OK, so here’s what you have to understand: I’m done with this, alright? I’m tired. I want to go back to being rich again. Does that make sense? I want to just be rich again, because it’s nice, and because I like it and I know how it works and it makes me feel good. I want to sit at a restaurant and peel shrimp and not feel weird about it – like there’s some evil little leprechaun of conscience hitting me in the side of my skull with a little mallet. That’s what you people make me feel like. I keep trying to forget you. I keep trying to get away from you and you won’t let me, because I go to the New York Times website hoping to just read the theater news and there you are in a little column on the front page. And then it’s: ah, fuck, I guess I gotta go back down to the park. Fuck you for that. Really. It’s hard enough just being a person. It’s hard enough just getting out of bed. Now you want me to “end corporate greed,” as you like to say? You want me to feel strange and guilty every time I buy ANYTHING. That’s the worst part about you – you won’t even give me a clear case of good guys and bad guys. Because of the system that’s in place we’re ALL bad guys, because we’re all a part of the system, even those of us who are getting trampled under it. And I know, I Know, that I do not fit into that latter category – you’ve made me intensely aware of that – but I promise you that before you came along, I was the poorest of my friends. And that made me feel fucking righteous.

You do realize that what you’re trying to do out here is impossible, right. Hey, what ARE You trying to do? That’s right! I’m beginning to ask that question! I’ve gone over to the dark side. What the fuck are you actually doing you useless, stupid fucks! Or are you just having a good time? Or homeless? Or such a touchy feely hippie organic farm piece of shit that you just want a fucking love fest in a public park? Seriously, propose something doable! Because otherwise you may as well be dressed as Santa Claus asking people what their wish is. Seriously. The guy in the mall with the kids on his lap wearing the red suit gives me more hope for the future than you do, you idiots. Freezing out here in the cold as though you were doing something noble, or commendable, or in any way fucking impressive.

As I write this, there’s water on the stove. It’s boiling. Do you hear it? It’s boiling. Do you know what it symbolizes? Do you know? Revolutionary ferment? Rising temperatures in the political sphere? Capitalism reaching it’s boiling point, past which it must necessarily turn to steam and evaporate?

NO, MOTHERFUCKER!

The water boiling symbolizes nothing at all. I am Just. Making. Tea. That’s it. Just making tea. I’m making tea and then I’m going to eat a cookie and watch an episode of television – television produced by a major network that’s probably got publicly traded stock and very wealthy investors at the top and is probably union busting and horrible and probably for the most part perpetuates quietly nasty racial and class stereotypes in its programming. I am going to digest some of that because it is delicious and it gives me the sense that everything is OK. That my life and the way I live it is ok and rational and feeds perfectly in to the general happiness and peace of the world. That is what I’m going to do. When that water boils and the tea kettle
goes: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHH!, though it is a violent sound, a jarring sound, a sound that could incite one to action, I am going to regard it as the most peaceful, content, cozy sound in the world. That piercing devil’s scream signifies nothing at all to me except the world’s approval and acceptance of my condition.

And here’s the crazy thing too: All this while, as I’m made to feel guilty, I’m also becoming intensely aware of just how fucking hard it’s going to be for me to make a buck. Yes, I come from relative privilege, yes, yes, there are people who’s lives are no doubt full of more suffering and uncertainty than mine, but jesus Christ, man, I have NO FUCKING PROSPECTS. You get that? I’ve spent four years reading philosophy and writing plays. Who the fuck is going to hire me? How the fuck am I going to make a living?

You say: boo hoo, you were dumb enough to study useless things. Boo hoo, you can’t make a living writing plays, you may actually have to do something you hate just to get by. I say: fuck you, man! That sounds terrible! Fuck you for minimizing that!

Here’s the kind of shit I’ve been spending my time doing in college: I have to write a play that is based around the theme “winter” and includes five of the following: a teakettle boiling at a suspenseful moment, the line: “my pipes smell,” the act of peeling, going down to Occupy Providence for an hour and taking notes, a mustache as a plot device, Santa Claus, cold feet, a never-ending rope, higher order variables, something unexpected, the line: “Wait—are you wearing my underwear?”, and donuts

What’s missing so far? Let’s make a metaphor. A stupid one, but one that will do.

It’s like there’s a never-ending rope that’s been tied around my head and no matter how far I stretch it out to get away from you, no matter how far I try to run, you can tug on it, and it sends the same shock – no matter the distance – it sends the same shock and it goes right to my head. Or, it used to just be my head, but now it goes to my heart too. You fuck. You’ve tied a rope around my heart.

Let go before I cut it off.

Shit.

I can’t find my scissors.