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SCAB
A comic drama in two acts

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ANIMA -- 23 year old woman
CHRISTA -- 22 year old woman
JENNA / ANGEL ONE – 20's-30's woman
ALAN / ARTIE / DAVIE / ANGEL TWO -- 32 year old man
MOM / KELLEEE / MARY-ANDROGYNE -- 40's woman

MOVEMENT ONE

A phone rings thrice in the blackness.
Lights full on ANIMA in the apartment,
lying sideways on the floor and wheezing.
A large bucket of dead wildflowers festers
in the corner and a beat-up second-hand sofa
lingers crookedly in the center of the room.
Slats of morning light blanch the floor and
ANIMA's rumpled clothing, which appears
not to have been changed for days. There is
a knock.

CHRISTA (off-stage)

Hello?

Another knock. CHRISTA enters with her
suitcase.

CHRISTA (cont.)

My goodness you're on the floor well I'm here it took me long enough it's a five hour
flight the bus system here is appalling is that my room?

CHRISTA steps over ANIMA and exits.
ANIMA wheezes.

The slats of light creak across the floor and
it is now afternoon. CHRISTA re-enters the
room with her camcorder poised at her eye.

CHRISTA (cont.)

Wow, you're still on the floor well I have nothing to do until my meeting at seven with
my new classmates over coffee how grad school of us I'm going to check out the
neighborhood right now you have an interesting place or should I say we

CHRISTA aims the camcorder lens at her face.

Well here's my new apartment and there's my new roommate on the floor and here's my first day in Los Freaking Angeles

She exits.

Lights move again and fade to a blue shade of evening. ANIMA is still on the floor. CHRISTA enters holding a white deli bag.

CHRISTA (cont.)

There you are again, ha, do you ever get up to pee, boy I'm exhausted I already have seminar tomorrow my cohorts are geniuses they all came from ivy leagues I can't finish this sandwich if you want it jesus christ will you just look at me

ANIMA does not move. CHRISTA kneels on the floor next to ANIMA.

CHRISTA (cont.)

It always helps me to verbalize when I'm miserable

CHRISTA touches ANIMA, who jerks violently.

I have to prepare for this thing

CHRISTA exits.

ANIMA

This is it:

It was the third one that did it at three thirty in the morning in the night or the night/morning that no one can seem to make up their mind about which is it really, not even the sky that stays dark until it's damn good and ready to lighten up even when you are not.

The third ring that shot me out of bed and for no apparent reason made me feel urgency. Not fear urgency. It was like I remembered a pot of boiling water on the stove that was spilling over and wetting the pilot light that for some reason didn't go out when it got wet.

The ring, the ring. I leaped up and I was naked and as I ran to the phone I felt the cellulite of my ass bounce a little and I involuntarily sucked in my gut because that is what I have learned to do now when I am naked or in a bikini or ashamed of the little womanly curve above my pubic bone that was sexy on Marilyn Monroe. And my breasts

that are round and lovely in my wonderbra but point out to either side like the eyes in the head of a lizard were doing just that as I ran to the phone the phone the phone

Ring and I picked it up and my eyes were wide in the dark and I saw colors, the black was segmented into photograph pixels like a color shot in a magazine, the grainy kind like in Paris Match not the glossy super American high fashion perfection of Vogue or Vogue or that other Vogue/Cosmo/Teen nonsense. The black gets divided in colored pixels at night now and then ever since I did acid my sophomore year in college in that wonderfully large cathedral club in new york where everything was frightening and hysterical and put there for my entertainment and not real. not real.

My hand on the phone. My elbow touching the coiled cord as the phone was lifted to my ear. My arm was naked, the cord was cold. Coiled. Cold coiled cord and I said oh God I said why did I say it I said could I really have said it but I said. Hello.

ARTIE steps into the light, holding the phone.

ARTIE

Annie. It's Artie. Daddy died this morning.

ANIMA

Oh. Can you call me back?

ARTIE disappears.

I must have hung up the phone because it rang later, not five but seven, twenty, a hundred years later that night again but I don't remember placing the receiver back down. I remember my inner skin being cold and my outer skin being hot and I walked in to my room and picked up my shirt and pulled it over my head but

Funny. I can't recall if I told Him before or after I put my shirt on.

ALAN steps into the light, sleepy and naked and wearing a sheet.

He had heard the Ring Ring and Ring as well but it meant little to him because HIS phone sounds different than MINE so the mental alarm that goes off when your phone rings very late/early didn't go off for him so he was unprepared for what. I. Said.

ALAN is shocked and sympathetic-looking.

He was skinny and naked and nine years older than me and suddenly I couldn't see him. I saw an outline of who I thought he was, but his center had just dripped out right before my very eyes ladiesandgentlemen

ALAN