

Stark white room. Single window, covered in chain link.

1.

KUBIAK appears. He's wearing cracked glasses and a stocking cap.

KUBIAK

You tell me. I'm standing in my usual spot, okay? I'm looking at the magazines trying to read and there's all this talking, talking. All these people going by, saying things, but I'm trying to ignore them, trying to read. And, okay, I put my radio down for a second, right, put it right beside me, and they *know* I have the tape in there. All my reports are on the tape—everything that needs documenting or, you know, tracking, or whatever, it's all on the tape, and they know this. They've known it all along. So I turn around for a second and I'm reading the, uh, uh, I'm reading the magazine, right, and as soon as I turn around—gone. Whole thing. Radio. Tape. The whole thing. So, you tell me. This is a coincidence? This is a, a, this is a random— They *know*. They know my work. And it frightens them. You can see that it does.

And now I'm without a radio.

But don't think I'm not still bearing witness. I still . . . I have my *notebooks*, and I, well, *you* know, I still write letters, I sit at my desk, even though it's stifling, I keep the windows closed, and I keep the shade down because I don't want anyone to think I'm looking at them, and I sit at my desk, and I keep a record, and I send my letters, and I'm a notary, so I'm sure to notarize all correspondence, I'm very diligent about that, and since I once held a post in the state legislature, I'm sure to include *that* information, as well . . . even though I'm now retired . . . but I'm still without a radio, and the radio . . . well, *that's*— You can't replace the irreplaceable.

But what I really wanted to talk about . . . and this is true, I just found this out. You can sue a hospital for wrongful birth. There is such a thing as wrongful birth. If you— Okay, look. If you go, and you take the test and they say No, if the test comes back negative, right? If they've *tested* you. And then a baby is born with the uh, uh, if the child is born with the same problem that they told you—via the test, right—do you get what I'm saying? That is their fault. Totally. They . . . that is *their* responsibility. And the blood of that child is on their hands. Every drop. If they told you you're clean, and, you know, based on that information, you go and have a child, well . . . *you* know what I mean.

I used to be a child. I remember. My first memory: I'm standing in a bright light. In the room there. With the tile all around. And I'm standing there and they're washing me with these sponges and the sponges are like . . . they're washing me with these sponges, and they say, "He's getting so big." That's what they said. "He's getting so big." And it wasn't even my *fault*! The things they were feeding me! They fed me milk. All this heavy milk. And meat. They would make me eat the vegetables, despite the poison. Of course, the

KUBIAK (cont)

poison situation is much worse now, now it's everywhere. On the *vegetables*, on the *meat*, in the *water*, in *cake* . . . of all places. I won't eat here, but they make me. They force me. They stick the thing . . . there's this tube . . . when I'm sleeping they stick this tube into me, and the tube goes into my stomach and feeds me and not only that, see, this is what they think I *don't* know . . . the tube feeds me, and it also downloads information from the, uh, uh, see, it's connected to the network and it communicates with the computer in my stomach.

Do you believe in the Internet?

You can't tell them what I know. If they knew . . . Just trust me. You don't want to say anything. You really don't. But. Listen. They put a computer in me, three, four, I'm thinking four years ago when I went to the emergency room because of the uh, uh . . . well, because of the signs they were sending around. The billboards? You know? On the trucks? On the backs of trucks? They were driving them around with these *messages* on them, and, as if I can't *see*, right? As if I can't see that the messages are not only *harmful*, but also very *pointed*, if you know what I mean. In the manner of their wording, and in the manner of, "You're being subliminally *advertised*," if you get what I mean. And then I see the guys in the *truck*, in the cab, and they're laughing and they're talking about me. Right to my face. Because they *know*.

There's no other explanation.

Of course, the thing I *really* wanted to talk about . . . the thing I keep thinking about even though I don't exactly know where to *go* with it . . . is that my parents could have sued for wrongful birth! And they should've! They had every right! The hospital knew! They knew from the start that this is who I'd be. They administered the test. So it's *their* fault. My blood is on their hands. Every drop.

They should've said that I'd have a computer in my stomach like the Six-Million Dollar Man.

It's only right.

2.

WOODARD and PRICE are playing cards.

WOODARD

Who started cards?

PRICE

What do you mean?

Who invented them?
WOODARD

Egyptians?
PRICE

You think so?
WOODARD

Do you realize the last five things we've said to each other have been questions?
PRICE

Is that right?
WOODARD

That's seven.
PRICE

You broke the streak.
WOODARD

Fuck.
PRICE

Pause.

Really, though, who invented them?
WOODARD

Egyptians. Right?
PRICE

With queens and jacks and shit?
WOODARD

The British?
PRICE

Wouldn't that be too late?
WOODARD

The British have been around awhile.
PRICE

How long have cards been around?
WOODARD