

You Don't Know How Lucky You Are!

From Collaborative Writing

Scene I

(Barb and Kim are crouched on one side of the stage. Linda, a security guard is sitting watching monitors. You know. Basically just guarding stuff.)

BARB

(stage whispers) Here's a baseball bat, you know what to do

KIM

I know what to do?

BARB

Yes.

KIM

What do I do?

BARB

Hit her with it.

KIM

With the bat?

BARB

Yes!

KIM

I don't want to.

BARB

Listen Kim, do you want to get into Harvard or not?

KIM

I do.

BARB

Then hit her with the bat.

KIM

But-

BARB

Hit her-

KIM

I don't wanna.

BARB

with the bat! Listen. I'm sorry you couldn't have two mothers like some kids.

KIM

My entrance essay would be so much easier to write.

BARB

But you've got to take some personal responsibility.

KIM

Right.

BARB

What's your essay's title?

KIM

When GPAs Attack.

BARB

Love it. Hit herrrr!

(Kim starts sneaking over to hit Linda on the head. As she winds up to swing-)

LINDA

You think I can't see you?

KIM

What?

BARB

Run Kim, Run. We're caught. Run!

LINDA

I can see you. I've got all these computer screens and cameras. I can watch the back of my head all damn night if I want to.

BARB

(in a whisper) Don't just stand there. Run!

LINDA

(to Barb) Ma'am, would you come out here please?

(Barb slinks guiltily out of the shadows.)

LINDA

Now listen. I don't know what ya'll are up to, and I don't really care. This is my last night here and I don't really give a damn about the place. But it's my last night here. And I'm not going to get beamed on my damn head on my last night here. My husband said it was foolish to have my last day on the job on Friday the 13th. But I think Friday the 13th is lucky, and I'm gonna stay alive so I can collect my pension and prove it.

(At this point Linda pulls a gun. Kim notices, but Barb is too wrapped up in her own thoughts.)

BARB

Oh this is even better Kim. Can you imagine if you kill-

KIM

Kill?

BARB

Ok, severely beat. Severely beat a woman a few hours before she's due to start collecting her pension?

KIM

Mom!

BARB

What a metaphor for the college application process. You spend 13 years working as hard as you possibly can, only to have your fantastic future yanked away at the last moment.

KIM

Mom, lookit!

(Barb notices Linda's gun)

BARB

Oh, you have a gun.

LINDA

(drawing a second, even larger gun) No, I have two guns.

(Instead of backing down, Barb grabs the baseball bat at Linda knocking one of the guns out of her hand. But, you know, Linda has another one, so she shoots Barb)

BARB

Oh this is fantastic!

KIM

Call an ambulance.

BARB

No, let me die.

KIM

What? No.

LINDA

Let her die Kim.

BARB

Can you imagine them reading that college essay exam? You'll write about that fucking twerp who only took honors government rather than advanced so that he could get a slightly better grade and screw you out of valedictorian. You'll write about that special bond between you and your mother. (*addressing Kim*) I love you Kim.

KIM

I love you mom.

BARB

And you'll write about how your mother gave her life so that you could go to Harvard. When faced with a rigged system. She gave up her life to set things right.

LINDA

That was beautiful. (*she dabs at tear*) I wish I cared enough about my kids to do something like that. When I got that check I had planned to get my hair braided and a cocoa monkey and settle on a beach with no cell reception so my children couldn't phone me.

KIM

But, I don't even really want to go to Harvard.

BARB

Oh, Kim that's just the death talking.

LINDA

You're just a kid. You don't know what you want.

KIM

I want my mother.

BARB

Oh Kim, you'll get over me. When you're earning 10% more than your peers who graduated from a lesser ivy league school. You'll have to decide between an Infiniti and a Lexus. You'll think about light blocking cellular blinds and carcinogen-free non-stick cookware. You won't have much time to think about Mom.

LINDA

Listen lady, tell me if you think I'm out of line here, but you want me to take a few whacks at her?

KIM

Whacks at me?

LINDA

Yeah, knock a little sense into her?

BARB

Be my guest.

(Linda picks up the baseball bat and whacks Kim.)

KIM

Ouch!

BARB

Oh this is even better. Not only did we do everything to get you to Harvard. We even abused you.

LINDA

That's good. Physical abuse is good.

BARB

Hit her again!

(Linda hits Kim again)

KIM

You two are sick.

BARB

You know I don't even know your name-

LINDA

Linda.

BARB

I'm Barb. Listen Linda, this may be an odd time to say it, but... well... Will you go to New York with me?

LINDA

New York? Why?

BARB

(Gurgling blood she reaches for Linda's hand.) Marry me Linda. You're beautiful. And I love the way you and Kim get along. My husband just doesn't get US *(gestures at herself and Kim)*, the way you do.

LINDA

Oh Barb. How romantic. Then Kim will have two moms.

BARB

Lesbian parents.

LINDA

(Linda stoops to cradle Barb's dying head.) What a humdinger of a college entrance essay.

BARB

But it is attainable. For us.

LINDA

What about our husbands?

BARB

I suppose it would be a bit much to ask for them to pair up as well?

LINDA

Too much. I couldn't see Robert ever going for that.

BARB

Maybe that would be too much. Two sets of gay parents.

LINDA

It is a like having soccer AND lacrosse listed as extra-curriculars.

KIM

Mom you can't leave dad. It's the loss of blood talking. Let me call an ambulance.

(She reaches for the phone. Linda slams it down.)

LINDA

I'm sorry sweetie. But it's for your own good.

KIM

Then I'm taking her with me.

LINDA

Barb, I still don't think she's getting how important it is to get into a good school.

BARB

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

BARB AND LINDA

(nodding their heads in agreement and smiling) Suicide!

KIM

(picking up the phone again) No mom, I'm calling an ambulance right now, and there's nothing-

(KIM falls to the ground as Linda shoots her in the leg)

LINDA

Kim, I know calling an ambulance seems like a good idea. But you're a teenager. You're acting on crazy impulses and hormones.

KIM

But what about your pension? You said you couldn't die tonight. You were going to prove Friday the 13th is lucky.

LINDA

You know the story behind Friday the 13th? On October 13th, 1314 the Knights Templar were disbanded. Their savings were confiscated. Their homes destroyed. They were tortured and killed. And for that people say it's unlucky. But you know what? King Phillip the IV of France was deeply indebted to the Knights. So in destroying them, he managed to get completely out of debt. And retained enough power to expel the Jews from France! That's pretty lucky.

BARB

You're King Phillip the second.

KIM

And you're the Jews?

BARB

(much weaker) No honey, c'mere.

(Kim crouches down to be by her side.)

BARB (CONT.)

Listen, life is like a cup of coffee. We all need the bitter dark taste of coffee to give us the propulsion to get us through the day.

LINDA

Our mutual suicide will be a singularly bitter, dark propellant.

BARB

But it will make you a success in life, and that's what matters.

KIM

No mom, please.

(Linda puts a gun in Barbs hand. They point guns at each other.)

KIM

Coffee doesn't have to be bitter and dark. It can be sweet and rich like chocolate.

(boom. Two dead bodies fall.)

KIM

And that's why we have coffee creamer.

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