

POTS.

by Jane Lindstrom

Written for the Plays Every Week project.

Prompt: Write a play that you think the Naturals would perform well!

CHARACTERS

LUCILLE President of the GAFF: Gardeners Against Fake Plants.

LUCY Secretary of the GAFF.

SETTING: A garden.

TIME: Early Summer.

NOTE: This was written specifically with the Natural Theatre Company's Flower Pots in mind.



Lights up on Lucille and Lucy gardening. There are pots everywhere, bags of soil, various tools, etc. Filling the entire stage are flower beds, flowers in pots, flowers in long rows and patches-- there are tons of flowers. A light bugs buzzing sound hangs over them. It's sunny.

LUCILLE

Honestly, Lucy, you'd think the GAFP meant nothing to her!

LUCY

She's a disgrace, miss.

LUCILLE

You know, I welcome her into the group. I make her feel comfortable, I show her all the best nurseries in the 1 hour radius, I even gifted her a pair of Gustov Ardellini-tini gardening gloves as a welcome gift.

LUCY

You're so generous, miss.

LUCILLE

Do you have any idea how much a pair of Gustov Ardellini-tini gardening gloves costs, Lucy?

LUCY

No, miss, I don't.

LUCILLE

Frankly, you don't want to know. Huh-haw! To think I wasted a piece of Gustov's finest on that hooty hoo /

LUCY

/ Oh, miss.

LUCILLE

Hoppin' n' hollerin'

LUCY

/ There seems to be something

LUCILLE

Half-ton hanky panky

LUCY

/ Um, growing from the....

LUCILLE

Helluva whore hillbilly.

LUCY

Miss, look!

As Lucille looks down at the dirt Lucy's staring at, an arm pops up through the earth.

LUCILLE

Oh, cheese and rice, damnit Lucy.

LUCY

Is that... Is that an arm, Miss Lucille?

Lucille jumps into action, gathering tools and fertilizer and watering cans.

LUCILLE

It's a rare invasive species. We need to nip it in the bud if we want our biennials to even stand a chance!

Under the following: Lucille waters the arm. Rakes a circle around it. Rubs some dirt on it. Massages the fingers. Paints one of the nails. Hands it a glass of wine. She tends to the arm in a variety of ongoing ways, using both the basic garden materials around her and other bizarre props that seem to appear out of thin air.

LUCY

What can I do, miss!!!

LUCILLE

Find me at least 6 kinds of lotion, stat!

LUCY

Miss!!!

LUCILLE

WHAT LUCY

LUCY

Are we killing the arm or are we tending to the arm! I'm a bit confused, miss. Oh, and will hand cream or perhaps a balm do?

LUCILLE

This isn't amateur hour Lucy! Find me LOTIONS.

LUCY

Right, miss, of course.

LUCILLE

We must tend to this arm with the urgency of a thousand suns. We must garden with the heat of hell beneath our fine behinds. This is a matter of life and death.

The arm is slowly making its way out from the soil, climbing, grabbing, digging itself out. It fights off Lucille's efforts. That wine glass? Didn't stand a chance.

LUCY

Miss, it seems to be growing.

LUCILLE

It's not growing. It's RISING.

LUCY

Rising from where, miss?!

LUCILLE

The beneath.

The arm burst forward, and suddenly an entire body is rising up from the dirt. A nearby potted plant rises, and it becomes clear that it's attached to the same creature. Lucille drops her trowel in defeat. Wipes her forehead, streaking dirt across her face. She's panting. Lucy faints onto Lucille, and Lucille shakes her awake. Finally, the creature is upright. It has a flower pot for a head. And it's dressed in a floral print suit. It carries an umbrella.

LUCILLE

Shit.

LUCY

Wha-- What is that.

LUCILLE

It's a pot.

LUCY

You mean like... A flower pot?

LUCILLE

The pots are here. It's all over now, Lucy.

The pot takes out a pair of white gloves from a pocket, and puts them on. The pot calmly walks off into the distance, slowly, and with an air of elegance about it.

LUCY (whispering)

What's it going to do now?

LUCILLE

It's going to pot all of our plants.

Very suddenly, all of the flowers and flower pots onstage start to shake.

Lights out.