

JACKASS

by

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SETTING — An old diner, present day.

CHARACTERS — GRANDMA and GRANDSON.

AT RISE — GRANDMA and GRANDSON are sitting across from each other in a diner booth. GRANDMA has a mostly full tall glass of iced tea and GRANDSON is laughing at a video on his cell phone.

GRANDMA

(after a moment)

What's so funny?

GRANDSON

(indicating phone)

A guy on a bike just tried to ride a rail and ended up smashing onto his crotch. Ha ha ha. Man.

GRANDMA

Well that doesn't sound too smart.

GRANDSON

He has this whole series—kind of like Jackass for YouTube. This wasn't the best idea, but he's had worse.

GRANDMA

(used to being confused)

I don't know. If you say so...

GRANDSON

So are you ready yet or what?

GRANDMA

What?

GRANDSON

To go...?

GRANDMA

(indicating drink)

But I just got this.

GRANDSON

You ordered that an hour ago.

GRANDMA

Well it's very strong. I like that hat. Say, didn't you pick that up at Mount Rushmore?

GRANDSON

Mount—?? Jesus grandma, I just wanna go down to the army surplus store. Drink your fucking tea.

GRANDMA

It's very strong.

GRANDSON

Then leave it and let's go.

GRANDMA

Oh, no, we can't do that.

GRANDSON

Why not??

GRANDMA

That would be wasteful. I'm not made of money, you know.

GRANDSON

The store closes in like half an hour!

GRANDMA

Well, there's always tomorrow...

GRANDSON

Maybe not. I got shit I gotta do.

GRANDMA

Your craft project?

GRANDSON

(shifty)

Yeah, something like that.

GRANDMA

Hmm.

GRANDMA takes a glacially slow sip of the drink as GRANDSON watches in growing frustration. GRANDMA slowly returns the glass to the table.

GRANDSON

(patience at an end)

Maybe I can help?!

GRANDMA

Oh no. But thank you.

GRANDSON

No, really, I wanna try it. Let me have a sip.

GRANDMA

I don't think that's such a good idea.

GRANDSON

Why the fuck not?

GRANDMA

Well, I'd have to tell your parole officer, wouldn't I?

GRANDSON

Iced tea ain't exactly a violation of my—

GRANDMA

Long Island iced tea. Cheryl makes them extra strong here.

GRANDSON

(realizing)

Fuck.

GRANDMA

I was worried you'd accomplish something this time, so I started drinking. Now I'm not fit to drive, and you don't have your license anymore. Guess we're stuck here for a while.

GRANDSON

I can walk there.

GRANDMA

You'll never make it before five.

GRANDSON

I can run.

GRANDMA

And leave your dear old grandma all alone at some seedy diner? What would your mother think.

GRANDSON

(miserable)

Please, grandma, can we just—

GRANDMA

Now...

(takes another languid sip of the drink)

...tell me more about this "Jackass," jackass.

END OF PLAY.