

## **Community Gardens**

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Directed by Blake Bolan and Chris Gregory

Under the influence of Caryl Churchill

### **Act One**

PG: Did you see that?

SP: I saw water splash.

*Daedalus enters.*

SP: I saw a boy flying!

DAE: There was no boy flying.

SP: But it had legs.

PG: I don't feel like working.

DAE: You must be tired.

SP: Yes. You have been working in the sun.

DAE: It is hot out.

PG: The sun is out. But I just started working.

SP: Where were you?

DAE: Where were you?

PG: I went for a walk down by the shore. I was working before but not then.

SP: Yes, I recall. Then I heard screaming from down the path.

PG: I was afraid.

DAE: There was nothing to be afraid of. There was only the calm waters of the sea.

SP: Walking by the sea is very calming.

PG: Yes, it was very calming.

SP: Yes, I often go to the sea to be calm. It is calming.

PG: It was not calm.

DAE: The sea is always calm. It is always calming. With such beautiful sights, sounds, and smells the sea will always be calm.

PG: The smells . . .

DAE: The smells are never wrong.

PG: Yes, you are right. The smells are never wrong. I smelt the smoldering of flesh.

SP: The smoldering of flesh . . . ?

DAE: The smells can sometimes be wrong. It must've been a wild fire far off. Many scents can travel on the winds of the waves.

PG: Do the sights ever lie?

DAE: No, the sights never lie.

PG: Yes, that must be true. I saw a huge bird, as big as a man, burning at the hands of the sun.

DAE: Your eyes must have been lying to you. There are no birds as big as men. The sights never lie. The eyes do.

SP: Do the sounds ever lie?

DAE: No. Never.

SP: That must be true. I went down the path because I heard screaming. It was not my daughter screaming though. It came from the sky.

DAE: You are growing old. Your eyes must be failing. It is not the sounds that lie. It is your ears. You are old.

SP: Yes. You are right. I am no longer as young as I once was. My ears must be failing.

DAE: You both look thirsty. Dehydration can make you delusional. You did not see, smell, or hear these things. Would you like me to get some water?

SP: Yes, I would like some water. I am feeling dehydrated.

PG: But I felt it.

SP & DAE: Felt what?

PG: It was the boiling wax like flesh from the man like a bird. It singed the skin on my cheek. Here, look.

SP: I had just reached the shore to find my daughter staring at the sky. Then she started to scream. She turned to me and I saw the burning flesh dripping down her face pulling her own flesh with it. Here, look. This is truth in this scar.

DAE: Yes. I know this to be true and that is why I have come. I have come to give you water and medicine to cure you of your delusions.

PG & SP: But we saw you fly down from the sky.

D: You know how the gods get angry. Don't be so petrified. The gods like it here in Crete. They are probably just laughing it up.

## Act Two

### 1.

*Years later at a virgin prep station. The plowman and shepherd are sitting on one side and Iapyx on the other. They are all stripping virgins.*

IA: There are plenty of layers.

SP: I think we should start with tops.

IA: Pants always win.

PG: We are starting with tops. That way it is easier to take off the undergarments.

IA: I stripped one last week that had a huge mole on her back. I almost sent her back to her family it was so repulsive. But the poor dear wouldn't stop crying and I didn't have the heart.

SP: So you show sympathy?

IA: You're new here aren't you?

PG: This is our first virgin. But we have worked around here before.

IA: Did you make food for the virgins?

SP: Yes, we made the really fancy dishes.

IA: No one ever ate those.

PG: We know.

IA: We used to get a whole day to prep our virgins before the sacrifice and then they took it down to 6 hours and now they are talking about cutting it to 3 hours.

SP: So we would get more time to prepare for the virgins?  
 IA: We would get less time to make the virgins presentable.  
 PG: Can they do that?  
 IA: You'd oppose them would you?  
 SG: We have only just started.  
 IA: You will find there are lots of secrets around this place.

## 2.

*A few hours later. They are bathing the now nude virgins.*

IA: Your turn.  
 PG: We have driven a royal chariot.  
 IA: I stay up till dawn and watch Apollo fly his flaming chariot up over the hills and across the sky.  
 SG: I think you missed a spot on your virgin.  
 IA: Im not trying anymore. I have been here too long.  
 PG: Will you leave?  
 IA: My turn. There is something strange about sacrificing these virgins.  
 SG: But this is our job.  
 IA: What if we don't deserve the virgins? What if what we are doing is wrong?  
 PG: So what is going on?  
 IA: I'll just say a certain person's fathers wife. Where does she work do you think?  
 SG: Where does she work?  
 IA: I'm not talking about it in front of the virgins. Tell me something else.  
 PG: We don't like watching the sun come up in the morning.  
 IA: I really have nothing better to do after I get back.  
 SG: Back from where?  
 IA: Where do you like?

## 3.

*A few hours later. They are now dressing the hair of the virgins.*

IA: I don't enjoy smelly virgins too much.  
 PG: We were virgins once.  
 Iapyx: Im seeing a lot more brunette virgins now.  
 SG: We have always liked brunette virgins.  
 IA: You must have not noticed when everyone hated them.  
 PG: It was probably before our time.

*Silence. They go on working.*

SG: It's just if your going on about it all the time I don't know why you don't do something about it.  
 IA: This is still your first day.  
 SG: The process is corrupt--You've told me. Were being used---You've told me.

*Silence. They go on working.*

IA: Too much hair.  
PG: There was meant to be too much.

*Silence. They go on working.*

IA: I saw you looking at the other virgins. I hope you commented how nice their hair was done up.

**4.**  
*Few hours later. They are now clothing the virgins.*

IA: Your virgin is beautiful.  
SP: You like it?  
IA: I do.  
PG: I like yours.  
IA: You don't have to say that. It's not one of my best.  
SP: No it's got - I don't know, its a fantastically presentable virgin.  
IA: I have been preparing virgins for years it seems. So Im a valued old hand. So when I go and speak to a certain person he might pay attention.  
PG: You're going to speak to him?  
IA: I have an appointment after work.  
SP: You might lose your job.  
IA: I might.  
PG: I'm impressed.  
IA: Im not so much of yellow belly  
SP: Will you mention the fathers wife?  
IA: First I'll talk about virgins. Then I'll touch in the fathers wife. I have a friend who's a maid in the castle.  
PG: Will you touch in the maid?  
IA: I might imply some things without giving the maid away. It might be better if he can't trace the maid back to me.  
SP: Though he will suspect.  
IA: However much he suspects. One thing if I lose my job.  
PG: What's that?  
IA: I'd miss the virgins.  
SP: Me too.

**5.**  
*Next day. A line of beautified glowing virgins all in a row are marched through the maze entrance. The finished products that are the virgins are all smiling and adorned in the finest of clothing, accessories and head ornaments. Done up like dolls as they are trapped in the maze surrounded by cheering people and proud parents.*

**6.**

IA: Are you pleased with your promotion?  
 PG: Oh yes. It is a great honor.  
 IA: Leading the procession is an honor few ever achieve.  
 PG: The thought of leading them with hope to their end is something i find questionable.  
 IA: There are many things here that are questionable.  
 PG: Sometimes I think it's a pity that more aren't kept.  
 IA: As precious as they have become through our sacred work they have a purpose that must be fulfilled.  
 PG: It seems sad to do away with them so young.  
 IA: No, I think that's the point of it. Everybody likes things fresh. Its like a way of life.  
 PG: Good life you mean.  
 IA: Out of the 300 virgins that I have prepared in my life only three have been rejected from the labyrinth. But that's never bothered me. You make beauty and it disappears, I love that.  
 PG: You're so...  
 IA: What?  
 PG: Your so easily manipulated... Your like everyone else.  
 IA: Well I don't think your like everyone else. Your something special.

### **Act Three**

SP: You were right to come here.  
 DAE: Yes, I thought it best to be with familiars at a time like this.  
 SP: Have you heard about the shortage of daisies?  
 DAE: Yes, I have. Have you heard of the plans to ensure more next season?  
 SP: Yes, I have. People love their gardens, and they make sure others think they're beautiful.  
 DAE: To be honest I like daisies myself. And white roses as well.  
 SP: I was outside yesterday in the bankers' garden and he had many lovely white roses. I went over to admire their beauty and smell their purity when I was stabbed in the side. White Roses are tricky with their thorns hidden under their leaves and petals. They are not to be trusted.  
 DAE: I've never been pricked by thorns before.  
 SP: Then you are doing something wrong.  
 DAE: I did have a problem with daisies once.  
 SP: Oh? And what was the problem?  
 DAE: I had a very nice garden and a very small patch of daisies. But one day after it rained they sprouted everywhere covering the rest of my garden. Daisies also need special care so I was up to my ears in pruning, feed, and such procedures.  
 SP: Well, if they were taking over why did you help them live?  
 DAE: Other people seemed to like them.  
 SP: Well, cucumbers don't really belong in a flower garden, do they?  
 DAE: I suppose not. I'll think better of it next time.  
 SP: There shouldn't be a next time. You no longer have a garden.

DAE: Oh . . . that's right. Where is your daughter?  
 SP: She is still out plowing the fields.  
 DAE: Oh yes. Hard work, especially this time of year.  
 SP: Besides, the daisies, the white roses and the water lilies have in bred so much they are now all the same.  
 DAE: But its strange, these days with the daisy shortage children's coffins seem to be in high demand.  
 SP: Yes, it's true. I blame the gladiators. If they weren't throwing their javelins around all day we wouldn't have this problem.  
 DAE: I agree. Their javelining and shot putting around has got the morticians and grapefruits screwing everything. At this rate nothing of importance will ever get done.  
 SP: You know I heard the blacksmith has been pounding and boiling metal all day to make olympic shot put balls. I even heard he is using the metal to make the gladiators swords harder, stronger, and longer.  
 DAE: When will your daughter be done plowing?  
 SP: Oh soon I hope. She does like to take her time when plowing though. Makes sure she gets it done right. She takes her plowing job very seriously. Nobody likes sloppy plowing.  
 DAE: Yes, nobody likes a sloppily plowed field.  
 SP: My daughter has far to many fields to plow, so I hired a young boy to plow my own field. Let me tell you it was the shoddiest plow job I had ever received. I couldn't get a signal seed to grow that season.  
 DAE: My my. That is a shame.

*Iapyx enters.*

DAE: Ah, my son. I knew you would come. Where have you been.  
 IA: I've been pounding a nail into a piece of wood.  
 SP: What ever was the wood for?  
 IA: A child's coffin. The kind you put in the window sill. Making coffins is not nearly as enjoyable as tending to gardens.  
 DAE: You've been traveling awhile. Are you hungry?  
 IA: I've been working up an appetite picking apples in the bakers' orchard.  
 DAE: The apples have been treating you well I hope.  
 IA: Yes but not as well as the milkmaids. They are very hard workers.  
 DAE: Yes they are. The maids and the bakers fuck extremely hard all day long.  
 IA: Oh yes, I helped the baker make wonderful pies. Her daughter is learning the art as well.  
 SP: I remember when I made delicious pieces.  
 DAE: They were rather odd. You put cinnamon in every one.  
 SP: That was my secret ingredient. Cinnamon is why everyone always got seconds.  
 IA: Did you know they've been killing babies?  
 SP: Where's that?  
 DAE: In markets. They knock over tables when nobody's looking.  
 IA: Well they aren't the melons, that's for sure. The librarian has a mind blowing melon patch.  
 DAE: But not as good as the blacksmith's cucumber patch. They grow unnaturally.

SP: Oh, you two, stop it! You're making me hungry.

IA: All I'm trying to say is that everyone has something to offer, whether it be fruit, flower, or vegetable. The mathematicians however...

DAE: What about the mathematicians?

IA: I was surprised when I first heard it too but,

SP: What is it?

IA: They work 18 hours a day.

DAE: All in those crammed up little rooms of theirs?

IA: Yes.

SP: I can't say I'm surprised. I had a mathematician friend once whose work ethic and precision was immaculate but that doesn't change my mind about the blondes.

IA: The blondes are not bad at all. They grow amazing flowers and bear fruit. I tend as many gardens as I can. Why just the other day I was offered to tend a new and beautiful garden of yellow blond. It belonged to a lovely yellow blonde. I recall it was quite hot that day. I was becoming very sweaty and tired and I almost collapsed from the heat! But the sheer beauty of her garden inspired me to drive on. She was so pleased she asked me to be her full time gardener. I felt quite honored.

*Plowoman enters.*

SP: I do not know whether to suppress or express the beauty of gardening. My kin has shown me the release that gardening has to offer with her valiant plowing of fields, her husbands sowing of the seeds, and the harvest that comes from it.

Dae: You know the people up there are starting to gain suspicion. One should be careful to not go missing for too long. Mind is ugly to all of them and its starting to show in that sneer. Here my son is before me, sowing seeds to all the gardens of the world. All I can do is transplant daisy's to my garden, and the daisy supply is running low.. This is a revolution of my own kin that I cannot be a part of because there are fewer and fewer daisy's to be found. I resent this coup d'etat to make daisy's extinct. The side of the daisies are watching for weeds. Plotting with the cat tails to infect the clear water pond. Weeds are building an alliance with the moss but where will you get your support? All the flowers, the fruits, the vegetables, the blondes, the red heads, and the brunettes have all chosen sides. Don't expect help from lawyers.

PG: I expect no help from lawyers for they lack taste and are not very pleasing at all for the senses. Besides, they grow disgusting corn ears. I was coming through the streets and passed the bakers as they locked their doors. The gladiators have stopped reproducing as well as the milk maids. There are children left for dead outside of churches. The reverends won't save them for what they came from. A shepard walked towards me but I ran away past the young girls away into the bathhouse where people of the same place were cursing and swearing. I ran through them to a place I ate three days before. There were people dead and naked on the floor. Swollen but pale. The children at the school were standing and waiting but i didn't know what for. I don't think they would even look at me. Of course, the philosophers and the midwives are concerned. I saw mothers yards away hushing and watching. I didn't look at them again. I was by myself and turned down from help. I walked out and was on the edge of the cornfield . I saw no one but the field I used to know. It was bare now. I wasn't sure where to go but the barren

land wouldn't move. Humans break. Construction breaks. Architecture breaks. To break is to release. Flesh is everywhere. Earth is everywhere. Space is everywhere. All containing each other or occupied. Dwindled names of left over fucks whisper through out the town. It evolves around choking at our wrists and hanging at our feet. Pains in my back are relief in our defeat. Babies shriveled in their wombs as mothers looked past to their toes. You're all by yourself on this day. No more bread for you. The tree has finally grown on you.