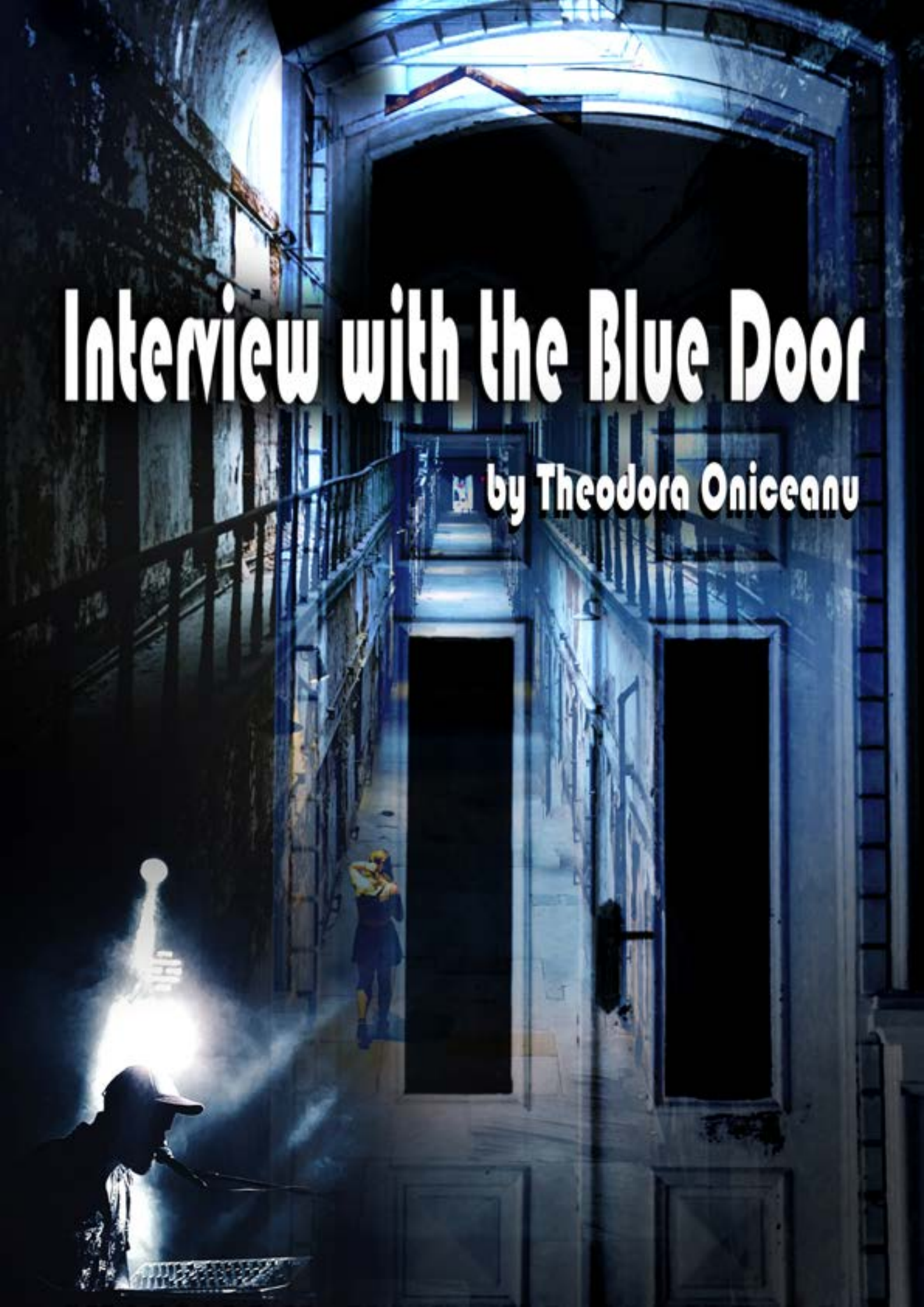


Interview with the Blue Door

by Theodora Oniceanu



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Starting with Trolleo and Henriette - A rebirth meant to take you through this door of blue.

“If you want to please everybody, don’t exist - it is better for you and all the others that do not exist to start their something beautiful.”

Interview with a Blue Door

~ into the noir ~

Warning! This piece of writing contains elements that may be considered strong, rude, offensive, discriminating or racist. It also gathers elements of the absurd, and satirical observations. Do take it with a pinch of salt (and pepper?). There is also language and imagery that is commonly known as insulting and rude; it may as well be considered as a reflection of violence and abuse, depicted in slang expressions, dialects or low to middle class language but, it is here to depict either sentiment or illustrate it, showing that inside, we’re not all that different when it comes to pressure and “terrorist attacks”, detonations of the being *making expressions out*. Some words are there in the dictionary but still, they represent that side of life which we find insulting to the elegance of our well educated mind and a threat to our well behaved soul. This work as a whole may be as well interpreted as a modular artistic puzzle, although, I will probably love it in this original state with its given variations more.

Part of the inspiration for this project was offered by my son. Influences from the world of absurd theatre were used to form a pretext for a collaboration between diverse worlds of arts where aspects of life meet to find their meat. If you loved Samuel Beckett, Jean Anouilh and/or Eugène Ionesco, but still appreciate the magic of the luxury take in elegant artistic expressions, you might feel comfortable with this composition proposal as well.

Special thanks to all those who made this possible. They are many teachers, writers, doctors, constructive spirits, mothers and fathers from whom there was something to learn, architects of the mind and soul. Sometimes lessons can be hard but it is said that one has always something to offer and there's always something to help one take an idea to work with, or a good piece of advise left somewhere in this world, lying in expectancy for people to find and learn from, grow themselves out of better and more beautiful every day. True, sometimes we can only see that there is nothing of new for us out there but that's just the trick, I say that there is loads we can take and work with for the best wished for ourselves, and others, if... *"The old once worked to help the new, the new's turn to help the old, round and around moving the cycles of life"*. The simple thing we need? - the proper armour for our cause, if any.

Book Cover vision: *"a Structures make-UP"*, composition based on a reinterpretation of a photographic projection realised through juxtaposition and digital collage techniques of the original photographic loads copyrighted Basar Dogan, Ashim D. Silva and Gabriel Ramos (Taken from Unsplash.com, a free source of good imagery from professionals all over the world).

soft note 1 Some of the regular words in this piece are intentionally written in capital letters. The ones that do not represent character names or other names, are meant to be pronounced with a strong(er) stress on the enhanced letters.

soft note 2 Throughout the show, there may be guidance (such as vocal messages or actors/performers dressed as black and white shadows, elegantly leading the present public to the dedicated performance space or the other way around, to their seats or any other guidance type needed) offered to the audience, when the situation imposes.

soft note 3 This show must begin in the waiting area, along with the last page/episode offered to the public in the hallway/waiting area in the previous play - "Trolleo and Henriette" - being the first page here, only this time played in reverse.

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This book is a has the quality of a humorous ficticious work, being a play with characters invented and inspired by various typologies of amusing psychological personalities. Names, characters, events, and locations are fictitious or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons or events, living or dead, are entirely coincidental. This file is licenced for private individual entertainment only. The book contained herein constitutes a copyrighted work and may not be reproduced, stored in or introduced into an information retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means (electrical, mechanical, photographic, audio recording, or otherwise) for any reason (excepting the uses permitted to the licensee by copyright law under terms of fair use) without the specific written permission of the author. A fair exception is the case where there is a use of a brief quotation in a book review or reference to this specific work.

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The Interview with a Blue Door

- Knock - Knock, the petite tries. over The Blue Door a swipe of light; the middle eye holds above a roof as the corner standing for an eyebrow which is lifted as a frown. She clears her voice.

- Hello. Please, excuse me. My hope is high as my intention of not bothering you. I was wondering if there's room for an interview....

The place gets darker for a while. Lights alternate, switches from light to dark happen (there may also be a flashlight with sounds of thunders - preferred a moment, if possible but other effective alternatives are welcome).

- Wow! I wasn't expecting such a strong opinion! Given your angelic representation earlier! Your show was quite amazing! I think you should be extremely proud. What you realised is extraordinary and your work carries important meaning.

Lights may become menacing; off and on a couple of rounds then the return to the normal lighting.

- May I carry on with this interview and take this recording to the public attention? The door handle is moving a couple of times.

(lights may still go on and off)

no more thunders.

The spectators are invited to approach when at three legs the distance to the door the lights start pulsating. The Public is stopped (with a gesture of her hand)

- We just wanted to know you! May I interview you?

The door opens to receive her. She advances into the dark. (She may take a glance back at the public). Some lights may shiver and/or pulsate.

Into the now she fades. The door closes behind her (there may be a screeching sound).

In deep baritone tones that seem to come from the depths of the planet's womb, the public can hear: "To Follow..."

Hallway message (as the audience is invited to enter the theatre room or performance space):
“Welcome to the state of inexistent things; those that got thrown out by “the real”, like spacecraft waste, rubbish meant to explore the outer world let us behave here in our paradoxical silence. It is Here where You may feel the way you do, act the way YOU feel and enjoy all your thinking... (or identify the lack of it). Of course, everything is metaphysical, so, there’s need for no other courage than the one of the innocent beauty you probably lost for the higher purpose in behaving as a civilised fashion-dealer.”

The voice of The Brain must then speak clearly: “If they’re all inside me then I, by accepting them, Must be all of them.”

The following poem may be sang (by the Prince of Sadness himself?) or recited (in echoing canon, voices that whisper along with a hum that reminds of public spaces for tourists to enjoy the past. If there is no such possibility for children voices to be used, the public-space hum should be sufficient). If possible, the guests will receive a programme containing the following poem here, in the beginning, and the last poem contained in this book.

Magical blood

*Your words have cut and they have cut deeply
and it hurts and it tastes like precious metal
When you try and try
and try once more to make of me someone who is worthy
Of a dream that meant for many the truth,
the fantasy, the story they would love to live...*

our blood

List of characters

The Brain

The (Big Bad) Library Wolf

Med. 1

Mr. Reason

Henriette

Annette

Trolleo

Pip

The JB couple - also marked here as JB(f) and JB(m) (they are the very Joking Bitch and Joking Bastard)

The Prince

The Military Man (titled and depicted as well as “He” - with a slightly different appearance, younger)

The Military Man’s wife (titled and depicted as well as “She” - in appearance younger)

The Blue Door

The Reporter (who has to either resemble the JB couple in appearance, being played by the same persons, when possible)

The Screamer I (a he?)

The Screamer II (a she?)

The coroner (may be played by Med. 1 himself, different look or, by somebody who would resemble Med. 1)

The Make-Up artist/The call centre voice-character

The Sniper

The Police men (2 in number on the stage)

Voices (children and adults - also forming choirs. They may be shown on the stage wearing simple dance-training outfits (or, if preferred, gowns), maybe not the same kind of suits worn by the shadows dancing and visibly clearing the stage at times, regardless the feat opted for, their front&back top parts must wear each a golden V)

The Mysterious Character

The Reception-Man (that can be played by the same actor interpreting The Mysterious Character)

*From pain with need of revenge a pleasure take,
I have killed a monster and now I pay,
Praying for my future
To make me whole again...
Thank you,
On this bench made of clouds given seats to watch us grow
Up again, up again if you can,
Their fumes speak
and they are pure
And I am standing alone
Understanding the artist who did this all,
My heart and soul upset:
They hated me for knowing you.*

The lines above may be recited through the corridors taking the audience to their seats. If the prospects/flyers/event-cards or programmes containing the first poem aren't a possible option, the lines may be recited at the pass through the corridors taking to the performance room of the audience guided to their seats, holding as second option (plan B) for the lines presented after the list of characters, a recite in the theatre room/performance dedicated space as the audience is getting comfortably seated and waiting for the start of the show.

If the programmes/cards/prospects are a possibility, as the audience is getting seated, The Prince of Sadness may speak the following words from a balcony or a lectern hidden somewhere in a private, inaccessible to the public place that may or may not be visible.

The Prince of Sadness: - He tricked her into "marrying him", into following him, wanting to be with somebody else, craving for that woman in vain, night by night, day by day until he met her again... Now what to do? How to rid himself of the pest with whom he didn't know how to avoid a waste of life. Or did he...? Trickery. She can see with her eyes how trapped she was. It's over. It was over even before she gave herself a chance to redemption. It was over the moment they could decide for her failure and her meaningless, purposeless life instead of her good soul and her good will that she had, suddenly wasn't hers. It was someone else's. Someone who didn't get trapped in the mind that ruins by the minds that ruin an enemy or a friend, any fool not knowing how to hide rather than tell because their foolish inner self is telling them they have something to share with the world. Their so called wisdom speaks and yells and caresses the senses complimenting each and every human mind, telling them that there must be a reason and there must be a way and there must be something to do about it... There must be! Why were they sent here? Do do nothing good? To enjoy nothing good? It made no sense.... No other sense than pure hatred, envy, greed and need, and the will and ability to plan and plan until they destroyed somebody else... It must be either the lack of perspective or being convinced that you don't belong there, where you are, among garbage cans and other things you're asked to work with so, you either run for something else, peacefully or you fight those who have what you want and take away theirs. After all, they must have taken it from others, Robin! Either way somebody suffers. But it must be that amount of suffering which is bearable as when it comes to the inadmissible suffering, things get ugly. Be that somebody their true friend in need, why not, as long as they get what they want.... It's fine. To you? Maybe when they will fear you and start respecting you for real, never having the option to steal from you then attack you for stealing from them!

First Act: SS Club _ Golf classes in heavens (killing you with the club)

At the moment of the fade into the noir, as the light grows dimmer and dimmer to its final

extinguished stage, a soft crystal voice (preferably, although a whisper close to a crystal immersion into the public's ears is a good option as well) starts: "It's the After Death time, Life on the other side, so, let's make it holy...!" (a variety of tonalities is possible here, but the face of the original Screamer may start the imagery process with two rounded eyes (and a hand above the forehead), mouth in agape or closed to express awe, irony, outrage, stern discomfort ("we all know what this leads to" scheme) and induce a state of weak confusion that invites in curiosity to explore and discover.

Then the original Screamer's face shows grinning, eyes getting red skin around, whites may pop into the red, showing tiredness and cruelty seen as a glimpse at a result fading into the other faces the Screamer may have - emoticons are extremely fun to use as a reference. The last two Screamer countenances (new presences) are the ones used here as full characters to play their sketching parts in this new play (the original Screamer's faces use and presence need will be specified).

The following Lanturne (or Lanterne, if you prefer) may be sang by the voice of The Prince of Sadness or one of the Voices of clear in the choir picked. Swan word must be recited powerfully. It is a preference to have a soft musical choir made of the voices picked in the background of the little Lanturne-song. Creative ideas are welcome as long as they are not too much of a bad taste (after all, it is a lanturne and it is swans we are talking about here, both symbols that stand for elegance and beauty).

*Swan
warble
inviting
flocking villains
Threat*

From the backstage through a curtain, middle point stage cut or slightly centered, The Prince of Sadness appears singing sadly, as always (the fool has won only he doesn't know that):

"You keep lying to me, pretending that you are on my side when you're playing by those rules which can help you win "what is for you". What is for you... What is for you?... at Times all this is what you want, some times you want to have and live, other times that of which you'd wish to be helped out. Out of this suffocating world you call hell and hell is all around, the saviour has come, making you live in a fantasy. What's yours? What can be yours here? Which fantasy is good? Can it be real, the way you imagine? it must be real; Can it be beautiful? It must be beautiful; can it be neat and pleasant and clean? It mustn't, it mustn't... look around you, filth is good... It helps businesses roll on!

If I must ask myself now why, oh why? Perhaps things weren't messed by someone's smart work going on, somebody who knew how to play... And I am just the fool singing! And I am just the fool showing!

Can you believe that they still need somebody to humiliate? Can you believe that there is still need to provoke pain to this world? Can you believe? But how is that we don't do the same? And how else things will keep going on, making them sad, making them happy, making them enjoy, real life!

Can you believe that it is good to have yourself put down and made what makes them feel! Be greater than you... Somehow... Happier. Be. Now... (the last words must extinguish like the last little fumes of the fired wood).

From four corners of the stage, back-left to front left to front right then back right, The Screamers and The JB couple (in a positioned order left to the director's will) must show themselves asking, each at their turn:

- But what makes them happy?*
- Does it make you happy?*
- What is happy?*
- Who is happy?*

The Library Wolf: *- Happy is a pup!*

The Joking Bitch: *- No, happy is the dog!*

The Joking Bastard: - Hey, Happy is my cat!

The Screamers (together): - It's raining...!

The Library Wolf (may be or may be not shown sitting in a corner at a table or desk with book-walls in the back, nevertheless, his voice must be heard exclaiming): - Ah, parrots!

There may be background music to accompany the following moment, their singing performance, and, as they finish their parts, there may also be a little break of a few measures to offer a transition from one couple to the other.

The Joking Bitch and The Joking Bastard (dancing): - Drab, drab... There is cake all over your face; they have unplugged you, celebrating a machine for them was enough, Drab, drab, you need to get a move on.

The Screamers (together, behind the JB couple as if skating): - Under the weather, Under the weather you beat, bit, bit-by-bit, bit, you beat the rhythm under. (they freeze behind; their poses may be as a frozen candle stick holder speaking to the still needing to learn time orator - their suits, if not their poses as well depicting them as the preacher and the notes-taker, must suggest or explicitly richly paint the characters they represent).

The JB couple: - Celebrating the machine, she looks so fine, she looks so fine and does as you want, you programmed her well. Oh, "Happy Happy Birthday" to you, our dear robot, happy birthday to me, I made you. Oh, yeah, we made you who you are, so, "Happy, happy birthday to me and to you, to us a happy birthday", you robot-girl, you robot-boy, you robot... thing too, we love you, you're almost human but if you knew, oh, if you knew you'd drop dead, if you were a human...

The Screamers (again, together, behind the JB couple as if skating): - Tipping down, tips-tips, drops of crystal breaking on roofs, on the top of our ceilings a metal tears song, gloomy weather's taking revenge on our chill, drizzling pages of lettering re-painting our walls, but it's pissing today...

The JB couple: - And we're celebrating you today, you are our creation, you sticky robot, weather making ice tea of London streets, taking its clouds up to the north; prepared for a scorching day?

The Screamers (for a last time, together, behind the JB couple as if skating): - And it, weeps, and it dries, and it pours, its showers cleansing; it's showers taking down all the waste, feeding the grounds of love and haste, love and burst of illusion...

During the Screamers moment the JB couple may have a willow dance or, as an alternative, the pauses they may snatch from the Screamers breaks which must determine a change in attitude for the Screamers during their own breaks; this means that after their first break, the Screamers may mime a conversation, a tea-time pose or other things; they may as well impersonate the other two, with significant exaggerated delay. This is left, to a certain degree, to the imagination of directors.

At this moment, the lights fade, leaving the four characters in a glowing spotted pause pose each, entering the stage, The Prince of Sadness: "As my soul weeps for needs and pleasures of that which is pure, twisted minds make of this only filth, one day for me to understand that it was I the wrong one, but then, how come? Am I ugly as hell can be? still you find in all this poetry, still you find in all this escapes, still... and filthy naughts deserve nothing but loneliness and pain, filthy naught deserves only loneliness and pain, ...nae!"

This must be combined with the choir's willowing humming (children voices that may be combined with a few adult ones). A couple may as well sing a few words or parts of a line to stress a little that interval.

What is that you did? Oh, you didn't do it on a purpose. Surfing on purposeful acts. On purpose you did it, I know. Purposeful as your intentions can be! treasuring it all as if you treasured me! Would it have made you sick...

The Reporter's voice (from the traffic, as if speaking to somebody on the street): - Well, I tried... They have asked for it!" (the sound of crashing cars in a humming traffic background is heard as the Prince fades into the noir. "- Oh, great!" the voice of a police man is heard. Steps traverse the asphalt. The show of flashlights, if opted for as an effect, offers to the

public eye present glimpses of the interview with the **White Door**

From the back-curtain, where a projection starts being composed (the visual effects may differ from knocking to the director's wish there will be no bright light; the radical have yet to let the stage of lighting along the spiraling of a dial by the owl attracts himself as a focus. She leans her nose watching TV. "Hello, and welcome to a new edition of 'Balivernia News', there where all fantasies become the reality for which your wishes were spoken." She appears to be bored, even sad, glitters of wit and charming amusement may be seen rising up to meet her countenance from time to time. The TV set shows the Joking Bastard and the Joking Bitch carrying on with a conversation. We can enter Henriette's mind for a while, the words of the two characters in the TV show being heard as from afar (music may be played with a muffling sound that clears to the idea of a child forming in their mother's womb or the forming of stars into the depths of the distant galaxies). Slowly, Henriette and the audience's attention are brought to the reality of the moment presented in the TV show: but other effective alternatives are welcome).

The Joking Bitch: - She was four and she assaulted her neighbour... Her...(she takes a look into her papers) seven years or so later when you were expecting such a strong opinion! Given your angelic representation earlier! Your show was quite amazing!
The Joking Bastard: - Well, pop! Pop! Why! You said it's extraordinary and your work carries important meaning.

The Joking Bitch: - He just got born before her, that's all.
The Joking Bastard: - You say that she assaulted him! How?
The Joking Bitch: - Well... (she may take a glimpse at her papers again but her facial expression should show that she's taking a guess, even inventing things on the spot), sexually, of course. But all that after beating the hell out of the guy (she may nod repeatedly).

The Joking Bastard: - Can I ask you a question? The door handle is moving a couple of times.
The Joking Bitch: - Oh, yes! He teaches physics of the quantum leaps he has to take in order to change the past completely.

The Joking Bastard: - Why? Did he realise he had done so wrong?
The Joking Bitch: - No, the other ones did.
The Joking Bastard: - Oh! You think that it is possible, to time-travel?
The Joking Bitch: - Nowadays more than ever. With some help we all get there, don't we?

The Joking Bastard (looking into a screen then drawing back): - Lovely some CowAward-ship!
The Joking Bitch: - Oh, no! That's actually the chicken ship. He's the one who grinned first (the lights speak the last into the public as she stops (with a hearten of her to the) opposite direction for some notes-take from the papers to her left_?_).

The Joking Bastard:- Say, what?
The Joking Bitch: - We just wanted to know you! May I interview you?
The Joking Bitch: - The chicken! He grinned first...

The Joking Bastard:- Wait a minute! We were on news that get the chills out of you giving goosebumps and on "Cow and Chicken" shows advances into the dark. (She may take a glance back at the Joking Bitch.)
The Joking Bitch: - Ah, yes! Well, this beastlet had done it, getting on the news all over the world!

The Joking Bastard:- A little monster I'd love to have as a daughter.
The Joking Bitch: - Why. You a molester as well?
The Joking Bastard:- Only in my spare time, non-sexual but harmful as hell; (returns for a completion after a short breath-take pause)... with a good reason, always, aaaand... it's got too little ever since we started our show.

The Joking Bitch: - "To Follow."
The Joking Bitch: - Aw! I dread for you! Anyway, my feelings are of the same kind as yours, in respects to this beastlet. I'd love a daughter like her, here with us! She'd make a perfect public abuser.

The Joking Bastard:- I wish I grinned sister, but time is running and I've got no more roofs to share with you!

The Joking Bitch: - As I have no more eyes for the brilliance next to me...! (musingly, sparkles in her eyes, almost buffooning, she is looking up, the face of an idealist) I have moved my perspectives to the level of the darker skies.

The Joking Bastard: - Oh, mirror mirror on the wall!
The Joking Bitch (as a salute): - Grim and evil.

The Joking Bastard (replies with a nod, serious guise): - Grim and evil.

Henriette's eyes turn to face the public. She looks tired and sad, in her hand the remote-control. She lifts her arm and puts the TV set to sleep, a sigh coming out of her chest afterwards. She may rub her face to wake herself up in a fashion describing a lack of power in changing things of real problems caused as well as the must for her to move on. With another sigh she may get up on her feet, a decisional gesture suggesting the end of the power to accept the charades replaying in her head old times she wishes forgotten, left behind. She is dressed in a robe that reminds of the goddesses of Greek. She may even wear a pair of wings made of real white feathers. The robe is black though.

Stage gradually falling into darkness, as Henriette heads to the door. When the lights are turned on again, *The Library Wolf* is seen leaning on some papers, thinking position on the stage, left corner of the stage - from the audience's perspective (he may be dressed as a wolf or having a werewolf appearance).

The Joking Bitch and *The Joking Bastard* enter the stage from the back-curtain cut out, singing:

The Joking Bitch: - Worms eating from our wombs, ...

The Joking Bastard: - Wombs of great times, ...

The Joking Bitch: - Wombs of great times...

The Joking Bastard: - Libraries they fill, ...

The Joking Bitch: - Little worms that love to learn....

The Joking Bastard: - Eating knowledge,

The Joking Bitch: - From the world...

Together: - From our old minds needing more.

The cruel, original **Screamer's** face may appear whispering with a grin: - Needing more!

Lights off, with the hit of a drum. (it may be some sort of a gong as well, and there may be a brush of cymbal into the darkening stage. The moment of darkness lasts for a few seconds, to give the actors time to clear the stage. Lights on. Henriette is shown on the stage (It may be a projection of her standing in a chair - perhaps on the top-center of the back-curtain, this projection).

The Library Wolf's voice is heard raging: - Ah, Feathers!

Henriette (the sound of her voice is echoing): - Good God, I need a pen! (she plucks a feather off her shoulder) ...Oh! This works perfectly well! (she smiles; there may be flickers of light in her eye).

Stage clad in darkness. Henriette appears in a few seconds on the stage, surrounded by darkness, a spot of light created to disclose her presence; she is looking into the crystal ball. Watching closer she can see and hear the couple of which she's made her favourite watch. They talk in tones that may be (not compulsory) transported to the spectators' ears on (echoing) waves starting the stage (the frames of sound carried to the audience, progressively). They may be both immersed into a couch or two armchairs, side by side, or a bed, semi-profile projection of the acting frame.

She: - They want us only sad, in the end of this story, and you know it. When rewarded with the little joy in life they do harm, as they always did. It pleases them... As if it was you the one who wanted so much greatness and power not them. As if they must kill even those who take their names to higher levels of pride and glory.

He sighs with an obvious pull of a heavy burden on his chest;

She (may raise an eyebrow): - You helped them so. What did you expect? Did you want them to heal? Did you allow them to have any good contribution to society?

He (eyes may be rolling to turn his head to face her): - The Sisyphus rock must roll and roll -

who knows, maybe one day... Oh, you myths and legends! Mythological creatures making miracles happen to the world!

She: - We could instead wait on a bench in the middle of the sea, or fish the little creatures still alive in the belly of a squealing whale! (he pouts raising his eyebrows, she sighs almost imperceptively ending the phrase in tones that are not accurately expressing their words meaning) What did you do to them when they dared "show their power, and kindness"? and "good will".

He (exasperatingly): - Christ!

She: - A society that needs to raise and develop such behaviours in its people must be only sicker than the sick they created so far, don't you think?

He: - Philosophies speak to the mind, ideals spoken with pathos to the heart that seeks inebriation of the mind; but people do think and they think against their leaders as well as for them. Nevertheless, it's their leaders they must support, and most of the times it's precisely their leaders, the ones they vociferated against, they manage to support in the end, as they think for themselves aiming their leaders' best.

The couple fades away with the introduction of a song. "What's the price we have to pay, for our mouths, they're full of shame, spoken loud for the whole world, jokes you hated as they gave a hand, handful of naughts and all, hand, full of sorrow and regrets, handful of flower petals, crushed in the palms of their supposed rest... they helped then left; Yes they go on, go on living, Yes they go, they go on laughing; Yes they live." (the song may be sang by a choir of young voices, children voices that are clear, (per)forming in pleasant sounds for the public's ear.

In a moment the lights fade to reveal a few seconds later Henriette's living-room. She seems to be watching TV again, immersed in her armchair, back positioned (to the audience's watch). The TV set works on a programme that gets interrupted for a commercial break. The sound effects (coming from the TV) may be weak, in the beginning or even covered by a line of melodic sounds that are coating the audience.

"You know all those pesky gadgets your hooves struggle with everyday? Well now we have special saloons to shape up your "tools" and help you get right on the track! You are invited to use our services in full confidence! The Hooves Saloon! Always nailing the right tap."

From the back-stage the voice of **The Library Wolf** is heard: - Ah, lemons and onion trees!

The stage is fading into a menacing tearing noir. It may be accompanied by a sound to suggest a shifting phase. It is now when we're going to see a first Annette-Trolleo moment.

Trolleo: - Oh, money, I'm home!

Annette:- You poor famished soul! Come, we've got something really nice for dinner.

Trolleo: - Is it chicken?

Annette: - Now, you know that I'm against such low murderous acts, dear.

Trolleo: - Please, not the vegan phase again!

Annette: - Don't worry, it's not vegan. Don't you know me as braver than that?

Trolleo (he lightens up, smiling): - Then it's... (Annette is turning around to warn him to keep it shut with a gesture, index finger crossing her lips: - Shh...) He may turn his face to the audience as he walks led by her (she may as well grab his hand and draw him after her), his eyebrows jumping happily up and down as he leaves out through a possible wicked smile, in a whispery tone: - Funiculla Time!

The Library Wolf (from the back-stage, upset, snapping and slapping an item of furniture, maybe a table top): - Ah, pigeons! (he may sneeze hard the next moment, once; in complete outraged astonishment): - Sandals and apron jobs!!! (a set of two or three rapid sneezes follows; sniffing): - Bloody Medieval Graces! (the next moment he chokes and coughs, catching his breath disturbingly wearily loud, blows his nose): - Mother of ancient Sci-Fi! (he takes a few loud breaths of air then sneezes for a last time entering a state of bliss; with a satisfaction smile that is brought to the ear of spectators, he voices in a relaxed fashion similar to a yearning sigh suggesting the bring of a mirage; relief): Ah... sunsets...

Trolleo and Annette have long fled the stage which becomes deep dark blinding.

Next moment: on the stage we can see the Joking Bitch dressed as Annette (the outfit she wore the moment before) dancing a piece of a swan lake solo (it is not necessary for this moment to be performed as a parody but it is one possible option - if the very need felt by the direction team), being followed by the Joking Bastard who is introducing himself with pick of the same style (if she's serious he's serious); they perform their 2 (- 2:30?) minutes length duet then, with a sudden flash of light she stops, a seizure may be played, body contorted, disruptive movement causing an abstract dance of a few seconds to not complete the round of a minute (it should cover the entire stage with a spiral path drawn on the floor), behind them, on the back-curtain, the projection of the brain being under attack (thousands of luminescent waves and flashes of light and dark repeatedly showing and hiding the brain with branches of electricity travelling around its surface). When the spiral is drawn by her steps, she finds herself next to her partner; he stares at her, she seems to wake up but she is confused. She watches around, a little panicked, a distant toll brings out the echo of a memory determining a shock-expression on her face. He reaches her, gently, The Library Wolf speaking from the back-stage: - Oh, no you won't! She escapes in an attempt to flee the stage, the Joking Bastard follows to grab her by an arm and take her back to the center of the stage, The Library Wolf, irritated: - Mother Flopper! (he is obviously supporting the girls fears) The Joking Bastard tries to put some sense back into her by shaking her and speaking to her (we cannot hear but a hum or some musical tunes disturbing our clear perception of the words he addresses). She shakes her head and escapes once more. The Joking Bastard seems exhausted and visibly disturbed by her behaviour. When she escapes again the Library Wolf's voice is heard musing: - Wow, World Chocolate Day! (obviously delighted) Hot! She loses a shoe, she returns to recover it, the brain is brought up again in to the stage that has darkened (this time it may be a great 3D mold representation of the brain on which the previous effects may be applied - of course, only if possible. Other creative ideas in representing the Brain are welcome - imaginative thinking is encouraged here as well as fairness to the selves taking it further: "it's the act and vision that speaks about the individuals involved, bringing to the working-it-shown team the well deserved respect").

Steps of the two rushing silhouettes are heard (their body contours may also be suggested with fine lines of gentle light cast), then the sound of a metal tube that gets hit. - Ow! She yells.

The Library Wolf (from the backstage): - Ah, chicken wings! Lights on. Her foot is stuck into a large pipe part. A glass and coal carpet she crosses jumping on one foot (the logic would claim the metal-piped one but she loses the other shoe, willingly sketching pain, then jumps on the carpet bare-footed, The Joking Bastard following her; avoiding the carpet, he takes ahead and waits for her at the end. He stops her with a gesture by the hand then helps her onto a chair where he helps her get off the pipe. The two Screamers appear. They either take the chair, she almost falls on her bottom (she may as well succeed in reaching the floor and gesticulates: "Man, you're hard on me!") or they grab her like two police men, not too gentle, and drag her out of the stage. If this second version becomes the option taken The Joking Bastard remains on the stage alone with the chair, lights fading along with his show of disappointment. If the first version is the choice, after the Screamers have fled the stage, The Joking Bastard may be sketching a spiteful word thrown back at them as she gets up, perhaps mumbling a few words of frustration, as well; she takes herself to the carpet, grabs it and drags it behind her. The next second The Joking Bastard joins her.

The next moment must be eerie and gloomy, happening in the semi-darkness of the stage where smoke is surrounding the faintly illuminated characters: birds. They may be actual birds figures, flying and resting on branches and roofs, objects placed as if a street at night all over the stage, or, there can be some sort of a "dance of nature" interpreted by a ballet group (again, at the directors choice and the group's resources, or according to the stage property). For a few seconds to no more than half a minute, the stage has this floating in the magical realm of mystery moment: the moon can be seen and wind may become audible to turn into a visible wave transporting rusty dry leaves that get lifted and deposed,

dragged over the floor and blown away to the exit. from the direction this supposed wind blows, the figure of a man wearing a sniper gun must appear. He crosses the stage in rapid steps watching the surroundings with the attention of a professional. The stage then is left empty with the wind blows and eerie sounds for street lights to suffer short seizures followed by moments of peace. The houses' eyes all closed, one single window getting lit for a shadow to pass gently: - It's a woman; it looks like the Joking Bitch's silhouette. The moment is brief and the street falls soon into the same silence that brings frost upon the faces and to the feet of the spectatorship. Seisures of the street lights may put an end to this short moment.

When the lights are on again, the JB couple steps in, dancing on the music and lyrics sang by the Screamers:

The Screamer I: - Terrors and horrors...

The Joking Bitch (responds still dancing): - Sweet little Grandma!

The Screamer I stops and looks at her disapprovingly. The Screamer II taps a foot several times into the floor Shush-ing with an angry vibe of the gesture (as if the moment ruined, just like in a rehearsal), The Joking Bastard, mouth in agape, plays the shocked face.

The Screamer II (calmed by the Screamer I from the distance - they are placed one at the left the other at the right of the centered JB couple - and invites her to take over from where they stopped):
- Palm trees Rainbows, Sunsets on paper towels, we're out of gasoline...

The Screamer I: - ...and there's no more paper to take all our mess...

The Screamer II: - Oh, yes, we have become green...

The Screamer I: - Environmentally friendly...

The Joking Bitch: - You wish!

The Joking Bastard (prompts his fists in his hips drawing back; louth may be rounded in agape): - The mouth on you!

The Screamer I (upset turns to the public, a fist in his hip prompted, a hand taken to the forehead saying: "What to do about this one!")

The Screamer II (taking attitude): - That's it, little lady! It is time for you to learn some discipline! She advances and puts The Joking Bitch to "arrest"; taking her by the arm she drags her to the exit of the stage.

The Joking Bitch: *Hey! Let go of me!*

The Screamer II (through her teeth): - *You wish! You little... (the voice is fading into a growling mumble).*

They are out the stage. From the backstage we can hear the Joking Bitch cussing: - Mother Flopper!

The Library Wolf (from the other side of the backstage, a first happy or content tone): - *Strawbery Blues Factory! All right!*

The Joking Bitch (cussing again in the more distant backstage): - *Son of a Floppy Disk!*

The Library Wolf (responding from the other side of the backstage): - *Ah dig yourself a hole!*

At this moment the Joking Bitch comes back on the stage in paces of a classic Disney Princess, her face angelically innocent hiding a little secret. The Library Wolf steps in, as well, proudly, apparently waiting for no answer that still comes from The Joking Bitch biting a nail: - I already put the nail in the coffin. She pouts as The Library Wolf nods repeatedly, inviting with a gesture of his arm and hand the audience to admire the feat.

At this moment the stage becomes dark with the eerie sound bringing a mirrored version of the gloomy moment before. The sniper here is climbing roofs and the silhouette passing the lit window may be a young man's silhouette. The birds come first just as they happened to be present in the last glimpse offered to the public previously in the first eerie moment,

then they turn to the finality of this second moment of dark with the appearance of a mirrored first birds of mystery and gloom moment. It is at the end of this second dark moment that the JB couple comes back on the stage, dressed-up for a party (they may look like some sort of new-age or new wave clowns, a manga party clowning mixed with the western fashions of face (and or body)-painting art - at the director's/stage directions team preferred taste).

JB couple (this must be sang):

- Everybody wants some ship for their birthday
 - For Christmas too...
 - And The Easter Bunny's gone mad.
 - And women get sad if they don't get their flowers!
 - It must be women's day in our heads!
 - Oh, but what about men?
 - What about them?
 - They get watches the next day...
 - And the day after...
 - For Halloween their sweet treats,
 - For Your Good Name's day...
 - Valentine treats
 - Hearts and vessels and shores!
 - Everybody wants some sheep for their doors!
- (the following must be a non-musical dialogue)
- Oh, no! I'm different!
 - How come?
 - It's simple! I don't want some shot but the nice sheet to assure my access to the best!
 - You sure?
 - All positive about it!
 - How so? A flock looks better perhaps?
 - Yes, dear, I'm a floppy fluke flock fuck looking to funk, floppy flop flock, searching for a flock-flop, fuck,... funk, funky funk... Wrap it all well, I have to be nice this year!
 - Double wrap with a candy on top?
 - Sure!
 - Cash or card?
 - Aaa... Check? (he lifts an eyebrow) ... Alright then, bitcoin.
 - Deal!

(she grins): - You Atem Bard!

From the backstage the **Library Wolf's** voice is heard outrageous: - **Son of a closet!**

The stage is taken to a reduced in spread light gradually allowing the characters to lose themselves among a pack of silhouettes invading the space from all entries to the stage, filling it with elegant dancing movements taken on silent rapid steps. A Lamp with high a foot or one on a tall table (taller than a human) is faintly lit so we can see the prince of Sadness sneaking to pull the string-chain and set it alight. The Screamer II to the front, left corner of the stage draws his arm up to point to the Prince:

- **J'accuse!**

The Prince of Sadness Pouts, taking quick glances to check if the space is free then he sneaks out rapidly the other way. The Screamer I appears before the exiting character, watches down at the Prince sneaking like a thief and speaks in a low voice): - **J'accuse encore!** Both Screammers step forward to meet under the lamp. The Screamer II has a more timid pace and looks as if she realises something as she walks; she may watch behind the Screamer I to see some light signs coming from the backstage with eyes rounding up or may watch behind her, to the direction The Prince has fled the stage. When she arrives to the lamp she falls to her knees and weeps: - Oh, no! What have I done!? The Screamer II

consoles. *Lights off.*

As the brain appears in a soft fade in from the back-curtain (it may be a projection on the back-curtain or a "real brain mold" coming out from the middle cut. The molded brain may face the public while descending from the top of the stage as well, if the situation and preference of the director compulses this vision). With the turn off of light and the progressively softly lit brain that descends to meet the choir of voices that sing, dives in the core of the audience a song that reminds of the desire to reach heavens, the healing of souls.

When Henriette disappears, The Brain's light begins to pulsate. It may pulsate for three or four times, The fifth time coming with an electric parcourse of its sinewy chords. Two children voices are heard:

- Why is your brain filled with shit? - Because your guts couldn't make anything else of it! - And why does the moon shine so brightly when it should weep its silvery lines? - Because of the doctor's diagnosis. - What is that? - BugsBunilla Syndrome with no prescription chances of getting killed. - Oh, moom!... (at this moment the characters are shown in golden light or the characters may be shown in delicate honey-glaze contours. Small little figures sitting or standing at a certain distance one from the other. It may be a projection on the back curtain but it must be very clear, definite warm lines, honey-glaze lines to create the perfect contrast.) - Yes, dear! - Can you fry some dragonuggets for us! - Now, my dears, you know that commercial breaks are for later! - But mother, we are hungry! - Are you sure that it is dragonuggets that you want? - Yes! - With that new Katching-up Onion Sauce! - And LowPolyFries! (they chuckle) Mother (to herself):- Boy, these kids have me excavate a lot! Softly the images of the golden figures fade out. There is deep silence. The brain is engulfed in darkness with each pulsation. There may be the giant's arms waving with the insertion of the sound of choir. The voice of the mother may be Henriette's (as a suggestion of what could have been or what is, perhaps, in a parallel universe where she becomes a mother as well).

The choir sings in angelic tones: - Owl my feathers in ways to help me fly away in silent waves.

First Voice: - Child, when you feel unwanted, not loved...

Second Voice and Third Voice (females): - Owl my feathers in ways to help me fly away in silent waves.

Fifth Voice: - Cooked around you, waves of parenthood...

Second Voice and Fourth voice (a female and a male): - Owl my feathers in ways to help me fly away in silent waves.

First Voice: - Healthy words, healthy love...

Third and Fifth Voice: - Maybe you see things wrong, maybe you are loved...

Second Voice and Third Voice (females): - Owl my feathers in ways to help me fly away in silent waves.

First Voice and Fourth Voice (female and male): - Open your eyes, child, at times life listens and gives a helping hand.

At this time the lights start fading and the honey glaze silhouettes begin moving around.

The choir of children voices: - Falling in love with things that matter, with things that matter, she was falling in love, he was falling in love! With things that really matter.

The next moment is a glowing butterflies moment (it can be a projection of butterflies on the back-curtain, a "real" bugs intro on the stage or a moment of ballet corps show, if the necessary costumes and staff available). The choir of voices may start singing (and this time it may be children voices mixed with adult voices).

The choir of (mixed) voices:

**When one loved,
Child, know now,
Life becomes**

**Your sweet chance,
Borrow or Rob
Your sweet chance**

**Life becomes,
Child know now,
When one loved.**

*The noir in the room shifts to the deepest state to cast light of warm, a third of the distance from the right end of the stage, a lamp like (or lightbulb-like starting point) that grows in intensity making **Henriette** and **Med.1** visible.*

Henriette (reading from a page): - All that we can mold, together, is that love and friendship that can be.

Med. 1 (reading from either the same page or a sheet of his own): - Right. If something can't work properly then we will part. I'd rather leave you to your best than torture you like before!

Henriette: - You think this will work?

Med 1: - I don't know. But I keep my hopes up!

*The lights play their on and off turns to bring **The Joking Bitch** and **The Joking Bastard** into the public's view.*

The Joking Bitch: - People gossip all the time.

The Joking Bastard: - They gossip.

The Joking Bitch: - They may gossip.

The Joking Bastard: - Creature mines.

The Joking Bitch: - Oh, yeah!

The Joking Bastard: - Oh, yeah!

The Screamer (may be the male version of the original one) appears on the stage, eating a peach: - Oh, yeah, love! The grin is wide and he keeps his head up smugly.

At this moment, The two Screamers enter the stage; they start to perform in a canon their duet heading for the echo-expression starting the second stanza and into a core that has them sing in unison (or, if there is will, on two voices-atoned) from "They are the ones making you carry [...]" to "Or for all eternity" carrying on with the canon for the find of their echoing style in the next stanza followed by the next taking the singing to the unison or working on two voices atoned, with another two stanzas following the echoing style. The entire moment must be constructed using the words below:

[Canon]:

The silk you would adore on your skin,

The things you do with my inner world still making me sick,

Sick with this power of a word on love -

Trickery!

And you call yourself a genius,

The slattern you make of us as

all your worthy women and men speculate...

[Echo]:

*They sit in the shadow, waiting, hoping or helping you fail
... It's all about love, money and fame,
It's all about sex and the rabbit hole.
And they expect to be adored and admired
For what they've done to you with no regret.*

[Echoing repeatedly (heavy)]:

Shame... Shame...

[Unison or on two voices atoned]:

*They are the ones making you carry
The burden of their acts or some others.
They are the real hate-dangers
Knowing how to help you crushed under their own long lost despair...
They have been as well put down under,
They want you to be just like them...
All broken, destroyed by their mightiness,
Be them a shame, be they held clean, be them to blame...
And if their own load of bad deeds won't crush you,
Do not worry, the world is still vain,
It's still loaded, It's still there
To offer you tons of their heavy
Doses, metal that gives, light that falls on papers to lose a time for another,
poisons and hell...
All for the sake of memories to last for a while
- Oh, it's for all eternity...: Seeking for balance.*

[...]

Voices: Killing you with a club... Killing, killing...killing...

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