

Eight Ate, Eat Eight

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

*Eight women stand on stage, facing the audience. The one far SR is clothed, the rest are completely naked. Their clothes are in piles by their feet. They do not need to look at all alike--and probably should not. The clothed woman speaks:*

WOMAN

I came seven times last night.

*The naked women, perfectly still, emit moans, one at a time, down the line SR to SL. It should sound like a climax.*

Seven times.

*The women repeat this action, more quickly and with greater urgency.*

Seven ti-

*The women cut her off in their eagerness. They move their bodies, feet still planted, as they vocalize their pleasure exaggeratedly, almost grotesquely. Once they start they continue their vocalizations, like a building harmony. This grows throughout the section, though we should be able to understand the woman at all times.*

Ummm...if you could...I'm trying to...I just want to tell them about--

*The women, feet still planted, begin running their hands over their bodies, finding sweetness.*

It wasn't...I'm not...it was very beautiful, very intimate!

*The women, still facing forward, feet still planted, begin touching each other.*

I don't--I'm not--I'm not! I'm decent and, and modest, and well put-together. I'm not immoderate, I'm not absurd!

*The women un-plant their feet, turn to each other, go at each other wildly.*

Stop! Stop! That's not me, that's not mine--I am not just--hunger! I have hunger, I am not a meal!

*The women are a seething mass of bodies, still in the process of climax.*

How are you still going? Do you ever stop? This isn't right, this isn't real, this isn't my experience. Stop, please stop!

(CONTINUED)

*The pile freezes. The women, without having come, fluidly untangle themselves, return to their original spots. They efficiently dress; their clothes are baggy and all-covering. The female shapes we saw a moment ago are lost, amorphous, in the cloth. The woman, in comparison, looks scantily dressed.*

Oh. All right. Well.

As I was saying.

I came seven times last night.

*The women make shocked sounds, hiss, disapprove.*

That is, I came--

*The women interrupt her with similar noises--more forceful.*

I--!

*An uproar. The women are furious, scandalized, appalled. They surround the woman, drag her center, and unclothe her. She stands, hand trying to cover herself, in the center of a semi-circle of hulking shapes.*

I am--

*The women grab her arms, her legs.*

I am--

*The women force her arms and legs wide, exposing her completely.*

I don't know what I am! I don't know, what. I. am.

*The women freeze. So does the woman. They are still.*

Please. What am I supposed to be?

*The women let go, step back. After a moment, the woman lowers her arms, closes her legs.*

Well.

*The women look at each other, shrug. One of the women picks up the woman's clothes and offers them to her.*

Thanks.

*The women turn their backs as the woman dresses.*

All set.

*The women turn back around.*

Thanks.

*The women nod their heads. All wait. Finally:*

Now what?

*Tableau. Blackout.*