

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Derelict Woman

by Susan Rogers

EXTRACT

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A DERELICT WOMAN

A PIECE OF THEATRE

BY

SUSAN ROGERS

Somewhere. A city. A pile of rags in a doorway.

WOMAN

Every morning this city dreams me, and I a derelict woman metamorphose from this pile of rags you never noticed and which is of no importance. I step forward staggering a little with the weight of the night clinging to the layers that cover me. The rags and papers of my sleep turn to a dust that dances in the morning breezes between the cars that cocoon you. I walk past you, cross in front and my shadow joins yours, yet you see nothing. And the pitch of my song makes you shudder. I am the fragments of you left in dark corners. I live in the clothes of the dead and eat bits tainted with your saliva. I speak cockroach and my days glimmer with light that reflects my image in acres of black glass. I am the aroma of the city, sewers and the churches and sit on the edge always at a beginning.

Tragedy has overtaken me and I have passed through to the other side and now I live in a place inhabited by selected memories. I am neither evil nor good. I am beyond sentimentality, beyond notice. I am you. I am a pile of rags in a hat. My world is in here,