

*The Stillbirth* by Kara Crabb

CHLOE: You keep bringing me back to it, you asshole. Can't we rid ourselves of it, can we? When I'm awake, so awake, I feel like I'm standing on a stage in front of people, everyone's looking at me, I'm isolated, captured by a single spotlight. Or a desk lamp in a detective's room. Or in headlight, and I'm a deer. Or on a hospital bed, with doctors crowding around me. And I'm silenced by a mask, and my vision is blurring, and I'm scared but I can't help myself from feeling sleepy. And someone produces a sharp blade from their laboratory coat and it glistens "SHRING" and they're wearing a headband with another – LIGHT! - and I can't see their face because *they're* wearing a mask too; and glasses, they're wearing GLASSES that only reflect, you can't see through them, you just see yourself. But I can't recognize myself, I just understand that that there, is me. And then the blade becomes motorized and it's coming closer, and I'm trying to protect my middle, and who is hiding beneath it, but all of my limbs are numb and I can't FEEL them to MOVE them. And it's all so bright, so, so bright, all I see is white even when I shut my eyes! We're both so nervous, but I have to fall asleep, I have to submit myself to what I don't want to know, and I leave him all alone. And I know that I won't remember at all. I won't remember exactly what we were like. I have experienced us so uniquely, so vividly, and now I'm detached, and it's all just fucking gone.

*Full script can be found in Out on a Limb: Short Plays by New Playwrights, edited by Kit Brennan, Signature Editions 2011, ISBN 1-897109-55-5*