that is how it is for me  ${\tt Excerpt}$ 

Ву

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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 (MORE)

# 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.

MAMOW

Does.

MAN

Think you matter.

MOMAN

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.

## Scene 5

the flood abates. ground is drenched. fertile?

#### WOMAN

It'll take more than that. Another and another and another. Disasters. sudden, serious disruption. daily disruption. We are the flood. Mixing metaphors. Flood, destruction. flood, revolution. Kill the world, renew the world. K i l l. kkkkiiiillllllllllll strange little word.

MAN

Strangle little word.

### WOMAN

Strange little world. Full up and ever thinning. Rotund with the weight of a constant forced birthing, sterilized world, how do you keep birthing?

MAN

A cut here, a cut there.

#### WOMAN

Eggs dripping down your thighs, sizzle and boil as they bleed into your parched landscape. Hot flashes before your time. We dig your eggs black and glistening from your womb and your body doesn't know what else to do. cries without tears. tears itself to pieces trying to find a bit of shade. Cool glistening cave of your fancy scooped up filled in razed so you curl yourself like a fetus hands wrap round shin and toes nose tickles knee you can feel your eyelids as they open and close. open and close. can't stand to be unmoored, you open your eyes to the unbearable. you close your eyes and paint pretty pictures on the golden flesh of your eyelids. trace the pictures with your tongue on the roof of your mouth. Your finger drifts through the hair on your shin or the pores that remain a suggestion. You whistle to 

MAN

You're hearing the fridge, or the microwave.

#### WOMAN

.to cool or to heat. i run my hand back and forth. both burn.

MAN

You can't feel it. Not yet.

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.