

POETRY SLAM

By

Mary Steelsmith

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

1ST WOMAN - Angry over the state of her relationship with a woman named Deidre, she turns to poetry for self expression and more.

2ND WOMAN - She seems to be deeply invested in being the perfect wife and mother, willing to defend her lifestyle through simple, spoken words.

SYNOPSIS:

Paired together for a mutual poetry reading, two women compete to forward their personal agendas to each other.

POETRY SLAM

The Stage is empty. 1ST WOMAN enters, wearing black. She carries a chair and notebook. Her every movement is that of defiance-- this side of fury. She likes to add dramatic dance-like movement to her words.

2ND WOMAN enters from the opposite side of the stage, also carrying a chair and notebook. She is very pregnant, dressed in a fluffy frilly pink piece.

Both women barely acknowledge each other as they take their seats. They open their notebooks.

Each woman stands when it's her turn to speak.

1ST WOMAN

(reads)

In morning
Sunlight
Shafting Our aloneness.
Cruel disk
Orbing
A metaphor Into the skies.
No chance to hide!
Nowhere to go!
But to die In each
Other's arms
Without hesitation!
Oh. I tremble for us.
Diedre!

2ND WOMAN

(reads)

My sweet loving man
Takes me at night.
I love him so.
I am his.
He plays football with the
Son I bore him,
In the backyard.

1ST WOMAN reacts - huh?

2ND WOMAN

As I iron And bake cookies
For Him
For Them.
The men in my life.
I am fulfilled.
I am his.

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1ST WOMAN reacts as if slightly nauseous. She recovers and turns a page in her notebook.

1ST WOMAN

My eyes bleed tears
For I am Woman
Cursed with Life.
My belly and brain
Are one.
Incidents of creation Are Pain.
My whole being Bleeds
And My Cries Beat at The darkness.

She gives 2ND WOMAN a triumphant look. 2ND WOMAN reacts strongly to 1ST WOMAN'S hostility, but stands up and musters all the poise her Total Womanhood classes taught her. She turns a page and reads.

2ND WOMAN

He takes me at night.
Coming from the mountains
where he taught Our firstborn son
How to fish.
Smelling of trout,
Now in the sink,
Await their cleaning,
But,
First things first.
He bothers not to wash.

1ST WOMAN snickers into her notebook

2ND WOMAN (cont'd)

But I am his. A woman-child.
Who waits in darkness
And fingers
His class ring.
I am fulfilled.
I am
His.

2ND WOMAN glares at 1ST WOMAN as she sits down. 1ST WOMAN flips though her notebook, furiously, then abandons it.

1ST WOMAN

Cop out.
To not open yourself
To relationships
Beyond the 'norm'
And mundane...
Is an injustice to all
Womankind.
Oh.
Stupid, mindless
Cow.

1ST WOMAN (cont'd)

Await your Milking
And See Nothing
Beyond Your bull.

*She has scored points and knows it. 2ND WOMAN
Would faint if she could manage it gracefully.
Instead, she smiles bravely and reads on.*

2ND WOMAN

Little Robbie
Aims with his B-B gun
in the rumpus room,
As
I knit for tomorrow.
He plays war with pride
For our country tis of thee.
And I smile as
I clean His dear little mess,
Though swollen with twins.
Oh.
What true
Joy to be a
Real
Woman
Fulfilled to near ecstasy
From my man's lovin'.
I am his.

1ST WOMAN

Idle minds
Make
Idle thoughts.
Without Diedre
In your life
How can you
Hope to be
Your potential?
Life Is not a
Harlequin Romance.
Nor is
Suzy Homemaker in vogue.
Life is Diedre!

2ND WOMAN

The perverted
Lustful creature
Who goes against nature
For her carnal pleasures
Will die
Withered.
Alone.

1ST WOMAN

Wanna bet?

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2ND WOMAN goes nose to nose with 1ST WOMAN.
They begin to shove each other

2ND WOMAN
She won't have a man
Lovin' her up at
Night.

1ST WOMAN
Simple-minded.

2ND WOMAN
Sinful.

1ST WOMAN
Illiterate.

2ND WOMAN
Immoral.

1ST WOMAN
Baby machine.

2ND WOMAN
Old maid.

She smacks the 1ST WOMAN with her notebook.
A beat.

1ST WOMAN
Deidre!

1ST WOMAN moves to kiss 2ND WOMAN.

2ND WOMAN
Shh. Not here. Not now.

A beat

2ND WOMAN (CONTD.)
(whispers)
Your place? Next Tuesday?

Suddenly aware of the audience, 1ST WOMAN and
2ND WOMAN (Deidre) look at us. Both women
return to their chairs as...

BLACKOUT