

One of the PWC's.

Natacha

CABIRIAS¹

Cabiria must never be cool.

Anyway, I don't want this relationship. I'm Moor.

Well, I don't want to be a good woman not. I'm black.

Is she Haiti?

Well, sort of. She's white, white, white.

Why so much us at the end of the film?

The woman got slammed.

We don't want her here anyway, she's *too* sweet.

Why are we alright at the end?

Cabiria is so stupid, she doesn't get I will never not murder.

CABIRIAS

Why are we so close to the edge, Cabiria?

I'm so confused. Did he just threaten me or am I
embarrassingly crazy?

. . . Well, alright, I'll just sit here and make fun of
myself.

They live with Scorpions never who have this type of
strength.

Cabiria never gets to look at me, is most people.

It's the same group. They just don't like her.

Cabiria gets no spiritual awakening ever ever.

They live this way for the good Mayans to never be
what I'm faking.

Cool.

1. The poem is based on Federico Fellini's 1957 film *Nights of Cabiria*.

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