

the invisible creature

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CHARACTER

Dressed flamboyantly, wearing a cloak or cape (black fedora hat optional), the Invisible Creature (IC) can be of any gender, i.e. man, woman etc. This protagonist should be played with all the emotions an actor can muster up. We should understand in actor's interpretation, the IC feels terribly wronged by its creator. Nevertheless it has a self-deprecating sense of humor with a serious spooky side, an actively curious manner, as well as being outrageous.

SETTING

A cold, wet, windy night.

In a small town, on the coast of Maine.

Get ready for a fright.

Or from this play,

Dear audience, abstain!

At Rise:

The INVISIBLE CREATURE (IC) appears on a dimly-lit small town street. There are flurries of snow. A gust of wind comes up. The IC reacts.

INVISIBLE CREATURE

Brrrrrr! The wind is blowing louder than a banshee's roar. Let me bring my cloak closer to cover my neck's nape. The iciness chills my bones to a tingle. Snow powders me like fairy talcum sweets; making a blanket of me, like a dull dolt. Oh, how miserable I am, Lord of Darkness! (Wails) OOOOOH! OOOOOH! Do you hear my call?

"Master, the banshee and I are devoted followers – subjects. Invisible Mates! We walk among the living dead, unseen, until we wish to be recognized". (Pleads) "Oh, I beseech thee, Master Satan, how long has it been? A long, long time, since this loyal subject was free to frolic 'n spook –!" (Dances a jig, but the slippery street cuts it short, spoken with self-deprecation) Terpsichore was never my favorite muse. She dealt me two left feet. Ha,ha,ha! Ahem. Now to be serious. There are others, indeed less loyal subjects of thee, oh great Master of Misery – who would desert thee, in a bloody moment. Those whom you have graced with such great freedoms. There was, for instance, ancient Adam and Eve's old snake in the grass! Did he not swindle thee, sire? The first human couple tricked by that talking sneaky low-life snake in the grass, who corrupted poor innocent Eve. Yes, that slithering cunning mooch scrounge scab snake bum reprobate born out of wedlock, ogre, got away with it. How disgusting!

No punishment at all for that piece of merde. Ugh! No cesspool at the time to flush him away. Yucch! Oh, I'm sorry I apologize Master, because it wasn't you who gave the gift of shame, for nakedness in the Garden of Eden... Oh, you say I'm wrong. You want the credit for it. Sorry. I'm wrong again. It was you who the Snake worked for and conned her to eat the apple. But I used to know all that because of that Iago snake. You see, Sire, I make mistakes because I've been out of the loop for so long. But, not I, never, I, humble I, loyal I, indeed faithful I, gracious I, would dare deceive thee. Alas, truth be known, I've been bored beyond belief, but I cannot be but brief in bringing my beef to the floor. Ha, ha, ha, heh, heh, heh. I need some amusement! Anything to titillate the muse which hungers inside me.

To me, living in cemeteries, caves, and dark bat-ridden attics can be comforting, cheerful, ideally suited phantasmagorically. Tsk. Most would say, most would whisper to their peers differently. Like, Iago. He'd fib. Lie to Othello. Cad. Hmm. yes, they'd conclude my native self was delusional, I, a looney. Ah, jealousy, its toll is perilous. (Spits on ground) Putrid. Look at me. I feel much like a - ugh, vampire! I dislike admitting that. Similarities, affiliations to that morbid breed of wretchedness. I loathe them! That archetype - so foul of breath, Yuccccch! Pointed, ugly-fanged teeth, arched eyebrows. Such as a hangman's rope which is spread out on his gallows being prepared for an evening's entertainment. Yes! Vampires, Dracula's, the butt of gutter jokes deservedly - all through history. So much longer ago than I wish to remember. Never should I wish to endure that dreadful 'dark age' of the Ninth Century again. Uchh! Oouueew, Tut. Tut. Tut...

Lord of the underworld, why daytime? Why? Why was daytime's abominable light first cast? It is a curse, Light!- Light is such a foul force. Why cannot the sun know its place and be humiliated enough to just go! Find flight and move to another globe. Oh, it offends me to my vapors it has not done this! After all, I'm quite civil. Not too ordinary, but traditionally specialized eclectic. Darkness is my dear companion.