



No, actually. You always just call him The Professor

N... technically! You get that right?! I call him The Pro

PN...

TER. ...course. But still...

NYA. ... Semiotics!

PICKLES. The study of...big trucks?

NYA. Signs... Clues! Clues! It's the study of clues!!!

PICKLES. My ba...

NYA. I mean... Who gives a fuck? I have a sign fo

OP! Stop "studying" things that no real person in the real

ld ever *imagine* care about! At least esoteric sciences ca

, you know...new kind of *heat* or or or or or better dr

dmills or whatever, but that On A Cracker, endless i

ed arguments about—like the whole this article he wrote fr

m to try to get some...her... "Semiotic Phenomen

the Relational Constitution of Presence" HELLO?!?!? O

, there's a subtitle, thank God, that will really clear thing

ematizing the Problematic through Human Speech Praxi

PICKLES. Practice?

NYA. No! Praxis!

PICKLES. (*Meaning "that's so weird and problematic"...*) Hr

NYA. I mean...WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT EVEN MEAN

PICKLES. Presence? Or Presents...?

*Beat.*

NYA. What!?!?

PICKLES. I'm saying, Presence, like...being here... or

Presents, like...wrapped up for Christmas with a

*Beat.*

PICKLES. No. That's not right. Fidelity is *fidelity*. It's constancy. It's a commitment and it's to be honored, not mocked. Not *mocked*.

PICKLES. (*Turning abruptly to us in the audience instead...*) Iris was the love / of my life and, yes, she left me seventeen years ago, and

PICKLES. everyone is always saying to me—move on. "It's time to move on." That's the exact phrase that everyone uses, like some agreed-upon plan: "It's time to Move On!"

PICKLES. But here's the thing: I can't. I can't "move on." How can I? Because that love is still there. It still sits...right *there*. (*Pointing at her heart or gut or soul...*) I don't know how you all (*And she is talking simultaneously to the other actors and the audience...*) can just go from one lover to another to another to another, I don't, not if that love is real. Not if it's *real*. Love is love and it stays forever. I think. I think it stays *forever*.

PICKLES. I don't even know what people mean when they say "Oh, yeah, we really loved each other back then..." or "Yeah, I *used* to really love her" 'cause I just think: Where did that love go? *Where did that love go???* Because I don't know about you, but I still love everyone I've ever loved. Everyone I've ever loved, I still love.

*She starts crying right about here...*

And I think I always will. The *truth* is...I don't know how to stop. And...and the other truth is... I don't *want* to stop. My love for Iris is real. And I don't want to move on. I'm just fine where I am, thank you very much. I'm just fine right here...

