

GUEST WRITE

A one-act play in the words of others.

by Benjamin Martinkus

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## CHARACTERS

In order of appearance

ARTIST	His sentences comment on art, but are not art.
ALBUS DUMBLEDORE	A mystic rather than a rationalist, Dumbledore leaps to conclusions that logic cannot reach.
THE GUARDIAN OF THE GATES	Once the idea of the piece is established in the Guardian's mind and the final form is decided, the process is carried out blindly. There are many side effects that the Guardian cannot imagine. These may be used as ideas for new works.
THE BUTCHER'S SON	May not necessarily understand his own art. His perception is neither better nor worse than that of others.
ODIN	His ideas do not necessarily proceed in logical order. They may set one off in unexpected directions, but his idea's must necessarily be completed <i>in the mind</i> before the next one is formed.
MANCE RAYDER	Holds no form intrinsically superior to another, may use any form, from an expression of words (written or spoken) to physical reality, equally.
YOU	<b>Often misperceive (understand it differently from the artist) a work of art but still set off your own chain of thought by that misconstrual.</b>

## SETTING

The Circle City.

## TIME

Present day.

## SCENES

SCENE ONE	Sugar Space, contemporary art gallery.	Before, during, and after BBQ is devoured.
SCENE TWO	The shared space between people.	A recurring set moments.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

*(BBQLA; a dinner party for artists, patrons and the cultural milieu of the city. People mingle. People shift their weight from foot to foot, some laugh and some gawk.)*

ARTIST

*(ARTIST enters and places pedestal on the ground. Improves some business about the play.*

*Tips pedestal down, rolls it, and genuflects at the base. Stands, walks down the pedestal, closes eyes, Covers left eye it in silver.)*

DUMBLEDORE

*(Conjured internally by those who are present, knowing, and willing.)*

ARTIST

*“I open.” (J. K. Rowling, *Deathly Hallows* p698)*

*(Opens eyes. Stands turns pedestal, rolls it and steps up to stand upon it.)*

YOU

*(Shifting in posture at the start with open eyes, listening. Implicated, invited, embarrassed and underwhelmed, but still hopeful.)*

THE GUARDIAN OF THE GATES

*(Committed, and wary the Guardian waits from outside periphery, eyes weary and bleached into monochrome.)*

ARTIST

“If you do not wear the spectacles the brightness and the glory of the... City would blind you. Even those who live in the City must wear spectacles night and day. They are locked on, for so ... ordered when the city was first built, and I have the only key that will unlock them.” (Frank L. Baum, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* p36)

*(Walks towards YOU, raises right hand to YOU, nods for YOU to speak in unison.)*

YOU

***(YOU speak in unison.)***

**“Words, our most inexhaustible source.”** (Steve Kloves, *Deathly Hallows Part II*)

THE BUTCHER’S SON

*(Gazes as witness from ancestral past. Glassy pupils wide without judgement.)*

ARTIST

*(ARTIST turns and walks back to pedestal. Turns/ rolls it on it’s side. Sits down upon it.)*

“To avoid any form of resurrection, the beast will have each limb tied to a horse, and then each horse will be driven in a different direction, tearing the werewolf apart.... We do not take chances, not in our town.

The head, ...will be skewered on a pike until, in its last stages of decay, it is unable to look at us anymore.” (J. E. Reich, *Werewolves of Anspach* p9)

*(Stands, walks towards YOU, raises right hand to YOU, nods for YOU to speak in unison.)*

YOU

**“Of magic, capable.”** (Steve Kloves, *Deathly Hallows Part II*)

ARTIST

*(ARTIST turns and walks back to pedestal. Sits down again.)*

“No one... among us... has watched its fur rescind back into its roots, its paws unwind into fingers, its spine crack and curve into a fragile version of itself. And if it was, at times, a man, or woman, or child, was there anyone here, in the crowd, to miss them?” (J. E. Reich, *Werewolves of Anspach* p21)

*(Stands, walks towards YOU, raises right hand to YOU, nods for YOU to speak in unison.)*

YOU

**“Of inflicting injury and remedying it.”** (Steve Kloves, *Deathly Hallows Part II*)

ODIN

*(A familiar conceit, returned as both indulgence and confession.)*

ARTIST

*(ARTIST turns and walks back to pedestal, tips it upright, walks behind it, and speaks an invitation to YOU.)*

“Let the wary stranger who seeks refreshment  
keep silent with sharpened hearing;  
with his ears let him listen, and look with his eyes;  
thus each wise man spies out the way” (*Codex Regius*)

*(ARTIST cradles bread and salt. Waits.)*

*(END OF SCENE)*

SCENE TWO

*(The personal space between people organically arrived at in successive moments. These patrons causally wait in congealed groups of fellows and friends for more stimulus.)*

MANCE RAYDER

*(Calls from afar with the promise of solidarity.)*

ARTIST

*(ARTIST motions with his right hand out and towards the ground, signaling YOU to step forward.)*

YOU

*(Those willing **step forward or make a sign to ARTIST.**)*

ARTIST

*(Moves to each guest and offers bread/salt, speaks the words. He/she repeats this until all are served.)*

“Once I had eaten at his board I was protected.... The laws of hospitality are old... and scared.... Here you are the guest, and safe from harm at my hands.” (George R. Martin, *Storm of Swords* p102 )

YOU

*(YOU receives ARTIST and **speaks the words.**)*

**“Sever us, please.”** (J. K. Rowling *Half Blood Prince*, p595)

*(YOU takes the offering of bread/salt. **Eats.**)*



ARTIST

*(Once all are served, ARTIST steps backward, tips pedestal down, rolls it, and genuflects at the base. Stands, walks down the pedestal, closes eyes, smears right eye it in coal.)*

“At the close.” (J. K. Rowling, *Deathly Hallows* p698)

*(Opens eyes, bows head.)*

*(END OF ACT)*