

CONCORD MARROW

By

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AT RISE: (The replica of Thoreau's cabin at Walden Pond. Night. CARL and PERSEPHONE enter, making out)

PERSEPHONE:
You can bite a little – I don't mind.

CARL:
You sure there's no one out here?

PERSEPHONE:
Would it matter?

CARL:
Gimme.
Are you cold? You feel cold.

PERSEPHONE:
(PERSEPHONE waves her hand subtly before CARL's face)
Just kiss me. In here!
Is this –

CARL:
It's the fake, for tourists. The real one fell down years ago. Shut the door.
You look so pissin' hot. Thank Jesus this isn't a horror movie, huh? We'd be doing all
the wrong things. Abandoned cabin. Sex? In the woods? At night –
(RAYMOND enters, carrying a shovel. He listens at the door.)

PERSEPHONE:
Carl, if you're gonna talk, talk dirty.

CARL:
Fuh-fuh-fuh.

PERSEPHONE:
What was that?

CARL:
I'm a little squirrel. Fuh-fuh-fuh. Tsearchin phor a phlace to shtore my nutsh. Fuh-fuh.

PERSEPHONE:
Make me your nest, Mr. Squirrel. .

CARL
Fuh-fuh?

PERSEPHONE:
Hide your little nuts in me.

CARL:
You're not like other girls.
Fuh! Fuh! Fuh! Unh...
(RAYMOND enters the cabin.)

RAYMOND:
Hey Junior, clean the gutters on someone else's house.

CARL:
Who the balls are you?

RAYMOND:
Who the balls are *you*?
(CARL punches him...)
"Who the *balls*?"
(...Twice)
Please stop punching me.

CARL:
What the fark is wrong with you? Fight back!

RAYMOND:
I'm a pacifist.

CARL:
What's the shovel for?

RAYMOND:
I hunt and eat squirrels. Fuh-fuh!

PERSEPHONE:
Raymond...

CARL:
You know this douche?

PERSEPHONE:
My fiancé.

CARL:
So. *You're* the pussy.

RAYMOND:
I'm getting it annulled.

PERSEPHONE:
You can't annul an engagement.

RAYMOND:
No but I can dump you.

PERSEPHONE:
On what grounds?

RAYMOND:
On grounds you're a Slutty McSluts-a-lot.
What are you doing here, Persephone?

PERSEPHONE:
I'm doing Carl, Raymond.

RAYMOND:
Case in point.
Carl. I'm Raymond.

CARL:
You guys need a minute?

RAYMOND:
Is that all it takes you, Carl?
(CARL punches RAYMOND)
Ow! Tits!

CARL:
Are we gonna have a problem, Ray?

RAYMOND:
I asked you to call me Raymond.

CARL:
Listen –
Hey...I don't like you looking at me that way, Ray Ray.

RAYMOND:
Then get out of my house, CaCa.

CARL:
This ain't your house. It's the replica of a national treasure-

PERSEPHONE:

(again, a subtle movement of her hand)

Carl! Take a walk.

CARL:

You keep your hands inside the vehicle at all times, 'kay Ray?

(CARL exits).

RAYMOND:

What do you want?

PERSEPHONE:

Come back.

RAYMOND:

No. I don't trust anything you say.

PERSEPHONE:

You eaten yet?

RAYMOND:

Yeah.

PERSEPHONE:

You can't survive on squirrels. You need –

RAYMOND:

I know what I *need*. I told you, I'm not interested.

PERSEPHONE:

There's no shallow end with you is there? It's all deep end, always head first.

Just once. Once every three days, for a lifetime. For ever. Want me to show you?

RAYMOND:

It disgusts me, what you do to those poor –

PERSEPHONE:

There's nothing wrong with it –

RAYMOND:

Everything is wrong with it!

PERSEPHONE:

It's been three days, Raymond. The dawn's an hour away. You are out of time.

Don't throw yourself away because you're mad at me.

RAYMOND:

This was good – you pushed me off the fence. “The mass of men lead lives of –“

PERSEPHONE:

“lead lives of quiet desperation.” We’re different. *We* could be better.

RAYMOND:

There is no we.

RAYMOND:

“I came to the woods because I wanted to live deliberately, to suck out all the marrow of life and not”—

PERSEPHONE:

I did this for YOU. I’m sorry you feel betrayed, but you’ve got to get over it because it’s been THREE DAYS.

PERSEPHONE:

Live deliberately, Raymond. Alone in the woods, you copy-cat. You fucking library. You’re the cliff notes to every important book. But you have lived nothing.

RAYMOND:

“Lived?” You tell me about “Lived?!”

I am not a book. I am a man, a good man, trying to learn, to know things, to be better. So I learn from what other people think – that doesn’t mean I haven’t lived. Why didn’t you just tell me you’re –

PERSEPHONE:

Wah wah wah! OK I lied! Pout about it! You know what I am. But what are you? Quote all you want about sucking marrow but back it up with some suck.
(RAYMOND slaps her face hard.)

PERSEPHONE:

Pacifist, huh.
You riled up yet? Want me to bring Carl back in here?

RAYMOND:

Your taste is sickening, by the way.

PERSEPHONE:

Everyone has different taste. Carl!

RAYMOND:

Why are you calling him?

PERSEPHONE

You felt it, didn’t you? When he came in close? I remember that – the first time I could feel the pulse from someone’s neck, pushing waves of air across the room –

RAYMOND:
 – Aagh –

PERSEPHONE:
 – tickling my tongue – I can see you aching for it—

RAYMOND:
 --Stop! –

PERSEPHONE:
 Ha-ha! You want it.
 What. Is. *That!*

RAYMOND:
 It's a stake. From my squirrel traps.

PERSEPHONE:
 Cute. Put it down. You'll hurt yourself.
 Carl!

RAYMOND:
 I'll count three. Get out!!

PERSEPHONE:
 Can't. It's dawn.

RAYMOND:
 Then you'd better hurry.

CARL:
 Persephone, you all right in there?
 (He grabs the shovel and bangs on the door)

RAYMOND:
 Three.

PERSEPHONE:
 What are you doing!

RAYMOND:
 I'm ready, Perse. I told you. Two.

PERSEPHONE:
 Raymond – don't.

CARL:

Open this door, RayRay!

RAYMOND:

Leave or I will push this through my heart. One –

PERSEPHONE:

OKAY!

Okay – I'm going. See?

(She opens the door on CARL, looking in, shovel upraised. He charges.)

CARL:

Kee-YOW!!!

(CARL slams RAYMOND in the face with the shovel.)

Ah-ha! Hole in one bee-otch!

Persephone baby you okay?

PERSEPHONE:

What did you do?!

CARL:

I'm saving you!

(RAYMOND pops up and grabs CARL.)

RAYMOND:

RAAAGH!

CARL:

No – No!!

(RAYMOND kicks the shovel, and bites into CARL's neck, slurping blood.)

Ah! NO!!!

Ow! Ouch!

Oooh! That hurts!

Ray-Ray that hurts! Ow!

RAYMOND:

Fucking DIE!!!

Wha- Persephone? Why won't he die?

CARL:

You Sick Pacifist Fuck!

Persephone?! Holy shit, you guys are fucking vamp—

PERSEPHONE:

Quiet.

(Carl tries to keep talking but no sound comes).

RAYMOND:

Why won't he die?

PERSEPHONE:

Biting him just brings him to our side. Which I wouldn't recommend.
If you want to kill him you gotta do this.

(PERSEPHONE smashes her knee into CARL's skull and pulls out his brain).

CARL:

Not like other... fuh...fuh...

(He falls dead.)

PERSEPHONE:

Like cracking an egg.

You see Raymond it's not all about the blood. The electrics are all in here.

RAYMOND:

You eat the brain?

PERSEPHONE:

This is the book of the immortal. You taste every moment, every thought he ever lived.
Try it.

(RAYMOND eats Carl's brain. He coughs.)

What's wrong?

RAYMOND:

Ech! God, he tastes disgusting. Like...salmon and sour milk.

(RAYMOND drinks again, gargles and spits.)

People taste like that?

PERSEPHONE:

Some are better than others.

RAYMOND:

They taste different?

PERSEPHONE:

Mm-hmm. You can tell by the physique.

I knew you'd be good, but...

RAYMOND:

Huh?

PERSEPHONE:

You taste like maple syrup. Goddamn, baby, I'd put you on pancakes.

RAYMOND:

What do you taste like?

PERSEPHONE:

Later...

Look, Raymond, you can't believe that shit in the books. This isn't anything like that. And – as Carl has demonstrated – some people just need to get whacked. It doesn't have to be wrong.

RAYMOND:

You'll teach me?

PERSEPHONE:

Yeah, baby. But it's gotta be a fair.

RAYMOND:

But, I don't know anything—

PERSEPHONE:

I picked you, Ray. You gotta pick me back.
I need to be the deep end you dive into. Head first. Forever.

RAYMOND:

Hey how old are you, anyway?

PERSEPHONE:

Didn't your mama teach you nothing?

RAYMOND:

Forever.

BOTH:

Bite me.

END of Play.