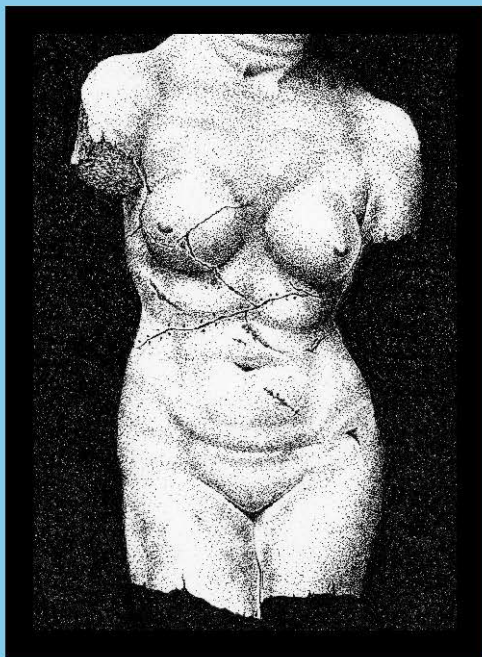


Pornotopia

The Incomplete Texts



Anton Bonnici



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Quasar Love: A Reenactment in Three Acts

*“Maturity comes in three stages: dependence,
independence and interdependence.”*

-Jenna Jameson

*“Prostitution isn’t the oldest profession, it’s the oldest
oppression.”*

-Gloria Steinem

*“Distract myself with pornography/I hate the way she
looks at me/I can’t stand the dialogue, she would never
be/That satisfied, it’s a male fantasy.”*

-Billie Eilish, “Male Fantasy”

*“Male oppression of women cannot be excused by the
recognition that there are ways men are hurt by rigid
sexist roles. Feminist activists should acknowledge that
hurt, and work to change it—it exists. It does not erase
or lessen male responsibility for supporting and
perpetuating their power under patriarchy to exploit and
oppress women in a manner far more grievous than the
serious psychological stress and emotional pain caused by
male conformity to rigid sexist role patterns.”*

-bell hooks

Pornotopia: The Incomplete Texts

By Anton Bonnici

Foreword by Genna Riveccio

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Foreword

Say the word “porn” and it will instantly invoke different reactions from different people. Depending on one’s gender, sexuality, religious views (or lack thereof) or political affiliations, there are myriad “visceral reactions” that it tends to elicit. Even in a world that has become as desensitized as the one we live in now. But, as it is said, nothing worth talking about isn’t at least *somewhat* polarizing. Or rather, that used to be the case in the days before the algorithm only showed us the opinions of “like-minded people”—in short, nothing that ever goes against what we ourselves believe and/or want to see. The algorithm effect has also played heavily into what kind of porn someone will be presented with. Although it used to be posited that variety was the slice of life, at present, trying to experience that “phenomenon” often feels like it might be punishable by death (particularly in America, where guns are brandished at the faintest hint of any disagreement over worldviews).

What’s presented here amid the conversations of Anton Bonnici’s *Pornotopia* goes far beyond porn. While that *is* the focal point, these

texts are a searing (and often absurdly comedic) look at why porn (and, at times, the form of sex work that can be synonymous with it—e.g., OnlyFans) is the ultimate representation for everything that is fundamentally wrong with the way our society is set up. This isn't to say that porn itself is “bad,” “morally reprehensible” or any of the other Tipper Gore-esque sentiments naysayers like to hurl at it. But rather, that the system that controls the output is itself both corrupt and broken (not to mention totally inconsiderate of actual content, instead churning video after video out in the hope of gaining more and more profit).

That much is thematically explored in Conversation #4, “Herodias’ Beef.” Within these pages, Sandra Kage, an ingenue porn actress, and Vera Darling, a wizened porn filmmaker and the wife of “feminist” porn producer/filmmaker Ana Peaceful, get into an argument about Vera’s blind adherence to everything Ana says and does. Indeed, Peaceful is present, in one way or another, in each dialogue. She is the anchor and linchpin of the play, for she is the embodiment of how capitalism never really goes away or alters its true shape—it just

changes its face...and, occasionally, its gender. Because, for all her talk of being feminist and progressive, Peaceful is still just as exploitative as all the men in the business who came before her. But conceals it more effectively behind the mask of gentility a.k.a. “femininity.”

At one point, Sandra angrily tells Vera, “You think that this is all we can do, just look great, fuck around and earn cash, that’s all you think we’re good for.” It’s a sentence that could easily be said by any exploited worker, directed at their fundamentally uncaring “superior.” The “higher-up” who is still just working to serve the company, even if hiding behind the “fun boss” exterior that touts “safe spaces” and offers up regular “perks” like team outings on the company dime. But Sandra, like many workers (sex or otherwise), isn’t buying the put-on. The “lipstick on a (capitalist) pig” trick, if you will. She sees Ana Peaceful for exactly what she is: patriarchal and ruthless in her pursuit of success (read: money).

Thus, she continues in her spiel to Vera, “For all the feminist bullshit, this is still just the patriarchy. All of it. Someone is still wearing the pants and, around here, it’s Ana and you know it...

So admit it, you just settled into mediocrity like everybody else and now, here you are, stuck filming the likes of me fiddling themselves with goddamn vibrators for scraps.” Because nowhere has the capitalistic business model, in all its “scraping off the top of the workers” glory, become more ingrained than it has in pornography. Particularly the “democratized” pornography that’s come about with the internet and various apps that support taking as much as possible from the “employee” and giving an overly generous portion to the “employer.” Everyone wants their cut. But, in the end, only one person—he (or she) who controls the means of production—can get the biggest piece of the pie.

But for those who are just looking to get a “piece of ass” out of their theatre/play-reading experience in lieu of any “political undertones,” Bonnici can deliver on that straightforward value, too.

Genna Rivieccio
Editor, The Opiate Books
Summer 2024

Author's Note

This work is being presented here as a collection of texts in three parts without a cohesive structure. Rather than reading these as a finished script for a performance one should see these as moments and conversations to be developed in the construction of an immersive experience. Think of it as a jigsaw puzzle that may be put together in a variety of ways.

Ideally, the experience is created in a building with many rooms, such as a hotel or an expansive estate, a place where people may roam and encounter different events. I gave each part its own suggestions for presentation, but, again, these are only one possible variation. One may also feel at liberty to add to these moments other creations, especially real-life testimonies, both recorded or in-person, to allow the real creators and artists of the porn industry their own say in the conversation.

The entire exercise is meant to create a very specific world, invite people to enter and spend some time there. The ideas and conversations they hear are as important as what they see and who they meet. Everyone should have the opportunity to converse and add their voice to the space, in some way or

other. *Pornotopia* isn't meant to be a performance, but a living world that walks a very fine line between fiction and nonfiction. I'm labeling this work as "incomplete" because I cannot (and shouldn't) be the one to complete it.

This work is a springboard for an experience, an experience that aims to bring the people behind the pornography that so many of us are used to seeing, in touch with the viewers, usually hidden behind their screens, but not here, not in *Pornotopia*. The more real sex workers and porn performers are involved in bringing this project to life the better. Whether you're reading this alone, building it in your own head or planning to bring it to life with others, all I ask is that you do it with respect for those that try to lead a different life from the one we're usually prescribed. And with that respect in mind, may you have fun playing with all the freedom you desire, and hopefully with some truly beautiful people who are ready to show you a whole new world.

Yours truly
A. Bonnici

Part One: On the Record

Part one is composed of interviews with Ana Peaceful and TV news about her. These are not meant to be performed live but filmed and screened, preferably exhibited in different locations without any specific order. It would be opportune to add other video testimonies to these videos since it is a good medium where people may talk about their experiences in the sex industry, or also their experience as clients of the sex industry and pornography consumers, without revealing their identity. Juxtaposing the fictional interviews of Ana Peaceful with interviews or testimonies of real people would also enhance the effect of the overall experience.

Short Clip - Welcome to my world.

Countryside, beautiful day, a mansion or chateau, in a very quiet, serene atmosphere, but this is only the outside. We get to the front door, it is slightly ajar, we push it open and walk through. Inside, the place is alive with activity. In every room and corridor, hall and staircase, there are people doing something. Setting up lights, doing makeup, fitting costumes, shooting scenes. Everything is related to pornography. The atmosphere is busy yet jovial. There's nothing seedy about it, everybody is looking and feeling good, everyone is healthy. We go upstairs and, beyond a number of busy rooms and corridors, we come to a final door. We push it open and there's a woman on the phone, sitting on her desk. She puts the phone down as soon as she sees us and looks straight into the camera.

ANA: Hi, I'm Ana Peaceful. Welcome to my world.

CUT.

Interview #1: 2007 – Pornotopia: The Movie

JOURNALIST: Ladies and gentlemen today we have with us a different kind of filmmaker who has been making some surprising headlines! Ana Peaceful is an adult film star, filmmaker and producer who has just released her latest movie, *Pornotopia*, to great critical acclaim. Welcome Ana!

ANA: Thank you for your invite. I'm truly happy to be here. It's not common that people from my industry are invited to mainstream talk shows like these.

JOURNALIST: Is it because of prejudice?

ANA: It's obvious, no? Pornography is a bad word. It is something we all love to see in private! Mainstream TV is the opposite of private.

JOURNALIST: But your new movie, although it is an adult movie, is still making headlines even in the mainstream—what makes this so different?

ANA: I think, in this case, there is a difference because they are focusing more on how it is made rather than the content. This is one of the first high-quality, all-female adult film productions. Everyone involved in this film is a woman, from the writers and the performers to the crew and the catering, everyone. And we're making a movie that we know will be primarily consumed by men, even though those numbers are changing, and we hope to help change them even further. Hopefully we will give everyone a taste of something more than their usual pleasure.

JOURNALIST: It's a historical work of sorts, correct?

ANA: You may say that, yes, there are historical elements...but it is many things. So, in this story I play a time traveler who is saving nefarious historical women from incarceration or death and bringing them to my safe space in the future, where we can all get intimate together.

JOURNALIST: Define “nefarious women” a bit more will you?

ANA: These are all women who killed men. I save Giulia Tofana, who was a poison maker in Rome; she used to sell poison to women that wanted to kill their husbands and I save her whilst she’s in hiding. I save Joan of Arc before she’s burnt alive. I save Charlotte Corday before she’s guillotined and, finally, I save Valerie Solanas from prison after she shot Andy Warhol.

JOURNALIST: But she did not kill Warhol, he survived.

ANA: Yes, so in my movie, at the end, to give Valerie a gift, the other women and I travel back to the mid-eighties, kidnap the older Warhol, performed by a woman since, as I said, there are no males in this production, and give him to Valerie...

JOURNALIST: Oh, I see...so she may finish what she started?

ANA: I'm not spoiling the ending! You have to watch it to find out...

JOURNALIST: I must! But, without spoiling anything else, what was your inspiration for this movie?

ANA: The movie is also an adaptation, of sorts, of *Philosophy in the Bedroom* by the Marquis De Sade. And just like in that book, apart from the erotic sequences we also discuss politics and women's rights. These women from different historical periods are interested in finding out what changed and what didn't, and they have their own visions of what else could be done for women to achieve their full freedom and, therefore, full dignity in society. So no, it is not just about women who enjoy killing men.

JOURNALIST: But there is violence too in this movie, right? Does it get gory?

ANA: Yes, the violence is as pornographic as the sex, it is a symbolic gesture of course. Women are subjugated and exploited, primarily, by the patriarchy, meaning

mostly men. Destroying the patriarchy, removing from our society the men that exploit and subjugate women, has to be one of our top priorities. So we want to give the women that watch this movie that pleasure too, the visceral act of seeing women do violent things to men, which is also a reversal of most mainstream pornography tropes, since it is always the men who dominate the women in regular porn.

JOURNALIST: Don't you think this might turn away your primary consumers, the men?

ANA: Yes, the men we don't like! If there's a way we may choose which men to pleasure and which ones not to, even from the screen, we want to try it out. We're hoping that the men who don't want to subjugate and exploit women help us of course.

JOURNALIST: Those are the ones who'll get to join you in amazing orgies?

ANA: Precisely! (*Ana laughs.*)

JOURNALIST: Well, that's one hell of a reward. Thanks for being with us tonight, I'll be sure to check out your movie!

ANA: It was a pleasure.

CUT.

Interview #2: 2010 – Fighting for Women Pleasuring Men: The Book

JOURNALIST: Ana, throughout your career you've been called porn star, pornographer, feminist producer and an activist for the rights of women and sex workers. Do you truly think that you are all of these things?

ANA: I'm a proper chimera, right? Haha, yes, they call me many things. I don't like getting hung up on titles though, I don't really care about what I'm called. Everyone tries to categorize you some way or the other, and some do it to understand you, whilst others do it to frame you and have you ready to be shot down. But for a very long time now, I've always done one thing and one thing only: I do whatever I feel like. If I

feel like performing, I do that, if I feel like directing or producing porn, I can do that, too. And if I feel like talking about the rights of women and sex workers, that's exactly what I will do.

JOURNALIST: And now you felt like writing a book.

ANA: Exactly, so I wrote a book and it's coming out next week. *Fighting for Women Pleasuring Men*.

JOURNALIST: Why do you think you felt this urge now?

ANA: To explain better and fight all the misunderstandings and the lies that people perpetuate about all of us in the sex industry. That is definitely my first and central reason. Nobody has ever been as maligned and as crudely described and exploited as us women working in any facet of this field, whether it's in porn or on the phone, or in strip clubs, or escorting—all of us are simply judged and considered “broken,” “sick” or “victims,” meaning weak and controlled...or simply

evil. Bad women that want to take “good” men away from their “good” women. And these judgements say much, much more about the people, both men and women, judging us than it actually says about *us*. It is time that we tell our story, too. So in this book, I talk about my life experiences and my experiences in the industry, and also share the experiences of others to give another perspective. And the other reason would probably be that I want to defend pornography.

JOURNALIST: You talk about the sex industry in this book and how you’ve navigated it throughout your career so far—sex must be very important in your life. Is it *the* most important thing?

ANA: Yes, sex is and has always been the most important thing in my life. I don’t mean that it should be for everyone, not *the* most important thing for everyone, but it definitely is a central thing in life for most people. So much of how we behave, whether we are conscious of it or not, is in some way or other effected by our sexual energy, by the

way we are attracted to others and the way we attract others. Sexuality, for me, definitely goes beyond pornography, yet it was in pornography that I felt liberated to start truly exploring it without any form of restriction. The fact that we have built a whole culture of taboo and secrecy on something so fundamental to our being is ludicrous. And it's all the fault of religious men who wanted to control women hundreds of years ago!

JOURNALIST: How is pornography liberating? Some would say it is the opposite.

ANA: For me, and many others like me, it's liberating because, through performing sexual acts in front of a camera, I was able to let go of many hang-ups I had about my sexuality and myself. Sex becomes playful, it is no longer "sacred." The sacred exists only in fear. Something which is sacred automatically demands one to be afraid of it, afraid to break it or somehow "wrong" it, because it is sacred right? There are all these rules around sacred things, and whoever controls the rules around sacred things has

the power. For centuries, sex has been made sacred by religions and, thus, religious leaders would know and control the rules to keep it sacred. What can be done and can't be done is dictated by people one cannot reply to. And so, everyone lives in fear of sex, fear of breaking the rules of sex. Pornography destroyed that fear completely for me and for many others. It's no longer sacred, there are no rules of sex anymore, there are only people who are playing together—a very intimate game, a very personal game, but not sacred and no longer private or secret. We can share this reality now, and others may join us by taking pleasure from it as well.

JOURNALIST: Doesn't the presence of the camera render the act as fake or merely performative though? Are you truly exploring sexuality in porn, or is it just another role that you're playing?

ANA: As far as I'm concerned, the camera has the opposite effect. I've discussed this topic with many other performers, and many do say that the camera depersonalizes the

whole experience, so for them it is just another “role” they’re playing, and instead of lines or dialogue, they have their naked bodies. But what the camera does for me is make me feel like I’m no longer trapped inside my own head. Once I’m in front of the camera, I can truly start playing outside of my own immediate desires. The world is suddenly present and watching, and, as the world watches, I feel like I’m giving something to it and now I’m free to say and do and give whatever I want because the world is there and ready to receive me. It’s no longer just about me and this man or this woman I’m having sex with.

JOURNALIST: At one point in your book, you even mention that porn should be a topic taught in schools, as in: young people should be taught how to choose and watch porn. Isn’t that taking it a bit *too* far? Is school really the right place for porn?

ANA: I’m being idealistic here. I’m well-aware that, in today’s schools, the chances of this happening are slim. Very few people are equipped to deal with such subjects yet. But,

maybe, in a future educational system where sexuality is no longer taboo, where we are ready to teach younger generations how to love one another physically and how to manage our sexual feelings, our emotions and our sexual growth, instead of just hoping they figure things out on their own whilst we make them ashamed of who they are, maybe, in *that* kind of future, yes, there will be a place for porn in schools. Porn is not a value-free activity. There is such a thing as good porn and bad porn. There are subtexts and contexts in porn that young people need guidance with. Unfortunately, right now, nobody is giving them this guidance and, even though we might not want them to, they're watching it anyway. The best example to think about here is contraceptives. For a long time, it was considered unspeakable that we teach teenagers how to wear a condom. In most schools today, we would consider it immoral *not* to teach them how to wear a condom. I believe it will be the same case with porn, twenty, maybe thirty years into the future. It

will depend on how culture and liberal politics evolve over time.

JOURNALIST: In your book, you claim that everything you do, every decision you take, is political. What did you mean by this?

ANA: The very choice to participate in pornography—and the decisions one takes about the methods used to film it and distribute it—is a political and ethical one. Everything that happens in my studios happens with the utmost respect for all of those involved and, unlike other studios and most practices in the past, I make sure to completely empower all the women involved in my productions. I give women access to all the technical roles available in the production process, I give all the performing women a strong say in the way each film is made and everybody is given the best financial remuneration possible on any given project and for any role. I believe that all of this is a political choice and a political example.

JOURNALIST: But you also take part in more direct political activism, right?

ANA: I will defend women and women's rights for freedom, education and health for as long as I can keep up the fight, yes. Unfortunately, we still live in a world where women are bought and sold in countries you'd least expect it from. Sometimes you see issues such as human trafficking and the imprisonment of women for sexual servitude in action movies or thrillers and one might think that this is a way of exposing such practices but, in fact, it does the complete opposite. When people see these things in a film, they immediately attribute that reality to something that "only happens in the movies" and, thus, as something which is "not real." Another reason why such criminal practices need a different approach to being tackled is because the victims of these cases are victimized even further by being turned into corrupt images themselves. Escorts, erotic dancers, erotic film performers—all of us—are very easily demonized and, in too many parts of the

world, still considered as shameful or distasteful. This makes it very hard to rally public opinion in favor of sex workers. My aim is to set a very different example and show publicly how there can be a sex industry that has got nothing to do with criminality—that is not corrupt, that empowers *all* the people involved, both women and men.

JOURNALIST: What do you have to say to those that still feel pornography and sex work in general can never truly empower women and will always be a means for their objectification and degradation?

ANA: Of course, I disagree but I do understand where they are coming from. I have regular heated debates with other feminists that believe what I do can never be feminist because, at the end of the day, I'm creating more images for men to objectify women with and also because the big majority of mainstream porn is still showing men as the dominant, aggressive partner subduing weak, vulnerable, submissive women. For many, porn keeps perpetuating

the trope that, for a woman to be sexy, she needs to submit and be pleasing, and so porn is automatically misogynistic. But is it? If a woman plays a submissive role to make a man feel good, is that simply a regurgitation of a misogynistic culture or could it also be something else? I feel that this argument does not truly understand the nature of power and what I call “the power of the gift”—meaning the power of giving.

JOURNALIST: Can you elaborate on that?
The power of the gift?

ANA: Yes, there’s a difference, in my eyes at least, between the woman that is “taken” and the woman that “gives” herself. And I would like to expand this language to both men and women. Degradation and inequality come in when someone is *made* to submit and is threatened or is contorted against their wishes and against their will, either by the use of force or economic leverage, to perform sexual acts, whether in front of a camera or not, for somebody else’s pleasure. But if the choice is a free choice, a free choice to perform this work as much as

it is a free choice to become an artist or a writer or an architect, then the paradigm is a very different one. I had a university degree in anthropology before I decided to start doing pornography. If not teaching in a university, I could have found an office job. I have skills in marketing, business, whatever. My choice of having sex in front of a camera for a living was completely my free choice, and I make sure that it is the same for all those that work in my studios. Nobody is there against their will. And what they are offering is a “gift”—their naked image for others to take pleasure from. They themselves take pleasure, in some form or other, in creating those images. This is a deal between consenting adults on both sides, nobody is doing anything against their will and, therefore, I do not believe that it is degrading in any way. This freedom also gives us the opportunity to create other images...moments where the men are subdued, the women are aggressive or dominating. Yet one needs the playfulness of porn to truly explore this without the secrecy and the fear and the shame that so

many are completely controlled by. Many women have realized that they may ask their male partners to do or perform differently in bed because of what they saw in porn. It works both ways, it levels the playing field. Do we need to create more porn for women? Yes of course! The imbalance is a problem because it's been very recent for us women to start taking some form of control in the industry. But our say is getting more and more important every day. Now the other kinds of pornography where women are tricked or threatened or their poverty is used as leverage to convince them to do pornography, yes, that is exploitation and totally degrading and it should be eradicated.

JOURNALIST: So you don't believe that the more sex work is legalized, the more you are also promoting the acceptance of the illegal forms of sex work?

ANA: Not at all. It is actually the opposite. In countries where sex work is legalized, the illegal forms of sex work are easier to control and remove. The issue at hand is being able to cause the shift in the first place, and to

bring law enforcement on our side. It is easier to stop us from doing something that is categorically legal and well-organized than it is to stop the millions of the underground, illegal and exploitative sex practices that happen every day. Firstly, because we are vocal and visible so you can easily target us, and secondly, because, unfortunately, though not always, you may find a connection between the men who run the law enforcement and the men who are running the illegal sex work operations, and therefore, one does not necessarily have it in their interest to stop the other. So, as usual, we become the easy, visible enemy once again.

JOURNALIST: Is this a systemic issue then?

ANA: Definitely. The men in power that do not want women to have financial independence and do not want women to have control over their own sexual freedom will never consent to the legalization of sex work. The legalization of sex work means every woman now has her absolute freedom of monetizing her own body without

needing the consent or protection of a man. It is the *system* that should already be providing that freedom and protection, hence legalization, not individual men who are subjugating the women in their lives.

JOURNALIST: Freedom and protection, two of the pillars of our society I would say, and excellently argued by Ana Peaceful, here with us in the studio this evening. Thank you for this in-depth look at some of the central topics of your book, Ana.

ANA: Thanks again for your invite.

JOURNALIST: Ladies and gentlemen, *Fighting for Women Pleasuring Men*, in all bookstores across the country next week!

CUT.

Interview #3: 2023 – The Last King: A Horror Movie

JOURNALIST: Ana, you've come a long way from your first all-female adult movie, *Pornotopia*, and you are currently working on your first horror movie *The Last King*.

How do you feel about this journey? Have you changed?

ANA: It's been a great journey indeed! But I do not think that I have changed much. I was always someone who wanted to do their own thing in their own way, whether that is an adult film or a horror movie, and now I feel like making horror movies, so horror movies it is.

JOURNALIST: Do you feel there is some form of connection between horror movies and pornography?

ANA: They are both extremely visual genres, aren't they? And both horror movies and pornography give us that voyeuristic experience. We're always watching something we're "not supposed" to be watching. Whether it is two people sixty-nine'ing each other or a killer disemboweling a victim. But there's also a lot of symbolism and escapism in horror movies, which I have explored before already in pornography... So yes, I feel that my affinity towards the horror genre comes naturally.

JOURNALIST: But now you're working with men again, and some say your productions are not as "feminist" as they used to be. What do you have to say about those who feel you're selling out?

ANA: My production practices have evolved with my philosophy and feminism has developed further since the days when women were shutting out men. Real feminism was never about building a world without men, but about setting new values which men may also adopt. Yes, we are still fighting the patriarchy, but the patriarchy is not men, it is a set of values with a set of accompanying behaviors, and just as both men and women can be patriarchal, so, too, can both fight the patriarchy. I believe that helping men fight the patriarchy that has shaped them for so long needs to be one of our highest priorities. This is something I also try to explore in the movie.

JOURNALIST: So are there any particular ways in which you mean to set this horror movie aside from others?

ANA: Hopefully! Yes, my aim is not to simply make a horror movie, but to make a *different* horror movie. For example, the protagonists of the movie are not a monogamous couple, but a group of people living in a polyamorous network...what we would call a polycule. This creates a different kind of tension within the movie since there is not one obvious central romantic relationship, but many across all characters. And every death will leave an impact, since of course there will be lots of gory murder!

JOURNALIST: Do you have a favorite kill in particular?

ANA: Of course, but I'm not going to spoil it!

JOURNALIST: When can we see it?

ANA: If everything goes to plan, it should be in theaters by Christmas. Did I mention it's also a Christmas movie?

JOURNALIST: It is?

ANA: Yes, it is a feminist Christmas horror movie.

JOURNALIST: First of its kind! Thank you so much for joining us, Ana.

ANA: Thank you for your time, now I better go and finish my movie!

CUT.

Live News Report – Summer 2023

Countryside, silence, maybe woods, trees. We can clearly see that this is a place away from the city or any form of urban life. We come to a gate and walk in. There's an unexpected escalation of noises, people crying, a flashing of lights. We come to a large mansion and there's a crowd at the front door. An ambulance is present, and police cars are cordoning off the area. A small crowd of undressed, semi-dressed people and people dressed in kinky BDSM costumes lay outside and are being registered on a list by the police.

JOURNALIST: We're live at the Peaceful Studios Mansion where, only a few hours

ago, the feminist producer Ana Peaceful was shot while at work on her latest movie. This is a developing situation, though it has been reported that the gunshot wounds are very serious and may have been fatal. The perpetrator is a nineteen-year-old female that's been taken into custody after she was found hiding in the vicinity. In a rather disturbing turn of events, the perpetrator has left a live video recording on social media addressed to Ana Peaceful, explaining the reasons behind her act.

Social media live video upload – the shooter

The girl is looking into the camera of her phone and talking to her viewers. The number of viewers starts at zero, but it goes up as she progresses into her story. By the end, there's thousands of people watching, with some leaving emojis and comments.

GIRL: I've been thinking about this for a very long time. It hasn't been easy. I'm not a violent girl. Hard to believe, but true. This is not something I ever imagined myself being capable of doing. But we are all capable of much more than we actually think we are. It

is this life, this world, that makes us think that we're not, but we are—yes, we are capable of a lot of things. But only if we have the freedom to abandon ourselves hard enough to the deed. If you think about something hard enough and for long enough, if you let the thought take you over, day after day, for years, literally, years on end obsessing on this thing you have to do, until that's all your head is filled with, then you can bring yourself to do it. And it will be the last thing you do. There's nothing left of you after that. You've put all of yourself into it and once it's done, that's it. There's nothing left but the consequences of your action.

For me, that moment, is today, right now. This is the last thing I will ever do. Everything I'm doing today is solely for the execution of this action, and once this action is accomplished, I will be no more. I will become an empty husk. An open future full of nothing to be filled with whatever terror is yet to come. And this is all because of you, Ana Peaceful. You and I have lived our entire lives to cross at this inevitable

trajectory. You might not know who I am, but I know you. And I loved you. And you hurt me in ways you cannot imagine. Ways you can never make amends for. Nobody can fix this. Nobody can bring me back what I've lost because of you. The years I've lost, the future, the family. I was so obsessed with you. I idolized you. I thought you were the most amazing woman to have ever walked the Earth.

You've thrown yourself out there, where everyone could see you. Your words and your ideas and your lifestyle have been out there for millions to consume, of course we'd meet! You might not know of me like you don't know of millions of others that follow you and follow your example, but *we* know *you*. And we can fall in love with you. Have you ever thought of that? Have you ever considered how many lives you reach and touch and pervert with your...your very existence? I know that's not what you think, oh no. You don't think of your life's work as a perversity. You think you're some liberator, a savior of female sexuality, freeing

us from our taboos and fears and teaching us how not to be embarrassed and humiliated ever again.

When I met you, I was at this weird age, a time when I had started having all these weird feelings. I was never a normal girl. I was always a strange one. Always shy and soft spoken. But I craved some kind of human contact. I craved it so intensely. Nobody had ever wanted to be with me. I saw all the others, all the other girls my age and even younger, hang out with friends and have boyfriends and flirt and get attention. I was the stupid, weird idiot that had no idea what to ever do with herself. Until I found you, online. I remember your interview, when you won your award for the Feminist Porn Producer of the Year. You were so confident and so beautiful and convinced of what you were saying. How we should not be afraid of our sexuality, how our desires should always be celebrated, how exploring our bodies and sharing them with others is a source of empowerment. Pleasure is a statement, you said, we should not let fear

and hypocrisy rule our lives. You were my answer. You were the voice I always needed to hear.

I was only fifteen. I came from a religious family, small-town people. My mother worked in a small pharmacy and my father was a local sheriff. I was never very religious, that stuff just did not speak to me. So, it was easier to think that you were right and they were wrong. And you definitely helped. I watched all your films. I knew that somehow sex was the answer to everything I had been feeling. The loneliness, the shame trapped me into self-hate...but you showed me how sex could be the only thing to help me break through everything and I decided to do just that. Learn how to have good sex, learn from you. And become like you. Create my own videos, my own films, and everybody would be able to see me, recognize me; then I'd have people that would actually want to be with me, and hopefully love me.

It took me a couple of years to get there. I was seventeen when I gathered all the courage I needed to approach some boys and

ask them to help me make my video. I had it all planned out; I had a camera and a bedroom. I had a full list of ideas, things I wanted to do. I had already experimented with boys in preparation for this. And there was already a reputation going around that, at the time, I thought was a good thing. So, when I approached these three boys, they thought I was amazing. It was going to be the best day of their lives. And they all brought masks. I did not care much for it. But the boys had masks and I did not, and we spent a whole day filming. They brought their own ideas too. And I loved every second of it. But once we were done, they took the video. I couldn't fight them off. I asked for it, but they took it and told me that everything would be fine.

Can you imagine what a video like that would do to a family in a small town? Everybody was talking about it. The boys shared it at school and put it online and...and then my father walked into his station one morning and found two of his deputies laughing at a video. They tried to

not show him, but it was too late, he wanted to know what they were watching.

Yes. It was me. They were watching me, sucking cocks and getting fucked. You might think he'd do something to me. You might think he'd come home, find me and bash the living daylights out of me. But that was never my dad. His sense of honor and reputation went way beyond that. He did nothing to me. He just went out to his car in the parking lot, took out his gun and shot himself in the mouth. My life ended with his.

My brother and my mother kicked me out of the house. Gave me enough money to catch a bus out of town. They didn't care where I was going to end up. My brother told me that if I ever returned, he'd kill me. But that's not why my life ended. My life ended because right there, I realized my life was a lie. *I* was a lie. I was not some free woman living out this liberated life. I was a stain. A distasteful stain that ruined lives and destroyed families. And you made me believe I was otherwise.

All of this was six years ago. Since then, I've been roaming. Thinking only about you and the lies that you keep telling everyone. You are accountable. It is time you take responsibility, Ana Peaceful. You will take responsibility by accepting your death. You must perish. This is the only way. I will not let you seduce me or anybody else anymore! My life is over, I have nothing, I can do nothing, I live day after day trying to survive by prostituting myself. That's all I can do, and I hate myself for it. You can't do anything about how much I hate myself. I hate myself much more than I hate you. I destroyed my family and my future because of my stupidity. So I might as well use what little life I have left to rid the world of you and your dirt. May this be a sign for all those that want to be like you, and all those that believe your lies. Your time is up, Ana Peaceful. I'm coming for you. I'm at your door. Finally, you will know my face and you will be held accountable.

CUT.

Part Two: Some Stupid Bitch Killed Ana Peaceful

These conversations are to be performed live for an audience. Within an immersive environment, each conversation should have its own space or room where the audience can encounter the characters. The scripts may suggest nudity and sexual actions, but it is up to the performers to decide on how to play these elements. Though the content of the conversations is intended as a starter for further serious conversation, the scenes are not unlike the usual superficial scenarios of actual pornography. More conversations may be added to these, such as conversation in between real porn actors who discuss particular experiences they had on set, or conversations between porn users discussing their experiences. The live contact here is important to break the safety net of the screen and bring people closer to the real world around them.

Conversation #1 – The Horror

A simple room with a massage table. A chair holds clothes on it and some towels.

Christine Lee Rich (CHRIS) – A porn star-turned-film actress.

Ruby Papin (RUBY) – A professional masseuse who does online live porn part time.

The Young Actress (CHRIS) and her Personal Masseuse (RUBY) are at Christine's apartment.

CHRIS is naked on the massage table; she is being given a massage by RUBY. The personal masseuse is going through CHRIS' entire body muscle by muscle throughout the conversation.

CHRIS: Mmmm this feels so good...

RUBY: It's easy to get used to, isn't it?

CHRIS: Oh yeah. I think I'm going to call you again tomorrow.

RUBY: Wow, maybe I should move in.

CHRIS: I want you here every single day.
Who knew that getting dismembered in a
crappy horror movie could feel this amazing?

RUBY: You're doing horror movies now?

CHRIS: My first proper role in a feature film.
I have finally made it. Now I can pamper
myself as much as I like.

RUBY: Good for you. What happens in it?

CHRIS: The movie?

RUBY: Yeah, will you be killed?

CHRIS: Indeed, I'm the first kill.

RUBY: So, how will you die?

CHRIS: Oh, Jesus it's horrible, so disgusting.

RUBY: You get stabbed?

CHRIS: I *wish* I was getting stabbed! Drew
Barrymore had it easy compared to this.

RUBY: That scene was intense though, a classic.

CHRIS: My death will never be a classic, it's gross. Do you really want to hear this?

RUBY: How bad could it be?

CHRIS: You asked for it. So, I'm running naked in the woods, right?

RUBY: Of course you are.

CHRIS: Listen to this: so I was skinny-dipping in the lake and I just saw my girlfriend on the pier, I'm a lesbian by the way, 'cause apparently teenage emo lesbians are a new horror movie demographic. Anyway, I'm a skinny-dipping lesbian and I just saw my girlfriend's head being ripped off by an invisible entity on the pier.

RUBY: Okay.

CHRIS: So then, I get out of the lake and start running naked in the woods.

RUBY: Let me guess, then the “invisible entity” rips your head off too?

CHRIS: Worse. I’m running naked in the woods right, and suddenly I trip, and I’m being dragged and lifted upside down. My legs are pulled apart slowly until I’m spread-eagle, upside down, in mid-air. That’s when blood starts squirting out of my pussy, tons of it, and I start ripping down the middle until all of my insides spill and splosh everywhere.

RUBY: Jesus fuck.

CHRIS: I told you it’s disgusting.

RUBY: I don’t think I’d ever agree to be in something like that, if I were an actress I mean. We already have so many images of women being terrified, killed, tortured and raped, why create more?

CHRIS: It’s actually a feminist piece, the people behind it are all women.

RUBY: Seriously?

CHRIS: I'm serious. Two young women wrote it and are directing it, and it's being produced by Ana Peaceful.

RUBY: I didn't know Ana Peaceful is producing horror movies, isn't her thing porn?

CHRIS Not anymore. She has her own studio and is producing mainstream films too. She's very professional and makes sure we're all safe. She also pays very well.

RUBY: Are you getting paid more than the men?

CHRIS: Yep. That's it, that's the whole idea, but there aren't that many men in the movie anyway, no leads that's for sure, except for one young boy that needs to be sacrificed or something to defeat the invisible entity.

RUBY: And that's what makes it feminist?

CHRIS: When they pitched it to us, they said that it was a piece of social commentary exposing the invisible violence of men against women. The monster used to be an ancient king, he used to dabble in the occult or sorcery or something, so he's the patriarchy that became all monstrous.

RUBY: An ancient king dabbling in the occult? What a shit-fest.

CHRIS: I honestly don't care how crappy this movie is or why anyone should bother taking this so seriously. All I know is that I'm getting paid well and that I can afford a massage whenever I want to!

CHRIS gives RUBY a sign to continue doing her thing.

RUBY: That's exactly what counts, baby.

CHRIS: No more porn for me.

RUBY: You're quitting porn movies for good?

CHRIS: Now that I'm going mainstream, I
 might as well take the leap.

RUBY: But I thought you loved doing porn.

CHRIS: I did have some good times and it did
 keep me afloat for a while, but I wouldn't go
 so far to say I loved every second of it.

RUBY: More horror stories?

CHRIS: Oh yes, work in the porn industry
 and you'll get some REAL horror stories
 alright. But at least things are changing. At
 least for those of us that are not desperate or
 stupid.

RUBY: What's changing?

CHRIS: Women. The more women take over
 the industry and keep directing and
 producing their own porn, the more "safe
 spaces" we have to work in. For the first
 couple of years doing porn, I worked only for
 men and, even though you did meet a gentler
 director every once in a while—meaning

someone who'd actually bother to ask you if you're okay after having been deep-throated for the fifth time on a single shoot—the majority don't give a fuck. I've never been asked for my input or how I feel about doing something on a shoot directed by men.

RUBY: I bet. That's why I never did any actual movies. I only do solo or girl-on-girl stuff on my own channel.

CHRIS: Working with Ana Peaceful was very different though.

RUBY: You were in her big history movie, weren't you?

CHRIS: Yes, *Pornotopia*! Those were the days. I played Joan of Arc. She saves me from the fire and takes me to this mansion full of costumes and toys!

RUBY: Of course, I bet Joan of Arc *would* be into costumes and toys.

CHRIS: We even had this amazing life-size unicorn prop and we fucked it too!

RUBY: Seems like you have some great memories of sex with Ana Peaceful.

CHRIS: Always in front of a camera.

RUBY: Is it that different for you, being in front of the camera?

CHRIS: Hell yeah. Once you're in front of a camera with lights, makeup, a crew around you and following some form of direction, it is all clearly a performance.

RUBY: But what you're doing with the other person is still very intimate, no? I still feel a very deep connection to those I'm filming with, but then again, we're alone in front of my phone or laptop, unlike on a film set.

CHRIS: Sure, you are using the "intimate" parts of your body, but is the "experience" still intimate? I don't think I've ever had

moments where I actually have feelings for the other person during the performance. It is still only a performance for me.

RUBY: So there was never anything going on between you and Ana?

CHRIS: Wait, where is this coming from? You asking me 'cause you're curious right now, or 'cause you've heard something?

RUBY: Let's say...a bit of both.

CHRIS: What have you heard?

RUBY: Nothing much.

CHRIS: Come on now, spill it.

RUBY: I was giving a massage to another performer, who was very sure that there was something going on between you two.

CHRIS: Meaning that's how I was getting my roles? Who's this jealous bitch?

RUBY: You know I'm not going to tell you that.

CHRIS: Professional confidentiality and all that bullshit?

RUBY: Exactly.

CHRIS: You don't have to tell me, I know who it is already. Must be that big mouth, Sandra.

RUBY: But is it true? Is there something going on?

CHRIS: No! It's just professional. She likes how I act, so she keeps giving me roles.

RUBY: And it never crossed your mind that maybe she keeps giving you roles because she likes you and not *just* your acting?

CHRIS: I don't think so.

RUBY: So you feel nothing for her? Even though you've worked together naked on all

those movies and she's been giving you all these opportunities?

CHRIS: It's a job. Look, I'm not the "feeling" kind of person, okay?

RUBY: What do you mean?

CHRIS: I try not to care about people. I only want to be civil, do my job, fulfill my obligations, get on with my life and enjoy what money I make. Beyond that, I don't want to have to give a fuck about anyone.

RUBY: And what if someone gives a fuck about you?

CHRIS: That's not happening.

RUBY: How can you be sure?

CHRIS: Because I know. Nobody gives a fuck about me. Nobody ever has and nobody ever will. I look good naked onscreen. That's all I have to offer and that's all anybody has ever given a damn about me for.

RUBY: Maybe Ana Peaceful cares about you more than you think, and you're just not seeing it.

CHRIS: I highly doubt that.

RUBY: Or you're right, she likes how good you look naked onscreen and can't resist your ass.

RUBY gives CHRIS a playful slap on her ass and motions her to turn around on her back. CHRIS turns.

CHRIS: Hey! Let's not get too frisky!

RUBY: Keep it civil and professional, right?

CHRIS: That's it, civil and professional. For all the dirty porn I've made, I actually like keeping things clean.

RUBY: It's a pity you're not doing porn anymore though. I was going to ask if you'd be into a girl-on-girl video with me, fifty-fifty.

CHRIS: Are you making good money on the channel?

RUBY: I don't think I'm amazing at it yet, but not all my chiro clients are as lucky as you, so I need some more income from something else for sure. Porn will always be a thing. Men are simply addicted to it. And they'll be addicted forever, since they don't even know how sick they are.

CHRIS: But do they want to pay for it?

RUBY: True, that will always be an issue. They're so convinced sex is their God-given right that they'll expect it to be free forever. But I've been managing to coax out more payers with a little sexting and some live calls here and there. You'd be amazed how many of them are just lonely.

CHRIS: Yeah, lonely and addicted to displays of bleached assholes. But, as I said, I'm beyond all that now, sorry.

RUBY: One feature film role and you can't wait to leave us peasants in the dirt, can you?

CHRIS: That's not what I mean, and you know it!

RUBY: I'm not as hot as Ana Peaceful?

RUBY is massaging CHRIS' inner thigh, very close to her crotch.

CHRIS: What are you doing?

RUBY: I just want to see if we'd make a good couple on screen! Come on, let's try it out, maybe you'll like me, we can have some fun and make some cash...

RUBY pushes herself onto CHRIS and they're about to start making out, but CHRIS' phone starts ringing. CHRIS is clearly trying to break away to get the phone, but RUBY is trying to hold her. CHRIS breaks free.

CHRIS: Stop it! I need to get my phone, for fuck's sake!

Phone keeps ringing. CHRIS answers.

CHRIS: Who is it? Yes, that's me. Yes. What?
For real? What happened to her? Jesus. But
why? Oh my God. But wait! What about my
contract? But... Don't just... FUCK!

*Whoever was on the phone has hung up and CHRIS
just stares at it.*

RUBY: What?

CHRIS: Fucking cocksucker piece of shit
hung up on me!

RUBY: What happened?

CHRIS: Oh my God I can't believe this.

RUBY: Would you please tell me what
happened?

CHRIS: Some stupid bitch killed Ana
Peaceful.

RUBY: Killed Ana Peaceful?

CHRIS: This morning, some crazy bitch just went into Ana's office, took out a gun and shot her.

CHRIS starts looking up info online.

RUBY: Poor Ana.

CHRIS: I can't believe it.

RUBY: Are they sure she's dead?

CHRIS: That's what everyone's saying, look, it's on all the news. Shot three times. The crazy girl who shot her even left a video saying why she did it.

RUBY: The news isn't saying she's dead yet.

CHRIS: This guy just said she's dead and it's over.

RUBY: Only a few seconds ago we were just...

CHRIS: Yes, just a few seconds ago I was considering whether she might actually care for me or not, and now she's...

RUBY: You were?

CHRIS: You got me thinking and I just... I just thought, for a very brief second, what if?

RUBY: I'm so sorry.

CHRIS: It's all gone, everything is over, just like that... I can't believe it.

RUBY: What do you mean everything?

CHRIS: The studio is done. The movie has been canceled. They shut us down. It's over.

RUBY: Why?

CHRIS: This movie is Ana's project, her production. She was the only reason money was put into it and now that she's gone, they've pulled the plug. Nobody is getting a

cent and all we've got is their apologies and condolences. I'm fucked.

RUBY: What are you going to do?

CHRIS: I told you. I'm fucked.

RUBY: I mean about my bill.

CHRIS: Your bill?

RUBY: Yes. How are you going to pay me? I cost a hundred an hour and you've been calling me here every bloody day, so that's quite a bill honey.

CHRIS: Don't do this to me right now. Please, just don't.

RUBY: No, no, no, you're not playing that card with me. I know how this shit goes down. If I don't do this right now, you'll disappear, and I'll get fucked with you and your crap horror movie. I'm sorry your producer lady got shot, but I see no reason why I shouldn't get paid. So can you please

take a minute to explain how, exactly, you intend to pay me?

CHRIS: I thought we were friends!

RUBY: Civil and professional, remember?

CHRIS: Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!

RUBY approaches the raging CHRIS from behind, who's been naked throughout all this, and embraces her, cupping her breasts.

RUBY: That is still an option...

CHRIS: Fuck me?

RUBY: Yes, fuck you.

CHRIS takes a deep breath and leans in for a kiss. RUBY puts a finger on CHRIS' lips, stopping her.

RUBY: Na, na, not without the camera.

CHRIS: Civil and professional.

BLACKOUT.

Conversation #2 – A Game of Chess

A bedroom.

Zina Gipposkya (ZINA) – A professional Russian international escort woman.

Lorena Roberts (LOR) – An ex-escort, porn performer, American intersex woman.

Zina Gipposkya (ZINA), a guest, is in a bathrobe, coming in from a shower. Her American friend, Lorena Roberts (LOR), the host, is in her nightwear, and is waiting with a drink in her hand and a chessboard all set up on the bed.

Enter ZINA. Looks at the chessboard and is immediately annoyed.

ZINA: Not this again!

LOR: I told you, tonight is all about unfinished business.

ZINA: Unfinished business, my ass.

LOR: We made a deal.

ZINA: I'm going to tell you what I told you last time; I don't respect deals I make when I'm drunk. And I don't play chess. Why are you so goddamn stubborn?

LOR: You know I was born this stubborn, and to prove it, I'll repeat again what I said last time, too: no excuses and a deal is a deal. So you play the game or you're chicken shit for the rest of your life. And we're three moves in already anyway.

ZINA: Those three moves were played four years ago, under the influence of a lot of white wine, right before I passed out. I don't think that counts at all.

LOR: Okay, I'm hearing you. It's only three moves, so why don't we restart? A fresh game, but the bet stands.

LOR moves the pieces on the board back to starting positions. ZINA pours herself a drink.

ZINA: You're not giving up, are you?

LOR: Never.

ZINA: I don't want to go through that whole lecture about the moves and the rules and all that shit again.

LOR: I barely know the rules myself!

ZINA: Like fuck I'm believing that.

LOR: Honest. I'm an amateur chess player, this is a fair fight.

ZINA: Stop bullshitting me, I'm not that stupid. Let's just get this over with. I want to start, can I move this one?

LOR: No, that's the queen, the queen can't jump over other pieces, only the knight can do that.

ZINA: You mean the horse?

LOR: Yes, the horse.

ZINA: Okay then, I'll move the horse.

LOR: Not there. You can't move the horse there. The horse moves in an L-shape, like

this, so you can place your horse, here or here...

ZINA: Jesus hell! I came here to chill out after a fucked-up day and this ain't chill at all.

LOR: Let's have a drink first, then. Let's put the game on pause for a second, have a drink, chat and chill. How's business? Is business still cool?

ZINA is still not particularly happy with LOR'S attitude and is giving her a suspicious look, but she plays along in resignation.

ZINA: Apart from earlier today, business is cool. I'm finally completely independent, no agencies, no one to suck a percentage from my tits and the clients are good, solid regulars. I have a couple of guys in every major city all over the planet, and they're all top cash. I don't do those short notice calls anymore. I'm done with that shit. I do weekends and holiday breaks, nothing short of two grand a job. And I don't do druggies

or gangbangers. I was so pissed off at myself for not seeing it coming with Rodney.

LOR: I thought you liked bad boys.

ZINA: Not when they start collecting AK-47s and short people.

LOR: Did you say short people? You mean, dwarves?

ZINA: Uh huh. That's where I drew my line with Rodney.

LOR: I think it's story time, baby.

ZINA: Do I really have to?

LOR: Want to give chess another shot?

ZINA: So, Rodney, I'm all pimped up for him, right? I was all Gucci for that fucker, not Gucci last year, not Gucci last season, Gucci right now. But when he sees me, he asks me to wait. He's like, "Wait a second, I have a surprise for you tonight," so I smiled and flashed him a nipple, usual bullshit, thought he was going to bring out some

fuckin' string of ass beads or something, but no. He opens a door and brings in five dwarves, three guys and two girls, dressed up as fuckin' sailors.

LOR: For real?

ZINA: For goddamn real. Five very short people. And he's like, "I would love to see you do it with my dwarves tonight, you like dwarves right? These are my dwarves, I bought them from this friend of mine. Don't worry, they're happy here. This is gonna be so cool, you know?" And I was like, "No, I don't know, I know nothing about you buying dwarves from friends. And I don't ever want to know anything about you buying dwarves from friends. This is the total opposite of cool."

LOR is laughing hard.

ZINA: Goddamn dwarf collector.

LOR: Why did you freak out? You don't like doing small people?

ZINA: That's not it at all. We could have had quite a fun night. The problem was the way he talked. It was all this bullshit of: "I bought them from a friend," "They are mine," "I keep them happy here." What kind of talk is that? These are people; he's talking about buying and keeping people as if they were his pets. My brain just couldn't handle it, I was like no, I can't be a part of this, I don't want to know more about this messed up world this twisted prick lives in.

LOR: He must talk about you in the same way though, no? I'm sure he's got friends somewhere that know about you and he probably tells them shit like, "I have this girl I bought, she comes over for the weekend and sucks my cock for forty-eight hours, amazing tits I tell you man and she's not cheap..."

ZINA: If that's what he says, then he's a deluded fuck because he never bought me. He might have hired me for a night or two, but that scumbag piece of shit never bought me.

LOR: Rented you, hired you, bought you, isn't it all sexual servitude? It's all the same. In his head, he owns your ass because he gives you money.

ZINA: Bullshit.

LOR: Let me tell you what freaked you out. You freaked out 'cause when you saw those dwarves and he said that they're his, that he bought them, something in you, some small prickly voice in your head told you, "That's it, that's what you are. You are just another sex slave that got bought off a friend by a rich white prick called Rodney."

ZINA: You know what?

LOR: What?

ZINA: Just this moment, right now, you reminded me why I haven't bothered talking to you for the past four years. You can be such a cunt.

LOR: Whoa! What have I done to you now?

ZINA: You just don't know when to back the fuck off. You have to keep pushing it, and pushing it, just to make sure you make your damn point.

LOR: Oh come on, don't be like that. We're just talking.

ZINA: No, we're not just talking. Just like your fucking chess game is not just a game. And you know it.

LOR: I don't get it. Why are you making it all personal?

ZINA: *I* made it all personal? Are you kidding me?

LOR: *You're* the one getting defensive!

ZINA: And *you're* the one that decided to psychoanalyze my ass and explain to me why I got pissed off at Rodney. You can't just assume to understand what's going on in my head when I haven't even had the chance to properly understand it myself.

LOR: I was only telling you how I see it.
That's it, no more no less.

ZINA: And how you see it is pretty
insulting, so you better keep it to your
goddamn self.

LOR: You're unbelievable.

ZINA: No, I won't have this. You're the
unbelievable one. Because every single time
we meet, you have to find some contorted,
roundabout way to judge me and judge what
I do, simply because you don't do it any
longer so now you're above it all.

LOR: I wasn't judging anything! Like I
wasn't judging you last time and the time
before that. How many times do we have to
have this damn argument? I just made an
observation about you not fucking a short
guy, what's wrong with doing a short guy
every once in a while? I'd fuck a dwarf on
any given Sunday.

ZINA: Of course you would.

LOR: Oh, so here it comes. It's your turn now to throw the mud, huh?

ZINA: What mud?

LOR: You said, "Of course." What do you mean "of course"?

ZINA: Because you fuck everything. Man, woman, animal, fruit and veg, you're a sex maniac. Have you ever seen your online movies? You do all kinds of crazy circus shit all the time.

LOR: "Circus"? You're actually bringing up the word "circus"? You know how many times I've been called a circus freak when I was a kid?

ZINA: That's not how I meant it and you know it.

LOR: Whether you meant it or not, this is evidence.

ZINA: Evidence of what?

LOR: Evidence of what you think and how you feel about me. You think I'm a freak, because I have a dick.

ZINA: That's not what I think!

LOR: I'm the circus freak, girl with a dick, that should have no problem fucking dwarves because freaks fuck freaks.

ZINA: Have I ever been a bitch to you bitch? Ever?

LOR: Fair enough. But...

ZINA: But what?

LOR: But you're the only girlfriend I have that has never given me head.

ZINA: And here we go again! Every single time we meet, you try to get me to suck your dick! What are you going to come up with this time? I'm not going back to playing that damn chess shit, 'cause that thing is rigged and you know it.

LOR: So let's just do it! We don't have to play the game, we don't have to make any bets, let's just have some fun together, like giggly friends! I've wanted you since I laid eyes on you, but you never, ever gave in to me. I just don't get it.

ZINA: I don't want to have that kind of relationship with you. I've told you this a zillion times.

LOR: And I still don't get it! Why? Why not me? You sleep with so many goddamn people, some of them ugly as fuck, so why not me?

ZINA: Because I want to have something different with you. I don't want it to be about giving and taking. If I suck your dick, I'll want something else in return, and a finger bang won't do it. Sex doesn't do it for me. That's why I can work with sex, because for me having sex is like driving a car or typing on a laptop—it's a mechanical thing, another function that I can sell. I don't want to sell you anything. Can't we just be good friends

and enjoy each other's company without having sex?

LOR: I can't be your friend if we *don't* have sex! I'm not going to chill and feel good until I've had you. This is how I feel. Once I'm close to somebody, there's immediately this tension for me, this need. I want to have that person in my hands, in my mouth, inside and outside and all over me. That's how I get to really know people, everything else is just words, I can't connect with just words, I need lips and sweat and saliva.

ZINA: Is this why you left the escort business?

LOR: Yes. That's why I couldn't keep living the professional life. I was making much more money than I am now, and it was always fun to tell guys, "Suck my dick!" But you can't choose your clients when you're making a living like that, not at the start at least. Most of the people calling me up for my services were people I could never have any actual interest in at all. It's not about pride or dignity or some abstract bullshit like

that. I've never looked down on you for doing what you do, and I never will. I admire you. I see a woman in control, strong and unfettered. And I would love to have so much more of you.

ZINA: I want to give you more, just not like this.

LOR is shocked. The air is knocked out of her.

LOR: Those words... I need a drink.

LOR pours herself a shot, drinks it and pours another one. ZINA watches dumbfounded.

ZINA: Are you okay, baby?

LOR: I don't know.

ZINA: What happened?

LOR: Those words. What you just said. That's exactly what *she* had said. It was so long ago, but I'll never forget those words.

ZINA: Who?

LOR: An old friend, decades ago, we were still so young, but you remind me so much of her. She had told me those exact same words. It's terrifying.

ZINA: Who was she?

LOR: Her name was Ana. We were very close but, like you, she didn't want me, not like I wanted her. We were in business together, and we lived together and did all these creative sexy projects, we thought of ourselves as artists, but we had no idea what the hell we were doing. Still, it wasn't enough for me. I wanted her, so much, but she just kept saying no, and I never understood why, so I kept pushing her...until she ditched me. She became rich and famous, and I remained a nobody-trans-bitch trying to make ends meet.

ZINA: Is this the *Pornotopia* woman you're talking about? Ana Peaceful?

LOR: Yep. That's her. I was supposed to be in that movie, we practically dreamt it up

together, but it all went to shit. She was my first real love.

ZINA: When was the last time you spoke to her?

LOR: Ages ago. We had a very big fight last time we spoke, and I never looked back. Maybe someday I'll see her again, bring myself to say hi. I bet she won't even remember me.

ZINA: You haven't been online today or checked the news?

LOR: No, why? I don't care much about current events.

ZINA gets her phone, types something in it and hands it over to LOR.

ZINA: You might want to sit down for this. I was reading it on my way here. I had no idea. I'm really sorry.

LOR is reading off the phone.

LOR: Jesus. Shot. Three times. They're saying a young woman shot her.

ZINA: This just happened a few hours ago, I'm sure they'll release more details soon.

LOR: I don't know what to say.

ZINA: I'm so sorry, this must be awful.

LOR: I don't know. I mean, I haven't spoken of her in years, I just don't know how tonight... You and what you said...and now this.

ZINA: Did she ever try to get back in touch with you?

LOR: Not that I know of. She could be a cold-hearted piece of work when she wants to. But I never tried to get back in touch with her either.

ZINA: You couldn't have known what was about to happen...

LOR: So what? I'm less of a bitch? I'm less stupid? I pushed her, I tested her...because I

loved her. That's what I do to people I love. I take them out to this dark and terrifying edge until they're left with no choice but to save themselves and hurt me back. Then I hated her, and I envied her every success. For years and years on end I hated and envied her and now here I am tonight doing the same things to you...and you said exactly the same words back to me. "I want to give you more," she said, "just not like this." So I told her to go fuck herself and her ambitious fucking dreams. And now, twelve years later, she's...

LOR gags as if she's about to throw up and then she buries her face in ZINA's bathrobe. ZINA holds her.

ZINA: Now, now. Shhh, shhh, shhh.

LOR: All these years, I thought... I thought someday I'd have a chance; I'd get to tell her I was sorry. I just couldn't get myself to do it. I thought I'd have time...

ZINA lifts her up so they're face to face.

ZINA: Look here. You might not get another chance with Ana, but I'm still here with you now.

LOR: But you will leave. Everyone leaves.

ZINA: I'll leave, but I'll come back.

LOR: Sooner next time.

ZINA: Much sooner.

LOR grabs ZINA's face, ZINA is about to pull LOR's hands off, but holds them instead. LOR kisses ZINA.

ZINA: You never learn, do you?

LOR: I did learn, I learned not to let anyone go.

LOR kisses ZINA even harder.

ZINA: Only a kiss.

ZINA holds LOR in her arms and they make out.

BLACKOUT.

Conversation #3 – Therapy

A therapist's office with a couch and a chair.

Ryan Hardy (RYAN) – a white male bisexual porn performer.

Paul Wales (PAUL) – Ryan's therapist.

PAUL is on his therapy couch, pants down, with RYAN sucking him off. Once PAUL cums, RYAN gets off him, wiping his mouth.

PAUL: I think you need to find a new therapist.

RYAN: Why should I do that? You're brilliant!

PAUL: I'm sure this ain't professional.

He pulls his pants up and tucks his shirt in.

RYAN: Standards are for straights. We're better than that.

PAUL: Are we?

RYAN: Are you or are you not feeling better now?

PAUL: You got me there...but I'm supposed to be making *you* feel better. That's why I'm your therapist.

RYAN: You *do* make me feel better! These are the best two hours of every week.

PAUL: You know what I mean.

RYAN: Yes, yes, I know what you mean. But, sometimes, I literally forget what I started coming to you for. Isn't that an improvement?

PAUL: You may have either resolved your issues and moved on, thus you don't have to talk about it anymore, or you're filling your life with a variety of tasks and activities to forget the issues without actually resolving them. That's called avoidance and repression. I'm supposed to help you engage with your problems Ryan, not forget them.

RYAN: You don't think I've resolved my
 issues?

PAUL: Are you still unemployed?

RYAN: I'm writing a book.

PAUL: Since when are you a writer?

RYAN: Last week I had this amazing idea:
 I'm not doing porn anymore, so I'm going to
 write about it.

PAUL: That's not a bad idea at all. And how
 do you feel while you're writing about it?

RYAN: It feels like I'm there again! I'm
 writing a memoir, of sorts, reliving all my
 best times, and it feels great.

PAUL: And when you stop writing, how do
 you feel then?

RYAN: Sad. I miss it so much. I don't know
 why I stopped. Well, I know why I
 stopped...but a part of me won't accept it.

PAUL: So, what do you do when you feel like that?

RYAN: I watch porn.

PAUL: Do you masturbate?

RYAN: Not always.

PAUL: How long do you watch it for?

RYAN: Two, three hours?

PAUL: A week?

RYAN: I write every day.

PAUL: So, you watch two to three hours of porn every day because you miss doing it.

RYAN: I see where this is going...

PAUL: You came to me because you said you had a porn addiction and you can't have long-term relationships. Apart from seeing me once a week, are you seeing anyone else?

RYAN: Can we just cuddle?

PAUL: That's how I ended up with my dick in your mouth. Which is the total opposite of helping you talk.

RYAN: (*laughing*) That's funny, that's so ironic! But I wanted your dick in my mouth because I could feel you were getting a boner when we hugged.

PAUL: Maybe you wanted my dick in your mouth as an excuse to stop talking? I shouldn't have allowed you that hug.

RYAN: You are so stressed out! You need a release. And if you're getting boners when I hug you that means there are things *you* need to talk about.

PAUL: But not to you!

RYAN: Why not? You clearly feel good in my company, and we've talked about so many things these past few weeks. I could be your special client.

PAUL: You already *are* my special client, Ryan—but I'm not supposed to *have* special clients. This must stop.

RYAN: Then I'll behave and I'll just be your normal client, okay? No more cuddles or blow jobs...please, let's try this again. Ask me another question.

PAUL sighs, pauses for a second and finds some composure.

PAUL: You never told me about when you started watching porn, how old were you?

RYAN: I was eleven, I was always a horny boy. I just loved any movie with sex in it. I wasn't allowed to watch any of course, my parents would send me to bed or cover my eyes, that sort of stuff, but I couldn't help it. Every time there was a kiss or some nudity, both guys and girls, I used to be fascinated. And then I discovered the internet! As soon as my parents left me alone or sometimes even while they were sleeping, I would sneak on the computer and look things up.

PAUL: And all of this was very exciting for you, right?

RYAN: Amazingly exciting. It's the thrill of doing something wrong, I knew I'd be in trouble if I got caught...and also the thrill of what I was watching. All those naked bodies, and the close-ups! I had never seen a vagina so up-close and a hard dick so clearly. It was all simply awesome. Just brilliant. I've loved it forever. I think I've been thinking daily about sex and porn and genitals since I was ten years old. I don't think a single day of my life since has passed without me thinking about sex. (*his mood shifts abruptly from excited to worried*) Is that a sickness? Have I always just been perverted?

PAUL: Why are you worried about that now?

RYAN: Because now I want to know. I truly want to know what I am. Am I a sick person? Am I a bad person? Could I be a good person? What am I?

PAUL: Before you got into this phase of self-doubt, what did you think you were?

RYAN: For a long time, I didn't care. I thought I was a great, fun guy who had friends, made money and loved sex. And for me, that was enough. I thought that all you needed to do to be a good person was just not be a totally shitty one. Do your best not to hurt people intentionally or be cruel to them, just stay in your lane, help out if you ever can, but mostly, just don't interfere and keep having your fun and making your money. For many years that was enough.

PAUL: And then, when did that change?

RYAN: You know when it changed, when everything changed.

PAUL: Tell me again. Let's get into it.

Pause. RYAN is clearly uncomfortable, but he knows he has to do this.

RYAN: It was that girl's video. Her story.
 What she said before shooting Ana Peaceful.
 It just shook me...

PAUL: Are you feeling okay now?

RYAN: Yes, yes, I don't think I'm going to
 break down like the last time I spoke about
 this.

PAUL: Good. Just let me know as soon as
 you feel you can't handle it. When you spoke
 about this last you mentioned how Ana
 Peaceful was your idol, you believed in her,
 you couldn't believe someone like that girl
 could ever want to harm her, so this attack
 made you rethink everything.

RYAN: Yes. But not about Ana Peaceful, I
 still think she's an amazing woman. And
 also, not about that girl, the girl herself I'm
 simply sorry for her—very, very, sorry for
 her. You can clearly see in her video how
 much pain and discrimination and abuse
 she's been through. Of course, she had to
 blame *someone* because that's what we do
 when we can't understand the world around

us, why it's being so cruel to us. We simply need to blame someone to balance things out.

PAUL: You're right, it's much easier for us to say, "So-and-so is to blame because they're evil or wrong or incompetent" instead of admitting, "The world is a complex and cruel place." Focusing on one person makes it seem like a solution to the problem: deal with the person, the problem is gone. Facing the whole of reality, on the other hand, brings you no immediate solution, and so we're not always ready to handle it.

RYAN: Exactly. That's something I've already had to consider in my life because I'm gay. Having a "different lifestyle" has always made me and people like me an easy target for so many that just want to find a quick solution to this mess. And that's what she did by blaming Ana. She found her quick solution. I understand that. What changed though, what I became aware of more than ever, was how much everything we do is of consequence. We say so many things and we write and post things online for people to see

and read and we make videos and films, and I was doing porn, right? I was sending whole movies of myself fucking and doing all sorts of things out there into the world for so many to watch, and at no point did I ever stop to consider, fully consider, how any of this might affect someone's life.

PAUL: Are you saying that now you're feeling responsible?

RYAN: I'm feeling accountable. But I don't know for what.

PAUL: Do you feel guilty?

RYAN: Maybe I am guilty.

PAUL: Guilty implies you did something wrong, something unethical. Are you saying making porn is unethical?

RYAN: This is what I'm questioning. It's not so obvious anymore. A part of me thinks no, obviously, there's nothing wrong with people having sex and there's nothing wrong with strangers watching it. And it's beautiful

to embrace all aspects of our lives, including our sexuality and be able to share it and express it. But what if I was sending the wrong messages as well?

PAUL: Have you ever preformed in films that you feel promoted the wrong behaviors?

RYAN: Of course. I've been in so many films, before working with Ana, that had stupid story lines. Like a girl gets stuck in a window and I take the opportunity to do things to her while she's trapped or I blackmail my stepsister to fuck her, and it's all so sleazy and coercive. And we laughed while doing it! It was like this giant, perverted joke. Today I look back on that stuff and I can't believe I did that. Not to mention all the aggression and domination that was completely without consent.

PAUL: But that's not the kind of stuff you filmed with Peaceful, correct?

RYAN: No, those where all consensual stories and they had much more tact and sensitivity, but still. I don't know what to

feel about it anymore. (*sigh*) What if my whole life is unethical? What if I'm just wrong. I'm living the wrong life. I'm doing things and saying things that leave a bad effect on everyone around me or everyone that happens to be somehow touched by what I do?

PAUL: Well, it can't *all* be bad, can it? Even on a very rudimentary level, all the things we do would affect some people in good ways, and some in bad ways. How can we keep track of every possible reaction or consequence when we have no clue whatsoever who is going to be at the receiving end?

RYAN: I've said that to myself before, but I can't help thinking: what if it's all coming from a bad place? What if I'm just simply selfish? What I'm doing is for my own pleasure and for my own profit. And everything I do is about me. Most of my week is about keeping myself fit and looking good. The rest of it is about making money or having fun. What am I giving to the world?

PAUL: Don't you think there's ever been someone who saw you in a porn film and felt good?

RYAN: Oh yes, I'm sure there are. I've received fan mail!

PAUL: And has this fan mail ever made you feel good about what you did?

RYAN: Yes, a fan once told me, "I see myself in you and you make me feel beautiful." That was brilliant. I remember feeling so good about receiving that. But what about all the others? What about all those young men, or boys even, that feel shitty about their bodies because when they see me naked they think they'll never be as beautiful? Or what if they tried to fuck someone like I do but they ended up hurting somebody? Or they tried out one of my kinkier videos without any safety precautions or, even worse, without the other's consent? Could I have been doing more to ensure that what I'm putting out there is not going to ruin someone's life?

PAUL: But isn't this like saying that every knife manufacturer is complicit in murder? Why should *you* feel responsible for the actions and behaviors of others if ultimately it is *their* choices that bring them to your films? This line of reasoning goes for everything, from weapons to alcohol and gambling and smoking, even basic movies and TV shows that contain violence which may be copied; why are you feeling this responsibility weighing on you so hard, when everybody else must also be responsible for their actions through their own free will?

RYAN: I used to think exactly like that. But now I believe that such reasoning is a cop-out. It's an easy excuse we employ to free ourselves from responsibility. I mean, you're a doctor, you know exactly how many things influence everything we do, and how hard it is to simply say, "This is in my control." Every day, you see a whole line of people coming in here who are seriously disturbed precisely because they are unable to control themselves in one way or another.

PAUL: True. But there's still a limit to my influence on them. If I say something to a client and they go do something terrible to themselves or others after my session, I can't simply blame myself. Of all the different things pushing their buttons, internally and externally, why should I put all the responsibility on that single button *I* happened to push? I feel that's what you're doing to yourself.

RYAN: But what if my button is a particularly potent and addictive button? And who or what pushed all *my* buttons for me to be like this, to be someone who does this? That's another huge thing that girl did to me. It's like, suddenly, I realized I wasn't in control at all. Just like she was molded by her biology and her circumstances into this broken girl obsessed with murder, I was molded by my biology and circumstances into this sex-addicted guy...it's just that she was unlucky, and I was lucky. I have the money, I have the looks and I happened to live in a city where sexual freedom is not frowned upon. But did I truly choose all this

willingly? I did not choose to like porn the first time I saw it, it just happened. It was inside of me. I didn't say, "I want to be someone who loves porn." Other people are immediately disgusted. I know people like that, they see it and they go, "*Yuck*." I saw it and I went, "*Wow*." That was not a choice. That was a discovery. I'm that kind of person. Even though I had to go through some tough times because I'm gay...I'm still a white man though, so I had a huge advantage over that girl. That girl loved porn like I did. She thought Ana Peaceful was amazing just like I do. But her circumstances destroyed her. And we gave her no warning. We gave her no help. We just said, "Look at us! You can be amazing like us!" And we were throwing her into the fire.

Towards the end of this monologue RYAN loses composure and starts to sob.

PAUL: Unknowingly. (*soothingly*) You didn't even know that girl existed.

RYAN: But we knew she *could* exist. Ignorance does not absolve us. Harming

others irresponsibly, especially when it could potentially be so many others, is something I do not want to keep running the risk of.

PAUL: This is a breakthrough, Ryan. You've never been so cogent and explicit in your thinking. You have become aware of your dilemma on another level here.

RYAN: It's true. I never said these words out loud.

Ryan regains composure.

PAUL: How are you feeling?

RYAN: Better. Can we cuddle now?

PAUL: We do have some time left.

PAUL comes over to RYAN on the couch. RYAN places his head on PAUL's lap.

RYAN: Do you want to watch some porn with me? I have one of my movies on my phone.

PAUL: Why not?

RYAN sets the phone on the coffee table in front of them and plays the movie. He then puts his hand in his trousers and starts to stroke himself.

PAUL: I can't be your therapist anymore,
 Ryan.

RYAN: I know. And you need to tell your
 wife you're a polyamorous bisexual.

PAUL: I know.

RYAN: Same time next week?

BLACKOUT.

Conversation #4 – Herodias' Beef

A small filming studio with a couch and lights.

Sandra Kage (SANDRA) – A porn actress and live chat room star.

Vera Darling (VERA) – A porn filmmaker.

SANDRA is in a short dress without underwear, using a vibrator on a couch and VERA is behind a camera filming her. SANDRA achieves a very realistic orgasm. A few seconds after the orgasm, VERA, wearing something casual, joins her.

VERA: *(enthusiastically and loudly)* Looks like it worked!

SANDRA: Yes, that was absolutely amazing!

VERA: So, tell us more, what did it feel like?

SANDRA: From the very first speed, this baby is another experience altogether. It takes you up to that beautiful place so softly, and then, wow! Best thing I've held to my pussy in ages.

VERA: Feels good, right?

SANDRA: Definitely one of the best vibrators I've ever tried, if not—

VERA: *The* best!

SANDRA: Mind if I take it home?

VERA: *(addressing the camera)* That's how amazing the new Peaceful Rocket makes you feel! Find it in all top-notch sex shops around the world. And let's not forget our brilliant Sandra Kage!

SANDRA Hello!

VERA: You can find Sandra on her own Peaceful Channel!

VERA goes back behind the camera.

SANDRA: I'm here for you every single day! So get your imagination running 'cause I'm ready for all your special requests. *(winks)*
See you soon! *(blows a kiss at the camera)*.

VERA switches the camera off. SANDRA stops acting flirty, and VERA starts cleaning up.

SANDRA: Remind me again why we do this shit, Vera?

VERA: Because this is what we do best, and this is the best place in the world to do it in.

SANDRA is handling the vibrator by its wire, looks like she could break it.

SANDRA: *I can do better than this.*

VERA: Don't you start again.

VERA takes the vibrator away from her.

SANDRA: *You can do better than this.*

VERA: I like filming, I like directing, I like editing, this is what I do and I enjoy it. So please stop it with these...these...existential questions every time we work together. Now get your ass off the bed and give me a hand, will you?

SANDRA starts picking up sex toys and seems like she's about to shut up, but then she turns back to VERA again.

SANDRA: I know she's your wife and all, and I don't mean any offense, but—

VERA: This sounds exactly like something that's going to be offensive.

SANDRA: Your relationship apart, do you honestly enjoy working for Ana?

VERA: Yes, I do.

SANDRA: I don't know how you've been doing it for all these years. I think she's...

VERA: What? Come on, say it. I can take it, you know.

SANDRA: I think she's a bitch, that's what I think.

VERA: Hahaha. It's that bad, is it?

SANDRA: Totally. An absolute, total bitch. I don't get how you can't see it.

VERA: And you think you're the first one to ever tell me that?

SANDRA: I know I'm not the only one that thinks so around here.

VERA: Everyone has something to be pissed off at Ana for. She can't just say yes to every whim everyone that takes their clothes off in

here thinks of, she needs to keep this place running, not run it into the ground. Has she refused to produce another one of your scripts again?

SANDRA: My scripts are ten times better than most of the shit she produces, and she knows it.

VERA: So you're saying she knows your scripts are great but she still doesn't take them. Why? Because she's stupid?

SANDRA: To keep me down! That's what she does, she likes to keep people in their place, everyone has their own little cubby hole in this kingdom of hers.

VERA: Well, you're making tons of cash in your little cubby hole, aren't you? Shouldn't you be more grateful?

SANDRA: It's a business. There's nothing to be grateful about in business. If she weren't making her own tons of cash, we wouldn't be making ours.

VERA: So what if she's making her own money, that's how it all works!

SANDRA: Why are you still here filming and editing this crap? She's producing mainstream stuff now and you're good enough for a proper feature, so why leave you here?

VERA: I already discussed this with Ana and she told me that I'll be on the next one.

SANDRA: Isn't that what she told you last time?

VERA: This just wasn't the right moment...

SANDRA: Because she needed you to sell more vibrators first?

VERA: No, I refused to work on this one because she's making a B-horror movie with a script as ridiculous as one of yours.

SANDRA is shocked and offended.

SANDRA: But you said you loved my scripts!

VERA: Oh don't be naïve, that's what everybody says. That's what you're *supposed* to say.

SANDRA: You mean you lied to me?

VERA: What do you want me to tell you?

SANDRA: Tell me what you really think, for starters!

VERA: I wouldn't know *where* to start! The last one you wrote is ridiculous from beginning to end. I just couldn't get it.

SANDRA: What can't you get? You know the story of Salomé, right? This is Salomé and her mom right before her mom marries King Herod Antipas and they meet John the Baptist, so this is a prequel of sorts.

VERA: That I get, okay, yes, this is Salomé and her mother Herodias, but, the concept itself is not the problem.

SANDRA: So what is it that you don't like, exactly?

VERA: Do you really want to do this?

SANDRA: Yes. Spit it out.

VERA: It's ugly! The characters and how they talk, all the profanity and the insults they hurl at each other...

SANDRA: It's all a game, a psychosexual game of shock and drama, I can't see how you don't get it.

VERA: I do get it, I just think it's too much. Come on now, you know what I'm referring to...

SANDRA: What?

VERA: Are you going to make me say it?

SANDRA: Say what?

VERA: You don't think that what happens later is a bit too much?

SANDRA: You find the Sylvia Plath reference too gratuitous?

VERA: No Sandra, not the Sylvia Plath reference...

SANDRA: Then what is it?

VERA: Does Salomé giving oral pleasure to her own mother ring a bell?

SANDRA: But that makes total symbolic sense! It's poetic!

VERA: Salomé eating out her own mother is "poetic"?

SANDRA: Yes! Herodias catches Salomé eating her burger, so, in turn, she makes Salomé "eat" her pussy!

VERA: Jesus Christ, I can't believe you actually mean that sentence. No wonder Ana doesn't want to produce your stuff!

SANDRA: What about my Valerie Solanas script? Was that ridiculous too?

VERA: Valerie Solanas dreaming of a giant meat-processing machine to drop all the boys and men in it?

SANDRA: It represented her deepest man-hating desires, it's a surreal feminist biopic.

VERA: A literal man-sausage factory is the best thing you could come up with for a feminist biopic?

SANDRA: It's supposed to be funny!

VERA: Nobody cares about Valerie Solanas anymore, Sandra. Feminism today is trying to move *away* from violence, it's no longer about hating men. Bringing back Solanas now is the stupidest thing we could ever do.

SANDRA: You see, this, this is exactly what I hate about you!

VERA: What am I doing wrong now? You wanted me to be honest and I'm being honest!

SANDRA: Yes, you're being honest, but the way you talk...

VERA: What the fuck is wrong with the way I talk?

SANDRA: It's this thing you do, the way you look up to her and repeat everything she says! I mean, it's so hypocritical.

VERA: Are you calling me a hypocrite?

SANDRA: Oh come on, we're doing porn here! People suck dicks and fuck and masturbate all day long in front of cameras in this place and just because I say a mother makes her daughter eat her pussy in my script you think *I'm* ridiculous? *I'm* the one that crossed the line? We have been making stepmom and stepdaughter porn for decades because it is in every single guy's fantasy, but saying she's an actual mom or an actual daughter, that's incest! The BIG TABOO! We can only tiptoe around it!

VERA: That's the game! We play with people's fantasies and tiptoe around their worst taboos so they like it without being grossed out. That's what makes them come back and keep wanting it. What we do needs to be designed intentionally, both to make sure that it is ethical in its depiction *and* execution, meaning everyone in the story

and on set is doing everything consensually, and we make sure it looks amazing! There's a craft in it. Yours is the work of someone who has no clue what she's doing, just trying to shock and impress.

SANDRA: Fine, I don't know what I'm doing, I have no idea what I'm trying to write or what I want to do with it or whatever, but at least I know it's mine. This is my crazy shit. This is not another photocopy of the same old bullshit for people to jerk off to. I'm being genuine here, trying to reach out for something different, but you don't care, you just don't care. Because you don't think it's possible to do anything else. You think that this is all we can do, just look great, fuck around and earn cash, that's all you think we're good for. And that's why you don't mind how Ana looks down on everybody and how she walks around like she's the only one with a successful life around here. For all the feminist bullshit, this is still just patriarchy. All of it. Someone is still wearing the pants and, around here, it's Ana and you know it. You think you're all cool because

you're a married lesbian, but that was cool a long fuckin' time ago. So admit it, you just settled into mediocrity like everybody else and now, here you are, stuck filming the likes of me fiddling themselves with goddamn vibrators for scraps.

VERA slaps SANDRA hard across the face. Both women are immediately shocked and there's an awkward pause.

SANDRA: I shouldn't have said that. I'm sorry.

VERA: No, I'm sorry, I don't know what got into me.

SANDRA: It was me, I've gone too far, I don't know when to stop.

VERA: Stop, you don't have to apologize. Why did I do that? Why did I hit you like that?

SANDRA: I'm a bitch, that's why, I'm a stupid bitch. I shouldn't have said those things and I should just give up on my stupid scripts.

VERA: No, no don't talk like that, just don't talk like that. Maybe you're right. That's why I hit you, because maybe you're right and I can't stand it. I settled. I'm comfortable in my golden cage.

SANDRA: Don't say these things, you and Ana have a great marriage. I'm sorry, please don't take me seriously, I shouldn't have said that. Me and my big fuckin' mouth, I'm...

VERA: You're right. I'm a hypocrite. I've been agreeing with everything that Ana says and does even when I don't fully agree with what's going on just because I don't want to rock the boat. I'm doing good in my big house and with my easy job; no risks, no challenges, everything is simple and fine, yet I haven't been truly excited about anything—truly *passionate* about something—in years.

SANDRA: There are so many cool, exciting things and projects you could work on.

VERA: I know, but when I meet someone like you and read scripts like yours, instead

of seeing an opportunity, I put you down and I judge your enthusiasm. I think you're childish and naïve and pathetic for being enthusiastic and excited. When did I become so cynical?

SANDRA: You still have time, Vera.

VERA: You think?

SANDRA: Of course! Just pick something you want to do, anything, and just do it.

VERA: I know what I want to do.

SANDRA: What?

VERA: Let's do it! Let's read your crazy Salomé script.

SANDRA: When?

VERA: Now! We've got the camera, we've got props, let's film something crazy, right now!

SANDRA: Oh shit, you mean it?

VERA: Yes! You've got the script on your phone?

SANDRA: Here, I'm sending it to you again.

VERA: Got it. You can be Salomé and I'll play Herodias. We'll put the camera rolling right here.

From this point onwards, they are actually acting out and blocking the scene as they walk through it. SANDRA lies down on the couch.

SANDRA: I can start in this position, eating the giant burger.

VERA hands SANDRA a sandwich wrapped in foil.

VERA: Here, use my lunch. I didn't touch it today...

SANDRA: Mmm... This is a tasty burger...

VERA: That's it! Make it sexy, eat that burger like it's the best pussy you've ever eaten!

SANDRA: Mmm... Yes... I love this burger...

VERA: It's making you come! The burger is
so good it's giving you an amazing O!

SANDRA starts having an orgasm with the sandwich.

VERA: Perfect!

SANDRA: And then Herodias comes in,
wearing something super revealing, she's
always running around the castle with her
tits and ass out and some giant headdress!

VERA takes her jeans off and wraps them around her head like a weird hat.

SANDRA: Haha! That's what I was thinking!
Then we have this fight over the burger and
for the climax, I always imagined Herodias
would be right here standing over Salomé.

VERA: *(snatching the sandwich in horror)*
How dare you eat my burger, you little slut!

SANDRA: I'm the princess! Everything is mine
anyway! You're day-old bread!

SANDRA hisses at VERA and VERA grabs her by her neck and throws her off the couch to the floor. They're both screaming and laughing, it's all tremendous fun.

VERA: Like this?

SANDRA: Yes, and you grab me by my hair and just push my face into your pussy, like that.

VERA follows SANDRA's instructions.

VERA: Like this?

SANDRA: *(As she is eating Vera out)* Yes.

VERA: And I'm kind of holding you violently...

SANDRA: I'm trying to pull back because I don't want to do it... But I kind of want to do it too...

VERA: Of course you want to do it, you little slut... Eat it...be a good girl and eat Momma's pussy until she cums...

A LOUD GUNSHOT SOUND is heard, then a pause, and then two more shots: BANG, BANG. VERA and SANDRA cling to one another in fear.

SANDRA: What the fuck was that?

VERA: It came from upstairs.

SANDRA: Oh God... Who's up there?

VERA: Ana.

BLACKOUT.

Part Three: Listen, I'm Dying

This section is a more lyrical, poetic part. Here we do not have any characters, nor any directions, just voices. Any number of people could play with these lines, and they may be presented to an audience in any manner deemed fit for the style of the particular production, whether immersive or not. The “bodies” that the voices refer to are the audience who is considered as a witness. When used in the 2018 production in Paris, these lines were used to direct the audience from one conversation to another. Whether this effect is to be kept or not is optional. Though the ending is particularly effective when done in close proximity to (while making direct contact with) the audience in the dark.

Sequence 1

VOICES: That name.

 That name felt important.

 What was that name?

 It was familiar.

 I heard it before.

 Where did I hear it before?

 Ana.

 Peaceful.

 Ana Peaceful.

 Ana Peaceful?

 I've heard it before.

 I've heard it too.

 It does sound very familiar.

 Apparently, she was famous.

A porn actress.

A porn star.

A celebrity.

Not only.

She made something.

She was very professional, one voice said.

The other voice said she was a feminist.

What's a feminist?

A feminist is someone who fights for women.

Only women?

I heard feminists fight for men too.

I heard feminists fight for a better world.

So feminists are good people?

I heard feminists want to abolish
porn.

I heard feminists are no fun.

I heard feminists are satanic sluts
that eat babies.

So feminists are evil?

Stop it with all these questions!

I'm freaking out.

There are other voices.

In other places.

These bodies should go.

Go now.

Go.

And listen.

Silence.

Sequence 2

VOICES: I'm still here.

I haven't left.

It's like I'm attracted to something.

Something here won't let me go.

Is it the voices?

Are the voices keeping me here?

Are the voices holding me prisoner?

But what is there to hold?

Do I have a shape?

Do I have a body?

I don't even know what I am yet
here's my voice.

And I can't leave.

This isn't the time to panic.

I need to understand.

I need to figure this out.

Step by step.

Why am I still here?

What were those words?

Why can I hear those voices?

And who is Ana Peaceful?

I know things.

They are back there.

I can feel them.

In the mist.

Like, I know these voices already happened.

Not long ago.

These voices have already spoken.

And what's done is done.

So why am I still hearing them?

Are these frequencies?

Memories?

Echoes?

Echoes.

Echoes of moments past.

Echoes repeating the same name.

Echoes of Ana Peaceful.

What did they say?

What did the echoes say?

Can these bodies help us?

Please.

So, what is it?

Bitch or trailblazer?

What else are they saying about her?

Are there other voices?

Thousands.

Everywhere.

Everyone is talking.

Everyone is typing.

Sound.

Text.

All words.

All voices.

We will never forget you, Ana.

R.I.P. Ana Peaceful

OMG Ana! I can't believe we won't be having that meeting on Monday!

Please someone tell me this is just a bad joke! Not Ana!

You were my favorite, Ana! I'll never forget you!

That bitch ruined my career. I'm glad she got killed.

You were my first girl-on-girl scene, Ana! You made it so easy for me! I can't believe you're gone!

One less fuckin' feminazi bitch to deal with.

I'm sorry I never got to thank you enough, Ana! You changed my life! You made me!

Maybe now she can fight for the rights of whores and sluts in hell!

You were a beacon of hope in this horrible industry, we will miss you so much!

The bitch had it coming. That's what happens to women that don't know their place in the world.

Today we lost our sister, our mother
and our visionary. R.I.P. Ana
Peaceful!

Too bad they didn't pop her earlier!

I wish they had tortured her before
shooting her in the face.

Why didn't they film it? I would
have surely jerked off to that!

The kid that shot her was only
twenty-three, Ana drove her insane.

These whores and sluts are doing the
work of Satan and we are giving
them prizes! Shame on us, shame on
the world!

She always looked good with cum on
her face.

Stop!

Why are they so horrible?

Some people loved her.

Miss her.

Her touch.

Her voice.

Her embrace.

A lot also hated her.

I don't understand the hate.

Why so much hate?

Why the violence?

A lot of hypocrites.

A lot of self-righteous hypocrites.

But I don't know these voices.

Who am I to judge these voices?

I will never understand those that
need to control others to feel better
about themselves.

Why does it feel like I shouldn't be here?

Why does it feel like there is always something missing?

Why do I keep feeling echoes of Ana Peaceful?

But where is she?

Why can't I see her?

Is it because she's dead?

Silence.

Sequence 3

VOICES: That sound.

I know that sound.

That sound did something to me.

I was there.

There was pain.

So much pain.

And then there was screaming.

And blood.

It feels like I should be remembering things.

But I can't, I can't remember.

I can only feel things.

Feel things and hear voices.

These voices.

And that sound.

I need to figure this out.

What's that terrifying sound?

That sound did something to me.

I was there.

I was there, too.

The sound ripped me apart.

It tore me out of my shape.

It tore me out of time.

Is this why I hear echoes?

Is this why I am just a voice?

But what was I before this?

I must have had a shape.

I must have been a body.

I must have been a voice in a body.

Just one voice in one body.

Is this what happens to a voice once
it's torn out of its body?

What if it drifts on?

What if it breaks?

What if it shatters?

A voice is violently torn out of its
body.

And it breaks.

It shatters.

It becomes many.

Hearing.

Feeling.

Drifting.

Sifting through echoes to find its
way back.

Or to find its way forward.

To come together.

Together again.

Finding the missing pieces to put
together again.

But it is all too dark.

And so cold.

And I can't see in the dark.

What happened to my memories?

There are so few of them left.

And they're not even images
anymore.

Just echoes of fleeting emotions from
things said and done a long time ago.

How can I make sense of it all when
I know so little and the little I know
hurts so much?

Silence.

Sequence 4

VOICES: Now I know.

Yes, I know.

I wanted to destroy everything.

Hang the last king with the entrails
of the last priest.

No. Not destroy.

Hang the last king with the entrails
of the last priest.

Unravel.

Hang the last king with the entrails
of the last priest.

Unmake.

Reveal all that has been hidden by all
that was built.

To cage.

To control.

To police.

When will the last queen be hanged?

Or will she be shot with the fires of
the last witch?

Our bodies.

That is where I waged my war
against all that enslaves.

On the landscape of my body.

At the limit of its intersection.

With other bodies.

Other souls.

The world.

The intersection of my body with
light itself.

Beam by beam.

Reflected and absorbed.

Shining.

Glowing.

My body was once the source of
passions.

Powers.

Strengths.

That melted shame.

That made fear hollow, brittle and numb.

That made eyes water, glisten and gasp.

I saw them.

The enemy.

It was many.

I came face to face with the enemy.

For a long while I couldn't see them.

Different faces.

Men.

Women.

Children.

Everyone was the enemy.

Until finally I saw them and I realized who they were.

There is only one enemy.

The afraid.

Those that are terrified to open their eyes.

Those who believe that opening their eyes will lead to blindness.

So they live in the dark.

That is what fear does.

Those are the enemy.

And there is only one thing that needs to be done.

Take them by the hand and show them tenderness.

Let them know they will be fine.

Kiss them.

Let them know they may be loved.

Only a body may save another.

With eyes wide open.

Seeing everything this body may do.

How I miss it.

How I miss my body.

There's so much more I can do with
it.

So many more I may touch.

So many more I may kiss.

Do I have to let it go?

Why now?

Please, not now.

Please.

Please.

Silence.

Sequence 5

VOICES: It's over, isn't it?

She shot me.

She poured all her pain and rage and
sorrow into me.

It's done.

And I have to move on.

Through these bodies.

Through these witnesses.

These kind listeners that have heard
what I have heard.

That have remembered with me
what I have remembered.

Please come to me now.

Come closer now, oh gentle bodies.

The audience is made to rise and urged to form a circle around the VOICES. The circle needs to be close and intimate, so the audience may extend their arms and hands to touch the VOICES in the middle.

VOICES: Extend your arms.

Touch me.

Feel me.

Make me remember what it feels like
to have a body.

To be a body.

To be alive.

The VOICES take pleasure from the touch of the audience and reach back out with their own hands, holding the audience close to them for the final lines. These last lines are told to the audience as the VOICES hold on tightly to the now fully participating spectators.

It's beautiful.

I found myself.

Here.

In this nothing.

Amongst the voices and the bodies.

I have found myself.

Through you.

Your voices.

Your bodies.

This is myself.

This voice.

This voice amongst the many I've
always had.

All that is left is a voice with a
million feelings.

I can feel them all at once.

All that is left is everything I have
felt.

No more plans.

No more intentions.

No more memories.

Just feelings.

There it was.

My last memory.

I just found it and lost it.

That's what memories are there for,
little treasures, so that in our final
moments we have something to lose.

And mine are all gone now.

And all that is left is a lightness.

And the lightness feels good.

This feels good.

This feels sweet.

I can make myself feel good for one
last time.

*The VOICES suffer the relief of an orgasmic tension
as they hold on to the audience.*

It's happening.

It's now.

I'm...

I'm...

going.

BLACKOUT.

*These final lines are whispered at the audience, in
total darkness, as the VOICES hold on even tighter.*

VOICES: Shhhh.

Listen,

I'm dying.

Silence.

Still total darkness, the VOICES release the audience and quietly leave the room. After a few seconds of darkness, the lights come back on and the audience is on its own, in silence, as if the VOICES were never there.

Then...

The loud sound of someone gasping for air as if coming up from underwater.

VOICE: She's going to make it. Tell them
 she's awake. Tell everyone. She's alive!

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ABonnici

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Feminist pornographer/filmmaker Ana Peaceful has devoted her life to revolutionizing the world of porn—helping to transform it from a misogynistic industry run by sleazy men into a liberated, artistic display of female empowerment. So why, then, has a young woman just shot her? And what do her closest friends and employees have to say about her in the aftermath of this tragedy?

In *Pornotopia*, a fragmented collection of interviews, conversations and lyrical sequences, you'll enter a world you're only used to judging from behind a screen...and *cum* face-to-face with the artists, performers and creators operating this fraught factory of desires. Not everyone will be ready to hear what they have to say...



Anton Bonnici is a teacher, playwright and dramaturg based in Paris, France. He is the founder of the Writing for the Stage workshops and the Not Theatre thought and practice. www.writingforthestage.com.

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