

Play commissioned by Caroline Russell-King - #WrightRightNow

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These aren't kosher

By Mar Gómez Glez

On the eleventh moon of Jupiter from EGS-T45 Galaxy, 13 million years from Earth.

This moon is really small.

A middle age woman is surrounded by pickle jars and cucumbers. She has a pickle on her hand. She is persecuting her cat, who doesn't want to eat it.

WOMAN

*(Tired of running after her cat)*. You'll come to me asking for it. I know you'll come. Do you think you are too good for them? Do you prefer a cucumber? I'll give you a cucumber if you come back... You know I don't like to eat them raw. I don't know why, I guess raw cucumbers are too aggressive for me. But you are an animal after all. I think pickles are way more sophisticated. We have to remember Earth, and civilization. If we don't, who will? I could let myself go with the raw cucumbers, for sure, there are certainly harder. Look at the shape of this one. It's kind of perfect. Isn't it? *(Cat meows)* Not for you! I am talking about me! If we just had some privacy in this moon! Ok, ok, I won't do it. I'll wait until you are sleep... *(Cat meows again)*. No one will come till Saturday! You know that. I can be very discreet. *(Cat meows a third time)*. Relax. For God sake, you are worst than my ex. I should have gotten a dog. Cats are to prude for me. Do you hear me?! Where the hell are you anyway? I need to find you a mate. I am going to trade these three jars for a beautiful cat, maybe a tiger. You'll be better with a tiger. Trust me on this. But I want to get you a real one, not one of those cheap robots. I cannot believe we had been able to conquer thirteen galaxies and we are still not able to find a good substitute for the skin, or the fur. Those latex base products always gave me allergies. *(Cat meows)*. No, not you, silly cat. You are a special edition. They took your three hairs for the taxidermy museum of New Paris, in Solaris. Yes, there are only four of you in the whole galaxy. I sold the fat of my ass for you. Real human fat... *(Silence)*. Well, this is a beautiful cucumber no doubt of that. *(She leaves the cucumber and goes back to her pickle)*. Are you sure you wont eat your pickle? *(She shakes the pickle)* To be truly honest, this is actually how I remember it... *(She eats the pickle)*.

Lights

