

Utter Shite
By
Clay Robeson

28 Plays Later

Day 7

February 7, 2018

ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP - A BLANK STAGE

ME WALKS OUT AND STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE STAGE IN A SPOTLIGHT.

ME: Urban Dictionary defines "shite" thusly: a very
british and therefore great way of saying shit. shite
sounds much more effective than shit.

As I am feeling like shite lately, I am going to make
this an even MORE self indulgent bulshit script than
yesterdays, wherein I just basically whined about how
fucking sick I am of the way people keep telling me
"You Got This!" because I was too worried, as a cis
white dude, about writing a farce about feminism
without coming off as some sort of chauvinistic
fuckup.

YOU: Jesus Fucking Christ on a pogo stick, man, do you have
to?

ME: No, not really. But as I find most of my original
ideas shite anyway.

A CHALKBOARD DESCENDS FROM ABOVE.

ME: Today's topic, class, is going to be "Self Worth."

YOU: Kill me now.

ME: At break, maybe.

ME WRITES ON THE BOARD AS ME SPEAKS.

ME: When you don't think that anything you do is
extraordinary, it is very hard to think that it has
any value to anyone but yourself. I have been
successfully pooping out short plays for the last six
days, and up until day six, they were squirting out
with relative ease. My cohort who was reading them
was very complimentary, which surprised me, as they

were mostly just brain dumpts on paper (virtual paper, whatever) that I pretty much didn't re-read or revise after I wrote them.

YOU: Yeah, we know.

ME: As I told her, my life is a shitstorm right now, and the only goal I have for these exercises is to spend an hour or two every day NOT thinking about it. Except that the last two days, six and seven, have been very much about the shitstorm-- shitestorm? Either way, I am failing at my intended goal.

YOU: Duh.

ME: Shut up, you. I am having these realizations as the words are being formulated and we're not allowed to go back and edit this one, so welcome to your nagetmare.

YOU: Nagetmare?

ME: Sure, it's like a Sagetmare, but with less bob Saget and more something that starts with an n.

YOU": But how is this even going to be a play, it's not an extended monologue with yourself, adn this new version of yoursealf named YOU"?

YOU: Valid point there.

ME: I don't know. Maybe this is inforporating the farce request from yesterday.

YOU": So eventually you'll have a point so this wraps up in a nice little bow, eh?

ME: Well, since it's supposed to be udder shite... shit, utter shite, I don't know. But the piece is already proving to be very informative to me about whay I shouldn't be doing.

YOU: Which is?

ME:quietly Whining like a little shitass baby. Nobody want s to hear that. And I pray to God that this doesn't get randomly read by Sebastian. I'm much rather he read the one he was a character in.

YOU: Now you ARE hoping he scans it so that he'll go back and find the one you essentially ripped off from him.

ME: It wasn't a ripoff, you shit. I interjected replies to his prompt.

YOU: Shite. Not shit.

ME: Suck it.

GOD: Can we get on with this?

ME: Sorry.

I am having a horrible day. I would loveit if I woke up and it was three months ago. But that's not going to happen. I'm stuck in this life, and I need to figure out what to do with it. And being a whiney bitch in text isn't going to do that for me.

YOU: But you just said it was...

ME: Fuck off, you. This is supposed to be a distraction, not therapy.

YOU": So stop contraticting yourself. And spell words right when I say them.

ME: You know I type too fast to spell correctly.

YOU: *COUGH* Humble brag *COUGH*

ME: Fine, le's get hypercritical. It seems to be all the rage in my rbain the days. Fuck. BRAIN.

YOU": Yes, you are fucked in the rbain.

YOU: HA! You are too!

GOD: This is really sad, you know.

ME: Yeah, goo thing I don't really believe in you.

GOD: Athiest?

ME: No. I prefer a more spiritual take than a conscious entity take. The universe was created by a benevolent force for good, but it really doesn't give a fuck about me despite my fucking whining about every time I say "It can't get shittier the universe says 'hold my beer!'."

YOU: What the hell punction decision was that?

YOU": punction?

YOU: Fuck off.

ME: Look. I hate my life, I hate myself, and I have no idea how to value my own skills, which is going to screw me as I am forced into the world of contract labor where I have no stability or sense of place.

YOU: So that's your thesis statement for this whole piece.

ME: Pretty much, yeah.

YOU": Are we done, then?

ME: As much as I want to say yes, it still feels incomplete.

GOD: You need a dance break.

ME: Cool!

YOU AND YOU" START BEATBOXING WHILE ME DOES
SOME FAT WHITE GUY DANCING AS THE LIGHTS
SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.