

a recurring drama in one act

Lights up (fixed spot) on the figure of a woman (she could be any age between 16 and 50) in profile, standing in front of a cupboard. In the background is a sink; a bin can be half seen, to one side. Arms splayed, the woman holds the cupboard doors open wide, a hand gripping each doorknob. She is both furtive and focused.

She scans. Quietly and carefully at first, but with growing abandon, she pulls boxes and packets from the cupboard, removing lids, ripping off cellophane, tearing cardboard. With increasing feverishness she eats, shoving biscuits, crackers, crisps, cakes into her mouth, which is opened wide to accommodate the fistfuls of food. She barely chews, swallows with difficulty, stokes her mouth again. It is animal. Packaging mounds at her feet.

Eventually, suddenly, she stops. She is panting. She leans back (she has been leaning forward) and wipes her mouth. Her shoulders drop. Now careful again, she re-packs some token items: slots them into plastic trays, slides trays into boxes, sheaths them in torn cellophane. With evident discomfort she bends, gathers debris, then walks to the bin. She can be heard lifting its lid, scuffling in it, replacing the lid. She walks back into the spot, washes her hands, gently closes the cupboard doors. There. All tidy.

She turns and looks at the audience. There is utter desolation in her eyes.
Lights down. Exit.