Untitled

by Constance Congdon

*Pile of Trash should look like that, a pile, until it moves, scurries.  I’d love for the actor to move inside the pile, without standing up, until the script asks for that. When the PILE finally stands, it shouldn’t look human or just like a homeless person, but a creature made out of trash.  Any skin that’s revealed should be covered in a color, maybe green, orange, red. I’d like to avoid any reference to race.*

*The Pile of Trash I imagine is plastic bottles, cartons, some garbage, single-use plastic bags, as well as crunched-up garbage bags, aluminum foil, used paper products (go as far as you want here) and whatever else seems right.*

*I am striving to make this creature scary and not cute AND have this piece be devoid of irony or humor.*

*I imagined the Pile to be female.*

*The stage is dark. Sound of repeated glottal stops, whatever can sound non-human. Spotlight (if you have one) on a large PILE OF TRASH. As soon as the light hits, the Pile scurries out of the light.  The spotlight should “look” for the PILE.*

*When the PILE knows it’s trapped, it screams.*

VOICE FROM THE BOOTH: Stop!! I’m not going to chase you anymore. Come out.

PILE: *(Talking in her own original language, s series of “gaks” of varying speeds, much like a duck talking to herself.)* Gak gak gak gak gak gak gak gak gak gak……

VOICE FROM THE BOOTH: At once!

*(Pile doesn’t move. Sound of Tazer. Pile scurries, not yet standing, to the center of the stage.)*

VOICE FROM THE BOOTH: Stand? UP!

*(Pile stands, revealing her underbelly which is all doll parts and some mangled baby clothes.)*

VOICE FROM THE BOOTH: What have you done??!!

PILE: Gak gak gak gak gak gak gak gak gak gak…..

VOICE FROM THE BOOTH: Tell them!!

PILE: GAK GAK GAK GAK GAK GAK GAK…

 VOICE FROM THE BOOTH: CONFESS!!

*(Nothing from Pile. Sound of a Tazer. Pile screams. Tazer, scream, Tazer, scream, Tazer.)*

PILE: *(Very fast, like the voice in NOT I by Sam Beckett.)* I’m under the bed in the closet behind the door yes that is me you almost saw a shadow in the hall a shape passing beneath the window there I am THERE I AM. And people, YOU AND YOU AND YOU, come into the room and say, “Not there, See? Not there not there not there not there. Nothing’s there. Go To Sleep.”

*(PILE sings tonelessly.)*

Go to sleepy, little baby

Go to seepy bye, seepy bye

You are safe.

*(Pile erupts into laughter, derisive.)*

Seepy bye, seepy bye. Safe. Baby safe.

NOOOOOOOOOOO!!

*(To individual audience members, quickly.)* Not safe. Not safe. Not safe. Not safe. Not safe. NOT SAFE.

*(Different speech pattern, broken.)* You hear me, scurrying around on the roof. Was that a tree branch?

*(Mimicking a wife asking her husband.)* Hon? Hon?  Scraping? Because…Wind? Wind? Wind?

(“Wife” voice gone.) NOOO! NOOO! NOOOOOO!

Because….ME. MEEEEEEEE.

I scraping on roof,

I in closet,

I under bed.

I waiting.

Watching.

I love to watch.

In dark corner of the room I crouch WATCH you fall asleep and then…..

*(Runs up to an audience member.)*…..sudden as a whisper, I’m there.

*(Sound of Tazer. This one strikes Pile and she crawls away. She lies in the center of the stage, whimpering and trying to breathe*. She recovers and stands up, with strength and defiance, and addresses the audience.)What color is your baby’s hair?

*(She glottal stops, hacks, and pulls a bloody strand of blonde hair out of her mouth and, with a slight grin on her face, holds it up. Blackout.)*