

## FEELING OF DREAD

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### 1. OUTSIDE

*SF, looking out over the courtyard meaningfully, taking drawn out sips of her smoothie through a straw. F, amused, throwing landscaping rocks at lizards in the sun.*

SF  
That's impossible.

F  
Anything is possible.

SF  
That's it though. Anything is not possible.

F  
(sighs)

SF  
(angrily whispering)  
You can't just say whatever you want and  
expect me to just--

F  
(interrupting SF)  
Yes I can.

### 2. MEN'S BATHROOM, 2nd FLOOR

*PHILIP'S voice heard from the common area of the bathroom, well shined black leather shoes and pressed wool trousers around his ankles, visible through the gap between the floor and the door in the second to last stall.*

PHILIP  
(impatiently)  
Karen...

*KAREN, presumably, responding to PHILIP, presumably, over his cellphone. KAREN'S voice heard as disgruntled/agitated garble. PHILIP*

*heard unravelling toilet paper and adjusting position in stall, evident through door/floor gap.*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Karen, please...I was very careful.

*PHILIP appears, through the gap, to stand and face the toilet.*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Well, honestly Karen, that doesn't make sense to me.

*PHILIP'S hand appears in gap, grabs hold of trousers and pulls them upward. Can be heard pulling up trouser zipper.*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
If they look like the right ones and feel like the right ones then--

*Toilet flushes. PHILIP'S voice indistinguishable over the sound until the water is completely flushed.*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
(panicky)  
Unless... oh god, Karen. It's happening again.

*MAN 2, dressed in dark blue suit as if chosen by someone else, enters the bathroom and makes for the closest stall. He backs in and swings the door shut quietly.*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Karen... Karen, are you there? Don't touch them, Karen.

*MAN 2 seen crawling slowly beneath the structure, towards the stall sheltering PHILIP.*

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
(wildly)  
Run, Karen.

### 3. CONFERENCE ROOM, 4th FLOOR

*A large ovular table with 16 chairs is situated in the middle of the room. There is a large basket in the center of the table overflowing*

*with obviously fake fruits. JUDITH, dressed in a sleek, dark plum two piece suit, enters LEFT through the glass door. She is wearing bluetooth headphones.*

JUDITH

*(humming along and intermittently murmuring lyrics to  
Minor Threat's 'In My Eyes')  
...You tell me you like the taste...*

*JUDITH is examining the fruit bowl's contents.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

*...You just think it looks cool...*

*JUDITH decides on a garish Red Delicious apple, plucking it from the top of the bowl.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

*...You tell me it's only natural...*

*JUDITH strides over the the bar, where a shiny metal trash can awaits.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

*...Did...(humming)...get it?...*

*JUDITH taps the trash can with her pump, it catches the light from the window, momentarily blinding the audience.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

*...that nothing matters...You're just fucking scared...*

*JUDITH slowly extracts a gold paper knife from her waistband. It catches the light from the window, momentarily blinding the audience.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

*...You tell me that I'm better...*

*JUDITH peels the Red Delicious with the paper knife. The peel falls away from the apple in one long, spiraling piece, towards the mouth of the trashcan. The exposed flesh of the apple is extremely white.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

*...You tell me that I make no difference...*

*The the coiled peel disengages from the apple and falls into the trash can soundlessly.*

JUDITH (CONT'D)

...At least I'm fucking tryyyyyying...

(louder and to the room) What the fuck have you done?

*JUDITH leaves the room holding the paper knife and her naked apple. She can still be heard humming down the hall when PHILIP enters before the glass door swings shut. He walks straight over to the shining metal trash can and immediately bends over and sticks his arm in it. When he stands back up with his arm outstretched, he is holding the apple peel spring. He balls it up in his hands, making a vaguely round, apple-ish shape. He can be heard taking a bite from the apple skin wad and sniffing as he exits the room.*

#### 4. ROOF OF BUILDING

*Dusk. ROOF is basked in a greenish light, source unknown. The sound of fierce wind can be heard, but the air is very still within the perimeter of ROOF. Debris can be seen whipping around, above and beside ROOF, but a thick layer of dust has settled on ROOF'S occupants. A dilapidated office chair partially covered in lichen twirls slowly to the right. Something that could be a spider but is too large creeps over an abandoned couch cushion that appears to be breathing. A plastic water bottle that seemed empty quietly wheezes. A brown and crunchy dead looking fern is laying on it's side. A clot of dirt girdles its roots, as if there was a flower pot holding it once. The dirt is moist and nutritious looking, the roots are hearty and growing quickly, currently strangling a reusable shopping bag for the last hundred years.*

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The works of eight artists come together to imagine a nonpartisan post-apocalyptic perspective, or in part, the impacts of a post-human bunker. Inside the space is a preserved archive, organic and fabricated, after escaping the whatever whichever and actively evolving and adjusting to the environment. Plants mutate and prosper, transcending subservient roles as food and decor. Furniture objects, appliances, architecture and fixtures develop desire and ignore their convenient purposes. The room itself is living and dying, blissfully unaware of how it got there and what it might be expected to do.

The show finds its footing in the differences between Science Fiction and Fantasy; projections of the future vs. make believe from another reality. *Feeling of Dread* is a flexible approach to the science fiction reality of an object in a room, the fantasy of an idea that can prove anything, and the opportunity to understand these works as both genres.

*Featuring works by Ida Badal, Jesse Chapman, Nathan Ellefson, Rochelle Goldberg, Alina Tenser, Eric Veit, and Andrew Norman Wilson.*

*Curated by Woobie Bogus and John-Elio Reitman.*