

The Trump Project: 10 Years Later

an anniversary

by Kev Berry

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THE TRUMP PROJECT: 10 YEARS LATER was commissioned and first produced by The Tank (Meghan Finn + Rosalind Grush, Co-Artistic Directors) as a part of The Fast and the Furious at The Tank in New York City in November 2017. It was performed by Kev Berry.

Who

Man

Jeans and a black t-shirt

When

Right fucking now

Where

Fucking America

What It Looks Like

A dark theatre

A chasm

A music stand

This play is for Rania's son Ishmael

-kb

Lights up
Barely
Man
He speaks

MAN

I don't know how to take care of myself anymore
I don't
Today was my first day off in over a month
And I'm still here working
Working for you
Which isn't a bad thing
Working for a better world somehow
Somehow hoping my words will extend beyond the limits
Of this small room
This small but mighty theater in the Garment District
I woke up this morning
My first day off
And decided to take care of myself for once
I didn't have to ask if tap water was okay once today
Or if there's another time they'd like to come in
Since the time they were asking to reserve a table was fully booked
I walked down the block to my bodega and grabbed a breakfast sandwich
And then down the block further to Dunkin where I grabbed a jug of iced coffee
I came home
Put on the score to Sophie's Choice
And began to write

I don't know how to take care of myself anymore
These last few weeks have taught me what it really feels like
To need a drink

I usually think about what I am going to say when we meet
A week out
And I have everything prepared and ready to go
A week out
I am enthusiastic

But now it is fully impossible to respond to the headlines of the last seven days
Because writing about Las Vegas risks being out of fashion

In the wake of a truck attack risks being out of fashion
In the wake of yet another shooting in church risks being out of fashion
In the wake of who the fuck knows what the fuck might happen
And so I end up writing
About my process of writing
Instead of writing about what's actually happening

Do you want to know how I took care of myself on Sunday night
Drag queens
I checked my phone at work on a break from serving rowdy brunchers
Demanding more and more mimosas as they slur their words ever more so slightly
Each time they reach the bottom of their glass
And a note from my sister
A text that read
Did you hear about this thing in Texas
I Google
Texas
And that's all it took
We are at the point where the fifth deadliest shooting in this country's history
Doesn't even warrant a HuffPo push notification
We are at the point where
President Donald J Fuck calls it a mental health problem and not a gun problem
And CNN doesn't even bat an eye
I began to shake in the bathroom there reading the screen of my iPhone
And I said
I need to take care of myself
After work I went to get a burger and they took so long to make it
They comped my entire bill and gave me free drinks to boot
I had tickets to the ballet with my friend Blake
So I went to the ballet
I'd never seen a ballet so I lost my mind at the beauty
And then
Afterwards I went to a drag show

A year ago tomorrow
If you know anything about me
Or about this cycle of plays that I am making
You know I love drag
And that on Election Night last year
I was surrounded by fags and dykes in a sweaty basement nightclub

In a hotel in Flatiron
And we slowly came apart together as we watched the returns come in
We were so sure then
We were so sure then
That come now
A year later things would be so different

And you know
A year later
Things have become nearly unrecognizable

And I thought
Drag queens will comfort me
On Sunday night that's what I thought
And I thought
I'll get a drink or two and it'll be fun
On Sunday night that's what I thought

And they did
And it was good to see my friends
And on my walk to the subway to head home uptown
I became unbearably sad

Because do you know what the headlines a year ago today were
Forget responding to the headlines from the last 7 days
What about last November 7th
A year ago today
Comey said she wouldn't face charges over the e-mails
A year later
Fox News seems to think she's either the President or the Demagorgon
A year ago today
Donald J Fuck accused the Democrats of voter fraud
A year later
Well
A year later
A year ago today
At one of his last rallies as a civilian
A man had the shit kicked out of him
For holding a sign that said Republicans Against
A year ago today

Was one of the first times Neo-Nazis publicly supported him
And a year later he refuses to denounce them
A year ago today
Dyllan Roof began his trial
For his church shooting
A year ago today
A picture was leaked
Of a white police officer in Missouri posing with a dead black man's body
A year ago today
Police in North Dakota tear-gassed the Native Americans protesting the Pipeline
A year ago today
I had
We had hope
Somehow
Through all of that

And now I feel like we have none
And now I know what it feels like to need a drink
And now I know what it feels like to walk home
For three blocks
Scared something will happen to me
And now I know what it feels like
To be worried about the next terror attack
To wonder what it would feel like to get run down by a truck
To wonder if I would know if I'd been shot
What it feels like to live in a dream
Where nothing seems to be going right
And now I know what it feels like
To not know how to take care of yourself

It feels hopeless
And I am trying to find that glimmer
That will allow me to push through and make it through these next however long it takes
It's the little things
That help the most I've found
A pint of Halo Top
An Aperol Spritz
Taking the time to do my nails
An episode of Jane the Virgin
Anything

Anything

I desperately cling on to any burst of light no matter how small

In fact

As soon as I leave the stage in a minute

I am heading over to Times Square

And I am seeing Spongebob the Musical

With my friend David

And I texted him this weekend

Expressing how glad I was that I'd get some catharsis tonight

Which either makes me a loser or a pretentious douchebag with no middle ground

But in a time and in a country

Where you don't know how to take care of yourself

And where your country certainly doesn't seem to be taking care of you

And where even drag queens on a Sunday night can't lift you up

It's the little things isn't it

It's the little things

The lights snap out

End of Play