

The sun and all its sighs
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Scene One.

Lights up in a dark, gray, dingy jail cell.

One tiny mattress on a metal bed frame.

A sink. A toilet.

There is a solitary window high-up and so very out of reach.

It projects a doormat size pool of light in a corner of the cell.

In another corner we see the back of a woman. She's in a chair.

Rocking back and forth and humming quietly.

The sound of footsteps. Keys rattling. She freezes.

The sound of metal clanging.

A scuffle.

Woman's voice:

Get the fuck off of me! You pig- this shit is gonna' bite you in the ass.

We see Moxie, mid-20's. Not white.

She looks like Wicker Park, personified.

Wicker Park on Halloween. A hipster, slutty, unicorn.

In a Notorious RBG shirt.

She gets tossed into the cell by the Security Guard.

Male. Mid-40's. Gruff.

Security Guard:

You better watch your mouth, Lil' Miss Thang. You better watch it reeeeeaal good.

Or you're gonna' end up like your new friend there.

Moxie sees the woman who is still just rocking back and forth.

Where is she? What is this place?

He walks towards the woman in the chair.

She's freezes.

He takes his baton and slides it slowly down her back.

He bends down to her ear and blows in it.

The woman turns her face towards his.

We see Isabel. Late 30's. Not white.

She's worn. Bruised. Strong.

Their faces so close.

She spits. In his face.

...

He smiles.

Security Guard:
I'm gonna' miss you.

He walks up to Moxie.
She's scared for the first time in her life.
For her life.
He laughs. Exits.
Sound of a lock.

Moxie:
(to guard)
Karma is real. BITCH.

The woman goes back to staring at the back wall and humming.

Moxie:
Hey. Are you okay? I mean, that was total shit- what he did.

She goes up to Isabel.

Moxie:
-Oh my God. You're, you're-

Moxie can't believe her eyes.

Moxie:
We have to get you out of here. Look at you--This can't be—

Isabel turns towards Moxie.
We see she is VERY, VERY pregnant.
Isabel is confused by Moxie's outfit.

Moxie:
It's Halloween.

Off Isabel's look.

Moxie:
How long have you been here?

Isabel:
Sssshhhhh.

Moxie:
(whispering)
But...

Isabel:
Are you pregnant?

Moxie:
No-

Isabel:
It's good if they know you're not pregnant.
They would have to explain if you got pregnant while you were in here.

Moxie:
Wait. I'm sorry. Whaaaaat?! What the fuck are you talking about?
They can't do that. This is a prison. In the US.
That's illegal. I mean, that's some Handmaid's Tale shit.
(laughs)

Isabel:
...

Moxie:
(still laughing)
Okay. Okay. I get it. This is some Halloween prank, right?
This is good. Holy shit. I almost pissed myself when he came up to you. Actually, if I'm being honest, I did. I peed a little.

Isabel:
Listen. This is not a prank. /Hey-

Moxie:

And, I mean-you look AMAAAAZING. That is a pro-makeup job. /PRO. This is some Steven Spielberg Oscar shit.

Isabel:
I know this is hard to believe. But I need /you to-

Moxie
Woo! Actually you know, you know what it reminds me of? Jordan Peele. Get Out. Like that moment where that creepy ass white woman is stirring the cup with that little spoon- and he's all tied to that chair-and, it's like, "oooooh, fuck."

The sound of footsteps.
Isabel turns away from Moxie and back to the back wall. She starts humming.
He opens the cell and walks in.
Moxie goes right up to him.
She puts her hand on him admiring his “costume.”

Moxie:
OH MY GOD! This is literally the best Halloween prank ev-

He grabs her hand and twists it behind her back.
She screams.

Moxie:
(screaming)
Hey! That really hurts. Stop! Hey! Stop!

He pulls her out of the cell and takes her away.
Silence.
Isabel goes to the bed. She rubs her belly.
Lights shift.

SCENE TWO.

Later that evening.
It's dark.
Isabel is lying down on the bed.
Cell opens.
Moxie enters.
Her costume is disheveled.
Her body weak.
She looks like she got in a serious fight
and lost.
She tries to use bits of her fluffy unicorn costume
to make a bed on the floor.

Isabel:
I'm sorry. I tried to tell you.

Moxie:
...

Isabel:
They are really rough the first time.

Moxie:
I don't understand.

Isabel:
(sees Moxie)
Yeah.
If they know there is no baby to hurt they are pretty rough.

Moxie:
...

Isabel:
So, I know it's been awhile since I've been out there but what exactly are you dressed up as?

Moxie:
An MFU.

Isabel:
MFU?

Moxie:
Have you ever heard of MFU and the Freedom Pussies?

Isabel:
I'm sorry. What did you say to me?

They laugh quietly.
It feels good.

Moxie:
It's our name.
I'm the Magical Fucking Unicorn and my band are the Freedom Pussies.
A lot of locals know us-so I didn't know, if you had heard of us. But my name-name is Moxie.
What's yours?

Isabel:
My name is Isabel.

Moxie:
Can I call you Izzie?

Isabel:
Ha. Okay. My Dad used to call me that.

Moxie:

Why are you in here? Especially if you look like you're ready to pop.

Isabel:

I drove to Florida to get an abortion. They raided the clinic. I was on the table all loopy with anesthesia.

Next thing I know there were cops everywhere. God. The poor doctors...

Moxie:

How far along were you?

Isabel:

11 weeks.

Moxie:

And they just brought you here?

Isabel:

Well, I was in the maternity ward for a little while.
But I tried to help a girl escape. So, now this is it.

Moxie:

Did she escape?

Isabel:

No. We had a good plan. This guy from the cafeteria was going to help get us out.
But somehow they caught wind of it.

Moxie:

Why was she here?

Isabel:

She got drunk at some college party. Woke up with two guys on her.
She didn't remember much. But a few months later she found out she was pregnant.
She "inquired" about options and ended up getting some Plan B from someone out of state.
But then she got called in for one of those random pelvic exams.
The rest is history.

Moxie:

Those fucking bastards. I still can't believe that law passed.
(looking at Isabel's belly)
Your poor baby.

Isabel:
I have my C-section tomorrow.
Once I have the baby I pay my sentence for attempted murder
and whatever bullshit they charge me with for helping Joan try and bust out.

Moxie:
What do you think the sentence will be?

Isabel:
Well...I'm already sentenced to death. So, they could hang me twice, I suppose.

Moxie:
That's crazy. That's not gonna' happen.

Isabel:
That's the talk that got us all here in the first place.

Silence.

Isabel:
Hey. Wanna' come sleep in the bed? I know the floor is cold.

Moxie:
...Okay.

Isabel:
But, you have to be big spoon. And I have some gnarly gas.

Moxie gets into bed.
She is the big spoon.
Once they have settled...

Moxie:
What do you think they will charge me with for passing out emmenagogues at our last show?

Isabel:
(amused)
You were passing out herbal abortion packets at your show?!

Moxie:
The Freedom Pussies were liberating some pussies.
Who knew you could get busted for passing out high grade ginger and shit?

Isabel:

Who knew that the US would be the worst of them all? At least other police states don't pretend you have freedom and rights. And once you're convicted don't even think of ever having a life out there again.

Silence.

Isabel:

Sometimes I just pray this baby will die. This is not a world I want her to know. But sometimes she is the only thing that gives me hope, you know?

Moxie:

Yeah, I think I do know. But then I think, will they beat the courage out of our children the way they just beat it out of me tonight?

Isabel:

Did he? Beat it all out of you? There's no shame in that. People out there don't know what it's like to really be in the fight. They just want to play at it until they see that they will actually get hurt. You have fought. Be proud.

Moxie:

Look, Isabel. Say I get out and I want to keep fighting. But how many of me would it really take? To win.

Isabel:

I don't know. But I do know there is only one way to find out.

(laughs)

Look at us. 2 ½ women trying to start a revolution.

Moxie:

Hey, let's get some sleep. You got a big day tomorrow, Mama.

Silence.

A very long fart.

Both women giggle.

Moxie holds Isabel tight.

SCENE THREE

The next morning.

The tiny window bleeds in a small rectangle of light onto the ground again.

Isabel is up in the chair humming.

She stares up at the light.
Moxie wakes.

Moxie:
Hey...good morning. You ready for the big day?

Isabel:
I guess.

Moxie:
What are you humming?

Isabel:
If you can't sleep by She and Him.

Moxie:
I used to listen to them all the time. That's a pretty song.
It makes a perfect lullaby.

Isabel:
...

Moxie:
Well, I can't wait to meet your baby and hear you sing it to them in person.

Isabel:
You know that is not going to happen.

Moxie:
...

Isabel:
But, hey- I asked them to give you my last meal. So you better savor it. BITCH.

Moxie doesn't know what to say.
They both stare at the light.
Isabel looks up.
And Moxie follows the ray of light to
the small spot of sun on the ground.
They sit in silence.

Moxie:
Have you ever been to Venice?
(off Isabel's look)

There is a bridge called the Bridge of Sighs.
It's beautiful. I kept staring at it for like an hour when I was there.
It was mesmerizing. The limestone. It's delicate architecture. The water below. The I finally
asked a stranger what it was.
And they told me it's where prisoners would walk through on their way to imprisonment.
There were two little windows and it was their last view of Venice.
They call it the Bridge of Sighs because people could hear a prisoner's last exhale as they passed
through.
Their last bit of sunlight falling upon their skin. The last time they would ever see the world as
they knew it.

Footsteps.
Keys clanging down the hall.
The women look at each other.
They walk towards the pool of light.
The sun hits their faces.
Isabel hasn't felt this in so long.
Moxie looks like she's getting ready to go to war.
They hold hands. Inhale.
Lights out.
The sound of their exhale.
The cell opens.

End of Play