

Speak, write, find my heart.

Jay Sharpe - 2670457S

CHARACTERS

PARKER is a pansexual nonbinary person.

SORIN is a homosexual transgender man.

ISABELLE is a lesbian cisgender woman.

STEVIE is a bisexual demi-girl.

QUILL is a queer nonbinary person.

NOTES ON THE PLAY

'...' indicates a trailing of, interruption or pause.

The characters must be cast with actors of the same gender identity.

The asides are made up of poetry written by PARKER.

NOTES FROM THE AUTHOR

Directors are encouraged to experiment with performance style and format of the play text. Combine it with other queer texts, randomise scene order, add in more characters or autobiography, go crazy! This piece is intended to be integrated into the cultural collage of queer performance.

The poetic asides after scene [dark room] are intended to show how PARKER is exploring their gender identity and sense of self using non-human related imagery. Director's are encouraged to play with the imagery on stage, but Parker, and any nonbinary characters must remain human in shape, behaviour and appearance. The imagery is based on PARKER's internal sense of self, not external expression.

All visual depictions of characters are encouraged to be non-stereotypical and to allow for creative freedom or personal input from the actor if they so desire.

SCENE ONE

Aside.

Digging.

Choking.

Searching.

I shove the earth away and crawl towards something.

My hand touches something new.

Tough. Hard like words in stone. Not unlike rock.

The sweat leaves a smear.

I encompass myself in it and I feel cocooned.

I sleep at last.

When the unseen sun rises I squirm.

My legs yearn to kick.

My arms yearn to reach.

My eyes yearn to gaze on the light.

But I am warm.

The outside is dark.

The skin of my palms is delicate and new.

Outside.

PARKER

This house big, fuck.

It's a mess.

Where do I start?

I've never even put up a shelf before. Where am I going to sleep?

Trust me to take on two projects at once. At least one only requires a pen and paper.

That's what I get for being nonbinary and impulsive, I guess.

I guess it's good it's big.

At least it'll fit everyone. And more! Maybe we'll even have kids running around those hallways and a garden full of plants and vegetables and a sun roof to let the light in and each room is decorated

perfectly to each resident and we can all sit around the table chatting shit eating popcorn watching some trashy horror movie.

I can make that happen.

I know I can.

I will. I have to.

Isabelle will want that garden.

Stevie will want a study.

Sorin would kill me if I don't get a gas stove.

I love my family.

Not the biological one, no.

This will be our home.

We'll have "Live, laugh, love" on the wall and everything.

But whatever the queer version of it is.

"Liberate, postulate, masturbate."

I'll work on it.

SCENE TWO

The next morning.

Outside.

A car pulls up.

PARKER

They're early.

SORIN

Come on, Isa!

ISABELLE

We're not all as spry as you.

SORIN

Hey Park! Tell her.

PARKER

Take all the time you need Isa!

ISABELLE

You could learn from them, Sorin.

SORIN

This house reminds me of you when we first met.

PARKER

Oh yeah?

SORIN

Very endearing, a little broken and very messy.

PARKER

So you now then?

SORIN

It's good to see you.

ISABELLE

Nice score. You don't make things easy for yourself.

PARKER

I didn't want to.

Tour?

SORIN

Why do you think we're here for?

ISABELLE

Lead the way my liege.

Inside.

SORIN

You got somewhere to sleep?

PARKER

Not properly yet.

SORIN

You not still sleeping on sofas? You want mine again? We got new pillows.

PARKER

That is behind me, I'm a changed person. I ain't no charity case anymore.

Also, bedroom seems like a final stage thing.

Doors feel right to be first to fix up. Why have a house if you can't get in nicely?

ISABELLE

You got a working bathroom?

PARKER

I have a sink.

SORIN

And you want to fix the door first?

PARKER

I bought this house. My rules.

SORIN

I'm fixing the shower for you first.

PARKER

If you must.

ISABELLE

I might have a cousin getting rid of a bed frame soon.

It's yours.

PARKER

Alright.

SORIN

When are we getting started?

PARKER

Got a handyman coming tomorrow to check out the place, outline issues and not just mine. I need all the help I can get.

ISABELLE

I know some more people who can help.

PARKER

Just keep it in the family for now unless they're getting paid.

ISABELLE

Oh, I know. Only the best for the off shoots.

Only us core few get to see the mess in all its ... splendour.

SORIN

Seriously though. I'm gonna be here every weekend carving and ploughing and painting and varnishing and ... this place is more busted than my first time in drag.

I'm going to paint my name in glue in every wall. Ain't no one going to second guess my existence.

PARKER

How dare they if they do!

SORIN

Those walls going?

PARKER

They're just dry wall with no structural importance. I really want to ...

SORIN

Question my existence now!

Sorin crashes through a weak plaster wall.

ISABELLE

Rin! The dust!

PARKER

It's one less job for me.

ISABELLE

Don't hurt yourself!

PARKER

He'll entertain himself.

SORIN

(far-off) Crash! Crash! Crash! Down with the old! Ha-ha! Bang!

ISABELLE

Anyway.

You seem uneasy.

PARKER

Did you know I've never even put up a shelf before?

ISABELLE

You'll make this a home.

PARKER

I need to.

ISABELLE

I'm not that much help with infrastructure stuff. But I will gladly take the title of Miss Interiors when the time comes.

PARKER

Cheers, Isa.

Maybe I should do the doors last.

ISABELLE

Can I see the upstairs?

PARKER

Careful. They're a bit unsteady.

Upstairs.

PARKER

Three bedrooms. Bathroom. Shitty hallway. And mystery room.

ISABELLE

Murder mystery?

ISABELLE opens the door to the dark room.

PARKER

Unfortunately not.

It doesn't seem to have many windows and is super dark and dusty. I haven't gone beyond the doorway.

ISABELLE

There might be something exciting deeper inside.

Round that corner.

Can I go have a look?

PARKER

Can you not?

I want to be the first inside. It is my house. Sorry.

ISABELLE

Why are you apologising?

It's just a room, I'll live.

Why can't you go in again?

PARKER

I hate to admit it Isa. I've been meaning to tell you for so long.

I'm a complete pussy. Oh!

ISABELLE

You big baby. Drama queen!

PARKER

Do you still love me?

ISABELLE

Oh baby! Come here.

PARKER

I love you too.

ISABELLE

Get it out, get it out.

PARKER

Oh I needed that.

In other news, how's the wife?

ISABELLE

Good. Nothing exciting.

Well ... there is one thing ...

PARKER

Oh please tell, I'm dying with antici...pation.

ISABELLE

We're currently trying for a baby!

PARKER

Congrats! You find someone good?

ISABELLE

Oh, if I was straight...

PARKER

He nice?

ISABELLE

So friendly. The perfect match. Everything we could ever hope for.

PARKER

I wish you all the luck in the world.

ISABELLE

I gladly accept.

SORIN

(out of breath) What's this horror movie room? Looks like someone died in there.

PARKER

See? He understands.

SCENE THREE

Later.

PARKER stands on the threshold of the dark room.

PARKER

Shit. Shit fucking goddamnit. Just fucking do it. Take the step and go!

UGH! Fuck!

PARKER finds their notebook and writes in it.

Aside.

The sink is clean.

The bath is rusty.

The floors are stained.

The doorway is misshapen.

I am they, in a shallow way.

Essentials only.

All I need.

I wash my hands and feet and armpits in the sink.

A void swings overhead.

A door locked shut that moans on its hinges.

Something lies around the corner.

A something that it wants me to see.

To touch.

To change.

To learn.

To love.

Something is made of folds and depths.
I wash my hair in the sink with hand soap.
The water only goes up to my knuckles.
It is warm.

PARKER

I think I understand you.

Back in the box you go.

No wonder Isa wants in so badly.

SCENE FOUR

Outside.

STEVIE

Looking good!

PARKER

You should see the inside.

STEVIE

You better.

PARKER

And I put this table together for you, Stevie.

STEVIE

Under or over?

PARKER

Currently over.

STEVIE

Already?

PARKER

I'm crushing it timing wise though.

STEVIE

I'll give it a look once you water me.

Inside.

STEVIE

You still have those?

PARKER

You want some?

STEVIE

Oh I love the taste of failed love and regrets. Make it strong.

PARKER

Aye aye.

STEVIE

You still talk to him?

PARKER

I don't want to.

He's hard.

STEVIE

Nice.

PARKER

You are a child.

STEVIE

You should have me help you update it when you next need to.

PARKER

If you insist.

Tea!

STEVIE

I want to see the rooms.

All the ones listed here. The ones most progressed.

PARKER

Okay?

STEVIE

You'll be fine. You're not quite beyond the point of no return yet. Why aren't you working on your bedroom?

PARKER

Oh, you're being such an Isabelle.

I'm comfy on my mattress, and I want to get the communal rooms done first.

STEVIE

At least you can feed yourself well.

Let's get moving.

PARKER

On this grand tour, my esteemed lady, we are hoping to see such wonders as /

STEVIE

Me!

PARKER

And here is the living room, your grace.

STEVIE

Looking good. Looking good.

Can I take a closer look?

PARKER

It's yours to explore.

Any improvements?

STEVIE

I think that pipe is leaking. In here.

PARKER

That stains been there since I got here.

STEVIE

Still, it needs fixing. Actually, all these floor boards in here might need replacing. You see that?

PARKER

Rot?

STEVIE

You might actually have a moisture problem.

No hiding from mother nature when she's angry.

PARKER

Shit.

STEVIE

Yeah, shit.

But it'll be okay. You can hold off on the roof fixtures until autumn and if you divert those funds to the floor in here and getting the lights fixed in that long room upstairs then you'll be no different.

PARKER

Isn't the roof important?

STEVIE

So is a good foundation.

PARKER

I might steal that line.

STEVIE

You still write?

PARKER

Occasionally.

STEVIE

Do you want to show me?

PARKER

I must ask you to avert your gaze for the time being.

STEVIE

Then I shall direct it to something worth reading.

PARKER

And I'll avert mine away from the budget and go even faster with the renovation.

STEVIE

No!

PARKER

Got you.

STEVIE

I'm making you a time plan. You will stick to it.

PARKER

Yes, captain! Any further comments?

STEVIE

Proceed with the tour, servant!

PARKER

Oh, of course. My sincerest apologies for my lack of haste.

Outside. Later.

STEVIE

Ring me if you need help with anything.

Are you okay?

PARKER

It's weird.

STEVIE

Can I help?

PARKER

You mind if I just talk?

STEVIE

Sit.

PARKER

I'm so wrapped up in my own shit with this house and ... you know how I was having an identity crisis last year? It's kind of come back. This house is bringing things out in me.

STEVIE

That issue with your labels?

PARKER

Pretty much.

STEVIE

Are you changing it?

PARKER

No, that's not the whole issue.

My label is accurate. But it feels ... limited.

I'm literally labelled as something I'm not.

STEVIE

Why not have no label at all?

Just say your queer like me?

PARKER

I don't know what I am. Using queer would feel like a cover-up rather a resolution.

Like putting a plaster over a broken leg.

STEVIE

I was waiting for a simile.

PARKER

Glad you liked it.

I do need a new label. Or way to tell the world 'hey I'm not cis'! But no words works right now.

Everything everyone else is using feels too constrictive.

STEVIE

I can't really give you any advice.

PARKER

I didn't ask you to, silly.

STEVIE

You talked to Sorin or Isabelle about this?

PARKER

They won't get it.

STEVIE

Sorin probably knows someone who does.

PARKER

This house is more important.

STEVIE

Focus what you can get done for now. Stick to the plan damnit!

And take time off for yourself. It's your birthday soon and ... there isn't a surprise.

PARKER

I know nothing.

STEVIE

John Snow.

PARKER

You get going. Thank you.

STEVIE

Call me anytime.

And stick to the plan.

PARKER

Always.

SCENE FIVE

Aside.

I'm not an angry person.

I'm not a bird.

I'm not blue-skinned.

I'm not allergic to mushrooms.

I'm not good at anything science-y.

I'm not scared of spiders.

I'm not ready to have children.

I'm not a good singer. Objectively.

I'm not good at taking photos.

I am not a lot of things.

What am I?

What is inside the lines and not outside?

I am something. I was something.

Hello, I'm Joel!

Hello! My name is J...it's Abigail!

Hey! My name is...oh maybe it's Kyle. No.

My name is Jane.

I'm Cherry and I'm super adorable with cheeks the colour of blossoms.

Hello stranger! My name is Michael. Um...maybe?

Micheal...Michael...mi...chael...okay put that one with the maybes...

My name is Jason. Oh absolutely not!

I'm stuck with emails that have 'Hello Debra!' as their header and it makes me feel like they're talking to some middle aged white woman, not me. I got rid of that one very quickly.

My name is Joel. No, it's not.

It's John. John. Am I a John? Or am I a *John*?

I'm Parker. Parker.

Hello, I'm Xander. No, too much...I don't think I'm zany enough to be a Xander. Oh shit, never mind.

Am I Parker? Is that it?

Hello, my name is Parker and I use they/them pronouns.

Maybe I am a John. Fuck (*laughs*).

Parker. That's the one. I'm Parker and I'm nonbinary. Yeah. Nice to meet you, Parker.

I did it. Okay. Hello, my name is Parker, I'm legal I'll give you that. I use, oh what pronouns do I use? Aha oh no (*laughing*) oh didn't think about that did I? Let's go with they/them for now, that works, it feels the most correct.

Oh what is Sorin going to say? What are mum and dad going to say? What about the dogs? I guess they don't care so long as you pet them, right? Oh but what if they never get used to the name? Oh I can't deal with that. Am I being ridiculous?

No, the dogs won't care. Why am I worried about the dogs? Worry about actual sentient...humans!

(*sighs*) Okay. I'm Parker. I'm a everything artist-y person. I use they/them pronouns. I like to cycle. I loathe florals. I, Parker, am everything I need to be right now, and more. I am so much. I think. I am nonbinary.

PARKER

How do I decorate these walls?

What do the foundations want to look like on the outside?

How do I feel about the fireplace?

Do I personally connect with it?

Wouldn't it be funny if I could just be like "hello, my name is Parker, and my gender is like a fire in my lung."

Oh, that...

What ... okay.

PARKER gets out their phone.

PARKER

Sorin, get your ass over here.

SCENE SIX

Inside.

SORIN and PARKER are struggling to scrape paint off a piece of furniture.

SORIN

Say that again?

PARKER

How do you feel in your gender? And you're not allowed to say just 'man' or 'big dick wonder.'

SORIN

Damn it, you got me.

PARKER

Literally anything.

SORIN

I don't know. Fuck.

It just feels right, you know?

Are you thinking of changing your label?

PARKER

No. Not really.

SORIN

So what's the question for?

PARKER

I don't want to change anything about myself.

But there feels like there's something more than just what I'm not.

SORIN

But you *are* nonbinary.

What do you want?

PARKER

I'm a not-something. I want to be something.

SORIN

Aren't there other labels? You were agender for a while. That's not a 'not'.

PARKER

But it's not a 'something' either. It's a nothing, that's the whole point of agender.

SORIN

But you're more than nonbinary.

PARKER

But I want to know what it feels like other than *nonbinary*.

SORIN

How?

PARKER

I want you to understand.

SORIN

I'm struggling to.

PARKER

Nothing?

SORIN

Not really.

PARKER

Fucking, okay.

SORIN

I'm sorry I'm not more help.

Shit.

PARKER

You can go home if you want.

SORIN

Actually?

PARKER

I wouldn't have offered if I didn't want you to say no, would I?

SORIN

See you sometime.

Good luck with the paint.

PARKER

Thanks.

Aside.

The cocoon cracks from the inside.

I grow beyond the bounds too soon.

Soil buries itself between my toes.

It chokes me with its worms and roots.

But it is cool.

And I can become clean again.

The breeze greets my empty hand.

No companion reaches in a comforting pull.

My hand embraces overgrown grass.

My lungs empty and freeze and seize.

Breath has never come so easy to me.

Swift panic does not come easily to dirt.

SCENE SEVEN

Late evening. PARKER receives a phone call.

PARKER

Hello?

SORIN

Have you talked to other nonbinaries about this existential gender crisis of yours?

PARKER

Oh. No.

None of them are as insecure as I am.

They are all fine with the 'not'.

What are you doing?

SORIN

You're coming out with me tomorrow night.

PARKER

Aren't you on opening shift?

SORIN

I'll nap in my break. Meet me outside work.

PARKER

But I need to finish with this paint...

SORIN

Desperately?

PARKER

I'll come if you help me finish the ceiling.

SORIN

Deal.

Do you hate me?

PARKER

No. You're just a bit stupid.

SORIN

Well I already knew that.

SCENE EIGHT

Inside.

PARKER and SORIN are painting a ceiling together.

PARKER

Grab that can and that tray. The used one.

SORIN

Just white?

PARKER

It's actually egg shell.

What's wrong with white?

SORIN

On top of this dark blue?

PARKER

I will use as many coats as it takes.

SORIN

We're in for a project.

PARKER

We get this first coat done and I'll come with you. You agreed.

SORIN

I didn't pinkie swear it!

PARKER holds out their hand to SORIN.

PARKER

You won't even believe how much I've been putting this shit off.

Once this is done I'm planning on sorting out my bed frame.

The one Isa mentioned fell through.

SORIN

Like I was gonna say no anyway.

PARKER

Love you too.

SORIN

Can I talk to you about something?

Considering we're doing this whole sharing our troubles thing right now.

PARKER

Shoot me.

SORIN

The family.

PARKER

What's up with them...

SORIN

The bio family.

PARKER

Oh shit.

SORIN

It's not actually that bad.

I'm in a dilemma.

My aunt got back into contact with me last month. She sent this frilly letter to my work. Said she found it because one of her colleagues saw me there.

PARKER

Does she know?

SORIN

She was the first person I told I was trans. It only started getting bad once my parents found out.

PARKER

Have you contacted her back?

SORIN

No.

PARKER

What's stopping you?

SORIN

I don't know.

She reminds me of my old home. Of my first teddy bear. Of Christmas dinner and embroidery. And she was always on telephone to my mother.

She said that she wants a connection with me again. But I don't know if the rest of them were sitting behind her when she wrote me.

PARKER

Did she leave a number?

SORIN

Only an address. No stamps or return envelope.

PARKER

I will go with you.

SORIN

No.

PARKER

Get Isa to go with you.

SORIN

They're not your childhood.

PARKER

I could wait outside.

SORIN

You're not getting it. I want to go alone because it's my folks and they don't know the people I'm around these days. I don't want them to think badly of you as well.

And it's my thing I want to solve.

I just need to do it.

PARKER

Do you want any advice?

SORIN

Not really. I just needed to verbalise it.

PARKER

Does anyone else know?

SORIN

No. Isa would insist harder than you to come along. Stevie wouldn't know what to do.

I'm not dealing with that shit.

Fuck my neck is breaking to bits.

It had to be the ceiling.

PARKER

Swap. You have this.

SORIN

She sounded sincere. I know how she writes when she wants something and it isn't there.

Am I overthinking it?

Don't answer that.

Fucking shitty people.

PARKER

You missed a spot.

SORIN

Ah! You humiliate me in my moment of vulnerability.

PARKER

Watch out!

PARKER swipes at SORIN's arm with the paintbrush.

SORIN

The ceiling is up there genius.

PARKER

Go on! Get me back!

SORIN does so.

SORIN

Slash! Hwaa!

PARKER

There you go!

Any news on Isa? Heard she's still trying.

SORIN

They're hoping this month will be a success.

They're getting all good signs so far but can't tell for sure just yet.

PARKER

I'll send her my love.

SORIN

She'll tell you more when she's ready.

She's only telling me because I'm teaching her wife how to cook.

That's my patch done.

PARKER

I'm almost there.

SORIN

Quill awaits.

PARKER

Are you actually going to tell me who they are or not?

SORIN

Surprises are always better.

PARKER

Maybe they can help paint this ceiling as well.

SORIN

Yeah. We're turned navy into a cloudy mess.

PARKER

Will the whole family fit in here?

SORIN

Nah, this is your job.

Can you get wrist sprain in your neck?

PARKER

Neck sprain?

SORIN

Yeah, that.

SCENE NINE

Night time. Outside.

PARKER

Hello stranger?

SORIN

They called you strange.

QUILL

And you're the strangest.

So this is Park?

SORIN

In the flesh.

PARKER

According to this reliable informant, you can help with a little issue.

QUILL

Oh, I've been filled in by our mutual.

Can I get you a drink?

A fag?

PARKER

Both.

SORIN

They're the best.

PARKER

Are they like me?

SORIN

Further along.

They don't use nonbinary as a label like you do now ... you'll see.

I forgot to ask, you get that stuff done Stevie told you to?

PARKER

Everything but this electrical.

I've reached a stand-still.

I pussied out like a bitch.

I just don't know what I'll find in there and can't get past the threshold.

SORIN

Why do you think I brought in Quill?

PARKER

Because you're a genius in disguise.

SORIN

This jacket is actually my lab coat.

PARKER

That's what you tell security when you're getting escorted out?

QUILL

I got a selection. All the safe ones. If you're allergic to anything, I'm so sorry.

PARKER

Can I choose all of them?

QUILL

I like this one, Rin.

SORIN

Told you.

QUILL

Fag one, fag two, fag for me. Light?

PARKER

I'm feeling particularly bold tonight so I want to go straight for the jugular.

SORIN

The only straight thing about you.

PARKER

Says you.

I hate being not-something. I want to find what I am in my gender and I am failing miserably.

Help.

QUILL

Let me be your teacher.

I am technically nonbinary, yes, but I too am not to fond of the label itself and avoid using it.

It's a formality for confused cis people.

My gender for me feels like an extension of my art, I paint. It can be described with colours, patterns and shapes rather than language. Sometimes a green rhombus describes my gender better than a thousand word statement can.

PARKER

So, how would you describe it now?

QUILL

Um...one sec.

QUILL takes out a pen and starts drawing on a napkin.

It feels like a forest. Not a vast one. One of those small ones in the middle of a field plain in Scotland. An oasis of closeness and dim. Away from the exposure of direct light. There are countless bugs and animals inside it, maybe too many than is logical for a cropping this small. The flowers are all in bloom regardless of season. Bees are zipping everywhere, mushrooms carpet the roots, a bird is being fabulous in the canopy somewhere.

PARKER

How does this relate to me?

QUILL

It doesn't.

PARKER

Okay.

QUILL

And it's not meant to.

I found what my gender feels like for me by affirming what it does feel like and I'm not scared to make it metaphorical. If I were to translate, my gender feels exclusive, personal, safe, like a well fitting suit, and full of potential.

Language is so fucking useless.

PARKER

I guess it can be.

SORIN

Quill, babes, how did you get to this point? Park is trying to cross the threshold but needs a little help to find out how.

QUILL

I used my medium. I draw and paint while thinking about my gender and how it feels, what emotions and memories are brought up when I think of how I got to realise my true form as a gender-something masterpiece.

I am my own magnum opus.

SORIN

You should bring Parker to your studio.

QUILL

Are you a painter?

PARKER

I'm a poet.

I use the very thing that seems to be in my way.

QUILL

Make images out of words. Make emotions come out through your configuration.

Fuck grammar rules.

Fuck spelling.

Write what you feel in yourself. Find what works with your nonbinariness.

Take what I said about my forest and butcher them for your own purpose. Words are not sacred after all. Especially when they hold us back.

Heck, be as far away from human as possible when you talk about how you feel or what you look like. Be a human-shaped enigma.

SORIN

You knocking on that door yet?

PARKER

I need another fag.

QUILL

You owe me a dance.

PARKER

You can have me all night.

SORIN

You raunchy dickhead, I love you.

SCENE TEN

Outside.

A park at night.

SORIN

You feel better?

PARKER

I got their number.

SORIN

Invite them over.

PARKER

Not for another intervention.

SORIN

If all goes well, there will be many more to come I'm afraid.

PARKER

I think I get what they meant with the whole 'using my medium' thing.

SORIN

How is the writing going?

PARKER

I took photos of the pages just in case.

You can read them if you like.

SORIN

Is this sober Park talking?

PARKER

No.

Don't tell them.

SORIN

No.

PARKER

Just get it over with.

SORIN

Sort out your problems first, then I'll read you angsty bullshit.

PARKER

The house is killing me.

SORIN

I'm sure Isabelle has an ointment for that.

PARKER

I want to make it perfect for everyone and make it a family home but there's this one fucking room that I can't fuck with for no reason and it's really fucking stressing me out and sober Parker will slap me on the wrist right now because I wanted what I do to that room to be a surprise but it can't be because I need someone to help me in and I think it's Quill.

SORIN

Come stay at mine for a bit.

I have a blow-up bed.

PARKER

I'll blow up your bed if you know what I mean.

SORIN

And immediately hiding the pain with bad jokes. Classy.

Here's a fag, take my arm. Godspeed.

PARKER

Don't let sober Park know I'm a smoker again.

SORIN

The keys already in the river.

PARKER

I might ring my ex.

SORIN

No no no! Fuck no!

PARKER

Maybe he's changed.

SORIN

Parker I'm saying this as your closest friend. You do something that stupid I will come to your house at night and replace all your sugar with salt and colour mix all the paint and break your favourite fork in two if you so much as send them a 'hello'.

PARKER

Aw you're so sweet.

Maybe I should marry you. As security.

SORIN

Get in line, hot-stuff.

Can we even do it ... legally?

PARKER

I don't even legally exist! Let's add another act of defiance against the institutional bounds of gender and good Christian marriage to the list.

SORIN

Protest wedding!

PARKER

Protest wedding! Fuck yeah.

SORIN

Your formless figure and my trans ass united at last.

PARKER

Why the hell not!?

Oh...grand opening!

What better way to build a house of family and mushy love than with a wedding?

SORIN

You have your best ideas when you're emotional.

SCENE ELEVEN

Inside.

Outside the dark room.

ISABELLE

You can do it, love.

SORIN

Let's do a countdown.

STEVIE

You want a push?

QUILL

The first step is always the hardest.

PARKER

Shush.

Quill, what was it you told me?

QUILL

Break through the flinch.

PARKER

No one goes anywhere.

ISABELLE

Deep breaths. We won't let anything hurt you.

PARKER

Alright.

I'm going in.

Aside.

The metal of the hinges groans open.

My arm strains against the weight.

I stand idle.

The handle is unbearable to hold.

Let the doors shut snapping the thread from my core.

Leave the soul call answered.

I know my name. My age. My stances.

What am I? How can my words string together a
meaning that is right?

What paintings do I put on the walls?

What is my roof tiled with?

What wood is the table the family congregates at?

I endeavour to find a monster. A shadow. A void.

White knuckles strain under rough skin.

The old wood knocks the walls.

Light doesn't penetrate beyond the threshold I think.

He. She. They. It. Ze. Fae. Me?

I can be more than these words confine me to.

Nonbinary – not normal. Not acceptable. Not natural.

Too much luck too handle. Too unlike anything to be probable.

I wait for dust and webs and dank and rot.

I round the corner out of sight as in a maze.

Dry plaster walls dictate my bounds.

I endeavour to find a monster.

I find an open window

and a branch full of fresh leaves.

Male. Female. Nonbinary.

Aaabeeefillmmnory.

Me-fe-ry. Bi-le-na.

In the discordant syllables a compose songs.

In descriptions of monsters I find myself.

I am this open window.

I am a surprise upon waking.

I am the lucky fag in my box.

I am freshly ironed paper sheets.

I am floating atop the grass in spring.

My walls are made of blue tinted glass.

My body is the confines from which I have rebirth.

Not from slashing or cutting or breaking or bruising or screaming or obscuring.

I am more than language.

I am more than my body.

Fe – ra – mi – ni – ry – ma.

Ma ma ma ma fe.

Lake much like at night.

Yes!

Touch reach.

I am steeped in gold and find a new masterpiece.

Chest fire flowers fresh like works.

My being cloaked in technicolour.

I want to bring light in and embrace the remaining shadows.

Creation. Creature. Create. Cre. Re-ture. Tion.

I am a creature.

Skin like FIRE sight like GOLD thoughts like VINES hands like BRUISES sex like SKY hair like TILES yes.

I create myself.

Yes yes yes yes yes yes.

Sunlight and leaves and breath and stretch and breath and love and breath yes.

Language is mine.

I am so much more than not binary.

Inside.

SORIN

They return!

ISABELLE

I got some tea for you.

STEVIE

Find any bodies? A creature of the dark?

PARKER

No. Just a window.

A lot less spider webs than I thought.

Fucking hell. Okay. I just did that.

ISABELLE

Let's get you on a sofa. Let's have a movie night.

SORIN

Yeah, let's go. I'm sure you'll be wanting to write something about doors and windows and darkness when we leave. So I got your notebook out for you.

PARKER

Get out of my head.

QUILL

I'm so proud of you.

PARKER

Thank you for being the push I needed.

QUILL

Sorin told me you're getting married.

SORIN

It was a joke.

PARKER

No it wasn't. Why not?

Nothing legal.

Let's just do it.

STEVIE

I guess we can find the funds.

ISABELLE

Pease let me give you away. Or would that be too straight for you?

PARKER

Give both of us away.

Equality.

SORIN

Minister?

PARKER

Quill?

QUILL

No.

SORIN

I thought you would jump at the chance.

QUILL

I'm a shit speaker.

PARKER

And I'm a writer. You have my number.

QUILL

I'll think about it.

STEVIE

(off) You guys coming?

ISABELLE

It is her turn to pick.

SORIN

Quill, you should join us.

QUILL

I shouldn't impose.

PARKER

Consider yourself fostered.

QUILL

Huh?

SORIN

Yay! More family! One of us!

I have always loved you like a sibling, Quill.

Inside.

SCENE TWELVE

Outside.

PARKER

Grab that shovel!

SORIN

It's huge!

PARKER

And I'll grab that wheelbarrow.

I need to see what's under this dirt.

SORIN

Maybe it stretches to the tree line.

When did you find those tiles by the door?

PARKER

I was trying to get to the stuff under the steps and the dirt was getting in the way. It was blue and red.

SORIN

Dig! Dig! Dig! Dig-a-tunnel! Dig-a-dig-a-tunnel!

PARKER

Dig-a-gid-a tunnel!

SORIN

There's more!

PARKER

Is it around the whole house?

SORIN

Might be the entire foundation.

PARKER

Fuck I got lucky.

SORIN

I know, to have met me when you did really was a revel...

PARKER

You twat. Go humble yourself.

SORIN

So you and Quill good?

PARKER

The rest seem to really like them. There's plenty of room for them anyway.

Oh nice! It's a mosaic here. Look!

SORIN

Pretty.

I love you.

PARKER

Save it for the wedding, pretty boy.

SORIN

No, really.

You got over that threshold. You seem happier. You're actually taking care of important things you've put off for a while and you sleep in a proper bed now.

The family all love you and we are here for you and this house. Am I being too soppy to say that this mosaic may represent our new beginning?

PARKER

Not at all.

Let's finish this house with love.

With everyone.

This house knows what I want.

Aside.

I brush my teeth.

I style my hair.

I pluck my eyebrows.

I wash my hands.

I check my outfit for dirt. Looking good.

I gaze at what I am.

I feel what I am. More.

Foundations rock. Walls crumble. Trees break blooming.

Found – tree – crumb – more.

New new everything is new clean smiling.

What am I now?

Tiles stand underfoot.

I am the blue of the butterflies wings the way they are before the cocoon splits.

I am the black of my top in the way that the bottoms of wells are black.

I am the red of my lipstick that way that only the outside of a strawberry is red.

I am the green of my socks that way that the grass is green under frost.

I am a mosaic. Crossing over and intersecting and conjuring up new shades.

I am more than the froth and the stiff gel and the smears.

A mirror cannot reflect what it cannot see. Not what it hears or tastes or touches,

Or feels.

I spit out the toothpaste.

I adjust my boots.

I wipe my hands dry.

A shovel is grabbed.

The dirt that once confined me

breaks away with beauty

and my cocoon shatters with it.

SCENE THIRTEEN

Inside.

ISABELLE

This living room, you want to avoid neutrals correct?

PARKER

More than anything.

ISABELLE

I think some blues and yellows will work well.

PARKER

Let a lot of light in.

ISABELLE

Exactly! Have you sorted the lights upstairs yet?

PARKER

Finished yesterday.

ISABELLE

Know what you want to do with it?

PARKER

I need you're help there the most.

ISABELLE

Do you want it arty or literary? Or brutalist? Or minimalist?

PARKER

I can't tell cadmium yellow from Tuscan sunset and brutalism sounds like a rock sub-genre.

ISABELLE

It looks like this.

PARKER

So much concrete. The floor would collapse.

ISABELLE

We'll do our best to avoid that, love.

Coffee table books?

PARKER

Can you tell which one is for you?

ISABELLE

Cabins!

PARKER

Glad you like it.

ISABELLE

And mushrooms for Rin, he's very into them lately. Has he offered to make you his marinated enoki yet?

PARKER

Not yet.

ISABELLE

I will have him. They are heaven!

PARKER

I'll hate them just to spite him.

ISABELLE

You're too nice for that.

PARKER

Don't tell anyone!

--

SORIN

You can cut things with this piece of shit?

PARKER

Are you going to replace it?

SORIN

I hate to. I despair at the thought of the poorly chopped victims of this slaughter house.

PARKER

You ever tried out for amateur theatre?

SORIN

And these pans! I hate you so much.

PARKER

I love you too.

You still letting Quill off to the wolves?

SORIN

Ravaged to death with love.

Why do I even bother? My friends are always more tolerable than me anyway.

PARKER

Are you stupid?

SORIN

This sink is stupid.

PARKER

You technically brought us all together and you keep adding and adding and we never bloat.

SORIN

Eventually.

PARKER

Not yet.

This house is big enough for double our size.

SORIN

You're not stupid.

PARKER

You should make dinner tonight. You're least popular dish.

SORIN

Why that one?

PARKER

So we can help make it better, idiot.

SORIN

I'm going to grab my stuff then. Working with these tools would be the most heinous of kitchen sins.

PARKER

Before you go running off in disgust, how's the aunt?

SORIN

I invited her to the wedding.

PARKER

Oh?

SORIN

My mother doesn't even know she's talking to me apparently. And it seems her letter was genuine after all.

PARKER

She knows the dress code, right?

SORIN

She's pulling stuff out from her 80s goth phase.

PARKER

Perfect.

--

STEVIE

Is this the wall that needs doing?

PARKER

Yeah, it's been giving me the most trouble because the beams in the ceiling can't support themselves without it.

STEVIE

You can get temporary pillars for that.

PARKER

Oh, this long and I'm still fucking clueless.

STEVIE

Not clueless, just inexperienced.

At least you won't hate to think about it once you're done.

Unless you're a masochist.

PARKER

You don't know what I'm into.

STEVIE

I can hazard a guess.

PARKER

Can you get this wall sorted?

STEVIE

Within the fortnight.

I'm doing the floor as well, it looks like shit.

PARKER

I thought it was...

STEVIE

It looks like shit and it'll be so much better once I'm done with it. Trust me on this one Park.

Flat pack furniture is my bitch and this floor will be too.

PARKER

Can I afford to do that?

STEVIE

You can now?

PARKER

What about with the wedding?

STEVIE

Stop your worrying. I've got it all sorted. You just tell me the problems and I sort it out.

PARKER

I'm just expressing concern.

STEVIE

And I'm listening and fixing.

Aside.

I am this house.

The soft linen of my bed in a frame of oak sits lonely

Plaster skin and stone feet and wooden veins and muscle made from cotton

I contain warmth

Pass around light

Reach the sky

Protect the heart

All my doors lead to the centre

To a feast for created family with yellow flames alight

Voices float and cross and encircle

Together we are stronger

My branches reach out no my veined marble no my winds caress

My family

Family

Queer family in joy

Boundless

Together in union

She is on the walls and mantle-piece

He is in the tools and rebirth

She is in the pillars and data

They are in fresh ripe fruit we have never eaten before

I am in the tables and beds shared by laughing bodies

Made of the bugs and wood and mildew and glass and dust and shadows and rays it brings

I can be what I am

We can be what we are

Aside.

PARKER

Alright.

Don't fuck it up now, Park.
Fucking jab it in.
Not like that. Ah.
Make the whole thing green then.
Where's my cloth?
Shiny shiny shiny shiny door knob.
Shine like the sun.

PARKER takes a step back.

PARKER

Done.

PARKER starts a group call.

SCENE FOURTEEN

Inside.

Very busy. As queer as one can make it.

The house is finished.

ISABELLE

We've got time!

PARKER

I still need my makeup doing.

ISABELLE

Oh, come here.

PARKER

You know what I'm going for?

ISABELLE

I've touched up the faces of half the guests but how could I forget. Sexy emo revival with glitter.

PARKER

Make me look otherworldly. Too queer for existence.

ISABELLE

Consider it guaranteed, or your money back!

Aside.

Glitter and shine and black around the eyes

An apparition a cosmic horror a human shaped embodiment of the feeling of nostalgia

How does my gender feel today?

Inside

Inside

Deep

What am I today tomorrow always infinitely

I am gold I am morning dew I am roses I am the top coat of paint on a living room door I am the spiders between bricks I am the revelry of a forest rave I am the sudden turning of the hourglass I am leather jacket tassels I am the pearls of Westwood I am a stained glass window never broken grasping at light to demonstrate its splendour while the audience gasp and see that I am constructed of all colours and more

Shrimp colours even

My gender is everything today

And everyone gets to see the everything together with my sunshine

PARKER

How is Sorin?

ISABELLE

Honestly, I've never seen him more excited to surprise you!

PARKER

I don't know what he's wearing but I hope we look as non-cohesive as possible.

Like we're not even dressed for the same event.

ISABELLE

He looks great, you'll look like movie stars together!

Who are obviously seeing premieres of two completely different movies.

PARKER

Perfect.

How long will this take?

ISABELLE

I'm not telling you.

PARKER

Mystery woman!

Does Rin have his vows written?

ISABELLE

You'll see, I promise you'll love them.

What TV have you been watching lately?

Outside.

Even busier. Even more colourful.

A queer paradise.

No one looks like they are dressed for the same event.

PARKER

Where's Quill?

ISABELLE

Behind the arch.

PARKER

Still the minister?

ISABELLE

Oh you wait.

PARKER

Oh fuck is that...?

STEVIE

...love being on show. Make sure you catch my good side darling.

Rings, please! Where are the rings?

QUILL

This is unexpected.

STEVIE

The invitation did say 'as gay as possible.'

QUILL

I didn't know you could do this.

STEVIE

She comes out at parties.

Isabelle! Ready?!

ISABELLE

Parker's ready!

STEVIE signals for the procession to begin.

PARKER first, and then SORIN. ISABELLE escorts them both separately.

The entire family are standing at the altar, PARKER and SORIN in the middle.

Aside.

We stand at the top of the world.

A home anointed with an act of love.

No clock on a wall or wrist or phone.

This is our moment. My moment.

Forever moment in the present.

Bride / groom? Broom? Gride? Groode? Brim?

Spouse? No.

Broom. I clean up shop.

Broom of Sorin.

I am the broom.

I want nothing less than to hug you.

Why must you look at me like that?

Smiling so boundlessly at me.

I can't even joke about the dimples or your teeth.

I can't help but reciprocate.

Today we are everything.

Safe under our roof with rainbows overhead and underfoot.

We are sharing a cigarette later.

I'm glad you wore that. We are of two parts. Good.

QUILL

Do you, Parker, promise to cherish, support, hold, care and lovingly be in partnership with Sorin, for the rest of your fabulous lives?

PARKER

I do.

QUILL

Sorin, do you promise to cherish, support, hold, care and lovingly be in partnership with Parker, for the rest of your fabulous lives?

SORIN

Fuck yeah.

I do.

QUILL

Do you, Isabelle, promise to cherish, support, hold, care and lovingly be in this family?

ISABELLE

Always.

QUILL

Do you, Stevie, promise to cherish, support, hold, care and lovingly be in this family?

STEVIE

Always.

QUILL

This family is made of love, forever. Parker and Sorin and Isabelle and Stevie, and now I, are together in this bond that is forever expanding. Nothing shall give us bounds. No words shall cage us. No hate shall shake us.

Parker and Sorin, I pronounce you protest married! You may now kiss.

The sound of cheers drown out everything.