

that is how it is for me Excerpt

By

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ACT I

Scene 3

WOMAN

Cold, cold, and then heat burns. Trapped in a sphere that's disintegrating.

MAN

Your fault too.

WOMAN

If it were up to me

MAN

No different. Love your smart phone. Love your car.

WOMAN

don't drive

MAN

Sweatshop clothes and blood jewels.

WOMAN

take the bus

MAN

Profiting off of--

WOMAN

10 cents to the dollar!

MAN

Fucking cunt.

WOMAN

Once was cut. No N. Too dirty. A suggestion of cunt. To cut. Verb. Active. My cut, to cut. My cunt, to cunt. Cunt you down. Cunt across the grass, cunt the line, all cunt up inside. Cunt you out of my heart. Cunt you if you come too close. Cunt the chord, cunt the ribbon, cunt the string, cunt the cake. My cunt of the profits. Cunt off. Cunt off from...

World going to shit. Chemicals in the soil, needs new mulch. uses us. Our bodies are a gulch but the water's not flowing. Getting used to drought. Prayers for rain, we learned, are for primitives, dependence on the land a clear sign of moral bankruptcy, or sheer stupidity, we have advanced beyond our needs, advanced beyond our means, look what we've accomplished I whisper to the empty trough. My insides are sandy, and I long for the beach, the evidence of ocean, that ineffable collision

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WOMAN (cont'd)
 transition from land to water, water to land. The
 liminal is all around us, is *all* around us, all that is
 around us, is all.

MAN
 Think you're clever.

WOMAN
 Am.

MAN
 Think it matters.

WOMAN
 Does.

MAN
 Think you matter.

WOMAN
 Do.

MAN
 Think that I care?

pause. she's about to speak--cut off
 Your silence is your weakness.

silence. silence. strong silence.
 Fucking cunt.

Scene 4

Women flood the stage.

WOMAN
 Think about melting. I don't think we get it. Can't
 conceive in our bodies the solid to fluid. My hands
 feel so bounded, outlined in pencil or space, outlined
 in difference, flesh and air, flesh and air--flesh and
 flesh is really flesh and air and flesh. Flesh or skin?
 Skin. skin. skin and air. Skin through air. air through
 skin. flood me with all I cannot see. Flood me with--
 Melting made moral. wicked witch. melting's on you. why
 can't you stay solid? Stay. solid. STAY SOLID BITCH.
 Ice caps. big bad man gets the world hot, gets her wet,
 she's melting, she's melting, and she wants it.

WOMAN

feel it kicking. Each kick sends shock waves rippling
to my surface, ripping apart my surface, a tsunami
there, an earthquake there

MAN

There--

WOMAN

Drought

MAN

There--

WOMAN

Flood

MAN

There--

WOMAN

Metanatural forces. Aftershocks of an empty womb.
Unfounded until found. the ground we think is constant.

She whistles. He hums.