

Celeste Angry

(a sketch, which was mostly incorporated into Sympathy,
Part Three Topography: The Landscape of My Soul)

by temi rose

Celeste

Angry? You're angry?

Martin

Why? I'm not supposed to be angry because I'm rich? Because I'm a man? What happened to you, lady? did your husband walk out on you? Leave you for another woman?

Celeste

You little worm. And is your dick so small you can't enjoy your wife in bed? No, I'm not sorry for myself. My anger is righteous, not petty.

Martin

How do you know what righteous is?

Celeste

I hate talking. Words have been completely co-opted. They are tools for people like you.

Martin: People like me? This whole world screws me around as much as anyone else. I don't ever get what I want. Never.

Celeste

Who does?

Martin

Someone must be winning this game.

Celeste

It's not a game.

Martin

It's a game and we're angry because we're losing and we don't know the name of the game or why or how it's being played.

Celeste

You feel small because your dick is small.

Martin

What is this obsession you have with the size of my dick? I do not have a small dick. Do you want to see my dick? Is that why you keep bugging me about this? It's totally annoying. Is your cunt small for god's sake? *(Martin shows her his dick)*

Celeste

Oh.

Martin

It's not small.

Celeste

Medium.

Martin

Yup. That's me: medium.

(Blackout)

Martin

Responsible people get up in the morning and go to work.

Celeste

Good women don't fart in public.

Martin

Responsible men pretend to fuck around on their wives even if they don't they pretend because otherwise everyone thinks they're not sexed properly.

Celeste

Good women never masturbate with carrots.

Martin

Carrots?

Celeste

Yeah.

Martin

Not cucumbers?

Celeste

Cucumbers?

Martin

I always thought it was cucumbers.

Celeste

Little cucumbers maybe. No; carrots. They're longer so there's something to hold onto.

Martin

Did you ever have sex with an animal?

Celeste

What kind of animal?

Martin

Holy shit. I don't know. Have you?

Celeste

Not unless you count men.

Martin

No, they don't count.

Celeste

There was one who acted just like a dog -

Martin

I don't want to hear about it.

Celeste

Why not?

Martin

It's gross.

Celeste

did you want to hear about me and another kind of animal? You're not making sense.

Martin

It's late.

(Blackout)

Celeste

I'm angry because people shut each other out. I'm angry because people hurt other people. I'm angry because there's enough to eat and people are starving. I'm angry because I have a dream every night about a place just like this only people are different - they're glad to see each other and they don't need to be scared of each other and every morning I wake up and it's the same craziness. I ask people - I ask them why they do the things they do - and they give me all kinds of answers but mostly they say that they can't help themselves, that the world is like that - kill or be killed. Win or lose. I know. It's not like that in my dreams. In my dreams we make a fabric, a people fabric of connections and we cover the globe with a harmony of excellence.

(Blackout)

Martin

I was a college professor. A long time ago. I was a fire jumper too. I've been married twice. Once when I was very young. I ran away from there and came to the city. I changed my name, found out I was smart. Not like my father used to tell me when he'd whack me, he thought I was stupid. I'm not stupid. I was just angry. When I was my own in the city and I could control my life and my circumstances I was fine. I hate losing control. I get sick when I feel like other people are running my life. I've spent my whole life looking for the controls and that led me to spirituality, meditation and other weird shit. Now I want to die because when I'm here I'm so angry and when I'm in my trances I feel so good. Some people are better suited for life - others are better off dead. Don't you agree?