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# The Age of Stupid, Part 3

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### **The Age of Stupid, Part 3**

Cast:

Three characters in business attire: B, C, D

One character in casual dress: A

The characters can be a mix of any gender, race, age, sexuality, etc.

Setting: a blank stage with one bus stop sign downstage right. Here and now.

Lights up.

All 4 characters are on stage; B stands close to the bus stop sign; B, C, D are occupied with an iPhone, newspaper, magazine, iPad, or such, minding their own business, scattered, not hanging out together (and not in line)

A is downstage center, looking around, disconcerted

A: (looks out into the audience and calls out):

Hello?

(B, C, D pointedly ignore A)

(again towards different section of audience):

Hello?

(looks left and right, almost in a yodel):

Heelllllooo-ooo!

(looks up, calls out sharply):

Hello!

(hopeful, A sees D and walks up) A:

Hello.

(D barely notices A and continues activity) A persists:

Excuse me, but there's a problem . . .

I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to be on this planet . . .

(D turns around sharply, cutting A off)

(A lets out small sigh of exasperation)

(A ponders options a few seconds, sees C and walks over to C) A:

Hello. . . if I could just . . .

(C looks up for a second and goes back to activity, but A jumps in, plows on):

Look. There's a problem here.

I've recently realized that I'm not supposed to be on this planet.

You see, I never fit in here and nothing makes sense . . . . .

(C turns her/his back on A, moves away from A and continues her/his activity; frustrated, A moves on to B)

A (bruskly to B, who doesn't turn to face A yet):

Hi.

Listen.

We've got a situation here and it has to be dealt with.

(with conviction)

I'm not supposed to be on this planet.

(B tried to ignore A, who continues,)

I'm serious.

(B works to ignore A, who plows on,)

I mean it. We have a real problem, (adamant) and I'd appreciate some attention here.

(B takes deep silent breath through nose and turns to face A, who continues:)

Now I know how crazy this sounds, but I'm certain about this: I'm not supposed to be here!

This planet is cold and hard;

the people are selfish, violent and cruel--

and everyone's really alone and scared;

Nobody knows what to do—or even why they're here.

Everything's fucked up—

it's never gonna get better.

(B listens silently with no expression and little to no movement. A continues:)

I know I was supposed to be born on a different planet--

one where people are kind and decent,

where they care about each other--and the planet itself.

Where the weather is warm—never too hot or too cold--

and people are generous, understanding—and even polite.

(A pauses, speaks earnestly):

I'm not supposed to be on this planet.

(B gets big smile on face, looks almost benevolently at A, pulls out gun and shoots A, who immediately falls over dead; C and D run over quickly)

D (to B): My god!

C (to B): You shot him/her!

(half pause):

It took you long enough!

D (to B): I don't see how you stood it so long!

C: I couldn't take all that existential blubbering another minute.

D (mocking): The world is bad. Why am I here? Whaa, whaa, whaa.

C: You're sure that whiner's dead?

D (nudges A with foot): Yup!

B: Dead? No, I just sent the poor fool to another planet. (puts gun away)

C and D (skeptical, nodding together and speaking over each other, not believing A):  
Yeah. Sure. Right. Uh huh.

B: It was time . . . .

D: Sure was.

B: . . . a personal service, a favor really.

C and D (over each other): Yup. Okaay.

(the three just stand there for a short while, then:)

B (to C and D, sternly, warning): You ARE okay with being on this planet, aren't you??

C and D: Yup. I'm good. Me too. Sure am.

(the three just stand there, nonchalant, silent for a while, not interacting, not doing much of anything; D starts whistling a non-recognizable tune; finally C breaks the pause:)

C: What now?

D: I don't know. You wanna do something?

C: I don't know. Do you?

(the three pause, pondering this issue; finally B breaks the pause)

B: I suppose we could do something life affirming, something that shows we haven't given in to the cynicism and nihilism that haunts modern society—an act that demonstrates our commitment to humanity and the future.

(another pause)

D: Okaaay.

C: Any ideas?

B: Sex?

C and D (together):

Of course!

Duh! (and hits head at the obvious)

(the three go for each other immediately, with enthusiasm, kissing, groping, rubbing, etc; they eventually land on A, rolling around on him/her as they rut)

(A happy, jaunty song such as “Happy Days Are Here Again” or “Always Look on the Bright Side of Life” begins to play as the stage goes to black out.)