

# Siamese

A Play by Zoe Settle

*Each flash to a new scene should have the effect of a camera flash. A brief, vibrant look into something else. It should be jarring, but beautiful. Each scene should contain a loud, persistent noise not unlike a heart monitor on the fritz. The scenes of just One and Two will have a slow, subtle pulse sound. A black stage is suddenly illuminated by a low, sweeping bright white light. It should hit the audience just above their eyelevel. Two figures enter from opposite sides of the stage and meet down center. Perhaps there is haze sweeping upstage. They speak as they move, ultimately arriving back to back and seated. Their arms wave opposite, in unison.*

**BOTH:**

In the beginning....we were one.  
We grew together as no one should.

**ONE:**

We shared all

**TWO:**

More than was ever thought could be shared

*They stop moving and turn sharply towards audience.*

**BOTH:**

Were we a monster?

**ONE:**

Were we a human?

**TWO:**

The moment arrived, we grappled

**ONE:**

Movement, movement, too much

**TWO:**

*(gasps)* A feeling cold air is this air, light so much

**ONE:**

No no, there's no light where is the light

*The scene harshly snaps to a stage picture of many people from an ambiguously older time period. There is NOISE. The doctor figure holds a mangled array of two babies, one is too still. DS, ONE slumps.*

DOCTOR:  
I'm sorry.

*Two screams, then slumps. Lights snap out again.*

ONE:  
They weren't ready

TWO:  
They never were

ONE:  
But one day

TWO:  
One day

ONE:  
One day, we would change

TWO:  
This time we made it

ONE:  
Chang

TWO:  
Eng

BOTH:  
And Barnum

ONE:  
Not so drastic as the last time

TWO:  
Not so monstrous

ONE:  
But different

TWO:  
Different

ONE:  
Maybe

TWO:  
One day

ONE:  
We'll be ready

*Lights snap to a circus scene circa mid 1800s. It is brief, bright and noisy.*

TWO:  
All we have

ONE:  
We have shared

TWO:  
I gave you my stomach

ONE:  
I gave you my liver

TWO:  
I fed from you

ONE:  
I shared my brain

TWO:  
You took my face

ONE:  
Our skull

BOTH:  
Is one

TWO:  
We've shared

ONE:  
Side by side as we should be

TWO:  
Sometimes back to back

ONE:  
Our spines meet

TWO:  
But where is my leg

ONE:  
My neck

TWO:  
Once I was me

ONE:  
I was me

TWO:  
But there you were

ONE:  
Inside my head

BOTH:  
Our head

TWO:  
Sometimes

ONE:  
There is a choice

TWO:  
Designated survivor

ONE:  
They never pick me.

*Harsh flash. A slightly more modern room. The doctor figure holds two figures  
before a mother figure. Each line, she refuses.*

DOCTOR:  
Pick.

You have to.

You can only keep one.

*Lights snap out.*

TWO:  
Why do we have to be apart

ONE:  
Why don't you pick both

TWO:  
Together we are complete

ONE:  
And separate we lose

TWO:  
One or both

ONE:  
Maybe

TWO:  
One day

ONE:  
They'll be ready

*ONE and TWO finally turn to face each other. Sitting criss cross, it's almost as if they are playing a mirroring game. Something is always touching.*

TWO:  
And then there was Harold

ONE:  
And Mercy

TWO:  
We appeared again

*They lean in and touch foreheads*

BOTH:  
Head to head

ONE:  
This time

TWO:  
They said

ONE:  
Both

TWO:  
I was never quite normal

ONE:  
But I made it just fine

TWO:  
We had our own space

ONE:  
But I can't help to wonder

TWO:  
If we weren't

ONE:  
If they didn't

TWO:  
Could I walk on my own?

*Lights flash. A family circa 1955 walks in. A girl who looks about 10 and normal holds the hand of a girl who looks ill and impaired-- she is carried.*

ONE:  
197 hours

TWO:  
And then years

ONE:  
And then nothing

TWO:  
I want to walk.

*They shift again, now side by side.*

BOTH:  
Once we were older

ONE:  
So new

TWO:  
So strange

ONE:  
You had always been me

TWO:  
And I had always been you

BOTH:  
But we wanted a change.

ONE:  
They told us it was risky

TWO:  
But technology felt on our side

*Flash to a more modern operating room, 2000s, as franticness ensues. An  
incredibly loud beeping almost overshadows the lines:*

ONE:  
They managed to complete it

TWO:  
But the vein

ONE:  
The vein

BOTH:  
We died.

*A beat. Lights back to just them.*

ONE:  
We were on display in Paris!

TWO:  
We've toured all over the world



ONE:  
We've been kidnapped

TWO:  
We've been sold

ONE:  
We were together

TWO:  
Songbirds

ONE:  
We got sick

TWO:  
And then you left me

ONE:  
Hours before you left too.

BOTH:  
We were stars!

ONE:  
On the screen

TWO:  
And now it's on the stage

ONE:  
We fell in love

TWO:  
Together

ONE:  
Who knew it'd be so grand?

*The truest flash transition of them all as Daisy and Violet are posed together for a fleeting, happy moment.*

TWO:  
The books show us

ONE:  
We've been here just as long

TWO:  
As anyone else has been

ONE:  
So why are we so wrong

TWO:  
Time has come so far

ONE:  
And still we're passing strange

TWO:  
Maybe a day will come when we live our own way.

ONE:  
I like to be special

TWO:  
It's nice to be unique.

ONE:  
1 in 49,000

TWO:  
Or 189,000

ONE:  
And still there's just me

TWO:  
And you

*The two finally stand, and turn to face each other. They form an embrace, and the lights should create the impression of an X-Ray.*

ONE:  
We're back again

TWO:  
Where we always start

ONE:  
But this time

TWO:  
It's your turn

ONE:  
It's mine

BOTH:  
And so

TWO:  
I give you my heart.

*The lights flash up, the harshest of all. The noise is overwhelming as ONE curls around TWO. After a moment, TWO slumps. Blackout.*