

DAILY Actor

GLASSHEART by Reina Hardy

This is the story of a great house that became an OK apartment.
This is not a story. Stories have shapes. They end.

He gets up and looks around. There is a small mirror on one wall.

This is no story. This is a nightmare.

He gently turns the mirror to the wall.

This face is a nightmare face.

A bird starts to sing.

Of course, dawn comes in like it wants to prove me wrong. Each turn of the earth screws us closer to spring, have heart! I will give you music from the air.

He goes to the window, opens it.

Chondestes Grammacus. A common passerine, but melodious and large.

Quick as a snake, he snatches the bird. The song cuts off with a squeak.

What? I am a beast.

He turns, and bites off the head of the animal with a sickening crunch. He exits. After a moment, he comes back on again.

That was by way of being a dramatic exit, but there was nowhere else to go.

The Beast lies down on the floor in a contemplative way.

Despair! Despair! No. *(in a different tone of voice.)* Despair! *(in a whisper.)* Despair.
I am not even achieving the ridiculous.