

green ghosts good god gone glow
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CHARACTERS:

Freya
 The Memory of Sam
 Mother
 The Officer
 The Mayor
 Sam

*Sam and The Memory of Sam are played by the same actor.

PLACE:

A wall. Or rather, a doorway bricked in.
 The bricks are fair, pale, stone even.
 Photos are transferred onto them.
 Pictures of sickly men and women.
 Their skin turning to a light green.

On one side of the wall, a town.
 Or what appears to be a town.
 It serves as an office, a boudoir, a sanitarium of sorts.
 No set need be changed, or if something is to be added,
 The Officer must build it. Then and there on the spot.

No prop, piece, or article is removed once it enters the space.

On the other side of the wall, a man.
 A man until there isn't one.
 Empty.

TIME:

Any.

NOTES:

Chlorosis or “virgin’s disease” was seen in young women during the 19th century.
 Characterized by a green skin tone often accompanied by lethargy, anorexia, hysteria.
 Cures included drinking steel, avoiding laziness, and an injection of sperm.
 Caused by lack of love.

*A woman enters with a bag of groceries. Head down, searching.
 She looks up to find a door bricked in front of her. She drops her groceries. Milk spills.
 She approaches the doorway. Traces it, explores it. Then tears, scratches. She screams.
 The tips of her fingers, red. She holds her eyes, red. She screams. Frantic.
 Hits her head, hard. Slumps down. Across, white spreads on the ground.*

*The wall turns. She's now on the other side. A man enters.
 A pamphlet in hand.*

MAN:

I wrote this line for you. It's meant to be sung, but I can't do that. I just can't. You know how I get.

Notices her sleeping.

MAN:

Will you sing it for me?

Gets down next to her. Tries to sing.

MAN:

I'll sing it for you. I'll come to you -

Laughs.

MAN:

I can't. I just can't. I'll come to you again. Before you with a knife, a match, a hand grenade the size of both my fists. I'll present with open hands my misery. I'll give entire. I'll stand before your closed in cage. The heart thing that rumbles. That cranes its neck to peek out at me. I'll come to you again. After the bites and bruises. I'll break down the door. To get to you. With idle hands that crease. Even then. You'd know what I'd do.

*He touches her hair.
 She wakes.*

WOMAN:

Curse you for waking me.

MAN:

I couldn't resist.

WOMAN:

I got my nails painted.

MAN:

While I was gone.

WOMAN:

Yes. Red. You like?

MAN:

Of course. Subtle.

WOMAN:

Yes. Of course.

MAN:

Sing for me.

WOMAN:

Later.

MAN:

What were you dreaming about?

WOMAN:

I'm not sure. Grocery list.

MAN:

You look a bit pale.

WOMAN:

You're slightly green.

MAN:

We need milk.

She goes to get up.

The wall turns.

Back to how she was.

This time, a bottle in her hand.

In that doorway, that has become a great wall.

WOMAN:

Seventy-three. An oak. Two tea cups. No saucers. No. Blue eyes. No. Hazel.

I was warned of this. As a child. Fishing matches. No hook. Not in the eye.

My father would take me. I'd sit on his lap. In a horse race. No. I mean. A boat.

I can see it now still.

She stands. Pretends to cast.

WOMAN:

Or feel, rather. In my hands. Almost blistering from the grip. The wood scaling at the sides. He didn't want me to stand, to fall, but I must. I must. Must and have. Freya, stand back. Hooks and eyes, Freya. When I met him, the same words echoed in the back of my mind. His hands almost blistering. Behind me. Tracing my back. Clasps unwind. Hooks and eyes. The garment fell to the floor, and I with it, by him.

She drops it all. Goes back to her stoop.

FREYA:

I was warned of this.

She screams or cries.

An officer enters.

She stands.

They stare. At odds.

She goes to spit.

Her mother enters.

Pulls aside.

MOTHER:

Morning, sir.

He tips his hat.

Smiles.

Goes to the doorway.

Checks.

Freya matches.

MOTHER:

Freya - Freya. Listen. Please. To me.

FREYA:

You know there's not a thing to hear.

MOTHER:

Of course there -

FREYA:

Not anymore.

MOTHER:

I've come to take you home.

FREYA:

No longer any.

MOTHER:

I have hope.

FREYA:

No longer.

MOTHER:

There's another side to this.

She tries to take the bottle.

FREYA:

Yes, there is. I happen to be on the wrong one.

Freya goes back to the doorway.

Squeezing between the officer's way.

They stare.

MOTHER:

Officer? A moment?

He goes to her.

OFFICER:

Your daughter seems to be quite heated.

MOTHER:

Just in shock. Of course. Her beaux -

OFFICER:

Of course, her beaux.

MOTHER:

It takes some adjustment.

OFFICER:

First day?

MOTHER:

Second. Last night. She wailed through the church bells. We could all hear her.

OFFICER:

Perhaps she has a chance of being ill as well.

MOTHER:

Oh no, no Officer. She's in perfect health.

OFFICER:

One can never be sure. She looks a bit pale. Jaundice.

MOTHER:

Just the liquor, sir. Just the liquor.

OFFICER:

She must be rid of it then, yes?

MOTHER:

Yes. I am trying. To be gentle, but firm.

OFFICER:

One can never be, m'am.

MOTHER:

Please. Don't take her in. She's a well-behaved girl, really. Just in mourning.

OFFICER:

By night, I'm sure. She'll be changed.

MOTHER:

Yes, she will.

OFFICER:

I'll make sure of it.

Mother thanks him.

He grabs the bottle from Freya.

She holds tight.

FREYA:

It was you. I saw. Who laid the first brick.

He yanks it from her.

Throws it to the street.

Shatters.

Exits.

Mother goes to her.

FREYA:

Freya, come in. There's food on the table. The bed's made. Everything's clean. Freya, come in. He says it to me. Can't you hear him? Can't you hear him too?

Mother shakes her.

MOTHER:

Please, Freya. Come back to your senses. To me. Please. Listen.

FREYA:

I am. I am all ears.

Mother leaves her.

She drinks.

On the other side, the Man sings.

FREYA:

Sam? Sam. I knew I heard you.

MEMORY OF SAM:

Shh. My dear, keep it low.

FREYA:

I was just a moment late.

MEMORY OF SAM:

It's alright.

FREYA:

I watched them. Lay the bricks. I heard you calling.

MEMORY OF SAM:

And I you.

FREYA:

He had a wagon.

The officer enters with a wagon.

FREYA:

I thought nothing of it.

The officer carries a brick and mortar.

FREYA:

And then I caught a glimpse of his hands filled with paste.
And I screamed.

She screams.

FREYA:

It was dark. Figures threw me back. And then it was over.

The officer exits.

Leaves a single brick.

FREYA:

I awoke and everyone was gone. You were. You were.

MEMORY OF SAM:

I'm here now.

FREYA:

I have tried to break down the door, but I can't find it. I have tried to displace the bricks. My hands bloodied. Nails bent. How am I to get to you this way? How am I to - to get? To get or to you? Is it to get or to you? Is it?

Mother enters with a bucket of water.

Mother dumps it on Freya.

MOTHER:

When your father died and I took a turn, much like the path you are on now.
They took me in a wagon. They took my hair, my clothes, my child. You. My child you.
It took me years to turn around. But, I did. And I took it all back. I broke out unexpected and I took.
I mean I take. I take you back.

Mother drags Freya away.

The Officer enters with a wagon.

He takes wood out and builds a desk.

It shouldn't take him very long, he's a good builder.

When he's finished.

He takes more wood out and builds a chair.