

SCRIPT: *STRONG LEGS FOLDING*



This is a stolen play, taken from two authors who never knew each other. I destroyed the play by turning it into a list: a dictée.

This idea, "dictée", is shared but not stolen. I promise.

In one of the stolen plays there are three acts about waiting.

In this dictée, there are three acts about gone.

Those acts are:

Gut

Gutted.

Guttural.

*Syncopated with clicking marbles*

He had three names and we met twice.

He had three names and one was K for Kafka.

He was writing fiction just by living and I participated by agreeing it would be fun to not tell each other what we do for work or what our real names were.

His profile opened with "chapter one".

Mine opened with:

The dictionary's definition of erotic being incomplete I write my own. Here is what I have so far: strong legs folding.

*Change rooms*

I found his hair inside me.

That's the funny part.

The not funny part is why I went up there.

I missed my sister's birthday.



