

Peanut

By

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*It is dusk. JIMOTHY is in the kitchen, foraging for food in the pantries. He tosses aside boxes of cereal, Lunchables, and cans of fruit and Chef Boyardee.*

JIMOTHY

(His stomach growls, and he groans in frustration.)

God, I'm going to starve to death. There's nothing good here.

*Suddenly, there are knocks on the front door. JIMOTHY rushes to the door and ushers GLENJAMIN in, who is holding bags of food.*

JIMOTHY

Glenjamin! What took you so long?

GLENJAMIN

Uh, I couldn't find any stores nearby that were open except the diner that's an hour away.

JIMOTHY

(grabbing a bag of food from GLENJAMIN and ripping open a wrapped burger)

You should've searched faster for the food. We haven't had any good food for days.

GLENJAMIN

Sorry, Jimothy.

JIMOTHY

(through a mouthful of food)

Whatever. You should go out tomorrow to get food again.

GLENJAMIN

Er... I think that's a bad idea.

JIMOTHY

(finishing off the burger)

Why not? Do you like eating the stale Lunchables here or something?

GLENJAMIN

(nervous)

No, it was just... well, I'm scared of Big Boss Dude. It was risky coming out today for food. You know how mad he is about Peanut.

JIMOTHY

(tossing the wrapper of the burger)  
That's stupid. How mad can he be about a chihuahua?  
When I was in third grade, my neighbor ran over my  
hamster with his bike and I didn't even care.

GLENJAMIN

But I remember you cried for three days.

JIMOTHY

Shut up. Just get some more food tomorrow.

GLENJAMIN

He hasn't forgotten yet, Jimothy. You ran his dog over!  
You know how attached he was to Peanut. He fractured a  
guy's skull because he accidentally kicked Peanut while  
walking.

(wincing)

Imagine what he would do to us if he finds us. He's the  
boss of the Extremely Intimidating Murder Gang, for  
gods sake!

JIMOTHY

I really couldn't care less, Glenjamin. Just get some  
more food tomorrow.

GLENJAMIN

I think it's a bad idea.

JIMOTHY

(Throwing his arms up in exasperation)

It's a great idea! It's spectacular! Einstein level  
stuff!

*GLENJAMIN looks uncomfortable and unconvinced. The  
silence is suddenly broken by the sound the front  
door swinging open. PRANCINE walks in.*

PRANCINE

(tossing her jacket aside)

Hello.

JIMOTHY

And who are you?

GLENJAMIN

(confused)

Er, she's Prancine. I just saw her at the diner. She's  
just an old friend of mine.

*PRANCINE flinches at "just a friend." JIMOTHY  
notices.*

JIMOTHY

Oh. *Oh*. I see.

*JIMOTHY laughs.*

GLENJAMIN

Did I say something funny?

JIMOTHY

You? Oh, no, never. You're not funny at all.

GLENJAMIN

But why did you laugh?

JIMOTHY

Because you're an idiot. Haha.

PRANCINE

(blushing)

Shut up.

JIMOTHY

Okay, honey. But why is this girl here again? No offense to you, babe.

PRANCINE

Offense taken.

*PRANCINE pulls out her phone and absentmindedly starts texting.*

GLENJAMIN

I told her about the situation we're in and she asked if she could come over later, so I just said okay and gave her the address.

JIMOTHY

That's good. I was just getting tired of you. It's nice having someone else here.

PRANCINE

Stop being so rude.

JIMOTHY

What? You've been around him. You should know how boring he is. He literally can't take a joke. Here, Glenjamin, what's the difference between you and an egg?

GLENJAMIN

Is it... that I'm not egg-shaped?

JIMOTHY

Haha, no. It's because you don't get laid.

GLENJAMIN

(confused)

What?

PRANCINE

(leaning over to GLENJAMIN)

Remind me why you're hanging out with this prick?

JIMOTHY

Hey hey hey, why so snappy? Glenjamin, you try a joke.

*PRANCINE sighs, crossing her arms.*

GLENJAMIN

Hm...

PRANCINE

You don't have to.

GLENJAMIN

No, I'm fine. Oh! I have one! My dad told me this one.

JIMOTHY

(snickering)

Go on.

GLENJAMIN

Why can't dinosaurs clap?

JIMOTHY

Why?

GLENJAMIN

Because they're dead.

JIMOTHY

Oh wow, that's one of the worst ones I've heard from you. I guess being unfunny runs in the family, huh?

PRANCINE

Stop being a prick.

JIMOTHY

Stop being so bitchy.

GLENJAMIN

Am I really that unfunny?

JIMOTHY

Yeah, so much that it's actually painful.

GLENJAMIN

Really?

JIMOTHY

Yup.

GLENJAMIN

If I'm funnier, do you think I'd be more enjoyable to be around? Could I be your friend?

JIMOTHY

Nah. I don't care if you can make some stupid jokes or not. You're just a drag. I'm having an annoying enough time trying not to get beaten up by Big Boss Dude and you're really not making it any better.

PRANCINE

(shoving JIMOTHY in the chest)

What the hell, Jimothy? That was uncalled for!

JIMOTHY

(shoving PRANCINE back)

And you! God, why are you being so obnoxious! Butt out of our business! I don't even know you and you're acting like I did something to you! What did I do to you, huh?

PRANCINE

You're a shitty person! You treat Glenjamin like trash, and you ran over Peanut!

JIMOTHY

Peanut was a stupid diabetic chihuahua- wait, how do you know about Peanut?

(He turns to GLENJAMIN)

Did you tell her?

*GLENJAMIN confusedly shakes his head "no".*

JIMOTHY

(to PRANCINE)

How the hell do you know?

*PRANCINE's phone suddenly dings. She checks it, and she suddenly straightens.*

PRANCINE

(coldly)

Big Boss Dude told me.

JIMOTHY

What? Big Boss Dude? You're a part of the gang? But you're a girl!

PRANCINE

(scoffing)

It's the 21st century, loser. Well, it's too late now. Big Boss Dude is here.

JIMOTHY

Oh, shit.

*JIMOTHY sprints to the back door, while GLENJAMIN still stands shocked from JIMOTHY's words in the living room with PRANCINE, who goes to hug him. JIMOTHY's startled scream suddenly rings out, and the sounds of a fist meeting flesh are heard. JIMOTHY is tossed back into the living room and is followed by an angry, beefy, bald man.*

BIG BOSS DUDE

Hello, you murderer.

*BIG BOSS DUDE kicks JIMOTHY in the head, and JIMOTHY passes out.*

BIG BOSS DUDE

That was for Peanut. Rest in peace, baby boy.

*A single tear drips down his face as he sends a kiss to the ceiling.*

PRANCINE

Hi Boss.

BIG BOSS DUDE

(He opens his eyes)

Heyo, Prancine. Good work texting me where this rat was.

(He suddenly notices GLENJAMIN cowering on a couch, and his face darkens)

Hey, I recognize this guy. He was in the car with that murderer.

PRANCINE

(hastily)

Boss, don't hurt him. He just happened to be there when it happened. He didn't do anything. He's my friend.

BIG BOSS DUDE

(angrily)

But his weight contributed to Peanut's death. God, my poor cinnamon apple. He's got this coming for him.

*BIG BOSS DUDE menacingly approaches GLENJAMIN,  
cracking his knuckles.*

GLENJAMIN

Wait, stop!

BIG BOSS DUDE

What? Why would I stop?

GLENJAMIN

(panicking)

Uh-um-I'm funny! You shouldn't punch a funny person!

BIG BOSS DUDE

What? Why not?

GLENJAMIN

Because... uh... we've got funny bones.

*A beat.*

*Suddenly, Big Boss Dude starts to laugh raucously.*

BIG BOSS DUDE

Hahaha! Haha! What the heck? That was funny! Another one!

GLENJAMIN

(a bit more hopeful)

Why can't dinosaurs clap?

BIG BOSS DUDE

(eagerly)

Why?

GLENJAMIN

Because they're dead.

BIG BOSS DUDE

Ahahaha! You! You're funny!

GLENJAMIN

You- you really think I'm funny?

BIG BOSS DUDE

Hell yeah! You wanna come over to eat breakfast with us?

GLENJAMIN

At three A.M.?

BIG BOSS DUDE  
Yup!

*GLENJAMIN looks back towards JIMOTHY.*

GLENJAMIN  
Um...

*PRANCINE takes GLENJAMIN's hand looks into his eyes.*

PRANCINE  
Come with us. Please?

*PRANCINE pecks him on the cheek.*

GLENJAMIN  
(blushing)  
Oh. Okay.

*BIG BOSS DUDE chortles and slings his arm over GLENJAMIN's shoulders, and they all head towards the front door. JIMOTHY's pained wheeze makes GLENJAMIN pause. He looks back at JIMOTHY for a beat, his eyes meeting JIMOTHY's pain-addled ones. He then turns and walks out of the house with BIG BOSS DUDE and PRANCINE. The door shuts behind them.*

*BLACKOUT. **THE END.***