

# TRASH AND SPACE

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A BAR AT NIGHT...

KENT

My day... well, apart from being late here, this kid Braden interrupted me again in the middle of a lecture.

(beat)

I know they're seven, that's not the point. We were reviewing the water cycles, somehow dumps came up- not-not poo, but landfills. I was raising valid environmental issues and Braden, hell-raiser, calls out, 'why don't we shoot all of our trash into the sun?' And you know, I- he might be right.

(beat)

Course I could say that would require loads of coordination and rocket fuel, that I don't support erroneously ejecting trash into the endless abyss because I thoroughly believe in aliens- and that's a non negotiable for me- but into the sun? I don't know why not.

(beat)

Tina, brainiac, chimes in 'we could pool-skim the ocean and send it with the dumps!'

(beat)

Now everybody's spitballing- it's kinda beautiful- but Tina, in her spotlight, goes, 'well I was at my beach house over the break. I saw a dead dolphin on the beach. I touched it.' I said 'thank you for letting us know Tina,' then she adds 'it was dead because it tried to eat plastic bags. You could see it in its mouth.'

(beat)

I didn't know what to say. Everyone was confused. Then Braden whispers: 'it thought they were jellyfish.'

(beat)

Then, Tina gets this look, like something huge clicked. She starts crying. Like sobbing. Uncontrollably. Braden starts crying.

(beat)

The questions. From everywhere. Chaos. I shut down. I sent them outside for recess early. Then I started crying.

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)

(beat)

I don't care about the dolphin. I don't mean that. I love dolphins.

(beat)

I take pride in preparing 12 smart minds each year for the world ahead of them. I thought I was ready.

(beat)

Like the first time she realized that her former plane of existence betrayed her.

(beat)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get so deep. I feel so betrayed, still.

(beat)

I needed to decompress so I walked here, instead of driving, save the dolphins... sorry.

(beat)

Gorgeous sunset, right? It was low-tide. Rows of endless rubbish. I watched a family leave behind an overwhelming amount of beach litter. They laughed as they drove away. I just stood there. I wanted to scream. But I just stood there.

(beat)

I had this thought. There is a finite amount of garbage on this planet. We created all of it, so let's get rid of all it. I pictured shoveling every micro-plastic particle into a remote rocket Braden designed, Tina pilots, and flying it straight into the sun. The sun solution.

(beat)

I picked up some plastic and it made me feel marginally better. I should probably wash my hands. I'll be right back.

(He turns to leave,  
then)

Even if I made a very little difference, I made a difference.

(beat)

I'm gonna say something tomorrow. I don't know what. Yet. So. If I seem distracted, it's not you... it's trash in space.

(exits)