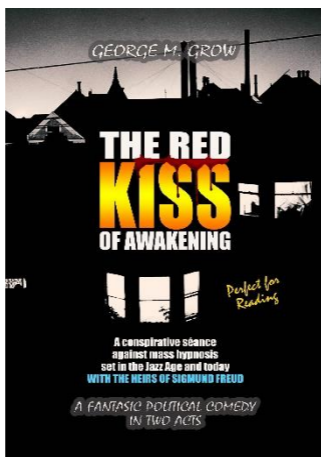
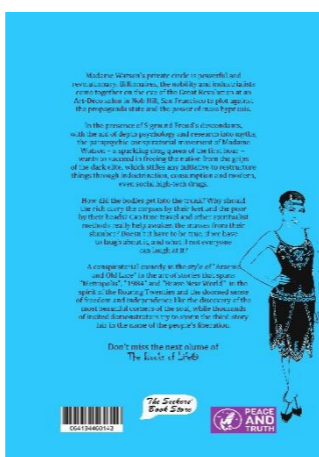


George M. Grow The Red Kiss of Awakening

A comedy against mass hypnosis
With the heirs of Sigmund Freud



From the series
The Books of Life®



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Reading example 3,
page 101

A conspirative séance
against mass hypnosis
set in the Jazz Age and today.

A comedy in two acts
Editorial by KWC

Scene:

In the salon of Madame Watson, Nob Hill, San Francisco, 1929, dusk, about 20 conspiratorial guests

MADAME WATSON (playing the good cop): Come, COUNT, sit down the chair next to me. (To the REVOLUTIONARIES): Let us form a circle.

THE REVOLUTIONARIES (pressing themselves closer and closer together).

COUNT (squats down, with a forced smile, courageously): I was hoping to sit on your lap.

DAWN (mistrustfully; chewing gum): Don't shed a tear! (To the COUNT): Man, you're not even pissed off that your old lady is in the chest?

COUNT (shrugging his shoulders): Best day of my life! I always wanted to turn my back on society, she was the class-conscious one.

MADAME WATSON: Shushhhh! Concentrate on my voice. (To the REVOLUTIONARIES): Now take each other's hands!

THE REVOLUTIONARIES: The world

is awakened; we are keepers of the deeper truth. We will shake humanity out of their stupor.

COUNT: ... Stupor.

MADAME WATSON (with arms raised and forceful cadence): This session will be a great revelation unto us. Space, open your portals: time, step out of joint!

THE REVOLUTIONARIES: Hail, Metaphorus! Come abide with us and ignite your power!

COUNT: ...ignite your power!

MADAME WATSON (takes the Count's hand in hers. Finally, to the COUNT): Close your eyes and relax. You hear my voice, feel my hand. Nothing but my voice and my hand. Everything else disappears. Then day on which your Uncle received his Uncle's book on hypnosis was exactly ten years ago today, isn't that so?

COUNT (nods in agreement).

MADAME WATSON: Edward was living in the apartment in the upper 80's on the East Side, right?

COUNT (nods with eyes closed).

MADAME WATSON: Do you see the desk and the book lying on it? With a green-and-violet jacket and white lettering "The Power of Hypnosis".

COUNT: Yehsssssss.

MADAME WATSON: Go to the book and open it ----- to the table of contents. ----- Read the first chapter out loud!

COUNT: "The Nature of Hypnosis".

MADAME WATSON: Now the second chapter.

COUNT: "Hypnosis Unlocks the Subconscious".

MADAME WATSON: And the title of the third chapter?

COUNT (with eyes closed): Hypnosis

Unlocks the Past.

MRS. HAMPSTEAD (reaches into her white Art-déco purse, covered over and over with silver pearls).

TWO SHOTS (are heard).

COUNT (slumps to the floor groaning).

BLACK BOY RICK: Fuck, a first-class shot.

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE (with fresh spots of blood in her face): Have you guys all lost it?

THOMAS (rumpling his hair): I hate sawing bones.

MRS. HAMPSTEAD (raising her nose as she puts the smoking pistol back in her purse).

MADAME WATSON (to the murderess): Why?

MRS. HAMPSTEAD: All three chapters were wrong.

MADAME WATSON: Actually, you are right. Last week we got to the seventh, and both mediums read the same words without knowing of each other. And those were not the words of the Count. (To MRS. HAMPSTEAD): Excellent, and what now?

THOMAS: For now, the chest is full. Grab hold, you sons of bitches! And you too, MRS. WARDEN, and you, MRS. HAMPSTEAD.

MRS. WARDEN (opening her silver make-up box, adorned with a tree of life, colored fruits and suns and powders her nose): Certainly not me. I am paying for all this.

DAWN: Fuck, is that the chance!

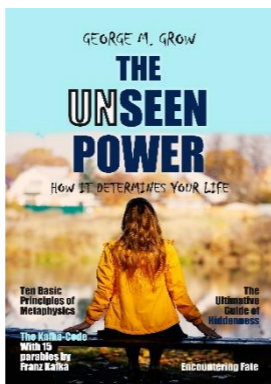
DR. BIDEN (amused): Brave New World. And I thought there would be classes, yes, not based on birth, money, race or position, but rather by virtue of one's actions.

MRS. HAMPSTEAD: You can forget that, Doctor. There has to be some

difference between rich and poor.
MADAME WATSON (to MRS. HAMPSTEAD): Of course, there is a difference: You take the body by the arms, and the poor people take him by the legs.
MRS. WARDEN: Nay, nay, nay! *We* take this jerk by the legs and the *poor* grab his arms.
MRS. WARDEN AND MRS. HAMPSTEAD (clapping heroically).
THE LIEUTENANT'S BODY (is hustled over to the chest in a joint effort. Only THOMAS stands musing. Once the corpse is in the chest, it is a matter of finding room for the arms and legs protruding.
DAWN (chewing gum; to THOMAS): Go get the ritchy-ratchy!
THOMAS (taking the corpse's arm in both hands).
A LOUD CRACK.
THOMAS (stuffs the broken arm in the chest and closes the lid; to DAWN): Amateur!
MRS. HAMPSTEAD: And what now in God's name?

End of the reading

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