

Worlds

By

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SCREEN SHOT/INT-

A LARGE SCREEN PROJECTING CHANGING IMAGES OF ANCIENT SIGNS, SYMBOLS, MOTIFS, ETC.THE IMAGES COVER PERSON'S BODY LIKE LARGE TATTOOS.

PERSON It wasn't through lack of trying. I've been trying my whole life. Trying to be good instead of bad. Eventually, I guess, we all run out of goodwill, working our way towards that invisible paradise somewhere off in the misty future.

PERSON LOOKS AROUND AS IF EXPECTING TO SEE SIGNS OF HEAVEN.

PERSON Society don't respect the good as much as it does the bad. It doesn't bow its head and surrender to the good citizens as quickly as it does to those who harm it. It's as if it's the goodness of decent people is to be expected and only bad people get to enjoy that feeling of being alive, speaking their mind and doing as they please. They don't get trapped or halted in their tracks and told to shut up, beg, fetch, carry, run and finally, fuck off.

No. That kind of a prison ain't for them. They learn to do without the scraps thrown to them by the cunts in control.

PERSON STARES AT THE SYMBOLS AND WORDS SCRATCHED AND CRAYONED ONTO THE SURFACE OF THE WALLS. THEY SEEM TO SPEAK TO HIM.

PERSON Once upon a time,there was a voice. Not a loud or harsh voice, but one that touched my mind like the first raindrops of a storm falling on bare skin and swept through my body with the warmth of a summer's breeze, soothing and beckoning me into its outstretched arms. To the pale blue eyes of a child, the world became a place of great wonder. Don't ever be afraid, it would say. This world is your world, shape it in the way you want it.

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AS IF TRANSFIXED BY THE IMAGES THAT HAVE BEEN PLAYING OUT IN HIS MIND AND WHICH HE HAS BEEN RELATING TO THE SYMBOLS ON THE WALL, PERSON NOW STOPS AND MOMENTARILY IS EXPRESSIONLESS AND STILL.

PERSON And then one day the voice went silent and for the first time in my life I felt afraid. The world became a colder place and those days of endless sunshine were replaced by grey skies. The good days numbered like postcards sent on holiday.

(LOOKS UP) If those above us should suffer...

VOICE FROM ABOVE... Then those below will suffer doubly.

PERSON If they are unable to see the mistakes they make, then we are made to pay.

AS IF THE ENGINE HAS BEEN TURNED BACK ON PERSON NOW BEGINS TO SHOW THE EXPRESSION THAT HE HAD IN THE PREVIOUS PART OF THE MONOLOGUE BUT PERSON'S MOOD IS DARKER.

PERSON It seems that I go willingly. But underneath, I yearn to let go. To stand tall and gaze out onto the world as I see its place inside of me and not my place inside of it. One chance, we're all given. One chance, between the first and last breaths and all the countless thousands in between.

VOICE OF AUTHORITY Quiet!

IT IS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY THE RAPPING OF A WARDEN'S STICK UPON PRISON BARS. WE THEN RETURN TO THE PERSON IN THE STRAIGHT JACKET.

PERSON You see, there isn't any parole from here, not unless you're brave enough to make a run for it or scale the walls, otherwise you're in for life, for a crime that you never committed, but one that you appear happy to be doing the time for. Then suddenly, as if from nowhere, the voice returns. It asks you how you are and what you've been doing all these years, it makes you feel happy and sad at

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the same time. But the more you explain yourself, the further you point the finger of blame in all directions except towards the one person who could have made a difference, then silence falls like the shortening of daylight in winter and little by little the gathering frosts of old age begin to gnaw away at your roots.

VOICE OF AUTHORITY I thought I told you to be quiet in there!

A FURTHER RAPPING OF THE PRISON BARS. PERSON IS BROUGHT TO ATTENTION AND IS SILENT FOR A SHORT WHILE BEFORE LOOKING UPWARDS, LISTENING AND NODDING HIS HEAD AS IF IN AGREEMENT. PERSON LOWERS HIS GAZE TO CAMERA.

PERSON The wonder of the world never goes away. It's us, we move away from it. We fail to see what is happening and turn our backs on it as slowly but surely it disappears. Like grains of sand running through our hands, we allow our world to become a desert.