

FLAPDOODLE

Lights up.

HE and HER are tied to chairs centre stage. They are beat up and bloodied.

HER I am worn and freckled with a beggar's blush and none to discerning of what calamities court me. Piddling morsels of frolicking prudence traipse and pox impending doom. Icebergs fill the room and all of a sudden it becomes exceedingly clear - all hidden fears have been brought to fruition and we are dead at last.

HE 'Tis a precarious demise for such habitual emotional warriors as we.

HER Repentant reconciliation moans with the undulating pleasures of past pains with no gain 'cept our academic love.

HE Whilst gregarious renditions of limelighted melancholy drench our erroneous inevitability. Our purpose lies in our abuse and our use in its meaning.

HER Lost to lingering leisure. Purchased faith our arduous undoing. Wake and bear witness to pestilence-seized peacock and hen - foreordained to languish in a myriad of pre-packaged bloated displeasures.

HE Sacrificial lambs bemoaning the inception of a forced love.

HER Here dullness cuts.

HE And we bleed a borrowed blood.

HER It is a receding morality that sanctions our cloistral compact to officiate these baser instincts.

HE Swashbuckling vagabonds dueling on Eros desolate plain.

HER Where breeds a septic sincerity draped in an attacking amour.

HE Vile voles burrowing into, this, our hallow'ed misery.

HER Therefore, let us not vex over the formalities of pretense.

HE Hence, and forever onward, we are no more than what we seem.

HER Unseen yet apropos.

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HE The loon cries. *{Canadian content, eh.}*
HER The lake dries.
HE And we recede into the encroachment of our lives.
HER Nectar made from the plastic pollen of a dead fake flower.
HE This death has died.
HER And I will cry no more.

A shot rings out. HER slumps over in her chair.