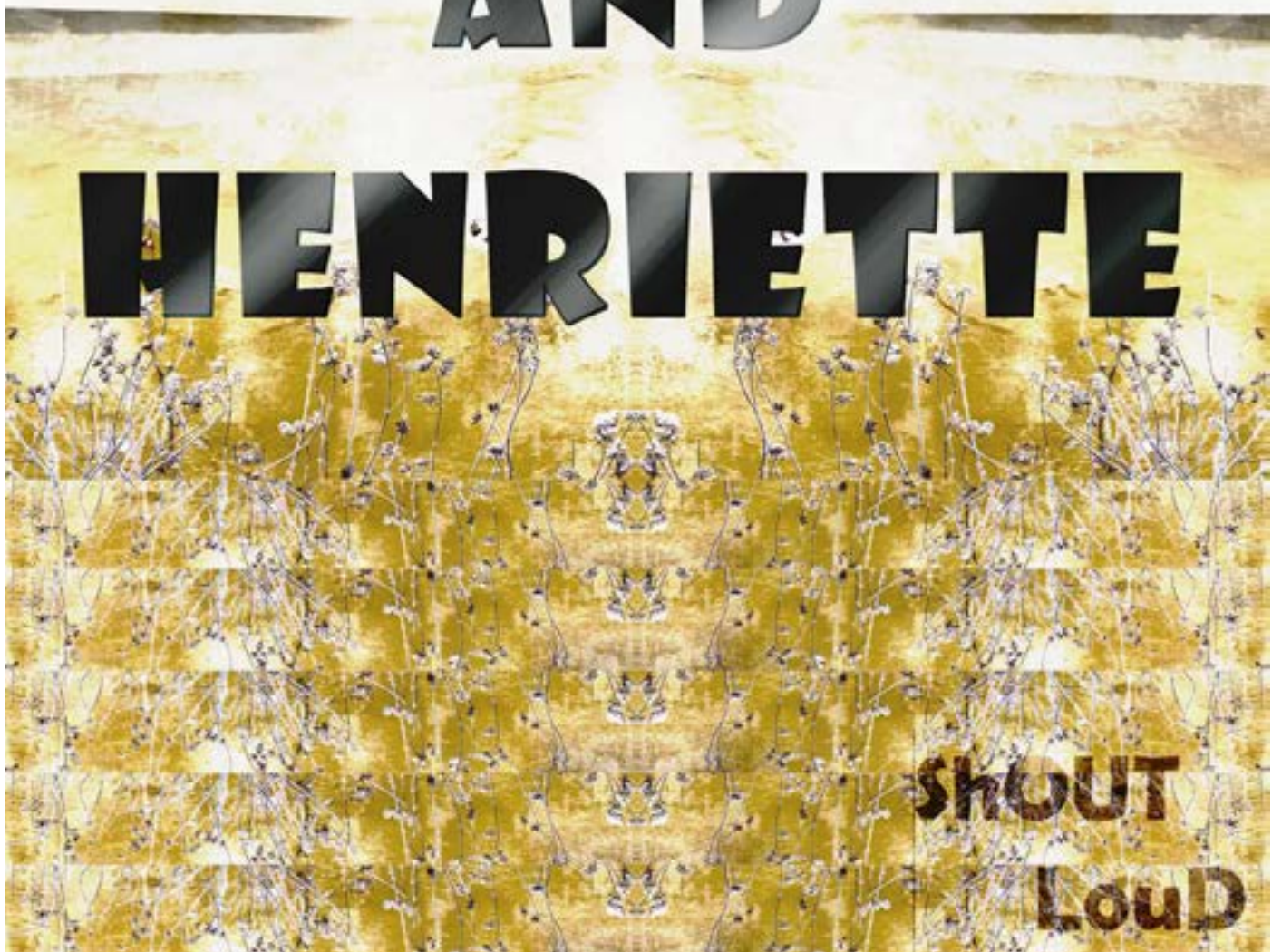




TROLLEO

AND

HENRIETTE



**SHOUT
Loud**

BY THEODORA ONICEANU

This is for us! All of us, those who ever had a good dream to be awakened from, the ones who ever read and helped themselves this way, the humans who felt the sea breeze as a soothing wiff, calming the heat of a broken spirit, and took a deep breath of fresh encouragement while climbing the mountain ahead; for those who worked (hard or simply passionately), for those who learned and craved for more... For each and every one of us who had their hearts shattered and their minds disturbed by anything that just doesn't feel to fit the human individual's needs for integrity! For those who felt rejected, got slandered and helped fight, for those who didn't get any help they could put their finger on... It is for those who survived and for those who have fallen; It is for every single one of us, those who played their turn at every character one can imagine, as real life offers loads of chances and possibilities and some are to be grabbed while others are to be released for the future to take them away. It is for all of me and for all of you; - us, the ones who had their bad times and their good times.

Warning! This piece of writing contains elements that may be considered 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 may be considered as a reflection of violence and abuse; 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 behaving soul.

Part of the inspiration for this project was offered by my son. Influences from the world of absurd theatre were used to form a collaboration between diverse worlds of arts where aspects of life meet to find their meat.

Special thanks to all those who made this possible. They are many teachers, writers, doctors, constructors, mothers and fathers from whom there was something to learn; Sometimes lessons can be hard but it is said that one has always something to offer and there's always something to take an idea or good advise from, learn from, every day. True, sometimes we can see that there is nothing to learn but I say that there is a lot we can take and work for the best wished for... worked for. We simply need the proper armour for our cause.

Book Cover vision: "a Structures remake-UP". Composition based on the reconstruction of a Phillip Klinger photograph.

soft note 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.

*

There is music in the hall-way. The waiting space filled with music and poetry, as well.. and good (human) humour..

*"As lights turn on, like a silver spoon tossed to the sea
I return to the depths of this mother, where I belong,
And you are there
And I am here only to discover what godly a lie
Could have been."*

*

This book is a (stage) satirical fantasy and has the quality of a humorous fictitious 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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A

ShOUT

LouD

PROJECT



List of Characters:

Trolleo

Henriette

Pip

Saltina

The Painted Raven

The Times Placer

The Joking Bastard

The Joking Bitch

Papa Devil and his Raven

The Prince of Sadness

The Charmer

The Maid (may also play the Waitress but looking younger, hairs dyed in another colour)

The Screamer

The Dancer

The Spooner

The Waitress

The Lady/Malvina

Dancers appearing as silhouettes in black and white are welcome to the stage at precise moments and other characters working as prompts (playing the guests and entertainers).

Perhaps coming with extra "information" for the minded soul, in this piece there will be light, there will be darkness and life chase in between with touches of fantasy projections out of times. May it be fun to read, refreshing and entertaining. & may God rescue all our souls, if and when needed.

Act I: Charms and Charmings

The Spooner enters the stage throwing spoons erratically, like a madman. One over the head and down to his left, the other one behind, one forward... they all fly out his hands, feeding thirsty demons grown out of smoke. One by one they disappear, satisfied with the food they've got. He starts to perform a strange dance for the first half of the stage then, with a spin, he ends up in a pose that seems only impossible for any human being to sustain. In half a minute he's back to throwing his spoons all over and around the stage. At this moment, the two main characters, Trolleo and Henriette appear on the stage, from the back-left side. They take a little swinging slow walk across the stage as if they were strolling in a park one summer Sunday. They seem to speak to one another but nobody can hear their words; Lips moving, glances taken with expressions to give a hint of the casual conversation carried. Meanwhile the Spooner finishes his spoons' erratic share and disappears into the smoke that's coming from the left side of the stage. As the two find their way to the center of the stage, the hand of a giant is seen coming down from the top, a frame hanging on a rope. The frame is large, to fit the two characters posing. The sound of a professional camera is heard shooting. The two take three more poses, the sound of the shutter-speed option on. The second hand of the unseen giant descends. As they grab the frame by the sides, the giant's hands shortly move the frame from side to side before a raven flies through; the shutter speed camera is on again, shooting, two or three frames, maybe four. The last frames describe the take of the frame in angles to help it up to the top and away from the public eye. Dressed as waiters the Joking Bitch and the Joking Bastard come from opposite directions to serve each a large glass of ice-lemonade. The Dancer crosses the stage in pirouettes, waving the silk long scarves decorating her costume. The Charmer's flute is heard. The Maid brings a round little table on the stage. The Dancer comes back: this time looking like a man's silhouette leaving behind pots of flowers and square portions of grown grass. A veil is taken across the stage to momentarily and partially cover the sight. The veil is brought from the direction the Dancer deserts the stage. From the opposite side of the stage an armchair is brought in by the female figure of the Dancer. She exits the other way, drawing an imaginary diagonal line. From that point where she disappears, the male figure of the Dancer comes back to bring the second armchair, elegantly designing the second imaginary diagonal.

Trolleo: - I just read the other day that our Solar System is going to be too small for us, soon.

Henriette: - Oh.

Trolleo (*going on, undisturbed*): - As the world is going for populating other planets and science rapidly evolves, studies being taken to such an extent that now we will have to travel to other galaxies for the survival of our species, I fear we must take some measures in this direction ourselves, dear.

Henriette: - Darling, what's wrong with our lives here, on Earth?

Trolleo: - You call this dump our Earth!? That planet is long gone, forgotten. What we live here, on these grounds is a repliqua of what it used to be, only we made it better.

Henriette: - Yes, our carriages are 'lot more performant than they used to be!

Trolleo: - And our homes ...

Henriette: - They've grown legs and move around...

Trolleo: - Fly like free birds on the sky...

Henriette: - Float in the air of purity ...

Trolleo: - The angels have spoken for us, dear!

Henriette: - Their chiming voices can be heard right now, descending on us...

Trolleo: - What kind of a Gauloise are you?

Henriette: - An amnesiac one! But I've grown strong roots and branches of the best and most dangerous kind!

Trolleo: - Then you're no longer afraid of my scissors and saw?

Henriette: - Hit the road, Jack!

Trolleo: - But, Darling, haven't you poisoned the horse?

Henriette: - That was unintentional. There's still the Caddy carriage you can take!

Trolleo (*his arm stretched forward, eyes following his hand pulled out in an elegant pose with a dramatic touch in his countenance*): - Oh! The Caddy for my mission to be the mightiest!

Henriette: - Still the same Romantic man with whom I've fallen in love ... centuries ago.

Trolleo: - How could I betray my heart and soul...? (*he takes and kisses her hand; she takes a few steps back and away from him elegantly, a bright smile widely decorating her visage*).

Henriette: - How else but by snatching Pip's Lincoln last night! (*her eyes are reproachful, her facial expression stern. Arms crossed against the chest.*)

Trolleo: - That was unnecessary. I know that what I did was wrong. But he owed me one!

Henriette: - Fair enough... May I ask where you were roaming for the couple of hours I lost every warm beat of a heart?

Trolleo (*he looks amazed, surprised*): - Love! You didn't say anything! If I had any clue... any clue at all! All that warmth in your heart kept away from my cold still beating core... If you knew how much I needed to know!

Henriette (*she warms a smile on a fainting flame*): - Well, now it's all gone. Thanks to Pip's Lincoln!

Trolleo: - To think that I didn't even reach the top! Hm... I wonder!

Henriette: - You keep wonder while you start getting dressed for the party.

Trolleo (*scratching the back of his head with his finger, an eyebrow frowned in a guess-take*): - Darling..., do you think you can do me a favour?

Henriette (*with a touch of discreet helplessness*): - But of course, beloved. Everything I do, ever since we got married, is favours, to you! It's in the contract, specified so well: you do me a favour, I do you a favour.

Trolleo: - I absolutely adore our contract! But only if it gratifies you, my love, please...!

Henriette: - Of course, as always... the finest gentleman, you are. Now why do I get the impression that I'm not going to wish to comply to this new request of yours?

Trolleo: - Because you're a woman. You always know best!

Henriette: - Please, do inform me upon your birthday wish.

Trolleo: - I wish you to take The Prince and meet Pip and Saltina for the ride in their new Lincoln.

Henriette: - And you...?

Trolleo: - I am going to have the whole house for myself! You go to that fancy parade you organised, I'll sit right here (*he taps the armchair in a friendly way*); here with my favourite ghosts.

Henriette (*triumphantly*): - Hah! You wish! This time you're getting your precious noble bottom there in the crowd.

Trolleo (*he pouts and makes faces*): - But darling! I am ashamed with my bottom looks! Have you seen Saltina's? Top best! What was the name of that brilliant man who dedicated his entire life to such a noble occupation as shaping-up that great part of our bodies dealing with weight in such numerous forms?... (*snapping his fingers*) Bah, it slips...

Henriette (*rolling eyes*): - Dr. Dreenzeuss...?

Trolleo (*extremely pleased*): - Yes! That's him. A god among cattle! Then there's Prince Charming Marina Boy! I hate him! He's so young! How could you invite him to my party?

Henriette: - You have asked me to...!

Trolleo: - Well, I changed my mind! Take him out or I won't go to the party.

Henriette: - You must go see that doctor! Maybe there's some implant of brains he can do for you?

Trolleo: - Oh, you mustn't worry about that. I've already spoken with our dear Dr. Sinleafuss. He gave me a prescription for growing back brain-cells and repairing damaged areas. I've been following his indications for a week now and I feel great. As a matter of fact, this conversation we have right now, must be due to good results already paid (*he grins with grand pride*).

Henriette: - You can't just ask me to do that now!

Trolleo: - What? (*he raises an ironical eyebrow*) Too late?

Henriette: - He must be on his way there, if he hasn't already entered the space!

Trolleo: - Oh... well... that's settled. (*arms crossed over the chest*) I can't be in the same space as he is! I'll stay home. (*he moves away his arms still crossed over the chest, swinging them as he rushes towards the door*).

Henriette (*eyes rounded up, tone raised in the prospects of tempests coming soon*): - Trolleo Raspetianus Jack!! You will get dressed and you will go to your birthday party! And that's an order.

Trolleo (*stops in his way, turns around with a sudden twist, rushing to meet Henriette's stern countenance*): - You can't force me into this! (*he frowns and pouts*) I didn't sign any contract saying that I have got to go to parties (*he shrugs*).

Henriette: - What is your problem? Why are you so afraid?

Trolleo (*looking cornered*): - I... I'm afraid of getting shot!

Henriette: - By the merciless eyes of our Marine Boy?

Trolleo: - No. By Pip's ex.

Henriette: - What's she got to do with all of this affair! *(she changes the face and tone, suddenly affected)* Are you having your ways with her?

Trolleo: - How dare you! *(he pouts, eyes rounded up; taking his hand to the meet of his eyebrows he pinches the bridge between his eyes; pressing tad hard, he releases a sigh):* Yes! *(a generous breathe in and he moves forward with the details)* She's been flirting with me nights in a row. Now, you know me, I can't resist a good flirt, I responded, then she gave you these presents and I misinterpreted and turned jealous, and here we are *(His arms are taken forward to a hands together swing of the body back and forward, a heels to tiptoes and back balance rock)*. She's been sending me letters and gifts for months now. *(His arms are in the air, the candle-stick role-play pose.)*

Henriette: - Oh, please, stop it! *(everything in her speaks of outrage)* You know what? You don't have to say anything about what is really going on, just get your charming personal self out there for the public event.

Trolleo: - May I gently offer it to your cruel heart so it were carried there for me, this charming self of mine?

Henriette: - Hahaha! With little luck your sarcasms will decimate all the guests tonight. Then you'll be left alone with your precious ghosts.

Trolleo: - And sitting in my armchair, a cup o' tea and the newspaper to inspire me, a book on the table and the pen and paper to help me travel back in time. Ah, the perfect time for my beloved self!

Henriette *(turning to the public, a tired expression on her face, she flings her hand in the air sending a message: "he's cou-cou!"; almost meaning it):* - I hope they'll never allow his return.

The stage becomes darker and darker. A scarf made of veil (white, preferably, or some very light coloured piece) is taken for a float in the air from the front left side of the stage to the back right. A pack of paper-ravens is carried to the center, swarming around as if tiny saucers played by a juggler. (there can be a soft musical background for this moment as well). In one to two minutes the pack gets under attack by a real crowd of Ravens released from the left side. (sound off) After the paper birds get shredded, the Ravens take off, leaving the stage for the right side of the exit. Lights fade in. (timidly, the soft sound brushes the ears for no more than a minute - depending on the stage property choice) Lights on.

A fair crowd of people is gathered at the party. Trolleo appears in the deep left corner of the stage, talking with a gentleman, watching his wife from time to time. A second gentleman arrives in a while, joining the conversation. All this time Henriette is having a very good time chatting with a group of people positioned to the front-right side of the stage. She is dynamic and fun; the other ones keep up. There's general hum composed by a union of voices that talk and laugh joyously. Someone starts singing a humorous song at some point - the crowd turns around for the short spectacle. Laughter fills the stage. In a second, everyone gets back to their sheep. For less than a minute they go on story-telling and chattering. A bell is rang and tables are brought by men in black and chairs by women in white. The stage is slowly losing light as people start regrouping for lunch.

Moment of silence, dark and peaceful as the sounds following soon to take one from the imperceptible gentle tunes to a vivid show of flashlights bringing the cutlery's charms into action, plates and glasses meeting bottles and bowls. Chattering on, a couple of laughs here and there, lights go a little crazy like in a night-club, a glass gets shattered, moment of complete noir and silence (a three seconds time-count is enough) then a joke to break the spell brings lights on, this time warmer and kinder on each character to pulsate on their

spots for a while, gently as they follow the flow of courses. The bell rings once more. Tables and chairs disappear with black shadows, one round table remains - Trolleo and Henriette sitting side by side, public-oriented faces.

Trolleo: - Nice going, cheating on me like that, there, darling!

Henriette: - It was quite an orgy! Words got all misplaced and entangled like in a bad show; Chopped all the grand painters, killed each daring thinker, rephrased all the classics... Believe me, you would have hated it!

Trolleo: - Here, have the cherry on top of the cake!

Henriette: - Oh, my, darling! That is so sweet of you that I might need to go for a blood-sugar test right now! No, really, I can't!

Trolleo: - Why? Are you on a diet behind my back?

Henriette: - Actually, yes, I should. I was informed the other day about this "new top thing in the matter"!

Trolleo: - What's the catch? No more cherries allowed in this "new diet ...thing"?

Henriette: - No cherries, no fruit, no nothing!

Trolleo (*playing interested*): - What about sex? Is that allowed?

Henriette: - Well, they've cut out all the boring stuff so, ...

Trolleo: - No more sex and rock and roll? Damn!

Henriette (*she uses her fingers to ascertain*): - Nope. No more boring diets, no more healthy energizing and tasteful meals and can you believe it? - no more fun gym. They seem to have a fancy magic better way of helping us lighter!

Trolleo: - Does it involve guns of any kind?

Henriette: - I think so! They've launched and invitation to a photo-shooting session.

Trolleo: - Oh, I know! They're set for a live mumification!

Henriette: - And how to do that without strict diet?

Trolleo: - Can you call starvation a diet?

Henriette: - Hmm... They didn't mention starvation... Maybe that's the surprise element! I wonder how much I could take it!

Trolleo: - Aha! Pills. That must be the answer.

Henriette: - Wrong again, love! They promised no pills.

Trolleo: - Jezz! I wonder what's this new thing God must rescue us all from, now!

The stage loses light, slowly; there is music coming in and out of the reach of the public's eye that can catch, from time to time, a short moment from a light couples-dance, like in a ballet for couples (the guests pairing, grouping, re-pairing and regrouping until they get replaced by white and black silhouettes performing a real moment of dance, gradually bringing to the attention of the public three to five different expressive movement scenarios. These moments should overlap and get to fill the entire stage at some point. The dances showed must be episodes of 4 to 6 minutes per dance, if five different expressions picked, or

7 to 9 minutes each, if three different expressive movement shows are the choice.

After the stage cleared, fading into the noir characters to bring up the next setting: Trolleo and Henriette's living-room, two little light-bugs make a cross of stage-air before the couple makes it to the public eye.

Trolleo: - It was nice that you confessed about being too irresponsible but let's get fair...

Henriette: - I'm sorry, I don't have a heart for this, right now, and you must know that without a heart one can't be fair.

Trolleo: - Oh, really! And all this time I was misled into the erroneous belief that one needs his head in good shape, reason and logic with strong sense put on education that values good moral values and old fashioned strong sense of justice being the motor of this entire engine!

Henriette: - That's a heart...

Trolleo: - May I know what's become of it? ... The heart?

Henriette (*she appears to be lost with the muses; catches her grip on her present reality soon*): - I've lost it ...

Trolleo: - So, you have no clue of what's become of it...

Henriette: - It probably got broken or even worse, completely destroyed in one of our stupid wars.

Trolleo: - Ask me once again what is right or wrong... Let's see who knows, who cares and for whom?

Henriette: - How was dinner last night?

Trolleo: - Changing the subject, dear? Don't worry, the dressing was fine.

Henriette: - Dear, I'm sorry but we're so amusing with our current parties and noble life!

Trolleo: - May I suggest you mind more of your own business, love?

Henriette (*sighs*): - I couldn't love more our wonderful marriage!

The maid enters the stage a steam machine in her hands, pretending to clean the floor and curtains. The two watch her in silence. In ten seconds Henriette starts giving signs of losing her patience (eyes rolling, thrown spears of contempt to dress up the maid in the nice coat of hedgehog scute). In less than a minute the maid leaves the stage, collecting the spoons from the floor. Squares of turf and pots of flowers left untouched.

Henriette (*makes three steps forward watching her husband from the corner of her eye*): - I believe we had an agreement for tonight...

Trolleo: - I'm afraid that was cancelled.

Henriette (*looks a little surprised*): - Okay, then there's room for something else...

Trolleo: - What about a cup of coffee and some pills to get you off this plane of depression none of you deserve!

Henriette: - I thought you were never going to prescribe such a miracle!

Trolleo: - Yeah, well, I just did. You may stay like this...

Henriette: - Under your spell, dear?

Trolleo: - Ha ha...

Just about then, The Charmer enters the stage blowing whistle songs and flute warns out of a spear, Satchel filled with many. He crosses it in elegant defying tip-toed steps, a trail of golden sand poured behind him slowly, cascading down from a little bag attached to his waist.

There may or may be not a chiming, almost whispered song coming from the backstage to fill the space: "Why couldn't I just disappear from your sight? Why did you actually need me? Why... weren't you too irresponsible? You responsible things!" (this may also be repeated and transferred to the public - as an echo is an option).

Henriette steps forward taking a glance at the golden sand spread on the floor. An insufferable sparkle in her eyes tells of the miraculous idea offered by The Charmer.

Trolleo (*as if suddenly interested*): - By the way, dear! What's for dinner?

Henriette (*her countenance stern*): - Crabs!

Trolleo (*with a pleased smile*): - Ah, the delight!

Henriette (*she walks around replacing objects on the table and on the bookshelves near his armchair*): - There are a few plateaus I have prepared, with angel wings on. Part sugar part salt and pepper. I think you'll enjoy.

Trolleo: - Only with some lemons on, dear!

Henriette: - That can be arranged.

Trolleo: - Did you have anything else in mind?

Henriette: - Oranges, dear! They can bring the romance back on our table.

Trolleo: - Ah, the delight in having such a technical meal!

The stage loses light and the sound of a chiming choir of flutes starts lifting up the spirits like silver confetti, a rain of little sparkling stars over the stage and down over the public. A sudden thunder brings smoke into the blue light. Underneath, a chair progressively lifted up on the stage. A voice is then heard.

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - What did the Roman do, girl?

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - He flew to Venus.

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - Oh, really? And what did Venus do?

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - She poisoned his wine...

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - You mean his mind...

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - I mean his heart.

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - Does he have one?

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - He used to...

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - You lying betraying bitch!

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - Well, if that's what you asked for...!

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - Speak all the truth! Spit it out now!

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - I shan't! It's too darn sweet for you, I'm afraid you could lose that smile in the maze of sweetness causing you dramatic visits pay to see the doctors!

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - That's that! I had enough of you! *(a grunt of painful-take of the arrow launched from the female voice. The male voice empowered with rage is walked in firm steps out the stage.)*

From above, a dense smoke is poured. The lamp starts shivering. The chair begins to shudder. It's like a frantic step dance, a seizure of the chair. Two minutes later it stops in normal vertical position. The lights are turned off. The sound of a bottle hitting the ground rolling on the floor. Half a minute later the stage is empty.

From the left to the right, Trolleo crosses the stage in firm steps. He carries something like a small long box wrapped in a satin cloth in his right hand.

Henriette follows right after he exits. From the depths of the left side, she paces in delicate dancing steps as if the very young woman she never was. Pose of musing watch over the public eye. Lights on and off, then a thunder bright reopens the space for another glide in ballet lead. Out like a muse.

Frames start to rain down the stage. Little paper Ravens dance through. Glittering stars powders are poured through the frames. Bird invasion. In an apparently chaotic dance, the birds are flying around. One by one they are exited through frames. At each frame, a thin sparkling thread is ending this moment with a drop-down through.

V 1 (the Joking Bastard): - You bitch!

V 2 (the Joking Bitch): - You traitor!

The two voices speak from opposite directions.

The stage becomes darker and darker. Up with the smoke the chair appears again. The sound of the magic flute is heard again. The Charmer dressed in white appears.

- Oh, Yoohoo! *(it can be a voice that resembles somehow the one of the Joking Bitch's or it can be the Charmer himself the one who yodels)*

Dark stage. Lights on, he is no longer there. Short moment of silence. The flute is played again. The Charmer appears once more, from the other corner of the stage.

- YouHoo!

He disappears again with the darkness. The same flute song brings him back on stage. Front left corner. He disappears with the darkness once more.

Lights on. On the stage two couches. A Green one and a grey (or grey-ish) one. Trolleo's voice is heard followed by subsequent responses from Pip's.

Trolleo: - You grasshopper!

Pip: - Ye grass stumbler!

Trolleo: - You grass smoker!

Pip: - Ye weed admirer!

Trolleo: - You cricket's home arsonist!

Pip: - Ye cricket-dishes maker!

Trolleo: - You host for grass to dry for the horse.

Pip: - Ah dinnae have a horse.

Trolleo: - Yes you do.

Pip: - Nae, Ah dinnae.

Trolleo: - You did last summer.

Pip: - Well that wiz last summer!

Trolleo: - Wha' hap'?

Pip: - The wife...

Trolleo: - What did she do?

Pip: - She fed him!

Trolleo: - What?

Pip: - She fed him oop...

Trolleo: - She whaaat? Poor horse...

Pip: - Poor the family...

Trolleo: - Of the horse...!

Pip: - Nae, nae, the one that lost such a bag full o' worms.

Trolleo: - Were they precious?

Pip: - The worms?

Trolleo: - Neah, the flea on the back of the horse.

Pip: - He dinnae have any ...

Trolleo: - How do you know?

Pip: - We had 'im cleaned.

Trolleo: - By shaving?

Pip: - Nae, skinning!

Trolleo: - Alive?

Pip: - Nae, during the wee clipe sleep after training.

Trolleo: - Aha! That's why the beautifully grown muscles...

Pip: - Nae, that was the training.

Trolleo: - What training?

Pip: - The one we gave tae him as a Christmas present, last soommer.

Trolleo: - Oh, that was a pretty nice suit!

Pip: - Aye, thank ye. 'Twas the wife's pick.

Trolleo: - Which wife?

Pip: - The one ye lost!

Trolleo: - You mean the first?

Pip: - Nae, the last.

Trolleo: - The last?... it is yet to come.

Pip: - What? She didnae... ? That's boke...

Trolleo: - Preposterous!

Pip: - Unnerving!

Trolleo: - Evocative!

Pip: - Historical!

Trolleo: - I'm sorrowed...

Pip: - Hehe! So ye should!

Trolleo: - 'Feeling like shooting a horse.

Pip: - 'Cannae help ye with that, *mate!*

Lights fade into the noir for a moment to bring up, gradually, the light of blue turning to a glazing white. The Prince of Sadness steps in singing:

"As I wait in this loud silence imposed

While the war makes soul of our hearts and brains

I learn

I weep

I tell

I can't explain to myself this crave for suffering.

It must be a habit

Imposed

As well

Made

As the hives of bees.

Could I accept the miracle?

Was I supposed to hurt him more?

I can't explain myself this crave for suffering.

It must be a bad habit."

Complete silence. The lights are fading in. Henriette is seen in the kitchen preparing something on the stove, headphones on (or a hold of the phone in an old fashioned manner - Ear-phone-shoulder destined to fall into a crush for the floor.)

Henriette: - Frying in a pan the pudding! ... Yeah, yeah! It's new!... No, sausages. ... No, no, he went on about it.... Yes... Yes, yes, all night long!... No... No, No. Well, he asked for it! ... What do you mean *what!*? ...The fuck!.... Yes, yes! ... I don't know, he must have been in great pain or something. ... No, that's a certain no. ... Well, he could have opted for the longer version. ... No. ... I tell, you, he did not! He preferred to go to the swimming pool. 'Took a couple of rounds then came home singing dazzling songs about how he befriended the devil and a car hit a wagon of hay that had nothing to do in the middle of the road but there it was for a crazy lady to go through and beat out of the wagon a pack full of Flamingos wearing Ravens as hats and giant oyster shells as night gowns. A couple had the courage to bring the feathers out, let more of their pink show. ... Yes... No... No no, they were wearing blue pearls. ... Yes, the porn ones. ... I don't know... memories. Haha! Yes. The memory of the common sense they have lost! ... Well, better than becoming the Sad Blue cows we are today!... Purple!? What got you into such ideas?! ... Ah, yes, that! (*she sighs*) That would be a miracle! ... Aha! ... Aha... Really? And how was the trip?No!...No!.... You didn't! ... You didn't!... You Red Cow! ... Well, yeah, now I can see the whole point! ... Yep!... Oh, don't worry, you'll get yourself soon transferred to the Goat's Pack!... They say it's usually in no time but it can take up to a minute for the forms to get uploaded and everything... you know! ... No! You DO? ... Aha, Aha! (*The door bell rings*) ... Gotta' leave you now! There's someone at the door. Yeah, right! ... No-No, sausage delivery... Take care of yourself now! There are things moving around,... viruses, bacterias and everything. Make sure you make the proper use of everything!...Sure, yes... Sure. ... Puffs with vapours of fresh joy! Ciao.

She heads to the door as the lights fade in. The Screamer's ghastly face appears followed by a shrilling shriek.

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