

DADDY

A one-act play

by

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Daddy

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CHARACTERS:

DONNIE, small, handsome, 30; his maturity is stunted.

CARL, his fraternal twin brother, large, homely 30; his maturity is stunted, too.

TOOLEY, their father, 60

SETTING:

An antique shop in a small, coastal town, North Carolina.

TIME:

Present.

Evening. The run-down interior of an antique shop on the wharf. At rise, DONNIE and CARL, out of breath, are standing over a headless body. CARL has a large sword in his hand and a sandwich in his mouth. DONNIE holds a spyglass telescope like a baseball bat.

DONNIE

Holy shit, Carl, did you have to lop his fuckin' head off?

CARL takes the sandwich out of his mouth.

CARL

I didn't mean to.

DONNIE

You swung at his neck with a big fuckin' sword! What did you think would happen?

CARL

I thought I'd miss.

DONNIE

He's bleedin' all over the...oh, Christ.

CARL

Is he dead?

DONNIE

He's missin' his head! Yes, I think he'd dead!

DONNIE pulls a massive sea chest to the body. CARL goes back to eating the sandwich.

DONNIE (cont'd)

Fuck, the shit is seepin' through the floor.

CARL

I'm sorry, Donnie.

DONNIE

The whole harbor's gonna smell like Schlitz and fuckin' Brylcreem.

DONNIE opens the sea chest.

CARL

You were screamin' at me. I got rattled.

DONNIE
I was screamin' "stab him," not "decapitate his fuckin' ass!"
Put down the sword, Blackbeard.

CARL
Right.

CARL does.

DONNIE
Grab his feet and we'll...

DONNIE grabs the body's hands.

DONNIE (cont'd)
We have to get him in the sea chest.

CARL
Is he moving? It looks like he's moving.

DONNIE
His head is gone, Carl. People don't generally move without their heads.

CARL
What about that time we went into Mrs. Miller's back yard and-

DONNIE
Those were chickens, you fuckin' moron!

CARL
Don't yell at me!

DONNIE
You made a big fuckin' mess here!

CARL
You fuckin' kill Daddy next time!

CARL shoves DONNIE, who stumbles back, dropping the hands of the body, and falls to the floor. Getting up, DONNIE comes at CARL.

DONNIE
He's dead, dumbass, there won't be a next time.

DONNIE shoves CARL in return, but given CARL's greater size, it has little effect.

DONNIE (cont'd)
Right?

CARL

I'm not going to do this if you're going to be an asshole.

DONNIE

OK. OK. I'm sorry, Carl. I'm sorry from the bottom of my goddamn heart. And would you put away the fuckin' sandwich!

CARL puts it down on a table.

DONNIE (cont'd)

How can you be eating now anyway?

CARL

It's stress eating.

DONNIE

No, it's I'm a fat fuck eating.

DONNIE grabs the hands of the body again.

DONNIE (cont'd)

Now grab his feet.

CARL takes the feet and they put the body in the chest.

DONNIE (cont'd)

Get his head.

CARL

What?

DONNIE

His head, Carl. We can't leave it here, can we?

CARL

It'd make quite an antique. We could put it right next to the old diving helmet.

DONNIE

This is serious!

CARL

You don't have to get so emotional about it.

DONNIE

If you can't get emotional about seeing your father's decapitated head, I'm not sure there's *anything* you can get emotional about!

CARL

True.

DONNIE

Now grab the his fuckin' head before it rolls into the bay.

CARL

Why do I have to grab it?

DONNIE

Because you were the one who got all samurai.

CARL

So?

DONNIE

Put it in the fuckin'-...fine! Fine! Here!

DONNIE grabs the head and dumps it into the chest.

CARL

Ah, hell.

CARL backs away.

DONNIE

What?

CARL

He was lookin' up at me as he went in.

DONNIE

What?

CARL

His eyes were staring right at mine.

DONNIE

What are you talking about?

CARL

(creeped out)

Ah, Jesus, man. Jesus Christ. That's the creepiest thing I've ever seen in my life.

DONNIE grabs the sword and jabs it repeatedly at the head's eyes. Then he tosses the sword inside the chest and closes the lid.

DONNIE (cont'd)

There. Now you don't have to worry about him staring at you anymore.

CARL

Thanks. (beat) How far do you figure we need to go out into the water to dump the body? The sandwich probably won't do it for me.

DONNIE

Are you ever not eating, Carl?

They drag the sack to the back door.

CARL

I ain't never ate asleep. I dream sometimes of eating, usually barbecue for some reason, but-

DONNIE

Just take some chips with you! We're going beyond the harbor.

CARL

Well, I know *that*.

DONNIE

Past the shelf.

CARL

Past the shelf? The shelf is, like, way out there.

DONNIE

So take a fuckin' pizza, I don't give a shit.

CARL

Can I take the wheel?

DONNIE

No, I'll have the wheel, of course. You ain't been out past the shelf. I've been out there.

CARL

Only one time.

DONNIE

So? Have I been out there or not?

CARL

I was sick that day. I had some bad halibut.

DONNIE

So? I'll command. You couldn't handle the rough waters.

CARL

Says you.

DONNIE

I'm the only one who's been there so that makes me the official authority.

CARL

The official authority on your own dick, maybe.

DONNIE

Just get some towels or blankets upstairs. We have to wipe up the blood.

CARL

Do we really need to-

DONNIE

You want to do this right or not?

CARL runs up the back stairs. DONNIE does nothing. He just stands there. Waits. Picks his teeth. Hums. Looks bored. Pays no attention to the chest or the "blood." Then he casually plays with a pirate gun. He makes a sound like the gun has gone off. Then he plays "pirate" around the room. It's wildly immature. CARL appears.

CARL

All I could find was your Carolina Panthers blanket.

DONNIE

Figures.

CARL

Why's that?

DONNIE

We gotta wipe up blood and of course you can't find no shit of yours. Now what're we gonna use on the bed? Freeze our fuckin' nuts off tonight.

CARL

Oh. I didn't think of that.

DONNIE

No, you didn't. Give it here!

DONNIE snatches the bedspread and wipes up the "blood."

DONNIE (cont'd)

There.

DONNIE dumps the "bloody" blanket in the chest.

CARL
You gonna sink the blanket, too?

DONNIE
It's evidence now, Carl. Thanks to you.

DONNIE looks up at CARL.

CARL
It's just a blanket, Donnie.

DONNIE
It's not just a blanket, Carl.

CARL
You act like you're married to that blanket. Like you wanna have kids with it and then grow old and die with it.

DONNIE stares at CARL briefly.

DONNIE
Oh, hey, look, you got blood on your shirt.

CARL
(looking down)
Huh? I do?

DONNIE
Yeah. We have to throw it out.

CARL
I don't have blood on my shirt.

DONNIE
Yeah, you've got fuckin' blood on your shirt. Take it off, we have to drown it, too.

CARL
(catching on)
We'll just wash it, Donnie.

DONNIE
Have you ever tried to get blood out of clothes? It don't come out.

CARL
It's my favorite shirt.

DONNIE
Is it? You gonna marry that shirt?

CARL takes off his shirt and tosses it
in the chest.

CARL
Oh, look, you got blood on your shoe.

DONNIE
No, I don't.

CARL
If I've got blood on my shirt, you got it on your shoe.

DONNIE
Which one?

CARL
Both.

DONNIE takes off his shoes and puts
them in the chest.

CARL (cont'd)
And your pants, too.

DONNIE
What?

CARL
Right there. On the leg. Blood. Lots of it.

Pissed, DONNIE removes his pants.
Tosses them in the chest.

CARL (cont'd)
And your underwear.

CARL
Oh, fuck you. Be fuckin' serious, you stupid fuckin' fucker.
We gotta go bury Dad. Take a look around.

DONNIE looks around the shop.

DONNIE (cont'd)
Any guts lyin' anywhere?

CARL
Guts?

DONNIE
Guts. We have to check for guts.

CARL
We do?

DONNIE

You sautéed him, Carl. Don't need to leave his fuckin' ear on the floor and have that shit come back to us. He fuckin' drowned, remember? That's the story. He can't have drowned if his ear is stuck to the floor.

CARL

Right.

DONNIE

And like we need Maggie waltzin' in here going "oh, look, an ear."

CARL

Maggie wouldn't-

DONNIE

Wouldn't she?

CARL

Maybe.

DONNIE

Exactly, maybe. She's a smelly, nosy les-bo. Always over here. Don't take no genius to put two and three together when there's a fuckin' ear on the floor.

CARL

Right.

DONNIE

Police be down here in a second. I mean, Clarence is about the worst chief in the history of police chiefs, but that don't make him stupid.

CARL

No.

DONNIE

OK, so he can't catch a fuckin' fly in an outhouse, but an ear ain't no fly.

They look around.

CARL

Don't call Maggie a smelly, nosy les-bo, by the way.

DONNIE

You don't like me talkin' about your girlfriend?

CARL

She's not my girlfriend. She's *your* girlfriend.

DONNIE

You love her.

CARL

You do! For like a hundred years!

DONNIE

(sing-song)

Carl's in love with a les-bo. Carl's in love with a les-bo.

CARL

You're in love with a les-bo!

Pause.

DONNIE

OK. I won't talk about Maggie, even if she is a smelly, nosy les-bo that you love.

CARL

Thanks. (pause) We really goin' out past the shelf?

DONNIE

Yeah.

CARL

Pretty out there, ain't it?

DONNIE

Pretty, oh, yeah. Blue water like you wouldn't believe.

CARL

Yeah?

DONNIE

Rough waters out there, too. But pretty. Wide open. Like the options to go a certain direction are endless. Wouldn't that be nice? Options.

CARL

(noticing)

Hey, where's my sandwich?

Just then, from the workshop...

TOOLEY

Donnie?! Carl?!

They jump.

DONNIE

Ah, shit.

Just then, TOOLEY, their father, walks in from the workshop shaking a spray can. They look at him, frightened. He looks at them. DONNIE is without his shoes and pants and CARL is shirtless.

TOOLEY

Jesus H. What the fuck are you two assholes doin'?

DONNIE

You're home early, Daddy.

TOOLEY

Yeah, I'm home early. No shit. Do I look like a mirage to you?

DONNIE

No.

TOOLEY

The Wrightsville thing turned out to be dick. But I did get some old anvils. Can you help me unload, Donnie? You could use the workout.

DONNIE

OK.

TOOLEY turns as if to leave, stops.
DONNIE hasn't moved to follow him.

TOOLEY

Before I fuckin' croak?

DONNIE

OK.

TOOLEY

You, Carl. Dumb fuck. Get me a Schlitz. Can you handle that?

CARL

Yeah, Daddy.

TOOLEY

Look, we get the truck unloaded and I'll take you both down to Scoops for some pralines and cream. How's that sound?

CARL

OK.

DONNIE

OK.

TOOLEY eyes them closely.

TOOLEY

You two are really acting funny. Like a couple of fuckin' funny boys.

CARL

Sorry.

TOOLEY

We don't have to have no ice cream. I could just take you both into the workshop and shove an iron poker up your asses.

CARL

I'd prefer pralines and cream.

TOOLEY looks long at them, then turns away towards the workshop. Stops.

TOOLEY

What is this sack doing here?

DONNIE

We were collecting mollusks.

TOOLEY

Really? You without your shirt and you without your pants?

DONNIE

Yeah.

TOOLEY

Uh-huh. Why don't you two collect something for the shop? Nine times out of ten you two are jackin' off. *Playing*. Like children. Mollusks and starfish and craw daddies. Some day this place will be yours and my fear is that you'll turn it into a fuckin' petting zoo. And, apparently, a clothing optional fuckin' petting zoo. (beat) Carl? The beer. Donnie, put your pants on and come with me.

TOOLEY exits into the workshop.

CARL

He ruined the game.

DONNIE

Yeah.

CARL

And this was a good one, too.

DONNIE

One of our best.

CARL

The best.

DONNIE

Oh, yeah.

CARL

We gonna do this one again?

DONNIE

Oh, yeah.

CARL

How we gonna get the head back on for next time?

DONNIE

I don't know.

TOOLEY

(from the workshop)

Donnie?! Carl?! Goddammit!

Lights out