

The Pleasures Between Us

a film by

Tragic Realist Fiction

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texts

Scene 1 – The conversation (normal type is she, italics is the other)

That was not nice. And you know that.
I've looked around in all corridors and backrooms,
And then left.

Whatever.

It doesn't matter anymore. I mean of course it still does. But not anymore now.

All walks have been forgotten,
Conversations deleted.
The measures we used to synchronise our lives are now obsolete;
Standard feelings drown in the swamp of the past,
Together with the faded patterns,
The collapsed constructions,
The blown-up agreements.

What's left is everything
Possible.

*Please ...
I can't do this anymore.
I don't know where to go, where to stay
I don't know if I should stay, or go.*

Perfect.

What else do you need.
We're all free to slumber in the corridors and backrooms
And linger on the peripheries of coexistence
As if there was no
Road to nowhere.
Ambivalence is the new certainty,
Desire the new thrill.
We think of heaven and hell;
In dreams, beyond nightmares.
We walk, we grow, we bleed;
Smart hearts for a curious life.

And once at the other side, no one can tell us
Why the night did not wait
for the other day;
Why the sumptuous fever that drove us,
Brought us to the place we feared to want;
Why the greasy lash, slashing through our minds,
Was painful in the end,
but did not hurt.

[...]

But that's ok; we don't need to know.
After all, every landscape, moment, body or thought
Dark or light, moist or chill
– In the name of the damned paths of life –
Will always remind us
Of each other's being
Of our temper and mere disdain
For the rules wanting to destroy
The pleasures between us.

[...]

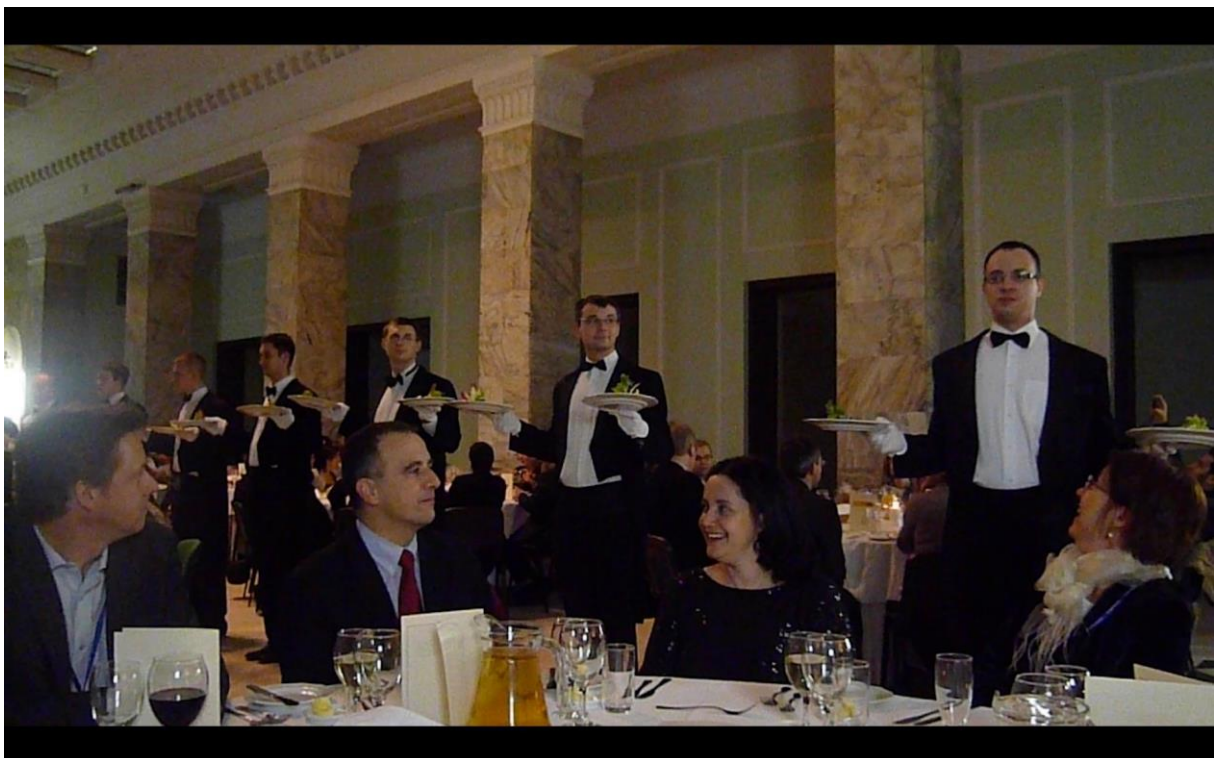
By the way, they all got poisoned that night, at the dinner.

They had no love.

I mean they didn't have it, as a 'something', in them.

They might be capable of loving, of course, and they deserve it, as humans.
But they never practiced it, never had the chance, streamlined and stuck as they were into their boring paths of life.

So we had to poison them.



Scene 2 – The Parallax Muse

The morning of the night
Before the day began,
I had poisoned myself
With love,
To near-death,
To full exhaustion of the senses,
Of the mind.
Emptiness, paralysis, apathy although
Refraining from fulfilling the final act of beauty;
Condemned to live, post-mortem,
Hyperconscious of what is.

The morning of the night
Before the day began,
I saw your body,
Locked in the belly of my dreams;
A mere shape,
A deviate remnant
Of a superfluous intensively shaken
Being.
I thought the skin would wane and
Crack
In the middle of my thoughts.

The morning of the night
Before the day began,
I felt your phantom presence
Appearing through the mist
In my veins.
I saw things clear, I even remembered why
I thought this time would never come
Again.

A match of spirit, nature,
Naturally luxuriant,
Naturally condemned.



Scene 3 – The Pleasures Between Us

Hello. This is me speaking.
What happened yesterday was nothing serious.
I just want to tell you that everything is under control.
Please make a call to the Happening hotel.
They will wait for you.
I wish you all the best.
Bye bye.

I heard every shout of want and doubt
In the crashing war of choices.
No matter every promise to treat me well;
You did it, I did it.

I heard every shout of want and doubt
In the crushing avalanche of voices.
No matter every whisper, I could tell,
You did it, we did it.

Tell me what you want;
Another day in heaven?
Tell me what you need;
A simple life in hell?

The night is a mysterious bastard;
Sometimes.
There is no sound around;
Your feelings, worries,
Come out.