

Lacuna

Hear The Earth's Ache
When Its Flowers Sprout

Bradley Trevisone

Iago: Ay, I shall return again. Hear for my knock.

**Iago exists and the door slams*
After a moment the room is lit.*

1

We are inside Othello's chambers in Cyprus. There's a table with maps of the Turks territories and documents of battle plans pushed to the side with a closed book taking the center of the table in front of a locked ornate box and a recently used whetstone. There's a tall mirror standing in the corner with Othello's decorated military garb draped across the top half. Outside is a harsh rain storm and harrowing winds that feels too hazardous to venture outside.

Othello wields blood. Strewn across his dagger, his hands, across his face. We see blood on the bed sheets where Desdemona's head would be.

He sits in a chair

2

Othello: Why must it have come to this. What can be learned from these faults that only I can mend a path for all men who seek me? I put my heart in your hands and you wrought so desaturated.- All this torment I weathered to inspire my *fellow man*? When will they see what hollow shell this makes me, wrung continuously to produce pearls I know not which I have until they're taken from me.

3

Tell me what ailments you have so I can cure it and begone you. Why must they beguile with wonder; confess their pleasures from torture! To hear *Agony* voiced, to *prod* and *wrought* my fables to hear but the *one* that sends them to. All From There, from *far* away, There. Do you think yourself in me? Or do you crave to feel me turn inside you? Ha! To put the question against itself. 'Tis all for occasions of jewelry in which you spout your collections. O, I bet they beg, beg internal, for someone to acquire the collar from them, as if the pearls were their own craft.

Ai, they made me.

4

To go back to the time before I knew of what I was. Back before the world became black and white... What is within this red in between that you make so alluring I must grave to find it. Tell me what there be to learn in it? Ay, do you not know what it is to be killed unless you see it arranged on the corpse; That the poison festers through where you wish it too?

5

Do you watch to experience my non-human side at first before you while you think upon it from afar? The Conqueror Othello, The Reclaimer, The Watched... unknown to you is the cost of such innocence. Ai, maybe 'tis known that I have suffered after being displaced. That men outside their beginnings are unfit. I saw it not when I was leading my company ... When I paraded their flayed bodies and banners, the streets did roar for me. 'Twas I, God's sent soldier, able to rally from maladaptive and weak men. No guise anymore, their fear as they seek from me our battle

plans... 'Twas overwhelming barrages... the pools of sanguine splashed through to place Venice's flag.

Othello's face turns

Oh Conqueror, you are with me now.

6

Who am I to tell of how I lived it? Their unknowingness that blinds them to me saves from such curses; but to witness them blindly bargain their innocence to see what flows through me...why should I allow it? Dare they see what I conceal?

Desdemona...

'Twas this, this? Which you saw though? O, this monster, Hound, you saw, nigh I...

* *

7

Ai, 'Tis true. What rots at me is you. Why now make me silent! O, I deceived you.

You should have feared me as you did... They all had thought myself weakened, 'twas not you who laughed as they did. You thought you and I the same; but nay, you knew virtue too well. 'Twas not kindness I showed... though that had I suffered the same for mocking smiles. Those banquets under your house name, heavy were your eyes. Your glimpse a cause for reproach they prattle, And prattle seeing thy sweetness towards your father. How learned they could make thee naive image when after molded for your proper duty. They seek to your father to continue turning thee, but thy father seeks why you nunned yourself from such customs. I oft wondered why you sang such holy atonement after such occasions. Or why you occasioned yourself to banquets at'all. Never you peeked beyond your plate besides for when I fooled. Though, I dared not look at you to test my luck.

8

That night when I was seeked to do away with you. I never heard the gossip nor the man Rodrigo that sentenced you; just you approached him from your father. Lest I enter your chambers, you struck some foreign chord when you looked upon me as they but 'twas played when you not knew to hide it. Seemed as if your execution was welcomed by you. Trembled as you encroached, aware of my capabilities. Your gaze tortured me...

You stooped next to me so-
'fore you said that I gentle so.

Oh the freedom burst from thee eyes
When hounding at thee fits not my size
'Twas No longer a night than this...

9

O The customs which circumstanced us for our first night met. A pestilence so thick it plagues the tell of our marriage the very same night. Though, who am I to diminish the image of customs to tale of.

GAH! Why must I speech as if someone is watching...

**

A rogue priest was sent for, one who was indebted to Iago. Ha, sweet rebuke indeed! He had less grace when fooling and his own vapid laugh cost him his life. Oh the laugh made my chest strong... I stood tall and watched it drain from his eyes in his duty. The slander upon me for marrying a harlot. Tall stood, I had it bounce off my breast! Such an awakening when I saw it pierced itself instead. A proper dispatch by Iago, not one *seething* breath after he wed his duty. Ai, thy vengeance atoned me well...

10

But, what of your hand turned clutched to mine? Desdemona. You not winced at the rogue's death... What truth does your body say before your mind? Was thy atonement only desired for you? Did Iago pick my rebuke from me?

'Twas it not pleasure in you to see the man that slandered you disintegrate from one fatal pierce? It can't be what was picked from me for which I did not have't. Tell me or't all learned touches me not!

*

11

Desdemona... My captive, my savior. Of mine you were... Hear now that I was not gentle. Not kind. I know it not besides it's instilled in you. Too rebirthed I am to have thought you. I thought the world was ashed as Pompeii. All ashed and ashed again... This fiery did but purge me but too clean... Too natural my chest stiffed before the assemblers.

I did seek the Ocean to make me...

Then, O' only then I did note the gift of rain.

It carried me to you on the docks.

I felt the seabreeze,

That it had cleansed the air and I saw-

It unstrung your hair, but your eyes;

They pierced through the mess.

When I felt no choke I found this land to be true.

A place for you and I, free to disarm

ourselves from these robes.

'twas just but a moment to be free.

A gift by nature.

Othello, Conqueror of what they thought unimaginable

Desdemona, Learned woman who thought she learned enough.

Oh, what ash they had made us to be,

Did but learn how far Pompeii reached.

Heavy eyes audiences watched,

They damned us unfit to bare such virtues,

To claim, incomplete without killing

To have learned, incomplete without learning further.

They molded us in their prideful rose suits
 And wonder, “why it murders so just”.
 Nay, not wonder...

A moment I oft reflect upon.
 Displaced beyond its limits.
 I thought I could hold its truth.
 The seabreeze deepend my lungs...
 The wind's whispers always tell a tale anew.

12

Oh, grown I've become by too much heart. Learned *wait* as they did, attuned by feigned hands
 which make me? ‘Twas that which delivers me here, to you.
 No more I allow my ill-fit lament convince you of not what’s yours... Honest, I ask. Dost thou
 hate me?

Othello turns to the bed

Desdemona?

13

I ought not have asked... to ask is to hear what ‘tis beyond me. GAH! These thoughts, this pain,
 they split me. And split from me, if it could be, I’d trust my dagger into it as I watch in joy when
 that darkest devil dies. Let what’s in thee’s eyes instructs me no more!

14

Would it be wrong to assume ‘twould instruct itself if ‘tis free? But one created from evil must
 be? What must be done to appease this chiding? Nay to setting it free without duty. It cannot be
 flayed, Nay again! Were the earth as grave as thee It’d find roots and were it the only evil the
 world would consume without the know. Would it seem better fit to lock my creator away. Forget
 it and starve it! ‘Tis this the kindness needed to make me? To make me able again to see what I
 love? Who I love? Nay.

I’m afraid.
 What I love has already gone
 I cannot remember their shapes
 Their words have become mine

Oh I remember the ocean...
 my joy, my love,
 my wonder
 My disappointment...
 Love again.

15

Ai Devil, I cannot murder you. I shall visit you when suits. I will share with you what I have learned and pray you unlearn what dire inheritance was placed upon thee. May you be able to see beauty for as it is. -'Twould be murder to question beyond that. You must forget what the ocean has done to you.

Rain is the only thing you can hear.

Othello moves to the table, picks up his book, finds his way to the bottom of the bed, and looks beyond the window.

16

I praise this rain. For in this silence, I am unwittingly guided. I know now what I must tell you...but what words are there for this.

**

I've trapped you in here with only me and I know nothing to say? Were we only wed 'fore we were circumstanced? But how we were proximated? All those long nights apart, I wrote for you; tales to be read at your banquets... I pray you were sealed when they mocked it.

17

I created you from afar, Nothing in here fits. -if you were to wake, you'd muse the feeling away. Is this the uneasiness that cloaks me? Failed stowings of thoughts unfinished. I feel their escape as they pierce from my skull like horns. I understand now.

18

You loved me because you saw a face through my silhouette. You wished for me to become as you felt for. 'Twas it because you saw your kindness take its hold? Oh I am not what I am... I Merely loved you because you made me forget my fashion... Not wise enough to be a fool. Not without learning of what I had surrendered. I saw't, my radiation the deeper I saw.

This is my shelter,

To remove it would be to forget myself;

Fear, who I may be without suffering to remember.

I'm only left to build from its ashes.

For they are all I have.

These words are not me.

Nay...

somewhere in between.

Can I say that I lifted the veil when we were together?

Nay. Not enough,

19

Desdemona... hear it I pray, you hear it in my trembles that I have learned of you. You made me in your image. But 'tis incomplete as our wed. Pray you ease yourself at my speech Desdemona, Pray it this honesty has more truth than our first night. It 'twas clawed from me to confessed dreadful shame... When you wept that I *the more gentler so*. You wore it upon your heart. your

face turned tears the same as I. Never since asked of tales again, never I desire to afflict you again... No sanctity e'er merged two closer in heart.

21

To never place it upon you again would be to never hear how you love me so. 'Tis it wrong? Would you love me if I was not rife with ache, fashioned to kill til you affectionately soothed? What placed this doom upon us? That I'm fated to see bones crook in my wrath and you...

No. Not enough still...

*Silence- or rain- or weeping; or silence
Fills the air*

*Othello is slouched in his chair.
The knock is heard on the door. It creaks open and Iago enters the
room. He holds a small light. Just bright enough to light the stains
of blood on his hands and his clothes you can see.
He acts unharmed.*

22

IAGO: Seems the hour is fit to go forth. You seem-

Othello turns and Iago gasps

You wear Desdemona's blood across your face just as victorious Barbary corsairs. And you do but weep...

OTHELLO: Oh... My head. it grows heavier as the weight of these horns builds. To be learned of my natural passions.

IAGO:

23

OTHELLO: The god mocks me for trying to claim these horns placed into my skull as my own. Named me in battle for wearing bolder than any man I with. The image struck them all the same, The Brutal othello. 'Twas the fear I struck when they heard Brutal, Vicious, Savage...

These horns no holes to hear my taming.
They but coat themselves in it.
Even these horns defy their wildness being tamed.

Must they act in such decoration? Mock me as they curl inwards and pierce through my eyes, aimed for my rotted heart. Do you understand me Iago?

24

IAGO: Yes, my lord. I see. This learning *now* even pains me. You must forget and only fit what she has done. Remember that your violence is the mark of rebirth. For all men. Tell them and they will parade you through the streets when heard that thou'st slain its unfaithful servant.

OTHELLO:

-Ay indeed, tis' a perfect confession.

What she possesses to place these horns; amaze such power can be possessed by their sex. My eyes have been reclaimed by the earth, guilty for unseeing things that which right in front of me.

-How long have I been witnessing this unfolding?

25

IAGO: Oh for thy peace I'd rather say not. 'Twas curious why you begged so on marrying her. Did but I hear the tales of Desdemona's ceaseless gaze 'fore you came to me. Oh, I meant not remind you of how she meant to you during those banquetes. Everyone does know there truth within the murmurs, else why it carry? I thought you not to be an unfit man to take upon an unfit wife.

OTHELLO: I see... not soft...but 'tis honest of you to do this for me. This blood on my hands consumed what I was. Why I release so in killing? Not Desdemona, she lies animated still. My blindness... Oh blindly guided. Where the Nepenthe in this blood that allows it to this cleansing of-

26

IAGO: I remember when I believed this love you imagined. These women dress themselves in loose silk to seem more fragile than they are. You would think if they were to be broken, their sanguine would stain their attire. I used to love. *Tsk, Tsk, Tsk.*

Othello looks Iago in the eyes

I've held many women, 'tis funny how unknowing they are of their essence when they say 'I deceived them'. I hoped that love existed beneath their shapeless attire. I only found it consumed when we'd lie between sheets. Made quick slander of it to break their snares.

27

OTHELLO: What about Emilia?

IAGO: What does love matter? Women are not bestowed to wield it. I found it only exists in men. They the ones who loved their nation enough to travel across the world and prepared to die for it.

OTHELLO: Do you love me?

IAGO: You?

OTHELLO: Do you love me?

28

IAGO: Again you repeat yourself. I say men are the only ones capable of love because they're ready to die for what's right and you question? Cyprus is surrounded with our cause. We must reclaim the heart of our empire which Alexander built. Turks tarnish our city in their fabrics and now strip our right to the nearest place to god? What sort of half General are you in not seeing them taunt and yet question what love is?

OTHELLO: O, 'Tis not what they say... I but am circumstanced to say they the wrong. The Tyrants make me thus.

IAGO: What dare you accuse? To challenge my reciting our history wrong- To accuse a senate of tyranny? Of course you cannot understand that of which you speak. 'Tis you who cannot listen! Useless to talk to thou *Faithless*. I will make rights of your title in the new land.

29

OTHELLO: How prophetic you spew of which cannot sit within you! Why you seek to me at all after I sent thee for? Why seek for me at all if what I say suits holds not truth? I heard thoust say that I God's Fallen soldier then thy ask of my noble name 'fore placing it upon Desdemona. Now thy threaten to use what be my own company to spread thou word truer! You usurper!

IAGO: Yes! Howl and alert them! Let them see what thou'st done to Desdemona. They shall find you and lock you away to learn before rot you Blacker Devil! But will be only be found amongst the company of the mad.

30

OTHELLO: Oh these men you claim are but of madness! 'Tis but say the same of the text you study. Aged men too far from God's gift know not what they are as they expel the flesh off their essence 'fore He accepts them back. But Al! Still you take it in vain! What jealousies for virtues have they which you seek to destroy, or is it fear for why it doesn't ring in you? Which of thee the unfit! Which way to your earth did you pull me from to teach me *thy* divine word?

*Othello walks with authority, still wielding the dagger, towards Iago.
Iago tries to open the door. It will not budge for him*

IAGO: What for you to grow your teeth at me?! What makes you so unlike yourself?

OTHELLO:

You are guilty beyond your faith. I smite thee just, lest your pestilence fall upon the hearts 'fore thy wake.

Confess for what thou hast done!

Othello stabs Iago repeatedly

Guiltless devil, Confess to me!

Watch it fall from my breast and back into thine mouth!

IAGO:

31

OTHELLO:

May your God abandon you as you have abandoned them. You wicked the purger! God's graced to not hear thy death throes.

Surely this tasks me to you My Lord. 'Tis shown for why you sharpen my dagger and never reject thy ask when I heard it. Let the terror in his eyes at your wrath send me to thee!

**

32

You think this blood not worthy 'nuf of your ask? Have you no voice to speak on this slaughter on your hands! Have he not your word he hath vained? Have he your word at all if he wields another? Oh 'twould be grim revelations... Your silence is unfit for thee crown! Why you turn your back at the one who loves My Lord most. Loyal to me but kindness no more, unfit punishment to descend me from thy grace. I charge thee eyeless if thou seek this scourge, capable for no duty on this earth.

Othello looks to Iago

You mock me still? Unfit this corpse is to speak to me at all!

Heavily,

Othello opens the door.

*He drags Iago's dead body outside into the void hallway,
leaving him just outside before closing the door*

33

* *

Thy silence be a light to mock. Let me be it thus! Bring me to and I shall scream my Black Devils upon thee! Let them dew by your apathy and let it upon rain the oceans. I shall siphon thy silence til cleansed by my nature and I shall see what is after love.

* *

This blight tears me, I cannot live nor die with this peace and yet I ache, I ache... Thou hast left me 'fore I confessed. I blame thee not enough to forgive why thou seek for him and leave me... Maybe but was unfit to leave Eden. Why unleash him and Desdemona the same to this earth? I not meant to question thy nature; but prithee, take her. Pull her closer as she lie. Her duty unfit for this rock and I not able to protect as blindly as thee. But protect me by withholding my ask? Doth thou desire more of tearing my heart?

**

Hold her back from the world and I will do this for thee.
Let me look upon her as thee and tear me larger for thee.

*A long pause as the storm brews heavier with large echoes of thunder.
Othello walks towards Desdemona's side of the bed
And kneels*

34

Desdemona,

I fear thou learned love too well and I why the nephilim walk not known. Trusted a man who suffered their doom, sacrificing his being to live where 'twas told God love most... Nature should be but a secret, withheld from all unfit but for those who not jolt upon it. Jolted upon thy kindness every moment I learned of it. Why He doomed you and I to the same fiery finale? Let them see my ash but Thy end-... If I learned at all, let not I place upon you my virtues for never I will be learned of you. Wish I could all but return all my pearls to the ocean for Leviathans to feast upon and surely they would rouse. Let them afflict me and in silence know I gentle to thee. Let me feel thy affection when you're loyal for a cause you know not. Love and hold these burdens as one til it crushes us into chaos and then find what 'tis after love...

Othello pulls out his serpent handled knife

I am but a beast and I shall mark myself as such so I forget not what I learned. When they gaze upon me, let me see their terrors of jealousy through their eyes whilst they slander me mad. I shall cut and pry this eye from my body, and cast it into the Ocean so I see not this world again. Pray I see the terror in your eyes Desdemona, let it tear me 'til I need not adore it.

Let me see you as you were,
And let me watch you die fit in my hands.
May you breathe a life that 'tis yours
Let it tear me til 'tis fit in me.
Blindly guide again.

*Othello, tearful, hesitant, reaches towards her face
His hand guided to stroke her face, before leaning close enough for a kiss.
He lifts the sheet.*

* *

OTHELLO:

*Silence.
A flash of lightning blinds the room, permeating through the hallway door*

Iago enters

Iago:
Dost I see thee bitter still?

Appendix.

Section:

- 1) The staging of only ornate decorations must take into account modern day architecture racist values in removing anything visually ornate. The only things decorated *must* be Othello's. -Germany & Modern Architecture: Mies van der Rohr
- 2) Seek- Genesis 20:3-4 The Hebrew translation places "seek" as a term for guidance from divine entities. In King James' Bible, "seek" refers to "gaining answers/conclusions after following a path." In *Othello* it is used by Cassio, Iago, Rodrigo, Gratiano for selfish justice. Desdemona says it twice when referring to saving Cassio.
- 4) Grave: A line inserted in Proverbs after one receiving harsh punishment before he upholds his throne lovingkindness. A man lost, broken, and searching is the spirit. Proverbs: 20-27; [is] the lamp of Yahweh the spirit of a man Searching all the inner depths of his heart.
- 8) Lest: Exodus 5:3 "Lest" is treated as a fear to act in fear from an powerful authority
- 9) Diminish: A music reference to altering the scales that The Catholic Church established and disallowed 'unholy' notes that do not produce consonance to be played. EI the Gregorian Chant
- 11) Pompeii: The Italian City buried and eternalized in ash, 79 A.D
- 12) Heart: Deuteronomy 6:5: Heart references the mind, inner man, or will
- 13) Split: Genesis 2:21-22; Eve was taken from Adam. It's been translated to Adam's rib but "rib" in hebrew is used to reference the "side" of many objects, possibly referring to them either being equals or god removed a significant aspect of adam to create eve and replaced what was removed with 'flesh'
- 23) taming: Job 41:5; will you play with him as [with] a bird or will you leash him for your maidens.
- 24) Servant: Genesis 2:18; Ezer is translated to be helper (assistant or servant) here, and in almost every modern interpretation of the text I searched through. However, other instances of Ezer place it in Dire Rescuing circumstances.
- 24) La confessione: The crypt where St. Mark's body is buried, named because it contains the remains of a martyr.
- 25) Honest/Soft; Job 41:3: references Leviathans being hooked in and he questions "will he make many to you supplications (honesty) or will he speak to you softly"
- 25) Nepenthe; in Greek literature and mythology, 1) A drug used by the ancients to induce forgetfulness of pain or sorrow. 2) something capable of causing oblivion of grief or suffering.
- 26) Snare: Psalms 91-3; Surely He (God) will deliver you from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly plague.
- 28) Constantinople; The capital of the Byzantine empire where the Eastern half of Christianity was at its most concentrated.

31) May your God abandon you as you have abandoned them: Isaiah 55:10-11; As above so below, Heaven and Earth are linked to affect each other the same.

32) Slaughter: Exodus 20:13; Hebrew version “Thou shall not murder” distinctly different from “killing” which is justifiable.

32) Othello looks to Iago- Job 40: chapter of Job’s response to God labeled as *Job’s first Reply- an insufficient response*. Job 40:5 NIV; I spoke once but I have no answer-twice, but I will say no more. [Job]

33) let me look...: Job 18:4; “You who tear yourself in anger shall for you be forsaken the earth, Or shall be removed the rock from its place”

34) Nephilim; Giants, varying terms that say they’re divine beings or large humans. Its not directly stated in the old testament how they disappeared, only speculations.

34) Leviathan: A sea monster with immense size and strength, a symbol of Gods most powerful creation or Chaos. Job 41:10; “No one [is so] cruel that would dare stir him up then who he against me is able to stand.” This comes after people

34) Chaos: First rooted in 700 BC in Hesiod *Theogony*, Chaos was capturing the gaping void; vast emptiness, distinctly separate from the already existing word for “disorder”.

The Vulgate, A Latin rewriting of *Genesis*. Originally written in 382 CE, The Vulgate included the Latin word “chaos” when describing the origin of the universe. When this text was translated into English around 1530, “chaos” became loaded with the modern day “utter confusion” around 1600.

Genesis 1:2; And the earth was formless and void and darkness [was] over the face of the deep And the Spirit of God was over the face of the waters.