

1. Opening Act



For a society focused on rules, there seems to be an overpowering obsession with the disregard thereof. We're in love with the underdog, we try to draw connections with the tough guy, and we want to be the rebel. Every story has its glitch, the problem that makes a story. And when that problem is personified, complexity deepens. Secretly we're rooting for the enemy. Deep down we *want* the bad guy to win; it's got nothing to do with the fact that he looks and acts better. No – the villain's success is a change from the cycle of monotony. We want the opposition to win because they never do, they're the underdog, and their victory might be interesting. Might be.

I hate to break it to you – even rebels cry.

Nobody considers how much effort it takes the outcast to succeed. Nobody thinks about if the loner chose his poison or if it was just forced upon him. Nobody considers if the freak quit the circus or was chased out.

We want the villain to win because it's that much harder.

Only nobody realizes exactly how hard.

Ladies and gentlemen, step this way. The show is about to begin.

You know why else we love the rebel?

We all wish we could be that free, and look that good doing it. And every story worth telling has that one kid that won't bend. Very rarely, there are two.

Groups of outcasts defeat the title. Purpose ceases to be.

That's just the way it goes.

Psychologically speaking, our obsession with evil could be argued to represent that dark side of ourselves, hidden in the depths. Psychologically. They might have been on to something. Might. No point in giving them too much credit.

It's bizarre, the backwards idea of life. But that's how it goes. Parents, no, adults in general, they feel above and beyond their obsession with evil. They blame it on teen angst, on social struggle, on music and media. They only make us love them more.

I could rant for days, but there's no point; this is nothing new.

This is just a refresher course in human nature.

Welcome to the show.

If you'll kindly take your seats, we can get underway.

We're running a different kind of show here. But it's still a show nonetheless.

Flash photography is strictly prohibited –

It scares the freaks.