

FUCK DEATH (GLOBAL WARMING PLAY

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### Cast of Characters

<u>PERSEPHONE</u> :	A young/immortal woman.
<u>DOMINO</u> :	A young man.
<u>HADES</u> :	Instagram famous.

### Scene

The theatre. Domino's humble apartment in Chicago. The theatre again.

### Time

2018.

ACT I

I LOVE YOU AND EVERYTHING IS

BEAUTIFUL

*Lights.*  
*PERSEPHONE.*

PERSEPHONE

The land of the dead has a ceiling, but everyone calls it the sky, so death is just like theatre. Exposition. There was a young girl and her mother loved her, and this love gave the world the grapes and the grain, and the warm days and the soft grass, and the fireflies acting out their tiny and pointless pageant of the starry sky. The world was beautiful. Everyone was happy.

Then a man was out walking his dog. She approached. He took her away. Her mother mourned. The world froze. The people starved. She missed it, she missed it, the Land of the Dead has cable but no windows and I was thankful to have missed the scenes of emaciated bodies and parents picking meat from the bones of their children. The Land of the Dead has cable, but no windows, and our ceiling is the other side of your floor.

That's my love story: the world froze, the people starved, I missed it all, and Homer says that Demeter withheld the harvest out of her anger at Hades, thus that winter is the crime of my mother's Hysterical nature, and not of her forgivable grief. The end.

Enter Domino. Hello? Hello, the ceiling of Hell is made of coal, and by digging it out you narrow the barrier between the land of the living and the kingdom of death; by digging it out, you narrow the barrier, and I can hear you when you're dancing and hear you when you're mourning and I know know know when you're doing one and you should be doing the other.

Exit Persephone, who goes back to the land of the living to be with her aging mother in Canada, and our reunion renews the grapes and the grain and the dogs leap up and bark and they used to be wolves but are now just dogs because eventually all weapons are reduced to toys.

Exit Persephone from her mother's house in Canada, to fly to Illinois to meet her American boyfriend, because the Internet is new and exciting and confusing and all kinds of misunderstood people get online to misunderstand each other so hard and fast and wicked

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERSEPHONE (cont'd)

that they fall in love. Domino, Domino, the rules of the play forbid me to say I love you. Maybe I'd say it, if not for all these people; maybe I'd say it if not for Pandora's inheritance, the doom and malignance of womanhood (Homer I see you nodding). It's not about that. It's about going to distant offshore oil platforms and dancing on the helipad all night long. It's about going to Chicago where the lake laps at our feet, and then our ankles, and then our knees, and then we fall down laughing with our arms wrapped around each other. However far away, however long I stay, whatever words I say.

That's my love story, and there is a moral, and it's the same reason that the fireflies continue to dance, and now it's over, now it's over, and there was a moral, there definitely was. I won't leave a note, it's too big for a note. I won't call, I can't call. You'll just have to trust me while I do the untrustable thing, and read what is written in the living reenactment of the cosmos.

*One hundred seconds of darkness and silence.*

I LOVE YOU AND EVERYTHING IS FINE

*Lights. DOMINO.*

*DOMINO waits, then HADES enters.*

HADES

Hi.

DOMINO

She's not here.

HADES

How do you know who I am?

DOMINO

I follow you on Instagram. Hades, the God-King of Hell. Follow me back.

HADES

I don't do that.

DOMINO

I make these comics where different household objects with googly eyes have conversations about forgotten figures from French counterculture, like Guy Debord. They have googly eyes. That's a pun. They talk about Guy Debord and other forgotten figures of French counterculture, like René Daumal.

(CONTINUED)

HADES

Where is she?

DOMINO

I draw them on whiteboards using nail polish, which subverts the intention of both the whiteboards and the nail polish. It's a point I'm making.

HADES

Where is she?

DOMINO

Maybe Germany or Japan. Maybe Milwaukee. Maybe next door. I've been crying all day long but I can't tell if I'm crying because I'm sad, or if I'm crying because I know a sad thing has happened I can't make myself feel anything about it. She isn't coming back, but I'll wait here all the same.

HADES

There, there.

DOMINO

I've been crying all day and I used up this entire box of tissues.

*DOMINO reaches into a hidden place and reveals a single red rose.*

DOMINO

(cont.)

Summer is over so I thought she was with you.

HADES

You should help me.

DOMINO

This is helping.

HADES

Look, you're going to die someday, right? There are hierarchies and power dynamics, okay? Even in the land of the Dead, regulatory agencies have no real power over corporations, see?

DOMINO

Of course I know that only an idiot wouldn't know that.

HADES

What I'm saying is that I can reward you.

(CONTINUED)

DOMINO

There's no need for that.

HADES

Or I can take your spirit out of your body and throw your body into the ocean to be raped and torn apart by dolphins, and put your spirit into the Big Machine.

DOMINO

What's the Big Machine?

HADES

Think for a moment. Reflect on the context. The God-King of Hell has a Big Machine. How can it be anything but horrible, horrible, the most horrible thing? Worse than what they did to Guy Debord.

DOMINO

It's not fair, I know it isn't fair, it's not fair, is it?

HADES

With every year the summer grows longer. I spend one more day without her.

DOMINO

It takes two months for a thing to become the past. Yesterday she was here.

HADES

Every year, one more and one more, I pace and I wait, I long and I yearn, I am sick.

DOMINO

I know how you feel.

HADES

I won't hurt you if you tell me the truth.

DOMINO

You're going to hurt me anyway but I'm still going to tell you the truth. At first I did everything I could. I left my microwave running all day long. I put every sock and t-shirt in its own laundry cycle. I did everything I could to make the summer longer and the world hotter and keep her with me a day and a day and a day. But I stopped that, I stopped that and now I ride my fair-trade bicycle to the recycling facility, the Good One in the Suburbs.

HADES

You don't want her anymore?

(CONTINUED)

DOMINO

It isn't that.

HADES

What, then?

DOMINO

The end of the world, my man. I got a little older and now I'm more worried about the end of the world than the end of one lovestory.

HADES

That was stupid. Now they're both over. Feel better?

DOMINO

No.

HADES

Don't recycle.

DOMINO

Why not?

HADES

It's too late. The Bad Thing's coming.

DOMINO

Then what?

HADES

The costs and the benefits will not be distributed equally, even in a place like America. Some neighborhoods will burn and some won't. Listen: in the long silences you can hear my machines and yours, all of them digging away.

DOMINO

You're too late. I think she's with another man.

HADES

Because a young sad man with a soul full of longing and despair is a replaceable thing, especially in America.

DOMINO

I'd have waited and looked and waited and hunted but all for nothing

HADES

Particularly in Illinois.

DOMINO

Not that. She just texted me. Only a sad face.

(CONTINUED)

HADES

...

DOMINO

I think she's with another man.

*Darkness.*

WE GO WANDERING AT NIGHT AND ARE  
CONSUMED BY FIRE

PERSEPHONE

Eventually all our weapons are simply toys, so the people and the gods need newer bigger weapons, so we make them, and this is true of love, and this is true of the Big Machine, and the Big Machine is powered by coal, of course it is, and the God-King of Hell is buying it from you.

Come, all my children; come, all my lovers, the sea is just outside, and nearly to the door. We can frolic through the snow with mud-licked dead-and-broken branches in our hair where flowers used to be. We can kick up the frigid waters of Lake Michigan and watch it lap away the blood on our black, black boots. Hold me, let me hold you. Hold me to keep up the dance, hold me to keep me from dancing too far out into the water, back in the direction of my Mother's house in Canada; because I am no Ophelia; if you find me drowned, find my killer. And take him (yes I say "him") into the theatre for interrogation. Follow, with your fists full of snowballs and your snowballs full of gunpowder. When you enter ask the usher if you are in a theatre or in Hell. They'll know.

At the end of the spectacle it will be summer again, and we can forget the words for all the other seasons. Everything will only, ever, again be summer. Enough of everything. Enough for everyone. The grapes, the grain, the long days of promise and treasure. I want my love to be like a gun. Bang! I'll rise from the dead armed. Where is my killer? Where is my husband? Domino, have they taken your spirit from your body and put your body in the sea and your spirit into the Big Machine? No. Because you are happy and alive. You love me and my love is a gun pointed at your heart and yours and mine and everyone is alive and happy, alive and laughing, laughing because it was over and it was only make-believe.

In a moment the light will go out to signify the end of the play. I ask you, please, do not applaud.

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*Darkness.*

*End.*