

**WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE AND EVERYTHING'S POINTLESS**

by

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SETTING — A bar.

CHARACTERS — FRIENDS 1 and 2.

AT RISE — A late Sunday afternoon—they are catching up.

FRIEND 1

So what'd you get up to this weekend?

FRIEND 2

You know, mostly I sat around, uhhhh I thought about writing, thought about cleaning, I thought about cooking... I thought about calling my family...  
But in the end, I didn't do any of those, because I realized something.

FRIEND 1

Yeah...?

FRIEND 2

We're all going to die and everything's pointless.

FRIEND 1

Mmm. That's fair.

FRIEND 2

Yeah, I mean, when you think about it... why bother?

FRIEND 1

That's true. Everything will be forgotten as soon as we die, so what's the point of anything?

FRIEND 2

If you're interested at all in conservation of energy, which I am... Obviously we're all going to die in the blink of an eye—some great nuclear flash—so nothing we do can be of any lasting contribution. All traces of us, cultural or otherwise, vanish probably tomorrow, so...

(upbeat)

Yeah, I dunno! I just chilled out, y'know?

FRIEND 1

That makes sense. It sounds like you did some good thinking.

FRIEND 2

Yeah, it was really relaxing.

FRIEND 1

But if the world doesn't end tomorrow, what are you going to do?

FRIEND 2

Ugh. That's stressful to think about.

(beat)

Go into work, I guess...?

FRIEND 1

Jesus. Let's hope everything ends before that.

FRIEND 2

Cheers, I guess.

FRIEND 1

Sure.

A halfhearted toast. They drink.

FRIEND 2

You know, this beer is actually pretty good.

FRIEND 1

It's just okay.

They sit there.

FRIEND 2

So how was your weekend?

FRIEND 1

My wife is pregnant.

FRIEND 2

...Huh.

They drink.

**END OF PLAY.**