

North Korea South Korea Marilyn Monroe

a cyclone

by Kev Berry

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NORTH KOREA SOUTH KOREA MARILYN MONROE 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 January 2018. It was performed by Kev Berry.

Who

Man

Jeans and a black t-shirt

Same as usual

Sad that it's become usual

Sad that it's still the same

When

Now

Where

America

What It Looks Like

Dark place with a music stand

This play is for Elizabeth Warren

-kb

Man
In the dark
But we can see him so it's not pitch black
But he feels like an idea
A voice inside our heads

He speaks

MAN

Let's talk about fucking Oprah
Let's not talk no
Not about no
Not
But let's fucking talk about fucking Oprah
Let's talk about it

That was how this play was going to begin
Then there was

Let's talk about shitholes
Let's talk about shit
Let's talk about racism

And then there was

Duck and cover
Duck and cover
Duck and cover
Repeated for thirty eight minutes until
Ohp never mind
As you were

And then there was yesterday
When Cory Booker wiped the smile off of
Kirstjen Nielsen's face
And we learned that Bannon gave testimony for
What
Eleven hours

And then there was this morning

I got up before the asscrack of dawn to go
To plod sleepily to the Planet Fitness
At the intersection of 157th and Broadway
Where I watched
As I ran 5k on the treadmill at a pace of 6.5 miles per hour
While I listened to Laurie Metcalf give great answers
To condescending and pretentious questions
On a podcast worthy of the same descriptors
The CNN morning news team
Speculate about what would happen at five PM today
When the President of the United States of America
Would announce the recipients of his
First Annual Most Dishonest and Corrupt Media Awards of the Year
Would he or wouldn't he announce them
After all
The Press Secretary had told us it was only a potential event
Leaving us all on our toes
And on our treadmills
Wondering
What would happen at five PM today

As happy hour rolled around
I began to get excited
Imagining vocal Trump critics
Walking down the red carpet
Outside the venue
Which obviously
Is the single Kentucky Fried Chicken within the city limits of Washington DC
At the intersection of New York Avenue and Bladensburg Road
Across from a McDonald's and a Checkers
And conveniently located directly adjacent to a Holiday Inn Express
So the trip back to the hotel suite after going too hard in the paint at the Fakies
Would only be a hop and a skip and a jump

I thought of MSNBC interviewing Chrissy Teigen
And asking who she was wearing
And her response vividly describing the Lock Her Up t-shirt she was wearing ironically
And of Jake Tapper wearing his Jeb campaign shirt
And of Don Lemon wearing what looks like a MAGA hat
But upon closer inspection actually says

Make America Gay Again

Five o'clock came and went
Because we're all focused on the real fake news of the day
His physical which seems doctored
And the report of how he gets physical
As described in blurbs of an interview
With the porn star the president fucked
More than once
Right after his youngest child was born

And somehow we're numb to it
Because Cory Booker schooling the Secretary of Homeland Security
Feels like a week ago
And the Hawaii fuck-up
Feels like a month ago
And the Shithole Sitch
Years ago

And it makes me sad and confused
And it makes me feel not very safe at all
Because the reason we said we would enact the changes we're trying to make
Because the reason we started this fight against a Congress
The current majority of whom are concerned with their bank accounts
As their only constituents
Because the reason we started having these meetings
Late at night in dark places which slowly revealed themselves as theatres
Was the Pulse shooting
And at this point
It was literally years ago

And I became sad and confused
Because I kept writing
As I sat there this morning
In the stage directions to the play I'm performing now
The words
As usual
As usual
As usual

It makes me feel very not safe at all
Using those words
As usual

Every morning is I wake up
Relieved that the city hasn't been blown to smithereens
Scared to check my push notifications
Hopeful that I'll make it through another day
And content that if the inevitable nuclear blast comes while I'm at work
I'll likely feel no pain
Because of my office's convenient SoHo location squarely inside
The center of most blast zones

I only know this because I recently read a horrifying article
Painfully describing
How New York City would be affected
Were a nuclear missile to strike various locales around town

As usual
I don't want to offer a solution here
Because I don't have one to offer
I just have my anxiety which
Makes me want to work harder
And scream louder
And protect those I love even more

The barrage of headlines
And jawdropping sound bites
Is snowballing and snowballing and snowballing
And I am not sure how much more of this I can take
And I say that to hyperbolize because obviously I have to keep taking it
Living through it

I am so anxious for the breaking point to really break
Because we keep thinking we're getting there
With shitholes and porn star hush money
And nuclear warning fuck-ups brushed off
With the soft swish of a 9 iron in the rough to the left of the eighth fairway
But we somehow never seem to get there
And I am ready for it to happen

Mainly because I think it will be unprecedented
And bizarre
And dystopic

Until then as usual
All I have is my anxiety
And my art
And a loud fucking voice
Even if I don't always know what to do with it
Or what to say
Even if I flounder constantly
Afraid of having the wrong opinion
Afraid of not being sure if the action I am taking is having any real effect
And somehow
It feels like the light at the end of the tunnel is going to illuminate
Maybe not tomorrow
Maybe not next week
But it's gotta soon
It's gotta

Which brings me back to Oprah
Let's not talk about her as President
Let's not
When I think of Oprah
I think of hope
So when we talk about the light at the end of the tunnel
Let's not doubt it
Let's not doubt that our work is working
Let's not doubt that our voices aren't being heard
Let's not doubt it
Let's talk about hope

The lights snap out

End of Play