

The Mayfly and the Bird Girl

by  
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*Can a Wicked Witch and a Virgin Mary be civil let alone sisters?*

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ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

The stage is dark with a single spotlight on a woman, DAWN, as she begins to light candles in a square around her. A birdcage with a small bird in it rests on the floor close by. Once all the wicks are lit, Dawn holds a single candle in the center.

DAWN

I call to the corners of the East, South, West and North to be with me here tonight. Grant release from pain and speed the soul of one who is loved into the beautiful realms of the Goddess.

Another spotlight up on MARIE, as she lights two candles on a small altar in front of her. She kneels and begins to pray. Dawn continues to chant, getting more upset with each line spoken.

DAWN

Journey on now, I will follow when I can. May you be born again at the same time and in the same place as those you knew and loved in this life. May you know them again and love them again.

MARIE

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

DAWN

So mote it be.

MARIE

Amen.

Dawn begins to sob as her spotlight goes out.

Marie crosses herself, stands and blows out the candles.

She removes the candles from the altar which can now be recognized as a coffee table in a living room that also includes a tall wardrobe closet, couch and end table. A crucifix and a picture frame hang on the wall.

Marie begins dusting but stops short when she reaches the wardrobe. She stares at it and reaches out to touch it. Before contact, Marie's husband, LUKE, enters and Marie quickly goes back to the task at hand. Luke gives his wife a kiss on the cheek.

LUKE

Living room looks great, honey.

MARIE

Thanks.

LUKE

Now if only we could get the guest room into some kind of shape.

MARIE

I know. That's next on my list. I just have to figure out what to do with all that stuff.

LUKE

Can't Hope just take it?

MARIE

She's still in Scotland or Ireland or whatever.

LUKE

I know, but she's gonna come back soon right?

MARIE

I wouldn't be surprised if she never came back.

LUKE

Oh come on, she wouldn't leave Dawn forever.

MARIE

She's a witch. Who knows what she's capable of?

LUKE

Fine, then let's just give it all to the Church.

MARIE

I can't just hand my father's belongings over to strangers.

LUKE

Sure you can, Marie. Because they're strangers less fortunate than you. That stuff does nobody any good crammed up in our little guest room.

MARIE

I can't yet. It's too soon.

LUKE

It's been a month.

MARIE

He was my father, Luke.

LUKE

I know that. But I also know he'd prefer to have his things donated at his Church. I'll be right back.

Luke exits. Marie looks back to the wardrobe and touches it lightly. After a moment, she goes back to straightening up the room.

Luke re-enters carrying a box. He pulls out of it something ridiculous like a taxidermic beaver. He holds it up. Marie begins to laugh.

Now this, for instance. This is an example of something we might want to consider getting rid of. I mean don't get me wrong, I love God's creatures as much as the next guy, but I might be willing to let Benjamin-the-Big-Stuffed-Beaver go. What do ya think?

MARIE

Hmm. It'll be tough, but I think I can agree to that.

Marie kisses Luke.

LUKE

Sorry, Benjamin. You're toast.

Marie waves farewell as Luke throws Benjamin back in the box. They kiss again. Lights out.

SCENE TWO

Dawn is sitting on a stool in front of an easel and canvas. She is dressed in traditional Gothic attire, but with the added addition of a small plastic bird in her hair.

She leans over to a small table next to her, and lights some herbal incense. A sacred display of crystals is also on the table. Hanging next to her is the birdcage. The door to the cage is wide open.

Dawn stares at the charcoal sketch, considering her next move. She reaches for one of the crystals and places it on the easel below her canvas. She pauses another moment, then adds the final touches to her piece. She looks pleased with herself.

DAWN

(To the bird)

That's her, Jack. Marie. Perfect little Marie with her perfect little husband. She probably has perfect little art all over her perfect little walls. And the wardrobe is probably just sitting there in that perfect little house, not sure what to do. It knows it doesn't belong there. Not with her. She probably keeps dish towels and doilies in it. Why do people even have doilies? My kind of people don't. My kind of people put the lamp right on the table. Let the porcelain kiss the wood. Let it just get in there and tongue dance all over. I bet that's what her place needs. A good decorative tongue dance. Ikea's worst nightmare. Probably Marie's too. And we can't have Marie unhappy, now can we, Jack? Well what about me? I'll tell you a secret, Jack. I've decided something. I've decided she can't have everything anymore. Not now. Not with this.

Dawn stands back and looks at her painting.

Hmmm, it still needs something. I know, how about I add on a few years, maybe a few unsightly pounds?

(Adjusting the sketch)

Yea, some nice saddle bag and cottage cheese thighs. Tits pointed straight to the floor. There we go. Now it's done. What do you think, Jack? You don't like it do you?

(Defeated)

Yea, me neither.

Dawn sticks her finger in the cage and strokes the little bird. Lights out.

SCENE THREE

Luke sorts through a few boxes on the floor. Marie enters carrying a guitar. From its grunge rock stickers and hand-crafted graffiti, it screams 1990's.

MARIE

Look what I found.

LUKE

Oh, yea.

MARIE

Oh yea? That's it? I haven't seen your father's guitar in years. I thought you got rid of it.

LUKE

I took it out of storage a couple of weeks ago. I've been playing it for the kids during the retreats. Helps keep them interested.

MARIE

What do you sing?

LUKE

You know, the classics. *He's Got the Whole World In His Hands*. *Jesus Loves Me* is a favorite with the little ones.

MARIE

Play it for me?

LUKE

(hesitates, tempted)

I don't think so.

MARIE

Why not? You can play for kids you hardly know and you can't play for me? Come on. You play, I sing, remember?

LUKE

That was then, Marie. I'm not that person anymore.  
(pause, smiles)

Besides, don't you like who I am now?

MARIE

Ofcourse, don't be silly.

LUKE

I'm still cute, right?

MARIE

Even without the blue hair.

LUKE

I don't know what you're talking about. Hey, is that the mailman?

Luke gets up to leave. Marie looks at her husband with mock suspicion as he exits.

Once he's gone, she turns her attention to the guitar. She throws her hair up in a quick sloppy ponytail, grabs the instrument and strums a few chords. She looks around to make sure the coast is clear.

MARIE

(singing)

Jesus loves me,  
This I know;  
For the Bible tells me so.  
Little ones to Him belong,  
They are weak but-

(breaking into rock)

I LOVE ROCK AND ROLL! PUT ANOTHER DIME IN THE JUKEBOX BABY! I  
LOVE-

Marie quickly begins to pack up the guitar and tries her best to look innocent. Luke enters slowly staring at a piece of mail.

MARIE

What is it?

LUKE

Dawn.

MARIE

What's my selfish stepsister want now?

LUKE

She's contesting the will.

MARIE

She's what? You've got to be kidding. It's the money isn't it?

Luke rummages through the pages.

LUKE

Well if it is, she'll have to fight Father Thomas for it. Oh. Well that's a relief.

MARIE

What? What's she want?

Luke points to the wardrobe.

Absolutely not.

LUKE

I thought you were going to start giving things up.

MARIE

Not this.

LUKE

It's a wardrobe closet, Marie.

MARIE

Stop! Just stop. I can't even talk about this. She can't have it.

Luke moves behind Marie, rubbing her shoulders. Her body relaxes slightly.

LUKE

Marie, calm down. We'll figure this out. Maybe there's something else she'd want instead.

MARIE

No, she only wants it because I want it. She's only doing this for spite.

Luke is staring at her hair.

What?

LUKE

Do you have to wear your hair like that?

MARIE

Like what?

LUKE

Up in a ponytail. You know I don't really like that.

MARIE

Why not?

LUKE

I don't know. It's little-boyish.

MARIE

Luke! We have a real problem here!

LUKE

Fine, fine. But did you ever even tell her you wanted it?

MARIE

What?

LUKE

(reaching for her ponytail)

Dawn. Did you ever tell her how important the wardrobe was to you?

MARIE

(pulling away)

No. I try to speak to her as little as possible.

LUKE

(reaching again)

So then how could she want it just to spite you?

MARIE

(pulling away again)

I don't know, Luke. I just know she can't have it.

LUKE

(massaging her neck)

Shh. Relax. There's no need to get all worked up.

MARIE

I know, I'm sorry. I just...ugh she makes me crazy.

LUKE

I can see that. But it'll work out. You know the Lord has a plan for everything. For everything there is a season.

Marie groans at the familiar Biblical quote. Luke repeats himself but this time he sings it to the familiar Byrds tune.

For everything,  
Turn, turn, turn;  
There is a season...

Luke jokingly grabs her hand and twirls her around the room.

Turn, turn-

He waits for Marie to finish. She does, succumbing with a smile and a twirl.

MARIE

Turn.

As she turns away from Luke he grabs the rubberband from her ponytail and Marie's hair falls around her shoulders. Luke smiles in triumph.

The song plays and the couple continues to dance as the lights go out.