

Party Poopers

a gig

by Kev Berry

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PARTY POOPERS was commissioned and first produced by The Tank (Rosalind Grush + Rania Jumaily, Co-Artistic Directors) as a part of their performance series The Fast and the Furious: Rapid Responses to Current Events at The Tank in New York City, on January 26, 2017. It was performed by Kev Berry.

Party Poopers

2

Who

A man

Where

The National Mall

When

Last Saturday

What It Looks Like

A stage

He's in jeans and a t-shirt

And a sweater now

It's winter

And his makeup

It runs

There's a music stand with the script

Notice

There is no room for the audience's laughter in this play

They will laugh

There are jokes

But in the wake of this new America we've been forced into

We have work to do

And so

In the telling of this play

The performer must plow forward

Relentlessly

And tell his story

For those who March

-kb

“I don’t really want my music to be involved in anything to do with an American election campaign. I’m British. I’ve met D----- T----, he was very nice to me, it’s nothing personal, his political views are his own, mine are very different, I’m not a Republican in a million years. Why not ask Ted fucking Nugent? Or one of those fucking country stars? They’ll do it for you.”

-Elton John

Lights up
The National Mall
A week ago
Just after
A man
His makeup runs

MAN

Hi
Some of you might remember me
From a few months ago
When this was all still
Surreal
A haze
Unbelievable
Unbefuckinglievable
I presented a play
Not dissimilar to this one
A play in which
I hypothesized that
By this year's end
I'd be in an internment and/or death camp
For gay people
That was a heavy play
A heavy play for heavy times
I keep getting invited back here
To this event
To present heavy little plays
Not dissimilar to the one you're listening to now
In which I air my worries about
Being crushed into nothing
By the pressure of the world around me
I am so consistently anxious about things like this
That my therapist has cried with me twice now
During my sessions with her on West 9th Street
And now
It's real
The thing we didn't want to believe
Is now the thing we have to believe
Because this is the hand we've been dealt
And this is where the play begins
With the hand we've been dealt
A hand on the Lincoln Bible
And the words

So Help Me God
So Help Me God
And then
Congratulations Mr President
PEOTUS to POTUS
One long sentence
One oath
So Help Me God
And the hand we've been dealt
Becomes inextricably violently real
Within minutes
LGBT*Q rights
Civil rights
Climate change
All swept from the new Regime's dot gov
Gone vanished gone
A new day of Patriotism
Signed into order
Which is horseshit because what's the Fourth of July then
Which is horseshit because 9/11 has already been designated Patriot Day
Watching and listening to all of the commentary at once
CNN PBS NBC The Times FOX HuffPo
All of them
More than one of them pointed out
That the two men who denied Her
And Those Of Us Who Were With Her the Presidency
Rode up Capitol Hill together in the same limo
I wonder what they spoke about on the ride there
Football or something probably
Something to ease the tension
Two of them pointed out that the National Mall
Which is where we are now by the way
This play takes place on the National Mall the day after
After the Women's March had died down
Around dusk or so
After the busses began to head back to wherever busses head back to
It's dusk on the National Mall on January 21 2017
And the National Mall yesterday morning
According to PBS
Was operating at less than half of its capacity
She wore a white jacket HuffPo pointed out
The color of the suffragette movement
A color of hope
Hope that she would have been the first female president
Turned into hope for a better tomorrow that she'll help lead us towards
His two daughters also wore white

Probably blissfully unaware of its feminist implications
Just wanted to look good for Daddy's Big Day
His wife wore baby blue
In a poor attempt to look like Jackie O
Beautiful she is yes
But Jackie O she is not
Perhaps someday she'll be permanently linked to Jackie O
When some hero tries to knock her husband off
I got in arguments on Facebook
I was retweeted by famous reporters
Three trolls called me faggot and its derivatives on Instagram
Scrolling through headline after headline
Struggling to wade through the clickbait to find the truth
And then the phone rings
Yes
The phone rings
On the National Mall you ask
No
At my desk
At work
Where I am writing this play that takes place the day after the Inauguration
On the actual day of the Inauguration
Hello I say
And then say the name of the theatre company where I am employed
Congratulations someone who sounds like a small tropical bird says
What I reply
Congratulations you've stayed at one of our resorts before
And so you qualify for a great deal on a two week vacation to Florida and the Bahamas
You'll start at one of our resorts in Orlando
Where you'll stay for three nights
And then you'll move to sunny Southern Florida for two nights
Before embarking on a 10 day cruise through the Bahamas
I let her go on with the details for just a bit too long
Long enough that it would be considered rude if I hung up
She stopped speaking
And I just kept listening
Are you there the parakeet chirped
I said to her
Do you have any idea what today is
I said to her
Do you have any idea how scared I am
I said to her
Do you know what he's already deleted from his website
I said to her
I said to her
I breathe in

And before I can apologize
For being rude to a toucan who just wants to do her job
She chirps
You don't have to be such a
Party Pooper
Party Pooper I repeat
Party Pooper I repeat again
This time with more feeling
And sounding like I was having my soul sucked out
By a Dementor
She chirps again
A small giggle
Giggling on the Day of America's Death
And call me dramatic or whatever the fuck you want to call me
But America is burning
And it's our responsibility as artists
And those who love artists
To help a bigger better Phoenix rise from the ashes
And keep the new Regime
From burying those ashes deep within the Staten Island Dump
Giggling on the Day of America's Death
Giggling on a day
Where looking forward
Everything old is new again
She chirps
Don't you want to escape
Don't you want to escape
To a warm beach
To a nice cruise ship
At this point
I said No
And told her to have a good day
And slammed the phone down
But missed the receiver
So she probably got a large bang in her ear
Apologized and then slammed the phone into the receiver
Don't I want to escape
Hell no
There's too much shit to do
Too much fighting to fight
Too much
Do I want to escape
Or do I want to stand here in solidarity with the rest
With the people who said fuck you to performing at the Inauguration
With the people who said yes to performing and then changed their mind
With the poor uninformed people who said yes to performing and performed

And who need to learn
With the help of others
Why their decision to perform was wrong
The little Aryan girl who sang the National Anthem
Has a transgender sister
Imagine the blow her sister felt
That her sister was dealt
When little Blondie signed the contract and said
Oh Say I Can Sing
The long legged ladies who can kick the sky
Are surrounded in their daily lives by the very gays
Our Leader's Right Hand Man wants to kill
Do I want to stand in solidarity with the Senators and Representatives
Who said
No thanks I'm busy that day now that I've thought about it and looked at my schedule
Do I want to stand in solidarity
With minorities and the disenfranchised and my tribe
And scream
At the top of our fucking lungs
A deep resounding No
Do I want to do that
Fuck yes I do
His first tweet of the day
Ended with
The Movement Continues
The Work Begins
Our movement does too
Mister President
It does
Our work continues
It has been going for ages
And now we just have more work to do
Fuck you Mister President
Fuck you
We have work to do guys
We can not be party poopers
Now that the time to work is truly here
The fog is clearing
The haze is lifting
The air getting just a little more warm
And the clouds part to reveal
The sun rising on a new day in America
We have work to do
Can we do it
Yes we can
Yes we can

Yes we will

The lights snap out

End of Play