

THE RAVAGED WEeping OF THE CORVIDAE TRANSFORMATION IN
DARKNESS AND SUMMER

ACT II

Scene 3

SETTING:

We are in the hollow trunk of a giant oak tree that serves as the home of the CROW family. The floor is covered in leaves, twigs, bits of fur, and feathers. Shiny strips of metal and pieces of glass have been affixed to the walls for decoration. A hole in the trunk of the tree is on stage right, and leads to the outside where daylight from overcast skies shines in, dimly lighting the interior. A smaller hole on stage left leads deeper into the tree to the nesting rooms for the CROW family.

AT RISE:

The CROW family is starting their transformation into bitter humans. CROW 1 and CROW 2 enter from stage left. We can see that their wings are shorter than before.

CROW 1

(Visibly upset)

Why are we being punished in this way? Why?

(He turns to face CROW 2.)

CROW 2

(Stopping a third of the way into the room from stage left.)

It is not a punishment, brother. It is an honor! We are chosen.

CROW 1

I don't see it that way. I don't want to live the life of a human.

(Buries his beak in his wings.)

CROW 2

We have a higher purpose, brother. You heard the Great One. To rid the world of them we must subvert them. BECOME them.

(Crosses the stage and gently puts his wings around CROW 1, comforting him.)

CROW 1

(weeping)

I tried to fly today and I couldn't. I nearly fell from our tree. Soon, I will have hands, and a name, and live in a small wooden box.

THE RAVAGED WEeping OF THE CORVIDAE TRANSFORMATION IN
DARKNESS AND SUMMER

(Lifts his head and looks at CROW 2, anguish on his face.)

I'll stuff myself with straw and stand in fields of corn, scaring our brethren. I. Can't. Do it.

MOTHER CROW

(off)

He is weak.

CROW 2

(Turning to face stage left)

He's not weak! This transformation is hard on him, but I will help him through it.

(MOTHER CROW enters from stage left. She crosses to center stage and stares down CROW 1 and CROW 2. CROW 2 release CROW 1 from his embrace and backs away from both CROW 1 and MOTHER CROW towards stage right, facing MOTHER CROW as he does so.)

MOTHER CROW

He is weak.

(There is an uncomfortably long silence. No one moves.)

CROW 1

(Quietly and meekly.)

She is right. I am weak.

MOTHER CROW

All of us must do this because it is asked of us. Demanded of us. But you, you, are the only one among us who truly deserves this fate.

(Stepping closer to CROW 1, towering over him.)

I should peck out your eyes now, but such a punishment would pale before your life ahead. You are doomed to be human forever. There is nothing I can do to you now that would be worse than a life spent on your own feet, with soft pink skin, and opposable thumbs.

(Turning her head away from CROW 1 quickly, in disgust.)

It sickens me that you are my first-hatched. You are no longer Crow. Let it be known that, from this moment forth, Crow 1 has No Name, and Crow 2 shall be known as Crow 1, and Crow 3 shall be called Crow 2, and Crow 4 shall be Crow 3, and so on in that fashion, save for Crow 8 who shall remain Crow 8 such that Crow 9 will be named Crow 7, but those after shall follow as stated!

(Turns to CROW 1 THAT WAS FORMERLY CROW 2)

Go now, Crow 1, and tell your brothers and sisters.

THE RAVAGED WEEPING OF THE CORVIDAE TRANSFORMATION IN
DARKNESS AND SUMMER

CROW I THAT WAS FORMERLY CROW 2

As you so wish, Mother!

(bows, reverently, and exits stage right)

CROW WITH NO NAME THAT USED TO BE CROW I

And what of me, Mother?

MOTHER CROW WHO IS NO LONGER CROW WITH NO NAME
THAT USED TO BE CROW I'S MOTHER

Leave. Leave this place, and never return. When we are humans, never come see us. Live your life alone in a wooden box in a field surrounded by your former brethren crows. They shall feed off your land and your home and you shall starve slowly with only your depth perception as comfort.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)