

# **Feel Nothing at All Costs**

**By Alayna Jacqueline**

**Ma Ubu:** She hides her hurt behind her face (which literally falls off). She's strangely catatonic when in Pa Ubu's company.

**The Counselor:** He's too nervous to speak to women without his wife present. He's only confident when Pa Ubu is present.

**The Counselor's Wife:** She only speaks when prompted by her husband.

**Pa Ubu:** He overindulges at the table with no manners. He behaves as an untrained animal.

The lights are dim.

We hear faint muffled sounds of a crowd chanting.

Ma Ubu is setting a gorgeous dining room table  
with her back turned to the audience.

She hums a song that sounds broken and cracked.

The song has no particular rhythm or pattern.

Her voice is weak and she moves as if her bones are brittle.

### **Ma Ubu**

(Singing/talking)

Don't smile just smize.  
No wants. No thoughts.  
Keep your heart frozen.  
Feel nothing at all costs.

The weight of her jewelry make it difficult for her  
to lift her arms and lift her head fully.

To finish preparing the table,she lights the candles,  
revealing her perfectly made up face. However, she is crying.

As she finishes lighting the candles,we notice her face beginning to  
slide down. Literally, the skin from her face is falling, exposing  
her bare muscles and bones.

She quickly fixes it by stapling her skin to her forehead.

She uses her hair to hide where her skin has detached.

Tears start to stream down her face. She takes a wine glass to  
catch them. She swirls the tears in the glass then  
drinks them.

### **Ma Ubu**

(Barely getting it out)

Ready.

Immediately, the lights reveal on one side of the stage,  
a crowd of Pa Ubu supporters.

On the other side a crowd of anti- Pa Ubu protesters.

Underneath the table we see a group of people with shirts

*labeled USA, Shit Country #1, Shit Country #2, etc.*  
*They're banging under the table causing it to shake violently.*

*The Counselor and his wife enter. The wife looks almost as broken as Ma Ubu, also struggling to move with her jewelry and keep up with her husband.*

*The Counselor's Wife and Ma Ubu give each other a look, but the Counselor keeps his head down.*

**Ma Ubu**

How is your son doing Counselor?

*The Counselor looks at his wife.*

**Counselor's Wife**

You shouldn't address another a man, when your husband is not present.

**Ma Ubu**

Then I'll address you in small conversation.

How is your son doing?

*The Counselor and his wife exchange looks again.*

**Counselor's Wife**

It is improper for a wife to engage in small conversation with another man's wife, if the two men have not addressed each other first.

*They walk to the table in silence and stand near their seats, ignoring the clawing hands beneath the table pulling at their clothes.*

*Then we hear a fragmented version of HAIL TO THE CHIEF filled with tritones and diminished chords.*

*Enter Pa Ubu.*

**Pa Ubu**

FROO - UUUCK!

*The suit he wears is too long and too tight for him.*  
*He drags his feet in the long pant legs.*

And his stomach hangs outside of the unbuttoned suit jacket.

He sits at the head of the table with a THUD.

The rest sit.

They all try to hold a conversation over all the shouting. Pa Ubu doesn't care about the conversation, he immediately dives into the food, eating the silverware, plates, and even the table.

**Pa Ubu**

So Counselor how is your son doing?

**Counselor**

Well he's at the Straight and Narrow convers...

Before he can finish, he's interrupted by Pa Ubu snorting while eating.

**Pa Ubu**

Very nice.

*(With food in his mouth)*

Ma Ubu why are they over there today?

He points to the anti-Pa Ubu group.

**Ma Ubu**

*(No emotion)*

You complained that they had too good a view of your hands and bald spot.

**Pa Ubu**

My What?

**Ma Ubu**

Sorry your "there's still hair there" spot.

**Pa Ubu**

*(Belch)*

Oh yeah.

Pa Ubu takes a bite of something and is intrigued.

What's this?

**Ma Ubu**

Oh you stopped to taste something?

*(Beat)*

It could be the emptiness of your words.

The taste of your false promises. The ignorance of  
Laura Ingraham telling Lebron James to “shut up and dribble.”

It could also be the imaginary deal with Mexico to  
build a wall to keep their own people out after you called them  
lazy immigrants stealing good tax payers money and jobs. Or  
your complete misunderstanding of the laws of time, space,  
and history with your delusions of Pocahontas being in the  
Senate, or Fredrick Douglas still actively participating in anything.

**Pa Ubu**

*(Beat)*

Huh... Could be.

He goes back to feverishly eating.

After a moment he grabs his stomach.

Oh! I'm feeling that double-triple-quadruple-octahedral  
cheesburger with special sauce. Freedom Fries on the side.

Pa Ubu's stomach garbles and he passes gas.

**Ma Ubu**

Oh. I hope you make it this time.

Pa Ubu pushes himself from the table, holding his stomach.  
He walks past his own supporters leaking shit everywhere.

The Pa Ubu supporters immediately pick it up and start  
throwing at the anti-Pa Ubu group.

The shit flies.  
It hits the fan.

It's literally a shit storm as Pa Ubu exits.

The Counselor, and his wife sit as if nothing is happening.

Ma Ubu begins to cry.

**Counselor's Wife**

It's improper to weep in front of another woman's husband.

Ma Ubu catches her tears in her glass again.

and her face begins to slide off.

It is improper to expose your bare muscle and bone to...

As the Counselor's Wife speaks, Ma Ubu tosses back her glass of tears, pulls a large knife from the table, and cuts off the Counselor's Wife's head. Ma Ubu tosses it to the anti-Pa Ubu crowd.

The Counselor is fearful, not because his wife was murdered, but because he's alone in a room with another woman.

Trying to figure out what to do, he overheats and self combusts, exposing wires and gears.

Ma Ubu stands there still sobbing and her face sliding half off.

Pa Ubu enters, and immediately goes back to eating at the table.

Ma Ubu doesn't adjust her face. She calmly drinks tears from her glass.

Pa Ubu begins to choke on something. Ma ubu doesn't care.

Pa Ubu

*(Pulling something out his mouth)*

FROO - UUUCK! Disgusting! I hate the taste of hope.

He tosses Hope onto the floor. The shit countries and USA fight over the scrap of Hope.

Ma Ubu's face falls to the floor.

She continues to drink.

Pa Ubu continues to eat.

**Ma Ubu**

*(Singing/talking)*

Keep your heart frozen.

Feel nothing at all costs.

END OF PLAY