

## Dead Planet

**A:** I wish to make a complaint!

**B:** We're closin' for lunch.

**A:** Never mind that, my lad. I wish to complain about this planet what I perchanced to be born on not 50 years ago.

**B:** Oh yes, number 3 in green and blue. What's wrong with it?

**A:** I'll tell you what's wrong with it. It's dead, that's what's wrong with it.

**B:** What are you talking about?

**A:** Don't you read the papers? I know a dead planet when I see one. It's dead!

**B:** No it's not dead. It's a recession.

**A:** Recession?

**B:** Yeah, um, recession. It's a lovely planet, number 3 really. 4 billion years old. Some lovely geology isn't it.

**A:** Geology don't enter into it. It's stone dead. World-wide food shortages, fuel shortages, water shortages. I know my planets mate and this is a dead one.

**B:** It's not dead, it's a global recession.

**A:** Okay, if it's a recession I'll get it moving again. Ello planet, I've got a lovely new age of prosperity for you when you wake up.

**B:** (gives it a poke) Look it moved!

**A:** That was a stimulus package. Hello planet! Planet! Wake up Planet! (drops the planet) Now that's what I call a dead planet. Look here my lad, (picks up planet) The climate is changing, the oceans are heating, the coral reefs are blanching, where are all the ice caps.

**B:** Don't worry mate. Ice caps come and go.

**A:** Come and go? They've gone and went. Look this is a warm planet. It's cosy. It's snug. It is unstably clement, it swelters, it is climactically snug like an endothermic bug in an atmospheric rug.

**B:** Don't you like it sunny?

**A:** Sunny? My mother is growing pineapples in Aberdeen! Have you never heard of Global warming?

**B:** I don't know mate. Last Winter was pretty chilly?

**A:** Last Winter? Last Winter we nearly ran out of gas.

**B:** Yeah, those Russians. They don't like sharing do they?

**A:** Russians? Have you never heard of peak oil?

**B:** Peanut oil?

**A:** Peak oil! The oil. It's peaked. We've eaten it all and then driven home on it.

**B:** We don't need oil. We can burn food. We'll be fine.

**A:** What about 9 billion people? What about soil erosion? It's a zombie apocalypse.

**B:** Don't you think you're being a little bit overly dramatic? We can just shoot them in the head.

**A:** 9 billion people?

**B:** No, the zombies.

**A:** There won't be actual zombies.

**B:** See, things are looking up already.

**A:** Stop trying to confuse me. All I want is a new, bigger, cleaner planet. I want more oil under it. I want more food on it. I want predictable weather on top of it and I want less people in it.

**B:** Ah yes, other people. You make it sound hellish. Sorry mate. Planets like this one don't just grow on trees. This one here was the product of a lot of tender loving care. Besides, they've stopped making them.

**A:** So what am I supposed to do with this one?

**B:** Mend and make do I suppose, and look out for those zombies.

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