

Will you meet me later?

A.

ER. What?

A. *Because you're just another kind of backwards.*

ER. No.

A. Oh, trust me you are! I've been where you want me to go. It is not a place I live. I have to go forward no matter what / about it, even if it means I have to go backwards.

ER. Why? What is that? Who says that that's the way to be?

A. I do...

ER. Well, I think you're right. I think you're an amazing person / and I think

A. Oh, God...

ER. We owe it to ourselves to give the universe to give us a chance at this is between us a chance at something where it might take a few new paths in our lives might be because of it.

*She grabs him and kisses him on the mouth for several seconds, like a quick meal, and then she goes as abruptly, away.*

ou'll meet me?

A. No.

ER. But—

A. You should go.

ER. You're—incomprehensible.

A. Like the world? Like the apple tree?

ER. Precisely.

ELLA. I like people, I really do. I find us all...*fascinating*. And *mysterious*. And kind of irresistibly fucked up in such unique and broken little ways. I genuinely want to know people and connect with them, I really do, but...

Can I ask you all a question?

How many of you would like to sleep with me if you could?

I mean, hypothetically, if there were no rules, no issues of *fidelity* or *morality*...or even *meta-theatricality*... Just based on whatever it is you know about me right at this moment, can we get a show of hands...?

How many of you would just...pretty much like to have sex with me?

*She counts, and then maybe comments...or not...*

Okay, fascinating. And now another question...

How many of you are currently just dying to sleep with someone other than the person you should be sleeping with? Show of hands, please...

*Again she counts, and then maybe comments...or not...*

Okay. Great.

Now... You don't have to raise your hands for this one, but...

How many of you were lying? Either because of who you are here with, or how you want to be thought of in the world, or because of my feelings, or...

Okay, here's my point: As far as I can tell, we're all just in a twisty, impossible, fucked up...yes, okay, *perdurable miasma* of "unmanageable urges" vs. "moral imperatives," and instead of being able to just...*connect*...just be in a kind and loving communion with our

fellow human beings, we're forever wrapped up in this...*sexual dance macabre*...this *ridiculous relational gavotte*...this endless pursuit (and retreat) of *unexpressed, unfulfilled, unexplored, unknowable needs and desires and frustrations* and—