

Immersed in devotion and deep meditation, the radical sect of Sara lives upon its close-knit sisterhood. They learn to speak with one voice so it is indiscernible where one member begins and the other ended.

–I am wandering without hope of discovery.

–What do you want from us? Something that we can't give you. Some kind of support. A reason where you lack for one of your own.

–I want something more than that.

–You want a story that might help you make sense of your confusion.

–Why am I confused?

–You find it difficult to follow the counsel of your predecessors.

–Should I follow it.

–You can't help the obligation that holds you. You believe that is the only thing that holds any promise for you. But you know that it is not you. It is the source of your anger and your frustration.

–And you can end that absurd fluctuation.

–I only wish that it was that easy.

–It is if you can tell me what I need to know.

–Why am I so full of hatred?

–You wonder if you are truly your father's son.

–Am I?

–You are nothing less than that. But you are struck by his weakness. In that recognition you have attained a strange hybrid. You are driven by her correction. What she says against him. At the same time you are held by his sense of discipline. You have accepted so much pain that you feel the need surpass his teaching. And so you are held in your strict accordance with him as you extend his method with intense ferocity and precision.

So he welcomes himself into a whirlwind of possession. He acts somewhat in a strict awareness of his being, somewhat exiled in a frenzy where these pinnacles float over him but never entirely touch him.

–Can you hear your calling to something greater?

–I cannot let go. I am almost a machine in my utter devotion to this core.

When he strays from his path, he can always return to the Saras. Their high-pitched advice steers him back to the onrush of passion. He takes flight with them.

–You want something that we express. Something that has been silenced in your world.

But he continues to hear her voice in its taunting fashion. It is such a contrast to the Saras. And it is the perfect counter to the certainty of his predecessors. The squeaky tones of his father. Those tones only accompany an implied punishment. He swallows as he accepts what he knows to be inimical to his being. In such a tear ridden state, he will extend himself beyond this yoke.

Here he is most frightening. For the Saras only confirm the deep truth that he creates for himself. Even as they evade that same domination, he is taken by all his years of submission and transformed. The ritual renews and distills. Nothing less than rage encompasses him. He rises above all complaints for mercy. He attains a position of justice which for him is the heart of vengeance. He has found reason not in the words but in the soul. And he moves to this rhythm with a relentlessness that is no longer stirred with anxiety.

–What have we done?

–You need to tell your story.  
He feels that he will come in soon.  
It is a park. She is making love to a man in the car.  
–Something is going on out there.  
–Probably some animal. Come on, baby, keep it going.  
–No I hear something.  
–What do you hear? I just want to let loose. Move with me.  
–No, I’m getting out of the car.  
She is naked and standing next to the car. Some guy is beating off next to her.  
–What the fuck are you doing?  
–Do you like it?  
–No, I don’t like it at all.  
Maybe we could reset that scene.  
She sort of likes what she sees. This is getting too sick for words!  
–Do you have something that you’d like to share.  
–Do I?  
–Yeah, do you.  
–You mean it’s OK.  
–That doesn’t take away from your pleasure does it.  
–I don’t know. Should it?  
–Not if I like it too.  
–Well what are you expecting?  
–I’m already wet and you’re already hard.  
–Really!  
–It probably sounds pretty sick to you. But I’m going to prop myself against the car. I want you inside of me.  
–I don’t know if I can reach.  
–Here. Let me move a bit.  
–I will try.  
–Doesn’t that feel better than watching.  
–What about that guy inside the car.  
–What about him. Would you rather be with me or him?  
–I don’t know. What if he comes out and finds us.  
–You know what you have to do.  
–What do you mean?  
–What we planned?  
–What about what I planned?  
–What’s that?  
–I wanted to strangle you. How does that make you feel.  
–I don’t know. Why don’t you try?  
–I’m not talking about some game.  
–Either am I. Can you stay hard while you strangle me.  
–I have before. I get harder.  
–Harder than this. That’s pretty difficult to do.  
–Can you feel it?

-I'm having trouble breathing.  
-Do you want me to keep on going?  
-Do you care?  
-No. That makes it more spontaneous for you.  
-Look!  
-What?  
-He's got outside the car.  
-I'm stuck in you.  
-What the hell are you doing.  
-He forced himself on me.  
-She said that she liked it.  
-Honey, do you like it.  
-I might like it if you watched.  
-I'm trying to watch. Trying to keep it going for myself.  
-You have to touch yourself. Like that one night.  
The scene transposes to one more accommodating.  
-I'd like the two of you to make love to each other while I watch.  
-Do you like women.  
-I just want to watch the both of you.  
-Honey, this could be a kick.  
The hostess touches herself while the couple lose themselves in their amorous turns.  
-I'm having a little trouble keeping it up.  
-Baby, I'm with you. Just get deeper inside me.  
-I'm having trouble just getting inside of you.  
-This is getting a little out of control.  
-What is she doing over there?  
-She's touching herself.  
-It's getting me a little hot.  
-I'm a bit wet myself. A little more than usual.  
-I think that I'm getting back my erection.  
A return to the earlier scene.  
-What made you pick this place?  
-It was out of the way.  
-Maybe it was too far out of the way.  
-Why?  
-I think that there's someone out there watching us.  
-Just keep giving it to me. I feel like I'm going to climax.  
-I don't like being watched.  
-Honey, just keep coming strong.  
-I'm getting out.  
He hated that feeling of disengagement.  
-Where is he?  
-He's in the fucking car. I've had him in me for half an hour. You're a little late.  
-I was getting into it.  
-Were you masturbating out here?

–If you must know, I was.  
–Are you hard.  
–Well, yeah.  
–You seem embarrassed.  
–I always get really excited when I’m going to take off.  
–Take off.  
–You know–do it. Off somebody.  
–I thought that you never did this before.  
–I never said that. You never have done this before.  
–You’re doing it for us. It’s not like you really enjoy it.  
–Let me put it inside you.  
–He’ll get out of the car.  
–No, I’ll be quick.  
–Which do you like better?  
–It feels good inside you.  
–Which do you like better.  
–I’m about to come.  
–Which do you like better?  
–I like choking you.  
–You’re hurting me.  
–But it sort of gets me harder. Do you like that?  
–I would if I could breathe.  
–Do you think that makes any difference to me.  
–It doesn’t make any difference what your partner feels.  
–I don’t think that sort of feeling means much of anything to me anymore. I’m numb to that. As long as I have a victim.

Another version.

–Do you want me here?  
–What else do you think you’re doing here?  
–We’re still working together?  
–For the time being.  
–Are you making this up as we go along?  
–I’ll help you.  
–You think that I’ll be nicer to your.  
–What were you doing in that car.  
–I was fucking some guy.  
–Do you like him.  
–I like what he was doing for me. What else is there on the short range or the long range?  
–Have you ever fucked a guy for a ride home?  
–I’ve saved on cab fare.  
–Do you mind doing a little of that now?  
–You’ve had your dick out for a little while already.  
–Do you mind that?  
–I wouldn’t mind if we met under other circumstances. You got hired to do a job.  
–Would you mind doing a little something beforehand.

-I want to get something out of this.  
-I thought that you were getting something out of it already.  
-He was losing his flow. Can you keep it up.  
-I get into it a little more if there's an added bonus.  
-What are you expecting?  
-Cruelty.  
-Cruelty.  
-A little violence. You don't mind do you?  
-I get turned on by anything new.  
-What about women on women.  
-Really the only way. Everything else is secondary. The illusion of the cock.  
-That could be rather upsetting.  
-I wish that we had met under different circumstances.  
-We have. But that doesn't stop what's going to happen.  
-And what's that.  
-A good turn of events for both of us.

-Give me your hand.  
-Here it is.  
-Rub it on yourself. Deep inside. And let me smell it.  
-Honey, keep it hard for me.  
-What is she doing?  
-She's in the corner touching herself.  
-She's got her legs spread.  
-Do you like it?  
-Yeah, I do. I want to lick her up.  
-You're getting a little hard.

-This is going a little far. I have something that I need to take care of.  
-Do you have some for me?  
-You won't tell anyone.  
-Anyone.  
-This could ruin my political career.  
-I thought that you had designs on the Directorship.  
-That's not me. That's my father.  
-The press wouldn't appreciate your taste for three-ways.  
-My taste for violence.  
-No one has to know, I could clean up.  
-But I still have that little thing with my conscience.  
-You do like stealing my stories.  
-I like stealing everything from you.  
-But none of this ever really happened. You could never admit to anyone that you liked  
this sort of thing.  
-Nor could you.  
-What about the guy in the car?

–He’s not moving.  
–He liked it so much.  
–He’s just sort of frozen.  
–Who did this?  
–I didn’t.  
–Then who did?  
–We are working together?

–There’s been another attempt on the Director’s life.  
–Really.  
–From what I know.  
–You weren’t involved.  
–I have sources.  
–You know about the succession.  
–I know a few things.

–Sara, can I help you.  
–I’d be better at helping you.  
–How?  
–I know where to hide a body.  
–What are you implying?  
–I’m not trying to make up something.  
–Is this a test?  
–It’s your destiny.  
–Really, Sara this isn’t fair.  
–Would it be better if I changed my name.  
–You can’t change that look.  
–Are you hunting me?  
–What?  
–Is that a little game that you learned from your father.  
–Don’t talk about him like what.  
–Like what? Like he’s some kind of monster. He just does what you expect of him.

He’s your excuse.

–Sara, I told you that it’s not like that.  
–Do you think that this is your chance?  
–For what?  
–For a promotion.  
–Is that how it works?  
–This is how we are. We get what we deserve.  
–And what do you deserve/  
–The golden path.  
–A bit too moral for you.  
–Whatever do you mean?  
–The incident in the park.  
–That was distinctly your story. You got off on it. Some guy was watching you. Then he

commits a murder later that night. And you go home and masturbate while thinking about it.

–I didn't do anything wrong. I couldn't help how I felt. I needed to calm down. I never climaxed with my lover. You are twisting things.

–But a little kink does get you going?

–I don't know. Sometimes we need something to shake us up.

–No different from anyone else that we know.

–But you don't know when to stop. How did you find me? Did I fit one of your profiles.

–Your name is Sara.

–Sara. Sara. It's just a game.

–It's not Sara? Are you a cop.

–Honey, don't be stupid.

–You could have sex with me?

–You'd have to buy me dinner.

–Could we do it while we wait.

–Something like that.

–What are you doing now?

–Talking with you. I don't come cheap.

–What are you talking about?

–No, you're doing the talking. You want to unload your problems. You hate women.

–No more than you hate yourself.

–That's a game. So I can get hotter.

–What turns you on?

–The same thing that turns you on. The game. The chase. The will. To feel it slip from another person into me. I know that's what you seek. But all women always hold back on you.

–Do they? How would you know?

–That's the source of your violence. I can feel that streak in you.

–What are you talking about?

–You can't get hard without a little pain. Even your sweet wife, she just feels under your whip. You crack it, and she jumps. Has she ever been assertive with you.

–I can find other women if I need to.

–Does she know what you do? What you really do? What really gets you off? You are a sick fuck.

–What are you going to do about it? Nothing. Because you're like me. You like to get off in the same way. Skirting the issue. Coming ever so close to your end. You do it all the time, and you're damn good at it. Why don't you just end it?

–I've tried.

–That's some pussy excuse. You want me to do it for you. Sara, you are the worst. The absolute worse.

–You're being a little hard on me.

–That's what gets you going.

–I know who you are.

–Try to turn me in. Everything that I did was official.

–But you enjoy. Official, shit. That's what makes you a sick fuck.

–I can't be stopped. Have you ever been in a park? Watched kids play. The joy of the future. It exists because I'm there to protect it. Because I'm there.

We are in a desert. Here a place of revelation. Desolate and welcoming.

–I've come back for renewal.

–You've let things get a little crazy.

–I've been getting a little crazy. It's not really me.

–What happened?

–Mistaken identity.

–Is that all?

–I have been confused.

–And you need to be steered back to the righteous path.

–I don't know.

–It's about pleasure. The balancing. Maximal pleasure.

–And none at all.

–Something like that.

–I'm afraid of the face that I put on.

–And the other face.

–I hold it in.

–But when you don't.

–I can't stop myself.

–That's how they train assassins.

–Have they succeeded?

–I still think that you enjoy it too much.

–Something that I learned from my father.

–That was all that he taught you?

–He taught me to be tough.

–You tried to stay tough.

–I did.

–No one can help you now.

–You can. All of you can. Sara, Sara, Sara.

–You like her breasts.

–You want to touch them?

–Aren't they great?.

–You want to come on them.

–I want to shove them up my pussy.

–I want to rub against her.

–Well, boy, is this too much for you? Is this giving you a hard on?

–Let us see it.

–You come out into nothing to fuck the expanse.

–Are you bigger than the universe.

–Cat got your tongue. I mean really got it. You could bury yourself inside. Drown with us.

–We haven't given you a chance to speak. Now you feel the frustration of your father. Getting a little soft inside us now. What would you tell your brothers. Their sort of weak of heart in their own ways. Come on, honey, you can perform like you've always performed.

–Sara, stop the jokes.

–Which Sara now?

–Which one?

–All of us.

–What would your pop say. Did he teach you to keep it hard. Keep a straight face. Point back at the rest of the world. Do a good turn. Not get excited when a fellow human goes down for good. Not excited at all. Not erect.

–But you got aroused, didn't you. He had to take you somewhere. To a shrink. And he gave you something to stop. But you got into the remedy. And one thing led to another. At least you have an excuse for your addiction.

–All the queens know about that little problem of yours. How they sent in boys for you. That started the whole identity switching thing. It doesn't hurt if we have to kill a few people to keep your secret. Just keep out of your way. You shouldn't even be driving. You know what the rest of the world would think. You can't kill someone that easily and not get away with it. We're the voices of remembrance.

–You're all female voices.

–So what. What do you want us to say. To face you squarely and say. Tell us what you want to hear. Be straight on.

–Just rub this on the little hermann...ha!

We're speculating about something that gets extremely nasty. It as an ordinary beginning. Maybe fear. Maybe an accident. But then it just goes out of whack. The feeling has an independence. This need to gratify. An immediacy to the need. It's a good thing. A very good thing. But in combination.

–We can make you normal again. We can find you a loving family. We can take you away from these twisted origins.

–I always knew that something was wrong.

–You are going to miss something in translation. And to really get back to normal you're going to have to go along with a few really bizarre alliances. But it's not something that you really mind. Not something that can hurt you in the least. It won't hurt.

–I want it to be right. Tell me what to do.

–We have advisers.

–We have counsel from your Dad.

–You can be just like the rest of the crew.

–What's going on in there?

–Are you touching yourself again.

–You've seen the magazines.

–You've seen the crew.

–How long can you keep it up?

–You're not good for much of anything.

–You can get it going for us.

–Show us what you got.

–But to really do well, you have to get a partner.

–Someone with the same sorts of predilections.

–I think that he's a little bizarre to share all his desires.

–You need to spread around your good loving.

–Do you find that funny?

–You have enough to get around.

-We could dry you off after your shower.  
-Who's making all the noise?  
-What does it feel like to give it up for cash?  
-The sex is better. It's just that the other stuff gets so much worse.  
-You can't be stopped.  
-Kneel down. Tell us what you want.  
-It smells bad.  
-It's burning flesh.  
-It's getting me sick.  
-You'll get used to it. Then you'll learn to love it.  
-Sound like one of my lines.

-We are working together.  
-Put it inside me, and then I'll tell you.  
-You are helping me?  
-For now.  
-I'm still going to have to kill you.  
-I thought that was my sentiment.  
-It was.

-Can I touch your hand?  
-You can.  
-While he's fucking you?  
-You can.  
-Touch yourself.

-I never knew that people would do these things.  
-What things?  
-The things that I told them. Weird things.  
-It's society. They want to be closer to guys like you.  
-Like me. I always felt like a freak. That's what they called me. I always had to give girls drugs to get them to do things like that.  
-They did.  
-That's all part of the new world order.

-I don't know what you did in there.  
-You'll help dispose of the body.  
-What are you talking about?  
-What my Dad told me.  
-What did he say.  
-How easy it all was. He taught me things.  
-I want to know about the family.  
-I'm part of a new family.  
-You need to wash your hands before dinner.  
-None of this makes sense to me.

–It will. You need new counsel.  
–I’ll get it.  
–You will.

–You’re not going to tell anyone about my little accident.  
–It’s just part of growing up. I want to take you in the woods today and teach you a little lesson.

–What is it?  
–I want to teach you how you can kill with your imagination. We will hunt with only one tool. Our minds. Part of the challenge is finding our prey. Part of it is reducing it to nothing—bringing it down with our powers of observation. You know what that is about.

–Tell me.  
–It is all about the will.  
The young boy smiles.  
–I want to know.  
–You will.

–This is the key to our training. The concentration. But it is a concentration borne of experience. The greatest fear is failing in our mission. And to confront the fear of failure is to admit that once during our past, we have felt the utter degradation of failure. It is most tortuous thing to realize that we have extended too far. But that what we have done. We have ventured in a place where retreat is our only option. We face death in the face, and cower in this confrontation. We squirm away. If we do not, we must accept a total annihilation. The result is bitter.

There is an incomprehensibility that he cannot totally convey to the son. The loss of comrades. The strangeness of memory where it is never enough to bring back to life a former golden age. The resignation. Just plain giving in. The betrayal of dignity.

It is in this rare moment that there emerges the legendary quality of the contest. And so the boy is invited to become a soldier. To accept the failure as his source of surpassing himself. And his vision of the world is transformed. A ruthlessness sets in as he seeks a trophy to make up for the absurdity of loss. He becomes committed to the challenge. Nothing will cause him to veer away from that result. His attachment to the game is inspirational

There is an all consuming coolness in this new personality. A belief in the sanctity of mission for its own sake. What’s left? Not a pleasure in the moment of climax. He relishes the moment of sadism. It means that he will not entertain distraction. He will not be betrayed by a false hope. He will not give into a dull eternity of forgetfulness and mediocrity.

He reviews his past and there are no failures. Only the inability to exercise the will. Now he is gripped by his insight. The belief that he sees past the snares that surround him. He has attained an immortality.

Son and father watch a bird in flight. Their focus hinders the bird in its ascent. The sky is the expression of their resistance. The bird cannot battle past their confidence. The two take joy in this interference. As their effect grows so does their power. The bird’s path is entirely disturbed by their resolve. The bird almost disintegrates before this countervailing shear. It hurtles to the ground.

The boy has become part of the legend. And he delights in the acrid taste. It suggests the

other side. The fragile quality of the victory.

What can be discovered in reading the story? He wonders as remembers the give and take of the bird in flight. The power has only emerged by a remembrance of a past failure. The boy is now part of a deeper history. A legacy. It links him to the stars. He now traces a destiny. He reads to thread together the inconsistencies of his experience. It is his new attachment to cruelty. Cruelty of the words. Words which will not surrender their regime. And he notices authority that extends this lack of flexibility. He realizes that he must submerge himself in this rigidity. More than that. His new reign of terror. A terror shaped from tragedy

It is almost as if the words exhort him to action. He can have no doubt in the recognition of time repeating itself. He is the agent of this cycle. Wonderful in his commitment to the overall picture. A necessity for unrelenting brutality. In this, he feels that he has gone way beyond his father. His father could not embody the totality of power. He yielded to a weak humanity. In that respect, the son was in no way like the father. He feigned affection. He manipulated remorse. He was beyond the frailty of the human condition. He embraced his science. He has no time for the meek.

Don't look at me. And his look says it all.

The boy becomes a devotee of these pornographies of cruelty. He does not read for information. He reads to become part of the story. To enact by doing. Imitation. The hand turn the page and the other hand shapes the reality.

He becomes more and more engrossed by these stories. Books that he can't put down. There is a vivid quality to his re-enactment. Where legend gives way to action. The chase. Hide and seek. He always has the upper hand. He learns to anticipate his opponent. He brings a ruthlessness to the game. He knows how far that he can push. What resources are at his disposal even when he seems subject to total devastation. He will never retreat because existence in itself implies a capitulation. The shivers of his father still echo in his being. But that hardly matters. He never gives in.

The taste of blood taunts him. He knows in his heart that smell. And he can track his prey based on the awareness. He learns to break down a person. Reduce him to his basic yearning. There he finds the unity that he seeks. He joins with the other to destroy the other. He drinks the rancor that is sprinkled in the forest. The impenetrable. The bewilderment. For him there is no escape. He can see everywhere.

The pace of the stories quicken. The blood lust intensifies. He mates with the wolf. His offspring try to outdo him. But he even takes immense pleasure in their demise. He seeks a creature who might serve the perfect game for him. So he passes into the supernatural realm. He encounters his double. They wrestle for primacy. Each has his claim.

For once, he feels sapped by the contest. But his double counts on the affinity between them. On the other hand, he abandons the self. He projects onward and outward. He accepts pain to give a sense of relief to his opponent. What a fool. He can't kill me.

In this state he accepts the death blow. This is the ultimate pornography. Not for the other. For himself. And in the throes of this passion, he casts off the self. He re-emerges in a new form. In the air. The fire consumes. His double goes down.

He has a new master. Himself. He cradles the world offered by these books. He know that he is part of a legend.

–They’re going to try to take the Chief Executive out.

–That won’t work. It’ll create chaos everywhere. It will bring total attention to the operation.

–It will work. He’s going to have an accident. Nothing too serious. But he’ll be replaced in the hospital.

–That’s absolutely crazy. I could see trying that later on. When our forces have been built up. But not now. That seems suicidal. They’ll hunt us down and terminate us all without a trial.

–That assumes that we’re going to get caught. We’re not. We’ve got it planned.

–The present head of state is totally lined up behind our policy.

–He is for now. But we’re seeking something more widespread. And we can’t have him standing in the way.

–We can’t do this.

–We already have.

–I’m going to make sure that this goes no further.

–It’s no longer in your power. You’re in the line of fire.

–Dammit. I’m the Director.

–You too can be replaced.

–It was my plan in the first place.

–Yeah, it was. But we’re way beyond that now. Be careful who you pick to execute your commands.

–You’re assuming that you’re going to make it out of this office.

–Is that a threat? This is coming rather late.

–Late how?

–I told you. You’re in the line of fire.

–What’s that a metaphor for?

–That’s not a metaphor. It’s a reality.

–You aren’t saying what I think you’re saying. If you are, you’re crazy. You don’t have the forces to pull this off. It’s going to be half-assed. Wait. I’ll give you the support that you need. I do everything that I can to make sure that you succeed. But wait until I give the signal.

–You still think that this is your operation. It was your fault that operative was running through the halls trying to kill his superior. I had trouble trying to patch the leaks of your sneaky deals.

–I planned this. I taught you everything that you know.

–I’m going to the top. And there’s nothing that you can do to stop me.

–This conversation is being recorded.

–I’ve already thought of that.

–I’m your ears and eyes.

–You’re a figurehead. As long as I need you, you’ll be useful for me.

–And after that.

–Just continue to cooperate.

–Until you decide that I too am expendable.

–Be a hero. That’s what you taught me.  
–I’m not a martyr.  
–Quit begging for mercy. A few minutes ago, you claimed to hold all the cards. Play your hand.  
–Your father was never like this.  
–Really now.  
–He wasn’t.  
–And that’s why he’s in semi-retirement.  
–Don’t be overconfident. We tried this before. The Chief Executive was incapacitated. And we moved in our advisers with our intelligence. And after the recovery, he just followed our direction. Your Dad had a hand in that. Is that where you learned this trick.  
–I’m doing it on my own.  
–That’s what he thought after a time. He got overconfident.  
–It’s about paying for the operation before you go through with it.  
–It’s not the sort of thing that you can do out of pocket.  
–Why do you think I made that trip to Portugal?  
–I thought it was surveillance.  
–I had to trace the sources of covert financing.  
–And now you know.  
–Not just know. I’m in charge.  
–You’re going to need a lot more than that.  
–Enough to manipulate the currency markets. Where do you think that I go my training.  
–Some rogue trading. The SEC will spot it in a moment.  
–I have systems. I have people in that office.  
–That won’t do you any good. There’s ambitious investigators. Honest young men who want to make a name for themselves.  
–I know. I trained them.  
–You haven’t thought of everything. You are assuming that I don’t have a back door. You’re leaving yourself completely vulnerable.  
–I’ve mapped the organization.  
–This is my baby. You’ve seen what you want to see. But really, you’ve seen next to nothing.  
–I know the money trail. From appropriations to the field operations. Nothing occurs without some financing.  
–The secret market.  
–Why do you think that I’m sitting pretty.  
–Why keep going? What do you hope to accomplish.  
–A new world order. Decency and justice.  
–But you’re a freak.  
–Watch out who you’re talking to.  
–I could execute an order right now that would make it impossible for you to leave this building alive.  
–Your wife and children.  
–Casualties of war.  
–Your lover.

- We're on the outs.
- You.
- We're at a stalemate.
- I've penetrated your office. Your order will never go through.

What is the intimacy between father and son. It is most intense in the father's rejection. The boy seeks this out. He wants to be difficult. He wants to be rejected. There he can find the place where his father is most himself. Thus the boy can even reject his isolation.

He has listened to the lessons. But these are the lessons that the father has already mastered. The father always hides his own failure. In this the boy learns to despise the distortions of his teacher. He realizes that the only true mastery is the submission to the illusory. He cannot return to the self. That is the apex of misery.

- Is something bothering you?
- No. I'm just working on a model.
- Can I see it? Maybe I can help.
- No, this one is for me alone.
- Let me just take a peek.
- There's not much to see.

He needs an excuse. Something to excuse himself. At one point will the father give up. Leave the son to his own devices. When he can see the mirror form. That the boy is looking in the mirror and imagining himself when he actually sees the father. The father can see this. But he sees more. He sees that thing in the boy that is terrible. And that is his character. A permanence of character that is indelible. The boy is attached to this thing. There has never been any lessons for him. Just ways to shirk the realization. He has always worked to escape himself. He learns. But in a negative way.

The boy soon will want a lock on his door. What is he hiding.

- I needed to ask him at that point.
- Why didn't you?
- He was my son. I couldn't.

The two of them work to renew their connection.

- How's the model coming?
- Very well. But I could use some more glue.
- You do open the window when you use that stuff.
- I'm not some dummy. I know what the fumes do.

But what fumes. He wonders about the sick fumes of decay. More potent than the glue.

He wants to explore the room. Open a drawer.

- Are these women's underwear.
- I found them in the garbage.
- You keep stuff like that.
- I like to.
- Is it a collection?
- Sort of.
- You catalogue it?
- Yeah.
- Really?

- Yeah. I could show you.
- There's an order to this.
- Different styles. Different colors.
- What if there's a style that you like. A high cut. And you don't have it in a black.

Could you get it?

His father isn't interested in his collection. He's trying to trick him. He feels betrayed. He's not going to answer to the trick. But even silence is a response in its own way.

- Do you have something more that you'd like to tell me?
- I don't want to talk about it. I'd like to go out for a while.
- Really?
- It's getting stuffy in my room.
- What about the earrings?
- You're asking too many questions. You don't understand.
- You're still living under my roof.
- And I don't do anything that you would disapprove of.
- But these things that you find. What's the purpose.

The boy likes the immobility of the collection. It is his once and for all. The owners cannot take the things back. Never. But he can bring them to life every time that he touches them.

On the way out, he fingers a buttons. He has a job to do.

The father does not let the incident slip away. He mulls it over. His mind is working. All his time in the service. He's seen things like this before. Maybe they could do some kind of analysis on one of these buttons. A piece of fabric. Some DNA. It would cost a great deal of effort. He'd have to call in favors.

- Did you take some things from my room.
- Why?
- The door was locked. You're treating me like some kind of criminal.
- There are things that I need to know.

He can never know. Even if he wants to know. The boy knows that he can hide what he needs to from the father. The panties, the earrings, the buttons. All these souvenirs.

- You broke into my room.
- It's my house. I want to know what is going on in my house.

It is too late. He is already on his own. He has techniques about which his father is unaware.

-You have to pay attention when you're prey seems dead. It could be a trick. It lures you close to you. Then you let your guard down. And they strike. BOOM!

>>The victim may be playing dead. You have to deliver the death blow. With accuracy and dispassionate.

- Isn't the victim more desperate?
- Victims put up a front. They seem invincible. Break through the facade. Deliver the knockout. Kill, kill, kill.
- It sounds too easy.
- It is brilliant and satisfying. Such is ecstasy.
- It's lying there. Playing dead. Squash. The nasty cockroach.

-I want a reward.  
-Celebrate and take pleasure in you deed.

-What are you doing in here  
-I'm looking for something.  
-This is my room.  
-This is my house.  
-They're my things.  
-Don't look at me like you want to hit me.  
-What?

-You hit me, and you're out of here for good. I'm going to call the police.  
-Hit you. You must think I'm crazy. I'm not going to hit you. I'm going to kill you.  
-You can play that game with your friends. Not with me.  
-You think that I'm kidding.  
-I don't care whether you're kidding or not. No little twirp is going to deal me what I can or can't do in my own home. I've faced off armies. I haven't just been telling stories. It's all real.

-So what. That's not going to stop me.  
-The hell it ain't.  
-Where have I heard that before?  
-You really didn't listen the first time.  
-First, last-you have nothing to say to me.  
-Why are you acting guilty.  
-I'm not.  
-Yes, you are. Is there really something wrong? If there's evidence that you need disposed of, I can do it for you.

-What do you mean?  
-You can tell me really what is going on.  
-You're not going to turn me in.  
-I just won't look inside the box.  
-That could get you in some real trouble.  
-I'm not worried.  
-You should be.  
-The you have done something wrong?  
-I haven't said that. Maybe I've discovered what you did.  
-What?  
-Don't get angry. I just don't understand why you keep picture like that. Do you get pleasure by looking? Do you touch yourself? Do you get them to pose for you? It's really sick.

**She killed her lover in Colorado and got away with murder. He was tired of her. He had met someone else at the resort.**

**-It's not like I can forget you.  
-But you're so cold and distant.  
-I never promised you anything.  
-You were nothing before I found you.**

**–But that was before. Now you’re some freak trying to hold on. You’re losing it.**  
**–My looks?**  
**–All of it.**

–This bullet has got your name on it.  
–But your aim is terrible.  
–It’s not my aim. It’s the potency of the threat.  
–You’re funny.  
–I know.

–You’re going to show me what’s in the box, or you’re going to leaved the house.  
–I’m not opening the box.  
–Show me what’s in there.  
–I can’t.

I work my way into the box. A nice fit. Not entirely comfortable. Over time this would be the source of a sever claustrophobia. I anticipate this end. The only way to be fair would be make sure the occupant was already unconscious. I hammer the box closed.

There would be an even more severe pleasure in knowing how helpless would the occupant if she was aware.

–You remind me of someone that I know.  
–And that’s a good thing. You feel affection for her.  
–I did.  
–You think that I’m going to get in the box as some kind of game.  
–I’ll get in it first.  
–This is silly. Look. It’s easy. Now you try.  
–This is a little frightening.  
–How does it feel.  
–I think that it fits me better than it does you.

–Hello, Sharon.  
–Hi, I saw you at the Service Center.  
–The car place?  
–Yeah.  
–How did you get my number?  
–You have a pretty smile.  
–How did you get my number?  
–I heard you give it to the clerk.  
–What the fuck!  
–Hold on, hold on, Sharon. It’s like fate.  
–I don’t need some no good pestering me without my permission.  
–I’m really a nice guy.  
–And this is the sort of thing that you do all the time. I got to go.  
–Wait, wait. I just need to talk to you.  
–I’ve done all the talking that I’m going to do today.

-I could see something in your eyes.  
-Really. That's the oldest. Bedroom eyes get the prize.  
-No, no. I can see something. A wanderlust.  
-That's bull shit.  
-You travel much, honey.  
-Travel. Do I look like a world traveler.  
-You have dreams.  
-What are you going to do about it.  
-I could take you around the world.  
-You have a ticket.  
-In time.  
-Time when? Like I say, if you don't have the cash, I better make my dash.  
-I know.  
-Know what?  
-About the mountain trip.  
-I never went to no mountain.  
-But you wanted to. Sharon, you don't like your life that much, do you?  
-You can't say that. That's up to me.  
-But there's those moments that you just wonder if you can keep doing this.  
-We all wonder that.  
-But what's your future.  
-I'm going to be a dental tech.  
-Going to be. Where do you work now?  
-I'm just asking.  
-I work in a convenience store.  
-Do you really?  
-Just for now. For the summer.  
-And you would like to do something else. Maybe fashion.  
-I have thought about being a designer.  
-Do you sketch?  
-Nothing fancy. My mom was going to teach me to sew,  
-That's cool. Did you learn?  
-She said that she'd get the old machine fixed. But with work and school, I never have  
time.  
-Was that your car that you were driving? It sounded as if it needed some work.  
It is mine. All I can afford right now is to get the brakes done. When I finish school, I'm  
going to get a new one.  
-You're saving up.  
-Trying to. But I don't make enough for payments.  
-It is tough. I just got a new car.  
-Was that your 'vette?  
-I wish. No, a Camry. It's actually second hand.  
-That sounds like a good car.  
-Want a ride?  
-A ride. Is this a come on?

-You like ice cream.  
-Everybody likes ice cream. I shouldn't.  
-It's muggy as hell outside. Let's go. My air conditioning is working real well.  
-Air conditioning?  
-Yeah.  
-We have a window unit. But it works like shit. I'm sweating right now.  
-I could come on by in a second.  
-Where do you live?  
-Can I trust you?  
-I went to Parkview.  
-You did?  
-Yeah. A few years ago.  
-Wow! You went to Parkview?  
-I just graduated two years ago. I hated it there.  
-I bet you're glad that you're working.  
-I still have to live with my mother.  
-She's cool with you.  
-She doesn't like me to stay out to late.  
-What about guys? Does she let you be?  
-I do my thing. Definitely. But she does get a little intense. She wants to know if I'm safe. If the guy is just using me.  
-Being so pretty, it must be tough.  
-I don't look that good.  
-Tall and thin.  
-Stop it.  
-You're a real catch.  
-What is this? Some kind of game.  
-No, I'm just being friendly.  
-Are you trying to sweet talk me?  
-I'm just trying to be sweet.  
-You're trying to get over on me. You really are good.  
-Good?  
-I don't even know you.  
-But you're so easy to talk to.  
-You are too.  
-You want to come over.  
-What?  
-I'm here by myself. My mom's running late shift. She won't be home until morning.  
-You want me to come over.  
-Yeah.  
-Where do you live?  
-You know the auto service place.  
-Yeah.  
-I live down that street. Make the first right at Martin and then go over three blocks. We're the house on the corner. I'll be waiting on the porch.

–Those pictures that you sent us were from 1983.  
–But they look the same.  
–It’s not accurate intelligence.  
–It means pretty much the same thing.  
–What does it mean?  
–It means trouble whatever it means.  
–You can’t fool everybody.  
–It’s not fooling them. It’s giving them a picture of what is going on.  
–Your dad was never so sloppy.

–He works in military procurement. He gets spare part for transport planes.  
–Essentially he lives off defense contracts.  
–Something like that.  
–And he can do a little deal for us.  
–It’s his own business.  
–He’s not going to say anything.  
–He can be trusted.  
–Could he get us some tanks?  
–He can give us a referral.  
–We could use a little shake up there. Have you been there?  
–I’ve never been overseas. Not since I was a kid.  
–You’re the point man on this. You’re the one who’s going to take the fall.  
–I know.  
–Just make sure that the trail leads back to this guy.  
–I’ve always dreamed of a little vacation.  
–You better get in there now. When it breaks, there’s going to be a real mess.  
–I think that we have to expose the tip of the operation. That way we can give the covert operation much more leeway.  
–It’s a bit unfair making this guy take the hit.  
–It’s a loyalty question.  
Rewards down the way.

–You have to go away for a while.  
–It’s not like you’re abandoning us.  
–I’m just going away for a while.  
–You are.  
–I’ll be back soon.  
–Where are you going?

–Do you ever have nightmare?  
–We all do?  
–What if you met your nightmare?

–Open the damn box, or I’m going to call the police.  
–And tell them what. That your son has a box that he won’t open. If you want to see

what's inside, open the damn box yourself.

–Can you help me? I think that he's having a heart attack.

–I can't really do anything to help.

–Please.

–I'd like to but I can't.

–Get up off that chair.

–I can hardly move myself.

–Where am I?

–Everyone is taken care of here.

–I think that I'm going to lose my job.

–What happened?

–Some professional advice that I gave. I got in a bit of trouble.

–What happened?

–It was about some devaluation question. It cost millions.

–It was your fault.

–They need someone to blame.

–Are you going to get in trouble?

–I think that they want to turn this into a criminal matter. That way they can wash their hands of the whole shit.

–Really?

–It's looking really ugly.

–What can you do?

–I'm not sure. I did a favor for my supervisor. That's how I saw it. But everyone seems to have forgot. Somebody made a boatload of money over this. And he won't get touched.

–If it was your doing?

–I don't know who to tell?

–Have you seen a lawyer.

–I've talked to some guys in the office. There's conflict of interest. But they think that I'm in some real trouble.

–You could tell them everything that you know.

–I think that is what they want. Someone is trying to bring down the operation.

–You're going to have to do jail time?

–That's the word.

–You should have stuck with the arm business.

–Who was the last person to say that?

–Personal protection services are big these days.

–You can always go through the wife.

–What's her name? Sharon?

–Sharon was working here. But she died in some accident. I think it's Rachel.

–Whoever it is, just take care of it.

–How do I do that?

–You know how to make people disappear.

–I do.

-I thought that your dad taught you that trick.

-You're two people. You're either a charmer or a monster. And when you don't get your way, you're a monster.

-I didn't bring you here for a psychology lesson.

-What do you want from me? Something that I can give.

-I want you to love me.

-It's a little late for that.

-Isn't there anything warm about you? You're just like your father.

-I can be affectionate.

-When you want something.

-I'm not like that.

-Like what. I'm getting to know you too well.

-So why do you want me to love you.

-You're a bastard.

-If you don't like how things are going, you can leave.

-Is that all you can say?

-You can leave.

-Are you going to try to stop me or something?

-I would.

-You would what.

-Try to stop you.

-Why? Are you afraid that I'm going to tell people who you really are?

-No.

-You are your father's son.

-What do you mean? How could it be different?

-You could have some character. You could be yourself. What's happened with you. I used to love you.

-How can you expect me to love you if you don't love me?

-You always have an answer. Don't you have some backbone? Be a man.

-I'm what I am.

-Have you always been like this? What have you been doing those nights.

-What nights?

-When I don't see you? Where have you been going?

-You've been seeing me.

-What's wrong with you? You're squirming.

-I don't like being interrogated.

-I care.

-You can leave.

-Someone gets close to you, and now you say you can leave.

-You're not just someone. You ask too many questions.

-You just create so many questions. So many.

-That's not good?

-No, it's not.

-Well, what are we going to do now. We've really ruined the moment.

-I'm running out of time. There are so many things to get done.  
-Just make a list and go down the list.  
-What?  
-Just make a list and go down the list with a gun.  
-I have.  
-I was kidding.  
-I wasn't.  
-Where are you now? I hope you're either near the beginning or near the end.  
-I'm not really good with lists.  
-But you have one?  
-I do.  
-Who's on it? Anyone that I know?  
-You are.  
-Really. Anyone that I know?  
-Why do you think that I'm here? You top the list.  
-I do.  
-You do.  
-Where did you learn this?  
-You asked me about the list. I'm just filling in for what I know.  
-This is a joke.  
-The best part of the list is the fear that it engenders.  
-You're playing a game with me.  
-This is meant to be frightening.  
-What is going on then?  
-It's more like a revelation.  
-I don't like this.  
-It's one thing to have a list. It's quite another to make that list mean anything.  
-Are you challenging me in some way?  
-I just want to laugh.  
-I'm glad that you do. It's part of the process.  
-You're a process killer. Why don't you just take care of business.  
-That's not the way that I was taught.

-Our little boy. We just wet him and dropped him in. And he whirled around and around. This is our moment. Really now and forever.

-I don't like being touched like that.

-It's good for you.

-Do you believe in a personal relationship with the big guy?

-It had to start somewhere.

-Maybe some innocent touching.

-And what went afterwards.

-Taking what didn't belong to me. Then keeping it. Then threatening anyone who got in my way.

-Where did you learn this sort of thing?

–From the little big guy. It’s a hierarchy.

Agents came to the house and arrested him today. No reason.

–It has to be taken care of.

Is this the first time that I’ve tried this? I got in the house through a window. The sign outside said that they have an alarm. They don’t. My heart is racing. I can hear my irregular breathing. I feel that it is magnified through the house. Can they hear me? I am very nimble as I move in the darkness. A balancing act. I navigate around the furniture.

They have no awareness of my presence. They will not.

They are hiding. I am seeking. My intent gives me an edge. I imagine chasing them around the house. Or just slipping surreptitiously into the bedroom. I am your friend. Your final friend.

The ghosts of their past fill the room and weigh on me. The room becomes thicker and thicker with these reminders. I am having difficulty doing what I have to. I need to make my move before they detect me. Before I am full of any regret. I am afraid of a moment of panic.

–How many times would I have to hit you with this rolled up magazine to succeed?

–What are you doing in here?

–It’s here. You’re here. I’m here.

–Are we friends?

–We could be.

–Get the fuck out of my house.

–Your house? The window was open.

–So what.

–You knew I was coming and now I’m here.

–Do you often do this kind of thing?

–No. Now that I see how much fun it is, I wonder why.

–Are you trying to scare me?

–You’re the one pissing his pants.

–I could kill you just for being in here.

–Is that a threat? Because if it is, I’d have to meet it with a threat of my own.

–Didn’t your parents teach you anything about respecting other people’s property.

–Yeah. But they also told me that the world was mine. I think that the latter overrules the former.

–You are a sick fuck. How old are you?

–Sick. I’m just doing what I like.

–You can’t do this in this world.

–Yeah, I know. But everyone else wants to see what you’re made of.

–This is intolerable.

–I could have slashed your throat while you were sleeping.

–Why are you doing this to me?

–Maybe love. Maybe sex. Maybe both.

–What are you talking about?

–Shut the fuck up.

–This is my house.

–Dead men tell no tales.

–I’ve got a will.

–I’ve got some gas in the car. I could drive the car into the house and then just set the place on fire.

I go back to my stealth mode. I weave through the various rooms. I like being here. This is my new place.

–Sara, can you help get him out.

–Sara’s a good fuck.

–Sara fucks in many different ways.

–I couldn’t help it. I told them that he had a little weenie. It couldn’t even get me off. Now the world gets me off.

–Very cool.

–I rather earn next to nothing doing my job than doing his.

I can’t let on what I am doing. No one can know.

–Sara always fucks the same way. A little bit of hugging. A little bit of sucking. And then she crawls out of her cage.

–Saras, I come to you for sustenance. Help me.

–You shouldn’t have gone into that house.

–You disrupted a perfectly quiet neighborhood.

–I’m not sorry.

–You can’t do that.

–I heard noises in there. They were laughing at me.

–It still doesn’t give you a right.

–I did what I had to do.

–You were wrong.

–I enjoyed myself.

–Do you want us to punish you.

A massive wind moved through the clearing. Dust was tossed everywhere.

–Can you see us?

–I can.

–Kneel down.

–What do you want now.

–Get us off!

–Is this a joke?

–Dive baby.

–We do each other.

–We all do everyone.

–There is no border. Until he gets smart ass. Starts talking about girlfriends.

–Can you get me off.

–You are wonderful.

I am one with the Saras.

-I think that it's the short skirt.  
-And you like it.  
-Yes. It's part of me.  
-Now we're going to take it away.  
-I think that only makes it better. You can't take from me now. I can touch the ends of the earth.

-We're going to take you down.  
-And around.  
-You need an education.  
-We can provide you.  
-When was the last time that you really got fucked?  
-Yeah, we've never seen you with a woman.  
-We could be the woman.  
-One at a time.  
-Or in pairs.  
-I hide my life from you.  
-What life?  
-There's more going on than you know.  
-What is going on?  
-I am healing.  
-We could help.  
-It's my turn.  
-Listen bitch, I get his hard cock first.  
-Bigger than bigger.  
-The big thing around the world.  
-That is how the how.  
-You do have a big one.  
-Otherwise, we'll have to tell all.  
-We'll have to tell under any circumstances.  
-I'm just trying to be who I be.  
-That's who. Do you understand?  
-I'm trying to understand.  
-You can't have enough to go around.  
-You need to do things for us. Can you do things for us. We're the Saras. ON your knees to us.  
-Or we're on our knees to you.  
-Whatever it has to be.  
-This is where we get what makes us what we are.  
-I'm seeing things.  
-Are you hard yet?  
-What?  
-We're joking. But really. Are you hard?  
-You girls are mean.  
-Girls? We're goddesses.

–We see things.  
–Like your big prick.. Like that means anything.  
–It’s the currency devaluation.  
–It is falling deeper and deeper.  
–What’s the floor.  
–The Saras. We are the floor, and you are the ceiling. And that makes us the ceiling beyond the ceiling.  
–And we are falling.  
–In love.  
–You know what love is.  
–My boyfriend’s hard one.  
–Too hard to pass up.  
–Good enough to pass around.  
–Do you have a mint? A bad aftertaste.

–How many of your organization are tied together?  
–What are you talking about.  
–We haven’t made a mistake picking you up.  
–I don’t know what you’re talking about.  
–What kind of work do you do?  
–I work in the import export business

–What will you let me do?  
–You smell like my father.  
–Is that a good thing.  
–Things that I remember.  
–And if I remember in the same way.  
–Too painful. You could take his place.  
–This is the shock that resonates through my character.  
–Your character. You tell them to their face that you like them. Then you’re telling me how you don’t. How do you deal with that contradiction?  
–I need to tell them positive things. I pray to the Saras.  
–What about me?  
–I come to you to get away from them.  
–You could leave me a little extra.  
–Do you want me to pay your for sex?  
–No. I just want you to take care of me.  
–How?  
–You say nasty things about me when you’re not with me.  
–Like what.  
–You repeat those stories about me.  
–The diaper story.  
–I never wore the diaper.  
–But you got picked up by some guy who like to wear diapers.  
–He talked baby talk. And crawled on the ground. He even pissed in the diaper and he

wanted me to change him. I had to wipe him and clean him and powder him.

–Did it remind you of anything?

–I had sex with him.

–What?

–I’ll try everything at least once.

–Did he smell of baby powder? Did it make up for your desire to have a kid.

–I just might some day. I just couldn’t stand the crying.

–Was the window open?

–Don’t remind me.

–There’s a contradiction in your story. You’re never going to get the kid back.

–What do you mean?

–You look so much better on TV.

–What?

–You stabbed a police officer.

–He threatened me. I didn’t know that he was a cop. You would have done the same.

–I normally don’t fuck cops.

–He has some money. He wanted to party.

–Drugs?

–There’s a contradiction in your character. What do you want from me?

–I want the story.

–The full story. About my parents.

–About your parent.

–Why don’t you tell me about your parents?

–I could but it’s sort of painful.

–Tell me.

–You look so much better on TV.

–Do you want to do it in the bathroom. We won’t have to pay for a room.

–Is that how it works? You get a cut on the room.

–Cant you say positive things about me? Do you like my breasts.

–What do you want to hear?

–That you like to wear diapers. Then I can make fun of you.

–Go ahead make fun of me.

–Don’t you get nasty when someone makes fun of you.

–No.

–You do. You tried to kill one of the girls.

–Who told you that? The Saras. Are you a Sara?

–We’re all Saras. That’s why you’re angry. You’re all psychotic.

–I am seeing real sick things. Bodies everywhere. These wounds from accidents. To hard to reproduce.

–The agency can do some pretty tricks.

–Are you a pretty trick?

–For the moment.

The body was then crushed and made available for oral ingestion.

–That stuff is poison.

-You don't know how it gets me off.  
-Are you part of some cult.  
-Truly.

-I'm the member of a family.  
-Is this a new family?  
-I'm part of an organization. Like a club.  
-The import export business.  
-Exactly.  
-You're not really like your father. He made it so easy for us.  
-All this fucking government regulation. Budgets. We used to do what we wanted.  
-No government oversight.

-Next time you want to be nice think twice.

-There have already been complaints about cost overruns.  
-I thought that you could handle it.  
-I did before.  
-How do we handle it?  
-Eliminate the over run.  
-Really!  
-He can only think about one thing at a time.  
-Let the circuitry blow up.  
-We control pretty well all of it.  
-We're having steak for dinner.  
-That's how he likes it.  
-Did he get his medicine.  
-He took it.  
-You'd almost think that he made this happen.  
-With no opposition they can get away with pretty well anything.  
-You can't oppose what you don't know about.  
-We can get them to do what we want them to do.  
-Start him off as a baby. By the time that he's five, he's already in our good graces.  
-That's a nice way to talk about it.  
-You know all about the Commander that went through the window.  
-I heard them talking about it.

-While the Secretary is at the track, the Director will handle things.

The house that they will pass over is painted with a black X.  
-Are you one of the Saras. We need you all to get in a straight line.  
-Will the fumes penetrate the house?  
-They will either die or they will become immortal.  
-That's the story. That's the smell of the father.

- How will they know when to pass over?
- We all wear masks.
- What's your?
- Family man.
- Just man.
- You blinked too soon.
- The plot against the Director.
- No, his son.
- I want to listen to the music, but I'm not allowed.

**-I'M NOT ALLOWED. THE LAST THING THAT I CAN DO FOR MYSELF IS TO STOP EATING.**

- Is this a hunger strike?
- Our side doesn't do stuff like that. We don't have any real beliefs. Except buying things.
- The kids like it.
- Or they don't. Their parents won't let them. But even they come by in the end.
- Life is like a story.
- It just has to get good.
  
- An ambulance stopped by the Director's. I think that it's food poisoning.
- We have to bury the cameras.
- Just remember where you buried them.
- You don't answer your mail.
- Someone does it for me.
- Is your name Robert.
- I thought that it was Sam.
- That's the son
- I get you confused.
- Are you trying to kill me?
- That's someone else.
  
- How many people have to die for you to be happy?
- For you to sit pretty.
- Ten thousand.
- Round that off and it comes to three thousand.
- No one really cares.
- It's not a TV thing.
- I think that I see it.
- These games are just silly little puzzles.
- Mr. Adams has to go,
- Charlie?
- I hope that you can sleep at night after what you've done. You know that you're a winner.
- That's what my dad said.

–You crashed the car again.  
–What kind of man are you?  
–The one that you wanted to be with.  
–That worked for a while.  
–What about the kid?  
–What about the kids?  
–we’re talking about him this time.  
–Why are the boys always fighting?  
–It’s him.  
–He.  
–He did what?  
–You put too much pressure on him. It’s like you’re living through him.  
–I am.  
–How does that work?  
–He’s my oldest. He’s the one who I look to for my legacy.  
–Let him live his life. He’s just a kid.  
–He is living his life. He’s getting out of control.  
–You have to give him a chance to work things out for himself.  
–It never works quiet like that.

The air fills with fire. Dead horse heads begin to talk to me  
–Do you hear what these voices say: We want sacrifice. And so a reign of intimidation  
begins.

Layer upon layer of flesh. All rotating around, all moving in contrary motion.  
–this could be me.  
–What do you want?  
–I’m trying to be myself.  
–I’m trying to cop a feel.  
The kisses and the fires. Turning and surrounding. The in and out. Everywhere a place  
to couple. To triple. To multiply. That the repetition might suggest an identity.  
–Don’t let go.  
–There is possibility elsewhere.  
Indeed there is.