

HOUDINI MONOLOGUE, ACT 2
From *An Increasingly Uncordial Invitation*
By Mark Chrisler
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HOUDINI

When Bess and I were first married, we stopped by a dealer in exotic birds. There, Bess petted and fed a fledgling macaw before finally we purchased a pair of budgies that filled our house with song for seven years. Little did we know that Bess's contact with that bird was to be the only it would ever find. After their meeting, it was taken to a dark room where it was fed for the next twenty years only by machine. This macaw instantly fell in love with my wife, a feeling that the decades caused only to grow. In response the bird used what memory it had of my interactions with the shop keep to learn to emulate my voice perfectly, as so that it should lure its beloved away from me through mimicry. That bird was finally released into my chest, probably at the same time my clockwork skeleton was constructed, and a series of speaking pipes not unlike those used in a ship were built into my esophagus and mouth. The point is...

(he approaches BESS)

The point is... Perhaps there will come a time when you find yourself sun-drenched, taking deep the colors of a hot summer day. And as you stand, your dress clinging to your body, your nostrils breathing deep the honey and lavender of the season, you may suddenly feel a cool and gentle breeze upon your cheek.

(He raises his hand towards
her face, their eyes locked.)

The point, my dear, is this:

(now almost touching her)

When that day comes, as you feel that ethereal touch upon you, remember:

(He slaps her with great
force, leaving dirt upon her
reddened cheek)

That wind will not be my hand.