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Alexa Dobbs

**Death of Me**

Prologue: *Hospital, father and mother leaning over bed in which their beloved son is lying, dead.*

Robert: It’s all my fault! I have been feeding him genetically modified foods his whole life without a second thought, I killed him Ana! (*holds his wife)*

Ana: I miss him too Robert, but it wasn’t GMOs they cannot give someone cancer. It is practically impossible.

Robert: (*Stares blankly at his son, tears being fought back unsuccessfully)* I’m just not so sure anymore darling.

Ana: (glares angrily at Robert) GMOs did not do this, As vice-president of the GMO corporation I advise you not to go around and promote the idea that it was, just be quiet!

*(Doctor opens the curtain and stands across the bed)*

Doctor: Robert, Ana, I am so very sorry for your loss, but we have to prepare the release of his body. He can’t stay here forever.

Robert: Can we do an autopsy first? I want to know what caused his cancer.

Doctor: We aren’t quite sure what led to his cancer. There are many possibilities at this point. At this point we have no reason to do an autopsy.

Robert: Could it have something to do with genetically modified foods? My wife and I have...had been feeding him genetically modified foods his entire life. I have heard of the research done that proves that GMOs could be a factor in cancer. Could it be a factor doctor?

Ana: Robert! What did I tell you? Quiet!

Robert: Sorry Ana, but I want to prevent this from happening in the future.

Doctor: I have heard of the research that you speak of Robert, however there is no way of telling. Tell you what, I will do an autopsy. I will look for similar traits in Michael that were in the lab rats when they developed cancer after being fed GMO foods for their entire life.

Ana: What do I have to do to keep you quiet?

Doctor: Why would you have to keep my quiet Anna? All I’m doing is an autopsy.

Anna: If you find anything peculiar, please let me know.

Doctor: Okay Anna, but if I do find something peculiar in Michael's autopsy, peculiar meaning linked to the GMO food corporation, I will have to research further into my hypothesis of GMO foods destroying our health.

*Ana sighs in relief*

***Chorus: (as Robert’s conscious)***

*Oh the pain courses through my heart*

*I’ve lost him, my own son!*

*I couldn’t keep him safe*

*from his mother, from me*

*from all the harmful things I gave him when he ate that food*

*I knew what was in the food I gave him*

*what else will I lose*

*I weep over the corpse of my beloved child day and night*

*unable to part with the memories of his existence*

*loathing Michael's passing*

*I can’t help but find every way to blame myself*

*slowly I can feel myself sucoming to the darkness and evils of my new life*

*I fear I will drive myself mad with guilt*

*However, is it really my guilt?*

*or is it the guilt of my actions*

*the food that I fed him*

*the GMOs*

*the research, the cancer, oh no!*

*I am still at fault however for I gave him those foods*

*killer foods*

*I cannot see an end to my sadness*

*no end to my suffering*

*no end to my madness.*

*Oh how my mind is fogged with confusion*

*whats is right*

*what is wrong*

*what have I become?*

*I seek vengeance for the greater good of my son*

*my heart is poisoned with death and anger*

*oh dear son how I will miss you*

*(Robert exits the room, and the scene fades to black)*

*Exode*

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SCENE TWO: *Back in the factory. Robert frantically paces back and forth, through the fog of chemicals that clouds his work space, looking blankly from wall to wall.*

Robert: Oh what have I done, how can I continue with my living knowing I have ended my own son’s life, and the life of many other sons across this world! I am such a coward I fed him with the GMOs even when I knew what was inside of them.Oh dear Michel please forgive me for my actions, I was unaware of how dangerous these genetically experimental foods really were. What do I do now? What am I supposed to think? My wife assured me what I did was safe and would not harm humans, yet it has caused death and despair, I don't know who I can trust anymore.

*(Picks up some food from the carousel and starts to experiment. He gathers materials from shelves around and begins mixing together concoctions. He turns around to a man standing in the corner.)* Is this really safe?

*(Rodrico, Robert’s co-worker, walks in and stands near the door.)*

Rodrico *(co-worker)*: Robert, what are you doing?

Robert: Just doing my job.

Rodrico: I guessed that. It’s my job too. Hey, I heard about your son, I’m so sorry for your loss.

Robert: …

Rodrico: *(walks over to Robert)* Look, I’m really sorry, I know exactly how you feel.

Robert: *(smiles, and then jabs a needle filled with the concoction into his friends neck)* . You have no Idea how I feel. You made the foods that killed my son. Mixed genes that weren’t supposed to be mixed! To what? Make something more tasty or to kill? Because killing my son is exactly what these mixed genes did! They messed with his system, then took over his body, leaving him defenseless against the face of death! GMOs are not safe!

*(Rodrico sinks to the ground)*

***Chorus***

*I’ve got to control myself*

*I’ve lost sight of what is right and wrong.*

*My head is diseased with the clouded expression of sadness in my past*

*I kill this man, I kill a part of yourself*

*What would Michael hink about this behavior?*

*for my spiritless self can do nothing*

*I must stop myself now or suffer the consequences*

*the consequences that will consume me whole*

*until there is nothing left*

*I blame this on myself*

*However, I know who is really at fault here*

*the GMO corporation lies to us*

*lies to me*

*a loyal employee*

*tells me that these foods are safe*

*not dangerous in the slightest,*

*but now I know that they are not*

*I know their secret*

*(Robert Steps out into the alley with a bag full of food with the new concoction within.)*

*Exode*

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SCENE THREE: *At Robert’s home. He is about to sit down with his wife for dinner.*

*(Robert is setting the table. He sets an GMO apple down on his wife’s plate, however this is no ordinary GMO apple, Robert has put a new concoction in it to kill his wife)*

Robert: Darling, you’re the the vice-president of the GMO corporation. Do you mind if I ask you a question?

Ana: Anything, what is it?

Robert: None of the transferred genes we use in the foods we produce can kill someone, correct?

Ana: Absolutely not! The genes are put in peoples’ food all over the world! Why in any situation would we mix genes that could potentially kill someone!

Robert: That makes me feel, better.

Ana: I’m glad you think that, now sit down, let’s eat. *(Ana cuts her steak and takes a big bite. Next, she picks up the apple and takes a nibble.)*

Robert: *(smiles)*

Ana: *(goes stiff.)* Wh-at----hhavee-y-ou done -to--m-ee!

Robert: Just a little gene transfer *(smiles, goes over and whispers)* don’t worry, it’s completely safe. I mixed genes that weren’t supposed to be mixed. You won’t die for a couple hours. I want you to feel the pain that our Michael endured for an entire year!

***Chorus***

*What have you done?!*

Robert: Get out of my head! You have no right to make my decisions.

***Chorus***

*Look at yourself*

*A cold blooded killer!*

Robert: *(collapses)* What have I done?

*Scene fades to black: Flashback begins*

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*Scene: A dark, musty, factory in the outskirts of Santa Ana. Late afternoon.*

*(Father and son enter the GMOs Group Corporation factory. The pair slowly walking through a cloud of chemicals and dirt, over to a carousel filled with random GMOs that Robert has been experimenting with)*

Robert: What a wonderful day! Don’t you think so Michael?

Michael: Why is it so dark in here?

Robert: We are in my factory, my work, my life. So dark, yet so light.

Michael: I’m starving, can I eat some of this food?

Robert: Of course! Eat whatever you would like son!

*Michael picks up the apple, raises it to his mouth, and takes a big bite out of it.*

Michael: Yum! This is really good!

*Robert grins and gives his son a hug*

Robert: I’m glad you think that.

*Scene fades to black: back to reality*

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SCENE THREE: CONTINUED

Robert: I am so sorry dear Ana! I was conflicted with decisions then and I am conflicted now. Please, dear Lord, don’t make me live with my guilt. I do not wish to see the light of day again. Please forgive me! I’d be a fool to live any longer so now I shall take my own life for the well being of others.

*(Robert takes bite of apple, goes stiff, and starts to tip. As he tips down toward the floor he hits his head on the table. The blow is so hard it kills him instantly.)*

***Chorus (Now that Robert’s dead, the chorus is a character of it’s own opinions)***

*Oh monster what have you done now?*

*You are wrongheaded*

*we should’ve spoken about this before you proceeded to more drastic measures.*

*Do you see what you’ve done?*

*You’ve killed your son, your wife, your family everyone you’ve loved is gone.*

*These chemicals that fill your life have mutated you into someone else*

*where has your purity gone?*

*or was it ever alive*

*did the GMOs kill it?*

*and how many others must consume these seeds and die*

*How do you live with yourself?*

*Dear Robert do not stoop to these evils that have you bound.*

*Don’t be a fool, you take your life into your own hands, don’t let evil control it for you.*

*Oh death of me!*

*Robert why must you have lead such a sorrowful life?*

*I pity the day you were born and today, the day you die.*

*Exode*