

A Beautiful Life

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EXT. OUTSIDE - NOON DAYLIGHT

A bird flies between the trees, lost in the dense green.
There is wind, and sometimes, a few rays of sunlight stain, leading to certain details.

Lights appear on the stage.

On Halloween 1968, the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell (W.I.T.C.H.) was born in New York. Dressed as witches, with brooms, capes and pointy black hats, the group chanted «Wall Street, Wall Street, on against Wall Street» and stormed the financial centre of the United States to perform a hex. A day later, the stock market reportedly fell 13 points.

They going home full of joy up direction South-East. A pointed hat directs the glance of a wall that is set against the time. A woman arrives. She rolls over with movement and walks towards the man cutting a piece of scrap metal. It is the first meeting between the cowboy with the yellow smile and the worker and mother of her own son. They look at each other with a shared startled conclusion: it is too late. While the body ages every thousandth of a second.

(In the future they may get drunk, fuck, cry out for faith together and run away. They will meet, argue, fight, resulting in a clown lying dead on the sixth floor).

The steam envelops the surrounding space, spreading a greyish atmosphere.

A fog machine emits a perfectly white cloud as it chugs across the floor.

I'm glad the warm weather is finally here, but the pollen count is a million. I can't breathe out of both nostrils.

MY BODY: Wait, what is that smell? Is it cholera? Initiate immune response, now!

DESIRÉ: At this table, we have no choice but to tell our disappointment once again, and this is not even the last time. My solution, sometimes and for some time, is to laugh a lot.

MY BODY: Okay, but a quick annihilation is too good for man. A terrible, deadly disease from outer space is only fair.

DESIRÉ: It's time we spit out the word and decide who's really responsible. You know, a meal in three courses is always better because you can share it.

A bee leans on me and accidentally stings me.

I step off the stage, the lights hammering on my perineum, illuminating it obliquely.

A coyote speaks solemnly about the difference between protest, saying what you don't like, and resistance, no longer tolerating it.

On the hunt for a male actor in camouflage suit and black boots.

In Portovecchio, a district of Portogruaro, a phone box explodes. It is the first attack by the Unabomber, the «bomber of the north-east», who will carry out 34 attacks between Veneto and Friuli-Venezia Giulia, following in the footsteps of Theodore Kaczynski. Plumbing pipes, jars of Nutella and children's Surprise eggs will turn into bombs to explode in the hands of casual victims. Women, infants, but especially children will be caught in the crosshairs of the Italian serial bomber, who was active from 1994 to 2006.

You can't have your cake and eat it too.



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