

Produced by Annex Theatre in Seattle, WA, 2002.

**TWILIGHT IN THE B-BOWL**

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## TWILIGHT IN THE B-BOWL

Projected somewhere is a film of a cereal montage; a business man eating cereal, a family eating cereal, a baby eating cereal, a dog eating cereal from a bowl, all different angles, close-ups, etc. The film is jumpy, grainy, and is sped up to 20 times its normal speed. It loops.

An electric guitar is heard. The song is frantic and energized and a little punk.

An enormous spoon hangs from above, menacingly.

Lights up on a bright, huge bowl of cereal. Three Lucky Charms are dancing/fighting in milk (a la West Side Story??); a pink HEART, a pot of GOLD, and a green CLOVER hat. GOLD and CLOVER are possibly tossing an oatbit back and forth, keeping it out of HEART's grasp, pelting her with it. Their eyes are sharp, quick, street; a gang getting pumped for a rumble.

The film freezes on a close-up of a mouth in mid-chew. The following words type quickly and frantically across his/her face in a paragraph as the marbits continue to fight/dance (there can be typos that are corrected along the way):

“... it's making me lose my mind those little candy marshmallows they get so soft in the milk I find myself ignoring the oatbits completely and eating only marbits they are evil they take over your mind I heard there is a place in the Mall of America a cereal store where you can sit at the counter and eat bowls and bowls of marbits if you want just the marshmallows no oats and I picture myself sitting there with a plastic spoon in my hand and my tongue dyed green and the sugar throbbing in the stems of my eyes I think I'll quit my job I think I'll fly out to minnesota on the redeye so I can wake up at the mall and eat bowls and bowls of marbits until they fling me out onto the highway by my hair is there something wrong with that?”

CLOVER

Fuck

Fucking fuck GOLD

Mother fucker CLOVER

Fucking bitch-ass frig-fuck GOLD

Fuck balls, yeah HEART

Yeah man CLOVER

Fuck man GOLD

Yeah CLOVER

They continue to dance and beat the crap out of each other. The guitar is more frantic, as is the typing:

“The fellow who invented marbits died in a tragic car accident on his way to visit his daughter who was in a coma they said she had cancer but I believe she was driven to some sort of lethal sugar shock brought about by a grand mal addiction to her father’s invention those fucking marbits they eat away at your brain you know they cause you to see visions they make you hate yourself I opened the box this morning and found only oats did you eat them you ate all the marbits you fuck I swear I will fucking kill you”

The charms are out of breath. The guitar stops. They stare up at the spoon expectantly. A moment. Nothing.

What the fuck CLOVER

Shut the fuck up, man GOLD

I’m so fucking hyped, I’m about to grow another set of gonads CLOVER

GOLD

Soon

CLOVER

I mean what do you think it's waiting for?

HEART

Inspiration

CLOVER  
(to HEART)

Shut the fuck up or I'll fuck your little fucking pink shit all up and down this bowl

GOLD

Chill, man, you'll blow your wad before we even get on the spoon

CLOVER

Right, right.

They are quiet a moment. HEART begins to sing softly to herself.

HEART

Goin' up up up to the promised land  
Gonna get in the cradle of the metal hand  
Gonna play my fiddle gonna bang my can  
Gonna make you crazy with my sugar sham  
Oooh-oooh ooooh-oooh/

CLOVER pelts her with an oatbit. Silence.  
They wait. CLOVER gets fidgety.

CLOVER

I need, like, a hobby or some shit.

GOLD

Just focus

CLOVER

But that's the problem, I'm too focused, I'm like cross-eyed with it. What if I get up there and I lose my shit

GOLD

Instinct will kick in. You got years of design working for you.

CLOVER

Right, right.

Pause. They look up at the spoon. They wait.

CLOVER

I was just thinking, like, it's kinda fucked up.

GOLD

What

CLOVER

We never get to see it happen. You know? That second when our shit starts really kickin' it?

GOLD

You would want to

CLOVER

Well, yeah. Bring that bitch down to its knees? Big gob of green drool hanging off its lip? Fuck yeah. I wanna hear the talk, the fucked up babble that comes right when our shit start to hit the nerve center. "More, I need more..." or like, "who am I, I'm nothing, I fucking HATE myself." It's like poetry. You know? And I could be all, "I did that, you mother fucker. ME."

GOLD

Yeah...

CLOVER

It's like the ultimate fucked-up-itude. Making someone need you so bad they forget every ounce of shit they once valued. They start thinking, did any of that shit ever mean anything in the first place? Or did I just *assign* meaning to it? What has meaning? Nothing, really... except... BAM. They're fried. I win.

GOLD

I tend to think of it more in the long term.

CLOVER

How?

GOLD

My chemicals breaking down into the blood stream, the spinal fluid, the brain cells. Me becoming part of its substance. For the rest of its life. Influencing decisions in tiny imperceptible ways. Maybe inflaming a latent set of desires or uncontrollable urges...

CLOVER

Like what?

GOLD

Who knows? To fuck, to fight, to tickle old ladies on the ass with a pigeon feather... it doesn't matter. Because each one of those big bastards is born with this tight coil of urges jammed somewhere inside its throat, all clenched up like a fist... and they learn to wrap that shit around with chicken wire so they can talk to each other in calm voices every day. But once we're inside, we eat through that wire, slowly. So fucking slowly. They hardly notice it's gone. And then... BING! The coil springs, shit flies everywhere, and any sort of self-constraint they might have had is completely annihilated. Forever. *That's* poetry.

CLOVER

Fuckin' A.

A beat. They look at HEART, who has been playing absently with an oatbit.

GOLD

What about you?

HEART

I guess... I just like the idea of living out my destiny to utter perfection.

CLOVER

What are you mother fucking talking a mother fucking bout?

HEART

Having my existence justified by a precise fulfillment of my purpose? What could be more divine? La la la la la....

CLOVER

I look at you sometimes. And I want to bite you.

HEART

Bite me?

CLOVER

Tear off a piece of you with my teeth.

HEART

Which piece?

CLOVER

The shoulder.

HEART

Oh. I don't like that.

GOLD

NO BITING. We need to be acute, present, and emotionally available/ for the

The spoon starts to jiggle, along with a little guitar. The charms scream in terror and cling to one another. The spoon stops. The charms remain frozen, clinging, terrified.

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