

VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN READS EXCERPTS FROM MRS. HOWLOWAY

Virginia Woolfman stands before the audience. She is a lycanthropic version of the famous writer. She reads passages from her book, *Mrs. Howloway*.

VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN

Page 1: Mrs. Howloway decided that she would buy the entrails herself that day. As she wandered down Cheshingham street, mulling over her list of many things to prepare for her party, a strange sort of melancholy descended upon her. Oh yes, Growlissa Howloway was ever so good at keeping herself busy. Especially when she had an event to throw. How she loved throwing parties! But tonight Hugh Salmonsbury would be attending and this weighed on her. Salmonsbury was a tragic poet, a well-raised creature from a black lagoon in Devonshire, and he was desperately in love with Growlissa. Oh, she humored his longing stares and various sonnets dedicated to her beauty. But he was cold to touch and rather smelled like tuna. How she longed for someone hot-blooded to play fetch with.

She finds another page.

VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN

Page 56: Growlissa found herself in Westminster. Carrying her bag of entrails, she quietly dreaded the oncoming nightfall. Somehow the expectations of her, that she would feast upon the youthful flesh of the innocent, inspired lonesomeness in her. Oh yes it was all quite entertaining and she delighted in pleasing her fellow lycanthrope society friends, but there was something dreadfully jejune about the whole affair. What her brain told her was simple, that happiness could be had in the thoughtless devouring. But what she felt in her heart was much more complex, much harder to articulate with words.

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VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN (cont'd)

She had the perpetual sense, as she watched the blood splatter upon the ground day after day, she had the subtle feeling that it was very very dangerous to hunt even one night. It might be possible that the moon is without meaning.

She turns to another page.

VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN

Page 103: "And now I shall eat you," Growlissa Howloway said emotionally, almost histrionically. Such was her fleeting vision. It left her quickly. The lonely woodsman is but a walking porkchop. The virginal maiden a tender slice of veal. The withered old man a piece of seasoned meat jerky. Everyone. Everyone is but walking meat, she thought to herself. "And I have been blessed to be one of the predators, one of the fairly fancy, adventurous, enigmatic high society wolves. So if I live in such good fortune, why must I feel so cursed?" Growlissa reminded herself that she was in fact cursed, by a gypsy, hence her being a werewolf. Still. Was feminine melancholy and sorrow-filled introspection also part of the Romani curse? She couldn't be certain. It might simply be the happenstance of being British.

She turns to another page.

VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN

Page 143: Oh. Yes. Quite. It was ever so, well, you know what they say, quite, ever so quite, perhaps you might even say, might even go so far as to venture, that perhaps, maybe just, that it could be possible, even, no, not exactly, no, yes, yes, yes exactly very much a...

She loses her train of thought, stares into space for a moment. She turns to a new page.

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VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN

Page 191: I mean really, who actually howls at a moon at a party these days? We are neither barbarians nor Italians.

Virginia laughs at her own wit. Then continues.

VIRGINIA WOOLFMAN

Still. Growlissa sat upon the park bench, licking the blood off of her claws. It had been a rather successful party. She looked in her left palm. In it she held a silver bullet. She pondered Warren Grimsleydale's suicide. How could such a pretty little trinket have ripped through his heart so easily? How could he have embraced death with such noble certitude? Perhaps it was his own unique attempt at happiness. His way to end the loneliness. Is loneliness not the very nature of being a creature of the night? Is loneliness not the truth of being any creature at all? As hard as we attempt to know someone, we will never truly know them. As much as you desire your soul mate's embrace, you will never genuinely taste their soul on your lips. The most we can hope for is to know what they taste like when we eat their terrified, screaming flesh. Hm. We monsters have a tremendously irritating habit of eating one another, don't we? Mrs. Howloway wasn't entirely certain if she was happy or sad, a kiss away from life or a silver bullet away death. But she knew for certain that her party had been a success. And throwing a pleasant party is all one can hope for anymore.

End.