

SDFF7 Tim

From Collaborative Writing

Anger the Best Medicine

SAM

(Whispering) Down you go my little hen, down, down, down in the abyss with the rest of us sinners.

(Madison walks behind her and taps her on her shoulder with her head.)

MADISON

Watcha doing...

SAM

Putting a chicken in a hole.

MADISON

Of course. *(beat)* Why?

SAM

For religious reasons.

MADISON

You sacrificing a chicken?

SAM

Not for my religious reasons. For the chicken's religious reasons. She had a nasty temper. And in chicken religion, if you have a nasty temper you'll find yourself at the bottom of an abyss.

MADISON

With the devil?

SAM

The chicken devil. When each chicken arrives in the abyss they are plugged up. Right up the bottom. Chickens only have one hole you know. They fill it up with a tiny cork.

MADISON

Little ticketing time bombs.

SAM

Until-

MADISON

Boom-

(The chicken reaches the hole and falls into it. We hear flapping and squawking as the chicken flies out.)

SAM

Their heads explode.

MADISON

In a shower of poop.

(Veronica enters in a cloud of fury. Holding the poor tortured chicken.)

SAM

(instantly defiant)

Poop. Poop everywhere.

VERONICA

Poop. That's what you have to say for yourself.

SAM

(nodding)

Poop.

VERONICA

And why is my chicken squawking and flying around like that?

(The chicken runs across stage.)

MADISON

Sam dug a hole.

SAM

The chicken fell in the hole.

MADISON

He was a bad chicken.

SAM

I think a spirit of anger was possessing him and that's what made him squawk like that.

VERONICA

Sam, really. What will the neighbors think?

SAM

I didn't do anything.

VERONICA

You didn't do anything?

SAM

No.

MADISON

The chicken fell in the hole on its own.

VERONICA

That's all you have to say for yourself?

SAM

Can I have lunch?

VERONICA

You can have lunch when you can apologize.

MADISON

I'm sorry Mrs. C.

SAM

I'm sorry.

VERONICA

I don't believe you. You can have lunch when I believe you're really sorry.

(Veronica exits)

SAM

I'm hungry.

(Veronica comes back on, she has to have the last word. She is vibrating with anger and holding the chicken by the neck. As she yells at her she shakes the chicken.)

VERONICA

I know you're hungry Sam. Do you think I don't know you're hungry? Every day I have to make sure you get food at the exact same time. And I do it. Every day. *(Notices the chicken.)* Look what you made me do Sam. Look! This is a living animal.

SAM

No it's dead.

VERONICA

Sam!

MADISON

It is Mrs. C.

VERONICA

I know this goddamn chicken is dead Madison.

MADISON

Then why'd you say it was a living animal Mrs. C?

VERONICA

(in a quiet voice)

Madison, I think you should go home now.

MADISON

Why? I didn't kill your dumb chicken.

SAM

We didn't kill your chicken.

VERONICA

It's dead isn't it. Why is it dead?

SAM

Because I dug a hole?

VERONICA

Because you dug a hole to torture a poor defenseless chicken. What will people think when they find out that my child tortures animals? I don't want to be the mother of a serial killer. Would you want to be the mother of a serial killer Sam?

SAM

No. I'll walk Madison home.

(Sam and Madison exit)

VERONICA

(To the audience)

Sam when you were little you picked at yourself until you bled. Your whole body was covered in scabs, and I found pieces of your nails everywhere. When we went out people thought you were eating sunflower seeds. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't touch you. You're a disgusting, foul little-

Scene III

SAM

I don't think my mom loves me.

MADISON

I don't think my mom loves me either.

SAM

How come you're so good then Madison? How come your brain doesn't boil with all sorts of things you can do?

MADISON

My mom says it's because of the Adderall. She says I was no good until the doctor gave her the prescription.

SAM

My mom says its the spirits. We go to church and pray about them and they make one spirit go away and then there's 10 more spirits that take its place. They prayed for the spirit of brutality, but then a spirit of anger took up residence.

MADISON

Maybe the Adderall will help. You want mine?

SAM

Sure.

(Madison hands over a pill to Madison)

MADISON

I feel like being a little wild today.

(Sam swallows the pill)

(A chicken walks on stage.)

SAM

I could cook that chicken. *(beat)* With my eyes.

MADISON

I dare you.

SAM

You're supposed to be the good one.

MADISON

You took the Adderall today, all bets are off.

(Sam begins staring intently at the bird. It starts squawking and crying. Cooking from the inside.)

MADISON

I don't think this is humane. Have you read the research? They say boiling is intensely painful.

SAM

Well what do you suggest?

(Madison produces a wrench)

MADISON

Hit her on the head. It's quick and painless.

SAM

(Weighing her options. In this case her option is the literal wrench.)

Yeah, I can't really feel good about this. What if it doesn't work?

MADISON

well it will at least mostly work.

SAM

Yeah, but what if I knock the smarts out of her, but she can still feel pain?

MADISON

Chicken don't have smarts.

SAM

What if she just lies there all twitchy?

(Madison produces a Katana)

MADISON

Split her in half, right down the spinal cord.

SAM

I don't have a lot of experience there.

MADISON

It's the only humane way. If you can't do it like that, maybe you should just leave her be.

SAM

I do think she'd be tasty with a butter sauce.

MADISON

I don't like the distressed meat taste. All those hormones of fear and pain make the meat taste ucky.

SAM

I'm mostly into the butter.

(She unwraps a stick and plops it into a skillet. Then stares intensely at the skillet. The sound of melting butter is heard.)

MADISON

(Sticking her finger in the butter and licking it.)

Mmm... butter.

(While, they're doing this the chicken just flops dramatically on its side and dies.)

MADISON

Oh no.

SAM

But, we didn't even kill it yet.

MADISON

Maybe if we cook it real fast mom won't even notice.

(They begin plucking the chicken and Veronica comes storming onstage again.)

VERONICA

You killed another chicken! I thought you were walking Madison home.

SAM

I wasn't torturing it.

MADISON

It just keeled over and died.

SAM

Honest.

VICTORIA

You're plucking the chicken. And you expect me to believe it died of natural causes?

MADISON

It was lunch. I'm doing a nice chicken picatta.

VERONICA

Why do you insist on torturing my chickens? I can't leave you out here for 10 minutes without you killing another one of my chickens. I don't know why you want to hurt me like this. Those chickens are the only think I've ever loved.

(Sam begins looking at her mother. Sadly. Intently. Focused.)

VERONICA

Why are you looking at me like that?

MADISON

She took my Adderall.

(Suddenly Veronica's eyes go funny and one arm shoots straight out.)

SAM

This Adderall's amazing. I see the problem. To make you a good Mommy we just need to burn out the thingles. The whiskers and gimlets.

(Veronic shoots out another arm and they begin dancing a weird tribal dance.)

SAM (CONT.)

All the stalactites of bile clogging up her duodenal channels.

MADISON

Clean out the gutters.

SAM

The clamping love shutters.

MADISON

The grumps and galoopus.

SAM

And ratamatootus.

MADISON

Not to mention the grandamalooofus!

SAM

We'll clean them all out, and what do you get-

(They all freeze. Focusing intently on Veronica. She stops. They look at her. She looks at them. She looks at the dead chicken. The pan full o butter.)

SAM

Did we burn all the mean out?

VERONICA

You made me lunch?

MADISON

We were hungry.

VERONICA

That's so sweet. What a smart girl to be able to make us lunch.

(They sit down to eat. Veronica sits next to both of them and gives them hugs.)

VERONICA (CONT.)

I'm so proud of you two and how self-sufficient you are. I think we should do something special. Let's go get manicures.

(Sam squirms with happiness. They begin to eat.)

MADISON

You are a good cook Sam.

SAM

I don't think this meat is distressed at all.

VERONICA

But it could use some olives. Let me go get some from the house.

(Veronica exits.)

MADISON

Wow. She's so- so-

SAM

Motherly.

MADISON

Like a different person.

SAM

I'm going to get my nails painted bright green I think. So they look like my toes need to be amputated.

MADISON

I'm thinking of a nice bruised purple. I should probably go home and get an Adderal. I want to be well behaved this time.

SAM

Adderal's chases away the spirits. Remember when mom thought I was possessed with a spirit of brutality?

(They laugh)

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