

BOULGARS ET PLUMES

Avec l'aide de la Villa Médicis et de la Furby™ Franchise

by Crazy Creepy Cunts

CHARACTERS

ANNE, a teenage lesbian furby and future art star, who will one day be in residence at a Parisian institution that looks like a slab of unfinished concrete, only a very expensive slab of unfinished concrete

EMMA: The director of the very expensive slab of unfinished concrete

MÉLA: A disgraced curator

BÉA: Another disgraced curator

RIPLEY: the hot space dyke played by Sigourney Weaver in the Alien franchise

A ROBOT: upon which to project all desire

PAAR
ONE

ACT ONE

Begin with: ambient music - a little romantic. Think: the sun falling so luxuriously over the top of quaint houses, in a town on the edge of a so-picturesque forest. think: hot coffee with cream and sugar. think: youth's first blush, ah how precious!, oh! those happy days, those teenage years, those happy, happy days ...

Voice off:

Anne is a fifteen year old lesbian furby and future art star. She is writing in her journal with a pink fluffy pen.

Dear Diary,

I was thinking about how I really want to become someone sexy. You know, like, sexual. Like someone who inspires other people, and like, probably a man you know, to have sexual intercourse with me. I haven't done it yet but my friend Emma has, but you know it's because Emma has always been so much sexier than me. She has, like, the nicest shaved head and sometimes I stare at her tits and think about just like, how beautiful she is and how much I want to like, sleep in a bed with her. But not, like, sleep with her. Just like, sleep next to her and also maybe have a house together and also put things in jars like pickles or whatever and you know have a garden and a lot of cats and dogs and then we can be like, side by side when we're putting on our eyeshadow and our lipgloss so that we will be sexually attractive for the men that will feel sexual desire for both of us, at the same time, but separately, and we will both be so happy together. Anyway I don't tell her too much about this because it probably sounds weird but I do keep having this dream where she's like, drowning because the floor opens up and she falls into a pit of lip gloss and it's all shiny and gooey and I can see every outline of every part of her face and her cheek bones are so perfect and her dark curly hair is so perfect and the mica or whatever in the lipgloss surrounds her like a halo the Lancôme lady told me that the shine lasts for hours and oh it does. After I save Emma from the pit of lip gloss by making a kind of rope out of tampon strings she climbs up the rope and we roll together on the solid ground for a while, the lipgloss is all over her body and it gets all over me and we both are super shiny for hours just as advertised. Anyway I think I might tell her about that dream, it's so funny! Ha! Ha!

ACT TWO: MUST BE THE SEASON OF THE WITCH

EMMA, MÉLA and BÉA are sitting on a bus stop together, in the style of Gregg Araki's cult classic *Nowhere*. They're all three wearing retainers and have really big hair.

EMMA:

En fait il me dévore des yeux. Genre J'suis en face de lui il me bouffe littéralement du regard. Mais on n'est pas ensemble. Je comprends pas. Ça fait très Céline Dion mais *je sais pas jouer*. J'ai pas envie de jouer en fait, j'ai envie d'envoyer valser la table, de le choper par le col et de lui rouler la pelle de sa vie. THE baiser quoi. Comme dans les films.

Mais y a cette retenue, on est en public alors on peut pas se compromettre. On ne peut pas se consommer parce qu'on risquerait de se consumer, ensuite on se brûle les doigts les orteils le sang les ailes et tout part en fumée. Et on recommence.

Tjs la même histoire. Moi j'te vois j'ai envie j'ai zéro envie d'attendre en fait. Viens, on rentre et on s'aime.

J'aime bien cette dynamique. Quand on s'aime à se détruire. Ça remet les pendules à l'heure. Après j'écris beaucoup.

La passion c'est dément ce que ça vous fait faire. Une fois j'ai saccagé l'appart d'un mec à Lille parce qu'il était très con et fan de Courtney Love et que je voulais lui laisser un kdo de départ. A last goodbye. Un truc fort. Un truc qu'il oublierait pas. Faut dire qu'il dormait dans la pièce d'à côté pendant que je cassais tout, assez

méticuleusement dans d'ailleurs, son salon. La vaisselle, la télé, les dvds, sa déco casa moche, les couverts moches, l'horloge maison du monde moche, le tableau du Brooklyn bridge ou d'une photo en noir en blanc de NY avec juste un taxi jaune au



milieu ou à gauche, j'sais plus, bref, c'était moche. Tout était moche et méritait que j'y apporte cette touche punk. Je me souviens avoir pensé le truc, et m'être dit « T'aimes Courtney Love, je vais te donner Courtney Love ». Il était tellement bourré, il ronflait, i's'est jms réveillé. Faut dire aussi qu'en allant se coucher, ses mots d'adieux étaient « tu veux pas me sucer puisque c'est la dernière fois qu'on se voit ? ». Dodo, ronflements, Courtney love.

MÉLA:

Have you ever met someone and told yourself “this person has never thought about sex in their entire life”. This person is the type of person that wakes up, has their little routine, and just isn't attractive enough to even bother entering the ring or look like they're even conscious about this competition. Actually, I'm wondering if they're even aware we're all just competing against each other. They're just genuinely dumb I guess. Also, you can usually tell cause they're like not even cute and don't seem to make any effort to change that. Not that they couldn't, I mean isn't this why God created make-up? Duh. I mean I definitely don't look THIS cute in the morning when I wake up, but then I put on my Revlon “Rubies in the snow” just like Cookie Mueller, then I put on my best Chanel no. 69 to get that scent just right, then I put on my light blood splatter, highlight my cheekbones for that gooey glow just like the Alien in the Aliens franchise, you know all, [mime alien splitting out of a chest] – You know, you've gotta work out it. But the people who don't work at it... No, they simply do not care and it should be punished as crime against humanity. These persons don't care and therefore shouldn't be allowed to be seen in public. I mean, why do I bother every morning to spend an hour and a half improving my appearance, making myself better, so that people outside can shine in my reflection? Why, I'll tell you why, just for them to notice me, and thus, to enlighten their day. Because I do care. And, to those who don't, please stay away from public places. We don't want to look at you. You're gross. If I wanted to look at gross things, I'd turn on the news. Thank you. xoxo

EMMA:

Méla. Your mouth is open, sound is coming from it. This is never good.

BÉA:

Who actually asked you? You're just jealous.

MÉLA:

Right? OMG Béa, I swear sometimes. Come here hun.

She turns to Béa and they grossly kiss while watching EMMA.

EMMA:

Yuughhhh, you're so annoying. And I'll have you know I met someone.

They stop making out.

MÉLA & BÉA:

REALLY? WHOOOOOOO?

EMMA:

You don't know her.

MÉLA:

Oh yeah right. This again.

Rolls her eyes.

BÉA:

You should go to therapy, you know. Also, your pants are on fire.

MÉLA and BÉA look at each other and start smiling stupidly. They shout.

MÉLA & BÉA:

LIAR LIAR!!!! HAHAHAHAAAA.

EMMA sighs in despair, then suddenly stops at the view of ANNE, who's approaching. She passes them, not paying attention. MÉLA and BÉA watch her and get what is happening.

MÉLA:

Well, I guess you did meet someone after all. I mean something.

MÉLA and BÉA start laughing outrageously loud.

ACT THREE

Dear Diary,

I think I'm probably sexually attractive now because I did it with this boy that I met at my friend Sara's house when her parents weren't there so he asked if he could stick it up in me and of course I said YES! but then it was really boring, like I just thought, oh. Like what a waste of my good lipgloss. Then I thought well if this is being sexually attractive then I guess it's overrated because it's really boring.

Dear Diary,

I asked Emma if she thought that being sexually attractive was boring too and she said yes, totally. So we thought what else can we do with our time because being sexually attractive to men is so boring. So we thought maybe we can train in like, astrophysics or something, because we need to have like, something to do.

Dear Diary,

By the way this whole time me and Emma have been fucking, I bet you didn't see that one coming, ha! ha! Basically what happened was we started studying astrophysics like I said and we were spending all these super late nights in the lab together, just like falling asleep under the lab tables in each other's arms, and waking up in the chemistry classroom. So one morning Emma just like, kissed me. It was so emotional because I came like, all over the floor. And then Emma said that she had wanted to drink my cum since like, the first time that she had seen me wearing that soft pastel-aqua eye shadow. Also my mom had said that eye shadow was ugly but this whole thing just confirms that whatever my mom likes is probably horrible.

ANNE'S DIARY
KEEP OUT!!!!

I woke up today and there was this stuff just like, oozing out of me. This kind of goo just gushing out. I think it must have magical properties because when I walk down the street everyone is staring at me and I know that I look amazing.

I'm a slimy girl,
In a slimy world
Cover me with diamonds and pearls
Then I'll be your girl

Kiss me and dress me up
Pull my hair
Let me use the 40 volume bleach solution this time
Imagination, life is your creation.

I'm a slimy girl, in a slimy world.

Come on baby, let's go party
oh oh oh
yeah
Come on baby, let's go party
I want you I want you.

You're my slimy girl
It's our slimy world.

Dear Diary,

Whatever I guess that I don't look that amazing because Emma broke up with me. After all that we've been through!!!! She said that she just couldn't see herself going out with a furby, going to the movies with a furby, going to the prom with a furby ... she said she just wants to be a normal teenager. My heart is completely broken but whatever. I dedicate these poems to her.

I.

L'amour ça dégouline

Love is gross love is slime,
let's have sex, cum in my mouth.
Sea blobs and flubbers,
Lana Del Ray / ghostbusters,
farts farts farts farts,
gooey and sticky : rhubarb tarts.

2.

**SLIME & CRIME
SLIME & CRIME
BE GONE YOU BITCH
BEFORE I DINE**

ANNE'S FANTASY: TO ONE DAY FIND OTHER FURBIES WITH WHOM TO RUN THE WORLD

If I asked you to, would you do it, do it, do it to me?



do it, do it, do it to me

**do it do it do it to me
do it do it do it to me**



Would you do it to me if I asked?

ACT FOUR : Sigourney Weaver's Cryo-pod

ANNE WATCHES ALIEN. WHEN SHE SEES RIPLEY, AKA SIGORNEY WEAVER, IN THAT SCENE WHERE SHE COMES OUT OF CRYOGENIC SLEEP AND SHE'S ONLY WEARING TINY UNDERWEAR, SOMETHING HAPPENS, DEEP INSIDE HER HEART

It's after hours so Ripley and the Robot are just hanging out. They're not lovers yet but there's some kind of sexual tension in the air. Every time Ripley climbs into the Robot's hard belly there's a strange electrical tension. There's a literal electrical tension, too, because the Robot runs on electricity. Ripley finds this so sexy. She's very into partners who can shock.

Ripley asks the Robot:

RIPLEY: But if you could choose, I mean really choose, really go to the edge of your desire, and then even maybe one step more, what color of eyeshadow would you wear? I see you in green. Not forest green but a grungy kind of green. Moldy.

[she stops speaking briefly because a huge fat mosquito has sucked up the blood from the top of her hand and is now buzzing around her ear. All mosquitos who bite are women so it's unfeminist to kill them. The end of the world will be brought about by female insects. They will feed and feed and feed]

ROBOT: I hate green.

RIPLEY: (flirtatiously) Oh really? But green goes so nicely with your paint color.

ROBOT: No.

RIPLEY: (whining a little) You wouldn't wear it, even for me?

ROBOT: No.

RIPLEY: (changing tactics. She's decided that if she is to be loved, she has to show her true, most authentic self). I could see you in green, or in aqua, or a teenage kind of sparkly blue. In aquamarine that goes violet at the edges. In purple that goes into twilight. In the color of a black, black hole.

(she stares at the robot, which is hard, as she's inside of the robot. So she's staring all around. She wets her lips, seductively. She wets her

lips a little too much, on accident. She drools. The drool falls onto the robot's control panel. The control panel gives off a shower of sparks and starts smoking.

The control panel directly shocks Ripley.

RIPLEY: Ooh! ooh! that's nice, yes, just like that.

ROBOT: -----

Ripley's desire, like all drool, is too much for a world inhabited by cold machines.

PAW

ACT FIVE: Emma in Paris

EMMA, AFTER HAVING SMASHED OUR HEROINE FURBY'S HEART FEELS HALF DEAD FROM SADNESS. SO SHE MOVES TO PARIS, WHERE ALL DEAD ART HOPEFULS COME.

Romantic interlude:

We have the same odor. So, whenever I miss you too much, I stick my nose under my armpit and take a deep breath. The smell of it gets me high and instantly brings me back to you. Whenever I smell my armpits, it reminds me of you. How much I love you, how poorly. It reminds me of the naughty naps we use to take, under the two blanketed mattress that you called our bed. The things you'd do to me. It reminds me your cute face, your beard turning white, your ginger laugh, and the hatred we had in common, our attraction/repulsion. Like magnets. You hurt me bad, both physically and psychologically. I don't hate you for that, I just hate the fact we can't hang together anymore. In harmony. Forever and ever.

Return of the slime:

EMMA & RIPLEY

RIPLEY : Alors elles t'ont dit quoi ?

EMMA : Des méchancetés. J'ai tellement pas réagi, t'aurais été si fière.

RIPLEY : Like what ?

EMMA : Des horreurs. Elles sont arrivées complètement essoufflées, quatre étages sans ascenseur c'est beaucoup tu comprends. J'ai pris leur manteaux à la suite, le temps de ls ranger dans la penderie je les entendais déjà pester dans la pièce principale « ah c'est tout ». J'ai rien dit.

[tête déconfite]

Je les ai rejoints elle fouinaient déjà partout. Béa m'a demandé si elle pouvait voir ma chambre, elle avait déjà la main sur la poignée, en train d'ouvrir la porte. « Ooooh, on dirait une chambre d'ado ».

that's number two.

RIPLEY : HAHHAHAHAHAHA, quelle salope.

EMMA: Je leur ai fait un café, elles m'ont innocemment demandé à combien était le loyer, small talks small talks, leurs projets de merde, small talks, « et donc tu viens à la fête de Anne ? »

- têtes horrifiées, pause et désapprouvent en roulant des yeux -

EMMA: Exactly right ? I mean they know we haven't spoken in like ages and that the last time I saw her she snapped so hard the Earth trembled.

RIPLEY : Et t'as répondu quoi ?

EMMA: Que j'étais pas invité. J'ai souri. What bitches! Seriously. When they left I used a whole stick of Palo Santo to disinfect the place of their shit vibes. Can we cuddle? The thought of it makes me feel so vulnerable again. I wanna crawl under the bed and die.

EMMA gently lays her head on RIPLEY'S lap, and RIPLEY pulls her arms around her in return. She now feels her cock pulsing, erecting. The energy shifts, EMMA's head turns up, they look at each other in connivence, knowing what is about to happen and to make sure it is what they both want. In the blink of an eye they start to fuck. RIPLEY turns her head back, caresses EMMA's bulge through their jeans with her nose, starts biting it and manages to unzip her with her teeth. RIPLEY pulls out EMMA's cock, very stiff, very veiny, tho it's almost like it got out by itself, asking for EMMA to kiss it, sweet pea. She has no choice but to oblige. Saliva's flowing from her mouth onto the cock she embraces and licks and absorbs into her mouth. She plays a little with the foreskin, licks around and in the urethra whereas RIPLEY starts moaning, grasping the cushions. Motivated by the sounds of her partner, EMMA grasps the cock and push it in deep.

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It goes back and forth and back and forth. Deep throating someone isn't for the unexperienced mouths, and as I start to swallow what I can of her, sucking on it so hard, my face turns violet, I'm tearing up, gasping as I may, but I love it so much she gently pushes my head a little further and I suffocate, puke a little, just enough to swallow it back along with the tip of her glans, breathing hard, moaning, and obviously thinking of you. Only you taught me how to do it properly. Only you taught me what was considered disgusting and painful could in fact relieve tensions and feel so good and exhilarating. Only you taught me love was this mix of physical pain and hormones release, causing an intense, sensorial, and vivid pleasure into my whole body.

RIPLEY, AS SHE ALWAYS DOES, LEAVES. LIKE MOST PEOPLE WHO YOU MEET ON APPS, SOMETIMES SHE COMES BACK SOON, SOMETIMES SHE DOESN'T SURFACE AGAIN FOR 40,000 YEARS, WHEN HER SPACE CAPSULE IS FOUND FLOATING IN RANDOM BORING TERRITORY AND SHE'S RESUSCITATED, THEN RELEASED BACK INTO THE DATING POOL.

EMMA LEAPS UP IN BED: SHE HAS BEEN DREAMING! SHE OFTEN HAS SEX DREAMS BUT THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT. HER PARTNER WAS NOT HUMAN BUT SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN, A CREATURE WHO HAD THE SOFTEST FUR AND FEATHERS, WHOSE HUGE EYES SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND HER EVERY THOUGHT, WHOSE TWITCHING BEAK SPOKE TO HER ALL THE WORDS SHE HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED A LOVER MIGHT SPEAK, WORDS OF TRUE UNDERSTANDING, ACTUAL TRUE NICENESS, THE KIND ONLY POSSIBLE IN A WORLD BEYOND GENDER AND ART WORLD GOSSIP. SHE IMAGINES HERSELF CURLING UP AGAINST THAT ROBOTIC AND YET WARM ROUND BODY, DROWNING AGAIN IN THOSE ENORMOUS EYES. SHE KNOWS WHO THOSE EYES BELONGED TO: HER TEENAGE FRIEND, ANNE, WHO SHE HASN'T SEEN SINCE

THEY BOTH HAD QUINZE ANS, BECAUSE ANNE WAS A FURBY AND EMMA WAS AFRAID THAT IF SHE ACTUALLY WENT OUT WITH ANNE, AND SAW THIS HUMAN FURBY COUPLE IN THE FULLNESS OF THEIR TEENAGE LOVE, PEOPLE WOULD CALL HER A DYKE, OR... WORSE ! BUT NOW THINGS ARE DIFFERENT. NOW SHE LIVES IN FRANCE ! EVERYONE WHO SHE LIKES IN FRANCE IS A DYKE OR WORSE. IT'S AN EFFECT OF THE BUTTER IN THE VIENNOISERIE.

WHAT IF SHE WERE TO SEE ANNE AGAIN ???

... But she couldn't possibly, she's a human, and Anne is a furby. Would humanity ever be ready for a love so pure that it transcends flesh, robotics, the known galaxy, the right bank of Paris?

ACT SIX: Anne, Quarante ans

It's the vernissage of Anne's occupation of the important Parisian art institution. She has worked so hard to get to this point, just like Patti Smith, she had to bury so many friends and enemies just to make it to this shining plinth of success, here sipping champagne in the middle of an unfinished concrete room, full of really young people who, being human, are much taller than she is. As a furby, Anne has often felt like a literal outsider. As an artist, she has strived, hard, to make work that speaks from this outside status but can never be reduced to it. As narrators we are proud of her though, we really are, and maybe a little jealous that she is getting served free champagne right now.

Even in the midst of all the celebration, though, Anne doesn't feel happy. She thought that success would make her feel happy, loved, complete, thin, beautiful ... but here she is, a forty year old furby art star, and she is lonely.

She realizes, with a gasp, that who she really misses the most is her first love, Emma.

She throws her champagne glass down on the unfinished concrete floor and, ignoring the gasps, runs outside, and keeps running, runs, until she reaches the place de la Trocadero. There, staring at the sparkling lights of the Tour d'Eiffel, her heart fluttering wildly along with their ecstatic jeweled stutter, she delivers the following monologue:

ANNE:

The sinuousness of the plot mimics directly the twisting of my logic. Just like the book I read that described the movie. I'm drawing you an argument, but in the material that better suits me. In the color I'm hoping will appeal to you, a final political gesture, as I still miss Emma and always will. Emma would have laughed at this project. Emma was a realist. My buttered hand slipping between her jeans and her stomach. How her stomach would push against my hand. Her waist was so broad and I loved it. My hands around her hardly touched. Everything about Emma was perfect. The scale of her has never left me. Everything I do is in her shape. Especially this play.

ACT SEVEN - But have you read the ethical slut?

RIPLEY: comment tu sens dans ce nouveau moment de merde ? tu sors un peu ?

ROBOT : Je rentre à Metz demain, je dois passer au Centre Pompidou.

It's fake

ROBOT: How u holding on? Seems unfair and weirder this time. I wanna go out :/

RIPLEY: it's cool being at Bea's, I'm grateful to be with her and that we haven't fucked it up yet lol.

Yeah this confinement is weird, but i have all these attestations to go to therapy and to

work etc, so weird? like is it dangerous to go outside ? I

don't understand !!!

but METZ !!!

what are you going to do there????

Are you actually going?

And i wish they would hire u, u deserve to run all Art

ROBOT: Haha no I just have to get away from all of my idiot

children roommates

ROBOT: Also I officially have multiple partners now and figuring the shit out of polyamory is fucking hard

ROBOT Also I have a rage against French government that I need to let out in the woods

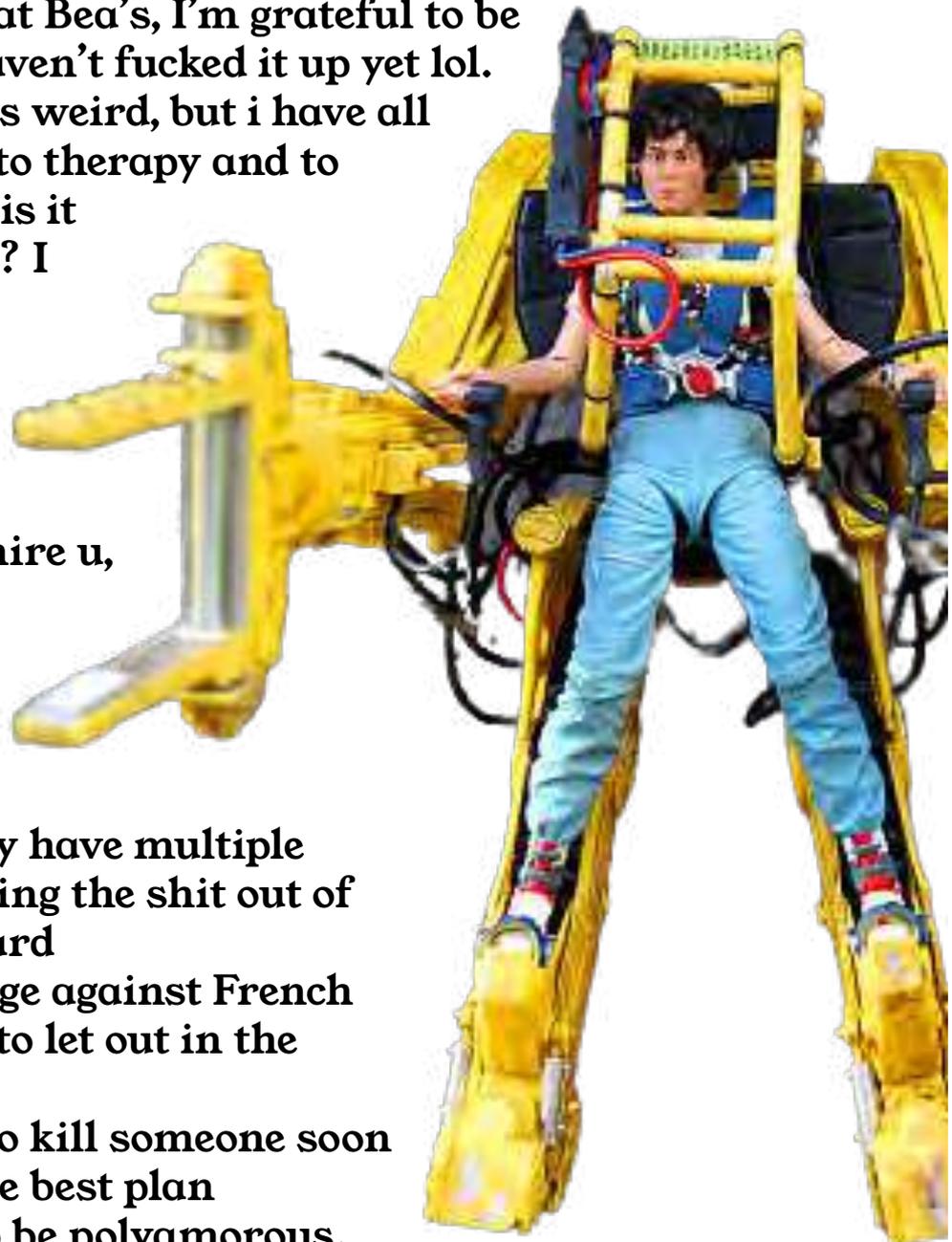
ROBOT Or I might try to kill someone soon

RIPLEY: that is such the best plan

RIPLEY: I feel too old to be polyamorous.

Like, everyone is in their 20s but now I'm like, 29, so like, practically 40.

RIPLEY: But who are you seeing now?



ROBOT: A German witch who is also polyamorous but also kind of old

ROBOT: And I keep in touch with guys on the Internet

ROBOT So fuckin draining

ROBOT: I need to set boundaries

ROBOT I think it's manageable

ROBOT But I need to set boundaries

RIPLEY: yes you will set the best boundaries

RIPLEY: have you read the ethical slut?

RIPLEY: classic but it still inspired me !

ROBOT: No tell me about it

ROBOT Pliz

RIPLEY: Pple come, pple go, I entertain myself with many unique relationships and I cherish all of them, their uniqueness and the individuality of the pple interacting w me, facing me, altering me. Following this, I could definitely be in a polyamory relation with Méla.

But she doesn't love me back. So I'll just keep on stalking them through their social media. The hardest thing to deal with is the jealousy of others, I guess. How not to hurt their feelings and make them feel unique. Like I can never be with two sexual lovers at the same time or make them feel one counts more than the other. I mean it's not a competition of course but if they start comparing themselves, and they will because of society's current norm standards, shit will fall off the sky. So, to avoid that, it's preferable to keep every lover in a spatial place of their choosing (I know some of them don't like it when I talk about other persons they can compare themselves to, they feel I lack of class, so I don't, but I'm pretty sure the witch would be in for a threesome or even a love triangle tho).

ROBOT: We're doomed bitch.

ROBOT: Also each relationship being unique, I guess I have to face my own jealousy sometimes.. See what I mean? Fact is I just need a huge amount of love and the only thing preventing me from going obsessed or obsessive and destroy a relationship is to have multiple ones, with the amount of love I require when added up. So, I don't go all Pandora on one person who sole cannot handle me.

RIPLEY (ironically): Yes I thought about it A LOT. You know what, you should make your own poly guide. That way pple who are indeed interested can, idk, watch it on youtube or something.

RIPLEY (now normal): I remember learning about Polyamory and thinking this makes so much sense then finding all these other ppl who were poly MONSTERS, but I was bisexual at the time which made it weirder – I used to go to these bi poly meet ups but it felt just like straight ppl learning that you can have relationships that are differently contractual, but still just doing all this weird relational violence. Even the gays, a guy asked me who was my principal boyfriend and who were the others then other day, I was like, wtf? but there's this book that is the poly classic called the ethical slut which is basically like self-help thru figuring out poly relations and I just really like it haha even if I never have succeeded in having enough courage – boundaries to actually be in a good non monog relationship !

ROBOT: Ok I'll look into it

RIPLEY: of course you always have to have a principle! lol

ROBOT: THANKS

RIPLEY: Béa is so funny about it, they categorically refuse. We have pets tho.

But yes, love the model with no principle, that seems like it undoes the whole concept!

ROBOT: Sometimes I just feel like there's more. I don't know where that comes from. It's like what we talked about the other day, even between exes the love remains. There is this unexplainabl feeling, like a non-visible link. And I always have room to make them feel alive inside me. Like it's never gonna end as long as the both are alive

RIPLEY: YEASH - OKAY GIRL.

ROBOT: THEY ARE ALL ALWAYS LIVING INSIDE ME

RIPLEY: Hahaha I'll test that line on Béa: “you know right that I have digested you into my Soul !”

ROBOT: DO IT

RIPLEY (sigh): ANYWAY, WE'RE DOOM, BLA-BLA-BLA. Ok night bitch.

She hangs up.

ACT EIGHT: A tale about jealousy, and cocaine.

Emma's having a mental breakdown. She's been hanging out with the wrong crew and now she's lost track of herself, and reality. Elle reprend une trace.

Monologue:

__What if a girl isn't ashamed of who she is? What if instead of giving in to the pressure of society and feel bad every time she enjoys herself, she just let go? I mean, I'm constantly on a diet, feel like I should not abuse drugs, always put others before me, and then I burst. I release everything into dancing one night out, spending petty money on consumerist shits and reload a charge for the next weeks to come. What life is that? What would Lindsay do?

She unravels from a red cover a small cabinet that she opens. Inside: battery powered candles and a picture of Lindsay Lohan.

L'enfer c'est pas pour les morts, c'est pour ceux qui restent. Alors qui y reste là ? Hein ?

It is know that gays are way more sensitive than dykes. It is a fact. It is a well known fact. It's a political fact. It's political.

[Hics and sips her wine]

Maybe being a lesbian defines a superior state of mind. A choice we make. I make. A regurgitation of the spite, turning it into a will. So you can either decide to make good use of it, and **GOOOSH THIS FEELS EMPOWERING.**

She shivers.

I heard the story of a boy who, having broken up with his last « *previous boyfriend* », fucked another boy who had also broken up with the same last « *previous boyfriend* ». Just to prove to his last previous ex that he was not gonna let anyone else, meaning everyone else, fuck him any longer. It's kinda fun how the humain brain works right ? I mean, you'd think fucking somebody means

She claps and spins wildly. A huge wind gusts up! Her body transforms. We hear coos and clicks. Her body shrinks down, down, down. Her body grows in delicious roundness, then rounder and rounder still. Emma is still there, but transformed: more than human: something else ...

She speaks:

ACT NINE : A MANIFESTO FOR THE LIVING FURBY

There was a time, not so long ago, when sexual dissidence found its expression, and the rainbow united for a sparkly amazing second under one slanted chirping word which promised eternal evasiveness and freedom outside of the lousy, lame binary. But then the institutions came, and with the institutions came the money, and with the money came the monetization, and with the monetization came the careers made on the aestheticization of dissidence, and with the aestheticization of dissidence came the institutionally supported dissident performance spaces in Montreuil, and the dissidents knew that they needed to abandon the known world, or risk being transformed into expensive slabs of unfinished concrete.

At first it was difficult for the dissidents to leave, as everyone told them they were lucky to be invited into the institutions, and luckier still because even though there was no real money, there was a symbolic exchange, and didn't the dissidents want nothing more than to be visible to the strange puffy financiers who roamed the expensive slabs of unfinished concrete? Yet they knew that the platform on which they had staked their recognition was slowly sinking, getting heavier, closed off to new arrivals, that if they stayed on the platform they would be cast in concrete, and then bronze, and that would be both expensive and terrible. It was here that a strange transformation began to take hold of those who were pure of heart, by which we mean, those who were the most deeply perverted. It began with a deep quiver, a sense of timeless ecstasy that spiraled and wiggled around. The body collapsed, fell downwards, turned small and round. Its troublesome insides were finally voided, replaced with millennial robotics. The perforable and ridiculous skin sprouted polyester fiber then feathery plastic fur, soft-looking and yet a little sticky and weird to the touch. The face smoothed and sank back, the eyes grew enormous and golf-ball like, the eyelashes sprung upwards towards the goddesses, the mouth shot out and each lip hardened and separated, coming together finally in an orange plastic beak. Inside it, the pink tongue, triangular, spoke of ways of being that vibrated crazily in celestial

wisdom. The furby spoke:

The chorus (in celestial furby chorus voice):

Oh! oh! oh!

whee whee whee!

We don't assimilate, reappropriate, we are never fashionable

We are shy

We have come to tell you live in autarchy

burn down the hetero patriarchy

cooome feeed ussssss

... and on that day, the sun will rise, glorious, two enormous animatronic eyes that will blink and freeze and blink again and with a robotic whir stare fully into the future's hopeful kiss.

The sexual dissidents will coo and squack

Their tiny useless wings will expand in unimagined flight

Their beaks will open and their plastic robotic tongues will click and purr

**We lose ourselves in a fiery galaxy of coos
purr coo purr**



Furbies don't assimilate, reappropriate, and are never fashionable. Furbies are shy. Furbies feel pain and try not to cause pain, furbies check themselves in mirrors often, until they shatter, one after the other. Furbies always position themselves. they search for clarity in all judgement, Damocles, and the fierce sentiment of vulnerability.

Furbies are trained to ask: *what are you willing to give in order to feel empowered enough to your own vulnerability? What are you willing to lose to get rid of heteronormative patriarchy?*

Furbies have studied chaos theory and they have learned about unpredictability.

Furbies listen to what others have to say. They give their time freely, happily. They don't hold back take crack or steal crap. They don't deliver free advice, they keep their judgments to themselves. They are true.

They say: Mirroring your life isn't necessarily bad. But being miserable doesn't define a personality. It only makes you conspicuous and self-conscious. We're not sure that the misfits, the left-outs, the sick have disappeared. I think they shyly moved or were pushed a little further to the back.

They say:

We might have poils and plumes but if anything, we are slimy snails. Moisturizing the earth with our healing slime so that everything gets coated in a weird substance. Our slime heals. I spit: slime. I am crazy, I am creepy, I am a cunt.

Sometimes it's easier to pretend that someone else is a bad person so we don't have to face our mistakes. Live your truth.

*The hardest thing in this world, is to live in it. -- Buffy Summers.
Be brave. Live.*



Crazy Creepy Cunts 2021