

REVOLUTION AND A SANDWICH

A Play About Social Change and Peasant Cuisine

By Jeremy Gable

"REVOLUTION & A SANDWICH" received its world premiere on May 20th, 2011 at the Wolf Arts Building in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The production was produced by The Shakedown Project (Robert Wuss, Artistic Director). The production was directed by Robert Wuss, who also designed the set and projections. The lighting design was by Steve Dombkoski. The sound design was by Will Hoover. The costume design was by Hallie Keyser. The cast was as follows:

CLAIRE	Juliann Bosak
SONNI SHINE	Herself
MORTYFOX	David Greene
CLAIRE'S DAD	David Scheffler
JAN SVOBODA	Adam R. Deremer
THE REVOLUTION	Savannah Carr
	Hank Curry
	Stefanée Martin

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLAIRE, female, late teens

SONNI, female, an awesome musician

MORTYFOX, male, early twenties

DAD, male, paternal age

JAN, male, mid twenties

Various roles, including:

NARRATOR

SAVANNAH

HANK

STEFANÉE

HALLIE

ANNIE

RICK

AARON

NEIGHBOR

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

ANARCHIST DELI MAN

GOVERNMENT LACKEY

BLACKLIST

POLICE OFFICER

CITIZENS

REPORTER

NEAL

STRANGER

RANDOM DUDE

Time: Next June through August

The story takes place on the Internet and in the streets of Philadelphia

NOTE: Every time Claire does something computer-related (typing, double-clicking, Ctrl+Alt+Del'ing, etc.), there is a physical motion that goes with it. The effect should be that Claire is manipulating the space with this physical language that she has developed.

REVOLUTION AND A SANDWICH

(In the darkness, we hear a woman clear her throat. Then, the sound of a button being pressed, and a computer being powered up. We are greeted with a super-quick-cut montage of an assortment of imagery: Political turmoil, protests, riots, shouting, looting, dictators at podiums, corrupt police, etc. The cuts get quicker, the volume louder until:)

CLAIRE

(Voice)

Whoa!

(Images slam to black)

Unnecessary! Something else.

(We see an Internet video of a dog fighting a toy robot. Slam to black)

Nope. Something in between?

(We see an Internet video of someone dressed as Benjamin Franklin dancing to a hip-hop song. Slam to black)

Good enough.

(We hear an alarm clock going off, and the screens are rolled past the audience to reveal CLAIRE in a pool of light, dressed in tank top and pajama pants, putting her hair into a ponytail. In her hand she holds a small clicker, which she uses for her physical motions. See Note)

It is June Fourteenth in Philadelphia, and this is it. This is the day where everything changes. First things first . . . the music. Double-click on MyTunes . . .

(She double-clicks. Lights up on SONNI, who starts playing music. CLAIRE closes her eyes, listens to the song)

This is the first song, every morning. An espresso shot of awesome. I wake up my room . . .

(With a click, her room lights up. She flexes her fingers)

. . . and get down to business.

(She puts her hands together. We hear the dial-up modem sound)

I'm a nobody. But I'm a nobody with an audience. Welcome to the new century.

(She double-clicks)

So, the Internet.

(SONNI freezes, mid-note)

Not responding? Balls!

(She makes a motion and "Ctrl+Alt+Del" appears. SONNI resumes)

CLAIRE
(CON'T)

So . . .

(She makes a typing motion. We see “No New Messages” right above the words “0 Friends Online”)

Lame. Well, it’s time to do what I do best . . . Figure out what I do best.

(She pulls up a Word document entitled “ISSUES WORTH FIGHTING FOR”. Listed are a number of large-scale, difficult-to-solve issues)

My life goal. I won’t stop until I solve each and every one of these. One problem . . . I don’t know where to start. I’ll definitely need some help with this.

(She loads up WannaBeStartingSomething.org. It is crudely designed)

This is me. WannaBeStartingSomething.org. The “g” after “starting” is important, because if you leave it out, it takes you to a tribute site for Michael Jackson.

(SONNI plays the opening riff of “Beat It”. CLAIRE stops it after a legal amount of seconds. WeirDED out, she moves on:)

This is my soap box. You can sign up for my e-mail list, watch my video blogs and . . . ya know, help me figure out how to successfully organize and executive a modern-day revolution. How do other people do it?

(She pulls up a page that is entitled “Fresh Ideas Coalition”)

Here’s where you can see videos of people who want to make a change in their community. You vote on who has the best idea and a fast food corporation sends them a few thousand dollars . . . in the hopes that no one discovers that the money comes from underpaying employees and lowering safety standards. Let’s check it out!

(SONNI leaves and CLAIRE clicks. Before the show, audience members were filmed answering a variety of questions. The best response to “What would be one thing you could do to make change in your community?” is projected here:)

Love it. Stealing it. Next.

(Another click. Next is the best audience response to the question, “What would you do with a million dollars?” In this case, the best response is should be the most self-serving)

That was a waste of five seconds. Next.

(Another click. We have the best audience response to the question, “What’s the weirdest dream you’ve ever had?” The most surreal response is the best response here)

Well, that’s Nobel Prize material. I bet I could wring some cash out of these guys . . .

(With a double-click, we see her on a live feed. She speaks to the cameras)

CLAIRE
(CON'T)

So . . . My name's Claire. I was named after Claire Lacombe, a French actress and revolutionary, and she inspired my need to change the world, as well as my . . . well, let's call it theatricality . . . and if I had ten thousand dollars, I'd . . . um . . . well, my plan is to . . . If I could . . .

(She stops the live feed)

I didn't want their dirty money anyway. How do you start a revolution in the first place? If only there some kind of superhighway of information.

(With a double-click, a picture of Thomas Paine is shown)

This is the Father of the American Revolution . . . according to this website . . . that anyone can edit.

(SONNI returns and starts playing. We hear a NARRATOR, as we see various pictures of Thomas Paine and *Common Sense*)

NARRATOR
(Voice)

Thomas Paine is called the Father of the American Revolution because of his most famous work, *Common Sense*, the pro-independence monograph pamphlet . . .

CLAIRE

Mono-what?

NARRATOR

. . . which he published anonymously.

CLAIRE

Coward.

NARRATOR

Signed "Written by an Englishman", the pamphlet was quickly spread amongst the literate, and in a nation of only two million free inhabitants, sold one hundred thousand copies throughout the American British Colonies, making it the first best-seller in America's history.

CLAIRE

Yeah, suck it, Bible!

(She looks the page over)

I don't know if this is even true. I mean . . . hell, I can decide where this story goes.

(She considers it. She goes for it. She starts typing. As she does, the NARRATOR reads what she types)

NARRATOR

(Voice)

As well as being the baby daddy of the American Revolution, Paine was quite a handsome devil. In fact, early documents report that he wrote a variety of limericks, spoke fluent Pig-Latin, enjoyed art-house films with animated credit sequences, listened only to indie bands with lower case names, and ordered nothing less than top-shelf Scotch.

(CLAIRE thinks. She types)

He also had a big dick.

CLAIRE

Boom. I just changed history. And sabotaged some undergrad's paper. And yet every time I create my *own* Wiki page, it's taken down.

NARRATOR

(Voice)

Not enough significance.

CLAIRE

Thanks, Internet. Thanks.

(She pulls up her e-mail program)

I'm sure *someone* cares about what I'm doing. Time to check my inbox.

(She brings up a list of e-mails)

Savannah . . .

(We see SAVANNAH on video)

SAVANNAH

I signed up on June Sixteenth, but it's just political crap. Nothing about Michael Jackson. WTF?

CLAIRE

Delete. Hank . . .

(We see HANK on video)

HANK

There's no stuff about MJ here. But I wanna be startin' something with you, girl . . .

CLAIRE

Ugh, delete. Stefanée . . .

(We see STEFANÉE on video)

STEFANÉE

I'm a Michael Jackson fan . . .

CLAIRE

Delete. Hank again . . .

HANK

Show me your tits?

CLAIRE

Jesus, delete! The collective consciousness: Michael Jackson and my tits. What's weirder than that?

(The words "MortyFox Is Calling" appear, and a ringing sound is heard. The screen shows three options: "Answer, Answer With Video, Ignore")

Ask and ye shall receive.

(She clicks "Answer With Video")

MortyFox!

(We see MORTYFOX on video. He wears a Crash Test Dummies mask, as he always does)

MORTYFOX

Greetings from D.C.!

CLAIRE

The same from Philly. How goes it?

MORTYFOX

Two steps forward and three steps back.

CLAIRE

As always.

MORTYFOX

So . . . July Eighteenth, one month from today, a mile away from where I'm sitting, the English Prime Minister will be meeting with our President!

CLAIRE

The President? In D.C.?

MORTYFOX

In the flesh.

CLAIRE

Say it ain't so! You gonna go?

MORTYFOX

You tell me. Our off-shore prisons are still open for business, the tax burden's become BFF's with the lower classes, Social Security's hanging by a thin, mucus-y thread, Palestine still doesn't - probably won't ever - know peace, the ultra-right rules the Justice Department with

MORTYFOX
(CON'T)

a fist perfectly made for ass-jabbing, whistle-blowers are persecuted, torturers pardoned, pollution and war given free EZ-Passes, and the coming Depression is, guess what, still a-comin'! So a man who juggles our nation's problems with the grace of a spastic child - and who by the way is not a socialist, because if he was, there would actually be some sort of significant change to the status quo - will be sharing four walls with a Prime Minister who hasn't met a terrorist, oil company or budget cut he didn't like. Of COURSE I'm gonna go!!!

CLAIRE

"Ass-jabbing"?

MORTYFOX

This is serious, Claire!

CLAIRE

Ass-jabbing always is.

MORTYFOX

I'm gonna be right at the center of this. The bullseye on the target.

CLAIRE

What are you gonna do?

MORTYFOX

I got some interesting stuff in the works.

CLAIRE

Yeah? Can I see?

MORTYFOX

Well, uh . . .

(He looks around)

CLAIRE

Is it top secret? Is it an ass-jabber?

MORTYFOX

The thing is . . .

(He considers)

CLAIRE

C'mon, I won't tell anyone. Please? I'll be your best friend.

MORTYFOX

You *are* my best friend. That's why you're gonna get first look. BRB.

(He exits. CLAIRE sways to the music)

CLAIRE

Am I really his best friend? I've never seen his face. He's never met me in person. That's kinda sad.

(She looks to SONNI)

Then again, you're my best friend, and I've never met you.

(SONNI shrugs)

Okay, go away. Exit.

(The music stops. SONNI disappears. MORTYFOX returns with an unusual-looking gun, complete with a colorful plastic container and what looks like a blender on top)

Wow.

MORTYFOX

Right?

CLAIRE

You . . . modified a Super Soaker?

MORTYFOX

No! It contains hybrid components of a standard paintball gun, a kitchen blender, and . . . yeah, okay, a Super Soaker, but c'mon, this is way more bad-ass. Say you're at a rally . . .

CLAIRE

(Playing along)

I'm at a rally.

MORTYFOX

Good. And a member of Congress walks by, and you just happen to have an egg in your hand.

CLAIRE

Love it.

MORTYFOX

But what if you don't have enough room for a good throw? What if you miss and hit a bystander? What if the egg doesn't break?

CLAIRE

A waste of an opportunity. And an egg.

MORTYFOX

So what to do?

CLAIRE
What, indeed?
(MORTYFOX holds up the gun)

MORTYFOX
Enter the Yolkinator.

CLAIRE
The Yolkinator? Is that a working title?

MORTYFOX
No, it's . . . Okay, yes. Anyway, you put the eggs in here . . .
(He points to the blender)
It makes a nice collection of yolk, stored here . . .
(He points to the plastic container)
Then to tarnish your local politician, just point and shoot.

CLAIRE
And it works?

MORTYFOX
Yeah. Well, except for the yolk shooting part. But other than that . . .

CLAIRE
Like a charm. Can I test a prototype?

MORTYFOX
As soon as I work out the kinks, you'll be the first to know.

CLAIRE
And is it still gonna have the same name, 'cause if it does -- ?

MORTYFOX
No, the name isn't going to be Yolkinator! I'd like to see you come up with something better.

CLAIRE
Okay. Sunny Side-Arm?

MORTYFOX
I . . . Okay, that's pretty good.

CLAIRE
Shell-Fire?

MORTYFOX

Okay, you're better at coming up with --

CLAIRE

Egg-xit Strategy?

MORTYFOX

All right, I'm leaving.

CLAIRE

Oh c'mon, I'm just teasing.

MORTYFOX

No, I actually have to go.

CLAIRE

Oh, okay. Well, carpe diem.

MORTYFOX

Carpe noctem.

CLAIRE

Keep the dream alive.

MORTYFOX

It's not a dream if it comes true.

(He disconnects)

CLAIRE

I love crazy people. They're the only honest people left. But then again, I guess you have to be a little crazy to do something truly extraordinary. So how am I crazy?

(She looks around, realizes something is off. She double-clicks. SONNI returns)

I didn't mean what I said. You're my hero. If I ever met you in person, I'd tell you that. After peeing myself, of course. Would that make me crazy?

(SONNI nods)

I regret bringing you back.

(She grabs her iPod, summons the screens and steps in front of them. She is on the live feed. She speaks to the camera)

Hi, viewers! If there's one thing a revolution needs, it's people. When I lived in Atlanta, that wasn't a problem. My mom and I had friends coming out all kinds of wazoos. But now I'm in the City of Brotherly Love. With no brothers. And no love. And the only person I know here is . . . kinda useless. So I need a plan.

(She thinks)

CLAIRE
(CON'T)

And I got nuthin. So I dunno, what are your suggestions? Comment below. And until next time, take care.

(With a wave of her hand, the screens part to reveal a kitchen. CLAIRE'S DAD is projected in a robe, opening a Noodle Cup while heating up a kettle. CLAIRE enters, SONNI following, quietly playing music)

DAD

Hi, ClaireBear!

CLAIRE

Hey, Daddy-O. Noodle Cup?

DAD

Yeah. You want one?

CLAIRE

Sure.

DAD

Chicken or shrimp?

CLAIRE

Shrimp. I'm feeling fancy.

DAD

Nothing but the best for my little girl.

CLAIRE

How low are we?

DAD

Let's see . . . the next check comes on the Twenty-Fourth, which is in . . . four days, if I remember right. And we have enough to last us until then. Maybe . . . No, I'm sure we do.

CLAIRE

Well I'm an adult now. I can get a job, get my own place. Be one less mouth to feed.

DAD

But what would I do without my ClaireBear around? You're all I have left.

CLAIRE

Yeah, but . . .

DAD

But what? But we barely talk anymore, and you're on the computer all the damn time?

CLAIRE

Something like that.

(Silence. CLAIRE'S DAD makes motions with his fingers as if fairies are flying around him)

DAD

Awkward fairies.

CLAIRE

Indeed.

(The tea kettle starts whistling)

DAD

Saved by kettle!

(He turns the tea kettle off)

CLAIRE

How *is* the job hunt going?

DAD

It's . . . you know . . .

CLAIRE

Yeah.

DAD

I'm trying.

CLAIRE

I know.

DAD

I really am.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

DAD

Okay.

(Silence)

Hey, we're not selling off our shit . . . yet.

Good news for our shit.

CLAIRE

Watch your language.

DAD

Your language.

CLAIRE

Our language.

DAD

Well, I'll let you get back to . . . Noodle Cup.

CLAIRE

(CLAIRE exits the kitchen. SONNI gives CLAIRE'S DAD a sympathetic look, which he does not notice, before leaving. CLAIRE'S DAD snaps his fingers, and the tea kettle disappears. The screens come forth. CLAIRE stands in front of them, and brings up the "ISSUES WORTH FIGHTING FOR" document. At the bottom of the list, she types "Job creation / loss (?)". She stares at the words. Then, she makes a motion and the screens part, revealing the basement. There is a chest)

I used to go down to the basement as a kid when everything became too . . . everything. I would distract myself with fear, imagining all of my childhood monsters hung out by the water heater. A part of me is still convinced that they do.

(CLAIRE sees the chest and takes a cautious step toward it. Suddenly, it opens. CLAIRE tiptoes over to it, reaches in, and pulls out an old-style ham military radio)

I remember this. From my crazy military grandfather. He swears he fought in a war. He's never told me which one. I guess you can make up your past if you're having trouble escaping it.

(Silence)

Anyway, I'm taking this.

(A video starts as the screens come forth. It is HALLIE and ANNIE)

Hey, girl!

ANNIE

Claire-Butt!

HALLIE

It is . . . what time is it?

ANNIE

HALLIE

Five after midnight.

ANNIE

Yeah, on the Twenty-First, and Atlanta is super quiet without you.

HALLIE

Pure silence!

ANNIE

We went from the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad down to Charlie's Angels.

HALLIE

Which is nowhere near as cool.

ANNIE

Even though I still get to be Lucy Liu.

HALLIE

So, in short, we miss you. It's been, like, seven months now, and we wanna hear how Philly is and how you are . . .

ANNIE

(Romantic)

Cheesesteaks. Tell us about the cheesesteaks.

HALLIE

Hit us back. Please. We're beginning to forget what you look like.

ANNIE

You still wear those hipster glasses, right?

HALLIE

We'll talk to you later. Hopefully. Bye.

ANNIE

Call us!

(The video ends. The screens go back and we're in CLAIRES room again. The ham radio sits on a shelf)

CLAIRE

I know there are worse things going on in the world. So how do I make them more important?
 (The words "Jan Svoboda is calling" are seen, and a ringing sound is heard. The screen shows three options: "Answer, Answer With Video, Ignore". CLAIRES gets excited)

CLAIRE
(CON'T)

Oh, just what I need!

(She clicks “Answer With Video”)

Jan!

(JAN appears. He is a handsome man, late 20’s, with an Eastern European accent and the typical revolutionary facial hair)

JAN

My girl!

CLAIRE

What time is it over there?

JAN

(Checks his watch)

It’s about . . . let us see . . . cannot-sleep-o’clock.

CLAIRE

Is everything okay over there?

JAN

It is a very interesting moment in our time. It looks like we are getting close to the people uprising.

CLAIRE

Really?

JAN

Our government was rejected for the, uh . . . bailout? Is that right, bailout?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

JAN

Yes, the European Union will not bailout, so they are cutting . . . money spending all over, and raising taxes, and such things. And in all of the history, we find that people do not like their money being taken too much.

CLAIRE

Typically. Are you making something about it?

JAN

I just finished.

CLAIRE

Really?

JAN

As the calendar turned from the Twenty-Second to the Twenty-Third, I put on it my finishing touch.

CLAIRE

Can I see?

JAN

Anything for my girl. I will give you a sneak preview. Please give me one moment.
(He starts loading it up)

CLAIRE

(To the audience)

You don't know the name Jan Svoboda, mainly because his country offers, like, zero funding for the arts. But you should, he's one of the best animators in his country. Which may not be saying much, but still . . .

JAN

Okay, we are ready.

CLAIRE

Let's see it.

(The video starts, accompanied by SONNI. It is a stop-motion piece with real props, featuring JAN. In the video, euros start flying of their own accord out of wallets, purses, and human hands. As one euro starts to fly out of a wallet, a hand reaches out and grabs it. The other euros spring into action, flying toward the hand and biting it. The hand lets go and the euro flies away free. We see the euros traveling across a variety of floors and streets. They all meet in an indoor location where they assemble on a wall into the symbol of the euro, better known as €. The symbol shrinks in size and lowers itself into a nice wallet . . . which turns out to be held by JAN, dressed as an evil politician. He pockets the wallet, laughs to himself, and then eats a crème brûlée with a euro stuck on top of it. Iris out. SONNI leaves)

Beautiful.

JAN

Thank you. This is the one that will get me taken away.

CLAIRE

Well, the truth hurts. It's been feeling that way here in America, too.

JAN

Yes, I can tell you, it is much worse in our country.

CLAIRE

Wanna bet?

JAN

There is no money to bet. There was a recent article in a magazine of countries around the world, making a list in order of . . .

(He tries to remember the wording and translation)

. . . education, health, quality of life, economic dynamic, and political environment. United States was number eleven. We were number eighty-four.

CLAIRE

Eighty-fourth? Are there more than eighty-four countries?

JAN

We were the lowest country not in Africa. Only Africa is worse than us. And not all of Africa, just some of Africa.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry to hear that.

JAN

It is okay. As soon as I create that work of art that will make everyone say, "Hey, I want to make this man rich" . . .

(Someone in the coffee shop is staring at him)

Promiňte.

(He turns back to CLAIRE)

. . . I will be able to move to a better country.

CLAIRE

Like eleventh place America?

JAN

Claire, you are my girl! America is number one on my list! Finland is number two.

CLAIRE

That would be great.

JAN

Okay. I am going to now put this on the YouTube.

CLAIRE
Have fun with that.

JAN
I will talk to you later?

CLAIRE
Of course.

JAN
Good night. Or good morning. Which one it is.

CLAIRE
See ya!

(JAN hangs up. SONNI has entered CLAIRE's room)

He's always calling me his "girl". I'm okay with that.

(SONNI gives CLAIRE a thumbs up)

I wonder who else is online. Do I dare?

(SONNI gives her a nod to say "Go for it!" CLAIRE brings up a webpage that reads "ChatLottery: Talk to Strangers!")

My mom always told me not to talk to strangers. But we *need* strangers nowadays. Communities are so Clinton-era. It's the Internet, stupid.

(She presses a button marked "Video". We see a handsome-looking man staring at CLAIRE. She talks to him)

Hi! My name is Claire.

RICK
Hey, I'm Rick.

CLAIRE
Nice to meet you, Rick. I'm looking to do something about the unemployment rate in this country . . .

RICK
Uh-huh . . .

CLAIRE
. . . and I was wondering if you would want to help. I have a website, if you want to . . .
(RICK stands up so that the webcam is at crotch level)

Oh, are you leaving?

(We see RICK's hands zip down the fly to his jeans)

Oh, shit.

(RICK reaches in)

CLAIRE
(CON'T)

Disconnect! Disconnect!

(She furiously disconnects the page. The screen goes to black. Mortified, SONNI leaves)

You all don't need to see that.

(CLAIRE double-clicks and the screen goes away)

Let me try again.

(She creates her own personal screen, away from the audience's eyes)

Connect . . . Hi, I'm hoping to fix the unemployment rate by . . . Aaaaand penis! Disconnect.

(She disconnects)

Connect . . . Hi, how's it going? I have a website called WannaBeStartingSo -- penis.
Disconnect.

(She connects)

Connect . . . Hi, please don't show me your penis! . . . He disconnected! Bastard!

(She gives up)

The Internet has given me a firm education on male anatomy. Not "firm", bad word choice. "Hard"? Nope, that's worse. "Comprehensive". There we go.

(She stares at her personal screen)

I'm feeling lucky. One last time. Connect.

(A female member of the audience is projected on a screen)

Another woman, thank god! Hi!

(Being a verbal exchange, this will be much more open to improvisation. Basically, the way it's going to go down is that they'll share names, location info, and if they live in the same or neighboring cities, CLAIRE should say the following:)

It's so weird that we live so close to each other, and yet we'd probably never meet if it hadn't been for this, huh?

(Then, when she feels good and ready, she drops the following:)

Wait, it looks like you're in a crowd. Is that true?

(When audience member confirms:)

Can you show me?

(The camera pans the crowd)

Oh my god, I'm famous! WannaBeStartingSomething.org if you wanna help me start a revolution. WannaBeStartingSomething.org, with a "g". It's not a Michael Jackson site.

(She gets an idea)

Hey, *NAME*, can you do me a favor?

(CLAIRE gets the audience member to agree. Then:)

CLAIRE
(CON'T)

Can you lead everyone in a song? I've always wanted to get a group of people to all do something at the same time. It doesn't have to be good, it just has to be everyone. Let me think of something public domain.

(She thinks)

Oh! "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"! Just imagine Roy Halladay or something.

(At this point, it's a fight - or perhaps it isn't - to get the audience member to be the leader of the crowd. She is to stand up, get the rest of the crowd to stand up, and they all sing "Take Me Out To The Ball Game". SONNI enters and plays along, and perhaps a sing-along screen with the lyrics and a bouncing ball can assist as well. If there is much resistance, it should be said that without the crowd doing this, proceedings cannot move forward. After the crowd has finished singing:)

Give yourselves a hand for that! That was amazing!

(After they do:)

Hey, since I have your attention, I wanna ask a question, and I'm sorry if this is kinda personal, but it's for a reason: How many of you are currently unemployed or looking for a job? I know that came out of left field - and after a baseball song, no less - but just raise your hands, don't be shy. Hell, I'll be the first.

(She raises her hand. The camera pans the crowd, where it can be assumed some hands will be raised)

Yeah, I'm trying to figure out something to do about that. And maybe you guys could help. And with all of us together, we could change America! Oh, you should have my e-mail, then you can all be my friends online, and we can organize something and then we can . . . Yeah, I like this! Don't leave.

(She runs to her desk and grabs a piece of paper and a pen. She starts writing down her e-mail address. As she looks away from the screen, the live feed disappears and the screen simply says "Connection asploded". She finishes and holds up the sign)

My e-mail address is ClaireCare at . . .

(She sees the error message)

What? No! Shit of bulls! I had an entire crowd looking at me! You know what? Fine! If I can't recruit people, I'll be a revolution of one. And then people will come to me!

(She closes the screens and turns on the live feed. She speaks to the camera)

Hi, viewers! Today I want to talk about technology. All of my music fits on a card no bigger than my palm. The fact that I can take my phone anywhere is its *least* interesting feature. We can instantly transmit text and information through the air to our own personal magic boxes. Instead of connecting with other galaxies, we decided to use our machines to connect to each other. Perhaps we knew we needed to fix Earth's problems before we could talk to other planets. Or

CLAIRE

(CON'T)

perhaps we just needed to an easier way to look at porn. So how do we use all these new connections to make a difference? Comment below. And until next time, take care.

(She clicks the screen)

Okay, e-mail.

(She double-clicks. Nothing happens. The live feed stays)

C'mon.

(She types something. Live feed stays)

C'mon!

(She Ctrl+Alt+Del's. Live feed stays)

Dammit!

(CLAIRE stares at herself. Silence)

I'm not entirely comfortable with, um . . .

(She turns to SONNI)

Do you see this?

(SONNI is not there. All is silent. Just CLAIRE looking at herself)

Okay.

(Silence)

Well . . . maybe this is what I need. Maybe I don't look at myself enough. I mean . . . look at me. I look comfortable. Well-rested. I don't look oppressed or in need. I'm only kinda hungry. I'm only kinda poor. Hell, I don't even look like I've had that bad a day. Which I guess is true.

(She gets very self-conscious)

Who am I? Who do I think I am, that I can somehow be the voice of the people? What am I even doing?

(She gets very quiet. The camera is still focused on her)

This needs to go away. How does this go away?

(It doesn't. She double-clicks. Nothing. She types. Nothing. She claps her hands twice. Nothing)

Okay, I didn't want to do this.

(She holds the clicker in place, concentrating. She makes a pulling motion. There is a pop and lights go out)

If you would like to read the script in its entirety,
you can contact the author at jeremygable@jeremygable.com