

SUICIDE PENGUIN SKIT

(From Gentle Change: Bomb Antarctica: webs.com/rathavens)

The stage has iceberg cut-outs in front of it that are movable.

ACT I: THE ICE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE

Damien is a white guy dressed like a jihadi but with a bow tie and top hat.

He mimes and begs to the audience. Then he holds up a sign

“Chaos Penguins Coming to an Ice Shelf near YOU!”

A couple of wacky penguins (and or seals) run across the stage back and forth yelling and barking:

“The Sky is Falling, The Sky is falling – The Insurrection Comes...”

They stop running and they kiss passionately. Then they jump off the stage.

Damien comes back on stage and holds up a toy nuclear bomb. He says:

“This is me taking control of my life. WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE LATELY?”

He throws his top hat into the crowd. He sets the bomb down on the stage. Then he takes off his headdress. He speaks to the crowd:

“I met her on an ice bridge near the Byrd Glacier.

Young rootless homeless in spirit and body...

Slender amid peril and moonlight, the dark gaze of her eyes,
the agony of loss... so many deaths

...and for what?”

Adellie the girl penguin comes out on stage wearing a pink bikini with dollar bills and Euros sewn onto her back. She switches from a nun habit hat to a head scarf and then just a Palestinian-like checkered scarf around her shoulders. She raises her hand to shield her eyes as she looks out at the horizon. Then she looks down at the sea below. Water squirts up. She is about to jump.

Damien:

“You look like a penguin who's about to make a mistake...”

Adellie:

“Well its either jump or starve. Submit to slow torture
and permanent water boarding, or”

Damien:

“I mean it. You look desperate.”

Adellie:

“You think so?”

Damien flips a coin in the air.

Damien:

“What are you playing? Heads or tails, I jump?
Who are you out to impress?”

Adellie:

"Nobody. I never impressed anyone.
I'm not going to start now."

Damien:

"You're too young to be so sad.
Are you terminally ill? Short a kidney? A Liver? Leg?"

Adellie:

"No, I'm just short of... a little guts. I'm scared it's cold.
AND MY CONTINENT IS DISAPPEARING"

Damien:

"Of course it's cold! You think they heat it?"

Adellie:

"I must not think about it."

Damien:

"Right. Think happy thoughts. They'll give you a push."

Adellie:

"That'll be hard. Happy thoughts aren't my specialty.
That's why I'm here, see?"

Damien:

"You know what I see?
I see a waste ahead and I hate waste."

Adellie:

"Waste of what?"

Damien:

"You. You don't trash a good light bulb."

Adellie:

"This one burned out long ago."

Damien:

"You're depressing me."

Adellie:

"So bug off! I'm at the end of my rope, okay?"

Damien:

"What rope? Look at you. Your rope's barely begun.
This is just a bad patch."

Adellie:

"My whole life's a bad patch.
I'm stamped with the seals of failure."

Damien:

"You think it washes off?
I bet this is your first try, right?"

Adellie:

"Yes. I don't live on ice cliffs usually."

Damien:

"I do. Well sometimes it's bridges or in the Spring time roofs."

Adellie:

“Doing what? Trying to jump?”

Damien:

“No, recruiting people for the insurrection. **I like to help.**
I throw knives at the Empyre!”

He throws some rubber knives out at the audience and feeds a fish to Adellie.

Damien:

“If you really want to end it all,
I can take you on a trial basis.”

ACT TWO: THE TRIAL

SNOW, FOG AND CONFETTI SPRINKLE DOWN AS THEY LEAVE THE STAGE
AND THE INTERROGATION SCENE IS SET UP .

Seals flap across the stage with a sign that says:

“Guantanamo Penguin Combatant Rehab Center”

They flip the signs over to read:

“ACT TWO: THE TRIAL.”

Adellie and Damien are tied up back to back in large torture chairs. (COSTUMES?)

Masked George Bush/Obama Interrogator (GW):

“Tell us about your life Adelle, right?”

Adellie:

“I got in trouble for being curious and questioning things...
it's not surprising because nothing I do ever works out.
I was punished for hanging out with the humans.
I always complained that something important
was up with the humans...
... a threat and a decision.
I was sent on a hike to another colony to explain myself.
But then the anarchists blew up the ice shelf.
I ended up here.”

GW:

“Did he recruit you?
Why did you become a bad Penguin?
Why did you hang out with the Humans?
Your people hate all of us, don't they. ”

Adellie (With fierce and pleading eyes):

Why, Why, Why...
I'm trying to understand them.
I always thought that life began when...
Well I'm not sure, adventure?
So I did things: hitchhiked a snow mobile,
talked to gringos even flirted and... and."

GW:

"How do you see your future, Adellie?"

Adellie:

"I don't know.
When I was little, all I wanted to do was grow up.
As fast as I could.
But I can't see the point of it all.
Not anymore.
I see my future like a waiting room
in a big train station, with benches and drafts.
Outside, hordes of people run by without seeing me.
They're all in a rush, And I sit there, waiting."

GW:

"Waiting for what, Adellie?"

Adellie:

"For something to happen to me.
Or the World to blow up, I don't know...
The Penguins were becoming just like our annihilators,
YOU! the Humans.
No one cared about the perils of modernity
and how the humans worshiped:
Never having enough.
They kept creating and destroying more and more until
they forgot what they were trying to do.
THERE IS NO FEEDBACK LOOP.
Humans keep destroying what they are trying to
acquire and preserve.
In the end they will realize something terrible
and then they will decide to hide deeper
and they will go home to die.
Us penguins and the Merry Simple People will live on,
fight on and we will take over and do alright.
Damien showed me this
though I guess I always knew it.
That's what drove me.
Drove me on, right to this... this edge."

She looks down at the floor to see a puppet bird approaching with his finger to his lips..

The Interrogators Turn to Damien.

GW:

“Eh, it WAS you, YOU MR. DAMIEN-TRAITOR!
You spoiled rich country punk kid...
Insurrection?
Nada.”

Damien:

“Don't you have dreams?
The end was coming.
We already new most of us would die.
But we thought that was a generation away...
The Penguins made me realize what was important .”

He looks at Adellie by craning his neck ridiculously...

“She made me into a real insurgent,
though maybe I was always meant to be one...”

The little puppet bird pecks and tears at the ropes. There is a large flash and bang and then they are free of the torture chairs and kick ass on the interrogators. The fallen crawl away except for GW. Damien and Adellie tear off their ropes and maybe a layer of clothes so that Damien is now a penguin and Adellie a woman. Damien reaches down and tears off GW's mask to reveal Obama.

Damien (Yelling and pleading with Obama):

“Does the air cost money, does the water,
do laughter or friends cost money, does beauty or health?
Do they cost money?”

Adellie:

“Do love or exercise or walking or thinking cost money?
How about singing or sleeping or love making?
How much do caring or dreaming cost?”

Together:

“We don't need money we need sense – ahhh bility!”

ACT III: TO FLY OR NOT TO FLY THAT TIS THE ACTION

Ice bergs tips appear and start to sink.
(Could be here where they come back as reversed species).

Adellie comes on stage and does a trick or something. Then she says:
“Melt the Icebergs in your mind, Bomb the Fantasy...”

Damien struts out and spins around. He bends back into Adellie's face.

Damien:

"You want to jump? Jump.
Then where will you be?"

Adellie:

"I'll soon find out.
No use trying, with my lousy luck."

Damien:

"Goes to show."

Adellie:

"Show what? What do you mean? ... Luck?"

Damien:

"No.. or yes... Come with me.
You think you can catch luck like a cold?
It takes faith! Willpower! Effort!
Go out and get it, for fuck's sake! Girl."

Adellie:

"Where? I don't even know what it looks like."

Damien:

"Want to see? You can win it."

Adellie:

"How?"

Damien:

"You want faith? In what?"

Adellie:

"LUCK!"

Damien:

"You can fly if you really, REALLY believe..."

They hold hands and stand on their tippy-toes.

Ice bergs tips appear and start to sink. Then the second bomb goes off .

Adellie:

"Let's fly!"

They run and fly (jump) until they fall into the audience.

Another girl penguin comes out onto the stage and then fire dancers appear in the back.

Second Penguin Girl:

"We are told to remember the idea and not the penguin.
Because a penguin can fail.
She can be caught, she can be killed and forgotten.
But five years later... an idea can still change the world.
I have witnessed firsthand the power of ideas.
I've seen people kill in the name of them...
and die defending them.
But you cannot kiss an idea... cannot touch it or hold it.
Ideas do not bleed. They do not feel pain.
They do not love.
And it is not an idea that I miss.
It's a penguin.
A penguin made me remember the day they nuked Antarctica.
A penguin that I will never forget.
Who was she?
She was Tanya, Joan of Arc, Sumayyah bint Khayyat, Edmond Dantes.
And she was my mother...
...and my father.
My sister... My friend.
She was you... and me.
She was all of us.

No one will ever forget that night... and what it meant for the world.
But I will never forget the penguins... and what they meant to me.
That's why I'm here, see?"

She turns to leave as the audience claps and yells. She hesitates and then turns around slowly.
All of the cast (seals, penguins interrogators come out and gather around her.
At the microphone she says:

"We all think of crime when we are poor
and some others remain rich.
Righteous!

Don't let anyone make you steal from yourself... "

A large group of young children come out on stage as the band is setting up to play gypsy music rock.
They set on fire several foot-long dollar bills and Euros which float up as ash embers into the night sky.

They sing the song of the Lost Children:

“How to do? is the question of the lost children. Those who were not told.
Those with the clumsy gestures. To whom nothing was given.
Whose creature-ality, whose wandering, always betrays itself.
The coming revolt is the Revolt of the Lost Children.
Now we all live like lost children, because capitalist society has no future:
it is collapsing in on itself, and trying to take us with it.
We are nothing, and to become anything at all
we will have to take everything we need.

**We can only learn by doing. We can only find each other in struggle...
We have begun.**

We'll be sitting on top of a pile of ruins even if we are victorious.
We have lived in slums and holes in the wall...
We are not in the least bit afraid of ruins. We are going to inherit the earth.
There is no doubt about that.
The bourgeoisie might blast and ruin its own world
before it leaves the stage of history.
We carry a new world here, in our hearts,
and that world is growing by the minute.
The only way into the future is through the past.

The time of the un-time diverges from 'ordinary' time -
in other words, Revolutionary Time. This sets the Revolution Clock ticking...
We are transformed from mere humans into Werewolves,
superhuman creatures of inhuman creative destructive trajectories
that go beyond... and into not necessarily the future per se,
but an uncharted territory '
to play and mingle, and to form intensive affective states
that supersede temporality.

The wolves are let loose, and the pack is starving. It is time to feed.
We are together as a pack and individually sovereign over ourselves.

We are the crisis.

*These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die,
like fire and powder, Which, as they kiss, consume.*

[Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene VI.]

Another bright flash goes off and everyone leaves the stage as the fire dancers move forward for the band to set up.

