

Beautiful Creatures

libretto by
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Characters

Eileen

Executive Director of *The Environmental Action Group*

Cori

her contact at the New York office; a young activist

Hank

a film star & activist

Stan

an executive with *PowerAmerica*—a Clean Coal lobbyist.

Chorus of Young Activists.

Chorus of Party Guests.

The action takes place at a hotel & convention center in New York City.

Notes:

After the opening scene, spoken text is in italics.

Spoken Dialogue for the Party Guests is written without character titles—the dialogue is free-floating and can be assigned as the creative team sees fit.

VOICE

(in the darkness)

What's next? What do we do now?

Lights. A posh hotel room in New York City. EILEEN with three young ACTIVISTS. She's dressed somewhat presentably, the ACTIVISTS wear jeans & t-shirts.

Nearby, the makings of a party: folded tables, piled tablecloths, rented glassware, boxes of liquor, etc, just waiting to be assembled.

EILEEN

Wait a minute—where's Cori?

ACTIVIST#1

She told me she had a thing—

ACTIVIST#2

She might need to be late—

EILEEN

Late? I sent her over to the office—to, to—

(lying)

There were some last minute things for her to check—but she should be here by now—

ACTIVIST#3

No worries—you can count on Cori—she's the best.

EILEEN

We've got less than an hour, and there's a lot, there's still a lot we need to—

ACTIVIST#1

It's cool, don't worry, we've got it—

EILEEN

It's NOT "Cool"—NOTHING is "cool" until we're ready!

(quick shift)

Sorry—I'm a little out of my element here—my staff—my people are back at The West Coast office, we only had enough budget to send management, it's hard for me to—

ACTIVIST#2

Dude, don't worry, you're on the East Coast now—things get done. We've already checked in all the rental equipment, and the food—

EILEEN

This could be a very big event for E.A.G—

ACTIVIST#1

There's no "could"—whole conference's gonna be here—

ACTIVIST#3

Way to calm things down.

ACTIVIST#2

He's right—there's always a million parties on Saturday—everybody wants to rock out before they head home—

ACTIVIST#1

But this will be the party to be at—

ACTIVIST#1

Cause we're giving the Lovelock Prize to Hank Alan Foster tomorrow—

ACTIVIST#2

Cause Eileen is like, instead of some boring Science Dude, or even more boring Political Dude—

ACTIVIST#1

Let's give the prize to a frickin' movie star and The Environmental Action Group will finally be where the action is.

ACTIVIST#1 & #2 high five.

ACTIVIST#3

We're not the important thing—Hank Alan Foster is not the important thing—the mission is the important thing!

EILEEN

All right, OK—we need to get to work here—

The ACTIVISTS all high-five (with EILEEN) and begin setting up the party.

EILEEN watches as they attack their tasks with zealous determination.

EILEEN

This is such a cool idea.

Such
a cool
idea

A beautiful idea

EILEEN (cont'd)

come have a drink after the program
with a star!

my "old friend"
Hank Alan Foster

I can't believe he said "yes".

a few drinks
and conversation

Such a great, great, great, great idea!

I'll promote myself

I'll be the hit of this year's conference
I'll bring a spark
they won't forget

and of course it helps the mission
helps to get us some attention
helps me to get what I deserve

THE ACTIVISTS

(as they set up)

Save—The Earth!

Love—The Planet!

Save—The World!

EILEEN

these 20-somethings—
they make me wonder

If their brains are defective
If they have eyes
Why they can't see it

see the core of betrayal
the disappointment—
the fricking farce

ARIA:

Full page layouts
from the men who sold the poison
ads with mermaids, smiles and flowers—

EILEEN (cont'd)
 help us fix the world we spoiled
 clean the world we soiled

“sure, we’re sorry, we’re very sorry”

look at all these pretty pictures
 pretty, pretty pictures
 men in seal-suits, bear pajamas
 take a button and you’ll want to buy the t-shirt
 buy the people
 cleaning nothing but your conscience

oh, we’ll make a few concessions
 no one needs to leave embarrassed

Come and scrub that conscience clean
 your conscience clean
 nice and clean

THE ACTIVISTS
(working) Save—
 The Earth. Love—
 The Planet.

EILEEN
 Scrub that
 conscience nice and
 clean . . .

CORI rushes in.

CORI
 Sorry, sorry—
 the traffic really sucks
 Sorry, sorry—
 I hope I’m not
 too late

it’s so exciting
 my first conference
 so excited
 aren’t you—

EILEEN
 What did they say—back at the office?
 What did they say ‘bout the ‘Earth Firsters?

EILEEN (cont'd)
the threat we got this morning
that it's 'already too late'

do they think we have to worry
do they think we're infiltrated—
are they planning terror
what did the office say—

CORI
Here, I printed out the emails
they don't think there's any danger—

Sorry, sorry—I'm still flustered—
but don't you think these Earth Firsters
don't you think they're kind of brave—
(sorry, sorry)

EILEEN
Eco-Terror—Cori—
does more harm than good
makes us all look bad

CORI
But
don't you understand it
don't you ever lose your patience

CORI (cont'd)
 don't you want a transformation
 we need the world to change

EILEEN
(done with the emails)
 This is scary.
 These people are scary.
(abruptly:)
 You should go and get some ice—

CORI
 But I think—

EILEEN
 I don't need your "thoughts" right now.
 Please . . . go and get some ice.

A moment. CORY exits—EILEEN can't dismiss the emails.

EILEEN (cont'd)
 Could they be planning violence?
 Should I just text a cancel?
 Dear Lord save me from the—nuts.

CORI rushes in with the ice.

CORI
The last symposium broke early—we've got guests!

The GUESTS enter, festive and pumped.

ALL
 Save, Save, Save
 Save, Save, Save
 Save, Save, Save

ALL (cont'd)
Save the World

it isn't a logo
it's not just a slogan

Save, Save, Save
Save the World!

Introductions are made:

ARJUN
Bangladesh Environmental Lawyers—

DEBORAH
Friends of The Earth in Cameroon—

RITA
Comunidad ecologistas—

TAZ
Plus-Ecologique aux Luxembourg—

CORI
I'm Cori from the New York office—

STAN
(poking himself in)
Stan Colgate—PowerAmerica—

EILEEN
And the man of the hour—

HANK
*I think you might know me—
my name is Hank—*

*A burst of good-natured laughter at his
modesty.*

HANK (cont'd)
*I guess I'm not like most of you—useful folks—
I make movies for a living—*

Even more laughter—he's so charming!

CORI

A special 'thank you' to our L.A. Office—

EILEEN mock bows her head.

HANK

Because this year
your special guest—is me!

ALL

Every year in Spring we come together
Commiserate and share ideas
Ecologicistic communities
we're doing what we're doing what we can—

*A small, satisfied beat: a year gone by and
we're all still here—then everyone attacks the
bar at once as:*

ALL (cont'd)

Save, Save, Save
Save the World

It isn't a logo
it isn't a slogan

Save, Save, Save
Save the World!

Didn't you break up with that loser?

EILEEN

(sadly)
Don't call him that.

So are we the Creative Class, or the Global Elite, or both?

It's ridiculous—he's over there by himself—go say Hello.

Ask David Brooks.

STAN

How did she pull this off?

I'm dreading going back to Seattle—I'm really starting to hate all that—green.

Bush totally destroyed the oversight—it'll take decades to recover.

Nobody will talk to him—it's silly—he's just an actor.

Honey, it's a party, there's only one kind of bush I'm interested in.

Why do men think they can be so casually disgusting?

Why do women think they can be so casually judgmental?

CORI

What—oh—uhm, thanks—no, they're not contacts—(laugh)—these are my eyes—

I mean, it's like he's glowing, he's radioactive—and I hate his movies—

STAN

My God, Eileen—it's true
he's here, Eileen
he's really here—

EILEEN

Why are *you* here?

STAN

You really nailed it

EILEEN

You weren't invited—I'm sure I'd know

STAN

I had to see it for myself
your great
transformation

EILEEN

oh, Stan you're such a shithead
dressing better
but still a jerk—

STAN

The hectoring
The lecturing

Oh, I LOVE that penguin movie—have you seen “Planet Earth”?

STAN (cont'd)
 You're the purist
 I'm the sleazy one
 all your judgements!

Ever since boarding school—I feel I've just been—drifting . . .

STAN
 Your ambition finally shows itself
 This will be the party of the year—

On the other side of the room, CORI also watches HANK.

CORI
 I'm supposed to kill him . . .
 Don't say that out loud!
 But I can't stop . . . my thinking
 Can't stop . . . my thoughts . . .

STAN
 And—you're working out now—
that's a new haircut, isn't it?
And a new suit as well—

EILEEN
 Are you OK
 you seem a little—

STAN
 I think you know

EILEEN
 --say it, Stan—
 say what you came to say, Stan
 say it Stan and get lost

CORI
 I will kill Hank Foster.

STAN
 A sell-out
 You called me a sell out

CORI
 These people are imposters

STAN
 I don't believe I'm "only ambitious"

CORI
this isn't the real Movement . . . it's more waste.

STAN
all those things you said—
all those speeches when you left me

CORI
waste of money waste of time
waste of passion waste of resources—

STAN
You're the one who's selling out now, Eileen
buffing up your image
This party isn't "Save the Earth"
it's saving you

CORI
Garbage,
decadent and vain
I'm here to wash it clean!

EILEEN
"Clean Coal" still your paycheck, Stan?

STAN
Come on Eileen
Sure, you could see through my shit in a second—
it was easy then
but I'm wondering
can you see
see what you've
become.

DUET:

EILEEN
I don't know what you think you see
but I'm the same as I've always been
maybe angrier
maybe tireder
maybe sometimes just a little sorry-er

but still trying
still fighting

you're the one who decided to sell out
you're the one who's been sucking

EILEEN (cont'd)
 up to men
 we used to fight

STAN
 I don't know who you think you are
 but you've become what you used to hate

EILEEN
 Stop it!

STAN
 you're a player-er
 you're a pander-er

EILEEN
 I'm just smarter than I used to be

STAN
 maybe even just a little star-fucker-er

EILEEN
 you gave up trying
 you gave up fighting

STAN
 You're not "trying"
 or "fighting"

STAN
 Don't listen to everything you hear!
 Eileen, dear . . . it's only what you hear.

EILEEN
 You're being paid
 protecting men
 who brutalize the earth

STAN
 Eileen, dear . . . it's only what you hear.

EILEEN
 Truthfully, all anybody says
 who knew us well:
 "Thank God you broke up with that jerk".

She takes her drink, moves back into the party.

HANK tries to speak with her, but she's so angry she breezes right by him.

*STAN's in his own world and doesn't notice—
he's watching EILEEN—*

STAN
I don't need you
I'm doing fine
I don't need you
I don't need anyone
or anything
I'm doing—

HANK
Excuse me—

STAN
Hey!

I don't know—it looks like a moustache to me—she should get it waxed or something.

I don't do action movies. I don't believe in heroes.

What a scumbag.

HANK
Were you just talking with the Executive Director?

Where are the interns, anyway? Aren't there interns?

STAN
I—well—she's an old—we were—yes—I guess—

I think it's possible to affect change from within the system—

Seriously? You're not serious . . .

HANK
I actually need to ask her—

STAN

Sorry—I'm—well, she's—Stan—I'm Stan, I'm with, I'm not with, uh—

HANK

I don't understand what you're trying to say, "Stan".

CORI

'Threat'—no, I didn't hear anything about any threat.

It'll be my second MFA—but I need to do something—

STAN

What I mean is—I don't usually—I haven't had the, the opportunity—to, to—

HANK

It's OK, it's fine

Happens all the time—

Folks get nervous—star-struck—

they think they know me, but they don't—

Take a minute—acclimate—

I can start:

Hi, my name is Hank

and I make movies.

I'm very lucky

I'm very, very, famous

Hey, my name is Hank

You want the tabloid scoop:

I have a good life.

a great life.

You know what scares me

weird things like this

Cause the folks who give awards expect a thank you

after you win, you know, they like a speech

and while of course, I love the movies-- making

films is easy

giving talks

well . . . *that scares me to death*

OK—now, it's your turn.

HANK (cont'd) Just—whatever—
don't feel pressured.

Beat. STAN struggles, then blurts:

STAN
Clean Coal.

HANK
What was that?

STAN
Clean Coal.

HANK
What d'you say?

STAN
The issue is pollution
and we have the solution:

HANK
Clean Coal?

STAN
Now you're speakin' my language

HANK
Clean Coal.

STAN
Now you're tellin' the truth.

Don't be foolish I know cause I was part of it
I lost myself in the idealistic heart of it
end of the day you gotta learn the art of it

the question is compromise
the answer is enterprise

HANK
Clean Coal?

STAN
Wave of the future

HANK
Clean coal?

STAN
Best of both worlds

DUET:

And a man like you
batting for our team
a man like you
along for the ride

a few choice words
no need for fancy stunts
a man like you
taking our side

Clean Coal!

HANK
I'm not sure I get it

STAN
Clean Coal!

HANK
But isn't that crap?

A man like me
I know what 'greenwash' is
a man like me
will choose the right side

STAN
a man like you

HANK
A man like me
watches who wants his time!

STAN
always knows where he stands

A man like you
(stands) with the good guys!

HANK
A man like me
(sticks) with the good guys

STAN
Come stand with us
we're the good guys

HANK
A man like me
he wants a clean sky

a man like me

STAN
We're with you there
We're on your side

HANK
A man like me . . .

STAN
A man like you . . . ?

HANK
might come for the ride

STAN
you'd come for the ride?

HANK
Let's go for the ride!

So tell me—what is it—exactly—how will it work?

STAN
*How does it work, my friend! There's already
a plant online in Germany using Clean Coal
technology—*

HANK
Fantastic—so what—how “clean” is it exactly?

STAN
*Carbon capture and storage! We capture the carbon
and store it underground—*

HANK

*You bury it? But—doesn't it just get into the water, and—
I mean, doesn't that just set up a whole different set of problems—*

STAN

*What's important is to curtail emissions,
warming—create green jobs—*

HANK

But if you're poisoning the water to do it—

STAN

Nobody's "poisoning" anything—

HANK

*What does a process like that cost? Is it a natural process,
or more chemicals and—*

STAN

*(opt.) Look—Congress's already spending 4 billion on development—
even if the US somehow gets over our hunger for coal, India
and China won't for generations, so what about that, my
friend? Do we just let Indian and China walk all over—*

HANK

a man like you
what is he doing here?
a man like you
he's on the wrong side

STAN

a man like me

HANK

A man like you's
really not worth my time!

STAN

knows we can clean that coal!

A man like me's
with the good guys!

HANK

A man like you

HANK (cont'd)
mocks the good guys

STAN
A man like me
making clean skies

HANK
A man like you
he's living a lie

a man like you

STAN
I love the earth
I'm on her side

HANK
A man like you . . .

STAN
A man like me . . . ?

HANK
I'll just say good-bye

STAN
but I'm a good guy

HANK
I'll just say GOODBYE

*HANK goes back to the party.
STAN, alone, positively attacks the bar, as:*

STAN
I don't need you
I'm doing fine
I don't you
I don't need anyone
or anything
I'm doing fine . . .

You didn't read Thich Hhat Hanh's book?

All I'm saying is, when it's Al Gore in front of you on the buffet line, it's funny.

They change the light, so they'll lay more eggs—drives the chickens batshit.

EILENN

Why does everyone want to knock Al Gore?

I'm not knocking him, I'm saying, "Hey, Al, somebody else might want some of that cob salad—ease up"—

STAN

Gore is a pompous clown.

So the chickens start pecking at each other—like, killing each other with their beaks—cause the changing light is pissing them off—

Kill the messenger, that's all.

I've been a Buddhist since my twenties—what's your story?

So what's the fix? they take the fucking beaks off.

CORI approaches HANK. Is this the moment she's going to act?—

HANK

Hey, this party's great.

CORI (startled)

Uhm—

So what've we got? We've got warehouses with thousands—hundred of thousands of crazy, beakless chickens just shitting out eggs while the lights go on and off and on and off and—

HANK

I couldn't help notice you noticing me—

CORI

I—well—I—

You really think we're not going pay for that someday?

HANK

Hey—this happens all the time. Folks get nervous—starstruck—why don't I go first? (he takes a breath to start, but:)

ARIA

CORI

What I'd like to say—
 don't take it
 the wrong way—
 sometimes I wonder why
 some of these people—
 why they're all here

and someone like you
 a movie star
 a famous man
 you could be anywhere
 so . . . do you care?

CORI

sometimes I understand what's
 driving people sometimes it
 seems all planned sometimes
 it's crystal clear why they're
 all here

but someone like you
 a movie star
 a wealthy man
 could there be any plan
 I'd . . . understand?

HANK

(ingratiating)

Well, sure I—
 I'll give them all a show
 Of course, the photo-
 ops y'know:

Save The World.
 The Polar Bear.
 Too much carbon.
 in the air
 Y'know.
 Y'know.

A beat.

CORI

I kind of
thought so . . .

*Another beat. She seems about to say or
do more, but instead, walks off.*

HANK

Did that little skink blow me off?

*What is it with these people? I'm here for
them after all, I'm doing them a favor, I—*

Trouble is—
they think they already know me
they treat me like we're all best friends

I'd like to ask them:
is this how you speak to strangers

but when I talk like that
they just get mad at me
and then they Tweet it everywhere . . .

STAN

All I'm saying is—it's easy to get distracted—

Distracted?

What people can't accept is the extraction industry—

EILEEN

It's not a problem—I'll introduce you.

STAN

Everyone has a hand out—

The poultry industry—industry itself—it's violent—

EILEEN

He's very concerned about those issues—you'll see.

The industrial revolution was like, like The Terror

CORI

So you—so is the solution more terror?

Really? You think they're hiring? Could you put in a word?

STAN

We need to, to prioritize—

EILEEN

Hank!

STAN

(mocking)

“Hank”!

EILEEN

May I call you “Hank”?

HANK

Of course—Hi!

STAN

(mocking)

“May I call you Hank”—

EILEEN

This is Deborah—

DEBORAH

—from the San Francisco office—

EILEEN

And Arjun—

ARJUN

Arjun from Bangladesh—

STAN

Oh! Bangladesh. . . *good ol' Bang-la-tuschie!*

EILEEN

Stan . . .

ARJUN

Is there some problem?

STAN

Can't beat BANG-the-dishes!

ARJUN

And what's that supposed to mean?

STAN

*Poor, suffering Bangladesh,
with their ironclad sob-story:*
“The waters are rising
the children are dying”

ARJUN

The waters are rising
the children are dying—

STAN

“The monsoons are out of control!”

DEBORAH & ARJUN

(as a plea to HANK)

The waters are rising
the children are dying
the monsoons are out of control!

STAN

How it tugs the soul!
Oh, no!
Give us some dough!

HANK

I'm not sure I understand—

ALL

The waters are rising
the children are dying
the poverty stifles the soul!

STAN

But something simple
on the home front—
say Clean Coal—Clean Coal—

EILEEN

Stan, please—

ALL

The waters are rising

ALL (cont'd)
 the children are dying
 but nobody's buying "clean coal"!

STAN
 Let's not stifle the debate—shall we?

ALL
 Sure industry's trying
 But we're only sighing
 There's just nothing clean about coal!

You pitch it because you have been sold
 You pitch it cause they have your soul
 you have been sold
 they have your soul

STAN
 I've been sold?!
 I've been sold??!!

EILEEN
 Stan, please, get a hold of yourself—

STAN
 You're all just begging for his coat-tails
 you're all just kissing ass for crumbs—
 He only came here to be worshipped
 And you'll be happy to oblige—
 (spoken)
I know he has, a certain power—he can,
he can focus attention, focus the media—

EILEEN
 Jesus, Stan . . .

STAN
It's not real, though—I mean, what does he do?
What does he do for anyone? Really? He's only
here out of guilt—you're only talking to him because
—it's ALL BULLSHIT! You should all be ashamed . . .
and so should he—so should—

EILEEN
 Okay, Stan! Excuse us!

She grabs STAN's arm, hurrying him away. The conversational pod breaks up . . .

HANK
 Trouble is—
 You all think you want to know me
 There's no way you'd know who I am

Sure I could tell you
 tell you what I'm really here for
 but when I tell the truth
 it always seems too small
 it always seems too real
 it never seems to be enough . . .

ARJUN & DEBORAH
 The waters are rising
 the children are dying
 the endless need poisons the soul

HANK
 I think I need a minute
 can I please have a minute
 please thanks . . .

ARIA

HANK
 When I was a little kid
 my Father took me down
 from East New York
 summers to the shore

salt on the air—
 oh the birds the waves the sky

when it was over I would start to cry

I swore that somehow
 someway
 someday when I'm grown
 I'll make this home

I won't let ego and greed
 destroy my home.

They look at me and see a fool
 I'm a man they can use
 I'm no King—I'm a pawn
 a smile and some cash

HANK (cont'd)
a golden mask

Prying
where I
don't belong

but . . . why can't they see
I'm not like them
just anyone

I had my dreams
they all came perfectly true each one of them

I bend the world
to do what I want

I bend the world
I made the real and
actual world do
what I want!

If I choose to save the world
I'll save the world . . .

When I was a little kid
my Father took me down
from East New York
summers to the shore

I saw that sky and I
I really thought that I
could fly

High in that sky I learned to love
the world

if you tell me what to do
I'll save the world . . .

*He's done. He finishes his drink, folds back
into the party. CORI tracks his movements.*

*Takes a step toward him, but is blocked by
TWO ACTIVISTS who jump into the center of
the room—*

*#1 blows a plastic trumpet as #2 unfurls
a banner: The Fracking of The Earth.*

*#1
Watch now as Mother Earth is fracked!
By ruthless motherfrackers—the natural
gas industry!*

*#2
Our Mother—shot up with chemicals like a cheap
whore to squeeze out the last drops of her bounty—*

*#1
The fracking*

*#1 & #2
The fracking of the earth!*

*Music. Their dance involves a metaphoric
rape, using the banner to catch and trap
Mother Earth, and fracking her in front
of the whole Crowd.*

*The ending is obvious and greeted with
stunned silence.*

*#1
This Action brought to you by*

*#2
the Earth Liberation Front!*

*#1 & #2
Earth First!*

*They bolt.
A confused moment.
Several people applaud.*

There's nothing wrong with a little street theatre.

In a hotel?

EILEEN

That wasn't so bad . . .

CORI

That was planned?

It's called 'site specific' theatre, actually.

EILEEN

The threat—remember? I'm sure that was it.

CORI

You think—really?

HANK

I haven't been to the theatre in AGES.

EILEEN

They're all talk these people—then it turns out to be just some dumb stunt. Puppets, or whale costumes—I've seen it before.

Don't you think theatre has an obligation to be socially revelant?

CORI

Oh, yeah—sorry. Right. The threat. OK.

People are looking for real experience—theatre doesn't cut it.

EILEEN

I'm sure of it. We're okay.

Except for poor Stan—no way we could have seen that coming. I'll make sure the right people know how hard you worked for this—

CORI

*Oh—uh—thank you—I—excuse me—
(she goes to the bar)*

Video games, the circus, Facebook—you know what I'm saying.

People go to theatre to be entertained, and they go to parties to network and get laid.

CORI

*I don't know if I can kill him . . .
Don't say that out loud!*

CORI (cont'd)

But I can't stop . . . my thinking
Can't stop . . . my thoughts . . .

A belt . . . Leon made a belt
very little metal, just in case—

then when you're face to face
give him a strong embrace
give him a long embrace—

“With that kiss
you'll blow him straight
to Heaven” . . .

But I'm on-ly
twen-ty
se-ven

With all that I dreamed of . . .

She hesitates—tries to psych herself up:

CORI (cont'd)

Beautiful creatures
listen—
beautiful creatures
bless the world

Beautiful creatures
glisten—
caribou, seals
the great cats—

Look at young children
no need to teach them
they love all creatures

so different for women
somehow men teach us
we should become

Beautiful creatures
hunted—
beautiful creatures
stunted—

CORI (cont'd)

We're made for exploiting
Not to love.

Lied to and abused
And then we're accused—

Hits and hurts and lies
Pelts and skin and eyes
Smiles won like tusks of ivory
Lips and hips and thighs
snared in traps and skinned alive!

Can't you love what's here inside?
My skin isn't hide . . .
My teeth not tusks or ivory . . .

(rewrite) I'm more than a creature
I'm more than a creature

Let them run scared and mad and fragile
Let them know how bad it feels

To be the prey!

Now we'll all be forced to look
be forced to look
inside . . . inside . . .

I have a bomb...

*Around her the party hums along, oblivious.
At this point the different characters overlap
and reprise sections as CORI tries to get
through to them.*

EILEEN

This was such a great idea.
Such a
great
idea—

STAN

I don't need you
I'm doing fine
I don't need anyone

CORI

I have a bomb—
I have a bomb

DEBORAH & ARJUN

But all we are seeking
is you do the speaking—

and if what we're seeking
is what you are speaking
then why don't we do it together?

HANK

what if he's right
what do I for anyone?

CORI

I have a bomb I have a bomb I have a bomb!

Everything stops.

All eyes turn to her.

Slowly, carefully, she reveals the belt.

Stunned, immobile silence, then:

CORI (cont'd)

Polar bears die it doesn't matter
bees and frogs you let them go—
oil for caribou
owls for fuel
drown the fish
for
stationery . . .

But kill just one of your beautiful creatures . . .
Kill something you'll really miss
Obliterate one of your tabloid beauties
Then you'll see what real loss is—

A tense beat.

HANK

I think she means me.

*HANK takes a step toward CORI—slowly,
they move toward each other.*

She and HANK have reached each

other..

CORI (cont'd)

With one kiss
I'll send us both
to Heaven
Though I'm on-ly
twen-ty se-ven . . .

But she doesn't move—watches him.

He meets her eyes.

*This is the murder moment and, looking into his
eyes, she's wavering...*

HANK

When I was a little kid
I went as Superman
for Halloween three
years in a row

I had a cape and I
I really thought that I could fly

CHORUS

It's all that we dreamed of

HANK

I really thought that somehow
somehow
something I might do
could save the world . . .

(to CORI)

Look at me
Look at me

CHORUS & HANK

It's all that we dreamed of

HANK
 that somehow
 somehow
 something I might do
 could save the world . . .

Why else would I be here
 be here, waiting—

won't you
 tell me what to do
 to save the world . . .

CORI
 Look in their eyes
 it's not all lies—

HANK
 Won't you tell me what to do
 to save the world

CORI
 I can't do it.
 You don't deserve to die . . .

EILEEN
 Stan, get me a vodka
 Someone call the police!

HANK
 This is something we could do
 to save the world

CORI
 No,
 it's
 alright

CORI

Could it be
 he tells the
 truth?

Look in his eyes
 it's not a lie

CORI
 Don't they deserve
 to die?

She backs off.

Everyone relaxes—except HANK.

Stan takes out his smart phone—as does everyone else at the party—maybe some even take pictures?

Meanwhile:

HANK
 Something that they won't ignore
 Something that they CAN'T ignore
 Something they can't take—

CORI Yes—
 I—

EILEEN
(has noticed this—with quiet urgency)
 Stan—Stan!

CORI
 You're beautiful. Something they can't ignore.
 You're beautiful.

CORI & HANK
 One kiss and then the world
 will awake—

STAN
 Wait—

They embrace and

*The Bomb goes off. Amazing lights, sound
 and music—transition into:*

A few weeks later.

EILEEN, in mourning, behind a podium.

EILEEN
 Good morning everybody
 we all know why we're here
 to mourn the loss of friends and colleagues
 to "just say no" to fear

we know that they would want us
 to carry on the fight
 they'd want us all to be strong
 and to move on

EILEEN

[Spoken]

What's that supposed to mean?

I'm sorry, I just mean

I should start again.

Good morning everybody
it's later than you think
look down at where your feet are pointing
the place they call 'the brink' . . .

We've tried so many years
nobody hears
why do we bother?

Even with all our actions
we haven't done enough
Even if we don't give up
We'll never do enough

It's too late
the deny-ers are holding sway
and we can't de-feat 'em
the fanatics have won the day
and I feel a soul is dying

Aria

River on fire . . . wait.

I remember now.

I remember.

In 1969
the Cuyahoga River burned.
So full of waste—
So full of poison—
So full of rage.

EILEEN (cont'd) I
remember now
How angry we were

I knew then
Which side to choose,
which path to take.

A river in Ohio—
A river caught fire . . .
And in that acid-burning, river light

We revealed ourselves
for what we had become—
For what we had made:

Children born broken and twisted
Oceans choking with plastic—
garbage piled up to the heavens—

Is this our offering to God,
Our thanks for all creation
Is this our Christian Muslim Jewish Buddhist
A-theistic faith in action—

What turns water into flame,
Who turns a river into fire?

River on fire
what conglomerate of greed,
what kind of gross desire?
What excuses can be made?
What lies hide a burning river...
What excuses, what kind of blindness...

Our food, our water, our land and seas,
there is no Plan B—

There is no Planet B—
There's no fucking Plan B—

ALL (interwoven into ending lyrics of River on Fire)

We're doing what we're doing what we can.

All that we can do is hold together

Like-minded folk who still believe

Keep doing just keep doing what we

can—