

Who the Fuck is Erica Price

Synopsis

Erica Price is a lonely poet and a busy prostitute. In her desperation for companionship she dreams of a better world. In her fight for the Revolution she is struggling to be free.

Through observation and experience Erica constructs a unique picture of her world. She creates a vision of the world as it should be. She studies her street and her world in anticipation of the changes to come.

The men who visit often interrupt her thoughts or undermine her beliefs, occasionally they strengthen her dream. Some of these men have already journeyed, some are preparing. Most won't bother.

Now that the Revolution is coming, there is no return for Erica Price. To continue her life without change means failure. To change her life means she could lose everything.

CHARACTERS

ERICA PRICE in her 30's, she is able to change her appearance so that she can look young or mature. A working girl.

MAN1 in his mid-twenties, in love with Erica.

MAN2 in his 50's, a business man.

MAN3 in his early 30's, believes he is dying.

MAN4 in his 30's, a truck driver.

MAN5 in his 60's, a retiring widower.

MAN6 in his 40's, a developer.

MAN7 in his 50's, a priest.

NOTES

The male characters are played by the same actor.

The set is to indicate a brothel without being blatant.

Erica is constantly dressing and undressing throughout the performance.

ERICA ENTERS WEARING A BATHROBE.

ERICA In the morning, when I get up, I ask myself, who the fuck is Erica Price. And what is her Price. In the morning, when I get up, I brush my teeth. I spit and then I look in the mirror and I say, who the fuck is Erica Price.

When I got up this morning it was raining. I knew it would be because I heard it in the night and I thought about the woman who lives next door. I knew she'd be upset about the rain. She has clothes on the line. It rained last time she put clothes on the line and I sat and watched as she screamed and kicked her back door. I screamed with her and she looked over the fence at me. I said when the Revolution comes the sun will shine for three days and you can do your washing then. She said she couldn't wait for the Revolution, she had run out of underpants.

I have lived in this house for over a year now. A nice neighbourhood. I like the grass and the trees and how everyone takes care of their gardens. I like it on garbage day when all the bins are out. Blind faith I call it. They expect because they have done their job by putting out the garbage, someone else is going to do their's and collect it. They don't think about the job. About who is going to collect it. Like people who put their children into child care, believing they have done their job by dropping the child off and the carer will do their job as part of the bargain. How horrified they are when things go wrong and the child begins to shrink rather than grow, cry for no reason. When they find out the carer has been doing more than their job. When the Revolution comes there won't be any garbage.

At night I like to walk along the street. I walk slowly until I get to the corner and then I walk back down the other side. I don't do it every night. Just sometimes. My favourite time is around three. The street is so quiet. I can pretend the revolution has arrived.

MAN1 ENTERS. HE IS A YOUNG MAN IN HIS EARLY 20's.

ERICA What are you doing here?

MAN 1 I love you.

ERICA Oh.

MAN 1 I've been waiting for you.

WHO THE FUCK IS ERICA PRICE

ERICA Well I'm here now.

MAN 1 I haven't seen you in ages. I miss you when I don't see you.

ERICA You know where I am.

MAN 1 Yes.

ERICA Have you been working?

MAN 1 I've been thinking about going north to work.

ERICA They say in the country the sky is ten times as beautiful.

MAN 1 Would you come with me?

ERICA No.

MAN 1 Not even for the sky?

ERICA No.

MAN 1 They say in the country the nights are cold and the men are lonely.

ERICA Men always say they are lonely.

MAN 1 That's because they are.

ERICA Did you come here to talk?

MAN 1 Yes. Do you mind?

ERICA They say the city never sleeps but the country is always sleeping. That it's the people who wake the land, and if it were the choice of the land it would stay sleeping.

MAN 1 Do you believe me when I say I love you?

ERICA No.

MAN 1 I didn't think so. It doesn't matter to me. If you believe me or not.

ERICA Okay.

MAN 1 But I'm not lying to you. I have no reason to lie to you.

ERICA They say the city has no soul.

MAN 1 They say you have no soul.

ERICA Who says?

MAN 1 They do.

ERICA I don't care.

MAN 1 They say that too.

ERICA What else do they say?

MAN 1 They say you are the most beautiful woman to walk the street. That your beauty rivals the full moon and your eyes never speak.

ERICA Bullshit.