

The Pack

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For Wonder Fools as part of Positive Stories for Negative Times



Solitude is the profoundest fact of the human condition. Man is the only being who knows he is alone, and the only one who seeks out another.

Octavio Paz

Loneliness is a sign you are in desperate need of yourself.

Rupi Kaur

Writers Note

This is a play for two or two hundred performers, and everything in-between.

The lines can be divided as the production sees fit as long as different performers take alternate lines, denoted by the dash (-).

A forward slash (/) means the next performer interrupts the line before.

For ease and clarity, the animal in the script is referred to as singular but it can be performed by multiple voices or performers or maybe a different number of people at different moments.

This play reads like one long moment but let it build, pause and have breath. Almost like a wave, rushing into shore then slowly retreating, with each wave building until it reaches land.

There are few stage directions, imagine it as you wish.

- Scratching.
- Scurrying.
- Sniffing.
- Scratching.
- Scurrying.
- Something behind me.
- One foot, then another.
- One foot, then another.
- The rustle of something not far away.
- Scratching.
- Scurrying
- Sniffing.
- Scratching
- Scurrying.
- Something behind me.
- One foot, then another.
- One foot, then another.
- The rustle of something not far away.
- Stop.
- Turn around to nothing.
- There is nothing behind me, next to me, near me.
- Nothing.
- A branch snaps.

- And my heart jumps into my throat and before I know it - it's one foot, then another. Quicker now. One foot, then the other. Quicker now. The sound of breathing. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. Quicker now. Quicker and quicker again. Inhale. Exhale. All I can hear is my breath. All I can see is darkness. Trusting my feet. Trusting my breath. Quicker now. Trusting my body to throw its self-forwards. Towards the darkness, the nothingness. Trusting my body to move.
- Keep breathing.
- Keep breathing.
- Keep breathing.
- My heart is exploding in my chest.
- Boom.
- Boom.
- Boom.
- My heart is exploding in my chest.
- Boom.
- Boom.
- Boom.
- Until I...
- Until I...
- I can't.
- Until I can't.
- I can't do it anymore.
- My heart.
- My throat.

- My body exhausted.
- I can't move anymore. Try to catch my...
- Inhale. Exhale.
- Try to catch my...
- Something was there.
- Inhale. Exhale.
- But now it's not.
- My heartbeat in my ears.
- Inhale. Exhale.
- All I can hear is my heartbeat in my ears.
- Ba-Boom.
- Ba-Boom.
- Ba-Boom.
- My palms. Sweaty and sticky. Wet with worry. I don't know how I got here; I don't know how I'm going to get out. My heartbeat in my ears. My stomach in my throat. Nothing is where it should be. And I don't know how I got here.
- Nothing is where it should be.
- Breath.
- Just breath.
- I've lost my phone. My diary was discarded days ago. There are no maps for places like this.
- Stomach growls.
- Skin twitches and itches.
- Somehow both still and shaking.

- Somehow totally lost.
- Somehow utterly alone.
- But if I could just get to where I am going too. I'll be okay. If I could just get there. If I could just...

The performer notices the sound of someone or something breathing.

- What was...
- What was that?
- Who's there?

The breathing gets louder and fills the space. It is unsettling. We cannot see the animal; we don't know how close it is or if it will kill or comfort.

- What's that?
- Who's there?
- What's that?
- You okay?
- I just...
- You had the TV blaring.
- Oh, sorry. I just wanted to make sure I didn't miss anything important... I'll turn it down. Sorry.
- It's okay. You want anything from the kitchen?
- No. I'm okay. Thanks. What you up to?
- Just sorting out my room.
- Cool.
- Was I being noisy?
- No, not at all. Can barely hear you.