

PORTRAIT OF AN A.
Prologue

At rise: Footsteps and shadowy movement upstage. The lights come up downstage on ARTIST who paces in the traditional comedy of an expectant father. On a moan, HE slows and grimaces then is overcome by a full body paroxysm to the accompanying wails of a woman in the throes of childbirth. After one or two incidents of pacing/ paroxysm a silence.

ARTIST

Mama, am I born? (silence) I am beat to shit! (to Audience) *I am born!* (to “Mama”) What’s my name?

ESTHER’S VOICE

No! Aaaaaaaaah!

ARTIST (spazzes, then in the silence)

Noah?

ESTHER’S VOICE

Stupido!

(another wail from ESTHER, ARTIST spazzes)

ARTIST (mops brow with bandana)

Since this is not my birth day, I will leave and let you rest.

ESTHER’S VOICE (laughs)

Rest. . . . How like a boy – boys don’t want to be born they say! Want to stay in Mama’s warm belly. Their entire lives! Hey- you – Fella, whoever you are - don’t do anything stupid!

ARTIST

Stupid? Me? . . . Like what?

ESTHER’S VOICE

I dunno - like buy the Brooklyn Bridge? . . . Hey, you be sure to come back. I don’t know how much of this I can take before Twilight.

ARTIST

I’ll come back this evening. I would like to be born exactly at the stroke of midnight. It’s so romantic.

ESTHER’S VOICE

You and Don Quixote – no, ignoramus, Twilight is the knock *out* for being knocked *up*.