

First Will and Testament

aka

Life Stream

a virtual play

by Jeff Goode

(BLACK SCREEN)

ZEE: (v.o.) Agree. Agree. Accept cookies. Rrrgh! Why is there no picture?!? Ah, here we go. Camera.

(VIDEO POPS ON: A grim teenager, glares into the camera.)

ZEE: If you are seeing this. Then I am already dead. If you are only hearing it. And not seeing it. *Dad*. Then you have to click the little camera-shaped button down on the right. (points:) Your other right. (shakes head, exasperated) I don't know why I think you can't figure this out on your own. But I am 100% confident that that's exactly what just happened, just now, so... (shakes head, disdainfully)

I don't know how I died. Or when. Or who's even listening to this. If it's a week from now. It's probably just my friends from school. But maybe I'm really old. And you are all my grandchildren. Ha! Can you imagine me with kids? (tries to imagine it) Ick.

I decided to do a Life Stream for you to watch after I'm gone. Because when you're alive, sometimes you don't always get to say what really needs to be said. All the time, actually. And you don't want to get in trouble. Or hurt someone's feelings. So you don't. You bottle it all up inside. And you don't say anything. And everyone assumes you're just fine with what's going on. And they ignore you even more! So you just have to live with it. For years and years. Until you're—However old I am now. I mean, not right now. Because now I'm dead, obviously. But right before that. How old was I? I don't even know! And *that's* how long I have to put up with this? (shakes head:) I don't think so.

So when Chris told me about Life Streaming, I thought: That's exactly what I need! A private stream-of-conscious tell-all biography. So I can just get it all off my chest. And put it out there. But not really *out* there. In here. (taps the computer) On a secure server somewhere that nobody knows about. Including me. And then I can go back to acting like everything is normal. Like everyone wants me to be. (deep cleansing breath) And then spring it on you at the funeral! Ha! So you all know exactly how I really felt all along! And you thought you got away with it!

And I don't have to be polite. Or worry about what people are gonna think if I'm calling my Dad a moron. Or body shaming Mr. Korbus. Which I would never do in real life. But let's be honest: His body knows what it did.

To my parents...

To my parents... if they are still living... You suck. You're terrible parents. And that's not just my opinion. You scream it at each other all the time. You probably tell yourself that you did the best you could. But if that's true, then why am I here and you're there? I should be the one who's still alive! They say the worst thing that can happen to a parent is to lose a child. So I guess you messed up, didn't you? Think about that! How did you let this happen?! And if my parents are *not* still living... (not sure what to say) Sorry for your loss, I guess.

To my friends...

To my friends: You are horrible friends. You're the worst. How could you not see that every single thing I do is a cry for help? Remember when I wanted to try out for theatre? You couldn't tell that something was wrong? Nope. You didn't even ask. Especially Chris. Who came to every single show. Like this is fun for you or something. Why didn't you stop me?!

(PHONE RINGS)

(glances at phone:) And that's Chris. Who cannot be depended on for anything. Except to interrupt me when I'm finally talking to someone who matters! (lets it go to voicemail)

To my children...

To my children... (can't think of anything to say) I guess I'll have to do you later, after I get to know you better. (sweetly) But you should know that I love you all equally. (bitterly) Because that's what you're supposed to say. But I know I wasn't my parents' favorite, so... (pointing:) You! The little troublemaker. You were always my favorite. The rest of you I should have left at that rest stop when you were throwing a tantrum. Ha! That woulda been hilarious! (shrugs:) I dunno. Maybe I don't have any kids.

To my BFF...

To Chris, who is the only reason I have a criminal record. Because it was not my idea to go shoplifting. I know we always said we'd be BFFs forev-ev-ever. But one of us was lying. Now get out! Go on! Nobody wants you here. I only pretended to be your friend so I could embarrass you in public at my funeral! Or whatever this is. Maybe it's a wake. Or the reading of my last will and testament. That would be awesome.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

And there's Chris again. (yells at the unanswered phone:) Leave me alone! I never liked you all that much! You're a pain in the posterior!

To my teachers...

And to Mr. Korbus, who taught me the word "posterior". You need to have your posterior looked at. That's all I'm saying.

To my siblings...

To my brothers and sisters. Yes! I'm the one who told them what happened to the car! Dad isn't smart enough to remember his own password. You really think he remembered to write down the mileage before he gave you the keys? And I don't care if you're still mad about that. I'm the only one they trusted to drive senior year, so it was totally worth it!

Loved ones and family...

I hope I died surrounded by loved ones and family. But not you guys. My *real* family that I meet after I graduate and cut you all out of my life forever, so I can start over with new friends. Except for Chris who we're gonna let hang out with us for reasons that won't be clear until just a few minutes ago.

To my children...

To my kids... (still can't think of anything) Okay, I'm gonna have to make a separate Life Stream for my kids after I think of what to say. Maybe I'll make a separate one for everybody. Because this has been very therapeutic.

Yeah, I'll record a new video each day, until I have a whole Life Stream library of everything I ever wanted to say to any of you. And you're all gonna have to listen to it, because I'm gonna make that the first thing in my last will and testament: Anyone who wants an inheritance has to watch the whole video. Ha! I hope I'm rich enough when I die that you all force yourself to listen to me for once in your life. Just to find out what I left you. Which is nothing! Spoiler alert: You're all cut out of the will! (realizes something:) Hmm. If I do this every day, I'm gonna need some serious encryption. I

wouldn't want my kids to find this and listen to it while I'm still alive. They might be scarred for life. So I guess I do care about my kids.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

(finally answers it:) What, Chris?!

Yes, life stream.

Life. Stream. That's what I'm saying. What are you saying?

Wait, how do you know about my life stream? I just started it two minutes ago. (glances at the screen) And why am I getting so many emojis on it already?

What do you mean, "Live Stream"? No, it can't be live. This is for later. Much, much, much later.

(panicking:) Well, how do I stop them from watching it? (shouting upstairs:) Dad! Dad!! You have to erase the Internet!!

Why are my emojis all red? Why didn't you warn me, Chris? How could you let this happen?! Wait, you have to help me! Chris?!

(But Chris has hung up.)

(looks into the camera, horrified:) Ohhh...

(sits back down, grim again, but for very different reasons)

If you are already seeing this. I am so, so, so, so... So dead. I am so dead. Dad!!

(CUT TO BLACK)