

Field, Nest, Stage Excerpt

By

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INTER-ACT

Work lights up. The Other with the clipboard enters. They proceed to direct the transition between sets, carried out by other Others. The transition is mostly smooth, but not quite at show efficiency, and perhaps a few times the Other with the clipboard must make corrections.

Once the transition begins the remaining Others tell the following story in dance and gesture and voice and melody; the result is a primordial chaos of mediums of communication.

There is a patch of earth. There is life in the soil. The life blooms into plants and the patch becomes a field. How does the life bloom into plants? Science and mystery. Long ago there were no humans and now there are. What do humans do? They work. Why do humans work? Because life works. When humans work the life in the soil, it blooms into plants that are named crops, or sometimes just beauty. Crops are for eating and beauty is for living. There is beauty in crops too but our hunger prevails.

There is a patch of earth. There is utility in the soil. Hands are made to make. Hands take the soil and shape it into shelter for our stomachs. Human hands hunt for the utility in everything. The earth resists us by being vast. We grow vaster. The earth resists us by being vast. We grow vaster. The earth is buried beneath our progress. Our hands and feet need never touch the earth. We remove ourselves from the earth. We remove ourselves from the earth.

There is a patch of earth. There is promise in the soil. We long for reconciliation. But we think upwards. We measure progress as a stalk from earth to sky. We fear the whither. So we blind ourselves to decay, and imagine our lives as a ray. Entropy has no care to give. Change is immutable. Some of us dare to look down. Some of us stick to the script.

The set change is complete. The Others clear, except the one with the clipboard, who does a final check. They gesture to the booth. The lights fade as the Other exits.