no idea.”

“This is about way more than following.”

“I do not want to hurt.”

“LISTEN TO THE SONG!”

“There will be a summary.”

“What got us out of this so quickly.”

“This was not anything that we were working on.”

“Nice tracking shot.”

“Tracking life.”

“Hello, my name is Mandalay. Vittorio wants me to take you on a journey.”

“What did we miss?”

“Whatever we did not account for.”

I listened to the music. I was trying to find a pattern.

“This is about loneliness and power.”

“That is a theme.”

“It could be.”

“I will accept that.”

“Why don’t you just explain what you are doing? She might understand.”

“I need some mediation. I need someone to explain it to the world.”

“Sugar and spice.”

“Does that work?”

“It is your turn.”

Mandalay takes her turn confidently.

“I have some songs for you to listen to. I would like to tell you about my romantic life. These are my dreams. This is who I really am.”

“I get it.”

“We all get it.”

“Get it while you can.”

“You had the time to explain yourself to the world. And this is all that you offered.”

“I tried to explain international politics. She saw it a game of ping pong.”

“This is very important for our development.”

“So says you.”

“I do not need you telling me.”

“I do not need to watch propaganda.”

“This is the future of the world.”

“Indeed, it is.”

“And everything is perfect.”

“Why is this different?”

“They abandoned us.”

“What does this makes you remember?”

“Lost love.”

“I am trying to forget.”

“Forget while you can.”

“I don’t want to end like this.”

“What do you want the end to be?”

“We can meet in the hospital.”