<u>ORGANS</u>

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ORGANS

AT RISE: (A hospital waiting room.
                                                         A GIRL sits, arms crossed, sad.
                                                         A MAN near her, holding an ice pack to his head.)

                                         MAN:
What're you in for?

Hey – what you in for?
                                                         (She ignores him.)
I hit myself in the head with a hammer.
Not on purpose – whacking a fence, y'know? And it bounced right back, crack into me.

I call that hitting the nail on the head.

Cause I'm dumb.

That's a lie, really.
I lie to protect HER. My wife? She beats me.
This morning I forgot to flush the toilet – she whooped my ass to noon and back.

You don't laugh at nothing, huh?

                                         GIRL:
I cut my fucking wrists. Okay?
That's why I'm here.

                                         MAN:
What the hell'd ya do that for?

                                         GIRL:
Because I wanted to die. Because I hate everything, because I'm a pathetic, sad loser who
          never does anything right.
I can't even off myself without fucking up.

                                         MAN:
Hey there, kiddo. Chin up – you'll get 'em next time.
                                                         Pause.

                                         GIRL:
I hated the waiting. It didn't hurt – I mean you get used to the pain, you don't notice, you
          know? But just sitting there, counting the seconds, watching the blood come out.
          Counting heartbeats.

I've never been so aware of being alive. Feeling every heartbeat pound through the veins.
My body became aware of itself – more aware than it's ever been, every littlest
piece. I felt my pulse in my feet. So weird, they felt so – such a part of me.

                                    MAN:
Yeah, human body's a resilient thing. We really are wonderful creatures.

                                    GIRL:
Are you gonna fuck off now or what?

                                    MAN:
Every part of us has a function, you know that? Nothing is wasted – we're the perfect
        machine.
Damn! Ha!

                                    GIRL:
Except the appendix.

                                    MAN:
Huh?

                                    GIRL:
Appendices. They're worthless. They just sit and do nothing. Or they suck up all this gunk
        until they explode. Or until the doctor just cuts them out, throws it away.

That's why.
Why I did it.
I don't think . . .
I hurt people. A lot.
I wanted to cut myself out, get rid of the mess.
Like I'm an appendix.

                                    MAN:
No I think you're more like a Liver.
Get it? Liver?

                                    (She snorts.)

                                    GIRL:
You're such an idiot.

                                    MAN:
Liver!
LIVER!!!

                                    (They laugh together, hysterically.
                                    For a long time.)

GIRL:

That's like something my dad would say.
Dumb jokes – all the time.

(She laughs.
She lays her head on his lap, sobbing.)

End of Play.