

# **HUMIN**

# **MEAT**

# **GLASS**

**D.Q. Pham**

## Logline

A hummingbird has had enough of stamens and now eyes the pistil.

Character	Gender	Race/Ethnicity
<u>HUMMINGBIRD</u> The hummingbird that is treated like humin.	Female	Black
<u>BREEZE</u> The oppressive current.	Any	(White Voice)

## Attire & Cosmetics

Performer portraying HUMIN: Become one with the hummingbird.

## Set Requirement

- Flower (preferably: on a support)
- Glasslike Wall / Beams; onus on performer and board operator
- \*Offstage: Fake Flowers

## Development



On the third of September, I discussed errors with a physicist in the Molecular Plant Sciences Building. A hummingbird impacted our window immediately. A lab bag securely trekked him/her through the windy rain. The vets were unkind to what they called a common "irrelevant" creature, too small for the Small Animal Clinic. Rather than a strongly worded email to fellow STEM folks, I wrote a carbon-based flowery and soiled account for the Humanities. *Humin Meat Glass.*



SCENE

*[Garden-Homestead]*

*[A flower and a glasslike wall face each other.]*

*(HUMIN lies between the flower and the glass wall.  
HUMIN checks if the coast is clear. HUMIN stands up.  
HUMIN cautiously hops and zigzags towards the flower.)*

*(Absent, BREEZE powerfully blows.)*

*(HUMIN gets blown into the glass wall.)*

**HUMIN**

BREEZE.

**BREEZE**

Humin...

**HUMIN**

I get the stigma...

*(HUMIN points to the flower.)*

**BREEZE**

*(BREEZE chuckles.)*

Why go after that when you already have it?

**HUMIN**

I do not seek anthers!



*(HUMIN hops and zigzags towards the flower.)*

*(BREEZE blows.)*

*(HUMIN gets blown back into the glass wall.)*

**BREEZE**

Such a shame. I cannot have you reach for the pistil.

**HUMIN**

I cannot bare the *pollen*!

**BREEZE**

Is a *filament* letting in any power for that bulb in your head?

**HUMIN**

My dark thoughts *stem* from a life cycle of you blowing me off.

**BREEZE**

Ovary-ching... I am only a bother for a few years.

**HUMIN**

And every generation that soared before me.

**BREEZE**

*(BREEZE feels sentimental.)*

They were much more humin than you.



**HUMIN**

*(HUMIN heavily takes a step.)*

You *wind* them down.

**BREEZE**

And darker... That would soil your imagination. Bear in mind. I am beyond just that, *for you*. No other animal sees that.

**HUMIN**

*(HUMIN loudly pleas all around.)*

I am trapped!...

**BREEZE**

Only the unnatural feels that way.

**HUMIN**

Not by my own system!...

**BREEZE**

Visiting *Peduncle* matters?

**HUMIN**

But the surrounding weather!

**BREEZE**

Nothing believes in such a thing as a breeze. You are the one who is tampering with the glass.

*(BREEZE horribly musically blows.)*



*(HUMIN uncontrollably rubs against the glass wall.)*

Flattening you does not sound good, but what could only be seen...  
The visuals are fair.

**HUMIN**

*(HUMIN freely waves her hand.)*

What can be only of the colourless.

**BREEZE**

I reflect on the light of day while you internalize.

**HUMIN**

Blow me. You can't take the heat!

**BREEZE**

*(BREEZE conceitedly puffs.)*

Nothing wrong with that. It is as natural as what this life  
takes in to provide food.

**HUMIN**

I need its energy!

*(HUMIN hops and zigzags towards the flower.)*

*(BREEZE quickly blows.)*

*(HUMIN gets blown back into the glass wall. HUMIN  
chokes. HUMIN holds her neck.)*

Nectar is universal any day...



**BREEZE**

But you will see it my way...

*(HUMIN drops. HUMIN windily pulls herself together.)*

Your *bill*. You take it all in, but you should drop all the excess out. It is the receptacle of life. Not ovule.

**HUMIN**

*Quit egging me on.*

**BREEZE**

You are a hummingbird! BE one!

**HUMIN**

*Straightforward...*

**BREEZE**

*(BREEZE feels impressed.)*

*Stamen.*

**HUMIN**

I could bee!

**BREEZE**

*Peddling lies ever so?...*

**HUMIN**

No more jumping to conclusions.



*(HUMIN buzzingly rages.)*

I am going out with style!

*(HUMIN heads straight to the flower. HUMIN points the pistil to the breeze.)*

**BREEZE**

*(BREEZE fearfully inhales.)*

After a change of climate... I was afraid this would happen... You now are going to pollen this on me?!

**HUMIN**

No... I am going with the flow.

*(HUMIN tosses the flower into the glass wall.)*

*[The glass wall audibly shatters.]*

*(HUMIN heads past the glass and out. HUMIN tenderly returns with fake pluralistic flowers.)*

**BREEZE**

Those are falsehoods!

*(BREEZE exhales.)*

*(HUMIN flowingly dances away.)*

Humins... Going with the wind...

*[Blowout the lights.]*

