

WORLD: Thanks for the card. . . . But I think we need to talk.

FOSSIL FUEL INDUSTRY: About what?

W: About us.

FFI: About *us*?? Can't it wait until some other time? This is Valentine's Day, and I've made plans for us. *Big* plans.

W: The pandemic has given me a lot of time to think. I think we need to get some things out in the open.

FFI: What "things"?

W: It's our relationship. I think it's become toxic. I don't know, maybe it's always been that way and I just didn't realize.

FFI: I can't believe you're saying this! Or that you picked NOW of all times to bring it up. What about those Spring days in the convertible with the top down, or the roaring coal furnace on cold winter nights.

W: I felt you had tremendous energy in those days. You had a big vision, and you were really taking my life to a new place. But now, I don't know how to say this, but . . .

FFI: You might as well spit it out!

W: I feel like I just can't breathe. Like the air is getting worse and worse around me. And I feel like my whole state of being is out of whack.

FFI: But what about just yesterday? When I opened up my strategic reserve for you? Don't tell me you didn't like that!

W: Oh FFI, that was just our last hurrah. I'm sorry but I felt like it was our goodbye.

FFI: Wait a minute, are you seeing someone else? Is it Solar or Wind?

W: I don't know how to say this but I do feel like they're both close to my heart.

FFI: Ha! Believe me! They're just on-again/off-again – they're not there for you

24/7 like I am.

W: But it's not really them. I just started realizing that people call you "fossil" fuels for reason. Our relationship is starting to feel fossilized. I don't want to go the way of the dinosaurs.

FFI: Oh for Pete's sake! So you're going to throw me on the scrap heap?

W: No, no, it's not that. I just feel that I've outgrown our relationship. I'm sorry. You haven't changed, but I'm ready to move on.

FFI: Wait! I can clean up my act! Didn't you heard President Trump talk about "clean, beautiful coal"?

W: Oh FFI. I'm afraid it's too late for that.

FFI: Don't leave now! My life is over without you.

W: I know this is hard. It's hard for me too. But you have to face the fact that the fire has gone out of our relationship. Sorry, there's no point in talking more. Anyway, I have to go now; it's getting too hot and smoky in here. I need fresh air. [Quietly exits].