

**SCAR THE EARTH (working title)**  
**by Anne Marie Cammarato**

**SCENE ONE**

*SARA, a high school senior, is alone on stage. She holds a stack of papers and flips through them for a minute. She looks nervous while she does this. Finally, she finds what she wants, rolls up the papers, and shoves them into her back pocket. She speaks to a bare stage.*

**SARA.** I'm Sara. You don't know me. I mean, you don't remember me.

*(That didn't sound right...she tries again.)*

I'm Sara. It's been...a while...seventeen years...since you've seen me.

*(Long pause. She clears her throat.)*

I'm Sara. It's really important that I tell you who I am. I've been trying to figure out a way to do this for a long time. And I don't know if I can even do it now, but I'm going to try. This feels kind of stupid, but I'm going to do it, so please just listen.

*(Long pause.)*

What should I say? Umm...I'm a senior in high school. I'm going to college in the fall. I have a dog.

*(That seemed stupid. She changes the subject...)*

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to say. Or feel. I know that I'm supposed to feel something, right? I'm supposed to feel sad or horrified or something, and have moments where I feel sick or angry. I don't really have those anymore. And, to be honest, I never really had them. Not like I'm supposed to. I just don't. I can't feel any of it, really. Like it happened to someone else.

*(She is getting more comfortable...)*

I'm not sure who I can be in this story...this story of what happened, because that's all it is...a story that other people have always told me. Or a story I read in the paper.

But here's the thing: it's not even a good story. It's kind of a rotten story, if you ask me. I hate this story.

*(She realizes that she's gone off the subject and tries to re-focus.)*

Okay. Let me try again.

I'm Sara. And there are a couple of moments that you should know about. Things about my life that I think you should know.

*(THE MONSTER is slowly illuminated. He is a small man, with a full beard and a lot of hair. He is wearing glasses and a prison uniform, and is reading THE TEMPEST by William Shakespeare. He stops and turns to her.)*

I was twelve...mmm...maybe eleven.

**THE MONSTER.** I thought you were a baby.

**SARA.** No. I was a baby when *it* actually happened, but it was later when I realized *WHAT* had happened. I was older. When my mother told me. I was like ten. Or eleven. Maybe twelve.

**THE MONSTER.** Your mother told you?

**SARA.** Yep. She told me.

*(THE MONSTER pauses and considers this. SARA'S MOTHER enters. She walks over to SARA.)*

**SARA.** When I was young, she said:

**MOTHER.** *(As if speaking to a young child)* You were hurt. As a baby. You were hurt.

**SARA.** And I was confused. Because I thought she meant physically hurt.

**MOTHER.** He hurt your heart. As a baby, your heart got hurt.

*(MOTHER exits.)*

**SARA.** And that's what I knew. That my heart got hurt. That you hurt my heart. And, when I was young, that didn't really make sense. I imagined things literally.

*(THE MONSTER walks over to SARA and touches her heart. When he pulls his hand away, there is blood on it. He looks at the blood on his hand, and they both look and see it on her shirt.)*

It didn't make a whole lot of sense. It seemed weird and vague and I could tell that it was making her nervous, just talking about it.

*(SARA touches the blood on her shirt.)*

Why don't I feel it? At all. I have no memories. None. I don't know what is real and what isn't. What is just a story that someone told me or not?

I just keep quiet about it. All of us do...everyone that you hurt. And none of us has memories about it. We were all too young. Like it happened to someone else. Part of someone else's story.

**THE MONSTER.** *(Returns to his book and reads:)*

“Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
I cried to dream again.”

**SARA.** It's a little like imagining you have a sixth finger...there...on your hand. But you can't feel it. Everyone else has it and can feel it, but you can't. Or, better yet, it feels like you used to have that sixth finger, and now it's gone. It got cut off or something. But you can still feel it there. You know how people always talk about getting those pangs of feeling for a limb that's not there anymore? It's like that. It's like there is nothing there. And when a feeling *is* there, it's not real.

**THE MONSTER.** I want to read that again...

“Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not...”

**SARA.** *(She walks over, interrupts him, and takes the book from him.)* ...I'm reading this in school right now. *The Tempest*. Shakespeare. That's Caliban. He is called the monster. He was a deformed, disgusting monster. That made me think of you. We've always called you The Monster.

*(SARA looks at the excerpt that he is reading.)*

He's describing the island where he lives. Where he is held prisoner. Because he tried to rape Prospero's daughter. When she was a child.

*(She closes the book and looks down at the blood on her shirt. The light goes out on THE MONSTER. She clutches the book to her chest to cover the blood.)*

*(We hear the sound of the ocean.)*