

AN UN-MAKING

by

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CHARACTERS

THE ARCHITECT

Has a job to do and takes it seriously.

SETTING

Wherever you are.

TIME

Whenever you are.

## AT RISE

(We see three different LEGO constructions onstage, ideally of different heights and shapes. THE ARCHITECT enters. They have a T-square, hard hat, and some vellum. THEY move confidently to the center construction and pour over it intently. They reference the vellum, draw lines with the T-square, and use a scale ruler to check on every dimension. Suddenly, THE ARCHITECT stops. THEY take their hard hat off and set in down, open side facing upward. Slowly and methodically, THEY begin to take apart the LEGO structure and place the blocks into their hard hat. THEY begin to speak. It's definitely a run-on sentence, but please do choose places to breathe.)

## THE ARCHITECT

Code 14 of the Public Utility Act demands that every floor has equal access to lighting fixtures that will guide occupants to emergency exits in the wake of a water landing. Failure to comply with these regulations could cause chemical reactions equivalent to the force of a last minute trick done upon the upper floor of the third landing but not limited to the last place you looked... Because that's where it always is.

(ARCHITECT puts the hard had back on, LEGOs go everywhere. A big doofy grin. ARCHITECT moves to the next sculpture. This time, they break off chunks as if THEY'RE breaking some crusty bread. THEY take the pieces and throw them over their right shoulder. THEY break another piece off, LEGOs go over the shoulder, and THE ARCHITECT speaks again.)

## THE ARCHITECT

Whereas the post conclusion restatement puts the primary executor in a position tantamount to three quarters of the load-bearing pillars but no greater than fourteen inches across the bow and below the anchor across the curtain through the woods stuck in the weeds, sixty-eight meters from certain safety though completely outside the comfort zone of the secondary staircase which is not permitted to spiral but is perfectly welcome to share its feedback on a comment card though by checking the box you acknowledge that this message may not be read or given a second thought until the next new moon is returned which is challenging ever since late fees were declared null and void staring back at you after you gaze of our lives across the aisle from "IT."

(By now, THE ARCHITECT has completely dismantled the second structure and is now grabbing at air and still going through the motions of breaking pieces off of the structure and throwing the pieces behind THEMSELF. THEY don't notice a damn thing about what they're doing and just keep doing it. THEY move to the third sculpture and stop where THEY are. The sight of it offends THEM. THEY circle the sculpture, deciding how to approach it and look for an opening to attack. THEY lock the sculpture in a "headlock," and boy is this a fuckin' struggle. The sculpture is fighting back, and boy it's strong. The fight continues as THE ARCHITECT speaks again. THEY are simultanously fighting with all they have to destroy the sculpture. Both tasks are equally important to them.)

## THE ARCHITECT

The last airconditioner wouldn't have been ableist but the core problem is with the idea of a load-bearing sufferer given the opportunity of a light thyme that doesn't overload or overpower the parsonageandthis is trulyanunacceptedformofthe verbose penalties assessedwhenconductingbusiness in a school zone that is only permitted for Resident Evil living.

(A breath. The third structure is dead and pulverized. Some of the first structure is still left, and THE ARCHITECT moves slowly over to it. THEY speak as they do so.)

## THE ARCHITECT

Aerodiameterntableinachinashopaholicmyassininesavesliv esofmarchingordeservingofrecognitionliketheAmishdowopd ippydopdommmmbopgoestheweasellselloutfieldofdeemsitnece ssparryfriedcreamsnbeaches.

(THE ARCHITECT picks up the remainder of the construction like Lear carries Cordelia. It's heavy. So weighty. SO much is wrapped up in it. Lets it drop. Shatters. THE ARCHITECT slips off their shoes and socks. THEY get a push broom and gather the LEGOs into a three or four foot long blob, completely in silence. Once THEY finishing gathering the LEGOs, THEY step carefully on the pile, and speak.)

## THE ARCHITECT

How come it is acceptable to take up so much room in the making, though when we un-make, we are expected to implode? To keep everything contained and make sure that everyday business is not interrupted in the undoing. The walking back. The turning in. The making, the turning spills out into our established paths and we will move and we will accommodate.

## THE ARCHITECT (Continued)

The undoing, the un-making is unthinkable unless we're  
 puttin' on a show, unless there is spectacle for the  
 spectators that's over in a flash and then nothing  
 else and if it remains it just stings and grows sore  
 eyes looking back at us as if to say the unmade parts  
 of us don't peel away and don't stay gone and scratch  
 our insides and don't keep quiet and don't leave well  
 enough alone because there is no wellness and no  
 stillness and only gildedness  
 andnotwhyweevidencethatanycauseforceremonyorantipathyo  
 ralimonyorcalumnyorbendedkneeorollyollyoxenfreedoooooo  
 ommmmmmmmmmmm.

(THE ARCHITECT walks slowly in the LEGO  
 pile, feeling each block and angle dig  
 into their feet with the utmost  
 concentration. As THEY speak the next  
 section, their movement quickens and  
 builds all the way up to jumping up and  
 down, both feet full stomp temper  
 tantrum jumps. Yes, this is gonna  
 fuckin' smart.)

## THE ARCHITECT

Pitypiteeoffensivenessstledinawagermantingleshouldnotty  
 pinningforcrydovetailspinninghellpicketsversusceltsinco  
 mmaBorisRonsonofsalmonelladeefuckingdadadadadadadadada  
 poledappoledappoledapullblampullblamPULLPULLPULLPULLPU  
 LLYPULLYPULLYEEPEEPEEPEEPEE-YAH-HEE-YAH-HI-YAH-  
 HIYUHH-HIIIIYUHH HIIIII HIIIII HIIIII HIIIIIDDE HIDE  
 HIDE HIDE RUN HIDE RUN AND HIDE RUN AND HIDE  
 HIIIIiiiiidddeee. dieeeeeeeeddd. Dieeeeeed.

(These last lines are only mouthed, not  
 spoken.)

## THE ARCHITECT

Died. DIED! DIIIIIIIEEEEEEDDD.

(THE ARCHITECT screams the loudest  
 silent scream THEY can muster. No noise  
 whatsoever.)

(Out of energy and in lots of pain, THE  
 ARCHITECT sits. THEY clear off a small  
 section of the floor.)

They start building the sculptures again. Before a piece is added, THEY bite each one as if they were checking for a wooden nickel. Block by block, they continue as we fade to black.)

END