

Dark Matters

By

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Cast of Characters

<u>Actor:</u>	Male/Female any age
<u>Nurse:</u>	Male/Female - any age
<u>Voice:</u>	needs to be of a similar age/sex to the Actor
<u>Voice 2:</u>	needs to be of a similar age/sex to the Actor

ACT I

Scene 1

At Rise: Actor is spread and duct-taped to the floor of the stage, facing the audience. (Note: They can be restrained in a chair, on a bed or however you see fit, so long as they are unable to move and the audience can see the actor's face.)

The Actor is illuminated but the rest of the stage is dark.

ACTOR

I deserve this. All of this.
(beat)

I do.

VOICE

You do.

ACTOR

I do.
(beat)

I think I've felt this way for as long as I've been able to feel. I was a glum teen...

VOICE

Glum.

ACTOR

Inclined to shy away from the house parties, the drinking down the rec, everything social, really. I mean, I was there, at school, at college, at work, but not there at the same time. Does that make sense? My body was present, but me...nah, I was sat far behind the steering wheel.

(beat)

They laughed and said it was teenage blues, but when it continued into my twenties, my thirties, they laughed less. They acknowledged less, and I was left alone to wonder "does everyone feel the same way about life that I do?"

VOICE

Do they suffer like you? No, only you suffer.

ACTOR

I wonder, everybody has a different pain threshold, could it be that everybody has a different insanity threshold, and that mine is lower than most?

VOICE

Wishful thinking.
(beat)

ACTOR

Wishful thinking on my part, probably. I think I'm just broken, inside my head, like the cogs skip now and then.

VOICE

You don't know.

ACTOR

I don't know.

VOICE 2

You'll never know.

ACTOR

I won't.

(beat)

I do know I'm tired from it all. I'm tired of feeling like the inside of my head is flooded. I'm tired of the crowded head, the racing ideas that make no sense to anything or anyone, but at their moment of inception, do so to me, only to be lost, trampled underfoot by another idea, and another, until it all becomes a noise and I can't hear myself amongst all of the voices demanding attention.

(beat)

Sometimes I believe I lost myself a long time ago.

Enter NURSE. The nurse takes a handful of tablets from a container and forces them into the actor's mouth.

Exit NURSE.

ACTOR

Numbed by years of medication Russian roulette.

VOICE

(whisper)
Hello?

ACTOR

My senses dulled, my character tethered. I used to write. I used to laugh. I used to contribute. Now, I exist. I occupy a place, and that is all.

VOICE

(whisper)
I'm still here.

VOICE 2
And me.