

“Miss Chaos” – excerpt
Despina Kalaitzidou

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ANNA

ANNA says the following in different ways, trying to find the appropriate tone.

I have something to tell you.

There's something I need to tell you.

I must tell you something.

Here is the file with the -

It's probably nothing.

I wanted you to be present when I -

I don't want to be alone.

I have the file that has the -

It's actually funny. It might be the end of me.

No, not kidding.

See, I went to the doctor the other day.

The other day I was at the doctor.

Some days ago. A week. I can't remember.

I simply can't. Is that OK?

Pause

I don't remember.

Pause

Is memory redundant?

Which part of memory is a dream?

And how many things happened, but never were?

How long does the memory of a love last?

and how much does it invade your organs

and mutates them? Alters them.

How much memory can a fantasy create

and how can this fantasy become the truth?

I'll get tangled around your feet while you're asleep.

I'll get tangled so deeply that you won't be able to tell

who's who.
You'll wake up and think you're double the size.
Suddenly your body will become huge.
I will merge with you
and we will be enormous, terrific.
we will walk down the street
and scare people with our love
they will look at us like we're a monster.
They will come after us.
they will come after us, I tell you
they will not let us be as one.
Not one. Half.
Not half. Zero. No.
Absence. Fuck. Silence!

VOICE

Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened.
Smiling is the key element of your charm.
If you can make a girl laugh, you can make her do anything.
Smile. It is contagious.
Everything is funny, as long as it happens to someone else.
Smile. It makes other people worry.
Nothing is more out of place and time than an out of place and time
laughter.
Sometimes you just have to look back in the past and smile about
how far you've gone.
When you meet a man so weary that he cannot give you a smile, give
him yours.
An onion can make people cry, but there has never been a vegetable
invented to make them laugh
Smile, damn it, why is it so hard?

ANNA

Smile
Laugh. La-la-la-la
fa-fa-fa, ra-ra-ra, roar
Grrrrunt. Dog with a collar.

Colllllaaaaaarr. Mating.
To mate. I have a match.
We match. Tinder. Date.
Drink. Fuck. I said, behave.
Single. In a relationship. Wait. Just sex. Sex.
Oral, missionary, STDs, LSDs, LCDs,
I can see you on the TVs
Say hi to me. Interactive. Open your cam.
Take off your clothes. Triple X.
Fix. I need my fix. Addiction. Malediction.
May you rot in hell. May the best man win.
I'm popular. He liked my post.
Populism. Patriotism. Patriotic.
Antibiotic. I'm on antibiotics.
Side effects. Confusion. Disorientation.
Looking for a character. A persona.
Who's doing the talking? The yelling?
A voice rises, a finger points.
I command. You command.
I confess. You confess.
Shut up. Clean up.
Anxiety. Hyperactivity.
Abnormal dreams.
Side effects. On memory. The ability to remember.
What? The ability to remember the truth.
Abnormal memory. Of what will be in the past.
Of what was in the distant future,
days after I was born.

I, once, remember, was a song. A lullaby.
I flew from swing to swing
And whispered to the ears of babies the most peaceful music.
With the most tender words.
Those who take the pain away and stop the worry.
Then, I went to the bed of the woman who cried.
I curled up next to her and eased her tears
stroking her lobes

And she remembered she once was a song,
a hymn to liberty.
And she flew from country to country
and whispered to the ears of people
a tune they hadn't heard since they were children,
one that appeases sadness and gives strength and urge.
Then I went to the open seas and spread
like a sound wave travelling with a strange ally
embracing the whole aquatic world
transmitting to people
to the sea inside them, their cells,
offering them comfort and warmth.
Warmth. War-mth. No. Not warmth. War.
Rage. War. Devastation. Decimation.
Annihilation. Nobody left. Nobody!
Absence. Fuck. Silence.

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