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MEAT

ROB & TOM

It is the narrow entrance of a building. There are steps going up in the back. Behind the door are a man and a woman. The man is a very negative force. He has flabby flesh. He is oily. He grins in an aggressive way. His eyes are evil, yellow. He quivers with aggressiveness. His clothes are dirty and tattered and small for him. The woman wears a black silk satin turn of the century dress. He gnaws at her with fingernails like hooks. He tears her flesh. She is all cut and bleeding. One cannot hear her but she is crying out. Her skin is white. The blood looks very red next to her white skin. Throughout the scene, pieces of meat about 4x4 inches fall to the ground. Rob and Tom come down the steps. They are young executives. (Take place in dark)

2 cont
5/5
1,2

ROB

Weren't you asking me a question?

(TOM is speechless. He watches the scene)

TOM

That is not a man. It's a wild beast.

ROB

Was that the question?

TOM

No Rob. That is not a man. That is not a man. I know a man. That is not one.

ROB

Why?

TOM

I bet it's a beast.

ROB

Please Tom, were you not asking me a question?

TOM

Yes Rob. I was asking you a question. But there is a woman here being cut up in pieces and you intend to do nothing about it.

ROB

I don't know what it is I could do.

TOM

That's not a man. It's a devil. I know.

ROB

Tom, I wish you would answer me.

TOM

Yes, Rob.

ROB

Weren't you asking me a question?

TOM

Yes Rob, I was. But here is a man, a monster, someone I'm sure is a devil, destroying this poor woman. Look at her. She can't even scream, and you ask me if I'm asking you a question?

(ROB looks at the woman and man)

ROB

I know this is serious. I know this is serious. This poor woman is being butchered by this man or devil, and she reminds me of my sister. Not because she looks like her, but because she is a young woman about the same age as my sister and she is very white. The color of her skin is very close to the color of my sister's skin and that man has a very different color. His skin looks like the peel of the avocado seed when it dries off. His skin is just like that because the peel of the avocado seed turns rough and dark the way this man's skin does. The peel of the avocado seed turns dark and dull. His skin reminds me of it because it gives me the impression that it could easily peel and fall off just the way the peel of the avocado seed dries and cracks and falls off. His skin is tough and you feel that underneath that tough crust there is soft blubber. You feel that if he were to be cut or cracked a bloody soft fat could pour out.

TOM

Rob, still this woman is bleeding and he is still chewing at her and tearing off pieces of her flesh with his teeth and with his claws and you keep staring and talking about whether his skin is like this or like that. I tell you that he is not a man, that he is a devil and this is alarming. Are we going to do something or not?

ROB

Not.

TOM

Not! Is that a joke? Is this a time to joke?

ROB

I am not going to do anything about it.

TOM

Well you better. We better. This is the entrance to our office. If anyone came in now, what would they say. Get a sack from the maintenance room. A plastic bag and bring a dust pan and a fork or something so that we can pick the pieces and put them in the pan or in the bag and get rid of them.

ROB

Oh Tom, what an idea. Do you think my stomach can take that? Do you think I'm going to take a fork and pick up the pieces of flesh just like that? -With the fork as if I were in a restaurant? What do you have in your head?

TOM

Look Rob, are you a man or not?

ROB

I'm a man, but what you're asking me to do is not manly. That's not manly picking pieces of meat with a fork.

TOM

Well pick them up with your hands.

ROB

You want me to pick them up with my bare hands?

TOM

You can put on your gloves if you want.

ROB

You are really driving this too far. -What gloves.

(Confronting him)

You pick up the pieces.

(Pause. ROB is looking at TOM challengingly)

TOM

Well, she's going to die.

ROB

(Still looking at him)

That's right. She's going to die.

TOM

And you're not going to do anything about it?

ROB

No.

TOM

Well,

(Short pause)

I don't know what to say.

ROB

That's right. The answer is no.

TOM

Well, he's just finishing her now. There's no life in her, or hardly any.

ROB

I'm not doing the dirty work.

(TOM sits on the steps. He leans his head on his hand. There is a pause)

TOM

Well...I wish we could do something.

ROB

Well we can't. -Something should be done but not what you suggested.

TOM

What?

ROB

Well, let's call the police. That's what we should have done in the first place. When you see something like that you call the police.

(TOM looks at ROB)

TOM

Rob, you think that way because you think that the police is something you can rely on. Do you think the police is something you can rely on? Do you know how long the police takes to go from

(Indicating)

here to here. If you call the police for something like this and you say there is a man tearing a woman to pieces, do you know what they say?

ROB

No.

TOM

They say, did you ask him why he's doing that?

(Pause)

They do. One time I had someone trying to get in through my window and I called the police and they said, did you ask him what he wants? I said, no, I didn't. And she said, why not? And I said, because he's trying to break my window. And she said, well ask him. And I said I will not. Can you imagine? Imagine my grinning at the man and saying what do you want.

(HE laughs)

Maybe that's a good idea. Maybe he'll think I'm so crazy that he doesn't want to be in the same room with me and run. Can you imagine asking him

(Pointing to the monster)

TOM (Continued)

why are you tearing this woman to shreds?

ROB

No, I can't, but in a moment she'll be dead and if we don't do something, we'll have it on our consciences for the rest of our lives.

TOM

Rob, that's what I'm telling you.

(Pounding his fist on his hand)

That we have to do something.

ROB

All right, what?

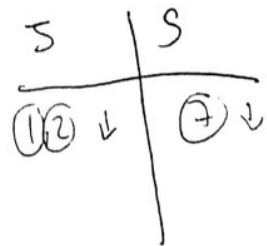
TOM

Save her!

(THEY look at each other alarmed)

They look at her -
Bmc exhales
Kevin lifts his hands

Blackout



Play

Custom Cell

into

7 + 6 + 8