

MINA MONOLOGUE, ACT 1

From *An Increasingly Uncordial Invitation*

By Mark Chrisler

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MINA

I have been visited by the other side. I have felt the harsh sting of lingering death, and the warm embrace of peaceful finality. And those two, shrieking purgatory and infinite comfort--while disparately opposed--exist as on a razor's edge. Yes, I have been enveloped by the ectoplasm of both these righteous forces, holy and unholy, and it is by that experience I found my cause, my geis: to deliver those in shadow to light, and to deliver true condolence to those still Earthbound.

BESS

Mina, this is hardly the time or the place.

MINA

Ah, to the contrary: there is no time as important as this one. And no place so reeking with the scent of ambivalent mourning. When I was young my brother was struck by a train. I watched from mere feet away, reaching out my hand to where he lay, having tripped on the tracks. And while I never touched his hand again, it was not long before I felt his cool, incorporeal touch upon my leg, guiding me through the precious nether-region, the sliver of radiant ether that cleaves life to death. And never have his mouth and hand worked more forcefully on me than when he drove me here. For what, you ask? To deliver Harry Houdini from the jaws of the wraith!