

# whore



Play : Jason Danino Holt  
Dramaturgy : Lilach Dekel Avnery

Translation ( from Hebrew ) : Jason Danino Holt & Liat Fassberg

epilogue

Innumerable naked men :

Each and every one of us  
touched you  
you touched  
each and every one of us  
dead skin flakes with a touch  
you are the luminescent essence of an entire city  
"Skin city"  
and you're the king  
the head  
Municipal elections  
on a daily basis  
and we all drop you  
always you  
a shiny note  
in a golden envelope  
with your to-die-for face  
stamped deep  
on paper  
under our skin  
in our soul  
you bring us life  
you give us hope  
you're our future  
our "yes we can"  
we SEE you  
for richer or poorer  
in sickness and in health  
we love you  
and you love us  
as long as we can  
PAY

man

One of the men of the chorus remains on stage. A phone rings. Another man enters the room. He is a whore.

**Whore** : Hello ? Hello ?

**The whore hangs up the phone**

**Man** : Are you waiting for a call ?

**Whore** : I thought I heard it ring

**Man** : Didn't hear anything

**Whore** : Midnight. He always calls at midnight

**Man** : And then you become a pumpkin ?

**Whore** : Fuck you

**Man** : You know what happened to Cinderella just after her happily ever after ? The glass shoe broke in her leg and tore her Achilles from the inside. She died on the mother fucking spot.

**Whore** : Lovely

**Man** : Can I get a kiss?

**Whore** : No

**Man** : Son of a bitch

**Whore** : We are all sons of bitches

**Silence**

**Man** : More?

**Whore** : O.K

**Man** : Come closer

**The Whore gets closer to him. The Man jerks off while punching him repeatedly . The Whore is indifferent**

**Man** : Kids like you don't get happy endings - you know that - right ? you hear me? The glass is already tearing you from the inside

**The Man cums**

**Whore** : I wouldn't be caught dead in your shoes

**The phone rings**

**Whore** : Time to go

**Man** : Here. Good bye pretty boy

phone

**The man leaves. The phone rings, the Whore answers**

**Whore :** Hello? Hello? What's that noise? Hello ? Can you hear me? Where are you ? Where?! Are you on your way? Should I wait for you? I can't fucking hear you! Are you on your way? Hello? Hello?

**The Whore hangs up the phone. It rings again**

**Whore :** Stay with me till you get here, I have a feeling inside that...

**Silence**

**Whore :** Hello? Hello? Who is this ?

**Silence. A knock on the door**

**Whore :** what now ?! ( to the door ) who is it ?

**Woman's voice :** Excuse me?

**Whore :** No one's home

**A long continuous knock on the door. The Whore looks through the peeping hole**

**Whore :** Fuck off ( To the phone ) Common I can't hear you. Are you coming or what? Are you there? Hello?

**Woman's voice** ( through the phone and the door ) : Hey, it's me outside your door

**Whore :** What ? Who are you ? How did you get this number ?

**Woman's voice** ( through the phone and the door ) : I have more money than I can ever spend. I collected it my entire life and I feel that if I won't spend it now, it will die with me.

**The Whore opens the door - the Woman enters**

woman

**Silence**

**Woman** : No one has ever touched me, I never let anyone , I was never even close.

**Whore** : Sorry?

**Woman** : I'm ill. This body is very ill and I don't want to die like this. Untouched.

**Whore** : What... what do you have?

**Woman** : My skin - all graced with one big Melanoma

**Whore** : Melanoma?

**Woman** : what a manipulative bitch of a word. So pretty - like the name of a fairy. Does it scare you?

**Whore** : No. But...

**Woman** : If I cry will it scare you?

**Whore** : no, but I'm done working today. I'm being picked up any minute now

**Woman** ( undresses ) : Does it show ?

**Whore** : You look healthy

**Woman** : That I'm a virgin

**Whore** : No

**Woman** : How much time do you have ?

**Whore** : He's... late, but... maybe a minute or two

**Woman** : You are so beautiful... Won't you let him wait? For me ?

**Whore** : We don't know each other

**Woman** : Does it matter who I am ? I'm sick. About to die. You're my last request

**Whore** : I don't...

**Woman** : I wanted the most beautiful, gorgeous, breathtaking of them all

**Whore** : Thanks

**Whore** : I'll pay all I have, I always thought I'll have so much time to spend it all and now...

**Whore** : I'm really done working today

**Woman** : Will you take it as my inheritance?

**Silence**

**Woman** : I'm not contagious you know

**She touches him**

**Woman** : If I'll ask you to stop, will you ?

**Whore** : Yes

**Woman** : You're firm. Your skin is tight. Dense. Can you undress too ?

**She undresses him, revealing many Tattoos. A very large one of Marilyn Monroe**

**Woman** : Did it hurt ?

**Whore** : No

**Woman** : And me, will it hurt me ?

**Whore** : Doesn't have to, it's all in the head...

**Woman** : Kiss me

**She comes closer**

**Woman** : Do you kiss everyone ?

**Whore** : No

**Woman** ( while touching him ) : You have eyes that probably drowned so many ships of so many poor women. Eyes blue like the ocean, like endless possibilities, storms, deaths, with a whispering desire for life. Your eyes are so beautiful - and there's a person on-the-insides, has to be. That's what's in these ocean blue eyes, a from-the-insides person . The rest is just a persona.

**They kiss - stay close**

**Woman** : What's your name ?

**Whore** : James Monroe

**woman** : What's your real name ?

**The phone rings**

**Whore** : Excuse me

**woman** : Don't answer

**Whore** : I told you I'm limited with time

**The woman tries to block him**

**Whore** : Move !

**Whore answers the phone**

**Whore** : Hello ? Who is it ? No. Try tomorrow morning. Try tomorrow morning. I'm done for today. So try tomorrow morning. Yeah. I do that. 500 for that. I said yes , I do that. Yes. Yes. Yes. Bye

**The Whore hangs up the phone. It rings again. The woman picks it up and hangs it right down. He takes the phone from her**

**Whore** : What the fuck did you just do ?

**Woman** : I'll give you more than they ever will. I have all the love in the world just for you.

**Whore** : it's a HE !

**Woman** : I don't care

**Whore** : It's my boyfriend - he always comes at midnight !!

**Woman** : He's late

**Whore** : He's never fucking late! I don't go home alone. ( dials ) Hello ? Can you hear me - the gap between here and our home is where people like me kill themselves. Where the fuck are you ?!

**Silence**

**Woman** : Why does he even let you come back to this shit hole of a place ?

**Whore** : Hello ? Hello ?

**Woman** : That's not love. Let's leave. Now. you'll never do anything you don't want to

**Whore** : Do I look like a person that doesn't know what he wants ?!

**The Whore dials again**

action

The woman turns the T.V on - A porn movie appears, starring the Whore.  
The speakers are from the screen

Porn actors :

We laid your noble oh so delicate head  
right below our waists  
cameras on  
there were three  
each one with its own tiny flashlight  
a little guiding star  
sweat on your forehead shining bright  
like a diamond  
the crystallized valleys of your nose pounding  
( thousands of dollars worth of methamphetamines - all for you )  
made you  
see yourself  
as  
a hollywood it-boy who's only way is up  
( James Monroe they call him , James fucking Monroe )  
but you were down  
your knees blending with the stained rug  
we stood sharply above you  
our shining swords aimed at the deepest of them spots  
in your throat  
striking  
gonging your uvula  
as if announcing  
Troy is ours !  
Gaza occupied !  
Ding Dong the witch is dead !  
The saline solution gliding from your eyes  
was just a reflex  
emotions were left at your mothers home  
she's the one doing the crying now  
not you  
and as our semen roared on your face from every angle  
like an army at its final act  
you felt eternal  
( James Monroe you call yourself , James fucking Monroe )  
you were eternal

cut

Monroe has left the building  
we didn't ask for your name  
we didn't care

How could you not notice James Monroe  
that you were left all alone in a cheap L.A motel

as far from your suburban Tel Aviv home as the moon is from the darkest  
sands of the abyss  
shitty little motel  
it's pool coated with molded brown leaves  
dollar bills stuffed in your sneakers  
  
someone figured you'd find them there  
once you awoke

**The woman turns the Television off**

**love**

**Whore** : Do I look like a person that doesn't know what he wants ?!

**The Whore dials again**

**Whore** : His phone is dead. what time do you have ?

**Woman** : Almost one. Twelve thirty eight

**Whore** : Something's wrong

**Woman** : Do you want to go check ? Is there someone else you can call?

**Whore** : Why are you still here ?

**Woman** : I don't want to leave you alone

**Whore** : Something's happened to him

**Woman** : Calm down. He'll show up any minute... just like you said

**Whore** : Any minute

**Woman** : Any minute

**Whore** : Any minute

**Silence**

**Woman** : I'll never be late on you. I'll never be late without letting you know. I'd know you'd worry and I'd worry back and call. We'll have kids and love them like we were never loved. You'll tell me everything. What used to hurt and doesn't anymore, what you're afraid of. Can I hold you?

**Whore** : Aren't you about to die or something ?

**Woman** : When was the last time you were held ?

**Whore** : He holds me all the time

**Woman** : When was the last time you were really held ?

**Whore** : He holds me all the time

**Woman** : Can I really hold you ?

**The Woman hugs the whore**

**Woman** : I can feel your heart. Feel mine. We're beating together. Let me get you out of here. I love you.

**Whore** : You don't know me

**Woman** : We're both about to die. Let's bring each other back to life

**She kisses him**

**Whore** : To leave ? Two minutes. Soon. Two minutes. Soon. Where to ? ah ? Where...

**They wait. Silence. Two minutes**

**Woman** : Come

**Silence**

**Woman** : What ? What's the worst that can happen ? There'll be a knock on the door ? A policewoman will come in and say : " We lost him on the way to the hospital. He didn't stand a chance"?

**Whore** : That's not funny

**policewoman**

**A knock on the door. The woman opens.**

**Policewoman :** We lost him on the way to the hospital. He didn't stand a chance. You can collect what's left of his motorcycle from the lot downtown. Here. He wanted you to have his jacket. Dry cleaning will take care of the blood. The tears are from scraping against the asphalt but I assume they could be considered trendy. I'm sorry for you loss.

**Woman :** Thank you

**Policewoman :** Just a few questions

**Woman :** Please, come in

**Policewoman :** Who is the owner of the motorcycle ?

**Woman ( about the whore ) :** He never had motorcycle

**Policewoman :** Why not ?

**Woman :** Death, it's too accessible, when you're on a motorcycle

**Policewoman :** Accidents happen all the time

**Woman :** Was it an accident ?

**Policewoman :** You have any reason to think otherwise ? Was he suicidal ?

**Woman :** Answer the policewoman

**Whore :** No. I'm the one with the tendency... that's why I don't have a motorcycle

**Woman :** Spontaneous death. Too accessible. Just a tad to the left, in a fleeting moment when the soul hiccups a little anguish and it's all over

**Policewoman :** I'm glad he forbade you then

**Woman :** Going to the bathroom, opening the cupboard, taking out the pills, going to the kitchen, getting a glass, filling it with water, sitting on the sofa, to think, spilling the pills into your palm, to think, all in one go? A couple at a time? it's all too long, complex, fragmented. On the motorcycle you're already heading somewhere, you're in the middle of doing something, you didn't plan any of it, and all it takes is a glimpse of a second - spontaneous death - only one initiative. Body to the left. And that's it. Game over.

**Policewoman :** He killed himself ?

**Whore :** No. Fucking asshole motherfucker son of a bitch. It was supposed to be me. Like Monroe. Forever young. A rotting whore ! rotting whore ! rotting whore !!!

**Policewoman :** Miss Marilyn Monroe ? A whore ?

**Woman :** Semantics. I think it's best you go now.

**Policewoman** : What should be done with the body ? He didn't injure anyone. Another death of another man. No need for further investigation

**Whore** : No need for further investigation

**Policewoman** : I'm sorry for your loss

**Woman** ( whispers to the police woman ) : Nothing to be sorry about. In life, sometimes, you die.

**Policewoman** : Indeed. What do you want done with the body ?

**Whore** : The body...

**Woman** : We'll take care of all the arrangements. Thank you.

**The whore collapses in tears**

## Chickling

The Woman opens all the curtains. Through the windows appear masses of policewomen. They peep into the apartment.

Window policewomen:

You barely had pets  
sweet child of mine  
You had a little chickling  
That with your very own ocean blue eyes  
you saw how through the big living room window  
( the one from which you could see the Mediterranean  
before they built that chunky hotel )  
an eagle soared in  
and dug his beak into the chick  
then took it with him  
dead  
killed on the spot  
breakfast of champions  
you were 5

there was another chick  
yes, there were two  
the other one you stepped on  
you squashed it to death

your grandma in the poor stitches of Morocco  
used to throw chicks  
from the roof tops  
real old-school gaming  
like marbles  
PSP  
Chicky Scramblz

sixty years later  
Tel Aviv  
you had  
Son  
Grandson  
Nestling  
two animals  
furry soft yellowish types of chicks  
one you killed  
the other was assassinated right in front of your  
ocean blue eyes  
and you did  
no-th-ing

Questions arose as you grew up

questions you kept to yourself  
Why did you even have chicks  
in your urban bourgeois Tel-aviv apartment ?  
Were they meant to become massive croaking cocks ?  
And how is it possible  
that so tender a foot  
squashed such a bone structure  
pouring furry yellow soft intestines -  
Jerusalem Mixed Grill Puddle on the kitchen floor ?

The Police officers open the windows, they throw in live chicks

Window female police officers :

Remember  
Remember the blood

The chicks' cry  
Your tears

The shame

The family myth  
Of the Chick-Executioner  
Starring : you

## **redemption**

**Woman** : when was the last time you were held ?

**Whore** : He holds me all the time

**Woman** : When was the last time you were really held ?

**Whore** : He holds me all the time

**Woman** : Can I really hold you ?

### **The Woman hugs the whore**

**Woman** : I can feel your heart. Feel mine. We're beating together. Let me take care of you. Let yourself take care of me. Let me get you out of here. I love you.

**Whore** : You don't know me

**Woman** : We'll rediscover you. Through me. And you'll rediscover me. Through you. We're both about to die. Let's bring each other back to life

### **She kisses him - he spits on her**

**Whore** : He called, and you hung up. If we talked, I would have stalled him, he would have gotten on the bike a minute, two minutes later, he wouldn't have...

**Woman** : What are you talking about ?

**Whore** : Give me the jacket

### **The whore takes a little plastic bag of drugs out of the jacket.**

**Woman** : That's not what you want to do now

**Whore** : It's me or you

**Woman** : Neither of us

**Whore** : We'll flip a coin. Heads- You shoot. Fuck it. I'll write an obituary for two. Tails- I shoot. It wasn't even him on the phone. You write an obit for two.

**Woman** : Neither one of us. Stop it.

**Whore** : You removed him from my heart

**Woman** : It wasn't love

**Whore** : He was in my heart, and you wanted me to leave him, you tried to remove him from my heart - heads or tails, heads or tails !

**Woman** : I love you

**Whore** : You don't know me !

### **He starts fucking her**

**Whore** : He was with me inspite of everything. You don't even know the inspites. I used to come home so wasted I would bash his face without even noticing. I broke a bottle on his head cuz I thought he's a flesh eating worm.

**Woman** : I'll clean you from all of this

**Whore** : I did everything I could to make him hate me, and he stayed

**Woman** : We'll rehabilitate everything can be rebuilt

**Whore** : I don't fuck if it's not for money. Not an agenda. Physically, I don't get hard. I can't remember the last time we had sex. And he stayed. You want to have sex with me. You came with cash. Allright. Let's "make love". Let's fuck. How much money do you have? Thousands? How many thousands ? Why aren't you answering ? You don't want me anymore? You ran out of love for me ? All the love in the world ran out so fast ?

**Woman** : Its hurting me.

**Whore** : That's sex. There, you did it. It's behind you

**Woman** : Stop

**Whore** : Telling me you'll clean me up - you don't even know the dirt. Do you even know what dirty IS ? Here's my dirt pouring into you, creating a little baby that you can tell one day - loud and fucking clear - I knew your daddy - he was filthy

**He gets out of her. She throws up. The whore pours the stash out the bag.**

**Whore** : Sorry

**Woman** : I don't want to

**Whore** : It will do you good

**Woman** : I don't want to

**Whore** : It will do us good now

**They smoke. The Woman first, then the Whore.**

## Heroine

**Woman** : There's so much love in me it feels like my body is going to explode

**Whore** : Yes

**Woman** : I feel it in every little cell

**Whore** : Totaly

**Woman** : But is it real ? Is it mine ? Is it the drugs ? What is it ?

**Whore** : Real? What else can it be ? It's all yours

**Woman** : All mine

**Whore** : Dope doesn't lie - it makes you transparent

**Woman** : I love you

**Whore** : Totally transparent

**Woman** : I'm not sick

**Whore** : We're all sick - who cares

**Woman** : Pest control came to our house today. I live with my parents with my mother and her boyfriend never mind anyway, pest control came. His name was Michael and he was a very impressive man. We have a big but super messy garden round our house and I sat there while he sprayed inside. And then he came out and opened the lid of the sewerage right next to me and sprayed it, he really was so impressive - even with that mask on he was... and then instantly dozens of cockroaches came running out of there. Some were super big and dark and some really small and pale, like a really un-tanned type of pale - and they were hysterical the cockroaches, they came out of that hole in the ground and ran as fast as they could in every possible direction and I could actually hear their cries.

**Whore** : the cockroaches' ?

**Woman** : And I know it's going to sound crazy, but they had something to lose. They behaved like that as they were slaughtered, because they had something to lose - they had one another, their lives, whatever it means... but they had something they didn't want to end

**Whore** : The cockroaches ?

**Woman** : And then I imagined a hose, pointing down at me from the sky, spraying me, out of nowhere, with poison that only kills humans but cats can eat and nothing will happen to them, I asked because we have a cat that's really important to my mother and nothing will happen to it if it'll eat a sprayed roach, anyway - I imagined this moment. And I ... I wouldn't have moved an inch. I'm dead as it is. so I came to you

**Whore** : Yeah - sometimes I also feel dead

**Woman** : What's your real name ?

**Silence**

**Woman** : Marry me

**She bites her finger**

**Woman** : Nothing hurts anymore. Give me your hand

**She bites his finger**

**Woman** : Marry me

**Whore** : Yes

**Woman** : Nothing will hurt me anymore

**Whore** : Nothing

**Woman** : Yes. Be forever mine

**Whore** : Yes

**They put each others bleeding fingers in their mouths.**

## Wedding March

The woman opens the door, they are about to leave - junkies flood the stage

Whore and junkies :

Cigarette number 9  
not yet 9 AM  
torn underwear  
you're almost sure  
they were intact  
as they caressed your upper thighs  
this evening called  
last night

-

But the holes are familiar  
so's the sound of the rip  
still playing in your ear  
a tender late night lullaby  
yesterday's nostalgia  
jangling by  
the absolute sound of death  
Were they five ?

-

Cigarette number 9  
no movement  
a frozen stare  
broken laser beam  
gazing in the mirror  
Laser beam eye ball to eye ball :  
"mirror mirror on the wall  
who's most wasted of 'em all" ?

-

You look like a used washing machine  
used underwear  
used dick  
used soul of a user

-

A bottle of Martini at your side  
at 14 you were taught  
it's like brushing your teeth  
in the morning  
a sip of Martini  
and you're good to go  
back to your fruitful shape  
back to your rite of spring  
spectacular  
bluming  
Martini  
big sip  
big puff  
ashes in your belly button

its unfuckingbelievable that you were once connected through it  
to a woman  
from within  
where did you leave the light ?

-

A cocaine portrait  
sketched in blacks and whites  
broken face  
angry  
jawless  
or a face that just a jaw

-

On the table  
fast lane passport control card  
that hasn't been used  
six years

-

Another cigarette

-

Airport card  
coated with white substance  
a pile of white white at its side  
small  
snowy little mountain  
why didn't you finish it all  
who was here last night ?  
how many were they ?

-

What time is it ?  
what to do with this miniature Olympus  
not yet 10 A:M  
Was there any sleep ?  
Take a shower ?  
press the factory data reset ?

-

Coke in the morning  
something in english makes it work  
ku ku ri ko  
co coke ri ko !

-

And nothing about you is mortal anymore  
you are a GOD  
god of the underworld  
Hades in all his glory

-

Hades is sitting  
cigarette 14 lights itself  
a thin line  
baby viper snake  
glued on cigarette paper

lightly smoked  
in a Hades dawn

-

First smile cuts your face  
with Hades  
you can do it all  
phone  
tell him to bring more shit  
the more the merrier  
you're hard  
leftover Viagra from last night ?  
Maybe there's still someone in the other room ?  
No snoring in the house  
but that don't mean shit  
not everyone snores  
maybe you're the sole snorer  
Hades snores and volcanos erupt  
Pompeii is happening all over again  
big colgate smile  
wide  
the little mountain erased from the table  
god of destruction  
strikes with satisfaction

-

If your nose would suddenly awake  
what would it smell ?  
Does sadness have a stench ?

-

Rapid snap  
your whole body aches  
blazing lava opens up memory lane  
the last words of your executed brain cells :  
Five grams of Coke  
three pills of Ecstasy  
680 mg of G  
half a gram of K  
quarter bottle of M.D  
two Viagras  
six men  
at six in the morning  
you stopped using rubber

-

Everyone's gone  
you're home alone  
everyone's odors suddenly attack you  
you don't remember the contour  
of any of their faces  
you don't remember  
any names  
barely your own

dionysia

During the Wedding march more and more men have entered the stage. They dance, strip, sing, make love, fuck, get high. Its one big Dionysia.

Woman : Marry me

She bites her finger

Woman : Nothing hurts anymore. Give me your hand

She bites his finger

Woman : Marry me

Whore : Yes

Woman : Nothing will hurt me anymore

Whore : Nothing

Woman : Be forever mine

Whore : Yes

They put each other's bleeding fingers in their mouths. Everybody falls asleep

The woman dies.

## Mother

**Mother** : He has so many tattoos on his body, that if I want to bury him, I need to peel him. All of his skin. nothing's going to be left from my son. Strip

**Whore** : Come sit with us, they're a lot of arrangements to do.

**Mother** : Strip. I want to see

**Whore** : He was happy

**Mother** : Happy ?! you turned my son into a skinless junkie. My son, of whom my home was once filled with his babyhood fragrance. I would kiss his thighs and his little belly/tummy and his chubby arms, I would feed him and put him to sleep, and dive into his eyes, that were so wise. He came into this world a soul full of wisdom. I know it. I saw it. He looked like a baby monk. And the scent of his skin. The odor...

And he grew apart from me, and I said : They always grow apart. And his smell changed and I said : Mine changed too, that's just the way it is. And then his look changed, and wisdom became darkness. Eyes afraid to express. A stained cracked window to the soul. And I tried to clean the window. I tried. but it got so dirty nothing could be seen. I couldn't see a thing. I looked as much as he'd let me and I couldn't see anything.

And all those tattoos... neck, shoulders, chest, back, front, arms, legs. why? what for?! what did he need to cover? What wound was so severe he had to bandage it with gallons of ink? Flowers, sentences, quotes, a huge James Dean portrait on his back. What does he have to do with James Dean?! And all of it inserted so very very deep, so permanent. Did I do that? How? When?

And the motorbikes... that just got bigger and bigger. Bigger and faster. Blacker. Monstrous. As though he needed to escape, the fastest he could from one place to another. As though he needed the wind to be so strong, he would not hear his inner voice.

What did that inner voice tell him that he didn't want to hear? What did you tell him? At night as he would enter your bed dipped in ink, did you tell him he is fine the way he is? Did you tell him he has beautiful eyes? Did you tell him his mother loves him? Did you tell him you love him?

Strip. Offer me a piece of your flesh, offer so I won't have to use force.

**The Whore strips.**

**Mother** : I'm going to take a piece of your skin. a little piece and then I'll leave. My tears will be cried alone. I know you're the killer. A slow-motion murder that you two called love. A one man army that conquered an entire future of another. Of my son. My first. My one and only.

I pray that all the diseases of the world are nesting inside you. And that you die alone. Sick. Lonely. No one to absorb your sweat when your fever's running. No one to take you to the bathroom when your legs fail. All alone. I did everything I could to save him from you. You were stronger. I pray you'll be alone forever.

**She cuts a piece of his skin, Monroe's eyes, and leaves.**

**19 men in the figure of the dead boyfriend enter the stage .**

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 1 :** I wanted to do soooo many things with you. TO you. I wanted to write poetry. I wanted to dedicate a poem to each and every part of your body. I wanted high-schoolers to learn you for exams. I wanted to leave a legacy of you. The glorious organs' legacy. Chants. That Orthodox in synagogues would memorize you. Pray you. Pelvic movements back and forth back and forth like only true believers know how. With restrained passion. With full intent. With zeal of divine presence.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 2 :** I wanted to wake you up each morning in a different way. Always with the tongue. So that your eyes would smell of my lips. Your eyelashes moist. Your eyelids warm. Every morning would be different. I wanted to invent endless types of morning kisses, especially for you.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 3 :** I wanted to cry with happiness from time to time, dunno, just cuz you're still around. Maybe resting in the other room , maybe singing in the shower...

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 4 :** I wanted to feel pretty when I cried in front of you, a tearful cry or a tantrum snotty cry it doesn't matter. I wanted that me being real in front of you would make you think I'm pretty.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 5 :** I wanted to have fear-fights with you. Definitive, unequivocal, classic fear. Real paralyzing fear. Fear that you'll leave. I wanted to feel it like a knife to the chest and know in each and every cell of my body : I'd do anything not to lose you.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 6 :** I wanted you to really want, really badly, all the days and in all your dreams, that we'd grow old together. Rich and crumpled, laughing and tanned. Menthol smokes that little deck boys ash in our names on the beaches of Capri. Old age that knows only laughter, big laugh little laugh, laughter till the last breath. I wanted us to die together in the same bed, on the same night. To come together at the same second. laughing. One hell of a laugh.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 7 :** I wanted you to be inspiring. Your existence, your mind, the way you think, the way you look, your cock. I wanted to thank Creation for its finest work of art : You.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 8 :** I wanted to wear your clothes and get an erection just by smelling you from between the fibers. I would never do your laundry. More and more of that smell of yours. I'd put it in bottles. I'd shower with it. A 24\7 nostrils' erection. Till it hurts. May it never end

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 9 :** I wanted your mom to love me. I wanted to feel honesty in her hugs. I wanted to text her SHABBAT SHALOM and receive a smiley face emoji that I taught her how to use. Winking smiley. Thankful smiley. Extended family smiley. A smiley of security and serenity.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 10 :** I wanted to be able to surprise you. Just with something I'd say in the middle of a conversation, or with a ticket to Rome cuz its your B-day. That you'd never get bored of me. That we'd peel each other like sweet onions. Each layer more delicate. Pink. I

wanted you to be my sweet onion, swimming in a pan of french butter. A gourmet of surprises.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 11** : I wanted to take care of when you're sick and bring you my dad's chicken soup. A soup dad would've made especially for you, and say (as always) : "it's not about the ingredients , it's the intent the counts." I wanted you to know that everyone's intent was to make you feel as good as possible.

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 12** : I wanted to lay my hand on your thigh under friday-night dinner tables. Once at my folks, then at yours

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 13** : I wanted you to take me out to nature so we could stare at cityless skies. Skies of stars. I wanted to feel small with you facing the universe. A little ant that has become two. I wanted nature to let us forget it all. I wanted us to decide that we're a nest. I wanted us to stop at Ikea on the way back home and buy little things that give a homey feeling

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 14** : I wanted us to pick a star and name it after our yet unborn child

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 15** : I wanted this star to ever shine

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 16** : I wanted to smile when you smile

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 17** : I wanted you to make me a better person

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 18** : I wanted you to make me believe in god

**Dead boyfriend's ghost 19** : I wanted to tell you all this one day, and then we'd kiss.

## Father

### **A strong knock on the door**

**Father** : Open the door I know you're in there. I know you're there my car is parked downstairs I know you are there. I knocked on every door in this building and I know you're in there. Open right now.

**Whore** : Who is it?

**Father** : Open the door immediately or I'll break it down. I'll break the door down.

**Whore** : Who is it? Is he going to break my door ?

**Father** : I'm counting to three

**Whore** : Open ?

**Father** : One

**Whore** : Yes ?

**Father** : Two

### **The whore opens the door**

**Father** : Who's that ? Another one ? Another one ?! She murdered my sleep . Murderer ! What is she going to do next, Where will she run to this time, each night like this she takes ten years of my life. I'm out of lives worrying about her , she's finished me, no more years to take

**Whore** : That's your mom's boyfriend ?

**Father** : What boyfriend ? What mom ? She doesn't have a mom

**Whore** : She doesn't have a mother ?

**Father** : What did she tell you ? The beating parents story ? The junkie parents story ? The parents in jail story?

**Whore** : No, just about cockroaches... And her mom's cat and... and...

**Father** : All these lies - why ?! Why does she spill them in gallons all over the place - what does she want ?

**Whore** : I think you need to leave...

**Father** : What did she tell you ? What she tells them all ? Did she try to buy you ? Said she's rich, look in her purse- it's empty. That she's a virgin? Look in her bag it's filled with pills she forgets to take, condoms she never uses - you know how many scrapings her Uterus has been through - and she's not even eighteen. She's not even eighteen !

**Whore** : Is he right ?

**Father** : Come on - where are you ?! Come home

### **The father discovers her dead**

**Father** : I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

from behind

**The whore picks up the phone and calls**

**Whore** : I have all the money in the world. I collected it my entire life and I feel that if I won't spend it now it will die with me. I'm dead as it is.

**Silence**

**Whore** : Yes. Thanks

**Enters whore 2**

**Whore** : Tell me you love me and then shoot me

**Whore 2** : 10K

**The whore rips the sofa and gives him a countless amount of cash**

**Whore 2** : I love you

**The whore undresses and gets down on all four, whore 2 shoots him from behind**

dead

Each and every one of us  
touched you  
you touched  
each and every one of us  
dead skin drops with a touch  
you're all crushed under a mountain of  
dead skin  
OUR dead skin  
it's occupied territory  
leaderless  
it's the Everest of dump  
it's ground zero  
it's your gravestone  
with nothing written on it  
a small funeral  
just one woman came  
and maybe she was just passing by  
to ask the Rabbi something  
and peed behind one of the graves  
this one woman that maybe didn't even arrive for you  
you didn't like funerals  
lots of people don't  
the body becomes so tiny  
carried on the rabbis' gurney  
thrown in a pit  
when your grandpa passed away  
you looked at his dick  
that bulged through the shrouds  
and it made you laugh  
the dick don't shrink you thought  
you felt you understood the source  
the power of Manhood  
the hierarchy  
you got hard  
that night you went to the central bus station  
and let an orthodox dude blow you  
dead skin from your dick on his mouth  
dead skin from his chin on your crotch  
gave you a 20  
you asked him to say Kaddish  
he kicked you in the balls and ran  
dead skin from the knee on your crotch  
you puked on the floor  
of the public mens toilet of the central bus station  
it made you laugh  
someone's gonna clean it  
there is a hierarchy  
you're not at the bottom

and you went back home  
a peacock with its tail fanned out  
glowing  
with the money you bought  
two tablets of a really crappy kiosk drugs  
you sat in front of google and wrote  
Kaddish  
new tab : google  
DOES THE PENIS SHRINK WHEN YOU DIE  
you were naked  
and suddenly remembered your grandpa's  
hard on  
when you sat on his lap  
there were many grandkids  
you were the most beautiful of 'em all  
dead skin from grandpa's hand on your cock  
that then was still a willy  
dead skin of a willy on grandpa's hand  
"Werther's Original"  
he gave you a hundred  
pocket money  
your mom  
his daughter  
pleaded - stop spoiling the kid  
it made you laugh  
you developed a habit  
throwing one of your mom's shoes  
out the window  
far far away  
where no one would ever find  
once she suspected you  
got mad  
you don't remember what she said  
you just imagined your gym teacher  
waiting for you under the blanket  
so you could do with him  
what you do with grandpa

Google told you about death erection  
you looked for necrophiliac porn  
but you only found straight stuff  
you almost puked  
a dead cunt is sad  
either alive and giving life  
or nothing at all  
but you decided what tattoo you want to get  
XXL  
on the back of your neck  
or on the lower back  
you knew the source of your strength

and you opened a profile  
gave birth to a persona  
James Monroe  
your were seventeen  
and now you're buried  
a gravestone  
without words  
a funeral  
with no attendings  
a lot of dead skin

cause of death : **respiratory failure**