

THE BLACK RIBBON

Humorous Interp Original

by

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Now to many, many speechers losing is something that we have to face valiantly, almost every found, waiting for the judges hammer to drop, once again to shatter the hope of our ever evasive goal, the blue ribbon. For Herbert Francis, a mediocre to good Prose reader, it is his eternal source of agony. Needless to say Herbert is a bit insane, but then aren't we all, all of us who received, in light of a mediocre to a good day, the much unadored 8th place ribbon, the less then coveted black ribbon.

Herbert: It tortures me to think that for consecutive times, I have been laid upon, to be burdened once again, my shoulders weighed down, with my incessant rival, my insidious nemesis, my treacherous converse, oh sickly and dead black ribbon.

I have dreams you know, I do! I have dreams of a color glorious and bright, as blindingly beautiful as a crescent moon on a shadowy spring eve, of a color as royal as the deepest purple, and yet not quite as feminine. MY DREAMS!!! My dreams are shattered again, again I tell you, shattered and disregarded by a cold hearted tight fist, sitting high, judge, who tells me of my fate, weighs it in their hand, and crushes it, like a pitiful flower stomped beneath a tread. Blue, oh victory, oh triumph.

Mom: Herbert Francis, you stop that now Herbert. An eight place is fine.

Herbert: Fine, fine, fine for you and your pitiful short sighted dreams, of good speeches and fine times...It is not for me, I perform to win mother! to win...to be victory, to be glorious, oh blue.

Mom: Herbert it is a high school speech meet.

Herbert: Oh but only if...if it could be such a small token of life, of quaintness, apple pie of simplicity.

Mom: No, I'm quite sure that it is just a high school speech meet.

Herbert: Mother, drive your vehicle, drive your contraption...But do not concern yourself with the like of me, I'm failure personified, but I am complex, beyond your abilities, beyond your conception.

Mom: Herbert Francis, don't you insult me. I'm your mother, you show me some respect.

Herbert: Oh but mother, I should beg only to be insulted, for they do insult me, for such a pittance of punishment I would beg. But instead I am burdened with this sad reminder.

Mom: Just throw it out the window.

Herbert: Had God intended for such a light reprieve he would never have offered me this ridicult...NO I must suffer.

Mom: That is it. I am simply not going to listen to this any more.

Herbert: That's right turn away from the loser, he who can never touch that lovely taste of blue. Forever I am cursed, away, cast into red. Oh Red, bloody scarlet, tell me your tail of loss, of woe, of being a terrible miserable little failure. Always second best, oh your good but never the best, a sad little color.

Mom: Herbert, I'm getting a headache.

And you white, of pale and feeble white, you are third, to entertain such a position, a failure beyond the glorious two, good but you will never be any better.

And then you oh yellow, sickly excretion, you disgust me! Disgust this failure to achieve, to achieve. Yellow, inexperienced of that glorious experience, to be first.

And green, oh horrid 5th, pitiful 5th, green with envy, distant and longing, and all you ever will be is envious, for ever green, forever seeking a look of disdain upon that victor in the front. Pitiful green with jealousy.

Mom: I like Green. What's wrong with green, trees are green.

Herbert: Pink, you pink, a pale red, a poor imitation of your striving brethren. You make me sick oh horrid pink.

Light Green...oh you too a shade of jealousy, to weak and distant to give a proper frown, merely a wish of hatred.

And then you Black. Black devoid of all color, why must they give you. To tell us that we our devoid of all life, our talent is next to nothing, that we are the most worthless of the worthless, the reminder that we are devoid of all, devoid of all, god devoid, lonely and black.

Mom: I'm stopping at the Burger King, is there something you would like?

Herbert: Oh but if only a mere cake of minced bovine could cure my hankering and begging soul... But no, I am at a loss.

Mom: Then I'm not going to get you anything.

Herbert: Oh all right...A whopper heavy ketchup.

Mom: That's right one cheeseburger and a whopper with ketchup.

Herbert: Heavy, Heavy!!! I said heavy ketchup...have you to turned on me oh sweet exquisite mother...oh mother, will you be my Judas Iscariot, betray me with your interpretations of tasty. Mother, oh mother, heavy, but heavy...will you offer me no relief.

Mom: Oh I'll give you relief, right in the....

Herbert: Will I be tortured into endless oblivion, with insufficiency of that delectable tomato paste...Oh hideous torture, oh vile provocation, mother hideous demon.

Mom: You will not call your mother a hideous demon.

Herbert: Demon, temptress of Ketchup, succubus of Heniz, possessor of that tangy delicacy, you are mestopheles incarnate, dangling my delicious substance in front that I should forever perform a dance to receive.

(Wait a moment)

Mom: You called me Mestopheles, I assume, that it is an insult of some sort, and I won't have it.

Herbert: But to hurl my object of lust from this car so carelessly like a useless projectile.

Mom: Oh for God's sake Herbert it is a Hamburger, and good god I won't have you calling me mestoupholes...or whatever in goodness sake you said.

Herbert: Oh but mother, were I to burden thee with such a simple request, to beg of you pickles, would they be brought about in a wet slap to my tearful face. No, pickles are too good for this loser. I deserve only a rancid mix of mayonnaise and thousand island sauce, no pickles.

Mom: Just stop it Herbert, I'm about to let you walk home.

Herbert: Yes let me be released from this vile and sad car of torture, where I sadly await your next blow. Pit me not, I am merely a sad prose reader. A reader, so simple, so unabused. WHY! WHY?! Then must I forever be the foul butt of that "Last Rung", will I be punished for my characters salvation. Am I the only one to read a piece where the characters are not dismembered upon stakes of gold, thrown from trees to break their necks, or to have their souls violated by some horrid danger. Why in those remarkable twists of fate must they perish forever, their bodies lifeless and limp always. Does God frown upon the prose character. Does he cast an evil glare.

Mom: Probably not.

Herbert: Then why...mother...do I fail...do I falter. Oh last Rung, foul betrayer, champion victor. Why does Stephen King triumph over my Bard. WS...is defeated by King, his lovely verse violated by the falling body on the barn floor forever. Will prose never learn to let its character's thrive in life and energy.

Mom: Dear Shakespeare had many

character's die. Your reading Hamlet for your piece, and I remember that ending with everyone dieing.

Herbert: Silence yee, foul succubus. Speak not your vile misappropriations of fact!

Mom: That's it...I'm pulling over...out. Out of the car...you are going to learn how to speak civilly to your mother. Out of the car, you can walk from here.

Herbert: Very well off with you! I need not your provocation's! Good bye. Oh foul! Will there be no justice in life, will I forever be the butt of life, can we never feel the beauty of a poetic irony, I beg God, give me the justice I deserve.

At this point in the monologue, the author feeling it necessary in order to make it acceptable for Prose reading in competition, our ever tortured protagonist was run over by a Burger King truck carrying a load of ketchup to a near by franchise. The poetic irony granted unto him but still without his beloved blue ribbon, Herbert died, forever wed to his black ribbon, clenched in his mangled fist.

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