

“WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOLLAR”

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

BY SAM GRABER

ESTIMATED RUN TIME – 95 MINUTES

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## **LOGLINE – WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOLLAR**

A small group of online gamers creates a virtual currency that destabilizes global banking and crashes the U.S. dollar.

## **SYNOPSIS – WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOLLAR**

*What Happened to the Dollar* asks: what would happen the day after the U.S. dollar crashed?

In an abandoned Blockbuster store, Shift and Kit spend their days and nights as part of a youth class that is unemployed, abandoned and finding meaning in online games. Van arrives, an Ivy league graduate, ashamed by what he believes is his first day as a new Blockbuster employee. The trio merges its talents and creates a new currency within a popular online game.

Meanwhile, their actions are countered by Donna Steelmint, Chair of the Federal Reserve, who believes radical action must be taken to prevent the fall of the dollar. The United States is too big to fail. Or is it?

Ultimately, the shadows between fantasy and reality merge, and all are trapped in the sorcery of controlling the ultimate app – the currency of the world.

## **CHARACTERS (3F, 2M)**

DONNA STEELMINT, 50s, female

PRESIDENT, 50s, male

KIT, 20, female

VAN, 22, male

SHIFT, 23, female

## **TIME**

Tomorrow.

## **PLACE**

Minneapolis, MN: an abandoned Blockbuster store.

Washington, DC: a White House bathroom.

A lectern.

## **SCENES**

ACT I. Game.

ACT II. Fallout.

## **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*What Happened to the Dollar* received its New York City premiere during May 2015 as staged by Abstract Sentiment Theatre Co., produced by Viktoria I.V. King, and directed by Vincent Scott, with cast: KIT, Mia Kang; SHIFT, Jeanne Lau; VAN, Fergus Scully; STEELMINT, Valeria Flower; PRESIDENT, Ken Dillon.

*What Happened to the Dollar* was first produced by Box Wine Theatre in Minneapolis, MN during May 2013 as directed by Bethany Simmons with cast: KIT, Ali Daniels; SHIFT, Suzie Cheng; VAN, Kyler Chase; STEELMINT, Kelvin Hatle; PRESIDENT, John Hoy.

*What Happened to the Dollar* received a staged read by The Abingdon Theatre during February 2013 as directed by Vincent Scott.

## **THE STAGE**

The primary set is an abandoned Blockbuster video store. Bent retail shelving frames are either half-standing or discarded. Carpentry is worn. Litter is splattered. Wires hang from cracked ceiling tiles. A couple tarnished movie posters remain. Where yellow and blue paint isn't chipping off the walls are windows crudely covered with black paper, as if to block out indication of inside activity.

There are two laptop workstations: one seated workstation and a second standing workstation converted from a former retail counter. At this second workstation rests a small pot holding various flowers.

Both laptops lids are coated with gamer-style stickers.

Electrical wires run from both laptop workstations across the floor to a single outlet.

Counterpoised to this primary set is a White House bathroom, men's. A standing urinal. Gleaming and shiny.

At extreme downstage left is a speaker's lectern.

*For Shani,  
the greatest currency ever.*

*“And they who control the credit of the  
nation,*

*direct the policies of governments,*

*and hold in the hollow of their hand,*

*the destiny of the people.”*

*—Reginald McKenna*

**ACT ONE. GAME.**

**A1, S1. LECTERN.**

*A speaker's lectern.*

*DONNA STEELMINT appears.*

DONNA

Hello.

Put down your programs and turn off your phones because, yes, it's me.

Halfway between deciding whether I should or shouldn't get right to it I thought, you know Donna, screw the formalities, you people aren't here for a bunch of carefully prepared remarks, you people are here for contrition.

So let's just get right to it, hmm? Life's too short for preamble.

Donna Steelmint is still, until word of this gets out, Professor Emeritus at Stanford, where I have been the Insert-Your-Donor Dean of Economics for way too long.

I graduated summa cum bigtime from Brown, fought for my Ph.D. at Yale, and then served in many prestigious banking positions before sleeping in certain positions to get a hard-earned seat on the US Federal Reserve, where I eventually became Chair.

Until the whole fiasco blew up in my face.

And since that fiasco is now behind us, it's time for my first public statement on the matter.

To come clean.

To tell you what happened.

So.

Let's get this party started.

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S2. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*Minneapolis, MN.*

*An abandoned Blockbuster retail store.*

*From darkness.*

SHIFT

PREPARE FOR ANNIHILATION, ZOMBIE SCREENFUCKERS!

*Lights up on KIT and SHIFT at their laptops, controlling the action of the online game.*

*SHIFT punches her keyboard and gesticulates wildly. KIT grips a racing wheel game controller, attached to her laptop. Both wear gaming headsets: earphones and mics.*

*When in the game world they talk to each other without physically looking at each other.*

KIT

I can't see 'em!

SHIFT

Cuz they rolled behind the rink.

KIT

[Sing-song] *No.*

SHIFT

[Sing-song] *Yes.*

KIT

How can you be sure?

SHIFT

Cuz I'm in charge here, that's how I'm sure. Keep going.

Which way?  
KIT

Straight.  
SHIFT

I really don't think they're there.  
KIT

And I really didn't stay up all night tracking these bitches down for nothing.  
SHIFT  
Increase to road rage.

I'm driving but they're not there.  
KIT

Wait, no, back.  
SHIFT

Back?  
KIT

No-no-no, left-left-left!  
SHIFT

Where—  
KIT

LEFT, Kit!  
SHIFT

I don't see—  
KIT

Split your screen already and you'll see 'em.  
SHIFT

Ewwwww.  
KIT

Aw, yeah, zombie cluster at twelve o'clock.  
SHIFT



KIT

Oh, yeah. She's about to get ganked by them.

SHIFT

[Types] Go. Away.

KIT

Should we let her ride the zamboni for protection?

SHIFT

Uh, negatory. I don't want some newbie snarfing our kill. [Types] Stop trolling our rink or I'll gank your face.

KIT

[Typing] I'm Kit, what's your name?

SHIFT

Hey! I'm trying to annihilate zombies, not fraternize with newbie trolls.

KIT

Miss bitchy bitchness over here.

SHIFT

Go stuff your own tampon.

KIT

I'm not allowed to say hi?

SHIFT

'S right. [Punching keys] See how this newbie likes a puck bomb up her nasal cavity.

KIT

Shift, c'mon, don't do that.

SHIFT

Turn left.

KIT

That's harsh.

SHIFT

Left, Kit.

KIT

It could be some kid, her first time.

SHIFT

Do I look like the Zombocalypse welcome committee? I ain't getting admin status befriending every newbie trolling our rink, prepare to fire.

KIT

We're supposed to kill zombies, not fellow players.

SHIFT

We're supposed to do whatever it takes to get admin status.

KIT

She seems nice.

SHIFT

Nice? The rules of this game are as follows: kill. A lot. So prepare to fire.

KIT

You never know what the next person has to offer.

*SHIFT takes off her headset.*

SHIFT

Hey. I didn't spend all night hunting a zombie cluster just to have some newbie interrupt at the last second.

KIT

I'm not inviting her into our rink, Shift, I'm just being friendly.

SHIFT

For all we know it could be a trap. You don't wanna get your ass kicked by some twelve year old with pink sparkle skates trying to trick us with a cuddly little 'hello', do you?

KIT

Of course not.

SHIFT

You gotta know how to think like a gamer. All strangers are deceiving liars seeking to separate your head from your torso with a hockey stick of sliceness. Right?

KIT

Fine.

SHIFT

‘Course right. Now. Fire the puck bomb.

*KIT taps once.*

SHIFT

Ohhhhh, that feels good!

KIT

[Typing] Sorry.

SHIFT

You, newbie troll, is KIA. And spread the news to the rest of your weakling kin. This is our rink. Order of the Tulip! Kit.

KIT

Order of the Tulip.

SHIFT

What’s your beta?

KIT

Nothing. I just...can’t move my thumbs anymore.

SHIFT

And I got a raging case of gamer’s butt, but you see me dealing with it.

KIT

It’s just the taking of life. Even in fantasy.

SHIFT

IDK, Kit, the game’s called Zombocalypse, and since I found you you’ve done plenty of killing.

KIT

Zombies.

SHIFT

That’s what we do here.

KIT

In an abandoned Blockbuster building.

SHIFT

You say abandoned building, I say distraction-free gaming. With free electric and high-fly wi-fi. All to kill zombies. And anything else that gets in my way. Cuz this ain't fantasy. What we're doing isn't play. This is how the peoples are gonna live and trade and—

KIT

Make money?

SHIFT

Oh dudet, money is so yesterday.

KIT

We need money to pay for things.

SHIFT

Not when you're promised by the original game developers—

KIT

—to get admin status once you kill enough zombies.

SHIFT

You know, you were way sexier when you were the mean on the screen killing zombies all night long. Now you show up here at my place and it's like you're almost somebody else.

KIT

You know I've done plenty of killing.

SHIFT

Then keep doing it. Cuz what we're doing is the future. Not even the future, it's now. What we've been working toward. Especially since I know the original game developers with a chance to get admin status.

KIT

Okay, but to get admin status do you have to gank other players? It's like you're out to be the queen of antisocial networking.

SHIFT

Antisocial. Wow.

KIT

I should hydrate my plants.

SHIFT

You can't kill zombies but you can water a bunch of fuckin' weeds? C'mon Kit, what's with you?

KIT

Don't you think the game is about meeting new people?

SHIFT

The game is about whatever it takes to get ahead.

KIT

Shift, I just think if you explored the possibilities of people.

SHIFT

I'm not into people. I'm into persons. Like you. And what's with you?

KIT

What do you mean?

SHIFT

I mean: I thought our partnership was beyond the game.

KIT

Oh.

SHIFT

Seriously, you show up here and it's like...

KIT

You've been so kind taking me in, opening your place to me and my plants.

SHIFT

You're sleeping in the bathtub.

KIT

Well, you know, your floor is kind of lumpy.

SHIFT

Well, you know, my bed.

KIT

Your hospitality has been amazing.

SHIFT

My amazing hospitality.

KIT

I'll start killing again, it's not a problem.

SHIFT

Water your fucking weeds. I'll gank the zombies myself. Before I head off to the lab. I guess one of us needs to keep both of us going.

*SHIFT puts back on her gaming headset and starts clicking.*

*Blackout.*

**A1, S3. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*Lights up on KIT alone at her laptop.*

KIT

The internet is ripe, green and a young girl's dream. Kill...kill...kill...

*VAN enters through the upstage door.*

*He closes the door behind him, looks around, taken aback by the state of the room.*

KIT

...kill...kill...

*He's confused: am I in the right place?*

*VAN steps to KIT, taps her on the shoulder.*

KIT

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

VAN

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

KIT

What the hell?

VAN

Easy, easy!

KIT

Don't touch me!

VAN

I'm sorry!

KIT

Oh my God, get away from me!

VAN

I'm sorry, hey!

Stay back!

KIT

Listen, hey, I'm sorry, okay?

VAN

Don't touch!

KIT

I'm not touching anything!

VAN

Whoa.

KIT

Whoa.

VAN

Get back.

KIT

I'm back. I'm back, okay? I'm sorry, I didn't know if I was supposed to come in or wait outside.

VAN

How'd you get in?

KIT

The door. I didn't know where to report.

VAN

You reported?

KIT

I didn't know where to report.

VAN

Look, I don't have any money and I don't have any drugs.

KIT

I'm, hey, HEY, I'm just showing up for my first day, okay?

VAN

KIT

Is this for Shift?

VAN

Exactly, yes, my first shift. I was told to report here for my first shift.

KIT

Did my Mom send you?

VAN

What? No, report to the University Ave location. Blue shirt, yellow pants.

KIT

My Mom didn't send you.

VAN

Your Mom.

KIT

Shift didn't send you.

VAN

Is this like a first day screw with the new employee thing? Or an interview? I was under the impression I was already hired.

KIT

Hired for what?

VAN

For Blockbuster.

*They look around.*

KIT

There is no Blockbuster.

VAN

You're not the manager.

KIT

I drive the zamboni.

VAN

What the absolute hell.

KIT

Maybe there's another Blockbuster?

VAN

University Avenue. Across from campus.

KIT

I guess that's where this is. I just got to Minneapolis.

VAN

To work at Blockbuster.

KIT

I didn't think Blockbuster was still in business.

VAN

Right. Right. Such an idiot.

KIT

You okay?

VAN

There is no Blockbuster. Just you. And your trowel.

KIT

Trowel, that's right.

VAN

Pranked by online posts. Damn it!

KIT

So...are you planning to stay? I don't have anything to offer you.

VAN

Like a job.

KIT

Actually, Shift has some leftover White Castle.

VAN

Yummy.

KIT

We don't have a working bathroom here so Shift and I are always crashing the Castle next door.

VAN

Shift.

KIT

And voila! French for two thousand calories.

VAN

[Gross] Thank you.

KIT

Least I can do for a random newbie.

VAN

This morning has now gone weird. And this place.

KIT

It's a little like chaos but less organized. I don't normally meet people who know this is called a trowel.

VAN

Landscaping. Only job I could find until I got fired my first day for not knowing what a trowel was. Still have like four of those things rattling around my backseat.

KIT

You really thought you were showing up for your first day at Blockbuster?

VAN

I don't wear this shirt for the benefits.

KIT

Kinda cute.

VAN

At least something from undergrad paid off.

KIT

You went to college.

VAN

I minored in cute.

Where? KIT

Brown. VAN

Brown's a color. KIT

Brown's Ivy. VAN

Ivy's a genus of evergreen. KIT

Are you for real? VAN

What do you mean? KIT

I mean...what are you and all this doing in an abandoned Blockbuster? VAN

Squatting. KIT

Gaming. VAN

No. KIT

All evidence to the contrary. VAN

Zombocalypse. KIT

Ah. VAN

You play. KIT

VAN

No. No way. Gaming was how my college roommate flunked out. He couldn't stop playing. Total moron.

KIT

You're not a moron because you leave school.

VAN

He didn't leave, he got kicked out.

KIT

For playing games?

VAN

For sitting in front of his screen all night and not making classes all day. I'm sure he and his gamer crew are probably earning a billion dollars a year at some gaming company while I get pranked to thinking there's a job at Blockbuster to rent those very games.

KIT

Colleges now have scholarships for games.

VAN

Yeah, like football and tennis.

KIT

Online games. As a varsity sport.

VAN

Who told you that?

KIT

Shift. She works at the university computer lab and said the school's starting to give full rides.

VAN

For the best fake sport.

KIT

More players than football and tennis. Most popular sport in the world. You wouldn't believe how many people log on just to watch others play. Who wants to watch eleven players they don't know run around some square field chasing a ball?

VAN

What's the deal with this Zombocalypse anyway?

KIT

It's basically a warzone where only hockey players survive the apocalypse and do constant battle with evil zombies.

VAN

Enchanting.

KIT

You create a profile. Then you try to get enough weapons to kill zombies attacking your rink.

VAN

So you're a Zamboni-driving skater warrior person.

KIT

Yeah, I know how it sounds. I thought gaming was people who speak Elvish and forego hygiene, too. Except there were so many people playing, I thought some of them must be like me, just looking for a friend. But what hooked me? Each time I killed a zombie, for some reason a tulip seed appeared in the remains. It was a glitch, only lasted a short while. But while it lasted I was a machine, killing zombies and harvesting tulip seeds. Shift was the only player I found who seemed interested, cuz she already had like every weapon. We hit it off, teamed up. I planted tulips inside our rink. See?

VAN

[Reading off the screen] Order Of the Tulip.

KIT

That's our rink.

VAN

So what's the point of the game?

KIT

Supposed to be killing zombies.

VAN

And it's just you...

And Shift. KIT

Sitting in here. VAN

And fifteen million other people. KIT

Sitting in here. VAN

Around the world. KIT

Playing. VAN

Twenty bucks a month. KIT

That's enormous. VAN

I guess. KIT

That's three hundred million a month. That's three point six billion dollars a year. VAN

I just know it's addictive. KIT

Three point six billion, trust me, game owners focus on the addictive. VAN

Shift said she knows the rogues who started it. They promised her admin status once she kills enough zombies. KIT

While she squats here. VAN

KIT

With me squatting under her squatting. I'm kind of having post-apocalyptic cash syndrome.

VAN

That's a real thing?

KIT

When Mom kicks you out of the house over it, you know it's real.

VAN

Damn.

KIT

Had nowhere else to go. Except Shift. Happens all the time, I bet, gamers crashing from host to host. I thought, take a chance! Who knows, maybe I'll get here and meet Shift's friends, find a place to stay. Maybe I'd get that scholarship. Grabbed my laptop, my plant, my trowel, hopped a long bus ride from Baltimore to a place that turned out to be...well, not what I expected.

VAN

You reveal a lot about yourself for a first date.

KIT

Your Mom must be thrilled.

VAN

Hardly. She made it to the top on her own, said I should do the same. I was progeny at Brown.

KIT

Progeny at Brown. Sounds like I should own all their albums.

VAN

Economics degree. Graduate with honors, of course.

KIT

Of course.

VAN

And then a braggable job! Like any of us are working. It's what, fifty percent of college graduates unemployed.

KIT

I only made it to high-school dropout. My Mom doesn't know where I am.

VAN

Mine won't talk to me either. Guess she's more embarrassed than I am. Minimum wage at Blockbuster! And I can't even get that right.

KIT

Maybe we're getting it right and we don't even know it.

VAN

How's that?

KIT

Maybe we're like the Rembrandt tulip. Hundreds of years ago they caused a major jolt in Europe. Tulip mania. Turned out to be just a mutation in the bulb. Maybe that's us. Life's mutation, now seeds borne by the wind.

VAN

Lately, I feel like the wind is about to blow me over.

KIT

Then you haven't seen what the wind can do.

*Beat.*

VAN

I should go.

KIT

Okay.

VAN

Back to the real [world]...job search.

KIT

It's okay.

VAN

And don't worry, I won't tell what's going on here.

KIT

Not that it matters. Lately we've been attracting a lot of...

VAN

Progenies at Brown.

KIT

Right.

VAN

You know, it's funny, we were told the world will someday be ours, yet here we are, a fourth of the way into our life, and it's as unclear as ever.

KIT

How's that funny?

VAN

Because we think we're the ones who failed.

*VAN exits.*

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S4. WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM.**

*Washington, DC. A White House bathroom.*

*PRESIDENT enters, carrying a golf club.  
He whistles Hail to the Chief and goes to  
relieve himself at the urinal.*

*DONNA enters.*

PRESIDENT

How'd you get past the Secret Service?

DONNA

Told them I'd raise interest rates.

PRESIDENT

That's what you told Congress.

DONNA

They didn't know what I was talking about either.

PRESIDENT

Don't you have your own bathroom?

DONNA

Usually a line.

PRESIDENT

You can't cut off my balls on TV, so you're going to do it here.

DONNA

[Showing a note] 'Go see number one.'

PRESIDENT

Eddie's idea. He wanted to use code.

DONNA

At first I thought my admin had lost it. It's not often the Fed Chair gets summoned by the President.

PRESIDENT

It's never. You were summoned by Eddie. He was pissed about you on all the talk shows.

DONNA

I believe the youth of America deserve to hear from the most powerful woman on the planet.

PRESIDENT

Except nobody understands half of what comes out of your mouth.

DONNA

Including Eddie.

PRESIDENT

Schedule an appointment. In the meantime, you have your bathroom to relieve whatever bile of doom you've been imbibing of late.

DONNA

We don't have a meantime.

PRESIDENT

Donna, I'd hate nothing more than to waste my Presidential piss time hearing you whine, but I'm en route to a critically important event.

DONNA

The washing of the hands?

PRESIDENT

The Daughters of the Confederacy. Hosting a scramble tourney. Yes, I'll be stroking a half-round at Fort Meade with the Daughters even though my ancestry fought union. Is that irony?

DONNA

[His club] That's a wood.

PRESIDENT

Make an appointment with Eddie, okay? And keep up the terrible work.

*DONNA blocks PRESIDENT's exit.*

DONNA

This is serious.

PRESIDENT

Serious is when the women of this great country provide me another four years. Don't worry, Donna, you're appointed for as long as you stay quiet.

DONNA

I thought with the student protests that the people of this country, including women, might start listening to what I have to say.

PRESIDENT

You got a recording device in there?

DONNA

I came in here because this is the one place the White House doesn't record.

PRESIDENT

Yeah, how can you be so sure?

DONNA

Because Eddie wasn't your first choice for Treasury Secretary.

*Beat.*

PRESIDENT

Two minutes.

DONNA

Signs of a fiscal collapse are unmistakable.

PRESIDENT

Ohhhh, God.

DONNA

We've reached levels of unprecedented danger. Global banks are failing.

PRESIDENT

It's called a European problem.

DONNA

Yes, because they don't discipline each other.

PRESIDENT

They've never disciplined each other. That's why they hate us.

DONNA

There's more. As of this morning the Chinese are done buying U.S. debt.

PRESIDENT

Where'd you get that?

DONNA

I pay attention.

PRESIDENT

Eddie didn't say anything.

DONNA

Because Eddie isn't doing anything. Besides, Treasury doesn't control the dollar. I do.

PRESIDENT

The Chinese are posturing.

DONNA

You sent code for help.

PRESIDENT

I sent code to get you off TV. You were supposed to schedule an appointment so I could be absent and you and Eddie could talk.

DONNA

Forget Eddie, he's worthless.

PRESIDENT

Um, okay, one minute left in our already forgettable tryst, you can worry all you want, but the dollar is too big to collapse.

DONNA

And you have limited understanding of the extraordinary issues at play. The economy isn't some appliance with an on-off switch. You can't continue to sit idle and do nothing. So far that's got you a high unfavorable and a large and surly group of protestors starting to surround the White House.

PRESIDENT

Donna, I want you to listen close, because what I'm about to say will impact your political career.

DONNA

I'm not in politics. I'm an economist.

PRESIDENT

Who's all over network talk.

DONNA

Because the dollar is in trouble.

PRESIDENT

Every day the dollar is in trouble. And every next day the dollar is doing just fine.

DONNA

I need you to enact my plans.

PRESIDENT

You just want to protect your own ass.

DONNA

My duty is protecting the American way of life's ass.

PRESIDENT

Which is why you've back-channeled this to me.

DONNA

Confronting the President of the United States in a White House bathroom is not what I would classify a backchannel move. It's kind of front-channel. We don't have to make this political.

PRESIDENT

Number one lie in this city. Donna Steelmint: your overzealous alarmism undermines the security of the American conscience. Furthermore, this ain't helping the woman vote. Golf tourney awaits.

*PRESIDENT exits, whistling.*

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S5. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*Over darkness.*

SHIFT

MOTHER OF ALL FUCKERY!

*Lights up on SHIFT at her laptop, wearing headset, punching and clicking.*

SHIFT

We got a large and surly group of zombies here! [Sing-chants] *Gonna slay me some zombie; gonna shred me some undead; gonna slaaayyyy me some zombie; fire puck bomb through their head.* Some help I could use here! I said, I could use a little A-ssistance with some killing! Yo, Kit!

KIT

Huh?

SHIFT

[Disrobing headgear] Come join me for some imaginative social play.

KIT

Sorry.

SHIFT

What's wrong? You not get any last night? Sleep, I mean.

KIT

I was just thinking.

SHIFT

'Bout you and I leading a massacre!

KIT

Something like that.

SHIFT

I'm telling you Kit, couple more years of this and we could be admin status. Get admin status and be in control. Get outta this place and head someplace warm, a climate suitable for land mammals. A beach, couple recliner chairs, and a long extension cord tapping electric from some cabana hut. So turn off the think and come kill.

KIT

My neck hurts.

SHIFT

Probably from sleeping in the bathtub. I could give a little rub-down. Start on the thumbs and work my way up the arms, to the neck, and wherever else needs a woman's touch.

KIT

Uh, that's okay.

SHIFT

You don't want me to.

KIT

No.

SHIFT

You do want me to.

KIT

Your fingers must be sore.

SHIFT

Don't make excuses for me. I'm not the weak one here. I'm kidding, damn, you take everything so serious. You need to lighten, okay? Maybe it's me. Maybe I'll lighten. Cuz I'm sitting here. I'm just sitting here, but maybe if I lighten and come over there, and maybe give your thumbs a rub, and then your arms, and then to the neck...

*Knocking at the upstage main door.*

SHIFT

Fuck a dick.

*Another knock.*

SHIFT

The cops!

KIT

Wouldn't they say police?

*KIT opens the door. There's a bouquet of flowers.*

It's flowers.	KIT
Flowers.	SHIFT
An arrangement.	KIT
Oh my God, they know. They know.	SHIFT
Who knows?	KIT
They know where I am.	SHIFT
[Opens a note, reads] 'Trying to learn what the wind can do. Meet again? Email yes to ilikeVan at gmail.' Wow. He sent tulips.	KIT
Who did?	SHIFT
A guy.	KIT
A guy.	SHIFT
Van.	KIT
A guy in a van.	SHIFT
A guy named Van. I met him.	KIT

When? SHIFT

This morning. KIT

Where? SHIFT

Here. KIT

Here. SHIFT

He walked in. KIT

A troll. SHIFT

A guy. KIT

How'd he get in? SHIFT

He just tapped me on the shoulder. KIT

Some psycho rapist just waltzed in here. SHIFT

He's not a psycho, he's from Brown. He thought he was coming to work here. KIT

For the Tulip. SHIFT

For Blockbuster. KIT

There is no Blockbuster. SHIFT

KIT

Well he knows that now.

SHIFT

So you didn't open the door?

KIT

I thought he was some drug person coming to scrap the place.

SHIFT

How'd he get in?

KIT

He said the door.

SHIFT

How'd he leave?

KIT

He walked out.

SHIFT

You didn't throw him out.

KIT

He was nice.

SHIFT

What he look like?

KIT

Um...cute. I guess.

SHIFT

I let you into this rink. You're crashing at my pad.

KIT

I know that.

SHIFT

Have you been messing with me this whole time?

KIT

Shift, I'm telling you, he showed up unannounced.

SHIFT

Did you tell him what's going on?

KIT

He's this young guy, like us, and really sweet.

SHIFT

You fucking told him.

KIT

He already knew about gaming and everything. He swore to keep it all a secret.

SHIFT

After he somehow magically appeared, flicking your shoulder.

KIT

Shift, it's not like that.

SHIFT

No, it's like you, me, psycho scrapist, and some flower company psycho scrapist used to deliver flowers. That's what it's like.

KIT

Shift, calm, I was going to tell you.

SHIFT

We are blown. Exploded.

KIT

It was a random meet-up.

SHIFT

And you bought that shit? That's 101 FBI lie shit. Look at this. I like Van. What kind of name is Van? And who even uses email anymore? The dot gov, that's who.

KIT

Shift, c'mon.

SHIFT

No, Kit, you c'mon. You think you're the only one who was kicked out? The only one abandoned? This game is making me important. This game is making me a winner.

KIT

It means a lot to me, too.

SHIFT

Forget what it means to you. We got problems. You're letting trolls in.

KIT

He's not a troll, he's a person. How is it a crime to meet new people?

SHIFT

You gotta know how to defend like a gamer. I can't have trolls here.

KIT

Is that what you think of me?

SHIFT

Who found you when you were nothing but a newbie slushputty getting ganked by zombies, huh? Who made you a member of my rink? Who was there for you when you flaked on high school? Who took you in after you got tossed by your Mom? Who's the only one hosting you? Providing for you.

KIT

You are.

SHIFT

So why the fuck are weeds getting delivered to my door?

KIT

Alright. I won't email him.

SHIFT

Did you even want to?

KIT

I'm sorry.

SHIFT

No, hey, it's okay, look, you did the right thing. Some random FBI gov-nerd trolled in here and caused a freak but you tossed him. Now we're on alert. You and me. Cuz that's what this is about, right?

KIT

Fine.

SHIFT

‘Course right. Now. Can we get back to work?

*SHIFT puts on gamer headset, KIT holds the delivery card.*

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S6. LECTERN.**

*DONNA, at the lectern.*

DONNA

I'm sorry. I'm telling you about what happened and I realized I forgot to start with a joke.

When speaking publicly you're supposed to tell a joke.

Try this: what's the difference between the dollar and football? You still get four quarters out of football.

Gee, Donna, they're not laughing.

That's okay, because I'm not laughing.

You know why I'm not laughing?

Because I'm choking.

The American Dream died the day we became a nation in debt.

Right now you're choking on it.

See, there's this trillion-dollar high skyscraper of debt.

It's just towering, the tip far beyond our sight.

And at the bottom, its foundation, is your mouth, wide, your lifestyle appetite trying to swallow it all.

And you're standing there, your heads tilted back, mouths wide, tip-toed on a wobbly rock of excess.

And you can't keep up with all the debt I'm feeding you.

Yes, that I'm feeding you.

One hundred years ago, the Fed was created as neither a government entity nor a reserve, but a private corporation.

I run a private corporation that not only makes your dollar but charges you interest on each dollar I print.

DONNA [CONT.]

And lately I've been making lots of Franklins.

Because I have to.

Because nobody's buying our debt.

Not China, not Brazil, not nobody.

That's really the start of this fiasco.

We can't even export our debt.

So we're down to one mouth.

Wake-up call!

But you didn't wake up.

You kept your eyes shut and mouth open while me and my private corporation kept printing more money, forcing the U.S. government to buy its own debt, which is really double-buying.

Not only is this dumb, it's stupid.

It's obscene.

And totally unsustainable.

There.

How's that for a joke.

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S7. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*From darkness.*

SHIFT

WHO WANTS AN ASS KICKIN' FROM MAMACITA!

*Lights up on KIT and SHIFT at their laptops.*

KIT

They're in the rink!

SHIFT

We got a troll breach!

KIT

How'd they get in the rink?

SHIFT

Coming through the visitor's bench. Go to secure channel.

KIT

They're trampling the tulips!

SHIFT

Bad-ass-tards.

KIT

That is so not very nice.

SHIFT

Troll breach now at center ice! Alright, ready about Kit, get left.

KIT

[Typing] Please stay off the tulips.

SHIFT

LEFT, Kit!

KIT

They're fellow players. Maybe if we talk to them.

SHIFT

Maybe if we put a puck bomb up their rectum.

KIT

Damnit! Not the tulips!

SHIFT

You just invaded the wrong rink. Where's my puck bomb?

KIT

Loading.

SHIFT

That's my girl.

KIT

Two of them.

SHIFT

That's my girl!

KIT

And puck bombs ready to fire!

SHIFT

BUENOS TARDES, ASSHOLES!

*There's a knock on the upstage main door.*

VAN [OFF]

Kit! You in there? Hello! Kit! Hello?

*SHIFT opens the door.*

VAN

Whoa. Is Kit here?

SHIFT

Who the hell are you?

KIT

Van.

Kit! VAN

Van? SHIFT

Hi. VAN

Hi. KIT

Got your email. VAN

What email. SHIFT

[To KIT] You got the flowers. VAN

SHIFT

We got ‘em. Then I threw ‘em in a bag with a bunch of screaming kittens and lit the whole thing on fire.

You must be Shift. VAN

What. SHIFT

It’s cool, Kit told me. VAN

SHIFT

Kit doesn’t know what she’s talking about.

KIT

Thank you for the flowers.

VAN

Tulips are actually hard to find.

SHIFT

This place is actually hard to find.

KIT

I'm sorry, Shift sometimes suffers from rude. Would you like to come in?

SHIFT

No.

VAN

Thanks. [Offering a White Castle takeout bag] Here. Figured I owed you. I didn't know what you like so I got a bunch of jalapeno crispies.

KIT

I love jalapeno crispies.

SHIFT

We hate jalapeno crispies. What are you doing here?

VAN

Sorry to drop by unannounced.

SHIFT

We just mutilated a bunch of trolls doing that very thing.

VAN

Look, I came back to talk to you. Both of you, actually.

SHIFT

There's nothing you want to talk about we want to hear.

VAN

It's cool, I mean I'd geek too if somebody bombed my setup.

SHIFT

Who is this guy?

KIT

This is Van. Brown, Blockbuster, nothing to do with gaming.

VAN

Has anyone created universal Zombocalypse money? Is there a control power or any exchange mechanism functioning as authoritative game currency?

*Beat.*

KIT

What.

SHIFT

I told you, Kit, a spy.

VAN

No see, I logged on. I joined. I created a hockey player profile. I traveled rink to rink taking on all these zombies in random fights. I have to tell you it was kind of boring.

SHIFT

You're kind of boring.

VAN

But this Level 16 Assassination Goalie rolled up in this huge Zamboni. He asked if I wanted to join his rink. I was like, cool! Then he ambushed me. Cut me with a Skate Sharpener of Death. I sat there, helpless, staring at my screen, while this Level 16 Assassination Goalie laughed and took all my stuff. I was so angry. I spent all night looking for some serious weapon to get him back. At this one rink, I tried to buy a puck bomb, and they wanted fourteen helmets. Another rink wanted seven shoulder pads. No wonder nobody owns the game. Any true authority would stabilize a single currency. That's what I came here for. To tell you. To talk about.

SHIFT

That's what user groups are for.

VAN

This is a financial market waiting to happen. With instability comes opportunity for profit.

KIT

You're talking a lot different than before.

VAN

I believe the Order of the Tulip can position its digital tulips to become Zombocalypse game currency.

KIT

You said you were landscaping.

VAN

How big is the Order of the Tulip? Are there others working for you? Game slaves?

SHIFT

Wow. This is all very interesting. Also very interesting is the finger. Now get out.

VAN

There's nobody servicing money inside Zombocalypse. There's no central bank.

KIT

You came back to talk about that?

VAN

Yes. Because at some point with these kinds of numbers someone's going to establish fiscal authority. And I believe you have the power to get there first.

SHIFT

Please vacate right now if not sooner.

VAN

Your HQ.

SHIFT

That's right, hetero-rectal, this is mine.

VAN

I don't see your name on anything.

KIT

This is Shift's place. Respect that.

VAN

Respect you have digital tulips. Tons of them. They can be the currency which rules all of Zombocalypse.

KIT

Maybe you should leave.

VAN

Two things matter: separating gamers from their money and making sure they come back for more.

KIT

That's not a game, Van, that's a drug.

VAN

Which fifteen million take for hours a day.

SHIFT

We would really be joyful if you accessorized the curb.

VAN

You know who owns this building? A real estate trust. Not unreal estate. That's why you still have power. And once the real real estate finds out about what's going on here, they might pull the plug.

SHIFT

Nobody pulls my plug but me.

KIT

And me.

VAN

You'd be kicked out, again.

SHIFT

[To KIT] You told him?

VAN

[To SHIFT] You want admin status?

SHIFT

How does this queef know so much?

VAN

How'd you like to be admin everything? You control the money, you control the everything.

KIT

With digital tulips.

VAN

I know nothing brings people together like money.

SHIFT

Yeah, you know you slipped in here and sweetened on Kit and caused a momentary lapse of brain, but I know what's what and fancy education doesn't equal smart.

VAN

Yeah, and sitting in front of a screen doesn't equal work.

SHIFT

What are you, twenty-one?

VAN

Twenty-two.

SHIFT

Well, I'm twenty-three. So I kinda got the world figured out. And I didn't come from fancy education, and I'm doing just fine.

VAN

Fine.

SHIFT

That's right, fine.

VAN

Then keep on being the undead shooting the undead. 'Cause that's what you are. Look at us. Sitting around an abandoned Blockbuster. Not exactly the sparkling cider of society. At least that's what we're told. We're told you gotta get the best school and the best degree to get the best job. And if you're not a billionaire by the time you're twenty-four then you've wasted your life. Go plant yourself in some cold city where lines are drawn saying this is theirs and not yours. Well that map is gone. There are no boundaries anymore. Our generation is making it obsolete, building new worlds online. And we're everywhere. Sitting in a coffee shop, or a basement, or behind a White Castle, staring into screens and punching buttons. Fifteen million who all have the same problem: money. And this isn't some first-world problem, and there's no game cheat, there's just who does it first. So welcome to the human credit union. Play or be played. Either you write the rules or they do. Those are the stakes. Do you want to stay undead or do you want to come back to life?

KIT

And this would bring people together.

VAN

There's a lot of people playing games. But there's nobody making money for those games. It's the ultimate app.

KIT

Digital tulips.

VAN

What do you think a dollar bill is?

KIT

Dead tree.

VAN

Exactly. A means of exchange. But the woman who runs the dollar? She runs everything.

KIT

You seem different now.

VAN

I'm just like you, trying to bring people together to get ahead. Trying to find that mutation moment.

KIT

Digital tulips as game currency.

VAN

Start with your local rink.

KIT

And people will trade with it.

VAN

Money is a virus. It infects and spreads. Like wildfire. Forget driving a Zamboni. You'd bring together all gamers everywhere. And you'd be the one giving out admin status.

SHIFT

Even if we did offer digital tulips as trade bait, I'm not equipped to handle a surge.

VAN

Yes!

SHIFT

We'd need serious computing power.

VAN

How much power?

SHIFT

Dual GTX graphics processors, terabytes of ballistix sports memory.

VAN

Is anything you just said computers?

SHIFT

Problem is: it's gonna cost money.

VAN

I can get money.

SHIFT

Big bing.

VAN

I can get big bing.

SHIFT

Listen, Vanilla, I don't want you to get involved in things you don't understand.  
That make you feel out of your element.

VAN

Don't worry. This is gonna work out great!

KIT

You're leaving?

VAN

I'll be back with the money. Order Of The Tulip.

*VAN exits.*

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S8. WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM.**

*A crowd noise and horn orchestra in the background.*

*DONNA waits.*

*The PRESIDENT enters, now in formal attire.*

PRESIDENT

Oh! My little checkbook!

DONNA

Hail, King President!

PRESIDENT

You're in my bathroom.

DONNA

That I'm paying for.

PRESIDENT

Go to hell.

DONNA

Working on it.

PRESIDENT

Saw you got your ass kicked on Meet the Press. Waving the burning flag of imminent demise. Well, nothing a couple political suppositories can't help.

DONNA

Forget suppositories, I've been trying to inject the country with financial botox. But my medicine is now the poison.

PRESIDENT

Damnit, Donna, can a guy piss in peace?

DONNA

Not with the protest. It's up to a hundred thousand out there.

PRESIDENT

Anyone ever tell you you tend to exaggerate?

DONNA

I was out there with them. It's at least a hundred thousand. Lined up around the White House, shoulder to shoulder, lying on their backs, arms extended like street angels. And they're chanting: 'ommmm'.

PRESIDENT

Bunch of goddamn kids.

DONNA

They're pissed at the situation.

PRESIDENT

We're not talking the annotated bibliography of forced labor. I'm not the one twisting their arms to pay ungodly tuition rates so they can have sushi in their dorm rooms. Missing class. When I was in college we were lucky to miss hazing. How'd you make it past the protest?

DONNA

Nobody knows who I am.

PRESIDENT

Your publicist must be ambulatory.

DONNA

It's getting so loud the 'omm' is vibrating windows.

PRESIDENT

Good thing I got bulletproof.

DONNA

Too bad you don't extend that same protection to the dollar.

PRESIDENT

Student protests are 70's theme parties.

DONNA

It's everybody. Young, in their 70s, lying down, bending over.

PRESIDENT

Donna—

DONNA

Frustrated, scared, especially the elderly who can't live on savings anymore.

PRESIDENT

Yes, it's Donna Steelmint and her dollar downer routine! Fun for the whole family!

DONNA

I need you to enact my plans.

PRESIDENT

Want my autograph before you go?

DONNA

Two minutes.

PRESIDENT

We played this game already.

DONNA

Let me show you one thing. One thing.

PRESIDENT

What.

DONNA

This.

PRESIDENT

What.

DONNA

Our current national debt.

*PRESIDENT looks at it. Turns it to the side, upside down.*

DONNA

What's so funny.

PRESIDENT

We can't pay this off. We can't pay this off!

*More laughing, now almost from both.*

DONNA

I guess I never really thought of it that way. Not paying it off.

PRESIDENT

I admit, it looks bad.

DONNA

It's even worse that it looks.

PRESIDENT

But that's not what people want to hear. That's your problem. That's why I get elected and you get appointed. People want drive-through government. I want this, I want that, I want it to fit in my mouth and go. The debt, the dollar, they're not easy opinions. Easy opinions equal easy votes. So people don't want to listen and the few that do want change right up until change hits their wallet. Capitalism is the curse of not being able to walk away from more.

DONNA

Capitalism is innovation over tradition. Which is why people are transferring their deposit cash to safe havens.

PRESIDENT

Donna.

DONNA

People are starting to pull out of the dollar.

PRESIDENT

Donna.

DONNA

Shifting to gold, whatever they think is safe.

PRESIDENT

Listen, c'mere, let's get you out of the bathroom, okay? You have some drinks, dance to the orchestra, and *stop going on TV*.

DONNA

Doing nothing is no longer an option.

PRESIDENT

Donna, I've got a thousand problems to deal with.

DONNA

And the dollar is problem one. You can kiss problem two through the rest goodbye without the dollar. These transfers out of deposits grow into a full-on sprint [snaps fingers] like that. All it takes is one international buyer, desperate, to hedge any kind of emerging currency, and we'd have a domino-style free-fall.

PRESIDENT

The dollar's got nothing to be afraid of.

DONNA

That's what every country thinks right before its money becomes a collector's item. The American people—

PRESIDENT

The American people perceive what we want them to perceive.

DONNA

Another founding father. Well I'm the reigning mother. And as much as it pains me to say it, I can't do this alone.

PRESIDENT

What's this plan of yours?

DONNA

For starters...a bank holiday, a resetting of debt.

PRESIDENT

I declare a bank holiday and we'd have total collapse.

DONNA

I can't prevent the fall of the dollar without your help.

PRESIDENT

Alright, look, if something comes out of nowhere to somehow threaten the dollar, then I will shove, with my own two hands, the Treasury Secretary onto an oncoming Metro. I'll even abandon seeking a second term.

DONNA

You're serious.

PRESIDENT

But if nothing happens by reelection, then you will resign, and you will go back to wherever you come from.

DONNA

Minnesota.

PRESIDENT

Whatever. Nothing happens and you're out.

DONNA

Get ready to shove with your two hands. Because we have a crisis.

PRESIDENT

If I knee-jerked every time I was handed an apocalypse my legs would fall off.

DONNA

Roosevelt managed. With half the banks closed. He inherited panic and paid it off. You...I don't know what you're doing.

PRESIDENT

Stick around long enough and find out. And why is it you think you can come in here and talk to me this way?

DONNA

Because I don't work for you.

*DONNA goes.*

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S9. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*Over darkness.*

SHIFT

MY LIFE IS CRAZY SHIT!

*Lights up on SHIFT at her laptop, pecking  
and punching.*

SHIFT

SLAUGHTER AND RAMPAGE, BITCHES!

KIT

You wonder how he's getting the money. No job. Mom won't talk to him.

SHIFT

He ain't coming back. And how do you know so much about his Mom?

KIT

I listened.

SHIFT

Listen to me now: he ain't coming back.

KIT

What makes you so sure?

SHIFT

Cuz he's a liar. One big thorn in the weeds. You heard the way he talks.

KIT

He sounded committed.

SHIFT

You gotta know how to sound like a gamer. Alright, look, if that walking  
Wikipedia of Annoying somehow shows up with an armful of money then I will  
shove with my own two hands digital tulips to the trolls. That is...unless...

KIT

You did it.

SHIFT

Surprise.

Without Van. KIT

Fuck Van, what do we need him for? SHIFT

You just did it. KIT

Put the weeds out there. SHIFT

And they're all— KIT

Using it. SHIFT

Paying with it. KIT

Trading with it. SHIFT

At our rink. KIT

Everywhere. Total verse. SHIFT

But you said you needed all that stuff. KIT

That was a ruse to get plain bagel outta here. SHIFT

You lied. KIT

Who cares? SHIFT

I care, Shift. KIT

SHIFT

Why do you care so much about some plebe you don't even know? That guy is totally ortho. He doesn't even have a visible tattoo! He ain't one of us.

KIT

I thought he might make a nice addition to the team.

SHIFT

Yeah, well, that ain't your decision to make. The Order of the Tulip is you-and-me and me. That's the team.

KIT

What team are you on Shift? If this were a true team I'd know some things.

SHIFT

Like what?

KIT

For one thing your name.

SHIFT

Fine. Since you came all this way. I've never met anybody involved face-to-face, okay? You're the only gamer whose ever seen me.

KIT

And I still don't know your name! Being all secret doesn't make you a winner.

SHIFT

It makes me a Level 50 Assassin. The game developers promised me admin status once I kill enough players, not zombies. Players get too good too fast and the developers don't want imbalance. It's all zipped lip that assassins are about, special weapons, kill-target orders, making sure nobody advances far enough so that everybody comes back for more.

KIT

I've been trying to involve people and you're programmed to kill them.

SHIFT

Alone. Bitter. Angry. Screen. Discovery. Country. Wild. Relentless. Kill. Kill more. Like a ceremony. Then acceptance. Win. Alone. Then you. Gentle. Share instead of kill. Weeds. Developers: have fun. Except. Each new troll, have I gone too good? Did the developers give an order? Living on top of the shadows of the world and still someone else's game piece.

KIT

Maybe this digital tulip thing is just what we need.

*Knocking on the door.*

VAN [OFF]

Hey! It's me, Van! Kit, Shift! You there!

*KIT opens the door. VAN enters, manic.*

VAN

Sorry it took so long. Sold everything. Car, clothes, trowels, everything. Here you go. Seed money! Five thousand dollars. Whole time I was in the pawn shop, I never felt more sure of anything in my life. Just like you said, Kit, you gotta learn when that wind blows! Because this is nothing, by the time we're done, this is gonna be tissue paper, we're gonna wipe our nose with five thousand dollars. So! When can we start?

*Lights shift.*

**A1, S10. WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM / BLOCKBUSTER / LECTERN.**

*DONNA waiting.*

*PRESIDENT barges in, holding a note.*

PRESIDENT

You're a persistent bitch, you know that?

DONNA

Oh, you're listening now.

PRESIDENT

What the hell are you doing?

DONNA

Getting your attention.

PRESIDENT

By stomping around the rose garden?

DONNA

There's been a development.

PRESIDENT

The press is out of control. Why is Donna Steelmint lying in the rose garden, chanting 'ommm'?

DONNA

It was actually kind of peaceful.

PRESIDENT

[Referencing the note] 'Fed Chair says to have a number two.'

DONNA

I don't think the NSA will crack that one, either.

PRESIDENT

You're insane.

DONNA

It would seem a new currency has emerged.

*Lights shift.*

KIT

Look at all these people! They're everywhere!

VAN

Wildfire. What're those guys called?

SHIFT

They're not guys, nose job, they're warrior class puck bombers.

KIT

You're not upset we launched the digital tulip without you?

VAN

Launching's the easy part.

SHIFT

Rink syndicate looking to pot their bulbs.

VAN

Organized crime?

SHIFT

My kinda team.

KIT

That's not right.

VAN

Type the mob we'll stash for a hosting fee. Right, wrong, we deal in applied interest.

*Lights shift.*

PRESIDENT

Hockey-playing zombies.

DONNA

Hockey players killing zombies, actually.

PRESIDENT

I'm getting dragged to the men's by you for online zombie game money.

DONNA

These kids are funneling serious coin. Lying out there with their little handhelds, shifting the balance.

PRESIDENT

You've lost it.

DONNA

It's enough to attract the attention of the real-world exchange. This is the kind of thing I warned about.

PRESIDENT

Have you been snorting the dollar?

DONNA

I need you to enact my plan.

PRESIDENT

Instead, maybe you can gather enough play money to pay for a real moving van to take you back to Minnesota.

*Lights shift.*

KIT

Uh-oh.

SHIFT

Figures.

VAN

Competition was bound to happen.

KIT

What are they calling their money?

SHIFT

The Schwarzenegger.

KIT

Maybe there's room for two currencies. Maybe we could partner with them.

VAN

No. We have to take them out.

KIT

All those people?

VAN

What's the most powerful weapon in the game?

SHIFT

Nuclear Hockey Stick.

VAN

Where can we get it?

SHIFT

The game developers haven't released it.

VAN

But it does exist.

SHIFT

In theory.

VAN

In theory the tulip was just a flower. You really know the game developers?

SHIFT

You really got a pair?

VAN

Tell the developers we have five thousand dollars and a proposition. And release all the digital tulips to market. Flood supply.

SHIFT

Damn, Vanilla, if you wanted to be in business what the hell were you doing in school?

*Lights shift.*

*At the lectern, DONNA as before.*

DONNA

I should have stopped there.

I should have let it go.

DONNA [CONT.]

But another President who does nothing.

Every four years they come and they go but guess who has to stick around.

Me. I stick around. Banker in Chief. Cleaning up their mess.

I protect! I preserve!

The world's most powerful woman, more powerful than the world's most powerful man.

Who was making a mockery of it all.

No, that's not entirely true.

The truth is that prediction is a humbling occupation.

But this time I thought I was right. I thought I knew what was coming. So clear it couldn't be mistaken.

I personally drew the world to the new currency.

But I couldn't stop the seed from growing beyond control.

*Lights shift.*

KIT

WELCOME TROLLS! FORM A LINE! Starting to feel a little rush here.

VAN

Simply the natural high from exploiting demand and supply.

SHIFT

Wow, that is so economics of you.

VAN

This is incredible! Total tulip takeover! With American values. Vision, teamwork, and bloody conquest all in the name of...oh, my God.

SHIFT

Holy. Shit.

What?	KIT
Oh. My God.	VAN
Holy. Shit-shit.	SHIFT
What's wrong?	KIT
There's a new buyer.	VAN
Who? Who's buying?	KIT
Italy.	VAN

**END ACT ONE.**

**ACT TWO.**

**A2, S1. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*From darkness.*

KIT

WHO WANTS SOME MONEY!

*Lights up on KIT and SHIFT at their laptops, with steering wheel and headsets, a la beginning of Act I.*

KIT

Buongiorno! Ah, grazie! [To VAN] These Italians are very polite.

SHIFT

Y'all want some numbers?

VAN

Ask him what the Euro is trading tulips at.

KIT

Patience.

VAN

Yeah, I don't have any of that.

KIT

Then it's a good thing I'm customer service.

SHIFT

Hey! Who wants numbers?

VAN

I do!

SHIFT

Guess.

VAN

Let me have it!



Troll. SHIFT

What nationality? VAN

Brazil. KIT

Troll! SHIFT

Customer. VAN

What's the graffiti say on Stamen's zamboni? SHIFT

[Reading] 'Zombocalypse is for lovers.' KIT

You're going down, bitch. SHIFT

[To SHIFT] No. VAN

Puck bomb loading. SHIFT

No. VAN

Then tell Stamen to send something nice from Havana. SHIFT

Okay, that's Cuba. VAN

[Typing] Greetings, new friend! KIT

[To KIT] Ask him what the centavo is trading tulips at. VAN

[Punching a key] Too late!

SHIFT

Damnit, Shift!

VAN

Now nine million, nine hundred and ninety nine thousand--

SHIFT

Knock it off! [To KIT] Wait, who's that?

VAN

Where?

KIT

Left.

VAN

I don't—

KIT

LEFT, Kit! There, with the AU.

VAN

Australia.

KIT

What's that?

SHIFT

A suburb of New Zealand, you freak.

VAN

[Punching keys] Not anymore.

SHIFT

Stop killing everyone, will you?

VAN

If there's one I could kill.

SHIFT

[To KIT] Did you ask that guy?

VAN

SHIFT

Why's everyone in your world a guy?

KIT

What am I asking?

VAN

Just ask if there's any stagflation.

SHIFT

Ew, sounds like what you get not wearing a condom, puck bomb loading.

VAN

Shift, I swear!

SHIFT

Ooooh, ya hear that tulip trolls? Shithead stagflation is swearing!

VAN

Did you ask him?

KIT

Okay, Van, just, STOP. Stop, okay? It's too much. We've been at this all night. I can't handle ten, let alone ten million. Just stop. Stop.

VAN

So you're saying we should stop.

SHIFT

C'mere honey, no more vanilla slave driver for you.

KIT

All I see is the game. I feel like a zombie.

VAN

Which is why we can't stop now. You heard Shift.

SHIFT

I don't know what you heard from me but it sure wasn't sit your ass in your chair and slave all night.

VAN

Gathering real-time data lets us know how to enforce the right rate on our exchange. Because ten million tulip swappers, inflation's gonna jack. Is it really ten million?

SHIFT

What are you doing?

VAN

Checking your work.

SHIFT

You just touched my screen.

VAN

It can't be ten million.

SHIFT

Never touch a woman's screen.

VAN

Don't you see? This has gone beyond the game. This is happening, really truly happening.

SHIFT

Yeah. Or...[clicking keys]...another dead one!

VAN

WILL YOU STOP?

SHIFT

Chill with the upper case voice, you purvo screen-toucher.

VAN

Hey, these fingers? They know how to touch their way through the big game now at play. These fingers [snaps his fingers] have snapped a surprise jab to the system. These fingers [snap] know we got momentum. And these fingers know we just entered round two of the big fight. But I bet each time I [snap] snap my fingers the federal reserves of the world fight back by creating more money.

SHIFT

Then maybe you should stop snapping your fingers.

VAN

What is your problem?

SHIFT

Gee, I don't know, random Jimmy Johns in pleated knits meddling my affairs makes me sour.

VAN

I figured sour a preexisting condition.

KIT

Van!

VAN

She's shooting all the customers.

KIT

While you're fleecing them.

SHIFT

You're not trying to change the world, you're trying to control the world. Same old hetero white man power bullshit.

KIT

That's the team spirit.

SHIFT

There's only one team here and he's not on it. I'm not even sure what his role is.

VAN

Economist.

SHIFT

'Cuz they're real useful. You money people are all the same: gimme more while I screw you over.

KIT

Shift, c'mon.

SHIFT

C'mon what? He's a spy.

VAN

Right, I'm the econ spy from Games 'R Us.

KIT

This is one of those incredible, life-changing, life-affirming moments which I'm too exhausted to enjoy and you're both too \*rowr!\* to appreciate.

SHIFT

Me? He's the one strutting around here, like he can lord over us, with his back straight, his chin up, his privilege hanging on every word, but I'm the one with a job.

VAN

To kill zombies?

SHIFT

Where'd you come from?

VAN

Let's see...the real world.

SHIFT

Where money people are like gamers, except with more killing.

KIT

Just great.

VAN

The question is who are you, Shift? Really, we're all waiting to hear! Especially about this job of yours, could you be a little more specific where that's at?

SHIFT

By the time I get back, vanilla here better be extracted.

VAN

Aww, don't leave sour, just leave.

SHIFT

I do what I want, how I want, whenever I want.

KIT

I'm logging off now.

VAN

Instead of stimulating the zombie-conomy let's all take a little field trip to the university and ask: do you know this girl? Does she really work here? Because I know what it's like to show up at a place in the real world without a job waiting for you.

KIT

Are you done? We finished? Because all this bickering gets us nowhere. It's pointless.

VAN

Oh no, there's a point. The point is that there's ten million gamers depending on us to finance their addiction.

SHIFT

You hear this, Kit?

KIT

I'm trying not to listen.

VAN

[To SHIFT] Whose stuff is this?

SHIFT

Mine.

VAN

I don't see your name on anything.

SHIFT

I built it. I earned it.

VAN

Are we in the lab? Is this some kind of lab? Did whoever or whatever you're working for set this up?

SHIFT

I'm warning you. You try and mess with what's mine--

VAN

And what? What are you going to do? Load a puck bomb?

SHIFT

[To KIT] We don't need him.

KIT

What we need is to stop acting like random trolls looking for a fight. I'm not interested in playing along anymore if this is how it's gonna be.

SHIFT

I thought this is what you wanted.

KIT

I don't want this.

SHIFT

Yeah? Well what do you want?

*KIT looks between SHIFT and VAN, but nothing.*

SHIFT

Then we have a problem.

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S2. WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM.**

*DONNA waiting, checks her watch.*

*PRESIDENT enters in bathrobe, hair now askew.*

PRESIDENT

I just got out of an emergency summit with the Joint Chiefs. I was briefed that eastern Europe is descending into madness. Currency instability. Apparently the Euro is getting trampled. The biggest mess is in Italy.

DONNA

Yes.

PRESIDENT

Half of Rome is on fire. Community centers, churches, symbols of authority. The UN's looking to send in ground forces. What have you done? I mean, there I was, listening to disaster unfold, when it struck me that this sounds a lot like the work of Donna Steelmint. I told everyone to take five so I could take a leak.

DONNA

I'm touched.

PRESIDENT.

This isn't funny. This is people. What did you do?

DONNA

Something which days ago didn't seem to concern you.

PRESIDENT

Days ago I wasn't dealing with Brazil rationing sugar and mobs outside Australian banks.

DONNA

It's what I told you would happen.

PRESIDENT

Yes, it's exactly what you said would happen, isn't it? You're manic. You went from babbling on Charlie Rose to sneaking into my bathroom to destroying society.

DONNA

I warned you.

PRESIDENT

That was paranoia. We don't take action based on paranoia.

DONNA

No, we do it on fear and greed, which is just a more advanced pendulum.

PRESIDENT

What are you, pouting? Nobody paying you enough attention?

DONNA

I was the only one paying attention.

PRESIDENT

This is what you're going to do. You're going to signal that the United States will take every necessary step to ease pressure off the emerging crisis.

DONNA

We're at the financial equivalent of cubism. Every rule has gone sideways.

PRESIDENT

You will say the Fed's taking action.

DONNA

It won't work anymore.

PRESIDENT

Buy bonds, mortgages.

DONNA

No.

PRESIDENT

Not just ours, overseas.

DONNA

I can't.

PRESIDENT

I'm asking nicely.

DONNA

You're...asking me.

PRESIDENT

Stabilize the system.

DONNA

That game is over.

PRESIDENT

If you do nothing, we'll get hit.

DONNA

I did do something. I told you to enact my plans and you didn't listen.

PRESIDENT

You think you're the one who struts in at that final moment, hauling the world up just before it slides down the cliff. I'm sure you and I have that tiny little thought that creeps into our heads, how it's a no-win game, trying to sustain our superiority. No country lasts forever. There comes a point. But I don't get to manage that point. You don't get to manage that point.

DONNA

Economically speaking, there's no sliding down. Superpowers tumble. Hard.

PRESIDENT

Stabilize.

DONNA

Fine.

PRESIDENT

Fine.

DONNA

But not with you.

PRESIDENT

Excuse me?

DONNA

The past is known, the present is known, but the future is unknown. Unless, of course, I can predict the future. And then I can control it.

PRESIDENT

Nobody wants you controlling anything.

DONNA

People expect the world's power to preserve their way of life.

PRESIDENT

Which is my job.

DONNA

Your job is to win votes. I won't let this nation fail. The exchange continues to grow. People are now selling their belongings, converting everything they can to digital tulips.

PRESIDENT

On this black market.

DONNA

It's the only market in the black.

PRESIDENT

Whatever you're doing won't work.

DONNA

Money moves faster than politics.

PRESIDENT

And the military moves faster than money.

*PRESIDENT goes.*

DONNA

Not when their paychecks bounce.

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S3. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*Over darkness.*

VAN  
THE DOLLAR DECLINES AND I FEEL FINE!

*Lights up on VAN at laptop, headset on.*

VAN  
Yes, your one and only Zombocalypse bank with very generous terms, non-negotiable...easy there, Shanghai...you too, loser in Chinese.

KIT  
I can't keep my eyes open.

VAN  
Shalom! Order of the Tulip!

KIT  
Ugh.

VAN  
Whoa, ease up there Jerusalem.

KIT  
Van.

VAN  
We'll ease supply when I feel like it. What are you doing?

KIT  
C'mon, let's go.

VAN  
Go where?

KIT  
Away from here.

VAN  
[To the headset] I'm sorry, who's this?

KIT

Ugh.

VAN

Oh, you'd like to shove a digital tulip up my—

KIT

Van.

VAN

WHAT???

[Beat] Sorry. I just...

KIT

You haven't slept.

VAN

Yeah, well, whatever it takes.

KIT

I don't get you.

VAN

The internet is ninety-nine percent blah and one percent ahh! and our moment just hit. We can't stop now.

KIT

People are starting to hate. Look. We're getting flamed all over the boards. Die you mfing mfers. Die burning. Seriously harsh postings.

VAN

Yes, because internet plus opinion equals jerk.

KIT

I don't see how you're okay with it. It's like the game is now broken. Nobody can get enough tulips. They're furious at us.

VAN

Our handling of the economy is not votable.

KIT

I'm not voting, I'm telling you. Gaming is supposed to bring people together.

VAN

Well, now the goal is who can get the most tulips.

KIT

Count me out.

VAN

C'mon, Kit, look what we're doing here. We just gave ten million people jobs!

KIT

By turning them into killers? Players are stealing from each other, nuking each other. How soon until they come after us?

VAN

It's not like they know where we are. Besides, nobody's about to attack our bank, otherwise the game would collapse.

KIT

Why hasn't it collapsed already? Where are the game developers?

VAN

Wherever they are, they've got to be thrilled. All these new users paying subscription fees to create profiles. That's why staying ahead is crucial. While everyone else plunders for more tulips in fantasy land, we hedge against real-world currencies. Whatever real-world currency looks best when this mess plays out, that's where we park our fortune.

KIT

It's like you've done this before. You know exactly what to do.

VAN

I study history.

KIT

So what's gonna happen?

VAN

What always happens.

KIT

That doesn't make you worried.

VAN

That's history.

KIT

Which has gone berserk. Look at this one player, MoneyMessiah, screaming:  
Order of tulip! Order of tulip!

VAN

Wait, go back. Did he just say Ay-Kay-four-seven?

KIT

Yeah.

VAN

Perfect.

KIT

Perfect?

VAN

We need an army.

KIT

Oh my God.

VAN

We loan them future equity in virtual seed, they protect the rink.

KIT

Listen to you. It's like you said, sitting around an abandoned Blockbuster building means we've done something wrong.

VAN

Or we're doing something right.

KIT

You're perverting the one thing that's made me feel important.

VAN

We're creating this. You and me. A select few make the rules and the world follows. This is ours. We're doing the next big thing.

KIT

I understand. I really do. I first soared on this drug.

VAN

Which is about to make us rich off the world's dropouts.

KIT

And I'm one of those dropouts! Don't you know me? All the kids like you were so informed and prepared. I didn't fit in. So I gave up trying. The worse school made me feel, the more I sunk farther into myself, until I barely felt like anyone at all. I'd sit in the back of class, waiting, until I could get to my house, to my screen, to a world where I had dignity, where I could create the best version of myself. It all fell apart the night Mom stormed in my room: you're so disillusioned, you're gonna spend the rest of your life in some fantasy world? Real life was being forced to memorize facts about the French Revolution all while being told I can be anything I want, until some magic morning when Mom became head of the get-a-job club and started hawking me about making money. Sorry Mom, the only thing I'm trained for is discussing the collapse of some seventeenth century French monarchy.

VAN

Eighteenth century, actually. Sorry.

KIT

It's our Moms who are supposed to tell us that it's okay to be different. To take risks. To say it's what we do while creating our life that's our true calling. She thought dropping out was the end of the world and I thought it was the beginning. She still doesn't know where I am. When Moms throw you out to the world, don't you think they get worried?

VAN

They think it's for our own good.

KIT

Maybe it is just a game. Which means when things fall apart here I'll be back in Baltimore, that old pot built to kill the seed. But that's the thing about this whole craze. For the first time I almost feel like there's a real world, here, for me.

VAN

I thought you didn't know what you wanted.

KIT

I want to open a flower garden. To take abandoned buildings and turn them into homes for flowers. A place, a real place, where those who've dropped out of life can come together. To build together.

VAN

You really are amazing, you know that?

KIT

You don't get it. It took me years to finally like myself again.

VAN

I do get it, because it only took me a couple minutes.

*He leans in to kiss her.*

KIT

I can't.

VAN

Oh.

KIT

It wouldn't be nice.

VAN

No, it would be nice.

KIT

I mean: Shift.

VAN

I still don't see her name on anything.

KIT

Van, you're sweet, and really cute, but we're on her team, too.

VAN

Our host.

KIT

Our host.

VAN

Who isn't here.

KIT

Yeah. Where is she?

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S4. LECTERN.**

*DONNA at the lectern.*

DONNA

A banker's best weapon is anonymity.

But by this point the President and the Treasury Secretary and everyone else with secondary power were fully aware.

I didn't have much time.

I traunched the dollar deeper into the game, hedging against collapse.

What was happening around the world finally hit home.

The stock market crashed.

Traders had heart attacks right there on the floor, the ambulances couldn't keep up.

Across the south, gangs started ransacking farms, trying to take over the Arkansas tulip fields.

Greenhouses were looted.

In the Northern cities, once the sick realized they couldn't buy their medicine with cash or credit, that's when the first shots were fired.

It would be easy for me to say I was appalled but then it would require me to utter those very tired words: senseless tragedy.

When history repeats itself over and over it's not a senseless tragedy.

And it was repeating here.

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S5. BEHIND THE WHITE CASTLE.**

*SHIFT, wearing headset, fingers pressed to her ears.*

*Noise in the background, people yelling, cars honking.*

SHIFT

Look, I didn't take him out.

Correct, we're still under a hack attack.

Right, the troll who showed for 'Blockbuster' and then showed with five thousand dollars.

No, I can't kill him for real because the plebe is in the room.

I'm outta ideas.

Sorry?

No, that's not him, just a'lotta peeps getting rowdy in the streets.

I'm behind the White Castle, kind of at the intersection of fucked and up.

No, not the White House, White Castle, small difference.

Look, I'm done playing games, okay? I've done everything you asked. Everything.

And I just transferred my entire server to you, tulips and all, so before I cross the border, I'd like to delete this guy so he never bothers us again.

Whaddya mean Steelmint?

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S6. LECTERN.**

*The PRESIDENT, looking official.*

PRESIDENT

My fellow Americans.

Along with you I have been watching the international situation unfold, and while turmoil was at first isolated to certain countries, the financial fallout has now penetrated the United States.

First, as a matter of security, I have deployed the national guard to all urban centers. I have recalled all active military from abroad, and will station immediate and appropriate use of force to assure domestic tranquility.

The naysayers will tell you the collapse of our country is now.

They will say look what happened to the dollar.

I say that marketing is the art of making people forget history.

When we ran out of food we broke ground on the Agro Revolution.

When we ran out of whales a man in Pennsylvania struck oil.

As of this morning we've run out of the dollar and I'm certain something will emerge from the fields of prosperity to carry us forward.

But it won't be easy.

I'm not sure what our country will look like tomorrow, but I'm certain that our fields of prosperity will preserve.

Because goodness is easy credit.

Goodness is a bank in which we all have trust.

But the trust endowed to the Federal Reserve has trampled upon that goodness.

I have therefore ordered the military seizure of all Federal Reserve branches and the detainment of all executive committee bankers.

Treating them as enemies of the state.

Perhaps we've overvalued those who create the money.

PRESIDENT [CONT.]

I believe they've undervalued you.

So let us remember our founding sense of purpose for when the world turns to the sun, we will together be born, and we will together walk once more towards the fields of paradise.

Here are my plans taking immediate effect.

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S7. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*VAN and KIT, as before.*

*SHIFT enters, wearing backpack.*

*Sounds of sirens and general societal destruction are heard from outside.*

*SHIFT goes to her workstation, types, then hands VAN the headset.*

Check it. The President.

SHIFT

Of Zombocalypse?

VAN

Of the United States.

SHIFT

*VAN takes, watches.*

What?!?

VAN

What is it?

KIT

The President just declared a bank holiday, a resetting of debt. He's frozen all activity at US banks. How do I switch to...?

VAN

*SHIFT taps the keyboard, VAN watches.*

Oh, no.

VAN

Oh, yeah.

SHIFT

They're hitting. They're stabbing.

VAN

Zombies?  
KIT

People.  
SHIFT

[Handing KIT the headset] He called it a national tulip rush.  
VAN

Imagine that.  
SHIFT

Where is this?  
KIT

Everywhere.  
SHIFT

We did this.  
VAN

Yeppers.  
SHIFT

The Army is shooting.  
KIT

How 'bout that new graphics card.  
SHIFT

I'm gonna be sick.  
KIT

I saw it.  
SHIFT

Where?  
VAN

I told you, white bread, everywhere.  
SHIFT

Online.  
KIT

SHIFT

Out there. It's more than real, it's real-real. Crazies dragging potted weeds outta buildings. Freaks axing shrubs with garden hoes. Bitches roller-blading down streets, ganking each other with hockey sticks. People are totally LARPing out there!

KIT

This can't be. Why would they do this?

SHIFT

Pretty obvious why.

KIT

For digital tulips.

VAN

We've got to stop it.

SHIFT

What's this we shit, vanilla. How are we going to stop it?

VAN

Maybe we pull the plug. We just pull the plug and it'll stop, right? Everything will turn off.

SHIFT

There is no off. You think pulling a plug can stop millions of people around the world from gaming? You think flicking the switch will make it go away? Too late. But go ahead and yank that dong if it makes you feel VIP to have some power of your own.

KIT

The only thing I've ever been good at. Killing people.

SHIFT

People are killing people.

KIT

Using what we did.

VAN

I never meant for this.

SHIFT

Such a liar. Congratulations. You've created a real-world apocalypse. Peace out, USA.

VAN

I did this.

SHIFT

It sure wasn't us, was it?

VAN

What's that supposed to mean?

SHIFT

You know what I mean.

VAN

I don't think I do.

SHIFT

Sure you do, agent spy.

KIT

I can't log on.

SHIFT

Yeah, I had to block while everything transferred. To where the IPs are warm and the drugs are all-inclusive.

KIT

We're leaving?

SHIFT

No shit, we're leaving. It's gone totally dollar-bolic out there. Minneapolis is fucked.

VAN

What about St. Paul?

SHIFT

They canceled the state fair. Whaddya you think happened to St. Paul? Everything's either going or gone. Thanks to you.

VAN

I didn't know.

SHIFT

You didn't know. You got that government bug wound tight through your thieving back? You been recording us this whole time? You still recording?

VAN

Back off.

SHIFT

I knew it from the beginning. The second this federal stepped through the door I knew it. Just happened to appear. The way he talked about the game, about me, slick words about slipping the tulip to the market, to those in need, to the silent majority punching their keyboards.

VAN

Yes, because there was a chance to make money. I didn't think this was going to happen.

SHIFT

Sure you did. You and your Mom. The President didn't just shut the banks down. Go hear the rest. He took down something called the Federal Reserve. Like you said, the main bank of the world. Its name printed on top of every dollar. And there's this woman who runs it. This woman named Steelmint.

VAN

No.

SHIFT

Apparently she did this.

VAN

What?

SHIFT

She put the dollar into digital tulips.

VAN

You're insane.

SHIFT

Yeah, I'm insane. How the hell would I know about this bank shit? Got the Army and what not after her.

VAN

The Army?

SHIFT

Oh wait, you already know about it, don't you. You've been in sneak all along. You worked inside. And you got Kit to open up. She open up for you? Was she part of your little mission?

KIT

It's not like that.

SHIFT

It is like that. It's like I've been sitting around my whole life asking what does clueless mean? Nothing is ours. It's all theirs. We use it. We pass it along to each other. We play with it. We trade it. But it's never been ours. And it never will be.

VAN

You're making this up.

SHIFT

Am I now. In the process of transferring the bits and binary I was informed of the existence of the name Steelmint. Van Steelmint. This clapwheedle created his Zombocalypse profile using his actual name. Van Steelmint. The same name as the head honcho from this Reserve. His Mom is the bigwig behind all the dollars.

KIT

Your Mom?

SHIFT

I told you. Agent fucking spy.

KIT

Is this true?

VAN

I haven't talked to her.

SHIFT

Since this morning.

VAN

Since she learned I graduated without a job.

SHIFT

Shut up. C'mon Kit, we're hasta.

KIT

[To VAN] I can't believe you.

SHIFT

Don't waste another nano on this guy. He and his Mom, assassin economics, they worked both ends.

VAN

You have to believe me. It's like I told you.

KIT

You didn't tell me.

VAN

It's not like you told me your Mom's name. That came out wrong.

SHIFT

Everything's come out wrong. Look outside.

VAN

When your Mom's the comptroller of our days and nights...and here was this chance...to show her.

KIT

That's what this was about.

VAN

I was going to tell you, both of you.

KIT

Van Steelmint.

VAN

Nice to meet you.

SHIFT

Speak for yourself.

VAN

I gotta see what's going on at the Fed. The Army took it over?

SHIFT

Your problem now, bitch. Kit and I are adios.

KIT

Where?

SHIFT

Not in front of spy bot.

KIT

I'm not sure.

SHIFT

Not sure about what? The guy's a thieving liar.

VAN

I never stole a thing. Unlike other people. How did we get to ten million so fast? If you didn't have a gig at the lab, where was all this stuff coming from? Zombocalypse? Or somebody else? All I wanted was a job. At least when I sell out, I use my real name.

KIT

It doesn't matter anymore. If we're responsible for what happened, then we stick together and figure this out.

SHIFT

You're gonna stick with him? Have you not been following current events? He and his Mams just botched Earth.

KIT

This is my team.

SHIFT

How about this for team: I just posted our location. Our actual real-world location. How soon until the street freaks come crashing through that door? Or the Army comes shooting? So you can stay here and die an ugly death with demon dick or you can roll with me.

*Beat.*

KIT

There was never a scholarship, was there.

SHIFT

How could you get a scholarship when you didn't even finish high school?

KIT

You think a screen means it's safe.

SHIFT

You gotta know how to survive like a gamer. I'm leaving.

*Beat.*

KIT

Then go.

*Beat.*

SHIFT

From one host to the next. See you never.

*SHIFT goes.*

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S8. WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM.**

*DONNA and PRESIDENT.*

DONNA

I don't regret why I did it.

PRESIDENT

But you don't regret what you did.

DONNA

I always believed the Fed was to not fall down helping others up.

PRESIDENT

We all start out thinking that.

DONNA

See you didn't bother telling the American people it was actually my plan which stopped the madness.

PRESIDENT

Save it for the sentencing recommendation.

DONNA

Are they waiting for me? Outside?

PRESIDENT

No.

DONNA

So, political exile.

PRESIDENT

If you can make it out. Otherwise.

DONNA

I have a son.

PRESIDENT

So did a lot of people.

DONNA

It won't change anything. I got here before, I'll get here again. The two most powerful forces on earth will always be supply and demand. The future will look just like the past.

PRESIDENT

Not if we do it right. Anyway, one thing's for sure.

DONNA

What's that.

PRESIDENT

It'll always happen within four years of election. Oh, I almost forgot, you won our little bet. Eddie jumped in front of a Metro this morning. And I won't be seeking a second term. But the union will survive. I mean, that's all you really wanted, right?

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S9. BLOCKBUSTER.**

*Sounds of disorder and destruction.*

VAN

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER!

*Lights up on KIT and VAN, collecting items.*

VAN

Trowel, check. Crispies, check. What else do you need to survive? Tulips! They find we have these and they'll really kill us. Help me move the desk against the door. Kit.

KIT

[Holding the extension cord] I'm gonna pull it.

VAN

She lied.

KIT

She lied about a lot of things.

VAN

We were held together this whole time by...?

KIT

It's like we're all held together by one little plug.

VAN

Then pull it.

KIT

I'm not sure what happens after.

VAN

History. Full reboot. And a bus ticket. To Baltimore. You should tell your Mom about what you did.

KIT

You bought me a bus ticket?

VAN

With digital tulips.

KIT

Mom's never going to believe all this.

VAN

Oh, she'll believe it now.

KIT

What about you?

VAN

Find mine before the Army does.

KIT

What are you going to tell her?

VAN

Some games aren't meant to get the high score. And that I still need a job.

KIT

I'll open that flower garden. Baltimore could use one.

VAN

Hard to start those alone, I hear.

KIT

Guess I'd need help.

VAN

Assuming Baltimore is still a city.

KIT

And if the buses are even running.

VAN

They're probably the only thing running.

KIT

Order of the Tulip.

*She pulls the plug. The whole place goes shut down.*

KIT

It's over.

VAN

No. It's beginning.

*Lights shift.*

**A2, S10. LECTERN.**

DONNA

So that's it. That's what happened.

I sat in that bathroom, waiting. *They* can come get *me*. But they never came.

After a while I left. No one stopped me. I went onto Pennsylvania. People were mulling around, calm. Still, no one noticed me. Not even a look of recognition. Just another woman in D.C.

I walked south. It was a grey sky, hovering low, my kind of Washington. It turned night, cold and clear. I crossed the mall, my eyes staring upwards at the tip of the monument, brightly lit, piercing upwards. With every step it swelled against the stars, towering, soaking up the black, as if an ancient gate, and with my head tilted back and mouth wide, for a brief minute I swore I could see that field of paradise someone once spoke of long ago.

Anyway.

I wish I could be here tonight under different circumstances.

But you deserve the truth.

And the truth is...

That you're going to wake up tomorrow morning.

You'll rediscover that comfortly common day.

You'll pay for things: gas, socks, coffee.

You'll pay for it all with a big caffeinated smile and warm feet and don't worry. Don't worry!

Everything's going to be fine. Really.

Because a bunch of people you don't know at the Federal Reserve are taking care of it for you.

*Blackout.*

**END OF PLAY.**