

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 you 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 munk. 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 sooooo 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 evershine

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**