

Portrait of an Artist from the Perspective of His Pears,
or Luscious Butts

a play by

Deborah Yarchun

Deborah.Yarchun@gmail.com

Characters:

Anjou (most likely male) – a pear.

Jo (most likely female) – also a pear.

Suggested staging:

Anjou and Jo may be played by two actors, each holding a D'Anjou pear. The actors should sit or stand a far enough distance that with their arms extended towards one another, their pears cannot touch.

Set:

The bedroom of an artist's loft apartment.

Front and center on the wall in a large frame is the photograph of two pears on a bed. The cleft bottom on one of the pears juts upwards, exposed and oddly sensual. The other has a bite out of it. They are an inch apart—a painful distance for pears.



In front of the photograph are PEAR 1 (Anjou) and PEAR 2 (Jo).

On the wall are other photographs, mostly of potatoes and corn—with the exception of one—the backside of a woman in tight yellow spandex or jeans as she exits through a door. The focus in the shot is her butt.

(Close, but not quite→)



ANJOU

(Ruminating out loud.)

The focus of the shot is my rotund bottom. My luscious bottom.

(Beat. To Jo.)

Are you crying?

JO

Decomposing.

Can you move closer?

Anjou tries to move closer to Jo. He realizes he's stuck.

ANJOU

Can't.

He decouped my neck for lighting.

JO

Must have been hungry. Took a chunk out of me.

If only our skins could collide.

ANJOU

Fuck him.

JO

Fuck him.

The two pears attempt to move closer to one another. Frustrated grumbling. They fail.

JO

Not even an inch?

(Beat.)

Don't nudes usually get paid?

ANJOU

At least we'll be preserved. How many pears get to say that short of jams?

JO

(Beat. Edging towards anger:)

What asshole surrounds their life with photographs of the second level of the food pyramid?

Except—

ANJOU

Except—

They glance at the photograph of the woman. They
contemplate it.

JO

Sloppy composition.

ANJOU

All he could do was snap a photo of her backside as she slammed the door on her way out.
I watched his heart break from the fruit bowl.
He misses her.

(Anjou has a pear epiphany.)

We were ripe for the picking.

(He glances at the other photographs.)

The potatoes have eyes for him. The corn, ears.
I should've been Freud.

JO

What will we have?

ANJOU

Our luscious pear buttocks.

JO

(Catching on.)

Round like hers.

(The pears understand.)

Will you hold me?

Anjou tries to kiss Jo, but is too far away.
The two pears desperately attempt to move closer.
They can't.
A further recognition.

ANJOU and JO

It's fruitless!

A look of pear horror crosses their faces.
Blackout. End of play.