

CHORUS

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a short play

that goes on forever

Characters:

MAN1

MAN2

WOMAN1

SON1

TWO MEN: Two actors that are literally joined at the hip.

MAN3

SISTER

CHORUS: As many actors as you can assemble. Can use actors who appeared previously in the play.

NOTE:

Multi-Ethnic/Generational casting encouraged.

This play should be played by a chorus of people: it is a surreal choir come to sing their song. Double, triple, or don't. Whatever suits your vision.

Feel free to make staging as stylized as you can imagine. Characters can come and go with entrances and exits however the director prefers.

Use any kind of recorded, live or sung music to enhance the world you hope to create.

And, have fun.

Lights up as MAN1 watches as MAN2 struggles to lift a barbell over his head.

MAN1 approaches MAN2, pats him on the back, and then exits.

MAN2

A man encouraged me

and it gave me the strength

He lifts the barbell over his head.

to approach a woman.

MAN2 drops the barbell.

He approaches WOMAN1. They make small talk, share a joke, and laugh.

She offers him a shovel. Before taking it, he kisses her. A passionate kiss.

He digs the earth and plants a seed.

They kiss some more.

She is very pregnant now.

WOMAN1

I loved him very much.

Her FAMILY enters. They take him away, singing all the while.

FAMILY

(Singing) No. No. No. No. No. No. No. No.

MAN2

Her family did not share her opinion.

They beat me until I existed no more.

He disappears.

WOMAN1

But not before he gave me his love.

And it grew.

And from the earth our son was born

SON1 rises from where they planted the seed.

SON1

And I grew up without a father.

But I did have a mother who loved me deeply.

WOMAN1 ascends to the heavens.

Until she, too, had to leave for a higher world.

Though I could not talk to her, I felt her watching me.

A CHORUS of MEN and WOMEN enter and surround him, writing, and humming a song in acapella.

And somewhere all over the world

men and women were writing their stories.

And their stories were becoming my story.

And I changed and became the stories

of those people who so carefully crafted

their life struggles.

So I was not alone

when I saw the two men

thrashing that man there.

He points at TWO MEN beating MAN 3. This time using physical violence, not song.

I became more than

the 142-pound weakling that I appeared to be—

I was a million people strong,

muscled with their tears, their pain, their love,
branded by their disappointments,
wiser from their failures,
and drunk from their own reckless victories.

And I stood in for that man.

He removes MAN3 from the beating, and takes it himself, the CHORUS standing behind him.

And I was bloodied and beaten but not dead.
Stronger.

And that man was not dead either.

The TWO MEN leave.

We survived.

EVERYONE

Together!

SON1

And we went our separate ways having touched each other,
become one another

SON1 exits.

MAN3

And after that man stuck his neck out for me,

I could not hold my tongue when I saw what my sister
was doing to herself.

The SISTER has in front of her a rock, a knife, and a gun.

And I shouted to her:

EVERYONE

Stop!

Put down the rock. **MAN3**

Down. **CHORUS**

The knife. **MAN3**

Down! **CHORUS**

The gun. **MAN3**

Down! **CHORUS**

MAN3
 Embrace the ache
 and let it breathe,
 don't keep it smothered,
 let it devour the air
 so it can free you.

A big gust of wind.

And so she did –
 not easily –
 but still she did.

And the pain left her, mostly,
 but enough for her
 to take the gun from her head
 and to see she was not alone.

The CHORUS surrounds SISTER.

And the next time she had a chance,
 when she had the opportunity,
 she did save the world.

SISTER

And now here we all are.

EVERYONE

Together!

Lights fade to black.

END OF PLAY