

Title: The Green New Anxiety Attack  
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Draft: 2  
Date: 1/15/2021 (4/19 - 4/20/2020 - Draft One)

***The Green New Anxiety Attack***

By Logan Rodgers

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### **Characters**

Person

Anxiety

Other, multiple characters.

### **Time**

Scene One: March/April 2020.

Scene Two: January 2021

### **Setting**

Minnetonka, MN. Suburb of Minneapolis. Person's House and the park next to it.

### **Performance Note**

Any object or vehicle used is a cardboard cutout of that object. The set should maintain the mess made by the props and only get messier. Example, the exploded ink should stay dripping off of Person's hands and the paint on the canvas should be messy.

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*Other is a homelessness-experiencing-person sitting outside of a convenience store in Lincoln Heights Los Angeles. Person carrying a duffle bag and a wine bottle tucked underneath his arm. He tosses the wine bottle in the garbage bin. He notices Other, passes silently, goes into store and exits with a plastic bag. This is March before quarantine was mandated in mass, no one is wearing masks. They're buying toilet paper and hand sanitizer in bulk.*

Person: Hey, here's a sandwich and some bananas I wish I could do more. Other as homelessness-experiencing-person: Thank you.

*Person takes off.*

Anxiety: Wow, that's all you did. Could have, oh I don't know, invited them in. You still have a few days left on your Airbnb. At least you had a place to say.

Person: ... and what? I'm sure the host family would be real receptive to that. Though, you have a point, maybe I could let ICE find them there too?

Anxiety: Why don't you stand up to them?

Person: Because they're fucking ICE! Even so, who suffers for it? The Mexican family who need to rent out three rooms in their house to Airbnb to get by, that's who.

Anxiety: Well, I bet a few bananas and a sandwich will be much more effective. How about when the background actors casting director asked and you agreed to a booking and didn't know it was a Cop show until you got there? They gave you a codename. They shut down an entire subway stop, and a houseless person you graciously gave bananas and a sandwich to screamed at the entire cast and crew. You were being paid by the Cops. On the Cops side. So, why not let ICE find them? You've already proven you'll stay on their side. A face on TV, can claim the casting credit on the old resume, and you were paid overtime that night. You went to LA to get work and you were on two cop shows, one as a confederate soldier in a documentary, and a different documentary also during the Civil War. Every single one a direct beneficiary of racism.

Person: I needed that money.

Anxiety: So do the houseless.

Person: I auditioned for other parts. That's just what I got.

Anxiety: Forty percent of California's state budget goes to the Los Angeles Police Department. What were you expecting in the propaganda export capital of the world? The city is as dirty as the money. Though you wouldn't be able to tell under the Vegan Spring Sweaters on a seventy-five degree day.

*Person gets on a bus, it says "To LAX". Following monologue ensues as Person exits bus to LAX, boards airplane, airplane cardboard cutout moves from one end of the stage to the other, exits plane, gets in lyft ride home.*

Anxiety: Look at that, we're passing the oil fields. It's next to LAX. The air is filthy here. Remember that audio book about climate change you listened to on the way here? The one you left unfinished because you thought it was more important to focus on your acting career? Where did that get you? Background on a few TV shows where no one can see you and you weren't acting as much as you were a body amongst the masses? I bet that's going to help those fighting for positive climate legislation. You know you wouldn't need to be flying home

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right now were it not for Covid-19. Flying contributes most to warming. The melting glaciers are releasing frozen bacteria and viral particles we have no method of responding to because it hasn't been exposed to humans. Wonder if Coronavirus is a part of that? You tell me.

*Person is at home. Other is now Dad.*

Other as Dad: Welcome home!

*Person and Dad hug.*

Anxiety: What about all the airport exposure? He has asthma. He just had heart surgery. This hug could be killing him.

Other as Dad: Get some sleep.

*Person puts down their bag. Cardboard cut out of bed. Person clutches their chest. They exhale and pull out a small canvas and some paint from their bag. Their hand gets covered in black ink.*

Anxiety: Cabin pressure exploded your ink.

*Person slaps the canvas to clean his hand. Person lays on the ground.*

Anxiety: Look, cute, an anxiety attack about the climate crisis. You gonna do something about it or just flounder on the floor?

Person: I'm making a painting.

Anxiety: A painting. That's cute. Hey, where do the materials come from, what impact does that paint have on the planet, I bet you're intersectionally doing more damage by just existing right now. Like taking an airplane. Like supporting unethical industry in your art supplies. You got the canvas at Michael's. Where did they get it from?

*Person sits up, grabs the red paint, and pours it onto the canvas.*

Person: See the blotch of red paint? That's what you look like.

Anxiety: You know your body would decompose and help the soil, better kill yourself in a forest and not tell anybody so they don't embalm your body so it won't decay inside a locked box underground. Then again, the tree you grow into might just get cut down to make your shitty paint brush.

Person: I'm going for a bike ride.

*Cardboard cutout of bike handles, and a cardboard mask over Person's face.*

Anxiety: Every person you pass has the potential for you to bring in particles that will kill your Dad who has asthma.

Person: Shut up. You're only here because I gave up weed before leaving LA.

Anxiety: And you gave up drinking back in November..

Person: I drank at my going away party in December, with friends twice, and once by myself right before we left. I left. You're me.

Anxiety: Drank because you saw how much of a lead Biden had over Sanders. Checking out that customer buying beer at Target, and you felt your insides scream for it.

Person: ...

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Anxiety: I bet any of your old professors from college would have something way more intelligent and concise to explain all of this, proving that you're just a broken lump of human space.

Person: A broken lump of human space enjoying their bike ride.

Anxiety: Are you?

Person *mocking*: Are you?

Anxiety: The rising global temperatures melt the ice caps causing super bacteria to be released. The ground can't take in CO2 anymore, the soil is too warm, plants can't produce as much oxygen. You took an airplane to see a concert in Texas helping the airline industry a few months ago. A different airplane to visit a friend before that. That's the most damaging thing you can do for the environment. You even knew that before you booked.

Person: Sounds like we're all past fucked anyway.

Anxiety: So, get on the band wagon and kill yourself.

Person: Get on the band wagon and suck my -.

Anxiety: Mature. I bet your childish outbursts will do wonders for-

Person: When I blast heavy metal on my bike ride.

*Person puts in headphones, Heavy Metal music screams. Person screams too.*

*Other as Park Goer*: What's your deal?!

Person: Stay six feet fucking away from me!

*Person flops over.*

Person: Flat tire.

Anxiety: Whose fault is that?

Person: This is the park my Dad got married in.

Anxiety: ...

Person: Yeah, you better not have anything to fucking say about that. Long as the trees stay. I used to walk around that forest whenever I couldn't focus on homework. When I burned out of college I would walk around this park at two in the morning. You had to be careful... cops patrol here... suburban white ass Minnesota and apparently that needs Police protection.

Anxiety: ...

Person: What?

Anxiety: Nothing... just the same old... soil is fucked so the trees will. Police are corrupt. Blah Blah. I wanna die.

Person: We don't want to die, I don't want to die, I want the bullshit to stop. There's just too much of it.

Anxiety: Which is why you're not enough.

Person: Thanks.

*Person picks up cardboard handlebars.*

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Person: So, back to it.

*Person is on the phone.*

Person: Hello, I'm a volunteer with the Bernie Sanders campaign...

*Other as Call Receiver:* Oh, no, gross!

*Person is back on the floor.*

Anxiety: Cute, another panic attack. How useful for the cause.

Person: The machine is bigger than me.

Anxiety: Or you're just frail.

Person: Or you're defensive. You do it.

*Person hands Anxiety the phone.*

Anxiety: Hi, you Republican mother fuckers, your safe bubble of manipulated rage is what got us here. Take your privilege dress shoes from Walmart and shove them up your ass until it bleeds. If you bought stocks in the oil companies then you can fuck off and die. You were dead set on bringing us close enough to fascism that we could all suffer it under the litany of excessive violence that was growing in the world so far above us. They were burning those so far below in oil to burn. You pledge to the flag because the walls of your home are bleeding right onto it. Others blood striped with the white.

*Anxiety tosses phone back to Person.*

Anxiety: Seems simple enough.

*Other as Reporter:* Sanders announced the suspension of his campaign today.

Anxiety: Remember in 2016 when he did that? We were alcoholic from the stress.

*Person stays on the floor.*

Anxiety: Ooh, or in 2015 when they announced the sixth mass extinction was underway. And, we kept on trying to find organizations to volunteer with, but we were too depressed, drunk, or busy working multiple jobs.

*Person stays on the floor.*

Anxiety: And, when we tried to say anything in class we got our faces bitten off because we were white, male, and privileged. We deserved that. Especially from our other white and privileged classmates.

*Person stays on the floor.*

Anxiety: So, we steered into it and kept focusing on the acting career. Sure, we donated money to the Sanders campaign and to eco charities when we could, but that obviously wasn't enough. Should have been hitting those phone banks harder...

*Person stays on the floor.*

Person: Everybody burns out.

Anxiety: Oh, but you've been burned out. The easiest out is to either start drinking again or kill ourselves. Though we've been sober for a month now... so...

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*Person stays on the floor.*

Anxiety: Look, Obama released a video endorsing Biden... The Presidency is a dirty job. Obama green lit drone strikes, but really all the President does is give a face for people to blame while the entire machine does all the dirty work. Rigged game. Whether in your professional career as an actor, or as a god damn civic engineer, it all ties back into giving the police a significant portion of your cut.

*Person stays on the floor.*

Anxiety: You can still jump on Zoom meetings with Climate Change Activism Organizations.

*Person stays on floor.*

Anxiety: Right. Still burnt out. Too burnt out to even just sit in front of a computer for a Zoom call.

Person: What do they say?

Other as Dad: Hi, we're millennial and generation z climate change activists. We have no basis of understanding history beyond what our cell phones tell us because access to relevant information has never been so lost in the sea of selfies and cat videos, cyber bullying, and psychology altering technologies as social media offers young humans. We live in a media dystopia that THX 1138 and comparative works predicted, but I've never seen that movie so I can't make that allegory with confidence. And, if that isn't a metaphor for what it is to be alive in this moment, I don't know what is. So, I'm going to waste this half hour by showing you progressive ego masturbation in place of tasking you to do your own research and reinforcing the seriousness of this dilemma. Not to mention that our people of color who do guest lectures on the subject because their survival depends on it, like the Indigenous and poor communities next to factory chemical waste, will desperately tell you their heart breaking life story and why they need you as a boot on the ground while your face is on it and you can't lift it. You would cry, but you've gotten too used to the feeling that you always are that you can't tell when you are or aren't. These seminars are obviously frustrated with the lack of commitment or follow through from white people who live their lives with their eyes glazed over while Netflix is playing in the background. This is six hours of your life you won't be getting back. Nevermind angry Trumpies storming Governor's houses inevitably putting more lives on the line. All because they have to stay inside and enjoy time off instead of making their underpaid employees make them money. That's the limit. They can't golf, motherfuckers.

Person: Those people should be dead.

Anxiety: Now you're getting it!

Person: I don't care about their fragile emotions, I'm the same, if they put the collective in danger, they should be dead.

Anxiety: Like you did when you returned home from Los Angeles! All that fuel burned. All those people you came into contact with! The frailty of cloth masks and an industry that doesn't respond in kind because of the president! It's not even his call, he's just giving the people an image to hate and he loves it. This is what a society built on screens leads to! Unbalanced ego and screaming, why do you think I've been yammering at you so loud! Just end it! Kill yourself!

*Person is on phone.*

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Person: Well, I'm an actor when the work is good, but I left my survival job in LA that supports the dream to come back here, so I need this one.

Anxiety: White Women in their thirties were buying \$500 worth of toilet paper and disinfecting wipes. No joke. Happened more than once. Target in West Hollywood had to put a limit. No more than two hand sanitizer bottles, one roll of paper towels, one thing of toilet paper. We both already know those Karens have enough in their pantry for a year. Just laying down the dollars.

Other as *employer*: Did you ever tell any of them off?

Person: No, no, I was a good dog. I need the money.

Other as *employer*: We'd love to have you do orientation at Target this Tuesday.

Person: Can it wait two weeks? People in my house are showing symptoms.

Other as *employer*: Now that it's been two weeks, I'll see you on Tuesday.

Person: Actually, I can't do it anymore. Even though I applied for unemployment, they gave me money, which they are now demanding back because I left the job I had in December before my move instead of being fired for it, I haven't got my stimulus check, the bills keep coming, and I gave a portion of my unemployment check to Covid-19 relief charities, I still can't work because I could bring home viral particles to my Asthmatic father.

Anxiety: Tell them the part about fucking off because they're stressing their workers and their customers are full of shit, as are their bosses.

Other as *employer, obviously angry*: Thanks for letting us know.

Anxiety: Oh, your parents bought bicycles, that's a safe thing to be doing during the pandemic. Hey, this Youtube video is about disinfecting everything you have delivered looky.

*Person gets up, cardboard cutout of a spray bottle and rag in hand.*

Person: Dad! Your bikes are disinfected. You can build them now.

*Other as Dad enters wearing a mask.*

Anxiety: Cloth masks do nothing, the CDC probably just said to wear them to put less stress on manufacturing industries for Respirators, N95, and Surgical Masks.

Person: That's potentially dangerous to say aloud. Might discourage some from wearing any mask.

Anxiety: Or, it might be lifesaving if they can get the right mask. Let's make a long Facebook post about it. Oh, you pissed off your friend who made your cloth mask.

Other as *Dad*: I still have Asthma.

Person: I have fucking nothing. This is a pile of fuck. Humans did it, people born into this shit fuel it, but they also had a gun pointed at them telling them to fuel it, which we all already know, it just... there's still a fucking gun pointed at all of us regardless, I miss drinking every day. I'm miserable and will continue to be. The planet will be fine if we all die, no I don't want that, but there isn't much I can do about it except what I have been. Nihilism is too easy, and depression doesn't care. Yeah, we're a part of it,



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but nature will steam roll over all of us anyway, maybe it already has. Maybe that's all this is, Nature at play.. And.. maybe all there is to do is to just **be..**

Anxiety: That's not enough.

*Blackout.*

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## Scene II

Person: Huh. That was how it was at the start? If only I knew what else was next to come... I mean, we all have feelings on the biggest hits, and why do I need to say something that doesn't add anything beyond the stun and slowly increasing pain that comes in as the shock wanes? I can sum it up if we need the catharsis. Fuck the Pigs and wear your fucking mask. You go to Chicago for a few months to get a job so you don't have to worry over your asthmatic father, work at deli, does not work out, stay at a friend's parents place in Minnesota so you're back again, work at Hot Topic, does not work out, but unemployment takes your appeal because you quit on the spot from an abusive General Manager, you work at a different deli, but quit as Covid sky rockets, on the spot again and your friend's Mom can't stand people who do that, you are unmoved - annoyed even - the inconvenience of an employee walking out is a price worth paying over another dying, she is lucky the term 'Okay Boomer' annoys me. Not because I don't think Boomers deserve shit, it is just too simple an insult. Better to turn their words against them so they can see the faultiness of their argument than immediately throwing it out. All the climate activists end up voting for Biden even after posting their 'Okay, Boomer' memes about him. You stay on unemployment steadily after that. You also finally get the Disability Resource Center at the University to accept your appeal, so you take the substitute French class. College graduate as of the end of 2020. Oh, and, younger me, it gets easier once you're on meds. You will still scream on a bike ride, but it will be from a PTSD attack from what you saw when the cops had you and your comrades surrounded. Actually if I could talk to you, which I can't, but if I could giving you what I have now... it would be lost in communication as any thought I had did with anxiety... if I could change anything... the repercussions of the world you're in finally boil over, well past due it start happening. Dark days are ahead. And, suburban white ass Minnesota gets a reckoning. All of the suburbs. Not just yours. A murder. Murders. I would change the murders. Keep the fire, change it so their lives were back. I would join the whistle blowers harder, but I don't think there was anything to be done to stop the storm. If it hadn't been one murder, it would have been a different one. I'd tell you to be prepared for the fight. You'll learn fast. Don't worry about the election, makes no real difference who wins. No, I don't mean that, I couldn't be that cynical, but Joe Biden sucks. Neither of them are to be trusted, but damage is yielded by Trump's loss. Yeah, bad shit happens, but it always was going to as the uprising moves forward. Fascists show their faces by this time the next year. You'll know how it feels to have a sniper rifle pointed at you... You knew the ICE episode wasn't going to be an isolated incident. You don't make it back to LA, acting is too dangerous, those accepting work are spreading Covid in one of the worst cities in America for it. Um... stick to the meds now... and keep smoking weed so long as you keep away from the bottle.