

ACT I

Scene 3

Setting CSA pick-up. A wooden table with produce scale, calculator, binder. Wildflowers and fresh herbs in canning jars.

At Rise: Lights up on MICHAEL, in jeans, unbuttoned flannel shirt with hipster T-shirt beneath. Stubble. Low-key brilliance. He holds a fresh kohlrabi with leaves still attached.

MICHAEL

This, for the uneducated, is kohlrabi. German turnip. It's not really a turnip. It's a cabbage. But the Germans call it a turnip. Big one are called Superschmelz! You can shred it, chop it, slice it, or just stare at it on your counter for two weeks and watch it spoil. No. Don't do that. CSA humor. We're community sustained agriculture, we don't waste food, we support it. *Sustain* it. We sustain agriculture. That sounds promising, doesn't it? Or kind of pathetic. I mean we're humans. We're animals. We need to eat. It might be a good idea to make sure that happens, right? Unless you like all your lettuce grown by robots and genetically engineered to withstand aphids, hail, and Donald Trump's Tweetstorms. Sigh. Heavy sign. That's not a stage direction, it's my own inner monologue. Did you know you can eat the leaves of the kohlrabi? Saute them with a little extra virgin olive oil and garlic. A pinch of sea salt. You could use Himalayan salt if you don't mind the geopolitical implications of your sodium intake.

(Breaks into smile.)

Gottcha.

Most of that stuff is fake anyway. They just dye it pink. Then again, I'm not the expert. I'm a grad student. Well, pre-grad/post-undergrad. I think the technical term is "in debt." I start in the fall. Philosophy. Cause you know, I want to go into something more profitable than farming. You could say philosophy and farming are two sides of the same coin. One sustains the body. The other sustains the mind. Or you could say they represent two extremes--the manual toil and effort to survive versus the esoteric luxury of pure thought for the sake of...what, exactly?

(Pause)

That wasn't a rhetorical question. What, exactly, is the purpose of thinking about thinking? Don't answer. You missed your window. Sorry, I can be tough on new members. They get to me. So many of are just here for the tomatoes. No appreciation for beets or radishes. The lemon sorrel. It's just tomatoes. Oh, and basil. What a prosaic herb! My god, man cannot live on bruschetta alone! But so it goes. A bounty of possibilities and we're all starving.

BLACKOUT.