

On Homing: Finding process and place in solo performance

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**Abstract**

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Drawing on Sara Ahmed's *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* as a theoretical framework, *old homes* is a solo performance that explores home, migration, and the search for the kind of answers that move you forward. The piece follows a homing pigeon lost for the first time, who is eventually confronted with the truth that her home has changed in her absence, and it is time to find a new one. Through original poetry, archival home video, voice messages from friends, and dance, this piece weaves together a metaphor wherein the pigeon—and the performer—can say goodbye to their former home, and feel at home in the discovery of where they are going next.

In August of 2025, I took a trip to visit my parents and to take my mother to see a show in Cleveland for her birthday. It is rare for me to be at home in Ohio when no one else is there—no sister, no partner, no extended family for the holidays, just me. I found myself alone in a quiet house one morning (one of my mothers is famous for going to bed at 4am and sleeping until noon). I busied myself for a while—made coffee, tidied the living room, but eventually, I took up my journal, and went and sat on the back deck. I cannot emphasize enough how rare this is for me. Besides starts and stops of morning-pages-word-vomit, I do not journal, I do not write, and I do not consider myself a writer. But on that morning, I wrote the following:

“The ferns turn a deep reddish brown so fast this time of year  
they hear the end of august’s distant call  
and rain fall  
and they turn over and die  
knowing its time.  
How do they know the time?  
or that it is?  
What ancient part of them holds this knowledge?  
I ask because I want it for myself. [...]

I almost write that I wish I was more nomadic  
That I’m a nester  
but then I don't want to tell myself stories that are only half truths  
enough times that they grow and harden.  
It’s begun to rain.

The house gives the air of an early morning even though it's almost noon. I migrate to the porch where there’s an empty patio—almost abandoned. I find microfiber cloths and soap and water and I wipe down the rocking chairs that adorn the space. The wood shines and stretches with her face washed and thus welcomes me into her arms refreshed, anew. I feel clean too.  
We watch the rain

I know there is a clock  
somewhere at the end of a very long hall  
or perhaps within me.  
I strain to hear her  
to speak with her  
to ask her the time.  
They say time will tell

tell me what?  
I need answers

actually, I need a conversation.

the rain waters the grass  
my tears water my coffee

old homes have a way of moving you.”

Now jump forward to October of that same year where I am beginning to panic. January 10th (our Solo Show performance date) is fast approaching, and I have...nothing. I have scheduled rehearsal time on the calendar, and booked space in Hutchinson Hall, but have no semblance of an idea.

I sat at the blank canvas of room 218, wandering through the desert.

### **Finding my way.**

When I arrived at the PATP program at the University of Washington, I did not consider myself a creative person. Imagination was hard for me, and besides, what was I being creative about? I was interpretive, but not creative; I was a conduit. Acting was easy. Everything else was hard. And I definitely wasn't a writer. Never mind that I wrote a full-length documentary piece about Trump's election—those were other people's words that I moved around like a puzzle. That's not writing that's...something else. I watched other people's ideas with such awe. How did they think of that?! My ideas were idiotic in comparison and always too literal. I knew the program was devising-heavy, culminating in a 20-minute solo show thesis. I did not much like this aspect of the program, but I reasoned that though devising was not my cup of tea, it and the like were smart skills to build for the changing landscape of the industry; the beginnings of my necessary multi-hyphenation.

The first solo piece we were tasked with creating in the program was assigned by Bridget Connors in our introductory voice class. As we had begun to learn Linklater technique for vocal release and were working to expand our range, Bridget asked us to choose a myth

and explore retelling it in a way that expanded beyond our habitual vocal choices. I chose to work on Medusa. When I showed Bridget a draft of my piece, the first thing I had ever devised on my own, I felt frustrated. She kept encouraging me to go bigger and I kept thinking, “Bigger how??” My idea of acting was small, likely, Cathy Madden believed, a result of my years of only acting in self-tape auditions, and both Cathy and Bridget pushed me to stretch myself beyond these self-imposed limitations. It was hard work to stretch this muscle—especially because I didn’t want to stretch it! It felt uncomfortable, awkward, and unfamiliar. Devising a show felt foreign to me too, and moreover, I felt I was bad at it. I had the story of Medusa written out on the page, but to bring it to life on my own felt impossible. I strained to see things that were beyond the words on the page, and the harder I looked, the more I found nothing. I was proud of my Medusa piece in the end, though even then I could recognize that the strongest moments of the piece were the ones in which I *had* to abstract and find metaphor, because there were no words to begin with; I represented the moment of her sexual assault by nearly drowning under a sheer piece of blue fabric.

The next solo piece I worked on was in Valerie Curtis-Newton’s *Special Studies in Solo Performance* class, where we were tasked with creating a 10-minute piece for her final. She invited us to keep a “box of inspiration,” a little box that we could add inspiration to in any form: whether a word, or a picture, or an object, or an idea. I enjoyed finding things to put in the box—I began to look at the world around me differently. With this new lens of potential inspiration, there was always something unexpected that tickled me. Filling my box was fun, but when it came time to write and devise, I toiled for a lot of the quarter. I was plagued with indecisiveness, feeling that if I chose the wrong thing, that I would be led down a whole other path that was wrong. I called it procrastination but Val called it avoidance. While I eventually made choices, and got positive feedback on the piece from those who shared it with me, I felt largely indifferent to the work. I couldn’t point to why I made it other than I thought it was an interesting idea. I was dissatisfied, and left the quarter worried about how I would come to the topic or material for my thesis. What if I didn’t have anything to say?

## **Wandering through the desert.**

Adrienne Mackey calls the first phase of the devising process, “wandering through the desert.” She describes it as aimless walking, grasping at ideas, unsure what meaning they hold, or if they are “the thing.” I echo this sentiment in the initial phase of my process. I didn’t know what I was doing, didn’t have any idea of where to start, but I knew I had to get on my feet. The idea of sitting at a blank document with a blinking cursor felt infinitely scarier than doing so in a room in Hutchinson Hall. As I sat at the blank canvas of room 218, I opened my notebook and saw a note from earlier that said “Abigail voice memo?” I couldn’t remember why I wrote it down or when, but I took it as a sign from my previous self. I turned on my Zoom, pressed record (this is also of Adrienne’s pedagogy—to always record any rehearsals so you can reference them later, or transcribe improvisations you do in rehearsals for the eventual script) and I began to improvise movement while I listened to the voice memo my friend had sent me a week earlier. I jotted down common gestural language and phrases that I found; I experimented. Basically, I rehearsed, which should have felt familiar, but rehearsing without knowing *what* I was rehearsing—this was new to me. I left that rehearsal feeling like I had shown up, like I had done the work, even though I didn’t know what it was yet, and that excited me.

In another moment of “wandering through the desert,” I begin to read the old pages from my journal—hard evidence to support the fact that even though I can’t write, I have written *something*. About half the journal is full of morning pages and affirmations from an attempt at *The Artist’s Way* a year prior—ironically when I decided to confront my “un-creativity” head on. I flip open to a page that said only, “I will open myself to the universe and she will fill me with images” over and over and over again. I take that in. I page through a bit further and find my first non-morning pages entry after I had fallen off of writing for a couple months. It reads:

“The guilt of what you haven’t done in a while keeping you from doing the thing you want to do—text that person back, call an old friend, finish the book, etc, etc, etc. How silly. That as a punishment for our faults we keep ourselves from doing the things we

want. A kind of masochism that appeals to no one. I was doing this in the first place because I wanted to get better at writing—but I've realized that I don't need to be able to write to create. Though I'd like to write too—maybe just for myself for a little while—I am really doing my best to honor the place I am at in my creative career. To show up proud of it—knowing it is not the end of my journey. So much has been stifled in the spirit of 'it's not good enough.' And by whose standards? Of course I want to be good—creating good work. But don't I want to be seen as growing in my art too?

[...] I wonder I wonder I wonder... I wish I wondered less. I left my yoga mat out on the floor, made room for it by my heater, hoping that I would hop over in the mornings with the offering. It feels just like my journal. Inviting and reeking of failure. Dorothy sits on my windowsill. I've had her for as long as I can remember. She's silver and little and looks so extremely hopeful. Full of wonder. The lore [of The Wizard of Oz] is never ending—but so are the roots, connections, deep in me, in my life. I watched that movie every day for years as a child, and here I am now, a friend of Dorothy, in school in the Emerald City, feeling homesick for Chicago...

I wonder what her wonder has to teach me

I wonder

I wonder

I wonder

am I alone

am I a hypocrite

am I forgiven

am I weak

am I strong

and in what ways

Will I lead or be led

down the yellow brick road

and when asbestos falls from the sky

who will pick me up

and dust me off

and love me

and sing

and dance

in the rain”

I jot down in my solo show notebook “What is home? Dorothy? Hopeful? Wonder.” In the same sitting, I also read the aforementioned journal entry from my time in Ohio about 50 pages later—which eventually became the prologue of my piece—and write “old homes have a way of moving you,” and finally, I can see my way out of the desert.

## **Orientations, objects, others.**

I saw a copy of *Queer Phenomenology* by Sara Ahmed at a bookstore once a couple years ago. I remember the cover image (see Appendix A) striking me so much that I stopped to take a photo of it—I guess I thought I might need it some day (how satisfying when those days actually come!) As I considered my solo show’s container, and pushed myself to think bigger (thank you, Bridget)—not assuming a linear narrative or text, and taking inspiration from performance art and dance—I cracked open Sara Ahmed’s dense philosophical book, thinking it might hold inspiration through a kind of back door. I don’t know what I expected to find—I didn’t even know what phenomenology was when I opened it and started to read, only that it related to objects in space, and that seemed to apply to my work, however vaguely. From the first paragraph, I was off to the races. I devoured the first chapter of this book—and from within it I found every metaphor, image, and phrase that I needed. This book, for me, like with the best scripts, gave back to me every time I returned to it. Ironically, it oriented me to my work.<sup>1</sup>

Ahmed begins with the concept of “orientation,” positing that “to be oriented is...to be turned towards certain objects, those that help us to find our way. These are the objects we recognize, so that when we face them we know which way we are facing” (1). We have all been there, disoriented, until we see something we know—whenever I’m lost in Chicago, I can always orient myself by the skyscrapers that line Lake Michigan; since Chicago is all west of the lakefront, if I put the skyscrapers on my right, I know I am facing north. Ahmed complicates this concept slightly by explaining that even if we are oriented in space, we may still be lost, and thus, orientation is less about knowing which way to turn, and more about the familiarity of the world (7). And in this way, orientation becomes a question “not only about how we ‘find our way’ but how we come to ‘feel at home’” (7), and furthermore—as I would soon discover in rehearsal—finding our way could involve what we call homing devices (9).

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<sup>1</sup> Also ironically, I only used the first chapter of the book as reference, so I never made it far enough to get to the “queer,” portion of Ahmed’s argument. In future iterations of this piece, I would be sure to unpack the way she is queering this philosophical idea and tie my own queerness in with her argument and the show’s metaphor.

This also aligned with my experience sitting and reflecting on my childhood porch. Ahmed notes that “homes too can be ‘giddy’ places where things are not always held in place,” that “homes can move, as we do” (9)—the Oxford English Dictionary defines *giddy* as “disorienting and alarming, but exciting”<sup>2</sup>—and I felt all of it sitting on that porch. I knew I was in a former home, but I didn't quite know how to define my current home or where my future home was to be. I was physically oriented in space, but disoriented by indecision and my apprehension of the unknown. Disorientation, Ahmed argues, is “a way of describing the feelings that gather when we lose our sense of who it is that we are” (20). I felt the weight of that loss—and recognized that these tensions were ripe for dramatic conflict and metaphor.

I was also moved by Ahmed's idea that the body is affected by home, and home by body. When you go to bed for the first time in a new apartment, it is hard to fall asleep. It feels wrong and unfamiliar and unsettling. And when you wake up, there is a brief moment when you have no idea where you are; you are disoriented. But with each passing night, your body begins to know the space and (hopefully) begins to feel safe within it. You nest, you make the apartment feel like home, you tweak and adjust and change the space until it suits you, and you suit it. You are oriented; you have arrived. Indeed, if “homes are the effects of the histories of arrivals” (9), then my being in my home is literally changing the landscape of my body and of the space itself. I take this a step further in the piece when the main character returns home to find she doesn't recognize it—someone else has moved in, and the landscape has been changed by its inhabitants. Ahmed connects this idea of nesting and finding new homes to migration, which through the phenomenology lens “could be described as a process of disorientation and reorientation” (9).

I began to consider birds and migration in my rehearsals as I continued to explore the idea of home. I danced around the rehearsal room to songs with bird-related imagery; I wandered around the room blindfolded with objects littered across the space and worked to

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<sup>2</sup> This definition is embedded in the show itself, when the Realtor character presents the Pigeon with a “giddy bag” instead of a goody bag—a parting gift for one standing at the threshold.

find them, but it wasn't until a post-it note brainstorming session that I remembered the bird who is also literally a homing device—the homing pigeon.<sup>3</sup> Ahmed suggests that finding our way may involve “what we could call 'homing devices'” (9)—and suddenly I had found mine. I left that work session knowing that my show would follow a pigeon, lost for the very first time, unable to find her way home. I knew the metaphor that would carry my show, but I didn't know how close it would carry me to myself.

### **Working on my feet.**

Once I had my pigeon, the “desert” was fully in my rear view mirror; I was around vegetation, ripe for the picking. The second phase of devising as Adrienne Mackey describes it, after “wandering through the desert,” is “the Frankenstein phase.” You try an arm, a torso, a leg, and watch as your piece awkwardly hobbles around the room. You swap A for B, C for D, write a brand new E, etc., and your creation slowly takes shape and begins to come into focus. I moved sticky notes and postcards around and around, tried on different kinds of characters for different events I wanted to occur, and continued to record my own improvisations on prompts or scene ideas as a way of writing on my feet. As I continued to iterate, however, I began to get a little disoriented (!) and realized I needed to ground my iterations in dramaturgy. I utilized Valerie Curtis-Newton's straightforward and precise approach to Stanislavsky's text analysis to uncover the spine of my piece: listen deeply to move forward. Val teaches that every single event in the play must be in service of the spine that you choose. I reverse-engineered this concept and used my spine as a sort of north star when I wasn't sure which way to go. If the event or the scene or the idea was not in service of my spine, I knew it wasn't the right thing for the piece.

As my work sessions began to look more like rehearsal, I was able to start applying my actor training. This was more familiar ground. My physical work, strengthened by Cathy

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<sup>3</sup> Homing pigeons were an integral part of our mail service for centuries, and were bred to find their way home over extremely long distances. Since this mail service only went one way, the pigeons were often transported to another destination in cages, and then sent home with a message when needed.

Madden's integrative approach to the Alexander Technique, as well as my Suzuki and Viewpoints training under Jeffrey Fracé, allowed me to discover physicality, gesture, and shape with specificity for the three characters in my show, two of which were animals. The pigeon was particularly hard to build in a way that didn't invite tension, and required a lot of Alexander technique to create an efficient and coordinated shape while bent over with my neck often sticking out. I thought about Suzuki—the quickness with which we move from one form to another with the cue of the stick—as I considered the transitions between characters. There was a lot of quick, quippy dialogue and I found that shifting from one character to another was just like hitting another form with a cue. I didn't take time to “transition,” I just did, and this served my performance in many ways, most notably in the comedic rhythm of the piece.

The Viewpoints of architecture and spatial relationship also helped me to create interesting stage picture compositions and allowed me to feel grounded while performing in the round; when there is no “front,” you can get quite turned around onstage if you're not careful (which is how I wanted my character to feel, but not myself as actor). As I worked on the technical elements of the piece, I realized that my compositional skills were still hard at work. The archival home videos—edited into a cue that played on a small retro TV onstage serving as a kind of music video to David Byrne's *Home*, with voice memos from friends overlaid throughout—required the same attention to the Viewpoints of tempo, duration, and repetition that I bring to my work as a performer, albeit through a digital medium.

### **Finding a new direction.**

Just as I didn't know what I was writing when I started—didn't yet know what way I was heading—I didn't know how representative of this moment in my life this piece would feel to me. As I built out this piece, I was simultaneously building out all the different homes in my life. Watching hours of home videos, listening to countless voice memos from friends, choreographing the cohort among my goodbyes—it was like I awoke one day to find that I had perfectly articulated this current transient moment in my life. Maybe this seems obvious, but it

was a total surprise to me. This wasn't what I had set out to do! I had no agenda! I had only been wandering, fiddling with stuff in a rehearsal room. My work snuck up on me—which is maybe the best evidence that I was able to get out of my own way.

Even as I stared at a bunch of sticky notes on the wall for hours on end, and even as I toiled over the compositions of my set, and the video cues, and a line that wasn't quite right, I never doubted what I was creating. I was able to make choices, investigate, experiment, and discover, because I was listening. I had done in process what my spine had invited my character to do in the piece—listen deeply to move forward. And in doing so, I was opening myself to the images the universe had to offer me—just as I had written repeatedly in my journal years before. *Old homes have a way of moving you* felt sparkly in a way that the other solo pieces I devised never did. In this work, I see all of the growth in my artistry I've found here at UW. I had never felt that I had anything worthwhile to say. But this was personal, and so I said it, and I felt it reverberate through my audiences. My cohort member Jerik Fernandez gave me a great compliment when he said, "Truly. Only you could have made this piece." And it was in that gift that I realized that my artistry is not in trying to find something worthwhile to say, but in the discovery of the unique way that I choose to say it. With a pigeon and a raccoon and a realtor and David Byrne.

Not a writer, not a creative person, and a lack of imagination to boot. I felt comfortable with the title *artist*, but not with anything that it entailed. With so much evidence to the contrary, I have often wondered why it took me so long to own these titles. I know there were many tidy old narratives, stories I told myself so frequently they became true, and I know the titles themselves felt far from my own identity. I have considered myself an actor for almost as long as I can remember. Adding other titles to that roster when I was no longer green and bright eyed and confident proved slippery—and I had no idea I was the one making things wet. At this point, I can *also* identify myself as an unreliable narrator. She's never devised anything before, but created a full length documentary piece about the election. She never writes, but has a journal that is nearing full. She can't imagine anything, but envisions striking in-world

images around her every time she enters the dressing room in between acts during a performance. I call my own bluff. Through this process—and moreover throughout my time in grad school—I have found that though my home is currently giddy, I can always claim a place here in the present, among the artists. When I am connected to those parts of me, when I close my eyes, quiet the noise, and listen—I find that, like my pigeon before me, I am at last, homing.

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old homes have a way of moving you

By Taylor McWilliams-Woods

*TAYLOR looks around her home. As she touches the TV it flickers on to a fuzzy black and white. She speaks directly to the audience.*

The house gives the air of an early morning even though it's almost noon  
I migrate to the empty front porch — almost abandoned.  
I wish I was more nomadic

The ferns turn a deep reddish brown so fast this time of year  
They hear the end of August's distant call  
And rain fall  
And they turn over and die  
Knowing its time  
How do they know the Time?  
Or that it is?  
What ancient part of them holds this knowledge?  
I ask because I want it for myself.

I find microfiber cloths and soap and water and I wipe down the porch's crown jewel — a rocking chair.  
The wood shines and stretches with her face washed and thus welcomes me into her arms refreshed, anew.  
I feel clean too.  
We watch the rain.

I know there is a clock  
Somewhere at the end of a very long hall  
Or perhaps within me  
I strain to hear her  
To speak with her  
To ask her the time  
They say time will tell  
Tell me what?  
I need answers

Actually,  
I need a conversation

## BLACKOUT

*A clock tick crescendos into an outdoor environment. Lights up in a back alley somewhere nearby. PIGEON flies past the stage several times from different directions—the third time she passes she stops and frowns. Beat.*

PIGEON  
I'm all turned around

*She tries and fails to orient herself. She starts to get afraid. She thinks to leave a couple of times and then decides against it—what if she strays even further from the correct flight path? She realizes she's stuck. She looks around for help and there is none. She starts to cry. She sits down on the rocking chair and sobs. Loudly.*

*Transition to RACCOON who has been rudely awoken by PIGEON's wailing. Throughout the following monologue, we may hear PIGEON's cry from time to time.*

RACCOON  
Hey hey hey  
What the fuck is going on  
It's the middle of the fucking day, and I'm trying to sleep. (Sees PIGEON crying)  
Hey, lil guy! Dude.  
Let's... hey, hey, hey, hey. Hi! Hello!  
I can see... You got a lot going on, but maybe we could take a couple deep breaths.  
Just a couple deep breaths. (They take a couple deep breaths together. PIGEON has calmed down—slightly) Heyyyy. There we go.

Cry all you want  
just not at that volume. (Begins looking through the trash)

PIGEON (beginning to get worked up again)  
Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb your sleep, it's just that—

RACCOON

Hey, hey!

Let's not start that again. How about....Want half of this Dick's burger I just found?

PIGEON *(still working through tears)*

Thank you that is—really kind

I love Dicks. I used to hang out in that parking lot all the time.

It's just

It's just that I'm lost? Um, and

you know, I'm a HOMING pigeon, so

It's kind of, like, my ONE FUCKING JOB

To be able to get home?

And I've never not been able to do that before.

And

I don't know where I am

or how I got here

or how to get home.

*I'm broken. (When PIGEON sits defeated on the TV, it flickers on again. When RACCOON stands, it turns off again)*

RACCOON

Sheeeesh yeah, um... That's tough, dude.

I mean... I don't know anything about

*Finding* a home, but

I mean, since I left the den two years ago, I haven't fucking looked back,

I just try to go where the wind takes me, you know what I mean?

AND no home

no fucking mortgage

I invest that shit in crypto *(Back to rummaging through the trash)*

There's food everywhere I look

No boss

Don't have to answer to anybody—none of that fucking beta male shit you know

Make my own fucking schedule,

*I'm on nobody's time but my own.*

I am a free agent

just living this

nomadic

ass life.

PIGEON

I have friends who are like that

they can just up and leave

They move with the seasons

Ugh they're always posting all their new little adventures online

But I don't migrate

I only return home.

And now I can't seem to figure out how to do that.

RACCOON

You know what—I feel like I saw on reddit once something about clicking your heels together three times?

*(PIGEON stares. Awkward beat)*

Welp  
I'm going back to bed  
But good luck to you dude.

I mean  
Why don't you just make a home here?  
This place has potential.  
Even got a TV.  
Get cozy  
watch some Real Housewives  
call it a day? Just a thought.  
Seeee yaaaaa. *(He EXITS)*

*PIGEON watches him go. She ponders the space. She thinks to sit and try to clack her heels together three times. Owch. Nothing. Hmmmm what else? She mutters and repeats "make a home here" as she attempts to create a nest with the props that exist in the space—the rocking chair, the tv (which flickers on as she picks it up—with great effort—and stays on through the rest of the show), the umbrella, and the trash that RACCOON has left littered around the space. Each time she finds a tableau, she sits in it for a beat, realizes it's not quite right, takes the loss, and tries again. Maybe also adds the text, "I wish I was more nomadic."  
As she stands and looks at her shitty nest that doesn't feel quite right, she hears someone approaching from UPSTAGE.*

PIGEON  
Hello?

*TRANSITION to REALTOR, rushing in late.*

REALTOR  
Oh my god, honey!  
Oh, you poor thing!  
Am I late? Or are you early?  
Time flies doesn't she  
Get it cause you're a  
Never mind.  
Anyway ummmmmmm,  
how long have you been here?

PIGEON  
I don't know... a long time.

REALTOR  
*(To herself)* Fuck.  
Yeah.  
Right, yeah, you know, I was.  
It was kind of my  
job

to be here when you got here.  
Let's just uh... Keep that between you and me shall we? Okayyy.  
(*She notices how PIGEON has rearranged the furniture*)  
Well! ... Love what you've done with the place.  
It's very... um...conceptual!

PIGEON (*getting upset*)  
Um sorry?  
What do you mean you were supposed to be here when I got here?  
I... I don't even know where I am?  
Or who you are?  
I'm just trying to make a nest?  
And I—

REALTOR  
Oh honey  
You still don't... I see.  
You still don't know where you are. Well (*drumroll please*)

YOU'RE HOME!! Welcome back!

Your home has been  
Changed.  
You didn't come back. Uh, for a while?  
And so it...  
I held onto it for you as long as I could but you know, the market. It shifted, and uh...  
Yeah, just somebody else.  
Moved in

PIGEON  
I'm home?  
But it doesn't look anything like what I remember.

REALTOR  
Yes, well, like I said  
It changed because you weren't here? That happens.  
Spaces are always shaped like the people that are in them.

PIGEON  
Oh.  
I just didn't recognize it.

This is my chair?  
And this is my table? (*REALTOR nods*)  
But  
Um  
it doesn't *feel* like home.  
So I... How do I make it *feel* like?  
Like, home?

REALTOR  
Well, sweetie

The way it works  
you won't be able to do that  
here  
anymore.  
Like I said, new owners.  
Which, I know, bummer.  
But that means you're searching! Exciting! Plenty of great new homes on the market.

PIGEON  
Okay. Yeah. So I'm homeless.

REALTOR  
Well... We like to call it searching.

*(Beat)*

Okay. So  
I brought this giddy bag with me  
As a parting gift.  
This place is always here for you to  
Visit  
within reason new owners like said it's their space  
But!  
Moving on... It's not so bad. No?  
It's new. Exciting.  
It's time! *(On the word "time" hard shift to PIGEON as REALTOR pushes the purse into her hands)*

PIGEON  
Um  
Okay  
But  
My body only knows how to direct me here? To this place. How will I know—

REALTOR  
Just listen sweetie.  
So. I'll leave this here *(sets purse down)*  
And give you some privacy so you can say goodbye.  
Take your time.  
And turn the lights off when you leave okay! *(REALTOR EXITS)*

*PIGEON/TAYLOR watches REALTOR go, then turns to her old home. She takes it in. Eventually, she sits on the floor and begins to unpack the giddy bag REALTOR left. As she removes things from the bag, a compilation of home videos play on the TV that are related to the items she unpacks. The final item in the bag is a recorder. She presses a button on it. Voice messages from TAYLOR's friends flood the space. HOME by David Byrne plays. She packs. She dances. There are many goodbyes. The space is cleared. The song ends and TAYLOR knows it is time to go.*

*She turns off the lights and crosses the threshold into the unknown. Which way should she go? How does she know for sure? She looks around nervous and scared, but then thinks to close*

*her eyes, take a deep breath, and bring her hands to her heart. She listens. After a beat her body shifts to the left. She opens her eyes—aha. An answer.*

*The music fades out to a distant rainfall as she walks towards the exit her body has chosen. At the vom, she turns around and addresses the audience one last time.*

TAYLOR

I know there is a clock  
Somewhere at the end of a very long hall  
Or perhaps within me  
And I  
Listen

I'm going this way. *(She exits).*

*Blackout.*

*End of play.*

Appendix A

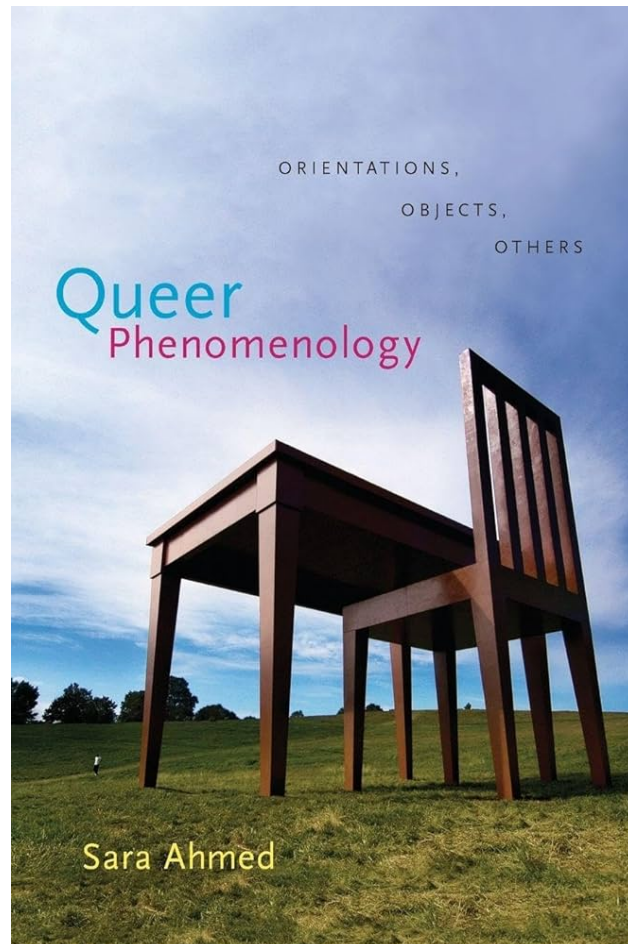


Fig. 1. Cover of *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* by Sara Ahmed. "The Writer" by Giancarlo Neri, photograph by Yvonne De Rosa, courtesy of ROLLO Contemporary Art, London.

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