

**SIMPLE MACHINE**

**Janet Burruel**

*Phoenix College*

*Honorable Mention, One-Act Play*

---

CHARACTER: MIRANDA, a single woman in her early thirties, dressed in a business suit, pantyhose, slip and pumps, carrying a briefcase.

SETTING: Present day. MIRANDA'S bedroom, a bed, night table, chair and coat rack with hangers.

MIRANDA: (*enters, flings her briefcase onto the bed*) The part you don't get—and there are so many parts you don't get—is this is a two hour training. And I have a lot to cover. (*kicks off her shoes*) All of these people, who have crawled from their cubicles to be enlightened about e-mail etiquette do not wish to listen to you hold forth. They don't see you as the opinionated savior of the class. Everyone else wants to get through the obligatory mandatory—maybe time off early- You are eating up their lunch break. Jerk. (*removes jacket, hangs it on coat rack*)

MIRANDA: The part you don't get—and there are so many parts you don't get—is that there is a special magical device in your car that allows you to let the drivers slightly behind and to the left or right of you know if you would like to change lanes. It's a little handle that juts out on the left, just flick it up or down, depending. (*removes skirt, considers flinging it on the bed, hangs it up instead*) Because this edging over with no prior warning expecting me to yield the space ain't gonna cut it, Bub. Lots of room behind me.

MIRANDA: The part you don't get—and there are so many parts you don't get—is that washing your hands with soap (*reaches under her slip, removes pantyhose*) is more likely to prevent a cold virus from running up your nose only to run out again in copious quantities than all of your lama, lama, lama, hoolie goolie, sit like a pretzel, read my heavy numbers ever will. Maybe you could have another beer and talk about the evils of caffeine. (*kicks panty hose under bed*)

MIRANDA: (*unbuttons blouse*) The part you don't get—and there are so many parts you don't get—is that it's the stupid men who have the Madonna-Whore complex. Why would you be (*pulls blouse down around her shoulders shakes shoulders*) whore, whore, whore, whore, whore, whore, whore, whore Madonna? (*pulls blouse to under her chin, adopts prayerful attitude*) Your brand new hymen must be getting stretched out by now. (*takes off blouse, throws on bed*) You are not fifteen, you can lust after a celebrity and still be in love with doofus. No one will revoke your yearbook—too good too be forgotten.

MIRANDA: The part you don't get—and there are so many parts you don't get—is the role of perpetual victim. The audition process for this popular position is lengthy and competitive. The line stretches up 59th Avenue to Pinnacle Peak where the city is considering adding more lanes. You meet in line and try to top one another for the meaty role, the chance to chew the scenery, compare who had it worse then and who has it worse now, and bite each other and contort each situation to shine as the most pathetic. But you, perpetrator, persecutor are in the wrong line. Next! (*removes slip, lets it fall to the floor*)

MIRANDA: The part you don't get—and there are so many parts you won't get anymore. You with your eyes that never settle on me, you with your headphones plugged into a song I can't hear the parts I gave you. Or tried to give. You never will get again. And you think this is what I'm talking about because you never listen. Yeah, these parts right here (*cups her breasts*) nice, huh? Uh huh. And especially this part, (*hooks thumbs in underwear band*) This right here? Yeah you will never get this part again. Jackass.

MIRANDA: The part I don't get and there are so many parts I don't get is why I tried, I tried, God knows I tried. You would take what I couldn't give, you wouldn't take what I could. Never enough for you. I was yearning too much, aching to be seen, the beneficiary of venom. Too permeable, too faithful, to know the difference.

MIRANDA: The part none of you get and never will get, because of what's called denial—but is simple stupidity—how tired I am of being the cauldron for your nasty secrets, (*sits on end of bed*) held over the fire with a rope and pulley—strains my back let the simple machine go—let it loose, fwap, clank and then clunk. (*slides to floor*) Yeah. See how you do now.

