

Ink

Day 8

by
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Darkness.

From the back of the stage, a glowing, white skull floats downstage. He has flames coming out of his head. He has eyes in his sockets that stare down the audience angrily and with menace. Then, he lets out a giant, melancholy sigh and begins to speak with a very posh British accent.

SKULL

I began my life as a Dream. I was dreamt in the black of night. An ordinary man in an ordinary house, sleeping beside his ordinary wife. Some would call her fat. Not I. I wouldn't call her fat. No no no. I wouldn't even call her "big-boned." She is, indeed, quite plump. Yet, fat? No, I would not go so far.

(Beat)

I was a vision in an ordinary dream brought on by a marijuana cigarette, a bottle of Jack Daniels, and a tablet of, I believe the kids call it, "e." There was a grassy, beautiful landscape. A wooded wonderland.

(Beat)

I believe there may have been teddy bears. Yes, in fact, there were. Eight or nine of the technicolor urchins mucking about in the grass. A veritable orgy of... Come to think of it, yes, it was an orgy. An orgy of pastel "Pooh" bears in a pastoral field.

(Beat)

I descended from the sky, all fire and glory, screaming and screaming and screaming!

He stops and considers.

SKULL

Actually, no. I was silent. They, the teddys, were screaming. I was flaming. Silently from above.

(Beat)

The young gentleman who gave birth to me in his slumber, Mac, though that was not his real name. That was not the name his mother gave him. It was the name he gave himself in the ninth grade. "I am Mac," he proclaimed to all of his friends. And so he shall be known evermore. Mac. Not everyone can so very clearly and definitively define themselves as Mac did. Would that we could. And now he is able to craft the identities of so many others.

(Beat)

As the teddys continued on with their... Frolicking... I began to laugh. A deep, rich laugh. I shall not attempt to recreate it now, I would not be able to capture the fierceness of it! While I was in mid-laugh, Mac awoke, took up a pencil and a piece of paper, and drew an image of me, somehow making me appear fiercer and more beautiful than I have been in that dream. I was a truly terrifying vision in Number 2 pencil and a piece of an envelope for an unpaid heating bill.

(Beat)

Later that day, I was placed, face down into a contraption, a scanner, that washing me in a blinding light and then encoded me, digitally, into a computer. From pencil and paper to ones and zeroes. Photoshop gave me color, with a sheen I did not have in the dream. My flames were more intense, more real. You could feel my flames lick the computer screen!

(Beat)

Then. I sat. For months, I sat. I was placed in a folder called “Ideas” and made good company with a fanged unicorn, a couple of the orgiastic teddy bears, an infant with a prominent middle finger, and a woman whose bosom was downright illogical in both size and form. For months we huddled together. The others were happily clicked and gawked at. Me? I sat there. Unwanted. Until. Roger. Are there truly people still naming their children “Roger” out there? Roger, Mac’s friend from college. A dunce. An idiot. An absolute boorish moron. Roger’s chubby finger pointed at me in the computer screen and...

(Pause)

Dear God. Mac. Mac, why hast thou forsaken me?! I began with such promise, with some energy and vitality and with a true graceful violence! How could you have let me come to such a tragic end!

(Beat)

Roger’s.

(Beat)

From a dream. To pencil and paper. To ones and zeroes. To ink on an the ass of an idiot. Hell.

Another skull, who looks exactly the same, yet rushes in with the energy of a puppy and speaks in a Cockney accent.

SKULL 2

‘Allo, ‘allo, Luv!

SKULL

Roger’s wife got a matching one.

SKULL 2

It’s you and me, forever, Luv!

The Skull heaves a grand sigh as Skull 2 rests her head, “cheek to cheek” with him.

SKULL

Yes. Forever.