

The Metamorfece by Dan Rosensweet

Characters:

Gary

Gerde

Mutter

Vater

Boss (Lütz)

Setting: Germany. Early 1900's. The mood is depressing.

Note: All of the characters should have thick German accents, but not good German accents. The sort of accent someone might use to make fun of really anal German people. The sort of accent that makes you think that the person doing it really doesn't care how German people feel about it... Also this should all be done pretty melodramatically and over-the-top. Please.

Scene 1

Gary's room.

Sad violin music plays.

A dreary bedroom. Gray and brown. It's depressing. It's German.

A young man, GARY, sleeps in his bed.

A knock at the door.

Another.

And another.

Gary stirs.

Another knock.

GARY

What!?! What? What is so important that I should be waken from my sleeping?

Gary's VATER and MUTTER enter cautiously.

VATER

Yah, Gary, your mutter and I were just wondering if perhaps you would attend work today?

MUTTER

Yah, because we are becoming very poor and we were hoping that you might go to work.

GARY

I don't want to! I am having an existential crisis!

VATER

I don't know what that means...
Is it a phase?

MUTTER
Are you sick?

GARY
YAH!!! I am sick. I am the sickest a person can be... I am sick of this thing we call "life". What is life? What is my purpose in life?

Beat.

VATER
Is it perhaps to work because that would be vunderbar.

GARY
Nine, Vater, I do not think it is.

MUTTER
Why not?

GARY
Because work makes me sad... If there is a God, why would he want for me to be sad? And if there isn't, I don't want for me to be sad. So, that is that. No work for me.

VATER
But, my son! We will starve!

GARY
Perhaps that is the point. Of life.

MUTTER
But why can't the point be to not starve?

GARY
Because, MUTTER, we are all but tiny ants crawling beneath the great reading glass of existence! We have no say except our own. If not starving means working, I would rather starve and not work!
If you two are so interested in paying for things, why then do you not work?

VATER
We are old and frail.

GARY

This is what your precious God has given you!?

MUTTER

We rented out our rooms but we have not had a tenant in over a month,
Gary! Germany is not uber right now!

GARY

Perhaps Germany is having a crisis like mine... I am Germany.

MUTTER

Please, my son! You must work! If not for us then for your sister, Gerde! We
are so poor she just plays sad songs all day on her violin and says nothing!

VATER

If we do not have any way of having money... I will sell the violin. And feel
nothing about it.

GARY

Music is more important than money or food! Do you not understand! It is
from struggle that we get the best ideas in our minds!

(to self)

That is a very insightful thing I just said. I should write that down.

MUTTER

But why should we only have struggle? Why can we not have happiness?

GARY

Because I will not be happy... I will never be happy.

VATER

So... if you will never be happy perhaps you can just not be happy at work?

GARY

No! That is too not-happy! I like this not-happy! Now SHUT UP, both of
you! I'm trying to think of more profound things for my book!

MUTTER

Book!?! We have no paper! And you cannot write! You are a factory worker!

GARY

It is all in my head. And one day people will hear my story... And it's not that I CAN'T write! I just do not feel like writing it. It makes my wrists hurt.

Beat.

Mutter begins to cry.

VATER

You have made your own mutter cry! I hope you are happy!

GARY

Your hopes are wasted on me for I am NEVER happy!

VATER

Ah, but do you know what you ARE?

Beat.

VATER

You, my son, are a PIECE OF SHIT!!!