

## SETTING

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A shifting landscape and evolving interiors anywhere on Earth.

TIME

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The present moment.

## SYNOPSIS

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*Non-Sequitur* concerns a large group of abstract/conceptual characters and objects carrying on apparently unrelated conversations and making various observations about the larger world. Their movements and commentary represent an intuited understanding of reality—one that often does not reveal itself in public, out loud, or even to the conscious self—mimicking the chaos of everyday existence. As a subtext, the play explores the relationship between body and text/speech, how the body mediates thought, feeling and perception, enacting unconscious drives and performing/interacting with stereotypes in absurd, unexpected ways.

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## CHARACTERS

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*Loose Note: A maximum of ten players play multiple roles. Race, age, gender and other appearance markers may vary with individual productions at the discretion of director and playwright, and according to resources.*

THE ONLINE PAYMENTS  
THE BLONDE INSTITUTION  
THE BROWN VAGINA  
THE FONDLED HAIR

THE GHOST OF AUDUBON  
THE OUTRAGED EXAGGERATOR  
THE EXULTANT EXOTIFIER  
THE HABITUAL JUSTIFIER

THE CHAKRA BALANCER  
THE JESUS FREAKER  
THE BREAST CUPPER

THE DIRTY RAG  
THE CHARLIE HORSE OPTIMIST  
THE HOPED-FOR AFTERMATH  
THE ABJECT COMMUNIONIST  
THE HALF-OPEN WINDOW

THE MILD EX-PRISONER  
THE KILLED ROACH  
THE SHRINKING ELITIST

THE MATHEMATICIAN  
THE SHIT TALKER  
THE ROCK KICKER  
THE VOICE OF MALCOLM X

THE READYMADE BRIDE  
THE 40% DISCOUNT  
THE PREHEATED OVEN

THE WEEKEND YOGA CLASS  
THE 15-MINUTE MEDITATION  
THE MISSED SLEEP

THE CHRONIC ACCOMPANIER  
THE BUDDING WIFE  
THE MORNING STUBBLE  
THE HAND-ME-DOWN PINKING SHEARS

THE CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK  
THE EVENT CALENDAR  
THE BENT BUSINESS CARD  
THE LOST SKETCHBOOK

THE FRAZZLED EVALUATOR  
THE MISSPELLED WORDS  
THE SIX-MONTH WAIT FOR AN APPOINTMENT

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## PROLOGUE

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*(A drummer downstage center playing random rhythms on a djembe, a shirtless white man playing the flute, a ballet dancer in a pink tutu, or a woman on her knees scrubbing the floor.)*

### ACT I: The Setup

#### SCENE 1

*(PLAYERS enter from the left and line up, evenly spaced, downstage center. Each player is engulfed in a spotlight.)*

#### THE BROWN VAGINA

I am still not female.

#### THE BLONDE INSTITUTION

I can never be invisible.

#### THE ONLINE PAYMENTS

Your payment was rejected.

#### THE FONDLED HAIR

No.

#### THE WHITE APPROPRIATION *(moves slightly into shadow)*

#### THE BROWN VAGINA

I am an animal to you.

#### THE BLONDE INSTITUTION

I can sense your violent thoughts.

#### THE ONLINE PAYMENTS

Your payment is past due.

THE FONDLED HAIR (*laughing*)

No.

THE WHITE APPROPRIATION (*takes a little black notebook from his pocket and begins to write*)

THE BROWN VAGINA

I am bleeding tonight.

THE BLONDE INSTITUTION

I feel afraid that something will happen to me.

THE ONLINE PAYMENTS

Your payment was not input correctly.

THE FONDLED HAIR

My mother said you can touch her hair.

THE WHITE APPROPRIATION (*begins counting on fingers*)

THE BROWN VAGINA

I am still giving birth.

THE BLONDE INSTITUTION

I should have dyed my hair.

THE ONLINE PAYMENTS

Your payment was less than the minimum.

THE FONDLED HAIR

No, really. She did!

THE WHITE APPROPRIATION (*licks fingers, touches self*)

*(The other PLAYERS stand and look at audience while he does that for a few moments. Then lights go out, PLAYERS exeunt.)*



## SCENE 2

*(Four spotlights come on. PLAYERS enter downstage right and line up evenly upstage. THE OUTRAGED EXAGGERATOR holds a white plate.)*

THE GHOST OF AUDUBON *(pulls a dirt-encrusted worm from a brown paper bag, places on OUTRAGED EXAGGERATOR's plate)*

How about a nice fat worm?

THE OUTRAGED EXAGGERATOR

Yecchhh!!! Who ordered this? I didn't ask for this shit.

THE EXULTANT EXOTIFIER

Oh, just LOOK at her hair ...

THE HABITUAL JUSTIFIER

Why can't we all just get along?

THE GHOST OF AUDUBON *(looks at OUTRAGED with pride)*

Your feathers are particularly iridescent this morning.

THE OUTRAGED EXAGGERATOR *(smashes plate on the ground)*

That waiter ain't gettin' no muthafuckin' tip from me!

THE HABITUAL JUSTIFIER

Don't you know the subtext for everything is Harry Potter?

THE EXULTANT EXOTIFIER *(reaches out, longingly, toward imagined subject)*

Oh, her hair is AMAZING, I just HAVE to touch it!

## THE GHOST OF AUDUBON

Would you like a cracker?

*(Lights go out and PLAYERS exeunt, except GHOST OF AUDUBON—lights fade as he holds out his hand.)*