

THE PRICE OF CHICKEN NUGGETS

by

Brandon M. Crose

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www.brandoncrose.com
brandon.crose@gmail.com

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SETTING — A busy parking lot.

CHARACTERS — TEENAGE CHILD and FATHER.

AT RISE — TEENAGE CHILD is on cell phone, frantically looking around.

TEENAGE CHILD
H-hello? Hello??

FATHER
(phone)
Hey! What's going on?

TEENAGE CHILD
You left me at a goddamn rest stop!

FATHER
(phone)
Oh! Sorry—I thought you wanted chicken nuggets.

TEENAGE CHILD
...I got the chicken nuggets.

FATHER
(phone)
Great! How were they?

TEENAGE CHILD
They were good...

FATHER
(phone)
Yeah? Like, scale of one to ten?

TEENAGE CHILD
Uh... I'd say a seven.

FATHER
(phone)
HmMMM. A seven. Would you say... worth missing your ride for?

TEENAGE CHILD
I'd say that's a hard no.

FATHER
(phone)
Hmm. Maybe if they'd been an eight or a nine...?

TEENAGE CHILD

So, uh. How far away are you?

FATHER

(phone)

Oh, well, you ate slowly... you always do... Maybe about... a half hour? Fifteen minutes out of Portland, give or take.

TEENAGE CHILD

Soo... will you be swinging back by, or—?

FATHER

(phone)

Oh, nooo. No, I don't think so. That's a half hour out of the way at this point. Hey, how are you getting home, anyway?

TEENAGE CHILD

...I dunno, maybe dragon?

FATHER

(phone)

Dragon! Nice. Where are you going to get one of those?

TEENAGE CHILD

Dad!!

FATHER

(phone)

I'm still in the parking lot.

TEENAGE CHILD

I hate you.

FATHER

(phone)

Did you save any chicken nuggets for me?

TEENAGE CHILD

...No?

FATHER

(phone)

Dads require a sacrifice, too. Dragon's probably your best bet at this point. See ya!

Sound of a car peeling away.

TEENAGE CHILD

(racing off stage)

Daaaaaad...!!

END OF PLAY.