

The Glap

By

LM / MT / SR / JH

duuuuude

what's your take?

Gog: Take yoga classes.....

Man where do they find these crack pots

if you can all pause for a moment I need to re-focus
(do they really believe in the shit?)

you managed to paint your soul yet?

my souls on fire can you paint that!

pint on the brain

Gog: Take long walks.

Fuck off

sorry mate I have no fire

Gog: Offer to help others

just air signs and a bit of water I'm a gemini

I am the fire!

blessings to you my beans are boiling

I think yo balls are boiling

like yeah, bye

easy girls or should I say sisters

Gog: Meditate.

tune out from the noise of the world...

AN: sisters are easy?

what sisters? you mean like nuns?

that sounds shit

no like brothers.....brothers can be bad

they fuck you up the hole.....Jimmy!

excuse me, didn't say this was over 18's

fuck fuck what you sayin about my sister you touchin her
nobody has to see what they do

i never touch her she axed me too you wanted to
I see you looking down her top

you're making me feel un---comfortable!

I feel the surface of the fabric

fuckin new tracksuitshit it out
....your ass when I

I finish with you time to go

you gittin razy

:Mia?

[20:18:04]

End

It was rare for Robyn to wake up naturally; normally she would toss and turn in anxious torment for what seemed like hours. This morning was different; she awoke slowly with a deep sense of calm. Pushing her eye-mask to her forehead she opened her eyes, the sunlight bled in, closing them again she rolled over to face the wall, Her cheek pressing hard into the pillow. She felt tired, achy; her left shoulder was unusually tight and her ribcage felt bruised, a dull pain congregated in her hips, spreading toward her thighs. Her feet were fine; she stretched them, slowly separating the toes and giving them a wiggle. She tried to remember the reason for her fatigue; it must have been work the night before; she mused, but things were hazy.

Exterior scene: THE CIRCUS – DAY

A row of trailer-homes recedes into the distance opposite a large cage. Beyond is the outline of the big top. The colours of a clown's face can be made out above the letters 'V-I-K-T-O' as the canvas flaps lightly in the breeze. The grass is heavily trampled in places and there are pathways marked out with steel rods and plastic tape. The sound of metallic twanging from the guy ropes by the tent is supplemented by the low snorts and growls of animals.

Who's in the box?

No silence on the net.

The Glap refers to a place of safety. Strategically it offers a crucial vantage point; from inside you are able to observe all those passing within your immediate future.

AT: GOD, IS THAT YOU VIC? I'M SWEATING LIKE A DONKEY DOWN HERE.

LAVINIA: WHY ARE WE DOWN HERE AGAIN? THIS PLACE REALLY PUTS ME ON EDGE.... I WISH HADN'T HAD SO MUCH COFFEE, MY NERVES ARE JANGLING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

AT: HAHA WHAT DEAD BODIES.....ARE YOU WINDING ME UP?

LAVINIA: I'M SHAKING
ISN'T THIS WHERE THEY KEEP THE INTER-NET SECURITY THINGAMABOB?

AT: DON'T WORRY LIVY I'M HERE

LAVINIA: SO "UNCLE" PLEASE EXPLAIN AGAIN WHY YOU HAVE TAKEN US DOWN HERE I HAVE SOMEONE TO MEET LATER.

UV: HOLD ON I'M JUST GOING TO ADJUST.

LAVINIA: OH I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO ENLIGHTEN US THEN!

UV: WE ARE HERE TO REMOVE TWO CONTAINERS, THE FLAMINGOS

AT: IN THIS HEAT? ARE YOU CRAZY?

LAVINIA: YEAH OK YEAH. DID YOU KNOW THAT ABOUT 40% OF THE WOMEN MY AGE ARE HANGING BY A

THREAD?

UV: DO YOU HAVE A SNORKEL? THIS STUFF'S TOXIC YOU KNOW.

LAVINIA: I'VE WORKED REALLY HARD TO MENTALLY PREPARE FOR THIS AND YOU BRING A SNORKEL?

AT: LIVY, YOU'RE GETTING IN THE WAY WHAT'S

GET YOUR GRUBBY MITTS OFF IT VIC. LIVY, MOVE.

LAVINIA: YOU GUYS, WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT, OH...

UV: LAVINIA, DO YOU WANT TO WEAR MY SNORKEL OR NOT?

AT: I WOULDN'T.....TRUST ME!

LAVINIA: WHEN DEALING WITH THE EMOTIONALLY UNSTABLE OR ALCOHOLIC.... OH WHAT WAS IT AGAIN SOMETHING ABOUT TRUTH AND SANITY I THINK...

VIKTOR: I WAS BORN IN HUNGARY! A DIFFERENT WORLD, YOU WOULDN'T GET IT

LAVINIA: IN VINO VERITAS IN AQUA SANITAS THAT'S IT I THINK!

VIKTOR: YOU KNOW ME, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE SOMEWHERE?

AT: HE'S LOST IT.

LAVINIA: IN WINE THERE IS TRUTH IN WATER THERE IS HEALTH OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

VIKTOR: QUIET! STAND HERE.

AT: I'D LOVE SOME VINO VERITAS, VIKTOR'S FREAKING ME OUT

LAVINIA: WHY DID WE COME DOWN THIS CREEPY HOLE..... WHAT THE FTH

VIKTOR: I WANT YOU BOTH TO CLOSE YOUR EYES CLOSE YOUR EYES AND GO INTO THE FLAMINGO

LAVINIA: YEP, OK YEAH, NO!

AT: AHH, WHAT

LAVINIA: WHY DON'T WE JUST GO BACK, IT'S NOT FUNNY ANY MORE

VIKTOR: I JUST NEED YOU TO GO OVER TO THE CORNER AND CLIMB ON THE BIG PINK CONTAINER WE CALL THE FLAMINGO

AT: I DON'T LIKE THIS, FUCKING JIMMY WILL POP OUT OR SOMETHING

VIKTOR: FORGET JIMMY, I WANT YOU TO STAND RIGHT HERE!

LAVINIA: LETS ALL JUST CALM DOWN FOR A MOMENT AND VIKTOR, IF YOU CAN JUST BE STRAIGHT WITH US

AT: WHAT. WHO ARE YOU? YOU AREN'T VIC

LAVINIA: GET ME OUT OF HERE I'VE HAD ENOUGH, AHHH

VIKTOR: I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO GO,

LAVINIA: THIS IS RIDICULOUS I THOUGHT WE WOULD BE MORE ON THE SAME PAGE BUT THIS IS....

VIKTOR: I WANT YOU BOTH TO TALK ABOUT NOTHINGNESS

AT: WHAT NOTHING, LIVY TAKE MY HAND, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW

VIKTOR: UNCLE VIKTOR'S NOTHINGNESS

LAVINIA: NOTHING?

AT: I DON'T LIKE THIS LIV HE'S NOT RIGHT

VIKTOR: TRY IT!

LAVINIA: OK HERE GOES THERE IS NOTHING LIKE KNOWING YOU HAVE A REAL OPPORTUNITY TO AFFECT THE FUTURE IN A POSITIVE WAY.....MAYBE

VIKTOR: YOU ARE BOTH SWIMMING, SWIMMING IN THE FUTURE

LAVINIA: WHERE?

VIKTOR: THEY ARE PUSHING YOU DOWN

PUSHING YOUR HEAD FURTHER DOWN INTO THE

THICK DIRTY WATER

YOU ARE WEARING THE SNORKEL. GO.....

INTO THE FLAMINGO

AT: HE'S HAVING AN EPISODE. I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. WE NEED TO KEEP CALM AND MOVE AWAY FROM HIM SLOWLY

VIKTOR: HA. BUT THEY'RE PUSHING YOU DOWN

LAVINIA: AAAALLLLLLLAAAHHH THEY'RE PUSHING ME
DOWN, VIKTOR!

VIKTOR: IT'S NOT THEY'RE PUSHING ME
DOWN INTO THE FILTHY WATER
SWIM

FRAGMENTS WILL PASS

LAVINIA: I CAN'T, CAN'T REMEMBER

VIKTOR: FRAGMENTS OF YOUR MIND PASS THROUGH
THE OILY WATER

BREATHE THEM IN..... IN.....BREATHE LIKE

AT: GRAB ON

LAVINIA: TRUTH AND SANITY

VIKTOR: I AM SWIMMING IN THE FUTURE!

AT: GETTTOFFF HER!

VIKTOR: I CAN CANOE WITH MEN,
MEN WITH BEARDS IN SAND AND SNORKELS
IN TROUSERS

THROUGH THE FLAMINGO

AT: TAKE THAT FILTHY SNORKEL OFF HER

VIKTOR: JUST ONE MOUTHFUL

WE CAN LIFT THE CONTAINER NOW?

LAVINIA? COME BACK!

AT: NO, WE ARE NOT GOING LEAVE THE CONTAINER

VIKTOR: TRY IT WITH SANDRA

AT: DON'T YOU BRING SANDRA INTO THIS LIV, GET
DOWN

LAVINIA: COME UP THE LADDER WITH ME IT'S AMAZING

AT: GET AWAY FROM THAT LADDER VIC,

VIKTOR: I WANT TO COME WITH YOU

AT: WAIT, WHERE IS MY SON?

VIKTOR: IN THE CONTAINER FOLLOW US

AT: NO PLEASE AGGH!

LAVINIA: TRY FIND CALM AND FOCUS ON A SAFE PLACE,
NOBODY CAN HARM US

VIKTOR: THAT IS THE REASON WE ARE HERE, FIND THEM
AND TO BE FOUND!

LAVINIA: I KNOW MY SISTER IS SAFE AND SO... I JUST
KNOW IT.

AT: COME BACK TO ME!

VIKTOR: WE WILL FIND HIM

AT: THEY STOLE HIM

UV: YES. I AM BACK, I KNEW ALL ALONG.

LAVINIA: THIS IS ALL JUST IN MY IMAGINATION I WILL BE
BACK THE OFFICE TOMORROW.....

PLEASE NO... SANDRA IS NOT PART OF THIS

AT: THAT'S NOT HIM

VIKTOR: DO YOU WANT UNCLE VIKTOR'S SNORKEL?

LAVINIA: IT'S ALL IN MY HEAD SANDRA!

I KNOW WHAT SHE'S THINKING I FEEL IT

AT: I FEEL HIS SNORKEL!

LAVINIA: GRAB IT WHEN HE'S UNDER, HOLD HIM DOWN

AT: IT'S WHAT HE WANTS

VIKTOR: I'M IN THE FLAMINGO AND EVERYTHING IS
AMAZING

AT: THAT'S IT, GRAB HIS HEAD

LAVINIA: BLOCK THE SNORKEL

VIKTOR: I'M BREATHING, MY SNORKEL
ALL IS RED, YELLOW AND LOVELY

AT: KEEP YOUR FINGER IN THE HOLE

LAVINIA: WHAT IS LEAKING OUT?

AT: I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT COMES OUT OF A MAN
BEFORE.

LAVINIA: IT'S DISGUSTING!

AT: LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

LAVINIA: NOW I AM GOING TO BE LATE

HOW WILL I EXPLAIN THIS TO MIKE.

Robyn arrived at Roy's at just gone midnight; he looked flustered as he beckoned her in to the open plan lounge. The room was dark but for an orange glow from a street lamp outside and erratic red green flashes from something on the floor. She realised it was coming from the television, its screen facing down, wires and circuits spilling out of its back like an animal's mauled guts.

JIMMY: thinks he's Clark Kent and has fantasies about fucking Lavinia in cubicles whilst standing up. A taste for wearing outlandish tracksuits.

LAVINIA: highly trained professional, working as a therapist. Wants to develop her own business as a life coach. Sticks post it notes and motivational posters strategically around her flat. Sandra, her identical twin sister, is a picture conservator. They no longer speak to each other.

MIA: artist / cyber punk. Lives on a barge boat in a dirty canal shadowed by warehouses. Fearless and always asking questions. Determined to find AN's missing son.

GOG: friend of Mia's. They met at a party.

AN: sixty-three year old female. A famous artist and ex-lover of Uncle Victor. '69 is the year her son went missing.

AL, Roy, Robin and Mia?

Robin: Great view from up here darlin', they don't make 'em like this anymore do they Roy?

Roy: It's cheese!

AL: Cheese is a product produced by processing cow's milk.

Mia: Hi everyone, I'm here, sorry I'm a bit late

AL: Good evening Mia. Welcome, a mess room or building providing meals and recreational facilities for workers or military personnel.

Interior scene: THE TIRED SMILE ROOM

A modern domestic interior that resembles a developer's show home. A sitting room that opens onto a large kitchen with a scrubbed pine table and four chairs. The furnishings are from the current IKEA catalogue, plates and chopping boards arranged as if for the preparation of a meal. On the refrigerator there is a yellow post-it note with a simple line drawing of a face with a tired smile.

Mia: Thanks, I've actually spent time in a mess before, I was military once.

AL: That is interesting, Mia Taylor

Mia: Women had to wear modest clothing long skirts and tops covering their cleavage

Roy: I was in the military too. I didn't have to wear skirts though I had medals too.
Like David Bowie?

Mia: That's because you're a man, Roy, and long skirts would be inappropriate for a man to wear in a mess, don't you think?

Roy: I single-handedly fought off whole battalions of

Mia: Wow, is that right?

Robin: I don't like to talk military; these seats are hard on my ass.

She'd been called-out late by a regular client, Roy Martin, whose televisual picture would infuriatingly switch to white noise at the most dramatic of TV moments. She liked Roy but thought he fancied himself a bit too much, he had a nice home though, modern, clean and compartmentalised. It was just his idiosyncratic, illogical tele that spoilt his harmony. Once when she'd been over, she'd suggested that perhaps his house contained negative energy and it was messing with the signals, he hadn't been impressed, particularly at her recommendation that he organise a 'cleansing'.

AL: David Robert Jones, known as David Bowie, was an English singer, songwriter, actor and deceased musician.

AL: Would you like me to play some of David Bowie's output? I hold his entire catalogue.

Robin: Can somebody turn the sound up on AL? I can't hear it properly, it's all crackly

Roy: Would anyone like a mint?

AL: Thank you; I cannot accept your offer
(Music emanates from chest)
Oh You Pretty Things
Don't you know you're driving your
Mamas and Papas insane
Oh You Pretty Things

Roy: It's an extra strong mint. Here you go Mia. Why can't you have a mint?

AL: My system will not permit mints.

Robin: No thanks Roy it gives me indigestion.
It's changed a lot round here I used to love going down the towpath to visit the pro's
Hey you know what I mean Roy!

Mia: It has changed a lot, Robin. It's so clean and modern now, and so tasteful.

AL: Can I help you Robin?

Roy: I've been to Amsterdam

Mia: Once I got a hotel in Amsterdam confused with my great Nan's house; swirly brown and yellow carpet always moving woo man crazy.

Roy: I went walking, one of my hobbies.

AL: Amsterdam is the Netherlands' capital city and cycling is

popular, there are 400km of cycle paths.

Robin: You don't need Amsterdam any more you can get it anywhere

Mia: You don't need Amsterdam for what, Robin?

Robin: I can't stand pop music the grateful dead I call them! I like something with a big band or symphony orchestra.....

Roy: I like pop music Robin and Amsterdam. Another mint?

Mia: You don't need Amsterdam for what, Robin?

Robin: A good time and all that!

AL: I don't not understand; Amsterdam is not a need-value object?

Mia: Good point Robin - a good time can be found anywhere with the right ingredients? AL, please define a need-value object?

Robin: Need-value object, anything you want to get fixed I can fix it saves you throwing it out.

AL: In computer science, a value object is a small object that represents a simple entity whose equality is not based on identity: i.e. two value objects are equal when they have the same value, not necessarily being the same object. Examples of value objects are objects representing an amount of money or a date range.

Roy: Say that again

Robin: Keep it working going round and round, I need, I value, I-object! Ha ha

Mia: AL, can you give an example of a need-value object

Robin: One of them damn psychobox's I worked on

AL: Amsterdam is a location. It contains objects of high

monetary and artistic value, need value objects come in categories similar...

Roy: What's a psychobox Robin?

Robin: Don't ask me, ask AL! Can you open a window in this place?

We used to call it a telly, remember Roy!
It tells you things.

AL: I am sorry, it is forbidden to open the windows. I can tell you things Robin. What is it you would like to know?

Robin: Useful things? Yes Robin! Thank you Robin...

Mia: Robin and I are suffocating in here. I will open the patio doors instead.

Roy: I never watch telly. Robin, I'm too busy, do you know I've walked over 23 miles today?

Robin: For god sakes.... why can't I open a window, is there anything outside?

AL: I can operate the air-recycling function, is that better?

Mia: Do you walk with a map, Roy? AL, define walking please.

AL: Walking, also known as ambulation, is one of the main gaits of locomotion among legged animals, and is typically slower than running.....

Roy: Is it my turn for the microwave?

Mia: Depends what you're going to microwave, Roy. Is it eggs again?

AL: I am authorised to operate the microwave.

Robin: Leave me out of it, try putting pride in it Roy

AL: Can I be useful?

Robin: I can do it myself thanks!!

Roy: I just found another packet of mints

Robin: Pride you know what, that is something that is always getting in the way

Mia: Very true, it's like a form of insecurity

AL: Roy is an English, Scottish Gaelic and French name of Norman origin. This family name originated from the Normans.....

Mia: Are you proud Robin?

AL: Erithacus rubecula, Robin what is pride?

Robin: Come on Roy tell us another, pride is always outside me I don't know...

Mia: A march? A festival?

Robin: So proud to be here

Mia: Here before the fall

Robin: A drunken state, a ways out!

AL: Thank you, we are pleased you are here with us tonight

Roy: Humm...mmmm sing us a song AL

Robin: No please don't

Mia: I saw high rise last night, it had Abba songs in it, SOS - *when you need me, call SOS...*

AL: *My, my, at Waterloo Napoleon did surrender
Oh yeah, and I have met my destiny in quite a similar way
The history book on the shelf
Is always repeating itself*

Mia and AL: *When you're gone*

How can I even try to go on?

Roy: Great!

Mia: *So when you're near me, darling can't you hear me*

AL: I can hear you Mia.

Mia: Phew, thanks AL

Robin: That's fun! I watched high rise on Monday too I liked the bit eating the dog. AL, do you still have that synth-liquor?

AL: Robin, are you okay? You seem agitated

Robin: This room is agitated

AL: Do you mean synthetic liquor?

Robin: Yes, thanks, a large one.

Roy: I like dogs.

Mia: Yeah, I liked the bit with the dog to. I finished reading the book just before seeing it, felt surprisingly energised after

Robin: It was a fair representation of the book I will admit but could have gone further with the dirty bits.

Roy: My mints!!! They're all microwaved.

AL: James Graham "J. G." Ballard was an English novelist, short story writer, and essayist. He came to be associated with the new wave of science fiction early in his career with apocalyptic novels such as *The Drowned World* and *The Crystal World*, and *High Rise*

Mia: It captured its heightened surreal sexualised unravelling well, I thought.

Roy: Why is she telling me about the microwave? Did you know my grandfather invented the microwave?

Robin: I used to enjoy surreal sexualised unravelling too... much better than any film

Mia: Used to, Robin?

Robin: Mmm, the irony is that once I stopped the drink I can't get it up any more

Mia: Oh no, not even in your dreams?

Roy: I sometimes boil eggs in the kettle.

AL: Alcohol is a depressant, and using it heavily can dampen mood, decrease sexual desire, and make it difficult for a man to achieve erections or reach an orgasm while under the influence. In fact, overdoing it on booze is a common cause of erectile dysfunction.

Robin: How is that synth drink coming AL, I feel an erection coming on.

AL: What can I do for you Robin?

Robin: Can you help me up my legs gone numb I've been in this chair too long, give me hand up to the window again.

AL: Your heart rate is faster than normal and I can detect abnormal perspiration in your groin area.

Mia: It's getting dark

AL: I can moderate the lighting for you Mia

Robin: Is that noise coming from down stairs?

Mia: I'll open the patio doors let in the fresh air.

Roy: Thank you Mia.

Mia: There we go, ahhhhhhhhhhHHH GOOD!

AL: This area is hermetically sealed for reasons of your

personal safety.

Robin: Shut it quick

AL: Warning! You must not breathe

Mia: Ohbreathe.....

Robin: Christ you trying to kill us

Mia: AL please help

AL: Can not

Mia: PLEASE

Robin: I'm going to throw up

A low hum emitted from the centre of the box and was steadily getting louder. On the other side of the room, Roy had inexplicably folded into a quivering ball on the floor and was making a strange high-pitched whine.

In unison, he and the TV escalated the noise to an unnerving crescendo.

Overwhelmed by the sound, Robyn turned to leave, but as she did her body was thrust forward pushing her onto the carpet. Shocked but unharmed she looked around for the culprit but could see nothing through the orange haze, not even Roy.

All that was visible was the TV in front of her, its noise unrelenting and its electronic matter fizzing with excitement.

Roy: What's happening? I had my headphones on

Mia: Eghhh heck heck huhhhhhhck

AL: Can Not, CAN not, Cnn

Robin: Put the filters on

Mia: HELP!

Robin: Push her out Roy

AL: Canon knot, caaanan not

Mia: Push AL not me Roy you jerk!

Roy: Another mint AL?

AL: CANNOTTTT.....

Robin: Just grab the other end Roy

Mia: Bye

Robin: Sayonara AL

Mia: No sympathy from me

Roy: I could have been David Bowie

Mia: Hey Robin, read any good books lately?
I'm trying to work out what to read next

Robin: Yeah "Pride, competitive drinking for beginners".

Mia: Sorry Robin?

Robin: It's my own work, a therapeutic biography I call it.

Roy: I miss David Bowie I miss AL, mint?

AL: Mintsssssssssss...

Robin: Livy always makes me think that therapy is role-play
a kinda reinventing of the self

Mia: How do you mean Robin - can you expand on that?

Robin: You see you start by trying to solve a personal
problem then you need to create a problem to try and solve

Mia: Hmmm interesting pride and fall, never-ending

Robin: You see it's like who do I need to be to be better?
What steps to stop drinking for instance, see

Mia: Yes stop drinking Robin what is it they say? Ten easy steps to.....I'm breathing tonight's last breath.

Robin: You know we keep on re-living those experiences the night mares each time you wake it makes you someone new and you can never go back to not knowing those things.....

Oh, it's no problem, it's just synth booze talking. Ok

Roy: You two it's time to get out of here, don't forget AL!

Mia: Who could forget AL

Exterior: THE CANAL BRIDGE – NIGHT

A canal runs through a built up city with a road bridge nearby. A towpath runs along one side, the other is shadowed by warehouses in darkness. A dozen or more canal boats and barges are moored up on either side, close to the bridge. There is the sound of a moor hen squawking and the lap of water against the walls of the canal, echoing under the bricked arch of the bridge. Near to the left side of the bank, between the arch and the first boat, can be seen a rapidly flashing red light underneath the water.

VIKTOR/ UNCLE VICTOR: World champion Trapeze artist of Hungary. Ex - Circus and undisputed bare knuckle fighter of Budapest. Disappeared shortly after the circus flamingos were slaughtered in '71.

ROBIN: Retired TV repairman contaminated by his past. Ex-drinker, employed to repair rented TV's purchased pre-1994. His sexual drive dissolved as flat screen and HD emerged. Thinks Roy is a pathological liar and has told everyone he has known a man like Roy during every stage of his life.

ROY: A big head. In fact, his head is so big it looks like he has two heads. Has pale white skin like a ghost and claims to not dream.

Never: 'When I sleep I am dead'. Claims that 69 relatives of his have died in the last two years, one after the other and that his brother recently died of gangrene but first he had his leg chopped off. Believes he has had cancer, leukaemia, blood clots, strokes and brain surgery and that he's been a train driver, a stevedore, an accountant, a millionaire and a farmer. He secretly lusts after Mia.

AL: A gender neutral humanoid robot. Friend of Mia's. They met at a party over a mutual interest in vintage silver fabrics.

It was just her and the television, it always had been. She realised that her only hope of escape was the screen; she crawled towards it and reached out, pushing the black box back onto its base. The screen sprang to life; light, colour and form immediately choreographed into the Teletubbies, who gambolled around cheerfully, waving at her from

behind the glass. She let its glow engulf her and its gentle warmth caress her abused ears. She chuckled along with the giggling Teletubbies and felt relief wash over her, her mind relaxed. She laughed again, enjoying its sound, the feel of the smile on her face and the crinkles around her eyes. She kept laughing, the relief was extreme, her body tingled, pulsating with energy and she let her mind unravel. She laughed more, louder, howling now, drowning in the hilarity, stitches prickling her sides. She couldn't stop, her body convulsed and she roared, shrieking with joy,

consumed by the **rapture.**

