

ROGER RABBIT

A one-act play

By Wynne Hungerford

Estimated run time: 10 minutes

## CHARACTERS

BRYNN      A woman in her 20s.

ANDRÉS     A man in his 20s. Mexican American.

CHUCK      A man in his 20s. White.

## SETTING

The back patio of a bar.

## TIME

Afternoon. Present day.

ROGER RABBIT

ACT 1 – SCENE 1

*The back patio of a bar. BRYNN sits at a table by herself, with a drink. It's late afternoon and the sky is dark and cloudy.*

*CHUCK appears, carrying a beer, and joins her at the table. He wears a rain jacket with a torn sleeve.*

What's up? BRYNN

Feel like shit. CHUCK

Me, too. BRYNN

What are you drinking? CHUCK

Tequila. BRYNN

Nice. CHUCK

(He sips his beer.)  
You know what I realized? It's called Goya black beans. Like Goya's black paintings. There has to be a connection, right?

I love Goya. BRYNN

CHUCK  
You know the one with man getting eaten by the devil? Or he's biting the guy's head off.

BRYNN  
I think it called "Saturn Devouring His Son."

CHUCK  
That's what I feel like. I guess it's going to rain soon.

*ANDRÉS arrives. He wears a backpack, with an umbrella in one side pocket and a water bottle in the other side pocket. He sits down.*

ANDRÉS

Do I look ravaged? Don't answer that.

(He pulls out the water bottle, takes a long drink, and then breathes deeply, as if out of breath. He puts on the backpack backwards and hugs it to his chest.)

BRYNN

Hey.

CHUCK

What do you know about Goya black beans?

ANDRÉS

You're asking because I'm Mexican?

CHUCK

No. Yes.

ANDRÉS

I'd rather be watching Sailor Moon in bed right now, so if we could hurry up, that'd be great.

BRYNN

It wouldn't hurt to have a good attitude about it.

ANDRÉS

Wouldn't it, though?

BRYNN

Was it really that bad?

ANDRÉS

It wasn't good. I can tell you that much.

CHUCK

Does my thumb look burnt to you? The skin is all shiny.

ANDRÉS

Let's get this over with.

BRYNN

I really only remember the end of last night. Parts of it, at least.

CHUCK

I mostly just remember the middle.

ANDRÉS

Well, it all started at the Salty Dog. You remember that much, yeah?

CHUCK

Yeah.

BRYNN

It always starts at the Salty Dog.

ANDRÉS

We met there around five, I think. We had some drinks, played some songs on the jukebox, and then Trent showed up.

BRYNN

Jesus. Just hearing his name.

ANDRÉS

He was like, “McKelty moved to Jacksonville, so I’m taking over trivia starting tonight.”

BRYNN

Right, right.

ANDRÉS

So we did trivia.

BRYNN

And I remember we got something wrong. Something stupid.

ANDRÉS

That is correct. We wrote down Who’s Afraid of Roger Rabbit? instead of the correct answer, Who Framed Roger Rabbit?

BRYNN

That’s embarrassing.

ANDRÉS

And afterward Trent was like, y’all come hang out at my house.

CHUCK

We almost didn't go, right? We were like what if trivia guy murders us?

ANDRÉS

Well, it was really weird, because we've been seeing this guy at the Salty Dog for years and then all of a sudden he wants to hang out.

CHUCK

That's where the quote unquote "code word" came into play.

ANDRÉS

He was being so nice to us, saying that we seemed like interesting people and he wanted to know what made us tick. And I thought he might want to have an orgy or something, which, you know—but he just wanted to be friends with us.

BRYNN

Friends with us?  
(everyone exchanges glances)  
Weird.

ANDRÉS

So we go to his house.

CHUCK

(mocking)  
We're talking in the historical present now, or?

ANDRÉS

Shut up.

CHUCK

(pointing to BRYNN)  
And you almost fell off your bike!

ANDRÉS

It was an eventful bike ride.

CHUCK

He lived near the Community Blood South center, right? I know some people who live over there.

ANDRÉS

Yeah, on 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue. You kept saying that. Over and over again.

BRYNN

I don't remember where he lived at all. I mean, I remember being at his house, but not anything else, like getting there or anything.

CHUCK

He'd just bought the place and was doing all the improvements himself. That's why there wasn't any furniture. Just a couch and that huge TV with the Xbox. Fucking gamers.

ANDRÉS

He had a bed, too. We were all in it at one point.

BRYNN

I remember tarps.

CHUCK

You wrap bodies in tarps. Or should I say: tarps are for wrapping up bodies.

BRYNN

What's that false equivalency thing? All tarps are for wrapping up bodies, therefore if he has a tarp he's wrapping up a body. Does that make sense?

CHUCK

Sure.

ANDRÉS

No—do you want to keep rehashing this or should I go home?

BRYNN

No, keep going. I feel like it's better to know. To know for sure, I mean.

ANDRÉS

You really think so?

(pause)

He had tons of beer, like the whole fridge was full of beer, and a bunch of weed and he was like, make yourselves at home. I just remember we got really high and then he took us on a house tour. He showed the garage. It was like a Home Depot in there. I don't know how we drank all that beer.

BRYNN

(making eye contact with CHUCK)

The buzz saw.

ANDRÉS

Yes, the buzz saw.

CHUCK

I remember the buzz saw.

BRYNN

And then we built a fire, right? My clothes stank this morning.

ANDRÉS

They still do. I smelled smoke as soon as I walked up.

BRYNN

Gross.

CHUCK

I can't smell anything, for what it's worth.

ANDRÉS

We made a fire in the backyard. It wasn't cold but...maybe Trent wanted to show off his firepit? I don't remember. We burned through his woodpile first. Then we started burning other stuff.

BRYNN

That was it?

CHUCK

The turning point.

ANDRÉS

The hinge.

BRYNN

(to CHUCK)

You raked up all the leaves and dumped them in the fire.

CHUCK

You were the one who started with the leaves.

BRYNN

No, it was you.

ANDRÉS

He's right.

BRYNN

That's not something I would do.



ANDRÉS

You were out of control.

BRYNN

Me?

ANDRÉS

Yes. And Trent was like, please don't burn the leaves, probably because they all caught on fire and then swirled around in the air and landed on Trent and burned holes in his shirt. But he was too messed up to even realize what was happening.

BRYNN

The holes. I remember the holes.

ANDRÉS

He asked you to stop. And you didn't.

BRYNN

I would have stopped. If he asked, I definitely would have stopped.

ANDRÉS

Oh, come on. You're a bad bitch and you know it.

BRYNN

What!

CHUCK

(in a funny voice, singing to himself)

Bad bitch. She's a bad bitch.

ANDRÉS

Then Chuck found Trent's mail pile, including unpaid bills. Burned. Then he found Trent's family photo albums. Burned. Then he found a folder labeled "Important papers." Burned. Which was probably his birth certificate and his social security card—stuff that is literally important. And then we heard the buzz saw running and Chuck came out with table legs. What table legs? I don't even know. I didn't even see a table in there. Burned. You might have burned his wallet, too. I remember you flinging the cards out at one point.

CHUCK

I wasn't the only one.

(to ANDRÉS)

I saw you eating his rotisserie chicken through the window, picking that shit clean! I didn't even smoke that much because of my lungs.

(to BRYNN)

And you were going through his drawers.

BRYNN  
We get it. Nobody's innocent.

ANDRÉS  
Well, I certainly wouldn't consider myself guilty.

BRYNN  
Whatever.

ANDRÉS  
(to BRYNN)  
You're the one who wanted to rehash everything. Probably because you felt guilty and now you want to spread the guilt across all of us, because you can't handle being the one.

BRYNN  
The one? The one who what?

ANDRÉS  
You know.

BRYNN  
Oh, shut up. You loved Trent.

ANDRÉS  
I thought he was sweet.

BRYNN  
You talked to him the whole time. You told him he was cute.

CHUCK  
He's not cute.

BRYNN  
No way.

ANDRÉS  
He was our host.

CHUCK  
I've always thought he was a weird dude.

ANDRÉS  
You're a weird dude.

CHUCK

Yeah, but...I don't know.

ANDRÉS

We talked about his job for a while and his mom. I love when a guy talks about his mom. I think it's a good sign of character.

BRYNN

What was his job? It wasn't doing trivia?

CHUCK

Do you even get paid for that?

ANDRÉS

No, he works as a restaurant manager somewhere. Some place way too nice for us probably. Then he asked what we did. I told him. He said it was sad and I was like, yeah, well, that's life.

CHUCK

What'd you say?

ANDRÉS

I said that we didn't get what we wanted.

CHUCK

That's it?

ANDRÉS

We didn't get what we deserved.

BRYNN

Or we thought we deserved something to begin with. That was the first mistake.

ANDRÉS

The chicken was good.

CHUCK

I bet.

ANDRÉS

And then Trent was about to go down—hard. That's when we put him to bed.

BRYNN

I remember that part.

ANDRÉS

What do you remember exactly? I mean, I remember, but do you?

BRYNN

Trent said he was sorry to be a party pooper, but he had to go to bed. He could barely stand, so we carried him inside. We put him on the bed. We found candles in his room and lit them. I guess they were for, like, when he had girls over. I remember him telling us that we were good people, that we were going to be good friends, and I said, “No, you’ve got us all wrong.” I said that we were really known more as animals. And then he said something strange, something I didn’t expect. He said that he was a miracle. His mother had had four miscarriages before he was born. Nobody thought he would live, and then he did.

(to ANDRÉS)

You kissed his cheek.

CHUCK

He never tried to murder us.

ANDRÉS

He was just a nice guy. He shouldn’t have let us in.

CHUCK

I think I took a shit on the bathroom floor.

BRYNN

I remember we were all standing around him. He was in the bed, about to go to sleep. His eyes were closed. Even when he was talking to us, his eyes were closed. And he didn’t do anything weird, he never threatened to murder us or anything, but I said the code word anyway.

(pause)

I gave a candle to you, and one to you, and I had one. And we circled around him and poured the wax on him, on his chest, on his bellybutton, on his face. We just went crazy. I led the way. We were dancing all around him, screaming and singing, and I got Chuck to hold him down, because Trent was screaming, too, and he was dancing in the bed, and I poured the wax over his eyes, until they were sealed shut, and then I poured it in his mouth. It went over his teeth and down his throat and I said, “Who’s the miracle now, who’s the miracle now?” and then we left. We ran. Or we got on our bikes and rode away. I don’t even remember what the code word was, but I know I said it. And I know what it feels like to have said it. Now I know.

(pause)

Was he breathing when we left? Does anyone remember?

FADE TO BLACK