

Eternal Gluttony

---

A short play

By Jarred Corona

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAN - A recently deceased young man, somewhere in his 20s - 30s

GLUTTON - A humanoid creature who appears male and shares a face with the Man's lover from when he was alive. What exactly the Glutton is is unknowable. He is not a demon nor a human. He is neither monster nor angel. There is something *strange* about him.

## LOCATION

A void displaced from time and space.

At Rise: A void.

A MAN, somewhere in the first half of his life, lies crumpled somewhere on stage. He is alone.

He lays there. Is he dead? Perhaps this is a play about staring at a corpse.

With a start, he rouses. He moves as if possessed by a spirit settling into a broken pile of meat, reconnecting bones and muscles. This is the only moment in the play where the Man behaves in such a way.

He takes in his surroundings. It isn't particularly frightening or inviting or, well, anything.

MAN

Hello?

Nothing.

MAN

Right. Was that a bus? Who gets hit by a bus? God?

Nothing.

MAN

I forgot; bus victims go to purgatory. Pretty empty for purgatory. Is anyone praying for me yet? Well, I guess not. I didn't do much with my life. I was always just on the verge of getting started. That's not exactly inspiring for the masses, I suppose. What a life. What a time. What a place. Maybe if I close my eyes, I'll wake up in a hospital bed, and I'll have a terrifying story about the banality of death, I'll have a religious awakening, and everyone will start to hate me. That's fun. It's dramatic. It's something new. Maybe I'll become an anti-bus terrorist. Okay. Time to sleep.

GLUTTON

Terrorism. This is the first time you've brought that up.

Whether he was here amongst the nothingness the whole time or enters only now, we become aware of the Glutton, an adult male humanoid of some sort. There's a certain elegant beauty about him. You may be inclined to imagine Glutton is a demon. That is too simple of an answer.

MAN

Jesus.

GLUTTON

Not remotely.

MAN

Are you dead, too?

GLUTTON

Dying, perhaps, though about to get better. This is the... seventeenth bus accident. Did it hurt?

MAN

I don't remember. I guess my death was a decent coffee: instant.

GLUTTON

You've never made that joke before.

MAN

Sorry, do I know you?

GLUTTON

No.

MAN

Okay. You look familiar.

GLUTTON

Yes. Who do you think I am?

MAN

Oh.

Oh.  
GLUTTON

We get to spend eternity together?  
MAN

In a sense, perhaps.  
GLUTTON

Wait. How'd you get here?  
MAN

Unknown.  
GLUTTON

Oh. I'm sorry. Is that how old you were, or...?  
MAN

The only mirrors here are your eyes.  
GLUTTON

That's a terrible flirt. You've always been so bad at it. I guess I was right. I should get the "I told you so" out of the way early, huh? Is this place like this because we're each other's unfinished business? Soulmates. Heh. I don't know how I feel about that.  
MAN

You wound me.  
GLUTTON

Sorry.  
MAN

Who do you think I am?  
GLUTTON

What?  
MAN

Look closely. Come, see yourself in my mirrors.  
GLUTTON