

# EXCERPT OF

A Silly, Nameless Horror Play Or, The Genre Exercise

*Lights up on a forgotten western cemetery atop a short desert hill with a very large, singular, non-native leafless tree reaches out of the ground like a tortured hand from Hell. A hodgepodge of rock gravestones, stick crucifixes, and cut slab gravestones mark various resting places. The ground and air are wet and warm, the soupy ground connoting monsoon season. This has had two results: 1. It has made some headstones and grave markers sink into the ground fully, partially, lie flat, or skew at harsh angles and 2. Partial skeletons and full skeletons have been aroused from the soupy ground. The sky is a dark grey with a little gradient of white on the horizon. The backlighting is such that all the following action is almost completely silhouettes, but every now and then the light contours parts of the characters.*

*From left, Shadow enters, crosses to a gravesite away from the tree, and reaches into the mud, slowly, painfully, and effortfully pulling out an extremely thin Man by the hair. Shadow pulls Man all the way out of the ground, slowly drags him through the mud, crosses to the tree, lifts the man into the air, and hesitates.*

Man

yes

Shadow

no

Shadow hesitates, then slams Man face-first into the tree trunk. His feet are off the ground. When Shadow lets go of Man, he remains suspended, against the tree.

Shadow reaches into its cloak and procures a small kitchen knife. Shadow lifts the kitchen knife and swiftly brings it down into the man's side, carving out a chunk of flesh.

Man

(vehemently)

yes

Shadow

(weakly)

no

Shadow lifts its hand – a claw – towards another spot of mud away from the tree. The mud swirls and gives up cage we can't see inside. Two hands grasp the bars of the cage.

Man

(weakly)

yes

Shadow runs to and desperately pleads with Man, knife still in hand.

Shadow

(vehemently)

no

Child

(From inside the cage, frightened, desperately... hungrily)

yes yes please yes i i i im i need please no no ill it hurts so much stop it aaahhh stop it please give please make it stop i cant do this anymore no no stop no i i i im i want please yes yes youll it doesnt hurt at all please more aaahhh give it please stop please give it i cant without anymore aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh

Man reaches out his arm and the kitchen knife flies from Shadow's hand to the cage. Everything freezes. An arm reaches down, taking it into the darkness. Hysterical laughter. The knife glows a silvery blue.

Shadow

no

Man

yes

The cage unfolds. Nothing is in it. Cage pieces sink into the ground. Child climbs around from behind the tree, like a monkey, grinning wildly before coming to Man.

Child

Knowledge... Ichorrrrrrrrrrrrr.

Child digs face into Man's side and feasts. Shadow runs to and rips Child off Man, throwing it into the mud and falling in itself. Man falls off the tree. Child rises - a monster. Shadow picks Man up in its arms. A bass Voice, simultaneously:

Voice

//morto rex.

Child

// the king is dead.

Shadow

no

Man

//yes

Voice

//sic

Man reaches up to Shadow's eyes with intent to gouge. Shadow screams.

Child

//morto rex morto rex morto rex morto rex morto rex morto rex morto rex

Voice

// dead king dead king dead king dead king dead king dead king dead king

Child descends onto the two. Shadow evaporates, leaving a cloak. Child pushes Man down and lifts cloak victoriously. It dons the cloak and falls onto Man, ripping into him, and they are lost in the cloak. When Child stands, Man is gone and Child rises to the height of the Shadow. The Child exits left muttering:

Child

xero torm xero torm xero torm xero torm xero torm xero torm xero torm

CONTACT PLAYWRIGHT FOR FULL SCRIPT