

Images and words (fotocommedia dell'arte povera)



Q : Key, B, C, D !



B, C and D (Chorus) : You were writing... Who are you writing to ? The Cow Boy !?

Q : Please...

B : *Your eyes...*

C : *Your tits...*



D : *And this pregnancy test you forgot at the toilets...*

B, C and D (Chorus) : *Tell us...*

A : *He's gone...*

B, C and D (Chorus) : *What ?*

A : *The father. He's gone...*

B, C and D (Chorus) : *The Cow Boy ?*

Q : Yes. Of course. Sure. I mean, no one else has...

touched me...



B : Here's my famous brandnew trendy cellular. Call him ! Now !

Q : I haven't got any number...

C : First name, last name, Facebook, an at sign between and so on, find him, mail him !

Q : His last name ? George didn't tell me. You know, he's a little bit...

Well, he didn't talk... too much.

D : Abort.



B, C and D (Chorus) : Look at that happy couple coming ! Those are pregnant too...

A : You're not fun !



C : The guy doesn't seem to appreciate the stuff they serve here...

B : Not at all.

D : A, what you doin' ?



A : « Heimlich manoeuvre », it's called...

B, C and D (Chorus) : What ?

A : He's gone...

Fat man : Wh... I'm alive ! You just shaved my life ! What are you shaving... ?

A : Nothing. Can I do something else for you, Sir ?

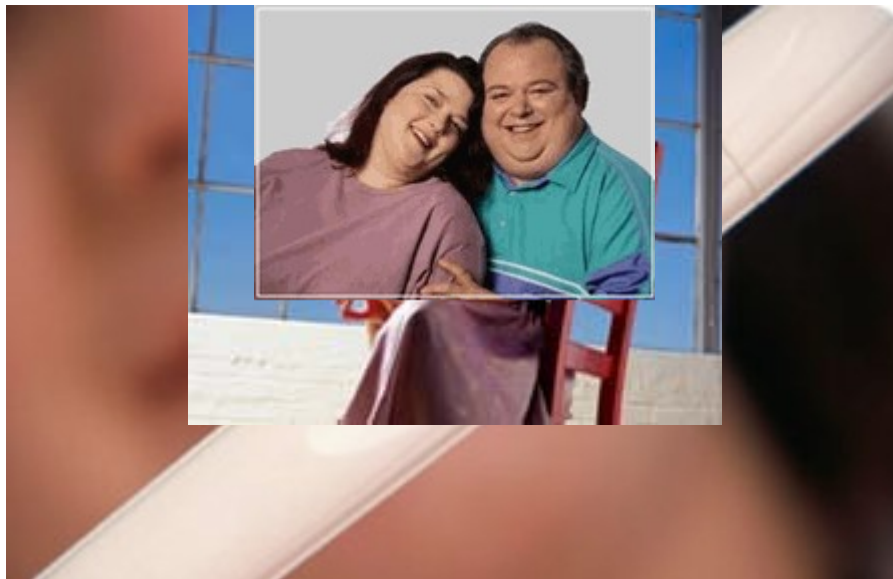
*Fat man : Yes, pleaseplease. Here's our videocamera. Take a picture of us...
We'll send you a souvenir from the U U United States - promised !*

(a silence)

B, C and D (Chorus) : What ? You mockingbirds ! Fucking imperialist rapers !



All together : You (a)don't dare ! Who (a)do you (c)hink you are ?



(Nine months later) : Key, B, C, D ! I just got a postcard ! From the States !