

*The sound of cicadas. A campfire. Bright stars. Trees galore. Two BUDDIES roast smores and drink wine, their backs to us, slightly cheated. A dog sleeps on the chair. It snores. (It's clearly a stuffed animal, clearly a recording.)*

*There's an open bear box with a bottle of wine. A bear approaches but the Buddies don't notice. The bear takes out the bottle of wine then everyone notices each other, except for the dog, which continues to snore. The bear takes a sip of the wine, is disgusted, drops it, runs away. What the fuck just happened? One Buddy laughs. The other Buddy joins in. They settle back in, enjoy their smores.*

*Eventually POTS AND PANS PERSON runs across the stage with pots and pans, shouting, chasing the bear. Pots and Pans Person stops when seeing the two Buddies. Apologizes for the noise. The Buddies offer the Pots and Pans Person a glass of wine and a seat. The Pots and Pans Person accepts.*

*A frisbee lands nearby. Its two OWNERS run to grab it. More wine is found in the bear box, and the frisbee Owners join the gathering. They all sit together and look at the stars. Then, headlights. A gaggle of LOST PEOPLE stumble out of a car. They have maps. No one knows how to read maps anymore. They give up and are invited into the circle. It gets late.*

*Something somewhere, far away, catches fire. It spreads. Everyone sits there and watches. The dog snores. I'm not sure how this works, but the stage burns down. Everyone's on fire, no one notices. Or if they do notice, they are resigned. They try to save the wine because a bear tried to take that wine, that wine is special now, but everything burns. Lights begin to fade. Bear bones roll. Everyone's dead, even the dog. The crisp smell of campfire, of rot, ash all around. Hold it for a while.*

*People will think something else is going to happen, that the play will rise from the ashes, that sprouts will appear from nowhere, just like that fire. But I don't think it's that simple. I think we might all just die. I think we might all just drown, or burn.*

*Anyway by now we should be really uncomfortable. Is something else gonna happen? Is the play over? Nope. Everyone's dead and their bodies lie still onstage. Go on for as long as you can, until the next day if necessary, until it stops making sense.*

*Everyone starts to get up. They're just themselves now. Just actors, just stage hands. They brush off the soot. It's weird. The play just kind of ends. Everyone helps clear the stage. We get people out of costume. We check the aisles and make sure there's no ash or debris in the audience. We brush them off if there is. There is no blackout.*