

**Those Hollow Bodies**

emma joy hill

© November 2017

Emma Joy Hill  
Storrs, CT 06268  
860.806.5485  
emmajoyhill@gmail.com

**Characters:**Ann

Female.  
 Younger than K.  
 Plays the cello.  
 Shoes untied.

K

Female.  
 Older than Ann.  
 Wears a blazer.  
 Open. Nothing underneath.

Man

Male.  
 Same age as K.  
 A thief with a Tuba.  
 Wears a yellow hat.  
 Is always eating  
 something very messy.

**Place:**On the outside:

Small flight of stairs. Chipped.  
 Entryway, without a door.  
 Just the frame.

On the inside:

A mattress.  
 Jars filled with cigarette butts and ash.  
 A collection of instrument cases  
 Covered by a bedsheet  
 To keep it (not so very well) hidden.

**Time:**

Three weeks of summer.  
 The last day should be  
 the hottest day of the year.

**Notes:**

Instruments aren't always instruments.

But, there is a tuba,  
that sits next to the Man,  
who sits in the audience,  
in a seat,  
with a very good view.

The Man loves the audience.  
He's very interactive.

K always has a cigarette.  
Except when she doesn't.  
That's big.

**prologue**

*The Man escorts the audience into the theater.  
He bustles onto the stage.*

MAN:

I've always been like this.

Since the turn of the century, boom pop bang here I am. In all my glory.  
I moved to the jungle with handfuls of suitcases and a wretched wretched case of stomach ailments. Bleh. When I got to the jungle, my eyes were wide and my tail was definitely bushy, and I started to see and I started to watch and as I watched what I saw I started to growl. A deep frustration in my groin, roaring just a little louder, just a little bit louder for the people in the back.

I have this pit.

Let me describe to you, this pit. This. Pit. This. Pool. This empty pool. This gigantic pipeline. This flat piece of paper. This stuck wheel. This stained mattress. This untied tube. This beating thumping slighting heart. This unquenchable unsatisfied undying unsatisfactory unbelievable undone and undone and ravishing -

Ravishing.

That's it.  
Ravishing.

Then full.

*Things go red.*

*Sounds of instruments.*

*Sounds of static.*

*Sounds of a Woman's No.*

*K appears behind him.*

*The Man turns to look at her. He smiles.*

*Ann appears behind her.*

*K and Ann meet.*

*The Man stops smiling.*

6

K:

This is a love story.

MAN:

This isn't a love story.

K:

About a piece of rough.

MAN:

This is a languish.

K:

Gone soft.

MAN:

This is a rot.

K:

And healed.

MAN:

Pounded.

K:

Preserved.

MAN:

Ground down.

K:

Patched up.

MAN:

A deep pain.

K:

A true love.

MAN:

Ouch.

K:

Found.

MAN:

No. No. No. This isn't the way it goes.

*K and Ann go to each other.*

*The Man stops them.*

K:

A love story.

MAN:

A rot.

K:

A Love Story.

7

MAN:

A Rot.

K:

A Love Story!

MAN:

A Rot!

K:

A LOVE.

MAN:

A ROT.

K:

A -

*The Man takes Ann.*

*Sounds of a Woman's No.*

*Sounds of static.*

*Sounds of instruments.*

*Blackout.*

8

week I

*The Man appears in the audience.*

*K appears in the doorway.*

*Ann enters. She carries a cello.*

*They watch her.*

*She stops by the steps.*

*She sets her cello down.*

*She tries to tie her shoe.*

K:

In the jungle,  
I sing myself to sleep.

ANN:

Sorry?

K:

It shouldn't be an issue.  
Not very loud, more like  
a soft hum. You won't mind.

*K offers Ann her cigarette.*

ANN:

I'm sorry. I don't smoke.

K:

Now you do.

*K hands Ann her cigarette.*

*Ann doesn't take it.*

K:

K.

ANN:

Ann.

K:

Got an E?

ANN:

Two N's. That's all.

K:

I'll take it.

ANN:

I'll have to be going.

K:

Names are very important.

ANN:

I'm sorry?

K:

Important people have names.

ANN:

Oh. Must be on my way.

K:

You're having trouble.

ANN:

I'm sorry?

K:

Your laces.

ANN:

They come un-  
done.

K:

Done.  
I can help.

ANN:

I don't think I need help.

K:

I've seen you out here before.

ANN:

I take lessons just down the street.

K:

I know. I've seen you with your cello.

ANN:

How do you know it's a cello?

K:  
I'd know a cello anywhere.

ANN:  
Do you play?

K:  
Oh yes.

ANN:  
Oh.

K:  
I've never played a cello though.

ANN:  
Never?

K:  
Never.

ANN:  
Oh.

K:  
I've always wanted to.

ANN:  
I'm very late.

K:  
Your laces.

ANN:  
Today's my last lesson before I -

K:  
You wouldn't want to trip. You -

ANN:  
I have an audience. I'm nervous I -

K:  
You wouldn't want to fall. You -

ANN:  
I wouldn't want to slip. I -

K:

I could hold it.

ANN:

Oh.

K:

So you could try again.

ANN:

I couldn't.

K:

You will.

ANN:

But, it's very delicate.

K:

But, I have lots of instruments.

ANN:

Inside there?

K:

Inside here. You could look.

ANN:

I couldn't.

K:

You will.

ANN:

I'm late.

K:

Give it to me. So you can try again.

*Ann gives it to her.*

*They touch. It's big.*

*Then Ann tries to tie her shoes.*

K:

It's very beautiful. Soft. Shiny.

ANN:

That's just the case.

K:

Inside. I can tell.

ANN:

Inside there?  
Can I look?

K:

Can I look?

ANN:

I couldn't.

K:

Can I open it?

ANN:

You shouldn't.

*K does it.*

ANN:

Please -

K:

Beautiful eyes.

ANN:

They don't have eyes.

K:

This one does.

ANN:

I never saw. Show me.

K:

You couldn't. You're late.

ANN:

Give it to me.

*Ann takes back her cello.*

ANN:

Please.

K:

I make you nervous.

ANN:

You make me late.

*Ann starts to leave.*

K:

That's not very polite.

ANN:

I'm sorry?

K:

That's not like you.

ANN:

Like me?

K:

Like -

ANN:

Look-

today's my last lesson before I have an audience and I've been practicing

I've been practicing my curtsies and my string-songs for the greater half of the century  
waiting and waiting to hear what others had to say about me at the end of the day and I'm very  
nervous and I'm very late and I'm very late to be nervous I mean nervous to be late I'm very -

K:

I could tie them for you.

ANN:

Oh.

K:

I could even teach you to tie them.

ANN:

Oh. Oh no one's ever taught me  
before.

K:

Put it down.

*Ann puts down the cello.*

*K gives Ann her cigarette.  
Ann doesn't know how to hold it.*

K:  
Between your two fingers.  
Try it.

*Ann tries it.*

ANN:  
I don't smoke.

K:  
Now you do.

*K ties Ann's shoe.*

K:  
Help.

ANN:  
Thank you.

*Ann stomps out the cigarette.  
Ann starts to go.  
Stops.  
Unties her shoe.  
Goes back.*

ANN:  
My shoe's untied again.

*K ties Ann shoe.  
Ann goes. Unties it. Returns.  
Again. Again. Again.*

K:  
Trust me.

*Ann follows K.  
The Man starts a slow clap.*

MAN:  
That was a fantastic performance! See. Sometimes it's hard for her to reel them in.  
In the past, it was hard for her to find the hook. But, that was convincing at its finest.  
Best I've ever seen it. Captivating.