

Hungry boy and Angry boy

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Characters:

- Hungry boy. 7 years old, first grade.
- Angry boy. 10 years old, fourth grade.
- Grandma. 70 years old, has a shop where she sells cheap sweets.

A summer afternoon, around 4 p.m.

In an old rural town centre. The action takes place in a small sweetshop.

'Grandma' sitting at the cash desk, behind which there is her private room.

'Angry boy' is looking at the cheap candies. He takes some and put them back.

Grandma:

Don't touch them. Your hands are sticky with sweat.

Angry boy moves to another shelf and looks again at the candies.

Grandma:

I suspect you'll buy those you have touched, won't you?

Angry boy finally chooses a packet of sweets and goes to the cash desk.

Grandma:

Is that all? ...60yen.

Angry boy:

Some discount?

Grandma:

No discount.

Angry boy:

30 yen!

Grandma:

No discount!

He takes the packet and goes back towards the shelf.

Grandma:

Put them back in their exact place.

The Angry boy puts the sweets back as they were and starts looking at the sweets again.

Grandma:

If you are just kidding me, go home, boy.

Angry boy ignores her, continues looking at the candies.

Enter 'Hungry boy'.

In his hands, the Hungry boy has a big piggy bank.

Angry boy takes another packet of sweets and starts running.

Grandma:

Hey!

She runs after him.

Angry boy, trying to run out from the shop but Hungry boy with his big piggy bank appears just before him.

Angry boy:

Oh no!

Angry boy just manages to not bump into the Hungry boy but Grandma catches his arm.

Angry boy:

Damn!

Grandma:

Shoplifting is a crime!

Angry boy shakes her hand off and robs the piggy bank from Hungry boy.

Angry boy:

Look, I'll pay!

Hungry boy:

That's mine!

Grandma:

Don't be stupid!

She gets the piggy bank back from Angry boy and gives it back to Hungry boy.

Grandma:

What are you doing here with such a big piggy bank?

Hungry boy:

I'll take all the sweets you have in the shop!

Grandma:

What?

Angry boy tries to escape, Grandma catches his arm again.

Grandma:

You, be good boy.

Angry boy:

Humph!

Grandma:

(Speaking to Hungry boy.) What did you say?

Hungry boy:

I'll take all the sweets from your shop! *(Giving the piggy bank to Grandma.)*

Grandma:

You are kidding me.

Hungry boy:

I am not kidding you!

Hungry boy pushes the piggy bank forth to Grandma.

Angry boy tries to escape while grandma's view is narrowed by the piggy bank.

Angry boy:

Run for it!

He wants to slide past Grandma.

Grandma:

Hey!

She opens her arms to block him. Rapid movements.

Angry boy:

Under her!

He now wants to pass through her legs.

Grandma:

No way!

She rapidly blocks him with her hands.

Angry boy:

Now!

Grandma:

Of course not!

Charging and blocking as in a basketball match.

Hungry boy:

Excuse me but I want sweets...

Grandma:

I am busy now!

The match between the two continues.

Hungry boy:

I want sweets!

Hungry boy puts the piggy bank on the ground and locks Angry boy's back.

Hungry boy:

I caught you!

Angry boy:

Hey, you!

Losing balance, Angry boy falls down.

Grandma:

Good job!

Grandma approaches Angry boy. Angry boy stands up.

Angry boy:

Release me!

Angry boy struggling, Hungry boy holding him from behind.

Hungry boy:

(Continues holding him from behind.) I want all the sweets!

Angry boy:

Hey, stop!

Hungry boy:

(Continues holding him from behind.) I want chewing gum and candies!

Angry boy:

I cannot breathe!

Hungry boy:

(Continues holding him from behind.) Chocolate and ice cream too!

Angry boy:

Help...

Angry boy is about to lose consciousness. Hungry boy continues to constrict him.

Grandma:

Release him. He'll die otherwise!

Hungry boy:

Die?

Here Hungry boy sees that Angry boy is about to faint.

Hungry boy:

Oops!

Hungry boy quickly releases Angry boy.

Angry boy slowly falls down unconscious.

Grandma taps Angry boy on the cheek.

Grandma:

You cannot die before me. Are you alive?

Angry boy:

...Yes I am.

Angry boy is now obedient.

Grandma:

Good!

Grandma hits Hungry boy with her fist.

Hungry boy:

Ouch!

Grandma:

That was too much.

Hungry boy:

I am sorry.

Grandma:

Apologise to him.

Hungry boy:

I am sorry.

Angry boy:

That's O.K.

Angry boy feels better.

Grandma:

Hey, Hungry boy, what's up with you repeating "sweets, sweets"?

Hungry boy:

I want some juice and cookies too.

Angry boy:

What?

Grandma:

...Wait here.

Grandma goes into her shop.

Angry boy:

It was all thanks to you that I failed.

Hungry boy:

That was your fault. Shoplifting is not good.

Angry boy:

I know I was wrong!

Angry boy tries to grab the piggy bank.

Angry boy:

What are you doing here with a piggy bank?

Hungry boy:

Don't touch!

The two start grappling once again.

Grandma comes out of the shop and intercedes.

Grandma:

Come on now! That's enough!

She scolds Angry boy.

Grandma:

(Looking at the piggy bank.) Don't ever dare think to rob it. You are ridiculous, you!

Angry boy:

It was a joke!

Grandma:

(Indicates small stools.) Sit down there and be good.

Now docile, Hungry boy and Angry boy sit down.

Hungry boy:

You'll not try to pinch my piggy bank anymore?

Angry boy:

No, I'll not.

Hungry boy:

Why don't you run away?

Angry boy:

No, that would look too foolish.

Pause.

Hungry boy:

I'm hungry.

No reaction.

Hungry boy:

I'm hungry.

(Towards the shop.) Grandma, I want sweeeeeets!

No reaction.

Hungry boy:

Hey, Grandma!

Angry boy:

Shut up! You have had lunch, haven't you?

Hungry boy:

Yes I have. I even had a second helping. I have eaten a donut too. But I'm hungry.

Angry boy:

You eat like a horse.

Hungry boy:

You too are hungry?

Angry boy:

Not at all.

Hungry boy:

Then why were you stealing?

Angry boy:

Don't know.

Hungry boy:

Why?

Angry boy:

...

Hungry boy:

Why, why and why?

Angry boy:

Because it is disgusting!

Hungry boy:

Sorry?

I'm nervous!

Hungry boy:

Look, that's why they call you 'Angry boy'.

Angry boy:

'Hungry boy' is a worse nickname! ...It's thanks to my mother.

Hungry boy:

Your mother?

Do this, do that! Every day! Don't do this, don't do that!

She nags, she scolds, she growls! You too know this well.

Hungry boy:

But my mother doesn't.

Angry boy:

How? She doesn't say anything?

Hungry boy:

No.

Angry boy:

Are you serious?

Hungry boy:

Serious.

Angry boy:

Never ever?

Hungry boy:

Never ever.

Angry boy:

We could swap mothers!

Hungry boy:

What?

Angry boy:

Your mother and my mother. We swap them!

Grandma comes out of her shop with three cups of green tea.

Grandma:

Don't be silly!

Angry boy:

Humph!

Grandma:

Have some green tea and be good.

She hands the tea cups to the boys.

Angry boy:

Why are you doing this for me?

Grandma:

No reason.

Angry boy:

(Drinks green tea, and complains.) Oh, this is too hot and too bitter! Look, you are punishing me with tea!

Grandma:

(Laughing.)

Grandma looks rather happy, drinks her green tea.

Hungry boy does not even touch the tea cup.

Grandma:

You don't like tea either?

Hungry boy puts his piggy bank in front of Grandma.

Hungry boy:

With this I'll buy all the sweets in the shop!

Grandma:

You'll not be able to eat everything, look at your tiny stomach. What's wrong with you?

Grandma looks into the eyes of Hungry boy.

Hungry boy:

I'm hungry.

Grandma:

Don't tell me a lie.

Angry boy:

Sell him everything, what's the problem?

Grandma:

I can't do such thing. Ah, I was almost forgetting. Listen, Angry boy, I need to call your mother.

Angry boy:

You know her?

Grandma:

(Grandma picks the receiver up.) She knows me too. She used to buy sweets here as a kid. She'll be sad to know you tried to shoplift me.

Angry boy:

Humph!

Hungry boy:

Grandma, how about my sweets?

Grandma:

Be patient.

She starts dialling.

Hungry boy sits down on the stool.

Angry boy:

Hey, what do you think is good about my mother?

Hungry boy:

She cares about you.

Angry boy:

But every day, evvvvvvvery day she complains.

Hungry boy:

I would like my mother to be so and to care about me.

Angry boy:

You are weird.

Grandma's dialling hand stops, she looks at the boys.

Hungry boy:

I don't like my mother when she's too busy. She always says: "Sorry, you'll tell me everything someday". And she never has time for me.

Angry boy:

What's wrong if she never shouts at you?

Hungry boy:

But every day. Evvvvvery day!

Angry boy:

Perfect! Let's swap mothers!

Hungry boy:

But...

Angry boy:

What's the problem?

Hungry boy:

Are you really sure?

Angry boy:

Why? You don't want to?

Hungry boy:

...

Grandma starts dialling once again. Someone replies.

Grandma:

Hello. Well, I am the grandma of the cheap sweet shop. Yes, It's been a while that we haven't seen each other. ...You know your son was caught shoplifting here. ...Oh no, I'll send him home, don't tell me you want to see him at the police station. Be good and scold him a lot. Yes... right... See you, then.

She hangs the telephone up.

Angry boy and Hungry boy:

(In one voice.) No, let's not swap!

Both the boys are little embarrassed because they said the same phrase at the same moment.

Hungry boy:

I think I'll stay with my own mother.

Angry boy:

In any case, you were never really convinced.

Grandma:

What's up?

Angry boy:

Grandma, ...I'm really sorry.

Grandma:

Tell it to your mother.

Angry boy goes back towards the display.

Grandma:

Where are you going?

Angry boy:

I'm going to get some sweets for my mother.

Grandma:

Don't forget to pay this time! ...Don't worry, I'm only teasing you.

Angry boy:

Nasty, you!

Hungry boy:

Me too, I'm getting some sweets for my mother!

Hungry boy goes towards the display.

Grandma:

Take your time, boys.

Angry boy takes a candy and comes to Grandma.

Angry boy:

This.

Grandma:

Only a candy?

Angry boy:

While sucking it, my mother won't be able to speak.

Grandma:

(Sweetly.) Silly, you. 10 yen.

Angry boy:

(Paying her 10 yen.) Here you are.

Hungry boy takes a chocolate bar and comes to Grandma.

Hungry boy:

I'm taking this!

Grandma:

100 yen.

Hungry boy:

This will surely cheer her up! My mother is very busy.

Grandma:

And for yourself?

Hungry boy:

I don't need anything. I'll take only this for my mother.

Angry boy:

But you were hungry, weren't you?

Hungry boy:

No, I'm not hungry now.

Angry boy:

What?

Hungry boy:

Just a second.

He opens the top of the piggy bank and takes out a 100 yen coin.

Hungry boy:

Here you are. *(Gives her 100 yen.)*

Grandma:

So, in the end one coin was all you needed to spend.

Hungry boy:

Yes. Bye, Grandma.

Grandma:

See you again.

Angry boy:

Are you really sure that you are not hungry? Show me your belly.

Hungry boy:

No.

The boys go out of the shop.

Grandma:

Hey boys, where are your stomachs?

The two look back. Not really understanding the Grandma's question, they put their hands on the belly.

Hungry boy:

Here!

Angry boy:

What now?

Grandma:

Now where do you feel pain when you are angry or sad?

The two put their hands on the heart.

Hungry boy:

Here?

Angry boy:

So what?

Grandma:

(Smiling.) Oh, look: the stomach and the heart are just neighbours.

Angry boy and Hungry boy:

?

Their hands on their belly and chest. They repeat the act a few times. Not really understanding Grandma's comments.

Grandma:

(Laughing.) Now go to your mothers.

*The two boys look at each other and Grandma watches as they run off.
The stage darkens slowly.*