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WE ARE NOT THESE HANDS

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WE ARE NOT THESE HANDS

by Sheila Callaghan

BELLY— young woman, early teens (15 years), tough, hard, street-smart, incredibly dirty

MOTH— young woman, early teens (15 years), bright, sweet, a little bit manipulative

LEATHER— man, age 35-45, manic and odd

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Punctuation is used to indicate delivery. Where no punctuation is indicated, delivery may be determined by the actor or director.

A stroke (/) marks the point of interruption in overlapping dialogue. When the stroke is not immediately followed by text, the next line should occur on the last syllable of the word before the slash— not an overlap but a concise interruption.

NOTE FOR ACTORS:

While Belly and Moth's language seems infantile and they are described as young-looking, it is important not to have them come off like children, and their language should not sound like baby-talk. They are street-kids; cagey, jaded, and under-educated. The delivery of their language should reflect this.

Although Leather's language is halting, his delivery should not be. His speech is rhythmic, so it should not come off as a stutter but rather a rolling river of words with rocks here and there.

SETTING:

Three spaces: one in the center of the room with six outdated computer screens and keyboards assembled haphazardly, power cords tangled and desks lopsided and mismatched, lights blinking. Each screen will display the titles of the scenes and various bits of text and scattered images throughout the play.

The images should include (but not be limited to) the following, in random order: pornography, video games, breasts, celebrities, brand names, electronics, sex toys, corporate logos, weather, clothing, tooth decay, chat rooms, Flash animations, vacation destinations, muscled abs, etc. They may be displayed in a frantic feedback loop, or as static images, or both.

The text should appear as though it is being typed in real time, letter by letter, and should be presented as simply as possible to indicate a computer and a document.

The second space surrounds the knot of computer screens. It is sooty and bleak: dead trees with blackened trunks, wicker carts with broken wheels, cinderblocks, various bits of ripped cloth and garbage on a dirt road. Several shoddy, hand-painted wooden signs are stuck in the ground and point to the computers. They read "INTERNET".

The third space is located to one side, away from the computers and off the road. It has a crappy dresser and several rickety bunk beds.

The set should not be static, as the feeling of change should be present throughout the play. It should feel as though it is moving, or changing.

ONE: THE LIES BEHIND YOUR EYES

BELLY is sitting by herself staring at the computers. She is sucking on an old grey banana peel very slowly. She is incredibly dirty, and has no shoes. She is also missing a few teeth.

Text on the screens: "According to my research, a sustained economic growth of eight to ten per cent is anticipated over the next two decades. (!!) This province's market has surged ahead so quickly, experts say, by converting much of its economy to an 'unfettered' and 'possibly faulty version' of capitalism (CITATION NEEDED). The theory of the"

After a few moments, MOTH runs in. She also dirty, but less so than BELLY. Her hands are covered in black soot. She catches her breath, then approaches BELLY.

MOTH
(a greeting)

Scuzzer...

Scuzzer...	BELLY
Scuzzer-lover...	MOTH
	They do some sort of elaborate handshake.
What Angelfoot doin' today?	MOTH (cont.)
Got the bang bang goin...	BELLY
BANG BANG!	MOTH
TWO gun-girls today... big black boots up to here, little camel shorts...	BELLY
	They watch.
Cavity got the titties up?	MOTH
Yeah.	BELLY
Who he got?	MOTH
Bowleg. She onna bed now.	BELLY
Lookit them titties! How she walk?	MOTH
She not. Jes' lie there, rubbin'.... A'fore you come she kneelin' onna table with a hooey in her whatchit.	BELLY
Mercy...	MOTH
	They watch.

Rutpig got hisself a new lady-talk....

BELLY

Yeah? How far he get?

MOTH

One leg movin'.... other start soon....

BELLY

Where Booger? Booger never late...

MOTH

BELLY points.

Oh. Hate when they switch machines. He too far away now.

MOTH (cont.)

S'pose...

BELLY

A beat. MOTH is bored. She does something to amuse herself. It doesn't work. She is despondent.

Things sure isn't the same since the school blowed up.

MOTH

A beat.

Wanner know what I think? I think they knowed it would blow up... Otherwised, why they had us making firecrackers in the lunchroom?

BELLY

Scuzzers.

MOTH

Anus-eaters.

BELLY

Coochie-flappers.

MOTH

CAPITALISTS.

BELLY

MOTH smells her hands and shudders. BELLY examines MOTH's dirty hands.

BELLY (cont.)

You gotter drug 'em in the road til it come off. I drug and drug and it come off.

MOTH

Lookit! Rutpig other leg shakin...

BELLY

He gone for it...

MOTH

Go Rutpig... go rutpig...

They both begin chanting "go rutpig" for a few moments, shaking their legs, until the inevitable happens. They react. Then...

BELLY

Let's get inside, Mothie! Could get us a man talk. Jes' for fun.

MOTH

We got no coins, Bell. Asides, why they gone let TWO crazy kinkers in?

BELLY

Could try... we not try.... jes' sit out here, watchin'...

MOTH

You seen Cavity. He walk like water. He don't got the wild-angry peepers like us. He half-lidded, like he seen it all. Even Rut-pig half-lidded.

BELLY

I can be half-lidded

MOTH

Different for girls. Need more than half-lids. Gotter wear the sex clothes.

BELLY

How you know about the sex-clothes

MOTH

My Mummer got the sex clothes. From back when she work the Cooch club. Cavity always lookin' at the sex-clothes. Angelfoot with the bang-bang, all his gun-girls got the sex clothes

BELLY