

My Dad the Pschitte-King (As Told By The Leader's Son Who is 12)

a pastry

by Kev Berry

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MY DAD THE PSCHITTE-KING (AS TOLD BY THE LEADER'S SON WHO IS 12) was commissioned as a part of Paula Vogel's #ububakeoff in February 2018. It was presented at The Dramatist's Guild Foundation. It was performed by Kev Berry.

Who

Boy the leader's son who is 12

Where

A grassy clearing deep in a wicked forest at the edge of a gleaming metropolis
Where the sun has broken through

When

After the Revolution

What It Looks Like

Messy

Beautiful

Smells like smoke

This play is for Paula Vogel

-kb

Lights up
Boy there
In a clearing in a forest

I am 12
I like to start things off with a fact
In this case
I am 12
And in this case it's going to be a series of facts
We are in a forest
I fled here at the height of the Revolution
Today I am leaving to go to the Metropolis to kill my father
And I am 12

Pschitte
I haven't thought this through have I
Which isn't to say that I haven't thought this through
In fact it's essentially the only thing I think about
While I'm having my morning covfefe it's all I think about
While I pick the vegetables in the small garden I've curated
Outside the lean-to I live under just outside this small dell it's all I think about
While I'm stewing in my furiousity that I had to flee here
To this wicked forest outside the gleaming Metropolis
Where my father sits gilded upon his golden throne
High in a tower overlooking a park he thinks he funded
And considers his proudest achievement
While in reality he actually contributed famously to its gentrification
Back when he was just a reality television star
And not what some would call a leader
While I'm stewing about all of that
I think about killing my father

Before I left the Metropolis for the wicked forest at its edge
I remember sitting with him
Quietly as we looked across the table
Across the mountainous double triple quadruple octahedral cheeseburgers
With special sauce and a pile Freedom Fries on the side
His favorite meal
Quietly as we looked at each other across a week's worth of calories
As Angry Ambassadors demanded entrance to the Palace in the Sky

To confront him about his remarks
Quietly as we looked at one another
He content with his burger
And I simmering about to burst into a boil
At his behavior
My Dad the Pschitte-King
Less mature than his 12 year old son
A year ago talking about grabbing women by their
And now
We didn't think it would get worse than that
But now he's
Killing school children
Whose visions of their future have been brought into clarity by the terror he allowed
That's my father everyone I have to say to classmates
That's my father Pa Ubu 45
That's my dad
Quietly staring at one another
He with the feigned love of a father who only cares about the bottom line
I with the melancholy of a son about to sneak away until the Blood Moon
Deems it time for me to murder

We all remember how it happened
My Dad's ascension from mogul to malefactor
Killing the Progress of a Nation with Hope
By injecting it with reviving reinvigorating encouraging a hatred
We thought would only be thought of in the future as the darkest part of our histories
By bringing prejudice back into the mainstream he gave voice to people who thought
Their prescribed silence was suppression
And who thought and who think that anyone who's not like them
Deserves a tiki torch protest with a human sacrifice as a warning to dare not cross us
This is how my father rose to the throne
Killing his predecessors' work

And of course we can't forget the Russians
It is a plot out of an absurdist play
Replacing a wonderful man and his wonderful family
With his wife my mother Ma Ubu
Who isn't dead but she might as well be
Standing by his side empty-eyed in the face of his infidelity
With my two older brothers

Who
They're idiots
My older brothers are idiots
With my older sister
Who calls herself an activist but who has sold herself out and commodified her feminism
And me
I am 12 and ran away and I am 7 feet tall and live in the woods
And with his assistant Pschitte-King who spends time alone only with his wife
Whose name I understand is Mother
And whose fear of those different than him has driven him to his knees
Which and this is a note and an interruption from
The voice of the playwright who wrote the play you're watching right now
Is an ironic parallel to the Saturday nights of those whose difference he fears
Talk about Enter a Bear am I right
But what do I know about that
I am 12

People were mad
And people are mad
And I came here
Thinking I would be able to escape and survive
Free from worry
Free from having to think about all of it
But the birds
The birds speak to me
Just last week a sparrow mentioned in passing to me
Just in the middle of the conversation as if it was no big deal
That the Metropolis is wallpapered with posters protesting Pa
And that over every night the city is done over with
Posters protesting posters protesting Pa
Saying he really is the epitome of health in the nation
Saying he really is a tall man
Saying his hair isn't a nesting capybara

The birds tell me everything

Last week a woman appeared
Eyes bright blue and magnified to the size of the sky behind spectacles
Hair reeking of cigarettes and milk that's just begun to sour
And she told me

That it's my time
That when the Blood Moon casts its scarlet glare on the towers of the Metropolis
I am to return to the city to kill my father for the sake of the Future
And that's tonight
I know my way around the kitchen blindfolded
I can navigate the Palace in the dark
I'll enter the home
Quietly simmering preparing to burst into a boil
I'll see my father the pschitte-king enjoying his week of meat and fat in a single sitting
And already looking forward to tomorrow's serving
I'll glide over to the kitchen island
Grab a knife
The largest knife imaginable
Typa knife that draws blood from even the lightest of touches
Typa knife that scares you to think about wielding
Typa knife that's good for driving into the base of a skull and
A robin on the windowsill will tweet words of encouragement
While my father on his phone will tweet words of discouragement
Making a senseless tragedy about a crime he says he didn't commit

A series of facts
We are in a forest
I fled here at the height of the Revolution
I am going to plunge a knife deep into the base of my father's skull
And I am going to take the throne
You will call me Ubu 46
And I am 12

The lights snap out

End of Play