



A performance immersion

Inspired by the words and life of Jamie Dakis

Conceived, Written & Directed by Thomas Riccio

Produced by The Story Lab at the
University of Texas at Dallas
& South Side on Lamar, Dallas

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Playwright/Director's Note

I met Jamie Dakis several years ago while teaching at the University of Alaska Fairbanks. She was a student of mine, and after the first day of our theatre class she came to my office with a letter declaring she had a disability. When I asked, she told me she was diagnosed with Dissociative Identity Disorder, more commonly known as Multiple Personality Disorder. I replied, 'Welcome to the theatre, you are all going to fit right in.' Little did I know our meeting would lead to this unique process, as much a personally transformative experience as a performance event. In Fairbanks, Jamie and I became fast friends, her humor, courage, and gentle spirit opened me to a world and emotions I never knew existed. I became a part of Jamie's therapy related 'family circle', a group of friends who knew and accepted her, and whom she could call on. People with mental illness are often misunderstood and face a cruel and intolerant world, which only exacerbates their feeling of isolation and suffering. When Jamie, who had for years been prescribed psychotropic drugs as "therapy", decided to heal herself without drugs, times were rocky. Emotions were extreme, and she often called me early in the morning afraid and in tears. I asked Jamie (who is actually a personality created to organize her other personalities), to write without editing, little did I know it would be a part of her healing process. Jamie wrote, and so did her personalities, James, Rita, Patty, Patricia, Magick, Cleopatra, Chica, and Misty. They wrote daily e-mails to me, and their writings became the topic of our discussions. I saved each e-mail, cutting and pasting for nearly a year. And I had forgotten about the document, until I found it years later, three hundred pages long, on my computer desktop. I read it beginning to end in an afternoon, and knew something had to be done with it. A traditional-style theatre presentation would not adequately portray Jamie's life, condition, and consciousness. Jamie's life, like others with her condition and other mental illnesses, are not linear, not cause and effect, not nice and neat, they are instead full of fragments, loops, and voices wrought by trauma, insecurities, fear, and hurt. *There is Never a Reference Point* is an apt title. There is no one way through this performance event; it is a process, like life, incomplete, provisional, and fragile. This performance, like its subject matter, is an exploration into unknown terrain. Jamie had the courage to live, survive, and write the words that shaped this work. The performers and artists involved had the courage to give of themselves and explore the depths of Jamie's, and in many ways, our own collective and communal consciousness. You, the reader and spectator, are now a part of the unfolding process.

Thomas Riccio

There is Never a Reference Point is performance immersion inspired by the many conversations, words and life of Jamie Dakis, a woman diagnosed with Dissociative Identity Disorder, commonly known as multiple personality disorder. The event takes the form of an immersive, interactive “walk-through” presentation where spectators explore and experience each of Jamie’s ten personalities. Using live and media performance Jamie’s personalities present themselves, interacting, sharing histories, artifacts, visions, and inspirations, to portray the complexity of her overlapping and multiple realities. Each spectator must put together their own understanding of a Jamie’s world, and in turn, their own. Each personality inhabits an environment specific to them. Multiple and simultaneous audio and video augment and illuminate the emotional looping that characterizes the disorder. For the Dallas production, the real Jamie Dakis participated and interacted with the performance and its spectators.

The Personalities

Jamie

Female, 20 to 40 years old. The host personality. A productive member of society, pulling all the others alongside of herself, realizing through everyone together as a whole her capable, worthwhile, and beautiful nature as an Artist.

Cleopatra

Female, ageless. Just as the historical figure would be, and is a power to be contained. She is the reassuring and wise archetype.

James

Male. Late 20s to 40s. A gangster; always lurking and drinking like a cowboy ready to rope the fillies wielding money. Is dramatic, powerful, and the protector with patriarchal tendencies.

Rita

Female, 20 to 30 years old. The rational student. She looks like any librarian, perfectionist; always thinking and turning the pages of time, ever ready to give suggestions based on her knowledge. She can sometimes be a bit of a boorish melancholy pessimist.

Patty

Female, teens to early twenties. A 60's teenager, flower child, pothead dooper and conflicted teenager. She is wild, yet fearful. Speaks some

Spanish.

Marta

Female, 20 to 50 years old. The angry, judgmental mother. A fat, plump registered nurse; psychotic and frigid. A Catholic Virginal Martyr, sad eyed and raging lunatic at times.

Patricia

Female, teens. Is a infantile child, with the looks of innocence and curiosity. She is frightened much of the time, yet at times is such a fool as to show her wisdom through.

Misty

Female, teens to 26 years old. Misty is the young stripper. She is a depressed, anorexic, sad, suicidal, pathetic worm of a woman, hiding in the shadows.

Magick

Female, 20 to 40 years old. The fun loving sex goddess and the sexual power of life. An enigma; a wild stripper with the mind of a Goddess; a Mae West attitude; and a Biker bitch type with healing powers, and the seductiveness of Venus.

Bobby

Male, 18 to 30 years old. Born in Athens, Greece, and came to the US when he was young. His father's name is Pete. Rita says he's been hurt. Bobby has a lot of anger, and thinks he has to beat everyone up.

Chica

Female, 15 to 30 years old. She is an innocent dancer and artist. Is a short cartoon character with big brown eyes, blonde hair, and wears a cheerleader's bright neon orange and white Outfit, with go go plastic boots like Nancy Sinatra.

The Men

Papi

A father figure that sits and plays poker. He gets drunk and passes out. At times others think he's dead.

Shadow Men

Three men, 18-40 years old. Playing a variety of roles including the therapist, abusers, friend, lovers, customers, and poker players.

Phase One

Spectators enter screening area just outside the performance area. They sit or stand to view video of Jamie. She is silent, but her face is alive with an internal dialog. After a few minutes she begins to speak...

Jamie

(On screen)

Jamie: OK! This is it, the walls are cracking open and there are people staring in at us.

This is all out war! Everyone will have to line up and take turns! The ones with the best stories line up first. Don't yell; don't scream, or get in arguments. There is no time for breaks, for pop, or cigarettes, or anything. We must get this show on the road.

Now, listen to me, all of you. Each and everyone one of you: it is important, no matter how little you are, or how big. No matter how strong, or how weak. It doesn't matter anymore! It is time for unconditional love for ourselves! And like Tom said, "Don't be so hard on yourself."

OK, we all get to say who came first, if it really matters. I am the leader though, and I want to get it all out and straight up front. Okay. Jamie is at the center. Rita, Magick, Misty. Marta, you too. The others are there too.

I am Jamie, and I am trying as hard as I can to remain in control. Do you think I would ever let anything happen to all of you?! We are in this together, until the end.

Oh well, let me try to explain some things to you.

Jamie's frame gets smaller, and the other alters faces begin to appear around hers a la the "Brady Bunch" opening credits.

This little girl named Patricia, (*Patricia appears on screen*) who when trying to get attention became Rita (*Rita appears on screen*), and while learning to do those two things; survive and exist, become and be accepted, was generally called Patty (*Patty appears on screen*). Now Patty knew about Rita and Patricia, but Rita didn't know about Patty

and Patricia. But later, when Rita was more knowledgeable, Rita found Cleopatra (*a pause as Cleopatra appears on screen*).

Cleopatra came from a fantasy. Cleopatra didn't want to be the only one discovered, so she told everybody about Marta (*Marta appears on screen*), and James (*James appears on screen*), and Bobby (*Bobby appears on screen*), and Misty (*Misty appears on screen*), and all the rest (*Chica appears on screen*).

Right now this is hard to continue because I am Jamie, the host of all these little shits. Right now they have me pretty pissed off. I don't want to have to take drugs in order to handle them, although it has been suggested on occasion. I can look at all the personalities, and I know when they all came about. Come on, I'll show you around.

Jamie appears from behind the screen.

Jamie

Com'on, I'll show you around.

Jamie appears right of video screen inviting spectators. Bobby joins her. Suddenly, Marta comes from other side of screen, trying to lure spectators to enter through her area. Jamie stops her. Bobby shakes the hands of the spectators as they enter the stage.

The other alters are at their environments speaking LOW and in action.

Once all spectators are in the performance environment, Jamie climbs on top of her box and addresses the audience.

Jamie

Stand where you want or sit. Make yourself comfortable; you are inside me now. This is what it is like to be me and I'd like to share this with you.

Rita

(Interrupting)

Please sit down and make yourself comfortable. I shall beg your leave and thank you for your gracious ear.

Jamie

I've been going through some trying times with Rita at the helm. Currently, Rita has done so much research on so much that I seem to be overwhelmed

to let her speak.

Staggered with endings overlapping...

Cleopatra: Rita was always seeking the knowledge equal to the ancient me, who was intelligent enough to win the love of Julius Caesar.

Marta: Will you look at that! Stupid Rita, researching again, looking through the books, blabbing away like she knows what she's talking about. Wasting time all the time, when she should be getting a man. Rita, get a life!

Misty: Rita is really happy. She is so cool. She studies a lot, and thinks weird things that are.

Magick: Rita, the proper 50 cent word nerd.

Patty: I really admire the way you study a lot to make us better.

Rita

I deserve the right to speak first!

There is a lot of pain, guilt, self hate here. I know that, you're beginning to see that now aren't you? Look at these others; they are like mini silent films that play bits and pieces of themselves interrupted only by reality, humor, horror, loving, and a little understanding. It's all puzzle pieces that repeat themselves.

Jamie tries to interrupt.

But this is not something you can tell just anybody. Not something anyone can easy understand.

Jamie

Rita, do not, I repeat, do not interrupt anymore.

Rita's research believed we are all born with the innocence of princes and princesses but, soon learn to become frogs that need to be kissed.

Staggered and overlapping...

Patty: I'm a princess you see.

Cleopatra: Though I inherited the thrown while only a girl, I am a powerful ruler who dreamed of a world empire.

Marta: Fucking Princes and Princesses are whores.

Jamie

(Overlapping)

Like an itch, an interruption to leisure of creative thought, the paintbrush of my mind ceases to color, and instead Rita types in the air, and the sentences Rita creates surround me.

Rita

Evil is matter that never reached the Grace of God. Paradise Lost caused me to imagine such sights as Satan crouching up from a Lake of Fire. Sometimes I worry that I, we, will never be touched by the grace of God.

Magick

God is just another guy with a dick. He doesn't give two fucks about me, you, or any of us.

Jamie

Rita, we get out and share each other with the world because you went to school and learned to live away from hurts. Thank you.

Staggered and overlapping...

Cleopatra: Rita was taught by my ancient ones the hidden knowledge of the Kabala, the Egyptian book of the dead, and the Sanskrit of old.

Misty: I would love to be organized and a somewhat domesticated individual, but I never failed to scamper and hide as if from a beating. Why is that?

Rita: I am afraid thought of Basic Christian Fundamentalists and their negative attention. Lost confessions are memories too.

Bobby (to Rita): Stop it Rita! Look you are boring everyone! Look- no one is listening! Shut up!

Jamie

(Yelling from atop her box)

Right now, however, I feel like there is a war is about to begin.

Marta

(Interrupting)

I'm gonna beat the Holy Mother Fucking Shit out of all of the rest of you because of what you did. Look what became of you. Look at who you all are. You're all whores! Whore (*to Misty*), Whore (*to Magick*), You were born a whore! (*To Patty*), Book Whore, (*to Rita*), Whore (*to Cleo*).

Marta speaks her lines as she circles around and refers to all the alters.

And I know what you're thinking now. You're looking desperately for a reason, any reason, to be here at all. A reason not to kill yourself.

Jamie

Marta, deep down inside we know you're tender hearted. We know you nurture. But, we feel your hatred too and right now that's not for us.

Cleopatra

The evil one Marta...

Select alters imitate "The Evil One Marta"

... Who is the mirror image of me in the opposite, dies in the mystery of darkness, which comes my light.

Jamie

I could really slap Marta's face right about now. Right about now when I am hanging on by a thread for whatever reason I am to stay here on this earth.

Marta

Where are you going?!

Select alters imitate "Where are you going?"

Marta repeats the line several times and then goes to Patricia's space.

You can't hide from me! No use in hiding, I'm going to find you and beat you! I'm going to beat you Patricia! I warned you about throwing your clothes everywhere! You little brat, if you don't come out I'm going to punish you! Come out! I'm waiting for you! I'm not going anywhere until you come here! I'm just waiting to take the belt to you! Come here so I can slap you!

Jamie

(Going to James' space-screaming)

James!!!

James is drunk and passed out.

God if he ever hears this he will take it all wrong. He is the one I love and don't mind giving my love to.

Look at him. James is an addict, a duplicated version of my Papi.

Jamie goes to Papi who is drunk and passed out.

My Papi killed himself though with alcohol. I suppose that is one of the strongest things a person can do.

James awakes; Jamie and Bobby go to him.

Bobby

Hey Milaca! Wake up, look around!

James and Jamie's lines overlap.

James

What the FUCK is going on here! What in the hell are all these people doing here! What the fuck is this!

Jamie

James! James! James, you just stay out of this. Shut up James, I get to talk now. Look at Patty now!

James

Start fuckin' talking then! Get over there!

Jamie goes to Patty who is in action. A Shadow man-abuser is present in Patty's environment.

Patty

Don't tell anyone! He hurt Patty and made her promise never to tell anyone!

Jamie

Marta beat the Holy Mother Fucking Shit out of all of us because you, YOU did it, Patty, you caused the trouble and we were just tired and trying to sleep.

Patty

This old lady took her long ass fingernails and sliced right down straight on

my left forearm on the inside. I still have the scar. That loony broad yelled, "This is the right way to do it! You don't cut sideways you stupid cunt."

Jamie

Stop it Patty, quit the dramatics! Papi's not listening!

Shadow Man

(While fondling Patty)

Shhhh... Don't tell anyone, all right Patty. It's all right... shhhh...

Jamie

I ran away because my brother was taking turns with my Uncle.

All alters recite the line, each in their own way.

To this day, I still cringe if I see someone that looks like him...

James

Well, Holy Shit!

Jamie

Holy shit, that's it. I can handle this...

Select alters recite the line, each in their own way.

I can handle this, I know I can!

Jamie fights the shadow man off of Patty.

I am the persons that became of this little girl who endured much hardship in another country. Those hardships are recurring daily now for me as memories instilled in my mind via different personalities.

The problem to begin with was that my parents created a dysfunctional little family. Now this is my dysfunctional family.

All Alters cheer. Jamie disappears into Patricia's environment.

Rita

Yes Jamie, you are right. However, I believe that the taint came from a mother, who had bad thoughts, in a bad mind from the fights, and her origin of Catholicism, that allows a little two and a half year old get rapped, whenever!

This is Chaos before duplication, duplication is how cells survive.

Jamie returns from Patricia's environment as Patricia.

Jamie

Patricia! She's acting out, throwing clothes everywhere and being the little brat. Want to know why? Because Marta has been punishing her again.

Marta exits Patricia's environment, surprising Jamie from behind. Jamie runs up stairs to Patty.

Marta

God Damn her, always the fucking victim, she cried today because nobody paid attention to her. All her life has been spent crying and complaining. She's tried to take us down so many times. I say watch out for that one.

Jamie

I know Marta still tries to fill up your mouth until you puke oatmeal all over the bowl filled with acid tastes. Throwing up all over the bowl *Patty imitates* and being forced to eat it or else get the knife slapped across the face or a pillow stuffed in your face.

Jamie Dakis enters. All alters stand.

Everybody, this is the real Jamie Dakis. I'm just playing her. We're just helping her step outside of herself to get some perspective. But a funny thing happened while we were preparing this presentation. All of us, especially the women, realized something. Her story is our story. Different in the facts, but not the feelings.

Chica bursts into the stage from her area.

Chica

My cartoon body is screaming with happiness!

Jamie

Chica is a big help because for some reason she represents the cartoon in me. A cartoon caricature making fun of the society of women I never felt a part of.

That doesn't mean Chica's not important because she's a cartoon. We all know you paint good, Chica.

*Magick is performing a ritual in her environment.
Jamie, Rita, and Chica help lure spectators to Magick's space.*

Magick

I am Magick, and I am going to do some magic. I can see auras and tell fortunes. I can see your aura now. Now you come inside my circle of power, I'm only going to offer this once. Well I can't say that. You might need it more than that. I am Magick, and I am going to do some magic. I got Ka. I'll just wave my wand, Cleo left it behind for me to use.

Jamie

She is Magick and he knows that. Rita taught Magick about power and that's how she subdues the men she has always feared and hated.

Rita

(Showing Karma Sutra book to spectators.)

What I've read is that nature lives inside the blood.

Jamie

Magick is sexy and I am not.

Other alters disagree.

I believe in moderation whereas she believes in excess, excess in everything because she is Magick.

Magick

(Fondling several shadow men)

I am Magick, Men know that. Men feel my Magick. I am sexy all the time. I am excess, excess in everything. I am Magick. More, never satisfied no matter what, more.

Jamie

(Going to Magick)

Why is it so damn difficult to get along with men?

I love this man that called me Magick today, but when I heard him call out her name instead of mine, Jamie, I just became unhinged. To love her is to love a fantasy. But I still got a little jealous.

Magick

Throughout the entire world people have sought me ritualistically chasing pleasure and happiness. That's what brought you to me, because the opposite of me is death and misery.

Bobby gives Magick a cigarette.

Marta

Oh God, every when she sticks a cigarette in her mouth it looks like a dick!

Jamie

When she sticks a cigarette in her mouth it's like a dick.

Magick

(Going to Chica)

At night, I fly to the heavens and stars in search of butterflies to tickle Chica's nose. I got KA!

Jamie

Chica and her hang out together and sometimes they can wage major war. I am trying to get us back to the things that let us become healthy.

All Alters comment about getting healthy.

We must get some order in this chaos! One of those healthy things is not being used by another person. Or letting them cross our boundaries. But, where do I draw the line?

Magick

(To the audience)

Jamie has been trying to get us back to the things that make us healthy. One of those things is not being used by other people. Can't let them cross our boundaries. Magick must draw the line.

Two Shadow Men pet and adore Jamie.

Jamie

It cannot and will not go on like this. You are ruining everything we are working for. You cannot just enjoy yourself in pleasures of mystical sensuality and fantasy lovers. Do you see what I have to deal with?

Cleopatra

We are made from the demons God loved more than the world. They are my children that I love unconditionally as much as they all love me.

Jamie, Rita, and Chica all move to Cleo's space.

Jamie

If they only knew how old Cleopatra is. Now there is a powerful woman.

Select alters echo "She is a powerful woman."

I can call up and is always there. After all she is the one who knows most about death, love at one time, almost ruled the world had she not fallen.

Cleopatra

After the death of Caesar my husband I became the full the ruler of Egypt and later I became the wife of Marc Anthony. But my enemies eventually captured me, after the death of Marc Anthony, and I committed suicide rather than be their prisoner. I am prisoner to no one. I am prisoner to no man.

Select alters echo: "I am a prisoner of no man."

Misty

(Jamie moves to Misty's space)

My name was Misty at the Silver Slipper Club in Houston. I had just left a guy in California who had said we were getting married in the spring. I thought I was in love with him. Really though, I just had this deep addiction to his dick.

Jamie

I've known topless dancers my entire adult life. When I was 17 I got my first job in New York, The Palomino Club.

Magick

(On top of Jamie's box)

I was the best topless dancer; I worked all over the country!

Bobby

(To Misty)

You're going to marry me and give me a Greek baby!

Misty

I thought Bobby cared, but then he beat me up.

Jamie

"Oh my God" I don't even remember what she called her self then. I think it was "Star." It was after hitchhiking to LA that Misty was really born. Ever see that movie, "Play Misty for Me?"

All Alters begin their loops. There is general turmoil; a cross fire of alter dialog. Jamie moves around the space and observes the chaos. Marta goes over to Patty's section and drags her to the kitchen to force her to clean.

Marta

Where did I do wrong with you. Heaven knows I tried and tried but look the way you turned out. A fucking whore. And, well I guess that is that.

Shadow Man (Joey) comes over and helps Patty to sneak away from Marta's kitchen, while grabbing some of her pills in the meantime. Marta chases after her.

Marta

Patty!? Where are you going with my pills! She stole my pills, that little brat! Come back here Patty!

Patty finds a place to hide.

Bobby drags Misty behind the stage and starts beating her.

Bobby

You will not shame Bobby in his club! Get up! Dance!

Misty screams.

Jamie

(To spectators)

They seem to enjoy turmoil, sadness, vanity, abuse, and a lack of love for themselves or others.

You look concerned, don't worry, if I know you are there with me understanding that my current state is painful, somehow makes things better.

(Screaming)

There will be no more riddles from now on!

Jamie climbs into her box and slams the door!

Phase 2

The rest of the alters begin their loops and interact with each other.

Magick

It is better if I tell it from this point on because I have the brain the lungs the psyche the spirituality that pulled us through.

Jamie, however, although she is the savior we understand and have grown to love and learn from. Has a big fucking mouth!

She has repeatedly talked excessively in the name of humanity, thinking that if she told everybody about us, they would understand. You don't

understand do you? You're totally confused. You had no idea you were in the head of a woman with dissociative personality disorder, did you?

Rita

(Overlapping)

No, it isn't her it is me! I am the one who knows the legalities, the way in and out of the system.

Jamie Dakis

(To Papi)

Papi wake up! I got an education!

(To the spectators)

Come to Patricia's Room, Come to Patricia's Room! Follow the yellow brick road and come to Patricia's room.

Jamie Dakis takes the spectators to Patricia's room leaving the alters in the main playing area. The Alters continue, choosing loops and interacting as they see fit.

Jamie Dakis

(Inside Patricia's room)

Welcome to Patricia's Room. My name is Patricia; I am also Jamie Dakis, who survived through this all. I am a 50-year old artist whose rendition is right here on the wall as a painting of being raped at two and a half year's old. You see, when a infant goes through this kind of trauma, there are three ways to go: one, you die instantly from the shock; two, you go completely insane and cross that line to the other side and never come back; or three, there is a power greater than I or any of us, that is within, and that power says NO MORE! Here is my handprint that is a testament to you all, that the same power is within each and every one of you. No more separating the mind from the body without a reference to the soul. There are a lot of little Patricia's or little Patrick's out there in the world, and if you take anything away with you today, take this power as I touch you with the healing through the Arts of this play There Is Never A Reference Point. Next time you see someone who is different, think of them and know that they too have been through this kind of survival. There are little ones everywhere who see Magick in the sky, Angels, Entities that save them from harm, and these are what fills their minds to make them different. It is a Power that the whole world needs to heal. Up on the screen, there *(pointing to the leather pouch)* is the ashes of my sweet daughter, who did not make it. For fear of what others thought, she committed suicide in

2003. But she speaks through me now, her power is within me now as a voice for all the others who did not or will not make it through as I did here on earth; saying to you, no more labels, stigma, prejudice, just love and healing no matter who or where or when just take this same energy and power with you when you leave and give it to the rest of the world. I thank each and everyone of you for visiting Patricia's room. Now on with the show!

The Shadowmen as Therapists move through the space questioning the alters and the spectators with questions regarding mental health.

Enter loops into act 2 as reference. Possible conflicts for alter interactions with each other as they see fit—if a spectators chose not to join Jamie in Patricia's room, the alters would interact with them as well.

***** See addendum for the loop menu for each of the alters.**

After the spectators leave Patricia's room they are free to visit and interact with each of the alters and explore each of the alter environments. This interaction continues for five to ten minutes during which time Jamie exits her box and stand on top of it observing, deciding when to begin the central action again.

Phase 3

Shadow Men as Therapists surround Jamie and start asking her questions. Rita tries to get them away from Jamie.

Jamie

This multiple thing is getting out of hand. Sometimes I think the whole world is multiple. Everyone's fuckin' nuts they just won't admit it. I'm sorry, am I behaving rather schizoid? Sometimes I want to spit fire at cruel life.

(To Rita who is trying to comfort her) I want to put out the fires with the tears inside me. I am so tired now. I guess I had my fun. *(To the therapists)* We've committed suicide so many times its old hat now!

Suicide. Patty, Misty, and Cleo are all up on Misty's stage and repeat their lines over and over again. Jamie and all other alters slowly begin to move toward the stage and say their

lines erratically as they surround it.

The voices of Patty, Misty, and Cleopatra overlap and repeat/loop until the climax of the scene. The voices of the other alters and Jamie find openings and overlap as the moment builds in emotional intensity—it resembles a dirge and/or Greek chorus.

Patty

(Looping)

I want to slash open my veins, and let the blood run fire down the walls of city hall. Show them all! Suicide, I want to just drive off a cliff where no one would find me for a long time. They would find this stinky, putrefied body of me, and say, “A long time ago, there was a little girl and her name was Patricia.” Patricia and me have committed suicide some many times it’s old hat now.

Jamie

We don’t want to die anymore!

Misty

(Looping)

I took the bad and as the song "Ho Long Has This Been Going On" played, I started to get high. High! Wait, wait, the bag, come back, remember the bag and the song ... OKAY, I'll tell the whole thing another time I ended up in the hospital after drinking Clorox, trying to kill myself. I was not going to be a star after all. Papi thought I was beautiful and he never touched me wrong so I knew he meant what he said. He said I was beautiful. My mom was heavy and so was my sister. I always hated the way they hated me for it and thought of me as a slut.

Jamie

It's OK to live!

Cleopatra

(Looping)

The potion was mine of course, as I did also use the elixir of asps within my veins to diminish the pain.

Jamie

Suicide! Clorox! I want to slash open my veins!

Rita & Jamie Dakis

To be, or not to be--that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep--
No more--and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep--
To sleep--perchance to dream!

James

Come on! Come on! Magick! Get your ass over here!

Marta

We don't want to die anymore!

Magick

(Over the others)

It is time for Magick! I have life giving powers. I even prolonged the life of that bitch Marta. The reason I call her bitch is because I can, because I'm Magick.

All Alters begin to speak lines at Marta. Their lines accuse her. They surround and taunt her, their fingers jabbing, shoving and pushing her. Marta is oblivious to their taunts and looks almost beatific, as if the hand of god had touched her.

Cleo

The evil one Marta!

Jamie

Bitch! Once a bitch always a bitch!

Rita

You let a little a little two and a half year old get rapped whenever!

Patty

She was a mother, she was my mother!

All Alters

Bitch, bitch...

Marta

(Talking to singing)

My Patricia sings! My Patricia, she sings. She sings.

Marta then begins to sing "My Patricia Sings!" and in time her

words transform into sounds that expel Marta's deep pain, fear, and regret. Her voice searches the heavens for an answer and forgiveness. The other alters circle around her tightly.

Marta leads all of the alters who create a unified voice of emotion. The singing comes to a cathartic climax and there is a moment of silence.

Patty

Patty sings.

Magick

Magick sings.

Jamie

Jamie sings.

Rita

Rita sings.

Marta is exhausted and dazed by the feelings she has felt and Magick leads her back to her kitchen. All alters slowly return to their own environments.

Jamie

(Going to Magick's space)

I have certain desires under control but the other things are not; like running around with big fantasy men of all types that represent what each of us wants.

The Shadow Men tries to romance Jamie.

But it always winds up the same. Alone, feeling like the spilled wine on the rug, the stained sheets on the hotel bed.

Patty

Like old mail, unopened and unanswered.

Jamie

Men always want to run my life and that gets in the way of all of us who want freedom.

Several select alters imitate 'freedom'

Jamie

(With/ Magick on top of her box)

It is time to trace the origin of our downfall! The generation chains that hold us, held us back this long have come undone and that's why the walls are breaking up.

Magick

The walls are breaking up baby!

Jamie

It isn't war! (*Repeat*)

Rita

This is NOT a war! (*Repeat*)

Jamie

Girls and boys, men and women, he, she, its, whatever you are where ever you all are, come out and let yourselves shine *all alters imitate 'shine'* if you want to be counted, If not well then let yourself fade into someone else. Help the others have the strength. If you don't think you can make it, ask for help.

Rita

The cells are at their highest chaotic period prior to duplicating. That is part of creation. That's how it works with nature. That's what's going on here.

Jamie

Well, profound is all I can say. Rita is overstaying her visit.

Marta

Stupid Rita researching again, looking through the books, blabbing away like she knows what she's talking about! Wasting time, all the time when she should be getting a man! Rita! Get a life!

Jamie

She is dead. She is the one who suffocated Patricia. Those days consist of sugar water bottles, alcohol sips and a lot of sexual abuse.

Select alters imitate and echo: 'Sexual abuse'

Marta

The world does not revolve around you Miss Smarty! You think all these people are your friends because they came to see all us on display like this. These people are not your friends. These people came here to see a freak show!

All Alters

(Variously)

I am not a freak!

Marta

The only friends you have are the ones that want to use you or men that wanna fuck you, or the ones you buy when you get a little money! When you run out of money the price of their friendship got higher, didn't it?

James listens to Marta, drinkin a beer and losing his patience with her. When he has had enough he confronts and screams at Marta, pushing her back into her kitchen.

James

MARTA! Shut the FUCK up! Get back into that kitchen or I am going to shove this bottle so far up into your ass.

Patty is frantic, reliving a loop vividly. Walking up and down her stairs in a panic attack. Two Shadow Men approach her and finally lay hold of her, fondling and groping her.

Patty

(With Shadow Men)

I don't want to go up the stairs, I don't want to go down the stairs, and I just want to be where I am. He said he would kill me if I ever said anything to anybody. He was chocking me and it hurt real bad. My uncle molested me for years, I was only eight. Patty never got over it. I don't want to go up the stairs, I don't want to go down the stairs, I just want to be where I am.

Cleopatra walks to Patty's environment and takes her place; the Shadow Men fondle and ogle her.

Cleopatra

(Walking to Patty)

I would find myself many times wandering my house, with my feet bare of my royal sandals, feeling the carpets as they quietly led me to Patty's room, (she arrives at Patty's environment and takes Patty's place) ...where I endured the rapes and the shame for her to be allowed to live past the age of awakenings.

Jamie takes Patty into her arms. Shadow men push Cleopatra to the ground and begin to rape her.

Chica runs out from space and starts to play.

Chica

Chica wants to play!

Jamie

I am jaded with the world. I want Peace. I want to be Chica.

Chica and Jamie run around the space and play.

I want to paint and write, and to have a room of mine own!

Rita

(Interrupts their playing)

We cannot fly solo dear. It would be very nice if we could but unfortunately the life we lead is different from that of a soloist flyer. We must keep up with what everybody wants both on the inside and the outside.

Jamie

Is Rita finally getting her pathetic little dream, even though we know no one really gives a flying fuck?

Rita runs back to space, and Jamie chases after her to apologize.

James

(Interrupting)

Eve caused the first Sin of God and Jamie bleeds for it! I have just as much right to talk here as anybody. And I have not been screwing anything up that you “accomplished” you don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about, again!

Jamie

Shut up James! Magick make James go away. You let him play today, now make him go away! Magick!

Magick

James! Get the fuck out of here asshole. Fuck you!

James

Fuck you!

Magick

You wanna fuck me James, is that it?

Magick and James enjoy their moment of intensity and begin to laugh and walk away arm in arm.

Jamie

Make him go away, I can't deal anymore...

Jamie and Marta walk around the stage together.

Marta

Repeat after me: The world does not revolve around you.

Select alters imitate: "The world does not revolve around you."

These people are not your friends. The only friends you have are the ones that want to use you or men that wanna fuck you, or the ones you buy when you get a little money! When you run out of money the price of their friendship got higher, didn't it?

Jamie

This morning I was in a rage deep within to kill Marta. Even though she is already dead...the anger the hurt the pain is still there years after her death...I guess once a bitch always a bitch.

Patty

Marta acted like she was in pain, the mother, my mother!

Jamie

(At Papi's table)

Well, back to Patricia, me, this little girl who knew nothing of love. She knew the smell of whiskey on her father's breath and the bite of pain from the mother's hand.

Marta

You are going to be a whore!

Jamie

I heard from the womb of that woman, my mother; that I, Patricia, was going to be a little whore.

My mother went to a psychic who told her about the fetus in her womb.

That was what the baby in her tummy heard. And from then on knew that baby, was doomed to live a life of shame.

The mother didn't want any part of having created an evil. She was good Catholic and those things were just not done.

Later the sexual appetites of my uncles were satisfied in one-way or another on a nightly, sometimes weekly, basis.

All alters imitate and echo her.

Patty

(At Papi's table on lap of Shadow Man)

Papi, you loved me and that was enough for me. You are probably the only man that loved me unconditionally without expectations of what I should or not be. Oh my God, what I'd give to be high!

Rita

(Running over to Jamie)

We've got to stop now! Other things are shaking up our world!

Rita repeats her line wishing it into reality.

Jamie

(Pushing Rita off of her)

Rita, don't interrupt. Get the hell out of here. It is getting too late to do anything about all that is going to happen in the future!

James comes over to them and embraces them.

James

It's all right. Everything will be all right. I know. You go on now. James will take care of this. You go read a book. I've got this.

Jamie

James, you can go now and take a break your just itching to get to the streets.

James

All right you bitches! I'm outta here!

Jamie

(On top her box)

I am shrinking. There is no more time, and I want to sleep and eat. I'm going to hide now. Goodbye.

All alters either exit or go into a dormant phase watching the video.

The video begins.

Jamie

(On video)

There is never a reference point, only feelings of genuine hurt. This pain

always comes from my throat like a thousand tears that stack up like a pack of cigarettes. I hate cigarettes, but a lot of me do not.

Everyday is another day I say and I do not like it because I know the next day begins all over again. Like tying shoelaces, like cooking chicken, I cry all the time and the chicken burns.

I am going back to be and maybe when I wake up this can start all over again.

Jamie retreats into her box. Bobby claps his hands and very much like a strip club owner, he leads spectators to the exits, shaking their hands and thanking them.

Bobby

All right everyone! Show's over! Thank you for coming! Tell everyone that we've got the best girls in town! Goodnight!

Chica

Bye Bye!! Bye Bye!!

The other alters return to where they began, ostensibly to begin their loops again.

The End

ADDENDUM

PERSONALITY MENUS

What follows are the loop menus of each of the personalities and the Shadow Men. These menus provide background dialog, (as to give greater insight into each personality and their stories) as they provide response options, which each performer can draw from during any part of the performance. During the Dallas production, performers accessed their respective menus primarily during the Phase 2 section; however, it was at the performer's discretion to use their menu as they saw fit during interactions with spectators or as the moment suggested. The menu options for each personality are in no particular order, and performers may choose as they deem appropriate.

JAMIE

Stop it all of you.

I am here now for all of you.

No one understands me, everybody is acting up. Well sometimes I just want to give up. Their bodies are heavy and I am getting tired of carrying them around.

I always wondered what it would be like being a Virgin.

All of us have dreams; lets see which one gets their turn. It's bound to be my turn, someday.

Things are better now.
We will just have to wait.
I know.

What are they doing now. No, don't tell me, I don't want to know.

What are they doing now? You think I would know. I do sometimes, but a lot of times I don't.

The whispers thinking they are talking something bad about me.

I am an addict, some others are too. They don't mean to be.

I have gone through a lot today. Everything is okay, right? We have come this far...that's something.

Sorry I'm just feeling down.

Everybody is pretty uptight today. It's because we don't just plain old don't want to share.

All of you stop this stop this arguing I'm leaving!

But we must keep on track if we are to make it before we fall into the abyss of having failed at anything I have tried to put together.

I am going through a major crisis trying to keep everybody from killing each other and me in the process.

I don't know where I am. But I am gaining more control.

I know I'm a nut case and I know the reason why.

MARTA

Fucking Bobby's a multiple too!

Jamie, don't name names, don't tell these people your business!

You should just call them doctor, or Mister or Misses. Call them by their people names not last names!

No, don't not even tell first names!

Where are you going?! You can't hide from me!

No use in hiding I going to find you and beat you!

I'm going to beat you Patricia! I warned you about throwing your clothes everywhere!

You little brat, if you don't come out I'm going to punish you!

Come out!

I'm waiting for you!

I'm not going anywhere until you come here!

I'm just waiting to take the belt to you!

Come here so I can slap you!

Go clean the kitchen! NOW!
Then after that you have work to do!
You gotta know how to clean and cook. How else is someone like you gonna get a man?

You're never going to get a man. Know why?
You're nothing but a whore!
That's all you are, a whore!

What kind of man are you going to get? You're going to be alone all your like. Know why, because you're a whore! A puta! I hate you! Hate you!

Will you look at that! Stupid Rita researching again, looking through the books...blabbing away like she knows what she's talking about! Wasting time all the time when she should be getting a man! Rita! Get a life!

Why do you reading those useless novels!?
You should be working, cleaning the house!
What do you do? All you do is dream!
Dreaming away about the man of your fantasies.
No man is going to save you!
Look at James!
That's what men are! Assholes!
I hate his guts.
James you're an asshole!

Look at Magick and Misty, they're nothing but sluts! SLUTS!
You wanna end up like them? Huh?

Now look what you've done. I gotta go take my fuckin' pills because I get so stressed out...so angry, my blood pressure.

The world does not revolve around you Miss smarty!

You think all these people are your friends because they came to see all us on display like this. These people are not your friends. These people came here to see a freak show!

The only friends you have are the ones that want to use you or men that wanna fuck you...or the ones you buy when you get a little money! When you run out of money the price of their friendship got higher, didn't it?

Let me put that light to your pussy then everybody will see what a whore you are!

I should stick you in a bathtub full of ice cubes, cool that whore pussy down. Its all your fault.
Where did I do wrong with you. Heaven knows I tried and tried but look the way you turned out. A fucking whore. And, well I guess that is that.

Just because he has a dick doesn't mean Bobby is just like your father.

I gonna beat the Holy Mother Fucking Shit out of all of the rest of you because of what you did. Look what became of you. Look at who you all are. You're all whores! I know what you're thinking now. You're looking desperately for a reason, any reason, to be here at all. A reason not to kill yourself.

Don't you think I have a say in this? That I should be respected? That I have to say this mess?

You know what? I'm really sick and tired of this shit. You're all guilty, its all yours fault! I blame each and every one of you! Ya, you and you and you. And especially you! What are you looking at?

You're hung over, aren't ya? What, just got back from taking one of your pleasure trips to whore yourself again?

You deserve everything, all the shit men gave you. Everything, you hear me? Whore.

Patricia still cries way too much we all know that.

God Damn her, always the fucking victim, she cried today because nobody paid attention to her. All her life has been spent crying and complaining. She's tried to take us down so many times, I say watch out for that one.

Shut up or I'm going to kick your ever-loving ass. Just sit there and behave. Don't whimper, whine, don't snivel don't cry out victim to walkers by.

James, get out of here, leave us alone, go to the racetrack and make us some money.

PATTY

Well, I know, everybody don't like me they never did. I always stood on the corners in the dark with the darkest of all people. We wore black leather and chains of woe. I could identify with them.

I got acid from a colorful long hair guy once because I spoke Spanish and helped him cheat on his Spanish test. I just leaned the paper over enough for him to copy and the teacher never saw. Later, he gave me an entire baggie full of strawberry acid. Strawberry fields forever wow, what a trip I took that night.

Papi, I'm having a strong death memory. Why did you kill yourself? Why?

I know you used to get beat by your Papi, grandfather who was in jail for racketeering somewhere in America. My parents never talked much about the grandfather and the past but when they did, boy did I listen. I was always curiosity. My grandfather did beautiful paintings when he was in prison. They were copies of the great painters, weren't they Papi.

Papi are you dead? Or are you just drunk?

Remember your Greek father who made you come into the world, well, did he ever recognize you? How many times did you cover for him? On the phone, in the hall, help him put his pajamas on so mom, after her nursing job, wouldn't get mad because he was drunk passed out almost in front of the TV? How many times did you defend him?

Maybe Bobby, you know I was thinking, maybe you're a multiple too?

Sometimes I lose track of time, Papi.

You remember back in Chile, Papi? When the packages arrived from the God country USA. The planes dropped the packages and I dreamed of being thrown out the window like a little package arriving in my Papi's arms.

Whiskey was the best at first.

Today I saw colors flying around. It was like being on an acid trip. Maybe it was just a flashback.

Oh God. What I'd give to be High!

My father always escaped Marta. The screams of her is what got to him. So we would go to the post office, our quick get away was our silent understanding.

In-between the car seats there was old mail unopened, unanswered...like me, here thrown, stacked everywhere and going nowhere. I ask you, is that is communication?

Tato, my grandmother came from Chile when I knew I was going to hell for not telling the priest I'd been made to do it with my brother once again. Tato could feel it. She knew something was wrong.

I would look down at my Catholic Uniform at my big fat, oversized, last longer white Oxford shoes that went with my huge plaid skirt and great big sailor blouse and I would feel like a sailboat floating, wanting to float away from my life, the priest and nuns.

The statues in church were best. They just looked like divine loving images that helped me through my time in Chile.

The land of dark people with woolly pants that itched and long fingers that hurt and tentacle eyes that squinted and followed me from room to room.

Papi, you loved me and that was enough for me. You are probably the only man that loved me unconditionally without expectations of what I should or not be. Papi, you were a good sales person and taught me to sell. Oh my God, what I'd give to be high!

Oh God, the nuns and their punishments. Chile, where the nuns and the priest control everything but they don't know secrets that can't be told in confession.

There was a kid I didn't think was so bad. He had a face like a monkey. There was hair everywhere and this kid's face and it looked sad.

I was glad inside my heart not to look like a monkey. But I could relate to his sad face immediately. It is the face of those who suffer silently.

I was the speed queen in the hills, running around with a local speed freak boy. Joey, Joey was his name. Joey lived like country boy up in the hills and didn't go to school. He collected old Indian beads from burial spots. It was illegal but he made a lot of money. He said he understood Poltergeists. Joey!

I'm just waiting to be kissed. I'm really a princess you see.

Hi Rita. You look really happy. You are so cool. I like your bright red hair and bright green eyes.

I really admire the way you study a lot to make us better. You think weird things that are. Rita is so happy.

Sometimes I'm Patty the reporter.

Sometimes I am Patty the hippie longhaired drugged out acidhead addict.

I like to be addicted to anything!

Anyway I get to be the reporter for now because Patricia and me are playing a little game she likes to play. It makes her feel wanted. She is a baby with a lot of problems.

Oh my God, what I'd give to be high!

I could really slap Marta's face right about now. Right about now when I am hanging on by a thread to whatever reason I am to stay here on this earth for whom?

I want to slash open my veins and let the blood run fire down the walls of City Hall. Show them all!

Suicide, I want to just drive off a cliff where no one would find me for a long time. They would find the stinky putrefied body of me and say... A long time ago there was a little girl and her name was Patricia. Named Rita Patricia from the Mother Marta Sylvia Vera who married Michael James a Greek from Crete via Canada. The father met the mother here in the United States where the usual boy meets girl thing occurred however, unbeknownst to herself, she was involved with an alcoholic.

I heard you making love with mama. I was in the dark and although I felt guilty about it I kept listening to discover everything, I do not know what. Marta acted like she was in pain. Marta was the mother, my mother. Your wife, Papi. I'm so sorry for your difficult life.

Patricia, such a beautiful little girl. You know nothing of love. Only the smell of whiskey on Papi's breath and the bite of pain from the mother's hand.

Later the sexual appetites uncles were satisfied one way or another on a nightly, sometimes weekly, basis.

Patricia, we have committed suicide so many times. It's old hat now. We mean we have that particular desire under control but other things are not. Things like running around with big fantasy men of all types that represent what each of us wants.

If they only knew how old Cleopatra is. Now there is a powerful woman.

Cleopatra stays still. She is the one who knows most about death, love and how to get there and still stay on top of the world. She, at one time, almost

ruled the world had she not fallen. Oh God. What I'd give to be High!
Anyone got a dobbie?

I also got drugs from my mom. She was a nurse and the family's best friend was a doctor.

Papi, you never judged me but you did one time hit me. It was one of the most devastating moments in my life.

My Grandmother Tato showed me how to gut fish. The blood was gushing pink in the flow of water but her hands seemed puffy soft. She showed me kindly. I didn't expect kindness ever never knew it until certain folks showed it to me. I loved my grandmother Tato.

It was a Halloween Party and I felt so cool. I was dressed like a Gothic Vampire all in black leather. The shape of my body is thin like twiggy with bell-bottoms, skintight body lace with purple roses stretch over my bodysuit top. Purple red roses, lavender soft velvet corduroy bell-bottoms, long black thick eyelashes like the sexy chicks in the movies. Long black-brown ironed straight hair parted down the middle to cover up the face a little if necessary enough to attract this guy I wanted.

This guy, who, besides being cool, was a Warlock and had a human tooth from a sacrifice. Or so he told us.

I became Misty at that moment to survive. My Clorox trip to the hospital and later I would try Quaaludes and whiskey with a couple of butcher knife slices across my veins, and as an old crazy loony lady screamed at me in the Mental Hospital in Ohio where I spent 30 days working my way back to life after living death...the old lady said, "What you in here for?" I said, "For trying to kill myself." She said "How?" I showed my stitches across both wrists where I had sliced across with the butcher knife. This old lady took her long ass fingernails and sliced right down straight on my left forearm on the inside. I still have the scar. That loony broad yelled, "This is the right way to do it! You don't cut sideways you stupid cunt."

When I got out of the hospital I tried my Papi's heart pills. The turned out to be only downers. I didn't take enough.

I don't want to go up the stairs, I don't want to go down the stairs, I just want to be where I am.

I don't want to go up the stairs, I don't want to go down the stairs, I just want to be where I am.

Gaston my uncle molested me for years. He hurt Patty and made her promise never to tell anyone. You are the first I have told.

I was about eight years old and going up the stairs, and I remember the banister, I liked the smooth feel of the wood. It felt warm.

Gaston came real quiet and grabbed me by the throat. He put a knife to my throat.

And said he would kill me if I ever said anything to anybody. He was choking me and it hurt real bad.

Then he unzipped his trousers and put my face there.

I don't want to go down the stairs anymore....I don't go up the stairs. I just want be where I am."

Patty never got over it, remember? Patty never got over it. Patty, never got over it (repeats)

RITA

I deserve the right to speak first!

There is a lot of pain, guilt, self hate here. I know that, your beginning to see that now, aren't you? Look at these others, they are like mini silent films that play bits and pieces of themselves interrupted only by reality, humor, horror, loving, and a little understanding. Its all puzzle parts that repeat themselves.

But this is not something you can tell just anybody. Not something anyone can easily understand.

Please sit down and make yourself comfortable. I shall beg your leave and thank you for your gracious ear.

All right, John Milton, who wrote Paradise Lost, intended first to write the greatest poem about English History, his having signed his name "John Milton, the Englishman." He wrote that so many times it led folks to believe he was an egoist rather than a religious and humble seeker of the truth. The opposite is the case. After becoming blind he sought to discover what reason God may have had to bring such a fate upon him. In his poetical search for meaning in words he discovered and created the word "Pandemonium." The meaning being, a gathering from Pan all over:

demons gathering in one central place. This gathering place of all the demons, the followers of Satan, is in itself, Satanic.

Evil is matter that never reached the Grace of God. Paradise Lost caused me to imagine such sights as Satan crouching up from a Lake of Fire. Sometimes I worry that I, we, will never be touched by the grace of God.

I am afraid though of Basic Christian Fundamentalists and all their negative attention.

Lost confessions are memories too.

It is not by chance that the folklore behind the kissing of Sleeping Beauty made her come to life or the kissing of the frog made him a prince.

We cannot fly solo dear. It would be very nice if we could but unfortunately the life we lead is different from that of a soloist flyer. We must keep up with what everybody wants both on the inside and the outside.

James likes television I hate the stuff. I like to read the more we read the less we seem to get in trouble.

No, it isn't her it is me! I am the one who knows the legalities, the way in and out of the system. And yeah don't you feel the least guilty James, the least guilty that maybe you're getting help from the doctors and you shouldn't be! You should just get a job! Be subservient to all the Gods here that make money and give it to the poor!

I love Patty. White shinny patent leather go-go boots--pompoms hanging off the tops of the boots.

Her eyes, brown big full of mischief and yet intriguing looked back over her shoulder at me. I knew she was there as always she appears, bright as neon. Orange and white pleated skirt. But, that freedom comes with costs. Men wanted her and expected things from her because of the way she looked.

I was named Rita Patricia after my crazy aunt who ended up in the insane asylum. I heard her name always mentioned in accordance with "crazy this crazy that". Some of my relatives said that is why my life has been so troubled. Because it was cursed by my being named after my crazy Aunt Rita.

We got to stop now. Other things are shaking up our world. James has done a lot of damage lately in the material sense.

He is trying to overpower our survival. He thinks the almighty dollar, labeled with the "In God We Trust" falsehood, is the answer to all of our problems, while I believe the real truth lies in the statement, "You cannot love God and Mammon too." Regardless, we must now go in order to create a reality of being for Jamie to attain her place in this world wherever that may turn out to be.

But, Jamie the Jew lamenting, made life sad for a moment when she looked up at the ceiling and there saw a vent. It was the taking off point for her Jewish question amidst the teaching of the gospels of Jesus Christ in that church. Her question was "Why did God allow for so many Jews to be exterminated?" The gas came through such vents.

I want to get back to the Jewish people...We deserve the right to speak first! Jamie knows why.

People look at me sometimes and see a geek always trying to live up to what her mama said she should do.

But look at Magick and Misty! What happened to them? Talk about multiple personalities! And look at Marta, herself? Always fighting Magick. This ain't a war! We're supposed to be on the same side!

There that's done. I love to read books.

Yes, Patty you're right. The cells are at their highest chaotic period prior to duplicating. That is part of creation. That's how it works with nature. That's what's going on here.

What I've read is that nature lives inside the blood. I knew there was something that was missing, something wrong, where did I, this bad seed, come from? Sometimes I have felt tainted by the alcohol. Other times I believe the taint came from the Mother who had bad thoughts in a bad mind that came from the fights and the origin of her Catholicism that allows a little two and a half year old to get raped whenever. That was chaos before duplication. Duplication is how cells survive.

I am Rita and I took a Medical Assisting class to prove to Marta I wasn't just the crazy that couldn't follow instructions. I can follow instructions.

You know Magick, I helped too when that guy passed out in the hotel room. I gave him CPR. I followed and remembered instructions. I took his pulse to make sure he wasn't dead. And, Marta, the bitch, just said leave him on the floor. And she was a nurse!

I looked in the mirror today. I wanted to go to the library and take care of some business and get some more interesting books on John Milton and Garcia Lorca, but instead got in my car and just drove away. I drove around and around until I forgot what I was supposed to do. Then, when it got dark I just drove back home. And here I am. That was my day, how was yours?

You know some of us used to drink wine to the point of vomit and stick it up their Asses! The Aztecs did just that! They would get so high that they would vomit and then give themselves an enema so that they could get drunk all over again. I read that in a book somewhere.

“Yeah” so what you say. “Yeah” so what says a lot of the voices in unison. That is not something that can be read in a book, a unison of voices in your head.

All those voices are just like the debate of Church and State.

If a person is incapacitated and can not communicate well enough to say what they want should it be left to the State to decide what ethnic, religious preference the person will participate in? Or should it be the church. What do you do in my case?

(interrupts her reading, then)

I can tell the future and it looks pretty dim for folks on the American front at the rate they are going. There are only a few folks that really are together thinking about this at this very minute but rest assured there are people all over the world who are getting it together with a higher consciousness.

MISTY

There's never a reference point. A place to begin and get organized or something like it.

I would love to be organized and a somewhat domesticated individual but I never fail to scamper and hide as if from a beating. Why is that?

If I clean the kitchen I know Marta will be waiting to belt me or slap me or tell me I'm a whore. She hates me.

I wish I could have been born in outer space.

My name was “Misty” at the Silver Slipper Club in Houston. I had just left a guy in California who had said we were getting married in the spring.

I thought I was in love with him. Really though, I just had the deep addiction to his Dick. I wasn't in love I was in heat, I fell in bed, not in love. He knew I thought I was worthless and he knew how to work me good. Sweet kisses false lies promised better skies. Lay her down and lap it up. Call her to him like a little pussy. Meows, kitty kitty, give me some of that titty.

I was working a topless nightclub named “Little George's”. I was a star working there.

Little George was such a cute little man. Some say he was a homosexual. I wondered because he never once was with a chick the entire time I knew him. He liked me until I began drinking way too much after turning 21.

Oh yeah, my name was “Buttons” at that club. Because that's what they called me in New York, Buttons. They said those tits look like they got buttons in the tips!

Yeah, OK. Hereeee's Buttons!

That's when “Shake Your Booty” came out.

I ran away from home and ended up in San Francisco somehow with a dancer from the Mexican Ballet Folklorico. There are magical things in the world. I met a blue-eyed dancer with fair skin and curly hair. So different from the dark ones of Chile and he spoke a seductive romantic Castellan, the language of amour. I melted into my hormones only thinking with my bottom half. He called me his queen. Must have had a wife back in Guadalajara, because he took all my money and never saw him again.

I wish we were smokin' a doobie. Fire in the blood that burns my soul up. Magick you got a doobie?!

I wanna be beautiful. I love to be beautiful.

I love it when my boyfriend...where's my boyfriend? He loves so well...Joey? Joey!

...well I don't know if I should tell you about him. Some people hate him. Marta does and he knows it. He doesn't like her either. Well, at least he doesn't think of me like the character on the movie “Play Misty for Me.” That's where I got my name and that's when I met Bobby. I thought Bobby cared, but he beat me up.

Rita is really happy. She is so cool. She has bright red hair and bright green eyes. She studies a lot and thinks weird things that are.

I heard Tom say something Buddhist, something about "Now is all there is." Is that's why the walls are cracking and all you people are looking in? Are we in the change together?

Maybe reality will happen here. Like Samantha on Bewitched.

I was hitchhiking to Hollywood until a man picked me up on Sunset Boulevard.

He had a Kodak Instamatic Camera and I tried to be slim by smoking Virginia Slims too, liked to look like Twiggy too.

Wowie Zowie. He told me that he was a Hollywood talent scout. He pulled over and told me I had to take my top off.

He told me to take my bra off I did. I was getting nervous we were in a dusty field I was too young and naïve to know what was next but then it showed up on the side of his car. His tall body looking down at me and saying now your panties.

I held on to my panties he pulled at them. I began to cry a little. He went around to the driver's side of the car and I thought he had given up.

I reached for my bra on the car seat and he reached down underneath his car seat and was pulling out a machete, my mind went into horror stuck with fear and blood racing thoughts of what I knew machetes to be for.

He was in the process of pulling it out from underneath the seat when I started screaming; these words, "Oh My God, Please Help Me, Don't Kill Me!"

As he reached over for me to grasp me somehow the rear view mirror shot him a good look at himself and he must have realized he was getting ready to kill a girl and wasn't expecting to get a good look at his own face in the process.

He was horrified at the look on his face and upon hearing me scream the words I had, he began to sob. I panted horrified and stopped screaming to get a quick look at where the machete was and he had put it back where it came from.

It took maybe one second for me to climb out of that car, grab my bra and shirt, and get ready to run. He yelled for me to please stop he was sorry. He drove alongside of me as I ran and threw me \$20 and off he raced.

I took the bag and as the song "How Long Has This Been Going On?" played. I started to get high. HIGH!
Wait, wait the bag, come back, remember the bag and the song and...OKAY I'll tell the whole story.

The song started and I felt like my eyes were rolling all the way in a circle around and around they wouldn't stop and they were shut and it was black and I couldn't breathe and I knew something happened to me I had no control over. I was dying.

I saw a cross, a gold cross. I prayed, "Jesus please, please help me!" And then it shone like the sun and the song was over and I was alive and the guys told me "We thought you weren't going to make it!" I will never forget that when it comes time to thank God.

Another time I ended up in the hospital after drinking Clorox trying to kill myself. I was not going to be a star after all. Papi thought I was beautiful and he never touched me wrong so I know he meant what he said. He said I was beautiful. My mom was heavy and so was my sister. I always hated the way they hated me for it and thought of me as a slut.

MAGICK

It is better if I tell it from this point on because I have the brain the lungs the psyche the spirituality that pulled us through.

Jamie, however, although she is the savior we understand and have grown to love and learn from. Has a big fucking mouth!

She has repeatedly talked excessively in the name of humanity, thinking that if she told everybody about us, they would understand. You don't understand do you? You're totally confused. You had no idea you were in the head of a woman with dissociative personality disorder, did you?

We, you, and Misty, bitch! Never had an orgasm! She was always too high! Endless fucks with no real high. All those guys, definitely not worth it, at least now we know how to have that ultimate orgasm that sends you reeling out...into what the Chinese call the heavenly orgasm, you fly to the sky and back. Only trouble is when you land sometimes the airport your at has a damned lay over. Now it's better just to take off and fly solo.

Why don't you just tell the truth about how you really feel? You stupid bitch! Just remember Misty and me are the generators of money while you and those other bitches sit around and expect to have it brought home to you by mail cargo!

I want to go to jail! Arrest me! I know a crack whore who got ten times the help I've begged and licked shoes for and all she had to do was go to jail. Our America the great and wonderful is shit if you are mentally ill or poor!

No wait, remember the girls, the chorus girls lined up in your cigarette smoke trails? Remember you just smoked all night long in your room? We were so high.

Remember the flames making green lime fluorescent boas for the chorus girls dancing the cancan in the air, you had tons of fun. Fuckin' great high.

I don't like to be held down by no man! Fuck that. I was the best topless dancer, worked all over the country.

Jewish bitch Jamie! Get it together and look in the mirror. Call some Magick up and get out among the people folks.

Sometimes I wonder how all this shit with multiples got started. Why I am even wasting my time putting up with these bitches.

Hi, my name is Magick, spelled the ancient way.

"M-A-G-I-C-K." I came along at a time when Jamie, who hadn't been born yet, needed to be seeded. If you don't understand this, I shall explain. I capitalize my name due to the respect I owe the Ancient Egyptians. Rita gave me some insight when she created me.

I am born of the word "kA", small "k" big "A" which in Egyptian mythology means; life spirit, the self or essence of being that comes forth when all else fails. That which hovers over the ancient dominions of dimensions left aside by mankind in search of other worlds in which to attain pleasure. Those worlds usually endowed with the flesh replaced my boundless world made of non-matter. It is the other side or, as the Ancients understood, the afterworld in which we all come back to life as never before known.

I can make Magick. I am Magick. I can see auras and tell fortunes. I see your aura now.

I have life giving powers. I even prolonged the life of that bitch Marta. The reason I call her bitch is because I can. Because I'm Magick.

Throughout the entire world people have sought me ritualistically chasing pleasure and happiness. That's what brought you to me. Because the opposite of me is death and misery.

Now, you come inside my circle of power. I am only going to offer this once. Well, I can't say that. You might need it more than that.

I am Magick and I am going to do some Magick. I got kA. I'll just wave my wand. Cleopatra left it behind for me to use.

Look what I have to live with: The great Rita, the neat and proper fifty-cent word nerd! Yeah, "To commune with God the All!" Rita, shut up!

And there's Marta. Shut the fuck up. You're so frigid you'd crack an igloo. Marta, you're dead remember? Dead!

Chica looks sweet and innocent, but she's not. She can be a bitch.

Shut up Patricia. You are too young to have input here. I am the one who taught all of you; I mean all of you. So grow up.

Jamie, leave that creation stuff to God not and shut the fuck up! God is just another guy with a dick. He didn't care about me you or all of us! Shut up Motor mouth!

James and Bobby. Get the fuck out of here assholes. Leave! Those guys are getting away with everything! James knows what I'm talking about, the prick! He took what he wanted and left.

It's all your fault, Patty.

I am Magick
Men know that
Men feel my Magick
I am sexy all the time
I am excess
Excess in everything
I am Magick.

More
Never satisfied
No matter what
MORE!

I have amazing strengths that are at this very minute being born of the Sun, the origin of life the fire of all our souls.

Man, I've been eating way too much speed and acid and coke and yadayada that's how it goes.

Jamie has been trying to get us back to the things that make us healthy. One of those things is not being used by other people. Can't let them cross our boundaries. Magick must draw the line.

Listen up everybody! Lets go back to the beginning and start all over. Maybe we can find the Jeanie bottle and make three wishes.

My parents happened to screw here, on earth, of all places. Otherwise I'd be from Mars. Enough of that shit! I just want to be beautiful. I love to be beautiful. Barbie is 40 and hasn't gained an inch, why is that?

The last doctor man called us a roller coaster ride. I let him know how we can help save this room but he wouldn't listen. Who needs doctors and medications! I am no longer weak and frightened! I am going to lead us!

JAMES

The only thing this country loves is money, people with it, and the way to keep it! That's why I believe in the almighty dollar and "In god We Trust!"

You can't live without money! Just try it! Go ahead, I dare ya. See, what I tell ya. I love money. Wanna know why? Because money can solve any problem. Money is spelled with a capital M in my book. Name me a problem money can't solve! I dare you! Problem with a woman? Money will take care of it. Problem with the law? Money again. Problem with you health? Money is the medicine! Never can have enough of that money! One size fits all, and it never goes outta style!

Damn it woman stop that damn jabberin'! Can't hear myself think over here!

Damn it Jamie (or Rita) stop getting' everything so foxworthy purrfect! Damn it woman, you're as worthless as tits on a boar hog.

Yeah, look around you this here place is damn loony bin!

But lookie over there. There ain't no power struggle, Misty is at my beck and call dude. So don't you get any ideas. She's my gal, so butt out.

I don't like no interferin' when it comes to Misty. So you have hereby been put on notice. You savvy?

That fat bitch Marta has been stirin' all sorts of shit. And Rita with her glasses, hiding behind Jamie.. Ya al bother me. I know what I'm doing.

Let me tell you something, come closer, don't worry, I ain't gonna bite.

Deep down I knows that I am the backbone of this ship. And they dare not to oppose me. I have learnt my craft well from Magick, now there is one babe that could make my verdant forest rain.

And Patricia, she's my Princess and I feel real emotional about here. She's been crying too long with no one to care. I am here, for her.

Marta! Listen to your big fuckin' mouth!

All right Rita, bitch! Go ahead and correct my grammar ok? Okay!?

Okay, you don't even know how to spell! Took you three times to correct that last word you thought, you stupid bitch!

So you fucked him and when you came home your mom saw you coming through the window. Remember that? And then what she do?

She put a lamp on your pussy that told her, you, me OH NO! You've been doing it! You slut! SLUT!

Hey, Marta, the girls are coming over for canasta.

Oh, Bro no what I woulda do in a similar situation? Ida bitch slapped her, throw her down and got me some on top from behind as I spanked her little hiney!

Hey you, come here. Shh, make it look like everything is copasetic...Are there people listening to us? You feel people watching you? Listening in on your most intimate conversations and thinking? What'd ya think?

Hey, Misty! How's my little bitch.

Tell the folks! I want to tell them about the dying part so get back to it. When you were in Oceanside, California that is impressive story! Dying just past the Freon, the stuff that makes refrigerators cold. How dumb could you be inhaling that shit? Not as dumb as when you drank Clorox! And what about the botched butcher knife when you couldn't reach your

veins! Shit that was a goddamn mess! And you think your so great! Can't even kill yourself without fuckin' it up!

Or lets get back to the little hotel room remember the Marines?

How about your friends from the "Bunny Club"? You wanted to be one of those beautiful American girls always being drooled over making money hand over fist. So you wanted to fuck Marines.

No, no, get back to the Freon, Bitch. They handed her a paper bag full of Freon! You stupid bitch! It was death not a high!

Remember the time you took 78 cross tops one piled into your mouth after the others?

Just tell what 'em what happened! Go on!

You can thank God your alive all you want, you skank, you stupid bitch.

Were you thanking God when you were raped by Jano, and Gaston, and Pepe! How could you let that happen?

You were rapped by your brother Michael, named after the Archangel...That was not supposed to happen! I would a done something but I didn't know anything about anything!

Get on with it! Tell 'em you were a full-blown dope fiend alcoholic. You were just like your father you slut...

Know what you are? I'll tell you...Half of an abortion left on your mother's doorstep! The best part of you ran down your mama's leg!

Now everybody keep their pants on! That's the last time I am going to say this, I am getting tired of not being able to command the floor!

Who's the one? I'm the one! I'm the one who helps to get you all through the mess!

Oh stop your whining or I warn you that there might be dire consequences! I wanna go to the races at Monticello Racetrack. I'm feeling lucky today!

Marta, you are something I wasted my ever-loving time on!

You are worthless as tits on a boar hog! Will you shut the fuck up! Let her talk or I will slap you silly and send you home! I will break this bottle over your head, slut cunt! I will slam you up against the wall and if you scream, I will throw you back up against that same wall. Then stuff it up your ass you bitch! Misty has just as much right to talk here as anybody!

This is aggrivatin' me to no end! I'm leavin'! You hear me?!

I will come back when those bitches let me be! Don't you worry, I'll have a chance again...how's that strike your fancy?

I see you and I know what you're up to! Bet you couldn't say just one word. Bitch!....Bitch!....Bitch!

Eve caused the first Sin of God and Jamie bleeds for it! But you know what I say? I say, leave that creation stuff to God and shut the fuck up! Know what else I say?

The Vietnamese Girls have a sideways shaped pussy! I love pussy! Any kind of pussy. White, black, green, whatever.

You know you like to be tied up! It excites you to be handled with brute force. Fucked like the whore you are.

Slut, whore, cunt, Puta! You should have died the day you were born!

What did you say? Who cares you stupid bitch!

You know what I say? SO WHAT!?

FUCK YOUS AND YOUS AND YOUS! I like getting angry! I makes me feel goooooood!

Just get your self-cleaned up now and clean the house!

Do the dishes! Vacuum the floor; take out the garbage, and peel the potatoes clean off the table.

I have just as much right to talk here as anybody. And I have not been screwing anything up that you "accomplished" you don't know what the fuck you're talking about, again!

I need to take a break! I'm just itching to get on the streets! And get the fuck outta here!

CHICA

We are way out there.

Can I ask you something? Are all of us dangerous because we think about things like death?

When I was little I learned to say “yuck!” And everybody laughed! Yes, that's why I love "Forget Me Nots!"

Chica wants to dance to the song, “These boots are made for walking.”

Love you, take care....I'm always there too but not all here sometimes. Woe, Nelly that's enough. You are way out there says Chica, who just wants to fly and play and paint.

WeeeeeeeeeeeeeBye-bye.

Chica likes to paint and write poetry. I'm so happy.
My cartoon body is screaming with happiness.

There's something about painting that takes me away from the realities of life. The colors lift me up with different forms of joy.

There is motion in my paintbrush, the silent leaving of color on the page.
That heals me. I am that motion who speaks now through this air of Spirit.

Sure I wonder who I am and why I am here. Don't you? Other times I think of things like global warming and what I can do about it.

What is the purpose of living here and where did I come from and why are we here now?

Is life only to struggle and end up bloated and blue, stinking like shit in a coffin?

BOBBY

Okay, Rita, tell everybody what's going on, why your writing this research, journal, dialogue shit anyway? You already wrote around ten pages of blubbering rubbish. And you been talkin' forever, Don't you think it might just bore these people to death?

My daddy, Pete, lined the family up against the wall when I was young and threatened to shot all of us. That event traumatized me, scared my fuckin' life.

Hey, that guy said we weren't supposed to edit what you are doing.

All you bitches leave me alone. It is the mind that makes heaven or hell. So, go to hell and let me finish! James, help me out here.

I never liked the name Jamie.

Hello beautiful lady. How you doing? A new girl...good, I will help to train you. You're just right. Isn't she a good girl? You know I will marry you and we will make a Greek Baby.

So you want to dance now? You gotta sell champagne here too, that's how the girls make all their money here. We sell champagne, bottles start at ten dollars all the way up to one hundred and sixty-nine. We pay commission. The only thing you got to remember is not to ask anyone to buy a drink for you, that is troubles, they can bust you for solicitation.

What, you want me to play the music for you, pretty lady?

And don't worry about anything, any time you get a fine from the police, we'll take care of it. We got a good lawyer and everything.

You go home now, Misty, get some rest and come back tomorrow...you got a place to stay? We got rooms above the club if you need a place, okay?

Yeah, we give you a place for free for the first week so you can make some money, no problems. We're just trying to help.

What you guys wanna drink now? We got all kinds of good drinks, anything you want.

Okay, guys, thanks for coming by and don't forget to tell everybody, the Stork Club has the best girls in town. We got the best! You can all come back, here is some passes for next time too, if you want.

SHADOW MEN

You bitch! Here don't forget your no man's dick it fell out of your box!
Your pussy is so sweet, give me some of that honey.

Misty, remember this, when you leave, there is a burning bridge behind you, how could you have broken all those champagne glasses, how did you manage to fall into the audience, your fired!

I am a counselor, and having heard you, let me tell you something, every time you cry and the tears well up in your eyes, and your nose get all

runny, it is like your coming and having an orgasm through your nose.

No you cannot come play golf that is for men, not girls.

You want to come fishing with me?

Hey little girl, want to take a walk in the woods with me? I will give you some Candy.

Your a filly, that's for sure.

You could fill a bucket full of mullet.

Go ahead and see what happens.

If you ever say anything about this to anyone, I will cut your throat with this...

Come here and comb my head, there is only one or two hairs, here, here is some money for candy.

I want to build a house just for you and here is the Marquis Diamond see? Now let's go to Texas, ok, help me pump up the money.

Hey, so what it stretches, and then it bounces right back.

Why were you so shy? You passed me up like we were two ships in the night.....

Let me just play with you a little bit ok, I promise I wont....

Want to play with my coins, here....let me...

Want some bubble gum?

I cleaned up the whole kitchen for you ok, don't let Marta know.

Your such a beautiful Spirit, and your so sensitive, please, don't ever lose that....

Will you marry me? I have a three hundred acre ranch here in Montana.

Oh hi, well thank you for bringing my vest back, I must have forgotten it huh? I hope your not going to tell me you didn't enjoy it, I did, I've never had a Jewish Woman....before .

Jamie, just write, don't edit just let it all come and just write.

Your going to make it, don't cry.

Hey want to take a ride on my Harley?