**SUICIDAL NOTES**

By Zoii Henry

*Joshua Fuller, Split Personality*

Characters:

* THE ANALYSIS Feminine, Dominant, closer to the core self, seeks order and understanding.
* THE ARCHIVIST, Dissociated Feminine Self, seeks memory.
* COMMANDER, Masculine Controller, decision maker, protective part
* THE FATHER FIGURE, Protective Part, seeks isolation.
* THE ANNIHILATOR, Suicidal part, seeks death to ease the pain.
* THE VILLAIN, Suppressed Sexuality, Feminine, seek danger and risk
* THE CHAOS, Old, Primal, Non-gendered, Animated Anarchy & Mania, seeks nothing, resist order
* THE INNER CHILD, Feminine, Little Girl, seeks comfort and companionship
* THE EMPATH, Feminine, Nurturing Woman, Emotional Core, seeks harmony and to give of the Self

Setting Description:

The Organism’s Control room. A dark futuristic boardroom embedded with high-tech equipment and, a holographic interface with an oversized digital screen hovering in the middle of the round silver table with ten silver chairs. A live feed is playing at a low volume of the Organism, trapped in the Command room. The Command room is currently undergoing a shutdown protocol and is filling up with water with the Organism trapped inside, red lights are flashing, and sirens are blaring in the Command room.

A polaroid with a white border

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[Lights up to reveal The Commander, the Analysis, and the Archivist are waiting in the board room for the others to attend the meeting which begins in five minutes. The Commander sits at the head of the table. The Archivist is sitting to his left typing on a touch screen notepad flat on the table]

**COMMANDER:**

Where is everyone? You would think they would treat this sensitive matter with urgency and get their asses in here soon?

[head down, reviewing notes on the digital screen table]

**ANALYST**

[British Accent] It happened again in 2021. We can see here in the footage that suicidal ideations were up by 77%. The Organism reports that the thought patterns were more, and I quote, “intrusive and overwhelming”.

**COMMANDER**

but the last time, there was no plan. That's what we're counting on this time

**ANALYST**

Well, that may not be the case…depending on what *he* might say.

*[Commander glares, looking up over his glasses at the Analyst]*

**ANALYST**

Don't look at me like that. There are seventeen different scenarios in how this goes. From all my accumulated research, only five of those options are viable and only one involves him holding control over the Organism.

**COMMANDER**

[sighs] Well, let's pray it doesn't come to that. If anything, [take off glasses] we need the controlling vote to remain with *me* in power. I've managed to get us out of this debacle countless times in the past. Avoidance. Distraction. Whatever. and when it comes down to it, seeking institutional security has been effective.

**ANALYST**

With all due respect…

[starts typing, looking down at the table]

Institutional security nearly broke us, Sir. We barely made it out alive. After the visit to the psych ward, it was nothing short of anarchy from the shadows. The revolt from the most primal part costs us 62% overload of the system. The cerebral prefrontal cortex was flooded for six months. The language went offline. Logic broke down in a matter of moments and after three resuscitations, the exiles still came back with a massive counterproposal and outright rebellions broke out against core consciousness.

[looks over at the Archivist, whispers]

No memory is required for this moment.

**COMMANDER**

Don't start writing any notes till everyone gets here, Archie.

[pinching the bridge of his nose, head down]

You don't need to remind me of the travesties that we undergo in this place. I was there! [frustratingly grunts]

**ANALYST**

Well, it seems we do need to remind you, Sir. We almost died after...

**COMMANDER**

[raises his voice] And was it me! Was it me that set the entire floor of the unconscious dome on fire? And you want ME [shaking head in outrage] to work it out with them! Me! They jeopardize our entire mission, at every turn [slams fist on the table] Look what happened in 2022!

[pulls up an image in hologram, the image is of the Organism lying in bed with a man, folds his arms, and leans back in chair]

**ANALYST**

All I'm saying is…

[closes the hologram image]

**COMMANDER**

Villanelle took over the entire operation and nearly had the Organism in a frenzy of sexual energies of magnitudes too strong. Uncharted magnetic and seductive waves oozing out of everywhere. Without even a thought to run it by me first!

ANALYST

[continues typing] Those sexual waves were of a magnitude of 98.7%, a total deviation from our baseline of 33.49%. It was a subversive move, I will give her that, but you know how much she is starved of control and attention. Last session, she assured me it was nothing more than a call to you

[stops typing]

for us…[pause] to give her the spotlight she deserves.

COMMANDER

Deserves? [ scoffs] Everyone around here feels they deserve some form of position. If she ever comes in here and…

THE VILLAIN

[appears behind the Commander, enters] if I ever what?

[leans over to his ear, slowly stroking shoulders]

Don't you look handsome today?

COMMANDER

[stiffens in his chair] Villanelle.

THE VILLAIN

You know I don't like when you call me that... [winks at the Analyst]

[walking towards her seat, sits down, chewing gum]

ANALYST

Sir, she is a valuable member of the board, and we are aiming to operate under these new guidelines, which include involving the exiles in the conversation.

COMMANDER

[glares at the Villain] I don't want to hear a word out of you. Not after the outrageous stunt you pulled! All of you from down below act as if you have what it takes to be in command. But when push comes to shove, none of you can handle the heat.

THE VILLAIN

As if you even give us the chance… [rolls her eyes]

COMMANDER

You of all the exiles lack control. You walk around here recklessly manipulating everyone, burning everything, you touch to the ground. You consume us with your lust and your hunger for self-destruction. You act like it's pleasure you seek, but let's not sit here with our masks on shall we? You are a suppressed self…

THE VILLAIN

[looking away in shame]

COMMANDER (cont.)

…a deviant, maladaptive dark creature selfishly manipulating anyone for your own insatiable appetites. Let's not act as though it is the pleasure you seek. All you wake up within us is a desire to live in the mouth of death.

THE VILLAIN

At least I want to live somewhere outside of this crude box of supremacy, where everything is strangled underneath your oppressive imperial control. Who made me this way? Would you like to pull *that* from the archives? Who made me this way? Don't you for one-second act like my lack of control has nothing to do with your need to absorb every ounce of it from us all!

I wake up every day so I can burn every fucking thing, in this well-ordered kingdom of yours [taps fingers on the table]

…and if you don't start to play nice, I promise you we're coming to send this whole fucking place up in smoke.

COMMANDER

Look[deep sigh] I am trying to change things around here. I invited you all here because we have bigger problems to conquer than your absurd rebellious squabbles.

ANALYST

What he means to say is…

THE VILLAIN

Oh, I know what he meant. He wants my vote. [smirks]

COMMANDER

[stern voice] And the others? where are they?

ANALYST

[leans over and whispers] Remember, *he* is coming a little later. There seems to be another outage in the Abyssal zone. He has informed me of his late arrival.

COMMANDER

[slowly breathes out while nodding, looking concerned]

We will commence this meeting in three minutes. Please retrieve the proposal from our last session. Article 149-2022. We will start in section C.

ANALYST

[continues typing,

360 projector descends in the middle of the room]

Archie, begin documenting.

A white paper with black writing on it

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Scene 2

[enters the Father Figure, the Empath and the Inner Child, Father figure sits across from the Villain, Inner child takes her sit across from the Analyst, Empath sits beside her]

COMMANDER

Great. Now that we are mostly here, I thank you for your lack of alacrity in a CODE RED situation. [sarcastically] I am always pleased to see you take your own sweet time to get here.

THE FATHER FIGURE

Commander.

[looks over at the Villain, growls, goes and sit across from her, leans back in his chair in disgust]

THE VILLAIN

[smirks, props up her legs unto the table] Daddy's here…[bites her lips]

INNER CHILD

I'm sorry, Sir. The panic attacks were a little challenging to cross to get here.

COMMANDER

Well, little one. Today is a day that may very well fill us all with panic. Why don't you come and sit by me? [gestures to the chair on his right]

INNER CHILD

[gives Commander a soft hug, then sits in the chair, props up the chair so that she can reach the table]

COMMANDER

Let's begin, shall we?

THE ANALYST

Roll Call, please

COMMANDER

Inner Child, as reported by Section 14. You are now required to be at every emergency meeting.

INNER CHILD

[playing with a ball of playdoe, puts up here right hand full of blue clay]

Here.

COMMANDER

Representatives of the Protection Division, according to Section 17. Father Figure.

FATHER FIGURE

Present

COMMANDER

Representative of the Managers, according to section 11B. Analyst. And myself.

ANALYST

[nods] Here

COMMANDER

Representative of Core Self, according to section 12, code C. The Empath

EMPATH

[nods, gives the Inner child red clay to play with]

COMMANDER (cont.)

Representative of the Firefigh…[clears throat] I have invited Anne to be at this meeting.

[Empath and Inner child look at each other in disbelief]

He will be here shortly.

FATHER FIGURE

What? Why would you…

THE VILLAIN

Oh, this will be fun. [chuckles] Is Chaos coming too?

FATHER FIGURE

[confused] Wait, what? The Chaos?!

COMMANDER

[ignores The Father figure] She was asked not to be here tonight, given the delicacy of the matter. We thought it best not to imbue another Manic episode, as is her specialty.

FATHER FIGURE

Am I missing something here?

COMMANDER

Representing the Exiles according to the new protocol section 24D…Villanelle

THE VILLAIN

My name is….

FATHER FIGURE

Excuse me! When did we start inviting these deviants to these sessions!?

COMMANDER

When the situation became a CODE RED. The situation is dire, protector. We need everyone on board with the next round of actions that the administration takes.

FATHER FIGURE

[shouting] What good could ever come from having her! or Chaos! or Anne, for God sakes!... In the control room! Are you out of your mind!

COMMANDER

You watch your tone with me, protector.

FATHER FIGURE

[shouting, stands up quickly] Have we all gone mad in this place? Sir, what good can come of this? This surely could not be in the best interest of the child!

COMMANDER

Protector!

INNER CHILD

[startled] huh? What's going on?

[stops playing with the clay]

Why are we all here?

ANALYST

This is a managerial decision, Father. The exiles are now required by code to participate in fatal events. There have been an uptick in the controlling votes in the past three years and we decided it would be in our best interest to hear their demands.

INNER CHILD

Fatal Events? [looks around the room, appears worried] What's going on?

ANALYST

The Organism is in danger.

COMMANDER

I wouldn't have called them here if I didn't think the situation demanded their input. You are not the only one seeking to protect her, you know.

Now sit down and listen. [long pause, everyone listens closely]

the room goes dark, presses button for the live feed to start playing on the 360 holographic projectors]

COMMANDER (cont.)

The Organism has been trapped in the Command room for the past three days. The emergency room protocol has been initiated and all openings are sealed off. No one gets in. No one gets out. The sequence has already cascaded into Stage 1. The quarantine. The problem is Stage 2. The flush. As we speak, the command room is being flash flooded with anguish and despair. All coms are down, and all piping is sealed.

[everyone watching the screen in shock, live footage of the Organism (core self) trapped in a futuristic style, Star Trek-inspired command room with a semi-circular table and a myriad of buttons to press]

INNER CHILD

What's happening to her? [becoming distressed, The Empath pulls her close and rubs her back]

FATHER FIGURE

Is this live?

ANALYST

Happening as we speak…Volumetric pressures are high. With 11.97 inches/ minute, I fear she only has four days before the containment is entirely sealed off.

INNER CHILD

Is she going to be ok?! [starts crying]

[sounds from the live feed getting louder, water rushing in, heavy breathing, sirens going off and an announcing voice, "CODE RED: EVACUATE THE PREMISES" on loop]

FATHER FIGURE

Can she hear us?

COMMANDER

[deep sigh] No…

[long pause, everyone watching the screen again, witnessing the Organism panic and become flusters, hearing " no, no, no, please! No!”]

INNER CHILD

Please! somebody DO SOMETHING!

[loudly crying, pulling on the Commander's sleeve]

What's happening to her! Somebody, stop it! She's going to drown!

THE VILLAIN

Isn't this just *exciting*! [girly giggling with a dark look in her eyes]

FATHER FIGURE

Exciting? You think this is a joke! [slams fist on the table] You unyoked demon… you think this is funny?

THE VILLAIN

Drowning? [grinning, looks to the Inner Child with a cold stare] What could possibly be more thrilling!

INNER CHILD

STOP IT! [starts to cry] [throws the blue play doe at The Villain, start screaming and crying]

THE VILLAIN

[mockingly] Stop me.

INNER CHILD

[throwing a fit, crying intensifies]

COMMANDER

[stern voice] Empath, get her out here. She's seen enough.

[Empath lifts up the Inner child and places her on her hip, gently rubbing her back to sooth her as she sobs]

COMMANDER

Remember, [turns at The Empath, they lock eyes] she is in *your* care.

[Empath and Inner child exits through glass door, crying fading out, Empath doesn’t give a verbal response but has her reservation about leaving the meeting, she is in a state of grief]

THE FATHER FIGURE

Back off, Villanelle!

THE ANALYST

Can we get to the matter at hand here?!

THE FATHER FIGURE

[leaning over to the table towards the Villain] You sicken me!

THE VILLAIN

What? I can't enjoy myself [laughing]... a little!

THE FATHER FIGURE

You sadistic little…

THE VILLAIN

[biting her lips] I love it when you compliment me

COMMANDER

[banging on the table to get everyone's attention] This is not the time for your frivolous bickering!

THE FATHER FIGURE

Can't you tell what's happening right now? [yelling] THE ORGANISM IS IN JEOPARDY. THE WHOLE FUCKING ORGANISM! and you… [pointing at The Villain] you think this is a time to revel in the pain, to be enthralled with the teetering risk of all of us DYING?

THE VILLAIN

…and they all think drama is *my* specialty.

THE FATHER FIGURE

[leaning back in his chair again, folding his arm] and you wonder why at every turn I have to double down on my protection to keep The Organism in isolation. If you had your way, we would all be dead already.

Why are you even here? [pause] You shouldn't be in this room!

[Sirens in the background audio gradually getting louder]

THE ANALYST

[frustrated] We don't have time for this. [opens and expands the Projection, larger on screen with all the statistical data popping out across the room, a red flashing light pulsating from the middle of the screen]

COMMANDER

He's right. [strokes his beard, intensely looking up at the projection]

THE ANALYST

We have 47 minutes to devise a plan, which gives us four days before the execution.

(long pause) I don't think you all understand what's going on here. This is an unprecedented extinction-level event.

COMMANDER

but fortunately, not our first…

THE ANALYST

Yes, but this time, we are experiencing an onslaught of strenuous contexts. It sets this debacle as one where we have no plan to counter the complete collapse of the entire Organism. [heavy exhale] The Organism is in absolute distress. She can't cope anymore. The volumes of pain pouring out of her currently is coming from the Deep recesses. Grief. Loneliness. Sorrow. This depressive episode is crippling every system. Primal Reasoning [points to the graphs on the projection] Executive Functioning. Every. System

This depressive state is categorically major. The rage has melted all the meditative water catchments. She is in a state of aggressive rumination and all thought patterns are converging on suicidality at a rate of 76 decibels per thought.

[sirens volume increase]

 THE ANALYST (cont.)

What are we going to do? We have forty-five minutes…

[everyone looking up at the screen in fear]

[softly] She only has 4 days to live… [lights fade out]

SCENE 3



ANALYST

We are too far gone to be considering preventative care, Sir. We're in the thick of it. The Organism is undergoing severe isolation. She has quietly severed her ties to her friends and refuses to turn to anyone in her family.

COMMANDER

And the therapist?

THE VILLAIN

How about we…

THE ANALYST

No match for this volume of water. The therapy membrane was destroyed the moment we went into code RED.

COMMANDER:

And we're still certain that we don't need to go to the hospital?

THE FATHER FIGURE

We can't revisit those damages now. Our Inner child went in complete shut down the last time we were there.

COMMANDER

You're right.

THE VILLAIN

Instead, why don't we…

THE FATHER FIGURE

Why don't you pipe down? This is no time for your recklessness.

[sirens getting louder and in shorter intervals]

COMMANDER

It's all breaking down too fast.

THE ANALYST

Is there an extraction plan? A way to get someone to pull the Organism out?

THE VILLAIN

Pull them from where?

THE ANALYST

Father's isolation measures are airtight. There is no getting in or out.

COMMANDER

[loudly bangs on the table] Can we at least get her some air?

THE FATHER FIGURE

That's the problem! There is no one in there with them, get me in there!

THE ANALYST

[becoming discouraged and frustrated] We can't get *anyone* in there.

The water is rushing in too fast.

[slowly shaking his head, watching the Organism screaming out for help in the Command room's live feed]

THE FATHER FIGURE

Commander, what else can we do? [panic]

THE ANALYST

[softly] She's losing hope…We're edging closer and closer to…

[lights go off in the Command room, the water level is up to the waist, an announcement is delivered from the Live Feed, "CODE BLACK INITIATED", siren sound changes to one long drawn-out screeching sound, sounds of flatlining in the vitals, and heavy breathing, hyperventilating sound changes to slow long breathing]

[whispers] Black…

THE FATHER FIGURE

What happened to the lights? [tapping control buttons on his side of the screen table]

THE ANALYST

The system is conserving its last tank of energy. We're in Stage 3: The Dark

THE VILLAIN

Someone, do something!

COMMANDER

Initiate the BLUE strategy. Protector let's double down on the isolation currents. If this is about to implode, it’s best we get the Organism as far away from other humans as much as possible. Sever whatever connection she has remaining and let's see if that will get her to start swimming through the turbulence.

THE FATHER FIGURE

[nods, continues typing on the hologram projection]

COMMANDER

[continues] Villanelle, do you think you can find any kind of passion from the basement? We need to find some sort of counterbalance to fuel energy for a will to live. The Organism needs some kind of spark. Find me some energy!

THE VILLAIN

But my energy is nuclear.

THE ANALYST

It's unstable, Sir. That could bring the whole infrastructure down. The Organism is too worn out for something nuclear.

THE VILLAIN

I mean… if The Chaos doesn't interfere, I could use…

COMMANDER

Just do it!

THE VILLAIN

[nods, starts typing on her side of hologram screen]

THE ANALYST

Thirty minutes remaining…

COMMANDER

[turns to Analyst] Run the numbers again. [stands up, focusing on the changes in live footage] Increasing the Organism's inner drive could slow down the rate of the water.

[all four typing on the projection screen in silence, hearing the Organism begging for someone to help her]

THE ANALYST

[gets up and steps back from the screen, hands on head] Commander…

COMMANDER

What's the status?

THE ANALYST

[emotionless, robotic voice] Water levels have become even more turbulent. Nuclear energies have only corroded the piping further and increased water uptake by 12.3 inches/ minute. The room is at 73% capacity. With no outlet for the water, they are going to either run out of air or drown from exhaustion. The Organism seems to be losing more than just their will, but their sense of time and space. Equipment and wires are entangling them below the waters too. [pause, emotion returns to his voice] They're flailing around in there.

THE FATHER FIGURE

We need an extraction team. Immediately.

COMMANDER

Analyst, what am I missing here? Shouldn't there be a built-in self-preservation regulation? Why is this protocol terminal?

ANALYST

You know why…

  [both Commander and Analyst looking at each other, then look back at the screens]

THE VILLAIN

What now? Are we all going down with the ship?

THE ANALYST

In a matter of speaking…

 [sighs] We have twenty minutes remaining

THE FATHER FIGURE

I can save them, Sir.

COMMANDER

[snaps at The Father Figure] You can't! [sharp exhale, leans against the table, looking down] The only one to change the protocol is the one who designed the fail-safe

THE FATHER FIGURE

You mean…

COMMANDER

[exacerbated sigh, sits down] he came to me a few weeks ago warning me about the dangers of the fail-safe and told me he had a proposal. Of course [pause] knowing him, I suspected it was another ploy to get us all to turn on each other.

[everyone, except the Villain listening attentively]

THE VILLAIN

I missed that. Who are we talking about?

COMMANDER

Who else creates such inhumane protocols? Look at us…[pause] We're DYING!

[The Annihilator is leaning in the doorway behind the Commander, listening in on their conversation, holding a briefcase in hand, no one sees him yet]

THE ANNIHILATOR

Inhumane… [pause] and here I was thinking it was mercy.

[everyone in the room falls silence, long pause]

[at a very slow pace, matching the sound of the slow breathing The Annihilator walks around to the table, he leans over the Commander's screen and touches a button that mutes all sound coming from the feed except the breathing, no longer hearing the siren, the mood has shifted to dark and ominous, everyone's eyes follow the Annihilator as he walks by, except the Commander]

THE ANNIHILATOR

[speaking slowly] My sincerest apologies for my tardiness. You know how things are in the basement. [pause, looks over at everyone] Busy… [pause] restless [pause]…and aching to die.

COMMANDER

[eyes looking straight ahead at the screen, resisting to acknowledge the Annihilator, The Annihilator walks around the table]

THE VILLAIN

[relieved] Anne…

THE ANNIHILATOR

[leans over and gently kisses her forehead] Hello, darling…

[walks over to the other end of the table opposite the Commander, beside The Villain, places his briefcase on the table, sitting back in his chair, legs crossed, fingers interlocked in his lap]

THE ANNIHILATOR

Do remind me why I'm here…

COMMANDER

Remind you? [clenches fists, hiding his anger] You want me to…[exhales]

THE ANNIHILATOR

Relax, we have time.

COMMANDER

This protocol is going to *kill* us!

THE ANNIHILATOR

Us?

COMMANDER

Yes, all of us!

THE ANNIHILATOR

and is that such a terrible thing?

COMMANDER

Anne, we don't have time for…

THE ANNIHILATOR

Death? [ eyes narrow] I have all the time in the world.

THE VILLAIN

Anne? Did you do this?

THE ANNIHILATOR

[eyes still locked on The Commander] Relax, honey. Trust me.

Commander

TRUST. YOU. [gripping the table, trying to suppress his anger] You ask so much of us, at a time like this!

THE ANNIHILATOR

As if you have any other choice…

THE ANNIHILATOR (cont.)

[glances over The Villain, holds her by the chin] Did I do this? [squeezes her face harshly causing the Villain to tremble in fear] Don't I always? These fail-safes are in place to destroy the Organism's pain. You all sit up here from the tower and run the commands while *we* [caresses The Villains face] hide in the dark and fight for liberation. [releases the Villain, her face is red with embarassment and shame]

THE FATHER FIGURE

To what end, Anne?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Exactly…

THE FATHER FIGURE

Why would you even create a protocol like this to begin with? Who wins in this scenario?

THE ANNIHILATOR

I believe that's the wrong question.

COMMANDER

We don't have time for you to play coy, Anne.

THE ANNIHILATOR

I have nothing to gain and nothing to lose from this operation. I can't say the same for all of you… selfishly inflicting your needs and desires on the Organism, instead of giving her what she truly desires.

COMMANDER

The Organism does *not* want to die.

THE ANNIHILATOR

[sarcastically] Because you always know what's best for The Organism

COMMANDER

They…She…

THE ANNIHILATOR

…doesn't want to live anymore.

COMMANDER

[shaking his head in disbelief, stands up] You're going to sit here and watch her begging for us to save her from her pain and claim…

THE ANNIHILATOR [simultaneously] They want to die… COMMANDER: She WANTS TO DIE?!

THE PROTECTOR

Lies!

THE ANNIHILATOR

None of you spend time with her down below. She has a need none of you can tend to

THE ANALYST

And, you can?

THE PROTECTOR

Sir, you can't believe this rubbish!

THE ANNIHILATOR

Discarding the truth. How original! I bear my witness before you [pause] concerning the true hunger of the Organism from the Abyssal zone and you sit here, and you mock me. [chuckles] I pray your deaths be as wicked as your judgment.

THE VILLAIN

All… [stutters]…of…us?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Can't you hear it?

COMMANDER

[unmutes the audio for all to hear The Organism whimpering, begging "please"] Does that sound like mercy?

[The Organism is treading water, her head is pressed against the nearest vent, gasping for air as the room is almost full of water]

THE ANNIHILATOR

[mutes the audio] Listen again…[only sound is a heartbeat pulsing] Can't you hear it?

THE ANNIHILATOR

All she feels is the open invitation to give in to me. Give her permission for sorrow to destroy her.[closes his eyes, nodding as though he is listening to music] The blissful relief of giving in to destruction.

COMMANDER

Is that your plan? We are on the verge of…

THE ANNIHILATOR

Always. [opens eyes, leans forward] My plan is always to give her what she desires. Deep down The Organism battles the compunction to destroy us all.

THE VILLAIN

[staring down at the table with tears in her eyes]

It's true…I've seen it too. Emotions are different down in the Deep. She has an insatiable appetite for destruction. Down there, we are all suspended in inhabitable zones of extermination [pause] its like a perpetual dying of various selves. We are reborn a million times in a moment…

THE ANNIHILATOR

Like all women do…

THE VILLAIN

How many centuries deep is this wound?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Older than you and I could ever fathom. In the Deep, she must undergo seasons of destruction. That's why Chaos is so useful. Like a cyclone that comes to wipe the slate clean, ever so often, women must fall apart and then fall into place. [leans back in chair] it’s an inherited suffering.

THE ANALYST

[intrigued] I read that somewhere. Article 712. A strange phenomenon, especially noticeable in the menstrual phase of the exterior body.

THE ANNIHILATOR

…a small manifestation of what we undergo in the Deep

COMMANDER:

This doesn't change a thing. Bottom line is… we're all going to die.

THE ANNIHILATOR:

I have died more times than you have taken a single breath

COMMANDER:

This is NOT the same thing, and you know it!

THE ANALYST

What's your plan, Anne?

THE ANNIHILATOR

[opens the briefcase, takes out the proposal, slides the folder across the table]

Paper, I know. We're a bit archaic in the basement.

COMMANDER

[snatches up the folder]

THE ANNIHILATOR

OPERATION "NO HARM, NO FOWL"

COMMANDER

[Commander scans the papers, and projects them on everyone's screens]

Analyst, what are our chances now?

[everyone scanning through the digitized document]

THE ANNIHILATOR

[continues] I've been toying around with this one for a while, but essentially, we do as I say and give the Organism exactly what she wants. We agree to a suicide attempt. Allow the organizers to plan out every step. We allow her to grieve over her own life and believe she’s going to die. We shut down everything. Prepare her body for torture. Let her say her goodbyes. Give into her child-like loneliness [pause] and think solely about how to decorate this last morsel of pain.

COMMANDER

You mean FLOOD EVERYWHERE?

THE ANALYST

This [pause] could actually work. It's under the hypothesis that "thoughts are just thoughts" and manipulates the context between ideation and action. According to Section 9, underlined on page 47, if we allow the Organism to be flooded with suicidal thoughts, to feel the despair to its fullest and then we begin planning her demise, the impulse to act on those thoughts could dissipate. We would have a small window to hijack the cascading sequences. Hmm…but its a rather small window. 0.96 marginal error to be exact. We'd need to act fast.

THE VILLAIN

What are we waiting for? We have ten minutes remaining. Let's vote!

COMMANDER

[looking over his glasses, swipes up to page 56 of the digital document]

I see here this operation calls for a change in Command.

THE ANNIHILATOR

Dying is an art form, [mockingly] Commander. A masterpiece lost on you.

COMMANDER

… and there it is…[scoffs] You stroll in here, acting like the white knight here to rescue us all. I knew it! Your desires never waver!

THE ANNIHILATOR

[smiling] Ask me.

COMMANDER

What do you want?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Your seat.

THE FATHER FIGURE

Are you out of your mind!

THE VILLAIN

[evil smile spreading across her face]

COMMANDER

You come in here and waste our time… corner us into this debacle, just so you can hold us hostage to *your* demand.

The Protector: You could NEVER rule the Organism!

THE ANNIHILATOR

Oh! but I will…

THE VILLAIN

[raises her hand, looks over at The Annihilator] I would like to be made second in command.

THE FATHER FIGURE

Commander!

THE ANALYST

Sir…

THE ANNIHILATOR

I warned you this day would come [smiling] Let's face it. Your governance could only take us so far. What I said was true. The Organism wants to die. You can't pin that on me. I only did what I thought would give her a chance to be liberated from this intolerable reality.

[turns on the Live Feed, the Organism is sipping her last breaths of air. The Command room is 95% full, brimming close to the roof. The Organism is holding at the corner of the roof with her nose pressed against the nearest vent. She is in complete darkness, growing weary and tired of fighting to stay afloat]

Look at her…

[everyone but The Annihilator rises to their feet in astonishment]

THE ANNIHILATOR

[pulls out a cigar, looking around the room at everyone else captivated by the video]

Shall we vote? [lights the cigar, takes a draw]

THE ANALYST

Sir, it’s only provisional control. If this works and the water recedes, you will regain control of the internal systems. This is our last shot!

THE FATHER FIGURE

It's complete control or nothing! [slams down on the screen] It says it right here!

THE ANALYST

We can bargain for partial control after. We only have SEVEN minutes! Please! If it doesn't work, we will default to you, Sir.

THE FATHER FIGURE

Analyst! Listen to yourself! Are we forgetting who we're dealing with here!

THE ANALYST

There is NO OTHER WAY!

[Commander is thinking, reading through the fine print]

THE FATHER FIGURE

[flips over his chair] COMMANDER WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE

THE ANALYST

Please… [begging the Commander]

COMMANDER

The timeframe for how long this would take is not stated here.

THE ANNIHILATOR

I guess you'll just have to [blows a puff of smoke] trust me…

COMMANDER

[grunt in disapproval]

THE FATHER FIGURE:

[standing over The Annihilator, spins his chair to face him] I fought my entire lifetimes to keep the Organism out of harm's way and you always want to sustain us right amid disaster after disaster. I've slaved, at every turn, to keep that child safe, and AWAY FROM YOU! But this is cruelty?! I did NOT sign up for…

[The Annihilator blows a whiff of smoke in The Father Figure's face causing him to step back]

Don't you care about the Child? She must be terrified. She can barely hold it together…Fear has taken hold of her again.

THE ANNIHILATOR

"Nothing is worth destroying yourself over, but if you are going to destroy yourself, make sure it is spectacular, make sure it is for yourself " Nikita Gills.

[hands his cigar to The Villain, she nervously takes a draw]

THE FATHER FIGURE

[walks over to the Commander] Sir, please, don't fall for this trap. There must be another way. [pacing back and forth] You know, before I came here, the Empath said she felt death looming [pause] and how it was troubling her ability to feel anything else. Because of this nonsense, The Organism is freefalling into extreme numbness.[shaking his head]

What are we if we can't feel this world? What then? If at our core, this creature comes in and suffocates our desire to feel… to feel anything else other than a burning lust for death, what are we?

*[Audio from the Live Feed: "Approximately, 72 hours until final termination", 3% until full capacity, the self Organism is under the water but holding on to the vent. "Beginning count down sequence for Stage 5", lights out]*

A polaroid of a tree

Description automatically generated

SCENE 4

THE ANNIHILATOR

This mind of ours is deeper than we all care to swim [blowing a puff of smoke]

THE VILLAIN

We have no other way, Commander. Just give in…

COMMANDER

[deep sighs]

THE VILLAIN

In the Basement, Anne is the Commander. He rules the order and the dark… Chaos, sometimes even, bends to his control, and you know she isn't one for rulership. If anyone can manage an extinction-level event, it's Anne.

THE FATHER FIGURE

You mean, CAUSE an extinction-level event

THE ANNIHILATOR

What's the verdict? [takes a draw on the cigar]

COMMANDER

Anne…[scrolling down to the bottom of the document] don't make me regret this.

[sign the document]

THE FATHER FIGURE

But, Sir!

[breathing stops]

THE ANALYST

This will work…This will work...this…will work

THE ANNIHILATOR

I'm confident I can take us all as close as I can to death. Thank you all for your cooperation [smiles, closes his briefcase] As Foster would say, "Sometimes human beings have to sit in one place and hurt.”

THE VILLAIN

I hope you're right.

COMMANDER

Not so fast, Anne. I have a few amendments to make.

THE ANNIHILATOR

[sarcasm] Of course you do. What is it now?

THE FATHER FIGURE

This WILL work, won't it?

THE ANNIHILATOR:

How many times do I have to beg you to trust me?

THE FATHER FIGURE

It's never you who has my trust. [looks over at The Commander]

THE ANALYST

It will work, right Anne?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Let us not ricochet through these certainties and doubts. I can truthfully say…[bellowing smoke] you'll just have to wait and see

COMMANDER

Archie, let's make a few changes to the procedure. Censor all these documents and conceal them from the Inner child.

THE ANNIHILATOR

In the meantime, Analyst send out my crew to initiate the suicidal thought sequence.

[Analyst and Archivist resume typing]

COMMANDER

First off, what can we expect after the initiation?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Truly, I have no idea. Well, thoughts are just thoughts, right? Even suicidal ones…So, we allow the Organism to rupture and leak out the emotions. We can expect her to wallow in it for a few days, to get to maximum capacity and after the waters start to backflow into other rooms, things will level off at the brim. We will turn off all rational, abandon all forms of safety. Invert all protective protocols and then…wait.

COMMANDER

Did you account for the external circumstances? What if one more God-awful thing happens to her?

THE ANNIHILATOR

Then, we've missed our first window to change her mind. The Organism will then cascade into action, plans will be put in place to enact her death. The organizers will be mobilized. Once the waters enter the other rooms, it becomes a legitimate thought. She will rationalize her own undoing and begin to plan towards doomsday.

THE ANALYST

It's a bit ambiguous, don't you think?

THE ANNIHILATOR

It is madness, as a defense against terror.

THE FATHER FIGURE

Where in this plan does she escape?

THE ANNIHILATOR: This is the escape [simultaneously] COMMANDER: This is the escape

THE FATHER FIGURE

[deflated] I guess, we risk it all then.

THE ANNIHILATOR

This is the risk of a lifetime. I dream of such massacres.

THE VILLAIN

A garden of agonies… Chaos should be here to see this.

THE FATHER FIGURE

[disgusted by the Annihilator’s remarks, tries to appeal to the Commander] Is this what we've become? I account this day as nothing but a brutal takeover of darker forms. [pause] and yet, we HOPE they will ONE DAY hand over the reigns back to us. If they run us into the ground, protectors would have no choice but to double down on securing whatever is left which would inevitably tear the Organism apart into factions

THE ANALYST

Father, it was the *only* way.

THE FATHER FIGURE

I know, but what if this is the beginning of…

COMMANDER

It's only temporary.

THE ANNIHILATOR

Yes, [mockingly] temporary.

COMMANDER

[rises from his chair, walking over to The Annihilator with his hands in his pocket] here is my only request.

THE ANNIHILATOR

I'm all ears [smiling]

COMMANDER

We adjust three things. The Method. The Time. The Message.

[The Annihilator stands to his feet, face to face with the Commander]

THE ANNIHILATOR

Cold Blooded and Perfect [pulls his cigar out of his mouth] was the idea.

COMMANDER

Archie, listen closely. For the method, we execute with pills, not the knife. She doesn’t want a violent end

THE ANNIHILATOR

How tender… [leans closer, whispers in Commander’s ear] you don't know her like I do…

COMMANDER

Your estimated time is four days. Instead, let's give her a week to say her final goodbyes and enough intervals for us to intercept her thought patterns

THE ANNIHILATOR

I can pull some strings [blows a puff of smoke in The Commanders face]

COMMANDER

Let her write a final note and leave it only for someone who she trusts. No open notes for the police or the neighbors. Leave it with all her other beautiful writings.

THE ANNIHILATOR

Noted [smirks]

[they both shake hands, The Annihilator takes his seat while the Commander sits beside the Archivist, everyone watching the monitors again]

THE VILLAIN

Anne, [pulling her chair closer to him] will this really work?

THE ANNIHILATOR

[pressing controls, pulls out his cigar] I guess we'll find out…

[leans over and kisses her forehead]

[lights fade]

THE END