

# GRETA THUNBERG EATS A CHICKEN LEG

By Amanda F. Martin

**THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS:** *I re-read a play I wrote when I was about 20. All the characters in this play desperately desire things – love, money, power – with absolutely no self-awareness or consideration of the outside world/other people. Part of me was like, oh damn this is a genius reflection on my generation and maybe America? And the other part was like, nobody should do this play and I should write a new play where the selfish desires of young people conflict with the desires of something bigger and more important. So, I came up with this plot: Greta Thunberg from the future comes back to 2019 to convince a group of millennials to take immediate action, but nobody does anything because they're all too concerned with their immediate, personal goals. I finished writing this at the start of Covid-19-craziness, which inspired a lot of the ignorance, denial, and selfishness displayed by the non-Greta characters.*(Spacing is playwright's own.)

*Greta Thunberg Eats a Chicken Leg*

By Amanda Faye Martin

## CAST

SASHA. M, 20s. Looks kind of like young, sexy Stalin.

SAM. M, 20s. Iago.

YASMIN. F, 20s. Lead in a romantic comedy.

JESS. F, 20s-30s. On the prowl.

GRETA. F, 30s. From the future. Spiraling.

## TIME & PLACE

LA & New York, 2019.

## NOTES

The time & space of this play is fluid. Transitions are fast and non-realistic. The entire cast is always on stage.

**ONE**

*ALL but GRETA are in the main playing space.*

*Technically, SASHA & SAM are talking to each other while YASMIN & JESS chat - but everybody is mostly just talking to themselves. SAM is eating a bucket of fried chicken.*

SASHA

As soon as I'm not actively occupied I feel like shit. I'm confronted by my condition as Pascal would say. Yesterday was good but I was high for 14 hours straight. And I planted marijuana. Okay I've totally fucked this up. Here's a couple things: I'm trying to be emotionally honest, and here's the only thing I've come up with. You're the only thing that I've come up with that makes me happy. Being with you is the only place things make sense.

SAM

That was a text?

SASHA

No I emailed it

SAM

My grandfather emails. (*Re. the chicken*) Want some?

YASMIN

Sasha sent me this thing, trying to be 'emotionally honest?'

JESS

Ugh I hate when men have feelings

YASMIN

So it is weird

JESS

It's definitely annoying

SAM

When did you send it to her?

SASHA

Like a week ago?

YASMIN

Maybe he's just being Russian

JESS

Maybe he's being possessed by a Russian poet! That would be hot. Have you ever seen a picture of young Stalin? Young Stalin was fiiiiine

YASMIN

Stalin wasn't a poet, and what do I say to this

SAM

You wanna see a pic of this girl I'm thinking of sleeping with tonight?

*SASHA shrugs.*

JESS

Sorry sorry I just can't stop thinking about young Stalin now

YASMIN

Ok ok - how about

*She writes...*

Hi! I'm sorry you're not doing well. And I know what you mean about work being distracting. It's useful, like we can add that to Pascal's list of distractions as um... who said that

JESS

What the fuck do you know about Pascal?

YASMIN

In college we used to talk about Pascal's list of distractions

JESS

So Sasha would lecture you about Pascal

YASMIN

Yeah... but, look, some guy like Marx or Nietzsche said we can add *work* to the list of distractions that if you engage in them, um, you're confronted by your 'condition.' That's a Pascalian thing.

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JESS

...What's our 'condition'?

YASMIN

Um, existential depression?

JESS

Pascal was a bummer. Give me this

*She writes for Yasmin*

I wanted to let you know I read this and I'm sorry things aren't going well for you.

Anyway I'll reply more later. I have an audition this afternoon! Whoo! TTYL!

Annnnd...

*A notification sound.*

JESS

Bababing! Easy. How do you feel?

*A beat. SAM/SASHA look at the message.*

YASMIN

Kind of good!

JESS

I mean you guys already broke up though right?

YASMIN

Yeah. But now it feels like, done.

SAM

Yikes.

JESS

YES! Also sidenote is it weird that I'm like, still kinda JAZZY just thinking of young Stalin right now? Maybe that's fucked up. He kind of murdered a lot of people.

YASMIN

We should go out tonight.

JESS

Oh we are definitely going out tonight.

SAM

*(To SASHA, re. Chicken wings)* Are you sure you don't want some of this? Cuz I'm going to finish it if you don't want any.

## TWO

*GRETA enters the playing space. She is wearing a backpack. She looks at her hands, feet, etc in amazement.*

GRETA

It worked. It worked!

*Beat. She looks at her watch but is skeptical.*

*(Asking the audience)* Sorry, what time is it? No, really, hello, I'm asking you - what time is it? And the date? OK. Thank you. That's good. That's very good...

*She resets her watch while:*

The one thing nobody tells you about time travel is that your watch doesn't automatically reset, the way it does when you land in a different time zone. Not that I've ever been on a plane. When I was 16 I sailed across the Atlantic Ocean in a solar panelled yacht. I am a big deal. Where I just came from things are .... 2019 is very cute in comparison to what is happening now.

But no more. Tonight... I begin to change my future. Our future.

*She goes off to a non-playing space, takes off her backpack and begins to disguise herself as something that looks like young Stalin/Sasha with the contents. In the following scenes, she takes selfies and sets up her Tinder.*

## THREE

SAM

I have a solution.

*SAM pours a bucket of water on SASHA's head.*

SASHA

The fuck! Did you smoke some of my marijuana bush?

SAM

That's not marijuana. You planted sage. You smoked sage.

SASHA

So she's enjoying sunny California while I'm smoking sage and soaking wet and getting nowhere since we graduated and she answers my emails with, it doesn't even sound like her, maybe she's different in California? Maybe I should go and see her, maybe if she saw me...

SAM

I don't think her seeing you the way you are right now... is. Um,

SASHA

Oh.

SAM

Sorry. But look, I have an idea. You're a writer right?

SASHA

She hates my writing.

SAM

Well your writing style is very embarrassing for you. Girls like Yasmin don't want a guy like Pushkin. They want Guy Ritchie.

SASHA

I've never read his work.

SAM

Guy Ritchie!? OK, how about Hitchcock or Scorsese or – you have to know Tarantino.

SASHA

Of course I've heard of Tarantino.

SAM

HEARD?! SASHA YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER A ROCK.

SASHA

Yasmin likes Tarantino?

SAM

No, she just – she wants thrill and romance and excitement – wait, do you know Drive? The movie Drive?

SASHA

No.

SAM

You need to be Ryan Gosling.

SASHA

I am not Ryan Gosling. You are Ryan Gosling.

SAM

That's true but I mean with *words*. You are going to be the Ryan Gosling of words.

SASHA

... so what am I supposed to do?

SAM

You're gonna write a movie.

#### **FOUR**

*JESS is swiping on Tinder, endless lefts. YASMIN watches.*

YASMIN

I can't believe Netflix actually picked up his movie. He wrote that in like 4 hours.

JESS

It's actually not that impressive.

YASMIN

*(Re. the Tindering)* Wait! He might have been cute.

JESS

No.

YASMIN

How do you know? You're swiping before you can even see -

JESS

It's easy. Mirror picture. (*Swipe*) Gym shot. (*Swipe*) Just a dog. (*Swipe*)

*JESS keeps swiping.*

YASMIN

Ok but I don't get the ending. The ghost is his girlfriend but from the future and she kills him?

JESS

Well, kind of. She's not really a ghost.

YASMIN

I don't get it.

JESS

Well, they have this relationship where they have crazy chemistry but make each other miserable, so then when she enters the fragmenting chamber to rescue her dad, the future version of herself also fragments - OK this guy just has a picture of a cartoon dragon. Like as the main picture. Who is that for. Anyway - she enters the fragmenting chamber and there's a future version of herself but in the future they're married and have kids but are SUPER unhappy, so this future version of the girlfriend realises the only way she can stop herself and also the future version of the boyfriend's self from being unhappy, because I mean they are just so drawn to each other but also horrible for each other, is to ... kill him, yeah.

*Beat.*

Oh my god. Look at *him*.

YASMIN

Yeah he's ok.

JESS

OK? He is a Stalin-eque-fox.

*JESS swipes right.*

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YASMIN

You really think the movie is good? I'm not ruining my career with it?

JESS

I never said it was good but it's a step up from that fascist Hallmark shit.

YASMIN

Oh my god it's not fascist.

JESS

I get that you need to tell yourself that to sleep at night and I still love you.

YASMIN

Thank you.

*A Tinder notification sound. JESS looks at her phone.*

JESS

I have a date tonight!

**FIVE**

*GRETA disguised as a man. Ideally looks as much like SASHA/young Stalin as possible.  
The end of the date.*

JESS

I want you to destroy me.

GRETA

*(Awkwardly)* I want to be the destroyer. Yes.

JESS

I want my body to feel like jelly.

GRETA

I want to ... pulverize your insides.

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JESS

I want... pulverize?

GRETA

Sorry was that/ too much

JESS

NO, DO NOT! NEVER APOLOGIZE!

GRETA

SORRY

JESS

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SORRY

GRETA

OK I AM NOT SORRY!! I AM NOT GOING TO APOLOGIZE!

*(It starts as a sex thing but then gets real for her)*

I can do this... come here you dirty little slut. I am going to objectify you and you are going to like it! Because it is actually MORE feminist to treat you like this than a delicate precious object because wooing perpetuates the idea that women are something to be courted and won as an object! I am a good person and you deserve to be treated like trash because YOU ARE TRASH! You are part of the endless cycle of capitalism and money and media and sex, you are a cog in the wheel of destruction! YOU ALL ARE! YOU HAVE TO ACT! YOU MUST UNITE BEHIND THE SCIENCE! YOUR HOUSES ARE ON FIRE AND IF YOU DON'T COMPOST IT IS YOUR FUCKING FAULT! PART OF ME WANTS YOU TO SUFFER BECAUSE YOU DESERVE YOUR HORRIBLE FATE!!!BURN, BITCHES!!!! EAT YOUR STEAK ON YOUR TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT, I HOPE YOU CRASH AND DROWN MOTHERFUCKER!!!!

JESS

Oh my god.

GRETA

I do not understand what just happened.

JESS

I have never been so turned on.

*GRETA and JESS make out, hungrily. GRETA is surprised by her sudden sexual drive. Maybe there's music. Maybe it becomes slow motion and there are body parts and clothing items everywhere. Whatever happens, it's wild & weird & lyrical & building. Eventually, JESS reaches down for GRETA's cock.*

JESS

Why aren't you hard?

**SIX**

*YASMIN auditions. SAM reads the opposite part.*

YASMIN

I always loved you, Ryan. But you know that love was only killing both of us.

SAM

I don't want to die!

YASMIN

You know it's the only way.

SAM

I love you, Veronica.

YASMIN

I know. I'm sorry.

*YASMIN mimes killing SAM. SAM mock-dies.*

SASHA

That was great.

YASMIN

Thanks.

SAM

Really great, we'll be in touch.

YASMIN

Um thanks. Sorry what was your name again?

SAM

Sam. I'll be playing Michael.

YASMIN

Oh! That's great. I'm glad.

*Beat; SAM & YASMIN have a moment.*

**SEVEN**

JESS

So I think I was catfished by Greta Thunberg.

YASMIN

Uh what why

JESS

We had this weird actually kinda hot sexual moment but then I realised she's a chic which honestly like that's totally fine with me, people are people and I'm into whatever but it was just, I was expecting a dude? So whatever, it was kind of weird, but then she started crying and tried to get me to rewrite that movie you're in and I was like HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW ABOUT THAT and she was like yeah I'm Greta Thunberg from the future and it's the only way to save humanity.

YASMIN

I don't even know if I have the part.

JESS

You do. Greta told me. *You Killed Me* is a cult classic in 2045 and you're the star.

YASMIN

*(Can't help but be pleased)* Hahaha I mean that's crazy though right?

JESS

I don't know. She knew a lot of stuff. Apparently Sasha and I get married.

YASMIN

Woah. WOAHH. WHAT.

JESS

Apparently we fall in love during the making of this movie because I keep coming to work with you for the free food

YASMIN

Yeah movie sets have the BEST snacks

JESS

Right so Greta -

YASMIN

Hold on so there's time travel in the future?

JESS

Yeah but also the world is ending because of fires natural disasters etc etc also New York is gone

YASMIN

Oh... we knew that would happen though right?

JESS

Kinda but I didn't think it would happen to *us* you know

YASMIN

OK SO THIS IS INSANE RIGHT

*GRETA enters. She looks pretty bad.*

GRETA

Sorry Yasmin. I meant to infiltrate your friend group slowly and over the period of a few weeks convince Sasha to make subtle but effective rewrites to your movie that could subliminally convince viewers to stop eating meat and using gas fueled means of transportation but there's something wrong with me and now you know I'm Greta Thunberg so Hi.

*Text message notification. YASMIN looks at her phone.*

YASMIN

I got the part.

**SEVEN**

*SASHA writes on a computer.*

SASHA

In a strange way I feel like a hundred years have passed since we met but I still love you in whatever way I told you I loved you, then. It's not like I went on a vacation and miss that place. Being with you never felt like vacation... it felt like: landing somewhere new but mysteriously it feels like you're coming home. Everything is impossibly familiar. You've always lived there, but only now are you *physically* there. Even as the plane descends, you feel a warmth - a heaviness. You are where you are meant to be; you're home.

*Beat. He thinks about what to write next....*

*A knock. He answers.*

JESS

Hi. I'm Jess. Yasmin's friend.

SASHA

Oh! Hi. I've heard a lot about you.

JESS

Wow you really do look like Young Stalin.

SASHA

Thanks?

JESS

Wanna have some rebound sex?

SASHA

Um...

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JESS

I'm wearing edible panties.

*Beat.*

They're bubblegum flavor.

SASHA

No thank you.

JESS

OK.

*Beat.*

I have some molly.

SASHA

I thought Yasmin was exaggerating with the Jess stories but this is pretty much exactly right.

JESS

Yeah I'm super fun. So yes to Molly?

SASHA

Umm... OK. Fuck it.

JESS

Thank god. I couldn't end up with somebody like - lame, you know?

SASHA

What?

*Jess hands him a pill.*

JESS

Do you have some water?

SASHA

Er - yeah. Hold on a sec.

*SASHA exits the playing space. JESS looks on SASHA's computer.  
SASHA re-enters with a glass of water.*

SASHA

What are you doing.

JESS

Dude don't send this to her. It's super lame. Also, this is gonna sound bananas but Greta Thunberg from the future says you and Yasmin have no chance anyway and actually *we* as in *you and I* get married, so. Welcome to your future.

*JESS takes the water from SASHA and downs a pill. She hands the water back to SASHA.*

I bet you get really weird on molly. Like - cry during sex but it's part sad and part like, ecstatic. I've never seen a man cry like that before.

SASHA

....I'm still in love with Yasmin.

JESS

You didn't think you'd end up with a girl who climbs through windows or has threesomes in Athenian gardens. I get that.

But look: you're too far up your own asshole. Yasmin was never going to pull you out. She was just going to let you rot up there while she just stood by cringing.

I kind of get it, actually. Us together. You might bring me up to a normal level of tenderness and vulnerability and I'll bring you down to like, communicating via text message and light BDSM.

*Beat.*

So are you gonna do that molly or what?

SASHA

Oh... no.

*SASHA returns the molly to JESS.*

JESS

Well I should probably get out of here so I can be someplace cool when it kicks in. OH SHIT is laser tag still a thing?

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SASHA

I think so.

JESS

Fuck YES. Are you sure you don't wanna come?

SASHA

I'm good.

JESS

OK.

*Beat...*

So, I'm just gonna ask you something but keep in mind that I was like, going to ask you this after I wowed you sexually on E... so pretend that happened and also keep in mind I'm your future wife so you probably love me.

JESS, cont.

You need to do some rewrites to your movie.

SASHA

No. It's already been approved by netflix and I'm not going through that again.

JESS

The future of humanity kind of depends on it. I don't want us to die when we're like, 45. With modern advances we could make it to 100 or something! Or 150!!!

SASHA

This is crazy.

JESS

Everything is crazy. Why should this be different?

*Beat.*

I'll text you the demands.

SASHA

How do you have my number?

JESS

Yasmin. See ya later, hubby. I gotta go kick some 15 year old ass. Pew-pew!

**EIGHT**

SAM

No. No no no

SASHA

But what if it's real?

SAM

It's not. Jess is crazy. She made up this crazy story to sabotage the script so Yasmin doesn't fall in love with you again, it... makes a lot of sense.

SASHA

Yeah these edits *are* pretty insane...

SAM

They would ruin the movie. We need the movie. The way it is. Otherwise how is Yasmin supposed to fall in love with me? I mean YOU! I'm just playing you in the movie. How is Yasmin supposed to fall back in love with YOU? Trust me. Jess is clinically insane.

SASHA

... Have you even met her?

SAM

I saw Yasmin and Jess the other day. Um. On Le Brea. Crazy eyes. Jess has crazy eyes.

SASHA

Right. Crazy eyes.

**TEN**

*Yasmin, Greta and Jess in the playing space.*

YASMIN

So we had a first read through, and, uh...  
Yeah he's not going to change the script.

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GRETA

Oh god.

JESS

Why?

YASMIN

He said it's 'not about that.'

JESS

It's not about what?

GRETA

No no no

YASMIN

About the environment. It's about, he said it's about his catharsis. It's his ART.

JESS

That piece of shit.

YASMIN

He said I need to kill him, metaphorically, through Sam.

GRETA

We're all doomed.

JESS

I can't believe I marry him. Wait... I have a choice. Yeah I'm not going to marry him anymore.

GRETA

I'm going to die and I will rot in my personal hell of 100 Trumps tweeting at me.

Their breath will smell like caviar imported from Russia and the smoke from the fire around me  
WILL SMELL LIKE GASOLINEEE!!!!

YASMIN

Greta.

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JESS

You OK girl?

GRETA

I failed.

JESS

Dude NO YOU DID NOT this is just a hiccup

GRETA

Then what now?

YASMIN

Go talk to Sasha! Be all future-ghosty-ghosty!

GRETA

I am not a ghost and if Jess can't get him to do it, after the power of sex things... Oh god-

JESS

Oh, we didn't have sex.

GRETA

But the plan-

JESS

'But the plan!' Who are you, my dad?

GRETA

No I am Greta Thunberg.

JESS

Right. Greta. Sometimes plans don't go according to plan. Life is like a wild train and MAYBE SOMETIMES you can seduce the conductor to like slow down or whatever but the tracks are still there so it's not like they can really DO anything

YASMIN

So you need to talk to the manager!

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JESS

What?

YASMIN

Like, whoever sets the tracks.

GRETA

Who sets the tracks?

*Beat.*

YASMIN

God.

You need to talk to God!

GRETA

God is not science.

JESS

NO what the fuck there is obviously no God, humans set the tracks, what we're trying to say, Greta, is that, Yasmin is right, you need to talk to the manager.

GRETA

But if he didn't listen to you, why would he...

YASMIN

You are so amazing! You got the world to notice you when you were like 18

GRETA

I was 16.

JESS

Whatever. The point is, people listen to you!

GRETA

... do they though?

YASMIN

YES!

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JESS (*beginning a chant*)

GRETA GRETA

JESS & YASMIN

GRETA GRETA GRETA GRETA

GRETA

OK OK!

I'll go.

I will be future ghosty.

**NINE**

*SASHA is sleeping when GRETA enters the playing space. She has a sheet on like a Halloween ghost.*

GRETA

Hello. I am a ghost. Ghosty ghosty.

*GRETA makes 3 different spooky noises. SASHA wakes up on the final one.*

SASHA

WHAT THE FUCK

*GRETA takes off the sheet.*

GRETA

I am Greta Thunberg and we will have a negotiation.

*She improvises a weapon.*

SASHA

Shouldn't you be 17?

GRETA

I am from the future.

SASHA

Are you homeless? Did Jess pay you off? Because I will pay you more to leave.

GRETA

No... No no, I AM Greta, from the year 2045, and I refuse to leave your bedroom until you agree to integrate my carefully outlined subliminal messages into your Netflix movie.

SASHA

Right...

*SASHA begins to reach for his phone to call the police*

Coolcoolcoolcool

*GRETA throws whatever she was using as the weapon to hit the phone out of his hand.*

SASHA

That was a brand new iPhone!

*He picks it up.*

SASHA, cont.

Fuck. You cracked it! Literally the entire screen is cracked.

GRETA

It is funny and also deeply depressing that you seem to care more about the surface of an electronic device than the future of the human race.

SASHA

Well, this is like a 350 dollar fix.

GRETA

Well, everything - including your precious iPhone - will be gone by 2060 unless you obey.

SASHA

Hah OK prove it

GRETA

You believe in the climate emergency, don't you?

SASHA

I'm not a republican.

GRETA

Then you already believe in the proof. It's Donald Trump and rising tides and everything is burning and you need to do something! You all do! I'm just telling you, Sasha, what little thing you can do.

*Beat.*

SASHA

Why *my* movie.

GRETA

Time travel is new. I couldn't get back any further and yours is the most watched movie between 2019 and 2045. So I need you to use it to get the following messages out through the following processes. It's all here.

*GRETA tries to hand SASHA a piece of paper.*

SASHA

I already have that.

GRETA

It would reassure me if you had a hardcopy.

SASHA

I just want to get Yasmin back.

GRETA

That is irrelevant.

SASHA

It's the only reason I wrote this movie.

GRETA

Again, irreverent.

SASHA

You said we could have a negotiation.

GRETA

I don't know what you're suggesting but I'm pretty sure it's fucked up.

SASHA

I'm pretty sure YOU'RE fucked up! You snuck into my house in a white sheet! That's some KKK bullshit!

GRETA

You have misunderstood my costume choice.

SASHA

Nothing matters if I don't end up with Yasmin.

GRETA

Have you ever asked her what she wants?

*Beat.*

Do you ever wonder what it's like to be happy?

SASHA

How do you know I'm not happy? I mean I'm happy. Fuck you.

GRETA

If you were happy you'd think about other people.

SASHA

Yasmin and I would be happy *together*.

GRETA

Were you?

SASHA

Things used to be better.

GRETA

Better isn't happy. Happy is happy.

Happy is

*(lighting shift?)*

Grass that's mysteriously not itchy

It's damp trees & earth & laughing so hard you're everywhere and nowhere

You're here, in your bedroom in America with a specter from the future but also in a foggy field in Germany, and - there's this tree, there

Kind of bare and unremarkable but it's branches are moving like - if dancers had boneless arms

And it's truly awesome - AWESome - for you. And you say that out loud, and you realize there's

somebody there but they don't judge you for being seriously moved by the infinite power of

natural beauty which for some reason everyone moves about like it isn't spiritual? and you

know they FEEL what you mean and suddenly you're connected to this person and all of

everything, the trees and the fog, Germany and the whole rest of the world too, you're all just

buzzing with total - joy and you realize everything else is a lie. The capital T truth is that

happiness is actually just unity. It's laughing to the Nth degree. Capitalism and individualism are

plagues - turning us into a giant, multi-headed sickness that doesn't recycle and goes to war

with itself and hates anybody seen as different and hoards hand sanitizer and toilet paper

during a fucking pandemic that, by the way, is coming for you in a matter of months. We tell

ourselves we need this system - that it's a human instinct, that we're led by selfish genes and

altruism is impossible. But it's not - it's *not*.

*Beat.*

I hope you get to feel happy. Or at least laugh a little. And then - maybe you'll see what I mean.

*Beat.*

SASHA

Sorry can you back up and expand on the pandemic thing?

*Beat.*

I just feel like if people are going to hoard TP, I should probably start stocking up now.

GRETA

... OK.

SASHA

So I should?

*Beat.*

*GRETA exits.*

*SASHA, alone.*

*Beat. Transition.*

TEN

*YASMIN and JESS*

YASMIN

OK I'm sorry this is about your future husband but I can't stop thinking about it

JESS

Dude don't worry I'm definitely not going to marry Sasha anymore even though I want to seriously lick his communist bod

YASMIN

Right so the thing is, sometimes I wonder if maybe Sasha *really loved me*, like really *saw ME* and loved ME and maybe nobody else ever will?

JESS

What does that mean, saw you

YASMIN

We talked about deep stuff. I really felt like... one person almost. If that makes sense.

*Beat.*

JESS

Do you know that Silverstein book, the Missing Piece Meets the Big O?

YASMIN

No.

JESS

Speaking of deep - that children's book will fuck you up. Anyway there's this piece, like a slice of pie, and it can either start moving and morph itself into an O as it rolls, or it can meet something that's already a pie but with just 1 piece missing and get swallowed up into *that*. If you kept dating him you'd look in the mirror one day and be like - how did hot young Stalin get there? Wait how am I horny again. I just had sex in a parking garage. It ... wasn't great. LOOK. He wasn't seeing *you* as anything. *You* were very irrelevant.

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YASMIN

Was this supposed to make me feel better?

JESS

... Yes.

*Beat. GRETA enters.*

GRETA

Maybe Trump was right. Maybe I just need to chill with some girlfriends and watch a good old fashioned movie to avoid thinking about my fiery demise.

JESS

GRETA NO what happened?

YASMIN

Didn't you say we should never give up?

GRETA

I said that when I was 16.

*Beat.*

Let's watch a movie.

*SUDDENLY, A LOUD PROJECTION OF AN OLD FASHIONED ACTION THRILLER. VIOLENCE. MISOGYNY. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.*

*THE GIRLS WATCH IT. Maybe it lasts like 2 minutes. Maybe there's popcorn. It stops as suddenly as it started.*

GRETA

I think... That was the most distracted 90 minutes of my life.

*Beat.*

Let's do it again.

**ELEVEN**

*SAM gets his makeup done, and YASMIN gets her hair done (Actress playing GRETA does makeup as OLGA, actress playing JESS does hair as LULU).*

SAM

You were so good yesterday.

YASMIN

Hahah no

SAM

No really! I think that's going to be the best scene in the movie

OLGA

*(in a Russian accent)* NO TALKING!

SAM

Sorry.

YASMIN

I kinda thought the underwater zombie dream sequence would be corny....

SAM

Not at ALL

*OLGA angry-grumbles.*

SAM

Sorry!

YASMIN

So this is weird but this movie is actually going to be a huge hit in the future.

*Beat.*

It's kind of crazy but Greta Thunberg from the future has been staying with us.

SAM

Woah... What else does she know about the future?

YASMIN

I mean... everything. She's from the future.

SAM

Can I talk to her?

YASMIN

She basically just watches movies all day now. So just stop by. Plus it would be nice to um... Hang out. If you wanted...

SAM

I'd like th/at

OLGA

I TELL YOU NO TALKING!!!!

*OLGA smashes a makeup container on the ground and storms out of the space. LULU follows.*

YASMIN

Hey Sam?

You're attracted to me, aren't you?

SAM

Well... haha, yeah, I mean - who wouldn't be though?

YASMIN

Why do you think that is? That *I'm* attractive, I mean. Like, me *in particular*.

SAM

Well you're gorgeous. And smart. And funny.

YASMIN

Am I?

SAM

Totally.

YASMIN

I never play women who are funny.

16 March 2020 draft

SAM

Maybe somebody should write something for you.

YASMIN

He did and it's this. And I'm not funny.

SAM

Maybe Sasha doesn't see you the way I do.

*Beat.*

I see you, Yasmin. You're funny.

*He kisses her. She accepts it.*

## ELEVEN

*Projection of Back to the Future. The part of the movie where Marty McFly realises he's disappearing. GRETA watches and laughs hysterically & sadly (laugh crying!) when he starts to fade. SAM enters the space.*

SAM

Greta.

....

Greta.

.....

HEY GRETA

*GRETA sees SAM and jumps up. If there are things (maybe she has lots of empty plastic bottles or chip packets around her?) she can throw them at him during the following dialogue.*

GRETA

DEMON!!!/ DEVIL!

SAM

Woah woah woah Greta?

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GRETA

SON OF SATAN!!! LEAVE ME BE!!!

*She becomes a little girl. She cries on the floor in a fetal position.*

SAM

Hey...it's gonna be OK.

GRETA

You have come to collect me. I understand. I deserve my fate.

I gave into temptation. I watched terrible, wonderful, distracting media that prevented me from doing anything useful. I failed this world. I am useless. I am as bad as you. I am worse. I am worthless.

TAKE ME, SATAN

SAM

I'm Sam.

*She looks up and gets a good look at him.*

GRETA

I am pretty sure you are Satan.

SAM

I'm just an actor.

GRETA

An entertainer. Yes. You are Satan. And I am ready for death. PLEASE TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS PAIN

SAM

OK fine but first I need to ask you a question. If you answer my question I'll take you with me OK?

GRETA

Deal.

SAM

In the future... do Yasmin and I end up together?

GRETA

WHY ARE YOU ALL OBSESSED WITH THIS FUCKING WOMAN

SAM

She's... I don't know how to describe it.

GRETA

Try.

SAM

She's... funny.

GRETA

Tell me one funny thing she has ever said.

SAM

She's funny in a way that, um, it's in the delivery. A you had to be there kind of funny.

GRETA

This sounds hilarious.

SAM

I told you I didn't know how to describe it.

GRETA

That's because you can't. There's nothing to describe.

You're all just narcissists. All of you. You, Sasha, and Jess

Even Yasmin

You just like looking into

*Beat.*

My mom used to use a slimming mirror. She knew it was a lie but she'd look at it every morning and when she came into the kitchen it was like - she'd glow. It was like the mirror really did make her slimmer.

SAM

Right... Sorry you still haven't answered my question.

GRETA

What question?

SAM

The one about me and Yasmin

GRETA

You do. You marry her. *(She realizes this fully as she says it)* But... it doesn't matter. We all die early.

SAM

But... that's not... That's not gonna happen to *us*. Right?

GRETA

Hey Satan?

SAM

Not Satan but yes?

GRETA

Have you seen Back to the Future?

SAM

Of course it's a classic

GRETA

Do you know that part where the very dumb teenager who time travels starts to disappear because he messes up the timeline? I'm that dumb kid. But this time I don't think I fix it. I think I just disappear.

SAM

What could you have messed with?

GRETA

It's hard to know how one thing you do in the present messes with the future.

I just have this sense I made it worse.

I think ...

*A moment of true prophecy. Something has happened to her in these final moments before her death and now she's connected to a different dimension.*

I think you really are the devil. And I think I made it easier for you somehow YES because Sasha and Jess won't get married anymore so Sasha won't be happy and you'll love that. You become successful, pushing Sasha down and down as you go up and up, laughing, HAHAHA, and eventually you become President of the United States because that is the end goal of all inherently evil entertainers. You incite wars. You take and take and take and take and fuck and eat and then it's too late climate change doesn't even matter because the whole world goes trigger happy and boomboomboooooom

Nobody listens to me and nobody will ever listen to me

When people paid *attention* to me it was because I was basically part of a reality show.

Nobody *listened*, though. Nobody cared and nobody ever will

I mean

You all just kept

You keep

Just

Focused on your petty little

Selfish fucking

Lives

...

I think I disappear

I think we all do.

I think...

I die of alcohol poisoning in Cuba at age 32 after you get elected. I just can't deal with another one.

*She looks down. She's disappearing.*

Oh no. Oh no

*She looks around desperately and sees the bucket of chicken leftover from scene 1.*

*She goes to the chicken. She picks up the bucket.*

*(Rapidly)* I'll tell you a secret before I go: nothing tastes like chicken but chicken.

I haven't always been vegan. That's how I know. Tofu doesn't hold a candle to chicken. It just absorbs whatever you put on it. *(To the chicken, still rapidly)* You: you're your own thing. You're

a strong independent chicken. And I respect you for that. I don't want to hurt you and I also don't want the industrial farming of you to destroy our planet and I understand that my consumption of you encourages that process. But if I'm going to die...

If we're all going to die... I might as well... YES.

*She chooses a chicken leg and holds it to the sky.*

I am going to FULLY live for the first time in my life!

*She eats with ABSOLUTE ECSTASY.*

Oh my god... yes...

*She is about to take another bite and then...*

Wait. I get it. You were all just trying to enjoy your life. But moderation is impossible once you've had a bite of chicken and next thing you know you're neck deep in meat and fossil fuels and ambition and money and fame and pussy YES most of the things we do that aren't for food are for sex and we just can't get enough of it we can never ever ever get enough

Pringles had it right

Once you pop the fun don't stop

Once you pop

Once you

*She disappears.<sup>1</sup>*

*SAM takes a chicken leg from the bucket. He eats it. He smiles.*

## TWELVE

JESS

Have you seen Greta?

YASMIN

No but Sam and I had sex this afternoon it was AMAZING never mind what I said about the Sasha connection thing, Sam and I DEFINITELY have a connection if you know what I mean And I think like.. He actually does *really* see me, you know?

JESS

I just feel like... maybe we should have listened to Greta.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ideally this happens by some kind of magic trick that Greta does not take part of. She doesn't want to disappear... But Sam can help do this magic trick - it would make sense if he facilitated her disappearing. He could set something up during her monologue....

YASMIN

We did listen to her! It's just stupid Sasha who didn't. But what can we do.  
At least we know the movie is going to be a hit.

JESS

A cult classic. That's not a *hit*.

YASMIN

Jesus can you just be happy for me?

JESS

Sorry. I'm happy for you. It's just - don't you think we should have tried harder... to convince  
Sasha maybe? Or... I don't know.

YASMIN

We did what we could. Come on, there's a party tonight at Sam's.

JESS

Doesn't he live in Calabasas?

YASMIN

Yeah Justin Bieber might be there.

JESS

UM WHAT I LOVE BIEBER

YASMIN

I know.

JESS

WHAT ARE WE DOING LET'S GO GET READY!!! OH MY GOD THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BEST  
NIGHT OF OUR LIVES

YASMIN

You know he's married though right

JESS

Yeah but marriage doesn't really mean anything anymore right

*Suddenly, the TV (projection) flickers static. It's kind of spooky and loud. Then, 17 year old Greta's face comes up. She's listening to someone saying something. Then, she opens her mouth to speak. Maybe she gets 1-2 words in but JESS turns the TV off.*

JESS

Weird.

YASMIN

What are you gonna wear?

*YASMIN and JESS exit the playing space.*

*Blackout.*

*END OF PLAY. (Sorry, Greta.)*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** *Amanda Faye Martin is an American writer and dramaturg. She attended Kenyon College where she learned how to think by wandering around Amish cornfields, and holds an MFA in Dramaturgy from the A.R.T. Institute at Harvard University. She is currently the Playwriting Fellow at the University of Otago in Dunedin, New Zealand.*

