

SWEET PEAS...

by

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SWEET PEAS...

SETTING — A therapist's office.

CHARACTERS — PATIENT, male, and THERAPIST, any gender.

AT RISE — PATIENT reclining, stereotypical therapy session.

PATIENT

Well, Doc, I really don't know where to start.

THERAPIST

Tell me about this... "Willow."

PATIENT

She told me she was just a small town cat, living in a lonely hat. Took the midnight train going anymeow.

THERAPIST

(writing something)

Uh huh...

PATIENT

You must think I'm insane...

THERAPIST

Let's focus on you, please.

PATIENT

What do you want to know?

THERAPIST

What was this... small town "cat" to you?

PATIENT

Everything. She taught me that kindness is magic. And cruelty—...

(too upset; has to stop)

Oh God...

THERAPIST

"Cruelty"...?

PATIENT

(revealing flayed, scabbed-over arms)

CRUELTY IS KITTEN CLAWS!

(sobs brokenly)

THERAPIST

(writing)

"Cruelty is... kitten claws."

PATIENT

She told me... she told me that sweet peas are made of these.

THERAPIST

"Made of...?"

PATIENT

Blood. And fur.

THERAPIST

(writing)
..."and fur."

PATIENT

And there was one more thing.

THERAPIST

Yes?

PATIENT

She said, "I'm waiting for the aquaduct to come meet me at the windmill."

(beat)

Crap... it's already been done.

THERAPIST

"Crap, it's already been done." Go on...

PATIENT

No, that part was me. I was saying that it's already happened.

THERAPIST

The aquaduct...

PATIENT

...met her at the windmill. I only just realized. We're too late. Oh God. WE'RE TOO LATE!

THERAPIST

(to someone else)

...And then he pulled out a banana.

OTHER THERAPIST is revealed.
Female.

OTHER THERAPIST

(writing)

"A banana." Is that a euphemism or—?

THERAPIST

No, it was an actual banana. Loaded with potassium. Good for you.

OTHER THERAPIST

(writing)
..."Good for you." And he...?

THERAPIST

Ate it, yes.

OTHER THERAPIST

Why, do you suppose?

THERAPIST

He was hungry, perhaps? Evidently he had lost a lot of blood so he was perhaps feeling weak...

OTHER THERAPIST

And this revelation about the windmill...

THERAPIST

I suppose he just sort of... gave up. He left our session shortly thereafter, but not before...

OTHER THERAPIST

Yes?

THERAPIST

He warned me. That—...

PATIENT

She's still out there, you know. That beautiful, unholy creature. Lurking where you least expect. Waiting to pounce... on your soul.

PATIENT exits.

THERAPIST

What do you suppose he meant by that?

OTHER THERAPIST

Impossible to say. But one thing's for certain...

THERAPIST

...Yes?

OTHER THERAPIST

(revealing a fearsome set of claws)
Sweet peas are made of these.

THERAPIST screams and tries to run,
but it's already too late. Blood. And fur...

END OF PLAY.