

MAYBE POLITICS ARE OVER

Sloka Krishnan

721 Argonne Ave. NE, #4
Atlanta, GA 30308
(765) 588 7062
slokakrishnan@gmail.com

SYNOPSIS

Written in the wake of the 2016 U.S. presidential election, *MAYBE POLITICS ARE OVER* follows three groups of characters, each in their echo chamber, being pulled down their preordained paths: a cohort of politicians, as they jockey for power and grapple with desire; a group of women fighting impotently for change they can't envision; and a trio of outcasts who have retreated to the woods to find a peace that is now dissolving. As the characters' three worlds begin to intersect, the play builds to a bitter fallout in which nobody is innocent.

MAYBE POLITICS ARE OVER is an angry play that follows its characters' shared thread of rage, destruction, and exhaustion to explore themes of power, eroticism, freedom, compulsion, and responsibility. It asks questions about the nature of activism and its internal contradictions, the opportunities both afforded and foreclosed by opting for separatism over engagement, and the failure of solidarity and communication that plagues resistance movements and leads to widespread fracture and alienation. It looks at the bloody mess that is left—onstage, in the world—and asks: Where do we go from here?

CHARACTERS

four POLITICIANS, who are men:

THE POWERFUL ONE, 50s-60s, is white

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, 30s-40s, is white

THE INCOMPETENT ONE, 40s-50s, is white

THE TRUE BELIEVER, 40s-50s, is not white

a TRIO OF OUTCASTS who are not identity-driven but who for the purposes of casting are of color and/or trans and/or disabled and/or women, &c., &c.: multiply alienated

three WOMEN, 30s-40s:

WOMAN 1 is white

WOMAN 2 is white

WOMAN 3 is not white

SETTINGS

a men's bathroom in a federal government building,

other rooms and offices in this building,

a wooded copse,

a café that is also the White House press briefing room,

and some ambiguous in-betweens

SCENE CHANGES

As noted in the stage directions, the POLITICIANS, primarily THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, orchestrate all set changes through the beginning of Scene 15. The transitions into Scenes 16 and 17 are performed unobserved. Set changes into Scene 18 and thereafter are performed by the OUTCASTS. Each change should have one of the following effects: (a) that the characters are bringing their world into being with them as they enter; (b) that the characters are taking their world with them as they exit; or (c) that the characters are bringing on a new diversion, which they observe with an editorial gaze before leaving. Each is an exercise of power.

RUN TIME

Approximately 70 minutes with no intermission.

“I’m not Steve Bannon, I’m not trying to suck my own cock.”

– Anthony Scaramucci
White House Director of Communications
(July 21–31, 2017)

SCENE 1

(A men’s bathroom in an upscale government building. There is one stall and one urinal. The door of the stall has been removed, presumably broken and to be replaced. THE POWERFUL ONE sits on the toilet fully clothed. He is rumpled from work, or a general calculated slovenliness, and he is drinking whiskey, neat. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE walks in and begins to piss. He doesn’t see THE POWERFUL ONE, but THE POWERFUL ONE sees him, in the mirror. He begins to speak, startling THE BEAUTIFUL ONE mid-stream.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Take it from me, kid: You be a man out there, yeah? You be the most beautiful fucking man, yeah? Successful, bold, a real charmer. And then over here: You get your dick fuckin hard, you fuck who you want, you fuck how you want, when you want, you name it, whatever kinky shit your heart desires. A man like you? That face, that fuckin suit, that fuckin body, you go into a meeting, you can lay your cock right on the goddamn conference table. You hear me? You lay your cock on that table I guarantee you in five seconds everyone around leans over to suck it. Swear to God. You’re rock hard in two minutes, cumming all over their pretty little faces, swear to God.

I used to do it, go into the fucking board room like that. You think it’s a metaphor? It’s not a metaphor. I used to—still could, still could get assholes like all of them fucking salivating over this shit, if the fucking President hadn’t decided to sabotage his—his best shot at a goddamn competent administration. Wholesome bullshit. Whiny fuckwits. Fuck all of it.

You ever sucked a dick? The gays, man, that’s the one thing they’ve got figured out, the fuckin power of a hard dick.

If I could suck my own cock I would, lemme tell ya. You say solipsism; I say fuckin ... self-reliance. Self-sufficiency. Freedom! You ever see someone suck his own cock? Go online and look that shit up. That’s my advice to you. Man at his fucking finest.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE stares at THE POWERFUL ONE with derision before intentionally turning away and beginning to piss once more. This is exactly the sort of entitlement THE POWERFUL ONE was alluding to. Momentarily startled that it

should be weaponized against him, he actively chooses to react with glee rather than offense.

The scene ends, and the POLITICIANS step out. Each working in his own self-interest, with little regard to the other [i.e., they are not collaborating on this; it does not happen smoothly], they rotate the world. They look at what's in front of them, amused and dismissive in their observations, and leave.)

SCENE 2

(An ethereal copse, where a TRIO OF OUTCASTS sing with simplicity and earnestness.)

THE OUTCASTS

There's a little log cabin by a river,
And a sprinkling of freshly-fallen snow;
There's the bright glare of sunlight in the morning
In this place we found so many years ago.

In this place we found so many years ago,
There are things we never knew that there could be:
Things like funguses and poisons and all sorts of strange debris,
Things like somehow for the first time feeling free.

And the bears that share the forest are majestic and so strong,
And utopia was quietly domestic all along,
And we were foolish in the city, we were foolish in the throng,
But now we're here,
But now we're here.

With a little log cabin by a river,
With a sprinkling of freshly-fallen snow,
With the bright glare of sunlight in the morning,
And with more and more and more of this to go.

(They look at each other. In unison, they take and release a focused breath that starts as a contented sigh on exhale but turns into a bit of a growl. They look out.)

SCENE 3

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE enters the bathroom, bringing it into being as he enters. Having learned his lesson from last time, he

checks the stall, finds it empty, then approaches the mirror. He shoots his cuffs and straightens his tie before beginning to practice a range of expressions, accompanied by the appropriate gestures [e.g., hand-shaking, etc.]. He is concerned. Gregarious. Commanding. Affable. Contemplative. Various types of charming, all of which read genuine.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

(gregarious, to one person)

Now that is *exactly* the type of attitude this country needs.

(humble, to another)

Thank you, sir; we appreciate your support.

(winking, to a third)

On it, Mr. President!

(He continues with his expressions. But the last one sticks too long and suddenly morphs into something horrible. He stares. There is an echo of the OUTCASTS' song. What is he doing here? There is a knock at the door. He recomposes himself.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

One moment.

(He washes his hands and leaves, taking the bathroom with him.)

SCENE 4

(THE INCOMPETENT ONE speaks at a podium. WOMEN 1 AND 2 sit at a café, watching him speak.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Therefore, on behalf of the White House, I hereby declare that women are fucking vile. Truly disgusting. Thank you.

WOMAN 1

This guy again.

WOMAN 2

It's frightening, really.

WOMAN 1

It's obscene, is what it is.

WOMAN 2
Women are not disgusting.

WOMAN 1
Women are amazing.

WOMAN 2
He's the vile one.

WOMAN 1
We have to get rid of him.

(A pause. They think about the logistics of this. They decide it's not worth it. They redirect.)

WOMAN 2
You know who else is bad?

WOMAN 1
Who?

WOMAN 2
Trans women.

WOMAN 1
Mmm.

WOMAN 2
So aggressive!

WOMAN 1
Entitled.

WOMAN 2
Invasive.

WOMAN 1
Demanding!

WOMAN 2
Anti-feminist.

WOMAN 1
Tell me about it.

WOMAN 2

I was just—

(WOMAN 3 walks in and notes THE INCOMPETENT ONE.)

WOMAN 3

This guy again. Do you ever just want to...

(at THE INCOMPETENT ONE)

The vagina brigade will not be stopped!

(The WOMEN laugh. Their laughter subsides, leaving a bitterness behind. Nothing about this is actually funny.)

WOMAN 2

We're not supposed to say that anymore, didn't you hear?

WOMAN 3

We're not supposed to say anything. Just disappear silently.

WOMAN 1

Right? That is how it is.

WOMAN 2

I've missed you. Your—attitude. It's refreshing.

WOMAN 3

Well, thanks.

WOMAN 1

Our little activist gatherings.

WOMAN 2

(remembering)

Look at this cute button I got!

ALL

Hashtag resistance!

(They take a selfie. They look at the result, pleased.)

SCENE 5

(THE TRUE BELIEVER enters surreptitiously, bringing the bathroom with him. Cautious and frightened, he sits on the toilet seat and practices his Wide Stance. Tentatively tapping a foot closer to the edge of the stall. Tentatively reaching a hand down, under the divider, imagining holding a penis. It is only a practice environment, of course, since there isn't even a second stall, much less another man. But he is very focused and very vulnerable. He closes his eyes and touches himself through his pants. He stops himself.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

No.

(He sits in silence for a moment before getting up, going to the sink, and splashing water on his face. He breathes deeply, composing himself. It takes some time. He holds himself up to his full height, channeling as much gravitas as he can. He looks at himself in the mirror.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Pull it together.

(He leaves. A short while later, THE BEAUTIFUL ONE enters. He follows the exact same set of machinations that THE TRUE BELIEVER just did, with no less vulnerability but with substantially less shame. As he touches himself through his pants, the door opens. He stops.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

I knew you were a dirty motherfucker! Enjoying yourself, huh? Don't let me stop you, I'm just here to piss.

(He starts pissing, enthusiastically.)

Better your hand than a fucking pussy these days, I tell you that. More trouble than it's worth. They'll beg for your dick and then head straight to the press to lie about it. Or they'll cling. Jesus! If there's one thing I can't stand it's a clingy bitch. Fuckin hell.

(He finishes.)

Come on then, whip it out, you don't have all day.

(He winks and leaves. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE hesitates, making a displeased face at THE POWERFUL ONE behind his back. But

then he does as instructed and comes hard. He cleans up and exits,
content. He takes the bathroom with him.)

SCENE 6

(As before, the TRIO OF OUTCASTS sing another song.)

THE OUTCASTS

We saw Bigfoot in the forest;
He was gentle, he was dreaming,
He was splashing in a stream, and
He was singing to himself.

We saw Bigfoot; he was wearing
A nice skirt he'd made from grass,
And as we passed, he smiled a smile
That made our hearts beat extra fast.

And then we said:
Excuse me, sir, we couldn't help but notice
Your pretty eyes,
Your joyful voice!

And then he said:
I'm grateful that you're here and that you noticed.
Come down and join me,
And let's rejoice
In that we've found each other now!

Oooh-ooh-ooh! Oooh-ooh-ooh! And we rejoiced!

We met Bigfoot in the forest,
And we held each other tight,
And it felt right, and other animals
Came down and joined the love.

And we were underneath the moonlight;
We were underneath the stars, and
Our guitar's reverberation
Felt like wisdom from afar.

And then we danced!
And celebrated life and coexistence!
And we felt young,
And we felt proud.

And as we danced,
Humanity receded in the distance.
But in its wake
It left a cloud of dust that settled on us all.

We found Bigfoot in the forest;
He was prancing, he was twirling;
We were swirling through a place
That we all longed to call our home.

But the home was an illusion;
As we swayed under the eaves
And felt the leaves crunch underfoot, we knew:
Simplicity deceives.

(They look at each other. As before, they try to breathe in unison, but something falters, and the unison breaks. The growl is stranger, less controlled. They are disturbed.)

SCENE 7

(The café and podium again. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE brings the scene on and observes briefly, as though tasked with ensuring that THE INCOMPETENT ONE is surviving okay in his role. He leaves after THE INCOMPETENT ONE delivers his first line.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Also on behalf of the President, we can't friggin wait until these smug liberal assholes lose their health insurance. It's gonna be ... amazing. No more handouts for anyone. No more liberal elites selling us on "doctors," on "scientists," on millionaire crooks. Buy your drugs from a veterinary supply store as God intended. Hang yourself nobly by your own bootstraps when your time comes. That is the America this administration supports. Thank you.

WOMAN 1

What a monster.

WOMAN 2

Hideous.

WOMAN 1

This is a death sentence for so many people!

WOMAN 2

Unbelievably cruel.

(A pause.)

WOMAN 1

I guess the idiots who voted for him will get what they deserve.

(The two laugh uproariously and maliciously.)

WOMAN 2

A good idea after all.

WOMAN 1

Weed out the narrow-minded!

WOMAN 2

I mean—they're the ones who are dependent on public services in the first place.

WOMAN 1

(realizing)

It could really help flip some key jurisdictions.

WOMAN 2

Wow. I hope so.

(WOMAN 3 walks in.)

WOMAN 3

You saw the news?

WOMAN 1

Horrible! Just horrible!

WOMAN 3

These evil sons of bitches won't be so smug when half their base is wiped out.

WOMAN 2

That's what we were just saying!

WOMAN 3

(sitting to join them)

Well—good riddance.

WOMAN 1

They're just doing our work for us, huh?

WOMAN 2

To dead white trash!

(They clink water glasses and laugh some more.)

SCENE 8

(THE TRUE BELIEVER addresses the Senate. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE brings on the scene and stays for the whole speech, but very unobtrusively, perhaps offstage together with the audience; his face and response should not draw their attention.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You know, I had a dream last night. And in it, all of us were here, in this chamber, and all of us were One with Christ. All of us! Even you, Senator, even you. Ha! But jokes aside, let me tell you, this unity was ... profound. And filled with truth. Christ was within us all, and He spoke, sharing with us the promise of a beautiful and righteous Christian nation. Senators, this is the Nation that it is our duty to create. A Nation that returns from the path of immorality and sin down which it has strayed and chooses instead immortality, eternal life in Christ, in His beauty, in His power, in His grace. That is where our country is headed: to the joy and glory of living in Christ. Our duty is to usher in this era.

But Mr. Vice President, you say. How do we do this when so many among us are weak, are sinful, when so many among us willfully disregard the blessing that has been offered to us?

Let me tell you how I had this dream.

I was in bed last night. I was in bed, and next to me my wife slept soundly, but I could not sleep. The future of this country weighed heavily on my mind. In order to lift the weight, I thought of turning to ... idleness, distraction. Self-gratification. I admit that. I admit my imperfection. But the strength of Christ allowed me to turn away from this and to turn to Him instead. And I submitted myself in prayer, reaching out to Christ, seeking His love, sharing with Him my worries and fears.

And He responded. Christ came to my bed and asked me, "Why you are suffering?" And His presence soothed me. I felt a warmth that began in my heart and spread through my body. My skin felt so sensitive to the sheets. My breathing grew deeper, heavier. My eyelids grew heavy. My whole being was relaxing as it hadn't been able to in weeks. And then the warmth grew into a fire, and Christ was showing me His power, showing me the power of our union. My throat was constricted, my body struggled to move up, up to meet Him. In the light behind my eyelids I saw his figure, illuminated, and I felt my tongue reach out unbidden, this muscle stretching to salve his holy wounds. Their taste of iron and salt was real, and it was painful, and I was overcome with emotion, overcome by

Christ's beauty and generosity, overcome by His love, overcome by the intimacy and freedom with which He gives that love.

I didn't know that the heat could grow stronger but it did, and it continued to pulse within me, and I was shaking then, and Christ was in front of me, holding me, and inside me, filling me wholly, leaving no room for doubt, leaving no room for anything but faith in His love. And we were together imbued with a searing light that grew brighter and brighter, and I clung to Him, fearful, I clung to His pain, which was my pain, I reached for His wounds, which were my wounds, I couldn't stand it anymore, I didn't know what He was doing, but I trusted Him, and I cried out, I am sure, cried out His name over and over, and then—

Like daybreak. Like a revelation, the light and the heat shattered into glorious flames, Christ shattered into flames, I shattered into flames, and there was no more pain, there was no more worry, there was nothing but waves and waves of the most ineffable bright and crackling beauty.

When they finally subsided, my limbs were weak, my bed saturated with sweat, my pillow flooded by tears I did not know I had shed. I was broken, more fully surrendered to Christ than perhaps ever before. And a great peace washed over me.

And then I slept. And then, Senators, I had this beautiful dream, with all of you. And we all felt this same full surrender, we all felt our desires satiated and our bodies healed by Christ. He alone will do this for us and for this country.

This is why, good Senators, I will be voting "no" on this wasteful bill, should a tiebreak be necessary. I urge you to reject it outright.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER exits and THE BEAUTIFUL ONE follows, taking the world with them.)

SCENE 9

(Concerned that it somehow went wrong, the OUTCASTS practice their vocalizing and breathing in an unsuccessful attempt to re-establish a lost cohesiveness. Each successive failed effort elicits targeted two-on-one gestures of blame whose directionality is primarily determined by who reacts first and most aggressively. The default and expected response to this blame is an immediate cowering apologeticness which, when deemed appropriately self-flagellating by the other two, allows the process to continue and a new attempt at unison breathing to be made. This is all done with a pretense of pleasant collaboration, through which—conspicuously, unnaturally—exasperation does not ever seep, even as increasingly strange and howling sounds come from the three.)

SCENE 10

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE materializes the bathroom and stands at the mirror, staring at himself. Just at himself, calm, with neither the practiced bravado nor horror of the last time. THE POWERFUL ONE enters.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Why the hell are you always in this bathroom, kid?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I could ask you the same thing.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Why do you think? I gotta take a piss. Only one of us has got himself a pretty face like that, so staring in the mirror sure as hell ain't my draw.

(He starts to piss.)

Shit, you look at yourself like that when you're jerking off on the toilet? You got mirrors all over your bedroom like that?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I—no.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Think about it. I know a guy who got em imported from Persia or wherever. Covered his entire fuckin ceiling. Hell if I was fucking you, I'd want to see it from every motherfukin angle. Shit. Get that face and that ass in the picture at the same time? I'd be about ready to shoot.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Well, thank you.

THE POWERFUL ONE

(zipping up)

Hey, what's wrong with you?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

What?

THE POWERFUL ONE

Why the hell aren't you having any fun? You're not *that* much of a rookie, kid. You know how to do it.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

There's just so much work—

THE POWERFUL ONE

Work! If I wanted to work I'd still be a fuckin banker. Bartender, whatever. Work! You don't become an advisor to the President to do work. You make some shit up and then you go out and get laid.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Does he know you think that?

THE POWERFUL ONE

Does he know? What do you think *he* does?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

He cares about things.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Yeah? Maybe you should ask him about it next time you're sucking his dick.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I would. He deserves it.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Ha. I have.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is shocked and jealous. THE POWERFUL ONE sees this and shakes his head. He leaves. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE lingers for a moment before following, taking the bathroom with him.)

SCENE 11

(Back in the thicket with the TRIO OF OUTCASTS, who sing again, or try to. Their vocals and the music are halting, distorted.)

THE OUTCASTS

There's a little log cabin by a river
That is stunning and so peaceful in the gloam,
And you think that you could stay there for forever,
But there's something that keeps calling you back home.

And that something that keeps calling you back home
Isn't something you can easily ignore.

It keeps haunting you and taunting you and beckoning you back,
And you turn around and follow in its track.

And the bears that shared the forest were majestic and so strong,
And utopia was quietly domestic all along,
And we were foolish in the city, we were foolish in the throng,
But it was home.
So we head home.

We say goodbye to the cabin and the river;
We bid farewell to the friends that we had made;
We look forth into the sunlight of the morning;
We step out from the woods' protective shade.

(They step out. A flash. They disappear.)

SCENE 12

(The café and podium. As previously, THE BEAUTIFUL ONE brings on the set and observes THE INCOMPETENT ONE briefly before leaving. A certain care has developed to this supervisory role.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Look, okay, when I said women were vile all I meant is that—they're volatile. You can't trust them. They're just—not people you want to spend time with. And we sure as heck don't want them on the front lines in battle! I mean, the mood swings? The bleeding? That's all I meant.

WOMAN 1

Will it never end?

WOMAN 2

Despicable.

WOMAN 1

As though women haven't nobly served for decades.

WOMAN 2

With so much more integrity than men!

WOMAN 1

And these assholes call themselves patriots.

WOMAN 2

Wusses and draft dodgers.

WOMAN 1

Every woman service member should bring him a terrorist's head on a platter, that's what I think.

WOMAN 2

That would show him.

WOMAN 1

That's what makes America great.

(A pause. WOMAN 3 walks in. She looks hesitant. She overcompensates.)

WOMAN 3

Hello, fellow patriots.

(WOMEN 1 AND 2 eye her suspiciously. Then, together, brightly:)

WOMEN 1 AND 2

Hello!

WOMAN 3

I see this man is talking nonsense again.

WOMAN 1

Oh?

WOMAN 2

He is.

WOMAN 3

Did you know my—uh—my sister is in the army?

(WOMEN 1 AND 2 release some of the tension they've been holding, regarding WOMAN 3 with approval.)

WOMAN 1

You must be proud of her.

WOMAN 3

I am. Which is why—

WOMAN 1

It's infuriating.

WOMAN 2

Insulting!

WOMAN 3

Right?

(She hesitates, then forges ahead.)

Here, for example, is an iconic photo of a woman in the military.

(It is Lynndie England at Abu Ghraib. Projected, overwhelming, inescapable. A moment. Then we return to the women.)

WOMEN 1 AND 2

Hashtag she persisted!

(WOMAN 3 uses her phone to try and take a group selfie once more. There is an echo of the OUTCASTS' song. When WOMAN 3 pulls her phone back to look at how the picture turned out, it mysteriously hasn't taken.)

WOMAN 3

That's strange.

(She reaches out to try again.)

WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3

Hashtag she persisted!

(Again WOMAN 3 looks at her phone, and again the picture hasn't taken.)

WOMAN 3

I don't understand.

WOMAN 1

Well, I wasn't going to say anything, but—

WOMAN 2

Your phone's a little outdated, honey.

WOMAN 1

Time to invest in a new one, maybe?

WOMAN 2

It's fine though, we can use mine. To—document the movement, ha.

(She makes the same attempt. The echo continues.)

WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3

Hashtag she persisted!

(WOMAN 2 looks at her phone and sees it didn't work.)

WOMAN 2

What?

(She tries again.)

WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3

Hashtag she persisted!

(Again it doesn't work. All three WOMEN pause, at a loss.)

WOMAN 1

Now what?

(They think. WOMAN 3 has an inkling of an idea. As she's about to express it, the scene changes.)

SCENE 13

(An office in the government building. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE brings it on.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

It was beautiful, really. Your speech. I mean that.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I have never felt so—full. So hopeful. So ... desperately hopeful.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I don't think I've ever felt that way.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Can I tell you something?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Of course.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

The aftermath is horrible.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Oh?

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Uncertainty that it was real—uncertainty that I will ever feel so free from doubt again—
uncertainty that I will ever feel so alive again—

Feeling Christ's kiss on my lips was the most unbelievable beauty.

Will I ever encounter such beauty again?

Now there is only this emptiness.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Come here.

(They kiss gently for a long time. Then, THE BEAUTIFUL ONE touches THE TRUE BELIEVER's face and leaves, taking the scene with him.)

SCENE 14

(An in-between somewhere. WOMEN 1 AND 2 walk through, conspiring, WOMAN 3 lagging behind.)

WOMAN 1

(indicating WOMAN 3)

When that one suggested direct action, I was like *oh. my. gosh*. I mean I went to the *marches*, right? I *voted*. I was a good citizen!

WOMAN 2

You're not backing out now?

WOMAN 1

She just—I mean it's great, you know? She's great. I've learned a lot.

WOMAN 2

But?

WOMAN 1

It's certainly nothing my mother would have done, that's all.

WOMAN 2

I guess we're a more open-minded generation.

(WOMEN 1 AND 2 glance back at WOMAN 3. They walk off. A pause. The space is empty. A flash. The TRIO OF OUTCASTS appears. The gentleness or attempted gentleness of their previous songs has been entirely replaced with a new, more sinister tone. Their movements are likewise different, carry a certain grotesqueness and angularity.)

THE OUTCASTS

(to each other, sung, low, strange, flat)

Do you know where we are?

Do you know what we're doing?

Do you know who has called us to fulfill what has been destined?

Do you know what that is?

Do you know where it came from?

Do you know the fate that waits for us and everyone on earth?

(outward)

Do you know it's not pretty?

Do you know it will hurt?

Do you know revolution is a farce?

Do you know death is coming?

Do you know who will die?

OUTCAST 1

Nor do I.

OUTCAST 2

Nor do I.

OUTCAST 3

Nor do I.

(They look out intently, then at each other with the same severity and viciousness. No breathing. Lizard-like tongue movements and shrieks instead. Hungry, destructive, and untethered to any particular victim.)

SCENE 15

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE brings on the bathroom. He looks around, looks briefly at himself in the mirror, reassures himself that his face has not changed, and leaves. It is empty. Then, one by one, WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3 roll in through the window. They are trying, unsuccessfully, to be slick and sneaky. Once in the bathroom, they catch their breath.)

WOMAN 1

I can't believe we're doing this.

WOMAN 2

We could totally get arrested.

WOMAN 3

I mean, we could have also ... come in ... through the door.

WOMAN 1

Yeah, if we showed *ID*.

WOMAN 2

As though we'd be stupid enough for that!

WOMAN 1

God, this bathroom is disgusting.

WOMAN 2

Men are such pigs.

(The door opens. The WOMEN yelp.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Who the fuck are you all?

WOMAN 2

Your worst enemy.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Oh yeah? The worst enemy of my bladder maybe. Get the fuck outta here.

WOMAN 1

Never.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Suit yourself.

(He begins to piss. The WOMEN are Outraged.)

WOMAN 2

Sir, how dare you, this is—

THE POWERFUL ONE

(still pissing)

This is a men's bathroom! In a government building!

WOMAN 1

Yes, but—

THE POWERFUL ONE

But what? Do you even have authorization to be in here?

(He finishes and turns around to address them. They hesitate.)

What the fuck are you doing in here?

WOMAN 1

We're—we're placing you under citizen's arrest.

THE POWERFUL ONE

You're *what*?

(A pause.)

You know what, I don't care. I'm calling security.

(He moves to get his phone from his pocket. WOMEN 1 AND 2 lunge at him.)

WOMAN 2

Not before you wash your hands!

WOMAN 1

Do you know how disgusting that is?

(As they accost him, WOMAN 2 gleefully grabs the phone from THE POWERFUL ONE's pocket. Through all this, however, he remains unthreatened, more amused than anything by the fact of both women's hands touching him. He doesn't notice that WOMAN 3 has started filming discreetly.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You like reaching into men's pockets, huh. Wondering what you'll find there? Trying to get what your husbands only give to their younger, sluttier lovers?

By all means, grab away. The more the merrier. You wanna touch?

(He pulls out his cock.)

WOMAN 2

This is sexual harassment.

(He starts jerking off.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Again: You are unauthorized visitors, and you are in the men's fuckin bathroom.

WOMAN 1

I'm calling the cops.

(She pulls out her phone. Now, suddenly, the amusement is over, and it's THE POWERFUL ONE's turn to lunge. He knocks her phone out of her hand, and it clatters to the ground. He grabs her, holds her hands behind her back. It is a new violence, sudden and frightening.)

WOMAN 1

(quietly)

If you're going to touch me, for God's sake wash your hands.

(From this position, THE POWERFUL ONE finally notices WOMAN 3 filming. Furious, he goes after her, discarding WOMAN 1 to the ground. He takes WOMAN 3's phone. She cowers.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You like this? You wanted to go home and touch yourself wishing your husband had a cock like this, wishing he would take you in a public bathroom, wishing the sex weren't so tedious every fucking time? Wishing someone with real power would touch you and make you scream? Is that what you wanted?

(He backs off.)

I'm going to be very generous and assume it is.

(He deletes the video and crushes the phone underfoot. To WOMAN 2:)

Now, give me my phone back.

(WOMAN 2 is back in a corner. She does as he asks, holding his phone out. He takes it and puts it back in his pocket. He picks the shattered remains of WOMAN 3's phone up and flushes them down the toilet. He takes his phone back out and calmly makes a call.)

I'm in the ground floor men's bathroom, the one with the broken stall. I've got three unauthorized guests in here. Get someone out here now.

(He hangs up. He looks around at the WOMEN. They are on the ground, quiet. They do not make eye contact with each other. An echo of the OUTCASTS' song. The transitions into and out of the following scene are performed unseen.)

SCENE 16

(The cabin is razed. The greenery is dug up. The river is polluted. The animals are killed.

A pause. THE POWERFUL ONE walks across and approvingly surveys the scene. We are left with the wreckage.)

SCENE 17

(THE TRUE BELIEVER reads from Euripides' *Bacchae* trans. C.K. Williams. He is drinking, which is unusual for him. He is a sad and angry drunk, but a very eloquent one. He does not acknowledge or lean into the homoeroticism of the text.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

There are, young man,
two principles for humankind: first the goddess
Demeter—you can call her that, or Earth—
who nourishes us with solid food. Then comes
the son of Semele, equal in power, who invented
and introduced to mortals the liquid of the grape,
which gives weak humans surcease from pain,
when they're glutted with the liquor of the vine,
and gives us sleep, to forget the evils of our days.

There is no other remedy for our affliction.

(He stares at his glass, downs it, pours another. Picks up reading from a later page.)

That girlish stranger who's introduced this new plague
and fouled our beds—I want him. Track him down
and when you find him, tie him up, bring him here,
so he can get what he deserves, death by stoning.

(More page flipping.)

What a mane of hair you have: very seductive.
Look at it falling down your cheeks.
Good hand holds for a wrestler.
And how white your skin is: you must be careful
about staying out of the sun.
Oh, yes, handsome you, in the shade.

(Flip)

My hair is holy: I've grown it for the god.

(Flip)

Do
 you see us?
 Do you
see these
 things, son
 of Zeus?
Dionysus,
 do you see
 our battle,
our suffering
 in
 oppression?

(Flip)

Roar, lightning! Roar, bolt! Fire!
Let the fire consume! Consume and roar!

(Flip)

A man, a mortal, dares to struggle with a god!

(He hits a peak. He pauses. He drinks. Flip. Quieter.)

if you desire what shouldn't be desired, come out.

(He closes the book. He looks into space.)

SCENE 18

(The TRIO OF OUTCASTS materialize an office, which they enter determined and searching. Shortly upon entering, however, they feel a debilitating jolt of destruction and hear the sounds of the forest being destroyed. They listen intently, in pain, before they sing. Unlike before, one OUTCAST begins before the others tentatively join. The song is delivered in conversation rather than [real or attempted] unison.)

THE OUTCASTS

Everything is gone gone gone gone gone gone.

It's time for moving on on on on on on.

It's all just sticks and stones stones stones stones stones stones.

We feel them crack our bones bones bones bones bones.

And we move on (we move on)

To the men who are waiting (waiting, waiting).

We move on! (We move on!)

As we plan our revenge.

Oh, we move on (we move on);

We're a bomb detonating (boom boom) (boom boom!)

We move on! (We move on!)

That's why we're here (that's why we're here).

Cuz everything is gone gone gone gone gone gone.

We haven't got too long long long long long long

To execute our aim aim aim aim aim aim,

And thus begins the game.

We move on (we move on),

And we move like a lion (roaring! screaming!)

We move on! (We move on!)

And we move for the kill.

Oh, we move on (we move on),

And there's no time for crying (just roaring! and screaming!)

And we move on! (We move on!)
'Til we've had our fill.

(They stare out. They stare at each other. They lick their lips. They move to bring on the next scene.)

SCENE 19

(The podium, with very dim lighting. The WOMEN are noticeably absent. Instead, the OUTCASTS lurk on the edge of the scene. They do not directly interact with THE INCOMPETENT ONE, but their unseen presence, accompanied by their music, affects his growing hysteria.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

On behalf of the White House, the President sucks.
On behalf of the White House, everyone who works here is really mean.
On behalf of the White House, reporters are the meanest of all.
On behalf of the White House, what makes you think I can answer your questions?
On behalf of the White House, you know more than I do.
On behalf of the White House, how did I even land this job?
On behalf of the White House, my dad's gonna be so disappointed if I screw this up.

When I screw this up.

Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god.

On behalf of the White House, I'm a failure and a joke.

(The lights go off completely. Footage of a U.S. missile strike, e.g., April 7, 2017, on Syria [[source](#)]. Footage of cable news coverage of rising pandemic death tolls. Footage of flooding. Footage of two bodies falling to the runway from a plane that is leaving the Kabul airport surrounded by crowds. Footage of wildfires. It is the end times.)

SCENE 20

(The OUTCASTS bring on the bathroom. They continue to lurk. Their music continues to resonate. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE pees distractedly. THE POWERFUL ONE enters.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Jesus, it's only you. You motherfuckin would not believe this—these three chicks, right, I come in here to take a piss, they're gathered around, doing god knows what—I mean, fully clothed, too fuckin bad, they weren't up to anything interesting—I come in here, right, gotta piss like a racehorse and they say they won't leave. So I get my dick out and start pissing, and maybe I get a little hard, right, cuz that's some shit, them watching me piss. Them getting off on that, right? You'd like that. And I think, okay, maybe I'll let them do their thing. But get this: they tell me—me!—I'm under “citizen's arrest.” Total nonsense. I called security and they dropped em outside. Could've had *them* arrested, but for my generous spirit. Unbelievable, right?

Damn though, I wouldn't mind having a crowd suck my cock right in here though, I wouldn't. I wouldn't mind someone drinking my piss either.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE finishes pissing and washes his hands as THE POWERFUL ONE starts.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You're a sick motherfucker.

(They laugh. Something about THE BEAUTIFUL ONE's laughter doesn't sit right with THE POWERFUL ONE. He stops laughing.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

And you're a prissy little bitch. Ha!

(A pause. They laugh again, more strained, THE POWERFUL ONE still with his dick out. They can't stop laughing. Their laughter turns into coughing. Something is wrong. The coughing subsides. They stare at each other, winded and concerned. Observing stonily, the OUTCASTS change the scene.)

SCENE 21

(Back at the café, WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3 sit in silence. Separately, unnoticed, WOMEN 1 AND 2 each glance at WOMAN 3 with anger and fear before turning inwards again. Nobody stands behind the podium. The OUTCASTS continue to observe. There is an almost but not quite shared devastation between the two groups. The OUTCASTS' unmoving fury radiates and grows, increasingly encompassing both themselves and the WOMEN as its target. It is unobserved but felt by the WOMEN. WOMAN 3 thinks about speaking but reconsiders. The OUTCASTS leave in frustration and rage, taking the scene with them.)

SCENE 22

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE sits in his office and drinks and writes, reading aloud what he is writing. A lingering cough remains.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Dear Mr. President,

I hope this letter finds you well. It has come to my attention that certain individuals whom you consider to be among your closest and most trustworthy advisors have been speaking unkindly of you behind your back, making accusations that your passion is not for the work but rather for the power that it grants you, accusations that you have deployed this power in questionable ways.

While I have no reason to believe these words, nor any reason to believe that they have ever traveled beyond these intimate walls within which we all serve, I thought it my patriotic duty to inform you. Please be careful, sir.

Sir, I hope I do not come across as obsequious when I say that the brilliance and beauty with which you hold the office of President are unmatched. And if there is anything that I can do for you—anything at all—please know that I, unlike others, will always operate with the utmost discretion and loyalty.

I remain, forever in your service—

(The door opens. He quickly folds the letter and puts it aside. THE TRUE BELIEVER walks in, closing the door behind him.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You are a very beautiful man.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

It was one kiss, Mr. Vice President.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER comes around to massage his shoulders.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Tell me honestly. Are you ... a homosexual?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

No, no. Nothing like that.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Really?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Sometimes a man needs other men. Their—mentorship. That's all.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER removes THE BEAUTIFUL ONE's blazer, continuing the massage. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE closes his eyes, gets lost.)

Thank you, Mr. President, that feels wonderful.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Mr. President?

(He reaches down, starts massaging THE BEAUTIFUL ONE's chest.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Slip of the tongue. Maybe in a few years, huh?

... Listen, I don't know what you want from this, but it seems to me you're looking for—

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Do you believe in hell?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

What? ... No.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER steps away.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You think it's—made-up fear-mongering.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Well, yeah.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You're wrong.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

It's not your business, man.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I want to help you. I want to help all of us.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

How?

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I don't know.

SCENE 23

(Alone, the OUTCASTS do some viciously wordless harmonizing, vocalizing, movement. They are Plotting and Scheming based on their observations. They come to a decisive moment.)

SCENE 24

(The café and podium. The OUTCASTS bring on the scene and observe briefly before leaving to attend to other matters.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I apologize for my brief absence. There were some—personal matters I had to take care of. Rest assured, I am still very much a representative of this administration. On behalf of the White House, there are, of course, some staff transitions currently in progress. But this will make us stronger. Now, regarding immigrants: They are bad. We will destroy them. Thank you.

WOMAN 1

Why are we still here.

WOMAN 2

Resistance is futile.

WOMAN 1

The pins ... the hats ... the breaking and entering...

WOMAN 2

All for nothing.

WOMAN 1

There's a protest tomorrow. About this.

WOMAN 2

There's a protest every week.

WOMAN 1

They are so crowded and uncomfortable.

WOMAN 2

And directionless and ineffective.

WOMAN 1
I am tired of being an activist.

WOMAN 2
It is a tiring business.

WOMAN 1
Maybe we—move out to the woods somewhere. Away from all this.

WOMAN 2
That could be nice.

WOMAN 1
No more activism.

WOMAN 2
No more violence.

WOMAN 1
No more men.

WOMAN 2
Your husband?

(WOMAN 1 shakes her head no. WOMAN 3 enters. She pauses.
WOMEN 1 AND 2 look at her expectantly. She hesitates.)

WOMAN 1
Well?

WOMAN 3
Are you still mad at me?

WOMAN 1
It doesn't matter.

WOMAN 3
Well, it does...

WOMAN 2
We are moving to the woods.

WOMAN 3
What?

WOMAN 2
We are leaving this behind.

WOMAN 3
I understand.
I got a new phone.

(She shows it to them hopefully.)

WOMAN 1
Oh.

WOMAN 3
(thinking)
And a new nanny.

WOMAN 2
Oh.

WOMAN 3
And a new therapist! I am a New Woman.

WOMAN 1
I would like to be a New Woman.

WOMAN 3
I'm protesting immigration tomorrow. If you'd like to join.

WOMAN 2
You mean protesting—for immigration.

WOMAN 3
No. Yes? Who knows.

WOMAN 1
Aren't you an immigrant?

WOMAN 3
What?

WOMAN 1
I mean—you're something, right? Some sort of...

WOMAN 2
Immigrant.

Immigrant!

WOMAN 1

Do I seem like an immigrant?

WOMAN 3

Well, you are very ... tan ...

WOMAN 2

Because I tan. I have—psoriasis. It helps. I don't—

WOMAN 3

Psoriasis.

WOMAN 1

You thought I was...? This whole time?

WOMAN 3

I don't mean to offend you. I just...

WOMAN 1

Yes?

WOMAN 3

Made an incorrect assumption.

WOMAN 1

I should say so.

WOMAN 3

On the other hand ... aren't we all immigrants?

WOMAN 2
(appeasing, but also bored)

Oh.

WOMAN 3

(She thinks about it.)

Well in *that* sense, yes, of course.
This new nanny, she—well. It's so hard for them, of course.

WOMAN 2

Of course.

WOMAN 3

I just wonder about the woods, though.

WOMAN 1

Wonder what?

WOMAN 3

Will you be free there?

(They think on it.)

I don't think so.

(WOMAN 3 leaves, unimpressed. WOMEN 1 AND 2 are startled.
An echo of the OUTCASTS' song.)

SCENE 25

(The OUTCASTS bring on the bathroom and observe throughout.
THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is again at the mirror, momentarily
grounded, observing himself. THE POWERFUL ONE storms in,
slamming the door.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You little fucking snitch.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is quiet.)

You're trying to fuck with me? Is that what you're doing? You think, oh, this guy, the one who fuckin *mentors* me, the one who has *my best interest at heart*, the only one of these goddamn clowns who is *competent* and *smart*—he's the one I'm gonna rat out to the President.

Bad fuckin choice, kiddo. I get it. You're next in line. You want to get rid of the competition. You think you'll fuckin sneak around, be a little fuckin brownnoser, and that'll be that, you're golden, you're the President's fuckin golden child, with that fuckin face, that fuckin charm. But you are *no match for me*, you understand? You are *no match for me*.

And if this is how you treat me, boy oh fuckin boy, I can make your life hell or I can get rid of you like *that*. *My* choice. So remember that the next time you want to write someone a fuckin letter.

(He moves to leave, then turns back.)

Jesus, and if you want to lick the President's ass so bad, just ask him. He'll say yes.

(He leaves. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is rattled. He tries to shake it off, practicing his mannerisms in the mirror again: Charming, Bold, Affable. They don't quite land. He grows frustrated with himself. They grow grotesque. The OUTCASTS are pleased. They move to a new scene.)

SCENE 26

(The café and podium. The OUTCASTS observe. As the scene progresses, they are drawn into listening to the WOMEN's conversation, their rage occasionally ever-so-briefly challenged.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

What more do you frickin want from me? I don't know, okay? I don't know! You try taking this job, okay? It is so hard! It is so much harder than you know! Why can't you be nicer to me? On behalf of the White House, you are all awful people.

(He leaves.)

WOMAN 1

Somebody's getting fired.

WOMAN 2

Let's hope so.

(A pause.)

The rally yesterday...

WOMAN 1

I know.

WOMAN 2

The organizers!

WOMAN 1

I know!

WOMAN 2

The *continuity*.

WOMAN 1

Yes.

WOMAN 2
The *specificity*.

WOMAN 1
I never thought...

WOMAN 2
We have to rethink.

(A pause.)

But the down payment on the cabin?

WOMAN 1
We can get it back.

WOMAN 2
That's not how that works.

WOMAN 1
I don't know. But.

WOMAN 2
Yeah.

(A pause. She looks around.)

I keep expecting her to pop up.

WOMAN 1
Where do you think she is these days?

WOMAN 2
I don't know, dead?

WOMAN 1
From what?

WOMAN 2
From life, I guess.

WOMAN 1
I guess that's what we all die from.

(A long pause. They both look around. WOMAN 1 notices the OUTCASTS.)

Do you think they were there? Yesterday?

WOMAN 2
(looking up at them)

Probably. Yes.

WOMAN 1
Do you think they...

(She trails off. There is a certain wistfulness to her question. She doesn't know what she wants from them, but it's not nothing, and it's different from what she would have wanted two days ago.

The OUTCASTS look at each other. They hesitate. This is different from what they expected. There is a moment of connection between the OUTCASTS and the WOMEN. The OUTCASTS do some tentative vocalizing, inviting the WOMEN to communicate. The WOMEN are weirded out.)

WOMAN 2
Let's not get too carried away. Look at them!

(The WOMEN laugh. The OUTCASTS are physically pained by this. The moment ends. Pew! The OUTCASTS look to each other, exhausted, and, in a shared motion, kill the two WOMEN. They stare at the bodies, slumped at the café table, then leave, taking the scene with them.)

SCENE 27

(An office.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE
You are so smart, why are you on probation?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
It's a long story.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE
I thought for sure you'd be one of the safe ones.
Are you scared?

I'm pissed.	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
Oh ha yeah, same here.	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
Come on man, you've gotta chill out.	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
Yeah that's what my therapist says.	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
Okay, for one, never use that line again.	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
I mean it's <i>true</i> ...	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
Are you concerned with truth?	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
I guess not.	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
Good. Turns out nobody here is.	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
If I was half as smart and handsome as you...	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
You'd what?	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
I can't even imagine. You won't tell me what happened?	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
I—tried to give the President a warning. He didn't believe me.	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
Is he in danger? Oh my god—	THE INCOMPETENT ONE
No. No. Certain people were just being disloyal little shits.	THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Oh.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You've been having a hard time, huh. It's a lot of pressure.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Thank you!

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Again—

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Right. Tone it down.

Why are you being nice to me?

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE shrugs. THE INCOMPETENT ONE,
clearly not wanting what he's proposing:)

Do you want me to—to do something back for you?

I can do something back for you.

(honest)

You really are so handsome.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Not necessary.

You'll be back on the job in a couple of weeks?

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I sure hope so.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You just need more confidence, man.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Yeah—yeah, I guess. Thanks.

(They sit in silence. There is an echo of the OUTCASTS' song.
After a moment, for the first time, they both hear it. They listen in,
grow mesmerized. They look at each other, wondering what it is,
where it's coming from. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE makes a
decision.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Come on.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE extends his hand to THE INCOMPETENT ONE, who takes it. They leave, following the sound.)

SCENE 28

(THE TRUE BELIEVER addresses the Senate, brought on by the OUTCASTS, who lurk.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I am so proud of this group of men and women for doing the right thing. I understand that so-called social programs may look appealing on paper. But the role of the government—

(The TRIO OF OUTCASTS begin to hum. THE TRUE BELIEVER sees them. They disconcert him. He falters.)

ahem—um—the role of the government—is—what is it?

(to the OUTCASTS:)

What is it?

(to himself:)

The role of the government is—is—

(to the Senate:)

Here, in this nation—a nation of—of—bootstraps, of—individualism—of—success—

(the OUTCASTS hiss menacingly. to them:)

Here, in *this* nation, we—

(they vocalize)

Or—maybe—

(losing his composure. to the Senate:)

Look maybe they seem kind! Maybe they seem generous! They aren't though, they aren't! They're—disastrous! Those values aren't our values!

(to the OUTCASTS:)

Those values aren't our values! Those values aren't—Christ's values! Those values—

(to the Senate:)

The warmth! The beauty! The transcendence! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real!

(He is stuck in this cycle, which continues on for some time. He is drawn to the OUTCASTS, who motion for him to approach them as they eerily sing. He does. They turn their backs to him. He follows them out. They take the scene with them.)

SCENE 29

(The café. The TWO WOMEN are ghosts, now. The podium setup has disappeared.)

WOMAN 1
How do we feel about death?

WOMAN 2
What?

WOMAN 1
Death—is it bad?

WOMAN 2
I don't know. Is it bad?

WOMAN 1
I don't know.

WOMAN 2
Should we go somewhere? Do we go somewhere?

WOMAN 1
Do you want to go somewhere?

WOMAN 2
I want—I feel it is a little unfair.

WOMAN 1

What is?

WOMAN 2

Death is, maybe.

WOMAN 1

It's a lot the same as life, it seems like.

(WOMAN 2 looks to where the podium previously was.)

WOMAN 2

Maybe politics are over.

WOMAN 1

Maybe politics are over.

SCENE 30

(The OUTCASTS, with THE TRUE BELIEVER in tow, bring on an ambiguous in-between space. They travel through it on their way elsewhere, THE TRUE BELIEVER kicking up a bit of a fuss. They exit. The space is empty for some time.

Then, THE BEAUTIFUL ONE enters, followed by THE INCOMPETENT ONE, who is still holding his hand. They are still following the OUTCASTS' music. They stop, listen intently, then continue on their search. Again the space remains empty, longer this time.

WOMAN 3 enters. She listens to the music. She looks around. She addresses the audience.)

WOMAN 3

So, I did some soul searching. Traveled internationally. Converted to and from a handful of spiritual traditions. You know how it goes. And then I found myself here.

A confused—or perceptive—viewer may ask, “Where is ‘here’?” Where indeed. The million-dollar question.

What I was doing was searching for something good and pure.

You know how sometimes you know you're right about something, but your stomach is still all in knots about it?

And sometimes, you know you're right about something, and it's just—quiet.

I wanted more of the second one. I mean, I think we all do. Did. The girls and me.

But moving to the woods—who do you be right *at*? The bears?

And then it's like, if you're always gonna be mad at me because, I don't know, you're insufficiently radical, then why would I join you.

It all just seemed very hasty, so I left, but then hasty seemed smart, in retrospect, so I left again, for overseas, alone. The new nanny took care of Amelia, bless her. Is still taking care of her, I assume?

(A pause as she considers this. She brushes it aside.)

I know it's cliché, but I did learn a good many things on my travels. It was transformative. I would say that I am Transformed.

I would say ... I may have been evil, for a very long time.

I would say, learning makes nothing easier.

So now I am here. Somewhere.

(For the first time since entering, she is concerned.)

SCENE 31

(The TRIO OF OUTCASTS bring on the bathroom and wait in silence. THE POWERFUL ONE enters.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Jesus Christ, again? Who the fuck are you? What the fuck is this, some kind of gathering place?

(The OUTCASTS are silent.)

Fuck, stand there if you're gonna stand there. Suck my dick if you're gonna suck my dick. What do I care.

(He pisses.)

I'll even wash my hands, happy?

(He washes his hands.)

This is a fuckin madhouse, I tell ya. None of this shit can even surprise me anymore. I'm gonna have to call security, though—

(He suddenly can't move or speak. The OUTCASTS sing. THE POWERFUL ONE's eyes alone react.)

THE OUTCASTS

We met Bigfoot in the forest;
He was gentle, he was dreaming,
He was splashing in a stream, and
He was singing to himself.

He was such a thing of beauty,
He was such a thing of wonder;
He went under when your pathological
Violence left him stunned.

And so we're here,
To avenge his memory, avenge the flowers
That once grew wild
And that you killed.

Yes we are here
To restore the justice that's rightfully ours,
To stop this chaos,
And to rebuild a beauty better than before!

Oooh-ooh-ooh! Oooh-ooh-ooh! Yes we'll rebuild!

We met Bigfoot in the forest,
And we held each other tight,
And it felt right, and other animals
Came down and joined the love.

And now the love we had is shattered,
And our friends' remains are splattered,
But this mattered not at all,
And all of you went home so glad.

And then you danced,
And celebrated death and annihilation!
And you felt young,
And you felt proud.

And as you danced,

Humanity was just a complication,
And in your wake,
You left a cloud of dust that settled on us all.

We found Bigfoot in the forest;
He was prancing, he was twirling;
We were swirling through a place
That you so carefully destroyed.

But when we saw the ugly remnants,
And we stumbled in the void,
We were deployed to take you down,
So we are fucking overjoyed.

(The OUTCASTS leave, taking the scene and THE POWERFUL
ONE with them.)

SCENE 32

(The café.)

WOMAN 1

Do you remember everything?

(WOMAN 2 thinks about it.)

WOMAN 2

Yes.

WOMAN 1

Do you remember how we died?

WOMAN 2

Oh. No. Not that.

WOMAN 1

Oh. Me neither.

(A pause. She listens.)

I swear, if this is the elevator music to heaven...

WOMAN 2

You think we're going to heaven?

WOMAN 1

Oh. I don't know.

WOMAN 2

It is terrible music.

(She looks around.)

Maybe we can turn it off.

WOMAN 1

Turn off the cosmic intercom?

(WOMAN 2 reacts with skepticism to this characterization.)

Oh, I ... I suppose we can investigate.

(WOMAN 2 rubs her hands together gleefully.)

WOMAN 2

What are we waiting for?

(They leave, following the sound.)

SCENE 33

(The OUTCASTS bring on the same in-between through which they last dragged THE TRUE BELIEVER, this time pulling THE POWERFUL ONE along. WOMAN 3 enters and watches them, curious. She follows behind as they exit, taking the scene.)

SCENE 34

(THE TRUE BELIEVER sits alone in a room, listening peacefully to the OUTCASTS' music. The TRIO OF OUTCASTS and THE POWERFUL ONE enter. THE POWERFUL ONE, previously limp, now struggles.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Let go of—hey, what the fuck is this? What are you doing here?

(He is forced into a seat. Again, he can't move or speak. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE and THE INCOMPETENT ONE walk in. They, too, are whisked into seats. Along with THE TRUE

BELIEVER, they listen deeply to the music. The OUTCASTS step back to watch. Then, they begin to sing. The mood changes. Unwillingly, the POLITICIANS enter a game of musical chairs. With each round, the fighting for chairs feels more violent and more sexual, and as each POLITICIAN is eliminated, he sits on the floor, to the side, and watches lewdly. First THE INCOMPETENT ONE is eliminated, then THE TRUE BELIEVER, and finally, THE POWERFUL ONE. The game ends. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE has won. When THE POWERFUL ONE surrenders, it is a briefly poignant passing-the-torch moment. Then it's over.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Suck my dick, motherfuckers.

(The three crawl towards him and commence with the dick-sucking as ordered. It is terrible and violent and sexy and eventually transforms into a wild, animal foursome. The ghosts of WOMEN 1 AND 2 walk in and stare. As the POLITICIANS continue to fuck, they tear each other limb from limb until all are in pieces, bloody, immobile, silent, on the floor. The WOMEN are in awe.)

WOMAN 1

Is this heaven?

SCENE 35

(The TRIO OF OUTCASTS step to the center, still among the carnage, and sing as they did at the beginning of the play.)

THE OUTCASTS

There's a little log cabin by a river
And a sprinkling of freshly-fallen snow;
There's the bright glare of sunlight in the morning;
It's a place where any one of us could go.

In this place where any one of us could go,
There are things we never knew that there could be:
Things like funguses and poisons and all sorts of strange debris,
Things like somehow for the first time feeling free.

And the bears that share the forest are majestic and so strong,
And utopia was quietly domestic all along,
And we were foolish in the city, we were foolish in the throng,
But we're still here.

We're all still here.

And we imagine a cabin by a river,
While we lick all the blood from our hands.
And we hope there'll be sunlight in the morning—

(They cut off. Silence. WOMEN 1 AND 2 have disappeared into the shadows. WOMAN 3 walks on. She looks at the men's corpses on the ground, then up, making eye contact with the OUTCASTS. They breathe and exhale together.

The end.)