

THE MAN AT THE WINDOW

Written by

Gerald Williams

303-828 Gilford Street,
Vancouver, BC V6G 2N6 Canada
geraldwilliamsperforms@gmail.com
604-417-0714

ii.The Man At The Window. Williams

Characters

The Man Age and gender is open. Probably early 30's. Successful.

Scene

An expensive apartment in an up and coming neighbourhood.

NOTE: This is based on the situation as it exists in Vancouver, B.C. Adaptations to local circumstances are welcome. Please contact the author.

Running time

9 Minutes 25 seconds.

A MAN AT A WINDOW

MAN

She's there. At the edge of the parking lot under the billboard.

Look for the pile of garbage, and you've spotted her.

If there's a car in the way you can't see her, but this time of night people don't park around here. Only tourists and people who drive shit cars park here after dark. I have underground secure parking but even then don't think a steel gate will keep you safe. Nothing in this neighborhood is safe. (Pause)

She always sits in light. I can see her clear as day. She looks about two hundred pounds because of all the clothes she has on. If she's a hundred pounds I'd be surprised. Her face is sagging, her skin looks like it wants to escape her skull. If I looked like her I'd never show my face in the light. No fucking shame. (Pause)

Self respect. If people like her had self respect they wouldn't end up down here polluting the street.

When this building went up there were a lot of protests against gentrification, but you know it isn't happening fast enough, right? The coffee shops, the brewery, the furniture store all help, but there aren't enough normal people living here. (Pause)

Police are always around. I'm not afraid to walk anywhere, and why should I? It's my city, don't I have a right to be here? If she has a right to be here then don't I have the same right? (Pause)

She sits there shooting up every night.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

I called the police when I first moved in and you know what they did, they checked on her. They actually called me back and said "she's fine thanks for letting us know", then they advised me to get a naloxone kit in case I come across someone in crisis. In crisis. The fucking crisis is on my doorstep and what are they doing about it? Handing out naloxone kits and making sure everyone's a-okay. No one seems to get that it's my money that pays for the services to keep her alive every time she OD's. It's my money she uses to pay for the drugs she shoots into her arm every night. And there you go, right now, shooting up right on time. (Pause)

I can always tell when she does it because of the way she huddles over like she's trying to hide it. Then she lays back against the wall. (Pause)

I like it when it's raining because her head gets rained on when she leans against the wall. The water drips on her face, crawls down her neck and mixes with her own filth.

I can smell her from here. The humidity of her damp clothes pushing her stink of urine across the parking lot and up to my home. Invading my home with her stench. The taste of her decay fills my mouth. I watch her and taste her. (Pause)

When I first moved in I had woman-in-the-parking-lot parties. Friends come over, we bet on when she'll shoot up. It's always around the same time, so it's easy to organize. Drinks and appies while we watch her settle in, then we start taking bets on what minute she'll lay her head back. That's the winning minute. When her head touches brick that's the winning minute.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Early on people loved those parties and the pot would get as high as five hundred bucks. Enough for a good dinner.

I stopped having them when only a couple of people showed up. Just the assholes came, nobody fun. I'm not wasting my time to entertain a couple of assholes with nothing going on in their lives. (Pause)

Waste. This area is an example of waste. Public resources pour into this area every day, every hour and nothing changes. I've been here two years and the city sings the same complaints everyday. Not enough nurses in hospitals, not enough day care spaces, too many pot holes, we need more transit, new sports facilities - everything that people need. Real people. People who live and have kids and friends and work. These are the people who make a city a city. These are the ones who need the support, need the resources of a city, but that's not where it goes. Money is poured into the toilet that is this neighborhood. People like her become the defining picture of this city, and that needs to end. (Pause)

I'll outlast her. One night she won't lift her head off the brick wall and her body will get cold and stiff and people will walk by and no one will even notice that's she dead. No one except me. I will be here when they remove her shit covered corpse and I will be here when the next bit of human waste floats along and lays their head against the brick wall. I will be here because it's my city, and I will be here because it's my right. I will be here watching and waiting as the worthlessness of humanity passes in front of my window.

I will always be here.