

A Dream of Worm Steak

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A short play

By Jarred Corona

AT RISE: A MAN sits in an uncomfortable chair of some sorts on an otherwise barren stage. He has an ashtray.

MAN

You been tellin' me, doc, I oughta track my dreams. Ya know, I've been hearin' different things 'bout dreams. They're pointless bullshit nonsense. That's what most people say. I like that one. Then there's those father-fuckers.

(Pronouncing it in the way of "mama and  
dada":)

Dadaists? They call 'em art. You say it's a way of processin' shit, like dreams is a waste plant or somethi;g and my brain at night is some sluicin' sewer slinging'shit down the way. Analyze it like we're back in high school and it's English class and the curtains are goddamn blue because I'm depressed or whatever, test me on it, like there's only one right way of interpretin' it e'en though we both know that's a fuckin' fat load. But then there's that, uh, what the Pagans say. Ya know, my sis is a Pagan. She's got a shrine to fuckin' Loki of all people back her place. Got a statue of this pregnant dude givin' birth to this huge ass snake, and if you ask me it just looks like he's takin' the world's biggest dump. But, ya know, she's out there sayin' dreams are that, uh... Fuck. What's that word? Predictions, ya know? Somethin' like that but it ain't. Pre-somethin'. Whatever. I hate that one the most. You mind if I smoke in here, doc?

From here on, if he's smoking a ciggy and you actually light it, use the ashtray as needed. Have him pull out another. You can do the same with unlit ones you pretend get lit. If he uses a vape or something similar, place it in the ashtray between uses.

MAN

Okay. Great. Yeah. Thank ya. So last night, ya know, last night I didn't have a great time. Last night, I dreamt of worms.

Dramatic music.

Harsh lights reveal TWO WORMS, that are clearly people dressed as worms. It's hard to tell if it's a funny, lame, or horrifying sight.

MAN

Fuckin' worms, man.

Lights go down on the worms.

MAN

What do ya think that means? Yeah. No, o' course I remember more. Ya see, I 'member where they were, too.

Sometime during the following, lights go back up on the two worms, who are on the floor, rotting.

MAN

S'not like they were on the sidewalk after a rain, dryin' out in the sun and rottin' right there, plain as day, left alone by the birds who don't care for easy pickin's so's they don't even get to be used for what worms are used for. None of that type o' shit. Not this time.

Lights down on the worms.

MAN

Yeah, I mean, sure. Sure, I dream 'bout them before. I wouldn't say about, really. More like they were in it. They been in them before, my dreams, but this was the first time it were about them, ya see? Well, it ain't start with 'em. What'd it...? Well, it started with steak. The grillin' kind. We were grillin'. Who? I don't know. They had faces. Names. But those didn't matter. Couldn't tell ya a thing about any of 'em. They were just there, and I was makin' us steaks. I was --

WORM ONE hands him a steak.

MAN

Thank you. -- I was in charge of makin' the steaks, I think. Actually, I don't know. Don't know why I was doin' that. Cookin' ain't my specialty or anything. Hell, I don't even really like it, bein' outdoors I mean, so why the fuck was I there in the first place, ya know? But I was grillin'. And then, for some fuckin' reason, my steak, the one I was s'posed to eat, fell right off. It hit the ground.

He drops the steak onto the stage.

MAN

Didn't even take them a second.