

By Crysteaux Sun

Cast, in order of appearance:

- **Doctor Winkler:** wearing scrubs, faced obscured...KJ
- **Trudy:** southern accent if possible, good posture, ambitious, straightforward, generally sunny, totally genuine... Erica
- **Scout:** early 20s, meek, subtly self-conscious, nonchalant to the max, bad posture, talks slowly and nasally.... KJ
- **Django:** early 20s, meek, subtly self-conscious, nonchalant to the max, bad posture, talks slowly and nasally....Jacob
- **IF JACOB AND ERICA WORK BETTER TOGETHER THEN KJ AND ERICA MAY SWITCH THEIR ROLES COMPLETELY.**

SCENE I. DOCTOR stands in front of a reclined TRUDY. Hope gleams in her eyes.

DOCTOR [dryly]:
Hello, Trudy. Good news or bad news first?

TRUDY:
Good news, please, doctor.

DOCTOR:
Well, surprise: you're getting twins. A boy and a girl.

TRUDY [genuinely choked up]:
That's...why, that's splendid, doctor!

DOCTOR [purely perfunctorily]:
Yep. Woohoo. But unfortunately they'll be born with a genetic disease.

TRUDY [shaken]:
...Can't say I was prepared for that.

DOCTOR:
There are worse things. Don't worry; there won't be any noticeable physical deficiencies.

TRUDY:
But their minds?! Behavior? Intelligence?

DOCTOR:
All fine, but you may note some....delusional behavior.

TRUDY:
Delusional behaviour??? Delusions of grandeur? Are they narcissists?! Sociopaths?!

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DOCTOR:

No, but it's called late-onset something I read in an article....So really? You haven't read it? [she laughs under her breath for a moment]

TRUDY, dumbstruck, stares daggers at her from head to toe, while DOCTOR addresses the audience with no surprised expression at all.

DOCTOR [lightly]:

You guys know what article I'm talking about, right?

End scene.

SCENE II. Kitchen. Fast-forward about 20 years. The twins are of college age.

SCOUT and DJANGO enter the kitchen. TRUDY plants swift kisses onto them. When she turns her back (to do something, like pour coffee) they perform a satirical miming bit of the kissing before tucking into their coffee.

TRUDY [jazzed]:

Sooo SCOUT... wanna show us some moves from dance class last semester?

SCOUT:

Psh, that class was a trainwreck. Haha. Not really.

TRUDY:

Well, got anything to show for it?

SCOUT:

I'm not gonna, like, dance... It was a chill class, is all. —beat—Like I thought this move was pretty cool but it's all about the idea...

She performs a modest move that is basically 2 millesecs long and effortless. She tops it off with a noncommittal shrug.

TRUDY:

Not bad, Scout!

SCOUT and DJANGO lift their eyebrows and cross their legs.

TRUDY:

And Django, my budding actor! We're practicing during this break! [indicates watch] Starting in T-1 hour!

DJANGO [blankly]:

Wow I keep forgetting you used to act, Mom.

TRUDY [prideful]:

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And look where I am now!

DJANGO [sarcastically]:
Biiiiig oil. Success does come at a price.

DJANGO and SCOUT cast the audience an exasperated gaze while TRUDY concentrates on them and sternly begins chastising DJANGO with no sound coming out (or improv a tirade if possible). TRUDY shakes DJANGO and SCOUT by the shoulders; they don't respond.

End scene.

SCENE II. INT. RESTAURANT.

Enter DJANGO and TRUDY. They both wear crowns; DJANGO has a broom between his legs, and SCOUT holds an elaborate metal pitcher that weighs her down. Both appear noticeably uncomfortable but power through their entrance. The crowns tangle up SCOUT's hair (and will remain that way for the rest of the play).

TRUDY rises from her seat at the table in shock.

TRUDY [teasingly]:
No one told me this was a costume party! Did you come from a friend's place?

DJANGO: No.

DJANGO and TRUDY sit down meekly, acting totally normal.

TRUDY [trying to be serious]:
Well, okay... but that broom couldn't have been comfortable, Django. I thought you'd forgotten about it though! Oh those Harry Potter days of yours!

DJANGO [dismissively]:
It's not a big deal.

TRUDY:
Also, what's my pitcher doing here? My old relic from Kuwait!

SCOUT:
I pour my Maharaja Chai Oolong out of this. It is [**air quotations**] bæ, dare I say.
SCOUT chuckles lightly to herself.

TRUDY:
Sounds yummy!
Suddenly, TRUDY notices the crowns and tries to snatch them.
DJANGO and SCOUT weakly resist.

TRUDY:
Your—your father and I wore those on our first date! High school prom! How did you—

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DJANGO [with a pompous air]:

They're kind of adorably ironic, don't you think? We'll take them off for now though.

DJANGO and SCOUT glance at each other and shrug, proceeding to remove the crowns. DJANGO removes his, but SCOUT struggles with the crown in tangles. After a few seconds she swiftly gives up and claps her hands into a folded position, pretending nothing happened.

DJANGO:

...Do you want some help—

SCOUT [snappishly, not looking at him]:

What for?

TRUDY begins to interject but stops herself.

TRUDY [with a mischievous smile]:

So! Are you guys ready to meet Gordon Ramsay?

DJANGO and SCOUT perk up but quickly slouch again.

SCOUT:

Oh, you were serious about that?

DJANGO:

That guy's pretty fucking excessive.

SCOUT, sarcastically:

Mom, always aiming for the stars.

DJANGO:

Literally, this time.

SCOUT:

High five, Djangs.

SCOUT AND "DJANGS" don't actually high five. Rather, they nod at each other.

SCOUT (cont'd):

But not really literally.

DJANGO (into his glass):

Honestly.

TRUDY gets up and pulls at her children's elbows.

TRUDY:

Wake up. Straighten up. Here he comes!

End scene.

SCENE III. INT. LIVING ROOM. *All to-be-mentioned props in this scene--if possible!*

DJANGO and SCOUT stride along the hallway, exiting the house. DJANGO carries a chair with him, and SCOUT still has her hands full with the pitcher.

DJANGO:

So Gordon was rather full of himself.

SCOUT:

Yeah, he's great and successful and all, but it's all a bit much.

DJANGO:

Exactly. Something about him is just a bit too much.

TRUDY [from the couch:

Where are you going with that?

DJANGO:

The animal shelter, like you told me.

Beat. TRUDY blinks a lot.

TRUDY:

First the broomstick, now a whole chair?!

DJANGO:

It just makes for a better experience. You should try it sometime.

SCOUT:

Also, we're going to Goodwill later so text me if you want anything.

DJANGO:

TTYL, Trudy-poody.

They EXIT the stage. TRUDY cranes her neck their direction (this assumes the door hasn't closed).

TRUDY [shouting to be heard]:

Have a wonderful day with the animals, kids!

End scene.

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SCENE IV. TRUDY'S PRIVATE OFFICE AT BIG OIL CO. ON THE WALL ARE WILLIAM'S PORTRAIT + A SHELL or BP LOGO ON BIG POSTER PAPER!

TRUDY hurriedly enters with an armful of papers, folders, etc, and deposits them onto her desk. She sits and emits a sigh of relief. She rubs her temples and takes breaths. Soon she begins swirling a pen around, deep in thought, totally in her own world.

She takes out her cell phone and makes a call.

TRUDY:

[calmly and gravely, akin to FDR declaring WWII to the nation] Doctor Winkler? It's been... 20 some odd years? You probably don't remember, but I'm Trudy. You diagnosed my unborn twins with "late-onset something" you read in an article?

[Beat] I think the onset is finally upon us. [Beat &/or gulp]

End scene.

SCENE V. INT. HOME; if possible, have a door between rooms, where the twins occupy one and TRUDY another.

TRUDY walks towards the twins to tell them something but stops and peeks. SCOUT and DJANGO, in pyjamas, are dancing like children and taking turns waltzing with the STUFFED FROG to the song that's blasting in their room: "Funny Little Frog" by Belle & Sebastian. Until now the twins have never appeared so carefree and happy.

TRUDY chuckles to herself and walks away with considerably less stress than before.

End scene.

SCENE VI. *From now on, all to-be-mentioned props will remain in the space, until the last scene (8)!*

TRUDY is preparing breakfast when DJANGO enters, closely followed by SCOUT.

TRUDY:

[Going over to kiss DJANGO on the head] Happy birthday, my dear boy! I'm getting breakfast started [turns around to continue prepping it] and then we can—

TRUDY turns around to find DJANGO and SCOUT nearly offstage. They have snatched a starfish and dead potted plant from the table and taken it out.

TRUDY's eyes interrogate the table, then encircle the whole space.

TRUDY [defeated]:

There's... nothing left in this house.

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TRUDY slowly ensues a search (10-20 secs) and pulls out the stuffed frog from a corner. She lies down in corpse pose and places the frog onto her face and just lies there for 30 seconds until...

End scene.

SCENE VII. A few hours later. Take inspiration from these clips to maximise the effect!: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=saEzQcayEPM>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vmdIqMN5Yo0>

ENTER DJANGO AND SCOUT. They're drunk and come upon their mother who's in the same corpse pose.

DJANGO collapses onto his knees by TRUDY's body and throws fake punches while laughing.

SCOUT [fake sobbing]:

Stop it, Trey! You're killing him! You're killing him!

The fake, one-sided fighting continues. DJANGO grabs an umbrella from the table just as SCOUT pulls out a fake gun and fires several times. As soon as she does so "HIDE AND SEEK" by Imogen Heap starts playing.

SCOUT and DJANGO's fake sobs and laughter eventually fade, and they start shouting and poking at TRUDY, to no response.

DJANGO:

Stop it, Mom! It's not funny anymore!

SCOUT:

Come on, just stop it!

[Beat]

DJANGO:

Mom?

End scene.

SCENE VIII. TRUDY'S funeral—OR a grave scene. Dressed in all black (if funeral), SCOUT and DJANGO stand beside each other, in front of a box. They pass around the dead potted plant every once in a while and eventually set it down. The air about them is inherently awkward.

SCOUT:

[hesitantly] ...Not many people know that oil spills also affect freshwater creatures. [quick look at the audience] Like frogs, for instance.

Poker face from Django.

Fin.