

## ***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.