

BLUE

By: Aslan Hollier

BENSON DARLING
ANGELICA DARLING
STORYTELLER

The stage is dark, except for a special on the storyteller who sits in the corner.

STORYTELLER

If you lost your one true love, what would you do? Would you do something magical or unnatural to bring them back to you? Even if it's to give farewell, apologize, or hear them say "I Love You Too." This is an unordinary story of love, it starts after Angelica Darling has been sent above. Benson Darling, a man living in blue, stands at her grave with many emotions and thoughts, but words so few.

W

*Angelica Darling
Sept. 27, 1980 - Feb. 7, 2008
Beloved Wife For Eternity*

The weather is gloomy, yet still sights of sunshine. Benson is wearing a black suit, holding a blue rose, and subtly crying.

BENSON

I still can't get over you. I'm so sorry, it's all my fault. If I would've... *(Trying to stop dwelling over it)* Good thoughts, that's what I'm supposed to think about, right?

He falls to his knees, pressing the rose to his nose, and sobs harder.

STORYTELLER

The mind and eyes cry for her as it all rushes through. The rose brings him back to you.

BENSON

(Beginning to slightly smile) Remember when I asked you to share our lives together? Blue Roses, that's what you are to me. Blue Roses.

STORYTELLER

Taken back to the greatest moment in life. A time when the darling angel agreed to be his wife. Can never forget, and things couldn't have been better. There are two roses, two people, and two sides to all of them together.

He sets down the rose and walks over to a glass table with two chairs on either side that is in front of doors to the balcony where the moonlight shines through onto the table. On the table is a glass vase with two blue roses, two lit long slim candles, wine glasses with red wine, plates and silverware for each; they just finished dinner. Angelica sits in one chair wearing a

sparkling black dress. Benson sits in the other chair and smiles at her with loving eyes while she fiddles with her wine glass.

ANGELICA

Benson *Darling*, where did you find these wonderful roses?

BENSON

Have you ever seen many blue roses?

ANGELICA

No, not really.

BENSON

You know why that is?

She shakes her head slightly and he picks up the rose closest to him.

BENSON

There are no blue roses, naturally. You have to make them blue. Each rose has its own meaning with the color. The Rose itself is delicate, elegant, and graceful. Red can mean romance and passion; White is purity, secrecy, and worthiness; Lavender is the closest to blue and most used as so. It is majestic and special, or means love at first sight. Black and Blue are the only unnatural roses. Black is actually a dark red, and is used in death and mourning, but also can be rebirth, or start of something new. The color Blue represents dreams, hopes of miracles, opportunities, and new possibilities. Blue roses are like the Holy Grail; mystery, enchantment, achieving the impossible or unobtainable. Some people see it as a bad thing, like a figment of the imagination. I believe in the greater. They're magnificent, just like you.

ANGELICA

How do you know so much about roses?

BENSON

I wanted to give you something that could somewhat capture how I feel about you, and blue roses came up; along with unique and beautiful meanings, and pedals of stories.

ANGELICA

But, if there are no blue roses, then what are these? Lavender?

BENSON

(Laughs) No, these are prematurely cut white roses cultivated in dye. Of course, the unusual tint of the moon helps. We'll have true blue roses one day. Until then, I'll have to work and put patience into having these, just as I did to find you.

ANGELICA

Oh Benson...

She puts her hand on his.

ANGELICA

Does that make you my black rose? Both of us are unique and unnatural, and you're my symbol for the start of something new.

BENSON

I like to think we're both blue, but that's one way to look at it. As long as I'm the birth of us, not the death.

ANGELICA

Oh no, roses like us live forever. We'd make the unnatural seem natural.

BENSON

(Smiling) You already do... Would you like to step out on the balcony and enjoy the night?

ANGELICA

Sure.

They stand and walk, arms linked, onto the balcony, rose still in his hand. They stop in the center and gaze up at the full shining moon and the scintillating stars; her glittered, silky black dress curls across the stone. His hand holds her hands gently while gazing into her eyes.

BENSON

You are enchanting and beautiful, just as this rose is. I feel as if I have achieved the unobtainable when I have you. You've made my dreams come true. I live in a Fantasy when I'm with you. What I'm trying to say is... *(He gets on one knee, holding her left hand in his right, the rose in his left; looks at her and brings up the flower)* You are my angelic blue rose, and I'd love to pick you, and make you mine forever. *(He takes his hand from her, pulls a sparkling ring from the heart of the rose, and places it on the hand from which it left)* Angelica, my angel, will you marry me, and be my *Darling* wife?

ANGELICA

(Trying to cover her face) Oh Benson, Darling, it would mean the world to me.

They smile, laugh, and kiss; then he holds her small body in his big arms. They make the perfect fit in the puzzle under the spotlight of the moon.

ANGELICA

(Rubbing his back) I've never been so happy.

BENSON

(Holding her tightly) I honestly don't know who I would be without you. I never thought I could love this much, or someone could love me this much.

ANGELICA

(Whispering in his ear) Believe it, because I do. I love you, I love, I love you.

STORYTELLER

He tries to keep the whispering memories away. Tries so hard and yet they stay. He gets mixed between memories and reality, which makes an interesting duality.

She pushes him away and he walks back over toward the headstone, and holds his ears tightly.

BENSON

I need you so much. You've always been the one to know how to comfort me.

He stands holding his ears and Angelica tries to pull him and hold him. He guides her off and walks away from the headstone.

BENSON

Please don't.

ANGELICA

I'm here for you.

BENSON

I'm fine, don't worry about it. *(He crosses back to the counter with his arms folded.)*

ANGELICA

No, you're fighting it. Stop. You just found out your mother died. That's got to be some tuff stuff to just hold in.

BENSON

I haven't seen my mother in forever. I have other things to worry about.

ANGELICA

(She goes to him) Why don't you just let it out? You don't have to fight your feelings.

BENSON

I've always had to, I'm the strong person. I was my mother's shoulder.

ANGELICA

Well, now she's gone. How does that make you feel? Who do you have to be strong for now?

BENSON

You.

ANGELICA

Me? My *Darling* Dear, I'm not going to think weakly of you, ever. You're the strongest person I

know, but there are times when you just have to be a human being, and just let your emotions go. It only makes things worse to keep it bundled up tightly. I'll tell you now, if my mother died, I don't want you to stop holding me while I spill my tears.

He hugs himself tightly, scrunching his face hard, and a tear runs from an eye; she takes her finger and catches the tear on the tip, then places her teary finger in the corner of her eye.

ANGELICA

I'm crying with you. It's okay.

She fights for contact. He glances at her with sinking eyes, and she rubs his shoulder. He slides into her arms and releases all emotion. She pulls his arms around to hold her. He hugs tightly as she begins to rock him.

BENSON

It's just...I keep thinking of when my father left us. He beat my mother and walked out of the house like it was nothing. I was cowering on the front porch when he left. He stopped for a second, as if he wanted to say something to me, but he didn't even look. He just left. I was three. Three years old is when I had to become a man for my mother. She didn't have anyone. We didn't have anyone. She could never take care of me; I was always taking care of her. I couldn't deal with it anymore. I needed to live my life, so, I put her in a home and went about my way. It was the hardest thing I could ever do. Now, she's dead and I feel like my father. I don't want to be strong anymore. I've been that way for so long. I'm so much happier to have you here with me. You're what I've always wanted, what I've always needed. Thank you for being here, for being with me.

ANGELICA

I'll always be here. You'll never be left alone.

They hold each other tightly. She walks off and he crosses back to the tombstone. Lightning crashes in the distance and the thunder rolls. He is on both knees by the headstone, holding himself, and rocking.

STORYTELLER

A shadow creeps over the sunlight, the world stands still, and warmth turns to a chill; darkness overcomes light tonight.

BENSON

(He stands and looks to her headstone) I have to go. I love you.

He takes one last smell of the rose, kisses it, and tosses it to her; places his hands in his coat, and treads away soft and lightly to his car. He stops, looks up, and closes his eyes. He pictures her and tries to touch her, then gets angry when he realizes she isn't there. He opens his eyes and cries out.

STORYTELLER

Her beauty flashes in his head, but it's still her picture dead: dark wet hair framing her face, and lips like the river; tries to caress the saturated face, kiss those soft moist lips, but he can't deliver. This is not what he wants to remember.

BENSON

Why...?!

He stops and blinks in wonderment at the sky.

STORYTELLER

An icy blue drop falls on his warm red lips. It's her kiss.

He closes his mouth, slightly smiles, and nods understandingly, and continues into the car offstage.

STORYTELLER

But now, his mind really goes in plight. All he can think about is that fatal final night.

Benson is driving his luxury car down the damp road, with his beautiful Angelica in the passenger seat. She's wearing a sparkling blue dress that compliments her voluptuous body to the extreme, and glimmering jewelry that enhances her eyes.

ANGELICA

(Smiling) Enjoying your birthday?

BENSON

Of course, I'll always be *fantanastic*, as long as I have you.

ANGELICA

Fantanastic, huh? *(She rubs his leg.)*

BENSON

Yes, *fantanastic*...Oh, *fantastic*...I love you...Have I told you that you were the first woman I ever had a real relationship with?

ANGELICA

No, you've never mentioned that, why? You're so secretive. Should I be worried?

The rain gets harder

BENSON

No, and I'm not secretive, I'm mysterious. There's a difference. I just never wanted to scare you off.

ANGELICA

Scare me off? How?

BENSON

Some women never wanted anything to do with me, simply because I'd never been in a relationship, like I wouldn't know what to do. I was always a kind of outlet. So, I figured if I didn't say anything to you, it wouldn't really matter.

ANGELICA

I could see how some would see it as a concern; a lot of things come into effect. But you're right, it doesn't matter. They were wrong, and let you get away. Now, I'm with you and you're amazing. I'm sure you would even be fine without me or anyone. Even so, why bring it up now?

BENSON

I don't know. Felt like the right time I guess.

ANGELICA

Or so drunk you can't stop saying random things that come in your head.

Sure, that's one thing. I just, I don't want to be without you. I *could* be fine, but I wouldn't necessarily *be* fine. I honestly don't know what I would do without you.

ANGELICA

Well, I would hope you would get over it and live your life. I know I would.

BENSON

You'd be able to get over me? Just like that?

ANGELICA

Well, I'm sure it wouldn't be easy, and may take a little while, but there's no since in dwelling over it. Nothing you can do at that point.

BENSON

Well, I feel ungodly amounts of love for you right now, and I just want you to know that our love is eternal.

ANGELICA

I love you too darling, but from now on, don't drink so much vodka. You get too emotional. Now, drive faster so we can see just how much love we have for each other.

He lifts an eyebrow, smiles, and begins to press on the gas. She bites her bottom lip smiling and begins to stroke his thigh. He grips the wheel tighter and presses the pedal harder. She makes slight moaning and grunting sounds while squeezing.

Rain falls harder and faster the quicker he goes. Water runs under the tires and splashes off the sides and the engine hums.

Red lights stay on and yellow lights blink in front of them.

ANGELICA

Car!

He spins the wheel hard to the left to avoid the stalled car and the river next to it. The tires squeal, car slides, and slam the passenger side into the back of the other car. The windows shatter, his angel screams, and the car flips over the other; crashes to the ground, and rolls into the freezing river.

STORYTELLER

Darkness. Silence. Weightless feeling. Hard thrusts to the chest, the watery grave flows out, and a breath of life is replaced. Muffled voices; blurred blobs, spinning and blinking lights. Then, everything becomes clear in sight.

BENSON

What happened? Where's Angelica?!

He gets a glance at Angelica's body lying in the grass next to the river. Benson quickly crawls over to her.

BENSON

No, no, please God no. *(He shakes her waist)* Angelica, please.

STORYTELLER

She's gone, but he doesn't want to believe. Gazing into her empty eyes and sapphire glow, he can see that her soul did go. Fingers trace ruby red trails as he closes her eyes, wondering why it was her who had to leave.

He kisses her forehead softly, lays her arms around his neck, and holds her head next to his. Warm tears press against her cold cheek as he strokes her head. He gets up, crosses to the table, and places his keys down.

STORYTELLER

Once he returns to his solitary house is when he feels most alone.

BENSON

I'm Home.

Dead silence

STORYTELLER

The house is hollow like his heart, and hearing every inch torn apart.

He walks upstairs and enters the bedroom. On the left side of the fluffy white, king size bed, lies Angelica's sparkling blue dress.

STORYTELLER

The dress lying on the bed holds her final moments that are still going through his head.

He sits on the edge of the bed, places his hand on the chest of the dress.

BENSON

I'm so sorry. I can't deal with this place, my life...Everything is hollow and depressing. If I could just see you and feel you. Trick my mind into believing you really are here. Without you, there is nothing left to say. I want to be with you one more time, just one more time.

He massages his eyes, caresses the dress on occasion. He walks about doing little things like coming his hair, brushing his teeth, taking medication, looking at certain things, tidying up, pacing, anything. He's just trying to forget about her and get over everything, but it drives him insane. He doesn't know what to do. He starts to tie a noose to hang himself. He tries, but can't bring himself to do it.

STORYTELLER

The suicidal imbecile wears a halo around his neck, thinking he can be an angel too, but that wouldn't be true. This nightmare can't be wished away, and give everything back.

He paces and falls on his knees at the edge of the bed. He looks up and stares at the dress; he doesn't move an inch.

He rushes from the room, darts down the stairs, snatches the keys from the table, and hurries to grab a black tarp, the shovel standing in the corner, and the battery operated floodlights sitting next to it. Then, tosses them into the trunk.

STORYTELLER

His mind plunges into darkness, and gloom surrounds as the rain beats down. The bright full cobalt moon shines through angled trees to light the path to sacred ground.

He reaches the tombstone with his equipment.

STORYTELLER

Eyes are dark and glazed over, determined and focused on getting through this space to withdraw the angel from her resting place.

He sets up the lights, spears the shovel into the ground and digs; he takes up huge portions of the ground at a time.

STORYTELLER

He digs to the rhythm of the echoed solitary memories, all the way until he reaches Sleeping Beauty.

The moon light breaks through thin bare limbs and falling rain, and gathers on the back of the headstone. The floodlights illuminate the front of the stone and the grave below it, but he is left in somberness; with the exception of some moonlight fading across his fierce empty eyes.

He picks her up from the grave and lays her on the ground. He sits her in the front seat;

grabs the lights and shovel, throws them in the trunk and speeds away from the graveyard.

BENSON

You're safe now, my darling rose. I'll take care of you, I promised I would. I need you with me. You're **my** angel.

ANGELICA

Benson, what are you doing?

BENSON

I saved you from the grave. I'm taking you home.

ANGELICA

No! I can't be here. Why won't you let me go?

BENSON

I love you. I can't let you go.

ANGEICA

This isn't right. It's not some fairytale, it's real. You can't bring me back.

BENSON

This is perfect. It's the only way I can live.

ANGELICA

Then, I can't die.

BENSON

Exactly, everything's going to be okay.

*He gets home, carries her in, and runs some bath water in the bath tub behind a screen.
He begins to undress her for a bath.*

BENSON

We've got to get you out of these dirty clothes and get you clean. We can't have you leaving mud in the bed.

ANGELICA

Please, let me be free.

BENSON

You won't have to worry about drowning this time, I'll be here.

He places her in the tub and gently cleans her with a loofa.

ANGELICA

If you really loved me you would let me go and move on. Not like this, not like this.

BENSON

Now, our favorite dress.

He finishes cleaning and grabs the dress off the bed. He dresses her and carries her out of the tub; as if it was their wedding night, and lays her across the bed. He tucks her in on her side of the bed, gets in on his side, and begins to cuddle. He places his chin on the underside of hers, his hand rests on her waist, and he leans in for a kiss.

STORYTELLER

Maybe he can magically heal her, rescue her; drink the sweet succulent poison from her lips.

BENSON

I never got to say goodbye. I told you how much I loved you, but I didn't get to say goodbye. Don't you see? You're my angelic blue rose. I need to relive that moment. Sleep tonight, as if nothing happened that night.

ANGELICA

I need peace.

BENSON

You will, I promise. Just one night.

ANGELICA

Just one night.

STORYTELLER

The once crisp glittering blue rose shrivels, wilts, and turns black; her soul is trapped and can't go back.

He kisses her neck, gently places his hand on her knee, and glides up the thigh; pushing up her dress.

STORYTELLER

He goes along as if nothing ever happened.

The stage goes dark.

STORYTELLER

It was unnatural things this man did do, and so this story I told to you. People will do the impossible to reach that feeling of love, and not feel blue. Life brings death and death a new, remember what I said as true. I am the rare light of the cobalt moon, and saw two roses grow black from blue.