

Dancing with Angelica

Part of the Scene Stealer Series

November 6th, 2014

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**Does Swearing Count?
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I like to fall into my characters. I like to experience what they experience, feel what they feel; I like to become them for a moment. So, I am Angelica. You can be Angelica, too, if you'd like, and together we can dance on the floor, drink in hand, fizzy, lemony, champagne, nice lights, club music, not too hard, more soft easy listening, swaying to the beat, high heels, it can be hard to imagine myself in high heels, they seem sort of tottering, but Angelica keeps her balance, no problem, heels are what separate the men from the women, the girls from the boys.

Fur shawl, *does it matter*, she's right, over the shoulder, flipping it about, sort of gets in the way, diamond bracelet, she's aging fast, might be easier if she aged fast, the girl I know, *choose your words carefully*, is mature, *no*, seasoned, *no*, a lady, *that's better*, through and through.

And she is a lady, orchestra playing, waiting hall, after a talk, open house, speech, I think it must be some sort of charity ball, milling about, to see and be seen, wanting to dance, so dancing, no need to wait for the offer, the partner, a man.

Of course, the man does come, soon enough, “My Lady...” but that’s as far as he gets, “My Lady! My Lady!” Flabbergasted! “I am no man’s Lady, no man’s property, no man’s chattel,” grandstanding perhaps, or mere empty words, if it weren’t for the can of mace, right to the face, to punctuate her words.

“What the Fuck!”

“Don’t talk to me like that,” and she is kicking him in the balls, once, twice, the third time’s the charm, as he falls to the floor, clutching in pain.

There’s just something about the scene, I find funny, relaxing, nicely juxtaposed. In high school, they had us watch some stupid, and I do mean stupid, rape prevention film, and perhaps I was so jaded, or innocent, or not paying attention, but I could of sworn, OK, it was late at night in the film, that I remember, empty street, but other than that, all the guy had said was, “Hi,” “Hello,” and the girl had screamed bloody murder and started in with the mace to the face. Eh, so maybe I should have paid more attention, but my memory is of a guy asking a girl out, talking to a girl, and for his efforts, pain, nothing but pain.

And then in the news, there was some abduction, video cameras caught it all, the man, hauling the woman off, in the trunk of her own car.

So, the struggle is real, the danger is real, and the insanity of Angelica is real, kicking her man, Ethan on the floor, curled up, her kicking, she’s married, you know, ring on her finger, so it’s some play act, pretend, role play, and that’s how you do it, mace, right to the face, sorry about that Ethan, later in the bathroom, washing the tears from his face, “Thanks for being a good sport,” and the grimace on her face as she reholsters her weapon, leg on the counter, old western scene, garter belt stocking, mace, gun of choice, it’s handy, just out of sight, easy to reach, “If you ask nice, I might just let you buy me a drink,” she says, commands, inquires, and then, when he falters, taking the spray bottle out, shaking it up, popping that cap, and holding it inches from his face, “Go on, ask me, I dare you. Best choose your words carefully.”

“You’re a bitch, you know that?” No need for a pause, her reaction is swift, “Ow, fuck,” right to the eyes.

Pause and pull back and consider, where would the one be without the other, abuse comes in all shapes and sizes, and the right blend of cruelty is so hard to come by in these days of brain-dead progressive thinking.

And yes, as I pull out, the camera receding to the bathroom's far corner, Ethan on his knees, Angelica, standing indifferent to the crying at her feet, on her feet, high heels, I find myself back in them, tottering no more, no looking down, reflection in the mirror, and like her, wondering, how did I ever get mixed up in this game.

“Fuck this. I need a drink. Come find me when you’ve pulled yourself together.”

No answer.

“Did you hear me,” slight kick, harder kick, “Did you hear me?”

“Yes, mistress.”

“Good, then don’t keep me waiting,” as she walks out, heels clicking on by, out the door, women’s restroom, other’s enter, but there is not much to see through teary eyes, and I think in a moment, we’ll go to the start, call the whole thing circular, yes, that’s the ticket, as Ethan’s head raises, to where his wife would have been, to where the camera pulled out, to ask, to whisper, to meekly, humbly, helplessly, inquire, “Why?”

“Why?” I’ll answer in the voice of his wife, “I’ll tell you why,” and then, she shall trail off, and I’ll pick up the line, why, because I can think of nothing better to do than dance with my characters, with Angelica, and all the rest, the thoughts in my head...

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Or, if that’s still unclear...

“May I have this dance.”

“I’m married,” showing the dark mysterious stranger, the author, the ring.

“Yes, but dancing with me,” yes, me, “think about it: what better way to torment his soul?”