

CONCERO
A Short Play

By
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For Mikey,
she knows why

FEMALE 1 and FEMALE 2, both of indeterminate age, sit beside each other in plastic chairs. Their hair is pulled back austerely. Their clothes are all white. The set is bare. Only a pale red glow emanates from somewhere offstage.

The actors are confined to their chairs unless noted. They move their heads, but their bodies are constricted and generally face forward.

So? FEMALE 1

So. FEMALE 2

Why'd you do it? FEMALE 1

What? FEMALE 2

Don't start with me. FEMALE 1

Then be more specific. It's been months. A lot's happened... FEMALE 2

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID! FEMALE 1

(We hear a low rumble offstage. Both Females are jostled in their chairs).

Calm down. FEMALE 2

Fuck off. FEMALE 1

God, how *old* are you? FEMALE 2

Don't know. FEMALE 1

(they sit in silence for a BEAT,
starring ahead.)

So? FEMALE 1

So. FEMALE 2

Why'd you do it? FEMALE 1

I had to do something. FEMALE 2

Why? FEMALE 1

Because you wouldn't shut up. FEMALE 2

I wouldn't shut up? FEMALE 1

Going on an on about how *you* were gonna be first, how you were gonna *enter stage left*
and *wow* everyone with your *dazzling debut*. FEMALE 2

(*beat*)
Well? FEMALE 1

Well? FEMALE 2

Well I *am* more *graceful*. It only makes sense that I should... FEMALE 1

FEMALE 2

Says who?

FEMALE 1

Say the facts. Remember about a month ago, when you fell off your chair and squirmed around on the ground until I managed to pull you up?

FEMALE 2

It was bad weather. All that rumbling and churning.

FEMALE 1

You lay there for an hour before even *trying*...

FEMALE 2

Thanks for your help, by the way.

FEMALE 1

(giggles)

It was kind of hilarious, watching you flop like a dying fish. I helped you...when it stopped being funny.

FEMALE 2

You're a peach.

FEMALE 1

Just proving a point.

FEMALE 2

Well, there's something new.

FEMALE 1

What does that mean?

FEMALE 2

It means everything with you is some grand proclamation. Everything with you is you and me. You against me. I mean...do you ever consider yourself alone?

FEMALE 1

It's kind of hard.

FEMALE 2

I know what you mean.

(BEAT).

Look. FEMALE 2

Hm? FEMALE 1

I... FEMALE 2

You...? FEMALE 1

I'm... FEMALE 2

(BEAT as FEMALE 1 struggles to
Speak. She gives up and
let's out a *sigh*.)

FEMALE 1
I can't believe you! You can't even *say* the word. *You can't even say the word.*

I can too! FEMALE 2

Then do it. FEMALE 1

Ssssss....ssss. FEMALE 2

Nice. FEMALE 1

Hey *fuck* you. *Sorry*, okay. *See?* FEMALE 2

Out of context. Doesn't count. FEMALE 1

Does so. FEMALE 2

Whatever. FEMALE 1

(Silence again as they stare ahead, immobile. Time ticks away. There's nothing to do and the actors convey.)

I'm so fucking bored. FEMALE 2

It's almost over. FEMALE 1

How do you know? FEMALE 2

I'm older. FEMALE 1

No you're not. FEMALE 2

We'll see. FEMALE 1

(Another RUMBLE offstage. Lights flicker. The actors are shaken in their chairs, more ferociously this time. FEMALE 2 falls on the floor. She struggles to right herself.)

Get up...Get up! FEMALE 1

Back off, I'm *trying*. FEMALE 2

Not hard enough. Get up! FEMALE 1

(Another rumble. FEMALE 2 is thrown back again. She extends her hand to her FEMALE 1).

Please, please, just a little help. FEMALE 2

FEMALE 1

I can't help you. It's almost time.
(more pointed)
Just get up from the fucking floor.

FEMALE 2

I can't!

(FEMALE 1 takes a beat, then
reluctantly helps FEMALE 2
back to her chair.)

FEMALE 2

Thank you.

FEMALE 1

Like a beached whale.

FEMALE 2

I tried.

FEMALE 1

Lotta good that did. It's a good thing I was here.

FEMALE 2

Oh yes, thank heavens. Wherever would I be?

FEMALE 1

Flopping around like a...

FEMALE 2

Who knows. Maybe alone I could *concentrate*. I wouldn't have to listen to your *drivel*
and I could *hear myself think*.
(growing increasingly more mad)
Maybe if you weren't here, there'd be a little more room, and I could have put my foot on
the chair your fat ass is sitting on and *pulled myself up off the fucking floor!*
(beat)
But who knows where I'd be without you.

FEMALE 1

(beat)
You hate me.

FEMALE 2

No.

Resent me. FEMALE 1

Don't put words in my mouth. FEMALE 2

Why did you do it? FEMALE 1

You wouldn't shut up. FEMALE 2

It hurt. FEMALE 1

You deserved it. FEMALE 2

(childlike mocking)
You deserved it. FEMALE 1

Well someone had to kick you in the head. FEMALE 2

FEMALE 1 rubs her head.

Say it. FEMALE 1

No. FEMALE 2

Say it. FEMALE 1

I'm sorry. FEMALE 2

Yeah, well...
(beat)
me too. FEMALE 1

(The actors look at each other and hold the stare for a BEAT. A

RUMBLE offstage, but the actors hold their ground.)

It's time. FEMALE 1

Are you ready? FEMALE 2

I don't know. FEMALE 1

Will you miss it? FEMALE 2

No.
(looks around room)
I'll miss her. FEMALE 1

She'll be there. FEMALE 2

It won't be the same. FEMALE 1

(FEMALE 2 shakes her limbs, in the fashion of "warming up.")

Well, I'm ready. FEMALE 2

(smiles)
You look it. FEMALE 1

After you. FEMALE 2

Neither moves.

Well? FEMALE 2

FEMALE 1 looks at her sister and
shakes her head “no.”)

FEMALE 2

But I thought you said...

FEMALE 1

Since when do you listen to what I have to say?...Go ahead. I need a moment here alone.
(knocks FEMALE 2 lightly on the jaw)
Knock em' dead.

FEMALE 2

Well, guess I'll see ya.

FEMALE 1

I guess.

(The lights flicker and GO OUT.
We hear a voice offstage yell
“Push!” and a woman SCREAM.
When the lights come back on,
FEMALE 1 is alone on stage. We
hear a BABY cry.)

FEMALE 1

I'm right behind ya'.

FEMALE 1 looks at the audience.
And smiles.

LIGHTS OUT.

END PLAY.