

The Metamorphosis – A Play

(The play opens with spotlight on the STAGE MANAGER speaking his lines and only Gregor's room is fully illuminated. The cast freezes in place whenever GREGOR moves.)

STAGE MANAGER

**Gregor awoke
From disturbing dreams.
Gregor awoke
From shocking screams,
In his head,
Thought he was dead,
Transformed
Into an Insect,
For all to Inspect,
And reject.
Left Derelect.
The prospect
Of What to expect,
From the dreams,
Whether substance or smoke,
Is here performed
For our Gregor,
The Traveler
And Seller,
Andy you folk!**

(The clock ticks loudly. Gregor tosses in bed under the covers. On the chair beside his bed sits the FIDDLER in Hasidic dress who plays Klezmer music, alternately wildly rapturous and poignantly sad. Finally, GREGOR tosses off the comforter and emerges on his back, wriggling arms and legs on top of his bed. The audience must be made more aware of the man in the bug, than the bug in the man. The light in Gregor's room dims and that in the parlor comes up.)

MR. SAMSA

**The eggs
Were a little
Over cooked this morning,
And not exactly to my taste,
Please tell the maid,**

MR. SAMSA (CONT'D)

And pass,
Please the coffee.
Grete, please pass the marmalade.

GRETE SAMSA

Yes, yes
Father, I will.

MRS. SAMSA

I shall
Say something to
The maid about the eggs.
But don't you think that Gregor works
Too hared?

MR. SAMSA

He is
A good boy, they
Take advantage of him.
His boss has a very hard heart,
Like flint.
He gets up at
Four to catch the train at
Five o'clock,
and if a salesman
Is not
On it by then
A person from the firm
Reports it to the manager
And he
Could be finished!

(Gregor turns over onto his hands and kness and holds his head with both hands while the FIDDLER plays "groaning" music.)

Traveling salesmen of
Other firms live like Harem girls,
Up at
Ten and having
Breakfast when Gregor
Is writing down his morning sales.
He has
Told it to me,
That very thing, *himself*.