

Who Has Wrung Our Lovely Belle?

[Dramatic Personas:

Desmondo: Revenger

Lynne: The Lovely Belle, The Sweet Fig, The Songless Skylark

Annabelle: The Cracked Belle, The Strangler Fig, Lady-Mantis

Arthur: Brother to Lynne

Marcus: Brother to Lynne

Beau: Revenger

Sue: Friend of Marge

Marge: Friend of Sue

Shrink: Shrink

Mailman: The Wet Sponge

Alex

Girl

Scene I: A coffee shop. A pasty young man, Desmondo, sits alone at a table. His eyes are sunken-in and his appearance is unhealthy. He is dressed in black from head to toe.

His arms are thin and his examining eyes dart back and forth when people pass him.

Desmondo is livid. He twists a napkin in his hands.]

Desmondo:

O! All hope abandoned! Lynne is to blame.

I loved her and she publicly said no.

My unrequited love will be her shame.

She has dealt my manhood a vicious blow.

The whore! That bitch! I'll make her pay!
Can a lover scorned create a virtue?
Now, of her features, what do I dismay?
What should I do? What action should ensue?
—I like that smile, she smiles so well,
Yes! Those lips, too long, have my madness fed.
I'll enhance her smile, this lovely belle,
With wire cut to the back of her head.
The pain? Not enough, she must know her sin,
If I am to do this she must know why.
Yet, one knows love only with trust therein,
Her friendship to my intent I will tie.
Deceive that trust with Humility's lie.
So to her friend with my cunning-tongued arts:
A meek visage is where deception starts.

[He writes a letter for Lynne. He sees Annabelle, her best friend, approaching him. He realizes this is an opportune time to use her in his deceptive web against Lynne.]

Lo! Here she comes, simple Annabelle.
Now with these lonesome words,
(Played with down cast eyes
And meek intent, tied to my lukewarm
Spirit, newly humbled, ha!)
This simple belle will vouch-safe
On my part and ensnare her

Friend with the trust present
In their loving friendship. In doing so
I can trump a queen's heart with a friend's woe.
Here she comes.

*Enter Annabelle, she appears to feel sorry for Desmondo but does not say
anything. She shivers before moving on.*

Annabelle, you are rigid-shivering,
Approaching falling snow.

Annabelle:

What do you mean Desmondo?
Do you think I'm cold
Because I wear my heart on my sleeve?

Desmondo:

No, but before seeing me
Your misty morning coalesced warm and windy,
As if your very atmosphere were a pitter-pat of song,
Such sinewy long notes
Raining down to the ground barraged below.
O! Such poetry in mourning.
Alas, The fallen do freeze solid
In the 'do's and don'ts'
Of such frightened motion.

[he grabs her hand]

So if you are not cold, why are you shivering?

I have asked for nothing and yet you still say no.

*[The first slow crack of thunder is heard in the distance. He begins to tear and beat his
shirt like a wild-man.]*

Do you hate me?

The woe-tattered coward

Battering this tear-dampened shirt.

This soggy earth grows so weary,

Will my name remain as Mud

Made from rain and dirt?

Annabelle:

No Desmondo, I understand—

Desmondo:

I understand that I'm not stupid!

So do not condescend me with a mock show of remorse.

I know the routine fair lady, your falling eyes must grow

Misty before you can change your course.

I know the part I've played. This trite and common

World has made my manners drupe uncultured.

I've never had a friendly spell

Extend beyond the depths of a giving heart's well.

--And these tears well too soon.

[He cries]

Annabelle:

Desmondo,

Please shore your sorrows,
Before your mind follows
Your frame sinking beneath the humiliating weight remembrance.
There is nothing wrong with dissemblance when Mercy cries in
vain.

Pass the rein of incessant weeping
Beating the earth pleading pain.
Let it pass to the gutter drinking,
Let it quench the drain.
Hush fire pleading, 'O reign of rain'.

Desmondo:

Why?

Annabelle:

Torrents of Sorrow shed both passing tears.
Torments resemble storms to old forests,
They rattle stocks that brink in years,
But pass and reveal the stronger tiers
Of maturing thought. You'll cheer up, I promise.

Desmondo:

Thank you. Perhaps you could give this to Lynne.
My heart still battles a ghostly fear from
My hasty prattle that, confessionless,
Might unravel me with sorrow.

[Gives letter]

Annabelle:

Desmondo. You think too much upon the
Subject, yet, I will relate your heart's will,
And give you response, so Sorrow be still.

Desmondo:

Thank you.

Exit Annabelle

Virtue is far more malleable than sin,
It is a stupid dog! Eager to please.
A cloaked villain's moves this fool can't perceive.
Annie! I'm still what I have always been.
I'll have Lynne smile though her heart I can't win.

[Scene II: Lynne's bedroom, Lynne is talking to a group of friends]

Lynne.

He's not a beast, he just
Acts like one. He sulks, (dogly sulks!)
With down cast eyes that, upon me,
Throw up a furious madness.
His appetite haunts my heels.
He thinks I'm his meals.
No ladies, I do not trust him. His eyes
Size me like a cold caveman would
Size a cozy bear—savagely!

Enter Annabelle.

Annabelle:

Look here Lynne, a letter
From your poor courting fool.

[She reads]

He implores your forgiveness
From his recent madness
And seeks respite from his sadness.
His days of fearful stalking
Have given way to an upright walking,
His heart pleas to receive no more balking.

Lynne:

I don't care. Just because
He's not a beast doesn't make
Us the same species.

Annabelle:

He's just a lonely boy,
I think he's too shy. This world is cruel.
We pour our spite on those unfit to bear it
And wonder why they act so.
I think that with a touch of friendship,
You could set his bitter heart free
To grow into something no longer so creepy.

Lynne:

Annie, you listen to me
And listen well. Don't you dare bring
That beggar to my presence
If you value our friendship.
Everything about his behavior
Concerns me. I do not like him,
I do not like his behavior and
My relations are chosen on my own terms.
When it comes to my affection
I have the right to be a tyrant.

[Lynne sets down her mirror]

What am I to do? To be whored to the

Lunacy of the common masses?

[She gestures to the audience]

That, in favor of civility, I cannot
Freely guard my constitution because
It is deemed impolite? Should I
Be ravaged by Mediocrity's barbarian horde

[She gestures to the audience]

So a stranger can feel 'honky dorey'?
Am I saying, 'my shit doesn't stink'? No!
But should I enjoy shitting in public?—I don't!
Should I wear my pants about my ankles?
Is it enough 'to be caught with my pants
Down' or should I 'show my ass'?—I won't!
What is he, or any other person,

[She gestures to the audience]

Whom I have chosen not to
Invest myself in? –rhetorical flesh.

Annabelle:

Rhetorical flesh? Lynne, you are cruel.

Lynne:

Is there another way that I can be?
Right! He loves me for personality.
It's not the swimming pictures in his head
But a hero's love by which he is led.

That I should let a sea of broken hearts

[She gestures to the audience]

Undo my identity for spare parts.

I can't believe you feel sorry for him,

He is a drowning soul that knows how to swim.

Sadness is a craft made for survival,

When sadness to madness is its rival.

His malady was a self-cruelty

When he mixed love with sight's credulity.

Anna:

[aside] She kills people everyday

As long as there is no price to pay.

Lynne:

Yet every dog still has their day.

'Beauty is transient' is what I say.

Memory and beauty are passing things,

They can't replace what an honest moment brings.

It's armor that guards a weightier matter,

For what is a skylark that cannot sing?

A lost child to the loony Mad-Hatter.

A scared little girl who has been hurled

Into the madness of a fucked up world.

Oh! I'm beautiful! Blah! flatter, flatter.

People flatter till their heads grow fatter,

But the fact is it's your world they shatter,
So the sage, in a world full of danger,
Puts their good foot forward to a stranger.

Anna:

Lynne, I've never heard your heart so negative.
Listen! The sage's heart is like a sieve
That filters out bad and leaves the good:
'Having it all' includes love misunderstood.
[aside] No beast alive could survive her canopies hood,
Oh! To strangle her! Sweet fig! I'll kill this host
And let something new grow where an oppressive giant stood.
A vacant hole that gave birth to a ghost
Will honor her fall with a vengeful boast.

Lynne:

Annie, you have completely missed my points!
I, more than anybody, know I'm flawed.
Am I not finite? It's you that anoints
Me 'more than mortal'. I have clawed
A place for myself out of the dark
And I won't go back to feeling stark.
When you place me on a pedestal, it has begun.
You no longer need to treat me like a human.

Anne:

Okay Lynne, Okay, you win, you win,

You're above all wrong, beyond all sin.

Lynne:

[aside] Should I tell the reason I seem the devil?

What the hell, I'm caught. I speak as if this life I chose.

The truth is I want revenge! against those

That love me because I'm beautiful.

I'm the basest thief! But was it love I stole?

From those that gave it all away

Upon the assumption, that with this toll,

I could end their 'Groundhog's Day'.

Do I feel superior? yes I do,

It's not because my features are pretty.

I feel better than those sad people who

Give love, not for love, but for beauty.

[Exit Annabelle]

Sue:

God! You guys can fight!

Lynne:

I know. Annie is a little too smart

If you know what I mean.

[Lynne performs dumb show]

Marge

You guys fight like a married couple.

Lynne:

Please don't say that.

Sue:

[mockingly to Marge] This is you!

Marge:

No! This is you! Ha! You guys

Play who knows who better.

What's with you two?

Lynne:

Well, I don't date much, so I think she thinks I'm gay!

It wouldn't matter whether it's true or complete bull.

I could sing 'no, no, no' the live long day,

As long as I respond to her she is in control.

I wouldn't mind being gay but I don't want the label.

You should never allow

Someone to define who you who you are

If you want to keep your identity from getting scarred.

I'm a gay girl that fantasizes about sex with men.

I'm the same girl that pretends she doesn't remember when

We were younger and Annie tried to kiss me.

The poor girl paints herself in my imagery.

She is very aware of culture and taboo

And more aware of a restless mob's mood.

Then she tries to say that I'm a prud!

She's the witch hunter, a pitch-forked brood.

She loves to fuss and pout
Until we're fighting and having it out.
And she won't stop
Until the day I know her head off
With a coup de tat's savage bite. Chop !

[she breaks her mirror]

We can never just sit and talk light.

[Enter Alexander]

Alex:

Hey babe, we're late to you appointment. We should go.

Lynne:

One minute Alex, I'm running slow.

See ya girls.

[Exit Lynne with Alexander]

Sue:

What do you think of Lynne?

Marge:

I could careless. Let's get some pizza.

[Scene IV: Shrink's couch, Lynne is spilling her woe]

Lynne:

Sometimes I wish I wasn't born human.
I don't wish that I was dead, I am fond of life,
I just wish I could be something else,
Like a tiny bug or a squirrel, that way
I wouldn't need to turn to other people
For my own kind. I cry sometimes
And I don't know why. I read fantasy
Books (I love Harry Potter). It doesn't
Matter, no matter where I go there
I'll be, right?

Shrink:

Go on.

Lynne:

The other day I saw
A bum on the sidewalk and I found
Myself envying him because he wasn't
Born me, that's when I called you.

Shrink:

You have a lot of anxiety Lynne.
Not everybody is out to get you.
I definitely don't recommend solitude.

I think you need to be more open with your gifts.
People are strangers when you keep them that way.

Lynne:

I don't know, it just seems
Like everybody wants something.
Words are tools of acquisition, they
Rarely bring people together.

Shrink:

Everybody does want something,
But that doesn't mean everybody wants
Something from you. Relationships
Are based on trust and you don't trust
Anybody so words remain ambiguous.

Lynne:

Waking alone is brutal.
I would be lying if I said that
I didn't see the cruelty of being a perfectionist.
As if thoughts and emotions didn't knit
My flesh to the whole. Okay. Protection
Is my way of life but I'll try to be more open.

[Lynne leaves the office and smiles at a stranger, he sizes her up uncomfortable and proceeds to follow her until giving up]

[Scene V: Coffee shop, Annabelle and Desmondo drinking coffee]

Anna:

Because of your letter
Your image is better.
She likes you Desmondo,
You're 'in the clear' and 'good to go'.
She has chosen a meeting place
To express her feelings to your face.
I told you that sorrow was just a rut.

Des:

[aside] I don't like the tone of this slut,
Yet my love for Lynne is true,
To go ahead with things is the thing to do.
Where are we going to meet?

Anna:

Upon the lover's love worn seat!
A quiet park bench. Isn't it romantic!

Des:

Yes! My heart is racing frantic!
I will meet her in the park dressed to kill;
She shall smile it is my solemn will.

[Exit Desmondo to the left, enter Lynne from the right]

Anna:

I talked to your brothers today.

‘We miss dear Lynne’ they say and say.

Lynne:

Oh dear, my mind has been a total fray.

I’ve been busy, that’s no excuse.

I can call them now I have nothing to do.

Anna:

Remembrance of love, to the living, is little use.

They’ll be at the gym, so don’t call.

But they want to meet you

In the park for a game of football.

Lynne:

Arthur! Marcus! Those big ogres I love!

Remembrance of love, to the willing, stirs love.

At what time did they want to meet?

Anna:

Around ten o’clock ‘to beat the heat’.

Lynne:

That’s kind of late.

Anna:

True, but your brothers’ sweet

Love should not be made to wait.

Lynne:

Then ten o’clock it is,

When it comes to a brother, my time is his.

[Exit Lynne to the left, enter Sue and Marge from the right]

Sue:

Annie, what are you doing here?

Anna:

Contemplating the belly button of the universe.

Marge:

Do you want to go to a movie with us?

Anna:

What's it about?

Marge:

It's about a government agent that relinquishes his identity to infiltrate a terrorist cell and kill them all for blowing up a building or something. Are you in?

Anna:

Sounds cool.

[Scene III: Supermarket, Desmondo is pushing a cart and singing]

Des:

What to do? What to do?
What's the best thing to cut through
A lady's face? Her lover's grin,
Her glowing smile and blood stained chin
When she smiles it's not a sin
To enhance her smile is what I'll do.
She said no, that day she'll rue.
Ah! Deep sea fishing line, sharp
As a barber's noose to lather
Her face with blood and horror.
I also need deodorant and toilet
Paper. Let me run it through:
Butter? Check!
Orange Juice? Check!
Watermelon? Check!
Implement of Murder? Check!
Okay, so I think that's it.

[He stops to squeeze an avocado and to smile at a stranger]

It's nice to have a reason to be here.

[Desmondo goes to the check-out girl]

Girl:

Sir, you seem very happy today.

Des:

I have a hot date.

Girl:

Lucky you, you should bring
Her something to make her smile,
Most girls like that.

Des:

I think you're right and I've already
Thought it through. I'm going to take her
To a play, a dumb show really, but I
Think that it should make her grin.

Girl:

Well, you seem to be good with the women.

Des:

Yes, I am a lady man.

Girl:

Right, there's your change, move aside if you can,
The lady behind you is restless.

Des:

I'm already leaving, best wishes.
I wonder if this thing will work.

[Desmondo trys the bit-noose on the watermelon]

Now that's a jawless wonder.

This noose is deadly.

I'm in the breach of despair.

O! My heroic savior.

[He kisses the bit-noose]

She'll love me when the danger has passed

I'll love her pitted like an

Animal with a collar

Through her mouth.

Lo! My heart sinks down-low,

To the lo-lo of meditative sorrow.

[Scene: Movie theatre, Annie, Sue, and Marge are seated with the final lines of dialogue of the film in the background]

First voice:

I've killed them. With hands that weep blood I wash my face in woe. Can I go home? Can I ever be the man that I was? Having seen what I have seen and done what I have done. I would do it again, and more, for my homeland, for my country.

[gun shots and screaming is heard]

Second voice:

The remembrance of my fallen prince is the reason you swim in blood. Look at me. These hands have killed you. Know that and I'll know you.

[More gunshots are heard, crying, then the lights of the theatre fade on]

Sue:

What did you think?

Anna:

I would say that it was an elegant mestiza characterized by the modernist tendency coupled to the romantic's expression in complete absence of the Christian paradigm.

Marge:

What the hell does that mean?

Anna:

I don't know, it sounds good.

Sue:

Well, I wouldn't have done that for the government for anything.

Anna:

I don't know, it looked exciting.

Sue:

Who cares, don't you want to live?

Anna:

More than anything, but being positive

Doesn't always work. Sometimes

Life needs a violent jerk to get on pace.

Marge:

But to lose your soul in a rat race—

Didn't you see the guy at the end?

He couldn't sleep, he didn't have a friend.

He acquired power and freedom to lose it all

Hero? Ha! The upright dupe was destined to fall.

He wouldn't stoop, even to dodge his enemy's killing blow.

The fool stood tallest with villainy on the grow.

Anna:

[aside] What a pair: two stupid boots. It was just a dumb show.

Most people live life as if it's forever:

Being good doesn't mean you'll never die.

Marge:

True, but the reckless soul cannot see

The moment that they occupy.

They cannot perceive reality

In absence of words.

They are a chattering flock, but not the song birds.

Shrinks says, “an honest moment can never be undone.

And it can never be seen once revenge has begun.”

Anna:

You really are a pair: two stupid prudes: Go to hell.

Sue:

Whatever. For the world I would not be a belle.

[To Marge] We know what’s better than Annie’s crappy

Attitude. She’s a ruthless and bitter slut.

And if she could have kept her loose lips shut

She would have had a life that was truly happy.

[Exit Sue and Marge]

Anna:

I’ll be happy when Lynne is a pile of mortal bones.

Keep my big mouth shut? ha! I don’t think so.

Flapping gums aren’t honest but they are fun.

[Scene VI: Shrinks couch, Lynne is spilling her woe]

Lynne:

Have you ever had somebody copy your behavior?
It's not that flattering when that person is a stranger.
Being sized up from thirty yards by a brute
Is behavior that stupid people think is cute.
I'm just not a big fan of parody,
There is something about mimes that I find scary.
Mimicry is a self-killing cage,
The free sage walks barefoot, the mime dies with the age.

Shrink:

Lynne if I didn't know better, I'd say you're a poet:
The poet mimes the sage, the sage goes unnoticed.
All dies in Time, the only difference is remembrance,
Memory is not Time though it bears its resemblance.
Passing Life through Memory is a short-sighted portal,
Time conquers Life, but Life's Moment is immortal.

Lynne:

How dare you call me a poet!
I'm not a loaf of bread, self-inflated beneath a label.
Do I look like a genius grown from hear-say?

Shrink:

I never said that is what a poet is!

Lynne:

Evidently you don't live on this planet,
The language maker is dead along with poetry.

Shrink:

Evidently you don't live on this planet,
Language and Life were set brother bound,
It is an inescapable fact. Lips and tongues
Are not the only artistic pathways that articulate
It just seems that way because we prefer pretty sounds
Drumming thumbs
Impatient feet
Or loving words when eyes meet
All speak a native tongue
Everything leaks
In translation of a moment and the fantastic ways to articulate it.
Your questions in nature are statements without answers—
Lynne? Would you say that you hide from the world in words?

Lynne:

All the time—

Shrink:

And do you think this is good?

Lynne:

Good? No, it's necessary.

Shrink:

Why?

Lynne:

Because there are aspects of myself that I keep sacred.

Shrink:

Would you consider that the perspective of a mature adult or a timid girl?

Lynne:

Both. Are you asking me if I have a Peter Parker complex?

Shrink:

What's that?

Lynne:

It's a paradigm based on the illusion of protection. Does Peter Parker wear Spiderman or does Spiderman wear mild-mannered Peter Parker?

Shrink:

Maybe then my question would be, "Who is the child? Peter Parker or Spiderman?" There is something wild and stagnant within you Lynne. My point is that I think you live in an unhealthy paradigm. Sometimes people want to get to know you because of your strengths, not because of the accessibility of your weaknesses.

Lynne:

The fool tries to get to know someone,
The sage lives their life and let's the people come.

Shrink:

I agree, so which one are you?

[Lynne cries]

Lynne:

Both?

Shrink:

I agree, but the fool and the sage are not compatible, you must choose one or wear a double face.

Lynne:

Then I will.

Shrink:

Will what?

Lynne:

Do both of the things that you've just said.

Shrink:

I must say...

I don't know where to begin,

You are complicated Lynne,

That's enough for today.

[Scene VII: Leaving the movie theatre]

[Annabelle's imagination is pantomimed for scene IV]

Annabelle:

I despise that little beggar

Almost as much as I despise Lynne.

[She squishes a bug]

His madness for her is still so plain

Across his mock show of grief

And quiet remorse. The stupid

Ape, his mere presence chills my blood.

I'll have his head cracked open

Like a coconut on a stone, but,

Not before I have him unravel Lynne.

The whore who seduced my Beau

From me. Poor soul who, found

Me in moments of weakness

With other men, found the courage

To leave me in hopes of having Lynne.

That I should feel second rate to her.

O! That I should wring that lesser belle!

[Breaks her mirror]

The pompous shows of humility, ha!

As if she does not notice the legions

Of courting monkeys with paws
Out stretched for a mere echo
Of her presence. No, they shall
Become deeply acquainted.

[kicks a dog]

After he has used his purpose,
(Well, in truth, I know not what)
I'll have Lynne's brothers seize the
Climatic moment in full swell and
Watch the whole lot, every stupid member,
Swallowed in my deception's killing womb.
The house of life in me is a tomb.

[Pops a kid's balloon]

The whore Lynne. Her fall will begin with
The courting of Arthur and Marcus.
Those two drooling fools are too
Content to wave a sparkler:
A pair bling-bling cheerleaders:
A pair of cuckold dummies
(But I still slept with them, Ha! Funny!
Poor Beau.) They got off on his good
Name. Marcus said his name while we fucked. Ugh!
Why don't they cut out the middle
Man and just middle the man?

From what I've seen or can surmise
Cuckoldry is almost homosexuality in disguise.
Take Arthur and Marcus, two in one brother,
They only get excited if copied by the other.
If either loses interest the other goes limp.
They have no identity. They are like a cultured-chimp.
I'm not saying that Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum are gay
But set a hard-on in motion, and the nut will obey.
'Bro's before ho's' they say out-loud and bold.
I swear, Marcus would bone his mom to make his dad a cuckold.
But the mere thought of two gigantic
Silverback pounding away in gigantic
Rage makes me titter. Nothing
Can push my button like manhood
Set in motion. I quiver with delight
From my sliver back. So Lynne's
Fall is all in the wording. It must be perfect.
Those two must understand how deep their loss runs
If the chastity of sweet Lynne is ravaged.
Their fury is not enough, the response
I'm courting can only be induced
With a little prompting. No doubt,
A sweet innocent voice across the page,
Unknown to what she has witnessed,

In doing so all telling, should set
The Pride in motion. Something
To the effect of:

[She writes]

“Dear Arthur and Marcus,
I’m so pleased to tell you that
Lynne has finally found someone.
A shy innocent boy named Desmondo.
He worships her ground mocking
Her every step. I often see them talking
Quietly, for long periods walking
In secluded places: you’d think
They were a new married couple!
Because of this, Lynne will not
Answer the phone for fear of
Breaking Desmondo’s sweet spell!
Perhaps if you two could find
The time to check on her
And tell me how she is, I miss
Her true. My love Annie.”
Oh! Perfect! These two went
To high school with Desmondo,
They are vaguely aware of his
Obsessive nature.

The mere hint to any interaction between
Princes Lynne and him should spin
The wheels of my machination's sin.
But first I must clip Lynne's angelic wings:
This cat caught canary in its windy tomb sings.

[Scene VIII, Shrink's couch, Lynne is spilling her woe]

Lynne:

I've grown so accustomed to interacting with strangers that I forget they're alive sometimes. They draw the same emotional response from me as a rock or a piece of paper. Is that wrong?

Shrink:

I would definitely say that it's not good. I keep telling you Lynne: you need something to ground yourself to reality like a lover or a friend.

Lynne:

That would imply trust and that takes too long. I think what I need is a tribe. I just want something more consistent than a drinking buddy or a gabby friend. A lifetime investment in a certain group of humans beings.

Shrink:

What do you think friendship is?

Lynne:

People gathered for mutual profit.

Shrink:

No, that's business.

Lynne:

In this age of saturated interaction I don't see the difference. The poetry of friendship is dead. There are very few left who live by

that ancient high-order. To tell the truth, you're probably my best friend.

Shrink:

Lynne I'm your doctor, our relationship is professional, it deals with your personal issues but the relationship is impersonal and it is imperative that you see that.

Lynne:

I do, that's why I consider us friends. It's not personal but it is what it appears to be. It's honest. I can live with that.

Shrink:

Lynne, let me ask you something. If you think being a perfectionist is so cruel then why don't you take it down a notch? Admit it, you love to show people up.

Lynne:

Because that doesn't feel right. Just because I'm lonely doesn't mean that I'm willing to compromise myself or my standards.

Shrink:

So progress is worth self-exile?

Lynne:

I don't know, it just doesn't feel right, to turn back. I just don't see what's so unhealthy about being alone if you're making progress.

Shrink:

Ha! Progress for the sake of progress is religion. The viceless world of solitude is, in itself, a squeezing vice when you're behavior doesn't reflect your intentions. The only true progress is healthy and natural interaction.

The power of Life is not perfection,

The power of Life is lived in translation.

Like ink in water,

Forms, shape and color,

Moments melting into each other,

Like a rolling wave.

Like ink bleeding on a page.

Should we focus on what we acquire?

Or should we focus on how we behave?

Should we pleasure feed or seize the fire?

Each moment of life is a species,

Each moment we exist is an arena of growth,

We never achieve a station higher,

We only find a new route to go.

Progress, perfection, illusions!

They are a translation from the wild world of lips and tongues

Into the ho-hum world of tweedle dee and tweedle dum

Turning their idle keyboards into a drum.

We are not native to our region of birth,

Life and reality are indigenous to a moment first.

Ha ha ha, you laugh, I know how I can sound,
But really, maybe the body sits inside the Soul,
Maybe the thought is turned around.

Lynne:

Well here is a thought to ponder when you're jerking off in bed:
Paper penned with water can only run
It doesn't speak or bleed,
And it certainly is no fun to read

Shrink:

Okay, okay

[Lynne taps her watch]

Lynne:

Today

Shrink:

We're done.

[Scene IX: Lynne's bedroom]

Anna:

My killing womb tightens
To wring that bitch belle. Death!
Her breath will grow shallow—Death,
The constrictor is waiting. Alas!
Just a bit of mercy from her tongue
And she wouldn't be caught in the
Hard manacles of revenge!
A perfectionist rejects
The people who want to interact
To glut their self-image.
Now she'll feel the white knuckles
Of the strangler fig's grip!
A billing statement, I need
A billing statement. Ah! Here it is,
Now, with a little show I'll
Disconnect Lynne's ever running phone.

[She dials the phone company and opens Lynne's clothing drawer]

I would look good in these.
Lynne is not the only
Fig here who can kill.
There was a time, I remember,

When she was little more than a book-worm
With billboard boobs mounted to a boy's figure.
I think she would have loved herself more
Unblossomed than to blossom into a whore!
Yes! Hi, I'm Lynne Taylor, I'm
Afraid I won't be needing my phone
Serve. Oh! The service will
Extend to the end of the month?
Perhaps you could change
My number immediately.

[She reads the billing statement information]

Personal issues. Thank you.—

These sad dupes haven't my true nature seen:
Fools slaughter pawns when they can kill the King.
Arthur! Marcus! I've just captured your Queen
And it's her soft breath I'm going to wring!

[Knock on the door, Annabelle puts on lipstick]

Enter mailman

Mailman:

Miss Lynne Taylor?

Anna:

Yes.

Mailman:

I have a package for you, could you please sign here?

Anna:

It's hot out there, would you like to come in?

Mailman:

I have work to do, this isn't my only package.

Anna:

It should only take a minute, Mr. Mailman, to deliver your package.

Mailman:

Huh?

Anna:

Your package, it seems heavy, it should only take a minute to deliver your package.

[They go inside]

[Scene X: Apartment of Marcus]

[Enter mailman looking disheveled, delivers a letter]

Marcus:

Sir, are you okay.

Mailman:

This job, this job, I don't know,

This job. I feel like a wet sponge.

Never mind. I have another package

To deliver.

[Exit Mailman]

Arthur:

The escapades of a mailman.

What is it?

Marcus:

A letter from Annabelle.

[He reads then hands it to Arthur]

I don't like it. I don't like it

One bit Arthur. I remember the

Behavior of that little troll,

Haunting the stairway near the

Girls locker room, pretending

To use the phone, with hawk-sharp

Eyes fleshing up the ladies into bits

And pieces.

Arthur:

You don't seriously think
Lynne would fall for this dumb-dumb
Beggar? Yet, I would not believe it had
It not come from the lips of Annabelle.
She can do no wrong, her eyes are in the right:
How can virtue's lady be skewed of sight?

Marcus:

Easy. Though her intentions are
Good, women do not always speak
In logic's language, words spoken
Merely to exercise the tongue mock
it. Women use words like
Children use building blocks:
To build a Lego throne. She speaks in form
Without substance. I need something
Weightier to tie my running mind to. Wait,
Annabelle said that Lynne had turned
Off her phone. You as I know this
Cannot be true with Lynne. She could
Not keep that hour-glass figure,
Or those hips that could make
A married man slip. Oh! Those
Legs, like polished sea stones

Breaking hearts and causing groans.

(That sweet fig!)

None of this without running

Her tongue to someone.

I think a simple phone call should

Clear this up.

[He dials]

Can this be so? The response is no.

In what direction should we go?

Arthur:

Honestly, I would say that we

Are spinning our wheels too freely,

I would dismiss a brash journey,

But the mere thought of that lowly

Creature with our sister sets my

Blood boiling to the head. I think

No harm can come from a quiet

Visit to see our mutual friend

Annabelle. So it is said?

Marcus:

So it is so,

When excited, a brother's love will grow.

[Scene: Shrink's couch final scene]

Lynne:

Do you ever get the feeling that the language of strangers is Television commercials? T.V. commercials sculpt the behavioral identity of a nation with regards to casual interaction.

Shrink:

Interesting.

Lynne:

Right, I mean, who's sculpting who? Are the wizards on the thought-box tailoring ads to the masses or are they creating blue-prints to follow?

Shrink:

Don't watch T.V.

Lynne:

I don't! But you said be more open.

Shrink:

I don't think that T.V. has anything to do with it.

Lynne:

Obviously you don't live on this planet.

Shrink:

Is that what this little back and forth is about? Are you plain 'angry at the world'?

Lynne:

I guess so. Can I have one?

[She takes a candy]

You run it through, you size people up then ask: who am I to this person? How do they view me? What image is appropriate to this situation? The scary people are the ones that take that bullshit home. Ugh! They get married and have kids according to the scripts they see.

‘No thanks, no, no, no, fuck that’!

I live with the sinewy-wits of a firecat:

The panther-sage endures despair’s heat.

O! My holly blood boils, warped in prayer’s heat.

To think I considered becoming a feeder,

I’d rather become a villain than a fucking cheerleader.

Now I know I can attack without hinderance:

Those that achieve wield the weapon of remembrance

The masses of hungry stupid animals

Will endure my achievement’s quiet manacles.

First, I’ll break the wild lion’s jaw

So the tawny brute cannot fight or feed.

Then impose custom and law

And turn a lily into a weed.

I state my intentions clear, I owe it,

Honor bound, when I go bad you’ll know it.

Now I’m leaving, before you give me ‘cold feet’.

Shrink, thank you, this is the last time we’ll meet.

Shrink:

Lynne, do you think you're doing the right thing?

Lynne:

Do you?

Shrink:

What does that mean?

Lynne:

I don't know, there is just something predatory and disturbing

In thinking you can objectively observe another person

To do so, either you or them cannot be human.

Shrink:

Before you leave, remember Lynne,

Sometimes you love your enemy

And you only betray yourself through revenge.

[Scene XI: Annabelle's apartment. Annabelle, Marcus, and Arthur are seated and talking]

Anna:

It is true, it is true. Every
Word is true. They are in love.
Even as we speak they coo
Like ladybirds in the park—
Perched-cozy. Why? What's wrong?

Arthur:

Simple Annie, he is a
Consumer-villain. A vacant culture ape
Looking for a branch to swing on.
A lost actor waiting for a cue.
A conditioned-intellectual chimp
That awes the world with the deep
Sorcery of button pushing.
A wizard with a remote-control wand.
A temple-scratching intellectual
That speaks only English.

Marcus:

Do you know what station is without achievement?
A cash crop.
Like peeling the stickers off
Of a Rubik's Cube and showing it to your friends.

Arthur:

I don't think you realize the
Depth of your error. [aside]: Typical.

Marcus:

His only cue is to coup her flesh.
You have thrown your dear friend
To a hungry weasel.

Anna:

How dangerous can a weasel be?

Marcus:

Dangerous enough to unsettle me.
Tell me where she is Annie!
Things are not too late to be set right.
Though if they are, this will be a bloody night.

Arthur:

Your friend's trust you too lightly wield!

Marcus:

Annie, where are they?

Anna:

The park bench near the football field.

Arthur:

Marcus, immediately, we should leave.
My heart races wild left of my sleeve.

[They exit]

Anna:

Scatter the flock, wind and leaves,
Anger is sarcastic when it grieves.
I have lost my heart, once it heaved,
Now it feels nothing from Beau bereaved.

[She gets angry and address the audience]

Here is a thought, digest it if you can:
It is a woman's right to consume a man.
Make his eager Dark Prince sing:
Turn me into a crownless king!
Men are the appendage between our legs,
The sensitive head, to be beaten, begs.
They club their members until they say 'when!'
We do too, but our member is men.
The brute should wears cuckold horns,
Then he'll fear not death just what a woman scorns.
But, the man that hates himself
Is more willing to take the shelf
Placed propped as a dressed up doll!
The duped rooting pig standing tall!
If left alone men are lost puppies,
But when controlled, then they're like guppies!
Ha! Ha! Men cannot win
To break their backs is not a sin

A broken man is most man, indeed!
Plow the field before you plant the seed.
Do I love them? That all depends,
Men are a tool and I need a weapon.

[Scene XII: The park bench]

[Enter Desmondo dressed like a mime. Performs dumb show]

Des:

I can make Lynne smile
Without the constriction of this wire.
Yet, if she chooses to hide behind her
Pride, refusing still to show her love,
I must force this crisis to the head and
Open up her softer side. With the assistance
Of this prop I'll no longer be Lynne's
Accessory, I'll finally be on top of this matter.
I wish I was Lynne. Here she comes.

[Enter Lynne, she screams]

That was not a smile, but I liked it all the same.
Now with this cue let the games begin.
If this bitch will not make her sweet lips loose
I think I can help her with this bit-noose.

Lynne:

Dear God! Desmondo?
What are you doing here? Why
Are you dressed like a mime?

[Desmondo performs dumb show]

Des:

To entertain you my lady.

To make you smile for smiling's sake.

Lynne:

Desmondo, does it look like
I'm smiling? Have I ever smiled at you?
Have I ever given you a reason
To believe that I would?

Des:

Why? Why? Why? Why
This cruelty? Why? Can't you
See my heroic-love? Can't you
See I'm the man in your life?

Lynne:

I have never given you
A single reason to believe that
I enjoy your company or your
Moody seasons. Therefore,
I can reject you in any manner I
Feel is necessary to make you
Understand that I don't like you.
I'm wary of your presence. It
Steals my nerves and my breath.
I elect to walk away waving
My independence lady-banner.

[She gives the finger]

The only thing you must do
Is to understand I don't like you!

Des:

True, because you would
Have smiled if you liked me, and
You have never smiled at me—ever!

Lynne:

Thank you.

Des:

You've already wronged me
Once Lynne, you should not have
Turned your back on me.

[Lynne turns to walk away; Desmondo slips the bit-noose on her.]

Oh! Look at her squirm like a
Squid new plucked from the sea.
My mouthing fish out of water!
Have I caught a marlin?
Or am I merely marring Lynne?
Notice how with each flail of her limb
The bit inches deeper into the face
Of this thorough-bred. Oley! Oley!
Claw the air Lynne! The race is nearing
The finish line! Oh dear! She hangs limp.
Has my stallion outgrown her bit?

Had she bit her tongue this would not be so,
True-lovers in love should not be told no!

Enter brothers

This is justice, “someday all beauty rips!”
But the passion, oh! I should have done more!
I should have hooked her through her softer lips
So the world could see the face of a whore!

Arthur:

No! Lynne! The fucking vulture!
Her soft flesh has turned
To carrion under his snapping breath!

[Throttles Desmondo]

You are going to tell us everything!
You are going to sing like a little
Canary in a cat’s mouth or we’re
Going to pluck off your fucking limbs!
You’re a chicken new caught for
The slaughter! I want to know you.
I want to know the little secrets in your heart—

[Arthur unhooks Lynne, her body falls to the ground uncaught. Marcus grabs Desmondo]

Marcus:

Brother! bring that noose for this villain’s head,
Words are words; I think enough has been said.
Come, that foul wire for his manhood bring!

I think vultures like canaries can sing!

Brothers exit with Desmondo bound

[Scene XIII: The park bench]

Annabelle:

Fall Lynne! Fall! All of your dreams laid to rest!
Unbirthed from my killing womb you'll stay.
Now, undisputedly, I'm the best

[Enter Beau]

Beau:

This angry pistol shall seal this dog's day.

Anna:

Unsated, sweet vengeance, more I want more!
My life's purpose is gone, I am unhinged.
Is your tomb cozy Lynne? you filthy whore!
This abandoned lover is now revenged!

[Lights fade out. Gun shot is heard]

By Brandon Lund

Notes for scene 2 mindhunters

Lynne: Wizard, White Queen, Wields the Weapon of Remembrance

Annabelle: Soldier, Black Queen, Wields the Weapon of Revenge