

FUCK THIS LIFE, MAN

BACKSTORY

Sal is a passionate fan of Al Pacino, and has been collecting Pacino memorabilia for a few years, which are strewn all over his/her NYC apartment. Sal has been writing letters to Al Pacino for years, never receiving a response. Sal's frustration has led to some borderline stalking.

PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

Sal is describing to friend Marty his/her bitter disappointment with Al Pacino.

SAL

Just listen to me, OK? You know I've been writing him the last two years, letters, ideas, sent him my journals, I wanted him to learn everything about me. I bought all this stuff at auctions. The machine gun from *Scarface*. I paid \$200 for it. The police cap he wore in *Serpico* - \$120. You don't understand, Marty - never a reply. Nothing. When he was doing *Julius Caesar* at the Public, I went down to see if I could get some kind of an answer. I couldn't get a ticket. I waited outside the theater for four and a half hours, until he came out, but I froze. I was too furious. I jumped in a cab and I followed him, all the way up the west side. I saw his apartment building, everything. I was so mad, I was gonna do something crazy. I wanted to alter the course of his life - - but something stopped me ... today, when my mailbox was empty again, I said, "Fuck this life, man." I mean, where do you turn when your heroes let you down? Al Pacino talked to me from the screen. Why wouldn't he answer my letters? Maybe I'll never know.

EMOTIONAL FLEXIBILITY EXERCISE

- 1) Emotional/sense memory of a time when you were tired of being treated like garbage.
- 2) Personalization: someone who validates and supports you.
- 3) Sensory condition: overall of someone you are starstruck by. Place their image on the forth wall.