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Dramatic Publishing



“QUICK-DRAW GRANDMA”

By
ELIZABETH WONG

Inspired by the Sixth Commandment

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Chris Till, Writers and Artists, 19 W. 44th St., Suite 1000,
New York NY 10036 - Phone: (212) 391-1112

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CHARACTERS

GRANDMA, 80s, a white-haired, sweet-faced bubbeh/abuelita/nen nen/nonna/nanna/oma. She can be Jewish or Mexican or Chinese or Italian or German. In other words, Granny was born elsewhere. English is her second language.

KEVIN, 13 years old, a kindhearted kid with a logical mind, born here in the United States to first-generation American parents. His idol is extreme pro-skater Tony Hawk, and he dreams about doing scary tricks on his skateboard. He uses the word “Grandma” and its language equivalent interchangeably.

SETTING: On the porch, on the stoop, or a backyard patio, USA.

TIME: A hot summer day.

NOTES

Costumes should be contemporary, not cartoon-y. Do not costume for ethnicity or ethnic origin. No babushka attire for Granny! Imaginary flies are best, suggested by the sound of buzzing. Props: (minimal to none), except a skateboard, jar of flies and an accordion-style handheld Asian fan.

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“Quick-Draw Grandma”

AT RISE: *GRANDMA*, sitting on a low stool. She finds relief from the summer heat by cooling herself with a pretty fan.

GRANDMA. Two eighty-one. Two eighty-one. Two eighty-one. *(Loud buzzing from an unseen black fly.)* Two eighty-one. Two eighteeeeeeeeee... *(Suddenly, she snaps shut the fan, and WHAM!!! This fly is finito.)* Two. Two eighty-two. *(She flicks the unseen fly into a jar black with its dead brethren.)* Two eighty-two. Two eighteeeeeeeeee... *(Multiple buzzing. With her eyes, GRANDMA tracks three separate flies zipping around in a complicated trajectory. Suddenly, she wields her deadly fan! BAM! BAM! And...BAM! GRANDMA, pointing to each carcass.)* Three, four, and FIVE!

(Seated or standing, GRANDMA does a delightful butt-wiggling victory dance. KEVIN enters, riding a skateboard.)

KEVIN *(overlapping)*. FIVE-forty varial McTwist from the vert, takes big air, the crowd goes wild, land the revert with awesome style, yaaaaay. And, for the grand finale, I bust a 360 one-wheel one-handed handstand! *(Beat.)*

Awright! (*He hops off his skateboard. To GRANDMA.*)
Waaaaaaassup, “Gee.” (*GRANDMA holds up her jar, shakes it. KEVIN peers into jar.*) Whoa. That is a whole lot of dead flies. How many you got?

GRANDMA. Two hundred eighty-five, and counting.

KEVIN. Whoa, Grandma Bin Laden. What’s up with the mass extermination?

GRANDMA. I don’t like the way they think.

KEVIN. Whoa. (*Beat.*) Huh?

GRANDMA. The mind of a fly works like the mind of the criminal. They sneak like a thief into your house. They fly everywhere, land on everything, create crazy chaos!

KEVIN. Okaaaay. (*Beat.*) I don’t get it.

GRANDMA. Come, my Kevin. Come look. Closer. Closer. Close enough.

KEVIN (*looks at a fly on the ground*). Little dude is just chillin’.

GRANDMA. See how he’s rubbing his hands. Like this. (*She demonstrates the movements of a fly with reasonable facsimile.*) Do you know why? Because first, they load up on rotting stinking rotting garbage, and then, over there, they see fresh steaming doggie doo, oh ho, let’s go land on it. So they rub rub rub rub, clean clean clean all that disgusting doggie doodoo right into your dinner.

KEVIN. Grosssssssss, Grandma.

GRANDMA. That’s nothing. When I was your age, in the old country, because we were soooooo hungry, we had to eat food even though there were flies in it, big dead flies and some even still wiggling. In order to survive, we had to eat flies.

KEVIN. Grosssssssss. So that’s why you kill flies?