

Guerilla Sabbath

"████████ *identity is always subversive but never violent*"
some dude

"lol"
arson

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CHARACTER LIST

V - THEY/THEM

Refined. Calculating. Business minded. Patient. Running out of patience. Empathetic to the point of practicality. Can record, manipulate and mend memory. Old. As. Fuck.

SY - SHE/HER

Gruff, wisened, and sturdy. Sharp as a tack. A mama bear. Cares about you more than your feelings. Has visions of the past, present, and future, doesn't enjoy them. Old.

FLICKER - SHE/HER/THEY/THEM

Arson's twin. Quiet, sharp, intense. Passionate but not sure about what. Lived during the witch trials. Can control the refraction of light.

ARSON - SHE/HER

Flicker's twin. Young, sprightly, frenetic. Charming in the most peculiar of ways. Lived during the witch trials. Can manipulate fire.

LAWRENCE - HE/HIM

Calm with others, not himself. Doesn't quite belong and knows it. Wants people to be happy. Lived in the near future.

ELIZABETH - SHE/HER

Rigid. Alert eyes. Walks with an uncertain certainty. Military vibes. Lived in the near future.

GENESIS

Darkness. The sound of footsteps as the witches enter the space. Then.

V
In the beginning

ARSON
There was some cunt.

SY
A man.

V
Apparently.

FLICKER
And he said:

ARSON
Fuck it, you know what? I reckon I might make a universe.

V
Apparently.

ARSON
The audacity.

FLICKER
And on the first day the lord said:

ARSON
"I'm a fuckin dickhead."

V
Arson.

ARSON
What?

V
-

ARSON
Fine.

FLICKER
Good rhyme though.

ARSON
Chee/rs.

SY

And on the first day the lord said:

ALL

Let there be light.

V

Flicker.

Flicker flicks her wrist and the lights slowly flicker into full brightness. They reveal a cottagecore dive bar. Colorful, eclectic, ramshackle, ethereal, familiar but strange.

Somewhere in the space, six monitor screens face the audience.

V (CONT'D)

Thank-you.

ARSON

We're the other ones. The Gods that got forgot.

FLICKER

We're not Gods.

ARSON

I mean we're all-powerful immortal beings looking over a dying world and a persecuted people and doing nothing to stop it. Sounds pretty God-Like to me.

V

We're not Gods.

SY

Just... prophetic.

Sy flicks her wrist. For a brief second the screens show images of a burning world, then go blank.

ARSON

Pyroclastic.

Arson flicks her wrist, performing a small pyrotechnic trick.

FLICKER

Light rending.

Flicker flicks her wrist. The lights briefly change to another color, then back.

V
Mind bending.

V flicks their wrist, the other witches roll their heads in unison.

ALL
Witches.

ARSON
Bitchez.

ALL
-

V
God was patented.

ARSON
Didn't wanna be a God anyway.

FLICKER
We write the history they forget.

SY
The times of witches time forgot.

V
We, the coven, remember them.

The screens flicker on to show a stained glass windows, on it a figure tied to a pyre rises above a scorching flame. This is the screen's default state, unless stated otherwise.

ARSON
Here, they are safe.

SY
Immortalised.

FLICKER
Loved.

A comfortable, communal silence. V looks away from the screen.

V
A few house rules.

The witches start cleaning and preparing the space, as though for guests. Flicker finds a blackboard and some chalk. She starts annotating the rules as they are listed, she can't keep up. Place emphasis on the rules that actually matter.

ARSON

No crocs.

FLICKER

No doctor's handwriting.

SY

No fire in the bedroom.

All the witches stop cleaning and look at Arson.

ARSON

-

FLICKER/SY/V

-

ARSON

Fine.

They return to cleaning.

SY

Sex is fine.

V

But no breeding.

FLICKER

In case of penile to vaginal contact, or vice versa, use a condom, available from the vending machine on the first floor.

SY

We can't afford anymore children.

ARSON

No children.

FLICKER

We're an 18 plus venue.

SY

There shall never be more or less than six.

ARSON
[To the audience] See the problem?

V
 See: no breeding.

ARSON
 It's part of our sponsorship deal.

FLICKER
 We don't have the space.

ARSON
 We don't have the booze.

V
 Upon the death, abdication, or
 expulsion of a coven member, new
 witches are chosen by the newest
 witch.

SY
 Witchess.

ARSON/FLICKER
 Or witches.

V
 Like the Dalai Lama, but with less
 rules.

SY
 We've tried rules.

V
 We're tried democracy.

SY
 Autocracy.

V
 Anocracy.

SY
 Theocracy.

ARSON
 And all the other mediocrities.

SY
 All equally shit.

V
 Guess who gunned for democracy.

ARSON
No magic in the real world.

V
We are scribes, not editors.

FLICKER
Please do not touch the exhibit.

ARSON
Don't walk on the grass.

V
Don't fuck with the system.

ALL
In general. Avoid.

V
Exposing the coven may result in
expulsion.

ARSON
That's what the screens are for.

SY
If you must return: do not be seen,
do not be heard. These are the
terms, the lessons we've learned.

ALL
We. Have. Been. Burned.

V
The trade.

SY
In exchange: give up your name,
your place in time

ARSON
And any other earthly claim.

FLICKER
Leave nothing to remain.

ARSON
Those you knew, and who knew you.
The measly cost to join the lucky
few.

SY
Here, you are safe.

ARSON
Forgotten.

FLICKER
Immortalised.

V
Loved.