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HE ATE THE SUN

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HE ATE THE SUN

WOMAN- 33, well-coifed, sexy

MAN- 38, tired, beginning to show age

BOY-22, energetic, quick

Set requirements: a park bench.

There are no blackouts within this play.

ONE.

Lights up on a bench.

WOMAN in a business suit walks in with a newspaper. She sits down on the bench.

MAN in a jogging suit jogs by.

WOMAN turns the page. MAN jogs by again.

WOMAN turns the page. MAN jogs by in slow motion.

BOY in a T-shirt and jeans sits next to WOMAN. He chews gum loudly.

MAN begins circling the bench. His circles grow tighter. FINALLY, he stands before them. FINALLY, they notice him.

MAN

My pants have an elastic waist.

TWO.

Lights up on a bench.

WOMAN in a business suit walks in with a paper. She sits down on the bench.

MAN in a jogging suit jogs by.

WOMAN turns the page. MAN jogs in again in slow motion.

WOMAN chews gum loudly.

WOMAN

I knew a boy who ate a piece of the sun. Only once. Couldn't believe no one had ever tried it before. He scooped it from the sky with a spoon. He blew on it. He waved the steam away with his hand. He placed it on his tongue. It burned him, naturally, like hot soup. He couldn't taste anything for about a week after.

BOY enters. He takes the paper from the woman and turns the page.

MAN stops jogging.

MAN

My waist has an elastic... pants...

THREE.

BOY and WOMAN are sitting on the bench. The paper is on the floor by WOMAN's feet.

WOMAN

Was it too much to ask to take it with you

BOY

I wasn't thinking

WOMAN

You don't think, you never think, because you don't HAVE to, you're not the one who has to generate spontaneous genius on the spur of the moment

BOY

Don't be redundant

WOMAN

Oh the CONDESCENTION from your little privileged lips, and you just IGNORE that I am sitting right in the belly, in the belly of a SERIOUS stress... stressful... my head...

BOY

Everyone makes garbage.

WOMAN

I DON'T DRINK COFFEE. I have never drunk a cup of coffee in all of my nine years of marriage. How would YOU explain a half-full cup of cold Starbucks on the nighttable?

BOY

I would never drink Starbucks.

WOMAN

What was it?

BOY

Pete's Ethiopian shade grown organic medium roast. Black.

WOMAN

I don't, I'm not a very good, LYING does not come natural...

BOY holds his hand up to his nose.

BOY

I can still smell you on me.

WOMAN

You can?

BOY holds his hand up to WOMAN's nose.

WOMAN (cont.)

That's me...

They freeze. MAN jogs by.

FOUR.

Lights up on a bench. MAN is sitting in his jogging suit, reading the paper.

WOMAN jogs by.

BOY enters. He sits next to MAN.

BOY

I knew a boy who ate a piece of the sun. Only once. Couldn't believe no one had ever tried it before. He scooped it from the sky with a spoon. He blew on it. He waved the steam away with his hand. He placed it on his tongue. It burned him, naturally, like hot soup. He couldn't taste anything for about a week after.

BOY pops a piece of gum in his mouth. He chews.

Still can't.

MAN

My hunger has a moon face. I sweat out my hunger. Sweat it out. And then I lie on my bed shaking, too tired to think of my all wants hanging by rubber bands, just out of my reach.

BOY offers MAN a piece of gum. MAN takes one. They chew.

FIVE.

Lights up on the bench. WOMAN jogs by, BOY chases her, laughing gaily. They exit.

MAN runs after them, laughing gaily. Stops. Drops his hands sadly to his sides. Walks off in slow motion, the other direction, as BOY and WOMAN run by again, laughing gaily.

SIX.

WOMAN and BOY stand on either side of the bench.

WOMAN

Your skin is like milk. Milk. I understand the poems.

BOY

I have never been inside a Woman until you...

WOMAN

The poems about boys with milky skin, when I was a boy I didn't have skin like milk, because I was never a boy

BOY

I know the difference between you and the girls I've been inside. Woman, you are too large for the space you squeeze yourself into

WOMAN

How can you know that

BOY

It's in the way you scream when I am in you...ripping yourself out of it, out from wherever deeply, and for those six seconds I grip your hips you can actually ACTUALLY breathe the huge gulping breaths, the breaths between sobs, HOW COULD YOU FORGET HOW TO BREATHE? But you do, you forget, right after the six seconds are gone. Jam yourself right back into that package.

WOMAN

I don't want to know what you think of me

Jam yourself into your hosiery

BOY

I don't want to know what you think of the world

WOMAN

Jam yourself into your Metrocard. Your laptop. Your hairdo. Your Amex.

BOY

I just want you to grip me.

WOMAN

You'll never fit.

BOY

There.

WOMAN

Never.

BOY

And there.

WOMAN

MY PANTS ARE ELASTIC

MAN (from off)

And there. There. And there.

WOMAN

MAN enters, holding the coffee cup. Her circles the bench, staring at WOMAN and BOY.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!
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to read more...