

Laughing and Crying with Vincent—short one act play

By Warren L. Jones III

WHY WE LIKE IT: *Almost like a medieval 'morality' play in which the 'characters' are universal qualities, personified for emphasis and entertainment. These were often humorous 'burlesques' but here the similarity ends. The light-hearted repartee soon reveals a darker secret. Are the voices those of Vincent, his brother Theo Van Gogh or the prostitute Rachel whom he gifted with his ear? Is psychological projection the only way to deal with it and remain sane? We published one of Warren L. Jones' III flash fictions in Issue 2 and were impressed by both his imagination and literary craft. Ditto for this one. An excellent example of minimalist 'bare' theatre.*

Laughing and Crying with Vincent

-one short act-

L. What in the hell am I supposed to do with that?

C. How would I know? It has your name on it.

L. I didn't order anything. Why would someone send me this?

C. You should just open it. It could be really cool.

L. Or totally bogus. A lot of what I get is awful.

C. I like the way it's wrapped, though. Almost like some old lady with those glasses on a string got a hold of it. It's so fuggin' precise.

L. What if it's bad news.

C. Well you tardo, just open the thing and you'll know. Here, let me do it.

L. Wait, wait. Read what it says on the other side.

C. Alright, alright. “To my Li ”. It’s addressed Arles. There are stains that look like gravy or something.

L. Really? Oh crap, didn’t your brother move to France. I wonder if it’s from him.

C. That loser. I thought he joined the Legion or something. Hey, re-light that thing and pass it over here.

L. Okay. Just a sec. Oh wait, it is from him. I recognize the pen stroke.

C. Hey, I’ll open it. Let me have it.

L. Well, just be careful. Use that jackknife.

C. My god. I can’t believe this thing. There’s three layers of tape.

L. Watch out you dooper. Don’t slice it up, whatever it is.

C. Well shit. Look at that.

L. Oh my fuggin god. That is sick. That mustuv hurt like hell.

C. I guess he really liked you after all.

L. I guess so. But, how is he gonna, I mean, you know...

C. Yah, yah. Howz he gonna hit his mark. Are you sure it’s his?

L. Oh yeah. Yeah. No mistaking that.

C. What do we do with it? It’s not like you can put it on the bookshelf or hang it on the wall.

L. No. Uh uh. There ain’t no more hangin’ for that guy.

C. Ha ha. You are some kinda fun-ny. Pack that pipe will ya, I’m coming down.

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS: *LACWV was inspired by a remark I thought I overheard at a bookstore. Two patrons were browsing the art book section. As often happens, my mind went in an odd direction and became the play when I sat down at home to write. I browse the local library aisles and choose books by jacket covers and blurbs. I accidentally read many authors and subjects, and as a younger person read Bukowski and William Lee and and other odd beats. I have not seen LACWV performed. I’m not sure that is a wise direction to go in.*

BIO: *Warren L Jones III is a jazz bassist, composer, and writer working near the White Tank Mountains in Arizona. He has been published in print in Brilliant Flash Fiction, KYSO FLASH 2016: State of the Art,*

Fleasonthedog.com, *and* FOUR TIES LIT REVIEW *magazine*. Warren is color blind. Follow my music on facebook and buy my music on cdbaby.