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THEY CALL IT A STABBING

A Ten Minute Play

by

Carl Kloster

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CHARACTERS

FRANKLIN: Late forties male, The starting of a beard, in a slightly tattered grey suit with it's fair share of stains.

CECELIA: Early forties, wife of Franklin, wears a old blue dress also covered in stains.

AARON: 17 year old boy in casual clothes, has two large scars on his back.

TOM: 18 year old boy, friend of Aaron, wears baseball jersey.

AARON'S DAD: played by Aaron with a fake mustache. Same clothes as Aaron.

SCENES

Scene One. SETTING: A Park in downtown Minneapolis, MN. It has a single bench on a path. TIME: Present Day.

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Scene One

(Lights up. FRANKLIN and CECELIA are sitting on opposite sides of a park bench next to a sign that reads "PATH B-2". In front of them is a paved path running from one of the stage to the other. CECELIA is reading a worn copy of TIME magazine from 1983. FRANKLIN just sits looking around and tapping his hands. A few minutes pass before an old man carrying a grocery bag walks by. When he reaches center stage he reaches in his bag and pulls out a thermos and takes a drink. In doing so he drops an unwrapped ham sandwich on the ground. Not noticing the fallen sandwich the old man continues his walk offstage. FRANKLIN looks intently at the sandwich, and then looks casually around. FRANKLIN then creeps forward and picks the sandwich up. Without taking his eyes off the sandwich he sits back onto the bench and brings it up to his mouth.)

CECELIA

You're not seriously going to eat that are you, Franklin dear?
(FRANKLIN lowers the sandwich.)

FRANKLIN

And what if I was Cecelia? Is it wrong for a man to eat when he's hungry? I think not.

CECELIA

IT was on the GROUND dear.

FRANKLIN

Not for more than a peck. Look, you can't even see any dirt on it.
(FRANKLIN thrusts the sandwich towards CECELIA and turns it around for her to see. CECELIA is still reading TIME and doesn't look away.)

CECELIA

You're going to blow our cover!

FRANKLIN

Right, right. I'm sure eating a sandwich in the park is mighty suspicious.

(FRANKLIN makes a woman's voice.)

Stay away from that man son; he's eating a sandwich, only murderers eat sandwiches!

(CECELIA forcefully puts her magazine down. She then grabs the sandwich from FRANKLIN'S hands and throws it over her shoulder.)

CECELIA

You are not going to ruin this operation Franklin. We NEED this.

FRANKLIN

And I need to eat sometimes.

CECELIA

You'll eat once we pull this off!

(AARON's voice is heard offstage.)

Shit fucking shit, here we go.

(CECELIA straightens herself up and holds the magazine in front of her face, though now it is upside down.)

FRANKLIN

Yeah, yeah.

(FRANKLIN leisurely goes back to sitting on the opposite side of the bench and tapping his feet. AARON walks onstage talking on a cell phone.)

AARON

You what? Ok, OK! Yeah! I'm in the park.

(AARON looks around and sees the sign.)

B-2, yeah. I'll be on the bench. See ya soon.

(AARON walks up to the bench and points at the empty area.)

Hey, is anybody?

FRANKLIN

N-no! Go right ahead and sit down on this bench right here. Nobody's sitting there currently so surely you can sit down.

AARON

Um, great. Thanks.

FRANKLIN

So, what's your name then?

AARON

Uh. It's--

CECELIA

(through a very fake cough.)

Not important!

AARON

It's, um, Aaron.

(AARON sits down. A moment of silence passes by before
AARON notices CECELIA's upside down magazine.)

Um, Excuse me miss, the TIME?

CECELIA

(Without moving the magazine.)

Seven Fourty Two. PM. Central Standard. Good? good.

AARON

Oh. Right, but.

(AARON picks up the magazine and flips it right-side up.
In doing so we notice CECELIA has a large carving knife
between her teeth. AARON places the magazine back in
her hands, not noticing the knife.)

FRANKLIN

OH SHIT! Hey! Good sir!

(AARON turns toward FRANKLIN who is visibly
worried.)

I, uh, happened to...think think think...DROP! Yes! Quite! I dropped a sandwich! Back
over thereish. And being quite famished, I would certainly like to partake in it's delicate
flavors of ham.

(He waves his arms around pointing behind the bench.)

Would you possibly, kindly, retrieve it for me?

AARON

Is there a reason you can't get it yourself? I'm kind of waiting for a friend to stop by.

FRANKLIN

Well, normally, I would. But, you see, I...I...don't have any legs.

AARON

No legs?

FRANKLIN

Fresh out, lad.

AARON

You know I can see your legs right? They're right here?

(AARON takes a firm grab of FRANKLIN'S left leg.)

FRANKLIN

Well, it's one of those, um, ah...oh right, a prostate. Prostate-ic.

(AARON immediately lets go.)

AARON

What?

FRANKLIN

Right, right, I lost my leg in that war...the one...Yeah. And I my team leader felt so bad he gave me his prostate, as he had lost his leg earlier in the war and had a bunch of prostate legs just laying around. Oh I remember when he would beat us boys off with his prostate if we-

AARON

I'm going now, to look for that sandwich...It was over there? Far away from you right?

FRANKLIN

Ah yes, back a that-a-ways. Thank you my boy, thank you!

(AARON runs off behind the bench and searches the ground for the sandwich. FRANKLIN turns to CECELIA.)

What are you doing!

(CECELIA brings the magazine down and takes the knife out of her mouth.)

CECELIA

You do want to go through with this right!

FRANKLIN

I didn't realize we were going to kill him Cecelia!

CECELIA

That's been the plan from the start, somebody sits between us, we stab them repeatedly,
take their possessions and run!

FRANKLIN

WHAT!

(FRANKLIN stands up and backs a bit away from
CECELIA.)

When did we plan this? I thought we were luring people to a hotel to cut out their vital,
highly sellable, organs.

CECELIA

I figured we'd cut out the whole hotel thing, It just costs too much money to get a hotel
room for an hour or two now-a-days. Plus all those dirty looks when we drag the body in.
(AARON walks up holding the sandwich. Leaves and
sticks are stuck to it. Also a caterpillar.)

AARON

I thought your legs we're missing.

(CECELIA hides the knife in the pages of her magazine.)

FRANKLIN

SHE'S NOT MY WIFE!

(pause.)

Oh right. The legs.

(FRANKLIN falls over.)

Better?

AARON

Here's that, uh, sandwich.

(AARON drops the sandwich onto FRANKLIN'S torso.)

FRANKLIN

Ah! Ah HAH! Ham! My boy, good work!

(FRANKLIN begins eating the sandwich.)

AARON

So, yeah. hope you enjoy that. I'm gonna, go. Over there more.

FRANKLIN

I see. That troubles me, son. Honey?

(CECELIA grabs AARON from behind and holds the knife
at his throat.)

FRANKLIN (con't)

Right.

(FRANKLIN gets up and takes another bite of the sandwich.)

AARON

Let go!

CECELIA

'Fraid we can't do that. We need some...things from you.

FRANKLIN

Right.

(FRANKLIN grabs AARON'S cell phone.)

We'll be taking this.

(The cell phone rings and FRANKLIN answers it.)

Hello? Whose this?

(CECELIA and AARON stop fighting.)

CECELIA

What are you doing!

FRANKLIN

Oh! Right!

(into the phone.)

Uh, Aaron's dead. Goodbye.

(FRANKLIN hangs up the phone and pockets it.)

AARON

But I'm not dead!

FRANKLIN

Well not yet! But there's hope for you yet!

CECELIA

You're an idiot!

FRANKLIN

What! No harm done! It was probably a wrong number anyway. Now Aaron, would you say your kidneys are healthy?

AARON

Kidneys?

FRANKLIN

Yes, those things, round back.

AARON

I uh, nope. I don't happen to have any kidneys.

CECELIA

Don't lie now, no use in lying when your gonna be dying.

FRANKLIN

Nice one love.

AARON

No, go ahead and check. I have no kidneys, you can see the scars where they were removed.

(FRANKLIN and CECELIA give each other a good hard look before spinning AARON around and lifting his shirt up revealing two large scars.)

CECELIA

Well if that don't beat all...

AARON

Car accident when I was six. Lost 'em both, and somehow managed to survive without 'em.

FRANKLIN

Huh, and here we thought they was vital.

AARAON

Right, so, I'm no use to you guys. I'll just head on out and get some sleep.
(AARON starts to back away.)

CECELIA

Didn't he mention something about a friend coming Franklin?

FRANKLIN

Why, I think he did. Perhaps this friend is full of wonderful organs?

AARON

No, he doesn't have any organs either. Really, don't trouble yourself.
(FRANKLIN walks up to AARON and puts his arm around his shoulder.)

FRANKLIN

Look lad, it's not like we're unreasonable. We just haven't eaten in a very long time. We need those organs so we can survive.

AARON

You're going to eat them?

FRANKLIN

I didn't say that, did I? Cecelia and I are very adamant about no cannibalism. It's just something we'd rather not get into.

(beat)

Now, what we'll do is hide you behind that bench there. When you're friend comes along you give us a little tug and we'll jump him.

CECELIA

Tis' a good plan. When we have your friend, you'll be free to go.

AARON

Really?

(FRANKLIN turns AARON and holds him close.)

FRANKLIN

You brought me a sandwich. That makes us pals. Of course we'll let ya live, lad.
(FRANKLIN lets go of AARON completely. Pause. TOM walks in eating a Baby Ruth.)

AARON

Tom, RUN!

FRANKLIN

You sack of fuck.

(As TOM realizes what's happening and runs, CECELIA tackles him to the ground, flips him on his back, and holds the knife over his head. At the same time FRANKLIN takes off his fake leg and hits AARON over the head. AARON falls behind the bench unconscious.)

CECELIA

Well, hello dear, leaving so soon?

TOM

Uh, hi. You a friend of Aaron's?

(FRANKLIN walks over to the fallen Baby Ruth and picks it up.)

FRANKLIN

Oh, best friends lad. Mind if I eat this?

TOM

Oh, no, you go right ahead. What's mine is yours apparently.

FRANKLIN

Glad to hear that Tom. I really am.

CECELIA

So you won't mind if we take some organs?

TOM

Woah, what?

FRANKLIN

You'll hardly miss 'em.

TOM

No, I'm pretty sure I'll miss my organs.

FRANKLIN

Come on Tom, you just said "What's mine is yours" right? Don't tell Cecelia there you didn't mean it. She tends to get, stab-by, when people lie.

CECELIA

Doctor said I shouldn't work out all my problems that way, but it's all I know.

TOM

Why didn't you take Aarons organs? Why--

FRANKLIN

He doesn't have what we wanted Tom. You should know that.

TOM

Why would I know!

CECELIA

Why would he know, Franklin?

FRANKLIN

I figured it was common knowledge!

CECELIA

Just cause you know doesn't make it common knowledge. The fact he questioned it should have told you that!

FRANKLIN

Ok! Fine! I get it! Lets just do this!

CECELIA

Tom, I'm gonna need you to roll over now ok?

TOM

Not ok! Not ok!

(CECELIA and FRANKLIN roll TOM onto his stomach. CECELIA brings the knife up high when a gunshot is heard. CECELIA falls over clutching her right arm.)

FRANKLIN

What 'n the sam hill--

(Gunshot heard and FRANKLIN falls over clutching his shoulder. Tom lies crying on the ground as AARON's DAD walks out.)

AARON'S DAD

Aaron! It's Dad! Oh, Thomas!

TOM

They we're bad people....bad people...

FRANKLIN

We're bad people? He shot us! For no reason!

AARON'S DAD

Where's Aaron? I heard he's dead.

TOM

They wanted to steal our organs...They wanted your son's organs...

CECELIA

Franklin, I don't like where this is going.

AARON'S DAD

Bastards. Tom, you carry a pocket knife with you?

TOM

Wouldn't be lead boy scout without it.

AARON'S DAD

Good. We have some pumpkins to carve.

(Lights down.)

END