

**KIDS!**

a one-act play

by Joan O'Dwyer © 2021

## KIDS! - CHARACTERS

in order of appearance

MAXINE – female, 30s

BLANCHE – female, 40s

BURBANK – Blanche’s son, age 15

MAYA – Maxine’s daughter, age 12

PFEIFER – male, 40s

TORK – age 3

Time: The present

Place: The beach

Setting: Simple unit set or none

(MAXINE and BLANCHE sit on blankets, drinking iced coffee. MAYA eats cookies on a big blanket. BURBANK listens to music on headphones, drinks a Dr. Pepper)

MAXINE

It's nice that Burbank is home from military school so he can kind of watch out for my Maya.

BLANCHE

Except I don't know how much good that school's done him. My son didn't used to use such language! Now it's "fuck" this, "fuck" that all the time! I hope he doesn't "fuck" around your sweet Maya.

MAXINE

Burbank, no "fuck"ing around Maya!

BURBANK

(rips off headphones, surprised)

What the hell?

BLANCHE

She means, no swearing, Burbank. OK?

BURBANK

(quiet)

Shit.

MAYA

Gonna tell!

BURBANK

Will you just blow up right now? Please? KABOOM! Take a hint.

MAXINE

Burbank's an unusual name. I never asked: what do you call him for short?

BLANCHE

I don't. What are you drinking, Maxine?

MAXINE

An iced decaf mocha cappuccino. What's in your grande?

BLANCHE

Iced soy latte with tons of soy. I can drink more that way. Hold the latte. Hold that latte! (laughs)

MAXINE

You don't know what you're talking about, do you?

BLANCHE

You can always use more soy. It's good for you. You can never be too soylful.

MAXINE

Blanche, you'd better lay off the caffeine, that's what. At least it's not your usual gallon of rum and coke.

MAYA

What're you listening to, Pepper-head?

BURBANK

Hip hop. Lil Yachty. All there is, suckah.

MAYA

Whadya think, you're a brother, yo?

BURBANK

Dude, I don't even know why I bother. Educating you is hopeless.

MAYA

Oh, God!

BURBANK

(mischievous)

Yes, my child?

MAYA

Shuddap. I'm gonna smack you so hard, your teeth will end up in Middle Earth.

BURBANK

I'm going to kick in your pathetic 'Lord of the Ring' ankle bracelets.

MAYA

They're not ankle bracelets, dweeb. They're anklets.

BURBANK

So does that mean you have a brainlet?

MAYA

I have an idea...

(yells)

...How about you shove it up your buttlet!

MAYA and BURBANK

(they scuffle)

Up yours, shithead! Eat sand, fuckface! Die! You first!

MAXINE and BLANCHE

(rushing over, they hold back the children)

Stop! Children, don't act like...children! Let him go! Let her go!

MAXINE

Burbank started it

BLANCHE

It's all Maya's fault. A bad seed in the Happy Valley. If she had a stable male influence in her life, rather than that stable of studs you have parading in and out of—

MAXINE

I need companionship. My Maya wouldn't be a bad seed if your Burbank weren't such a terrible influ—

(THOMAS and TORK enter)

MAXINE (continued)

Whoa. Hold up.

(BLANCHE and MAXINE let go of the kids)

BLANCHE

Who's the hunk?

MAXINE

A little young for you.

THOMAS

(British accent)

Good afternoon, ladies.

MAXINE

More my age. Yep.

BLANCHE

(to THOMAS)

What can we do you for, stranger?

THOMAS

I hope we're not intruding on your little soiree. I'm Thomas and this is my son, Tork.

MAYA

Dork?!

BURBANK

Hey, Dork. Nice to meetcha.

(shakes his hand, then lifts him)

TORK

My name Dork. I this many.

(delighted with the attention, holds up two fingers)

Tree. Tree years old.

BURBANK

He's a fuckin' genius.

MAYA

You are a schmoe on a stick.

(The children's group plays with toys)

THOMAS

That's 'Tork,' not Dork. Ah, well, it's such a gorgeous day. Tork and I decided we just had to take a walk, didn't we—

(looks around for TORK)

MAXINE

(takes his arm, walks with him)

He'll be OK with—

BLANCHE

(takes his other arm)

...my son.

MAXINE

...my daughter.

BLANCHE

Tork will be fine with them.

MAXINE

I'm Maxine. This is Blanche. Too bad your wife couldn't come, Thomas.

THOMAS

Oh, I'm divorced.

MAXINE/BLANCHE together

Ohhh.

THOMAS

Just recently.

MAXINE/BLANCHE together

Ahhh.

MAXINE

Too bad.

BLANCHE

Too bad. Veddy, veddy bad.

THOMAS

And your husbands?

MAXINE/BLANCHE

We're divorced.

BURBANK

If you could be a gardening tool, what would you be?

MAYA

(makes buckteeth at TORK, who laughs)

A gopher.

MAXINE

We just love coming to the beach, in the fresh air...with the children.

BLANCHE

I do, anyhow.

BURBANK

If you could be president, what's the first thing you'd do?

MAYA

Lower the driving age to twelve.

TORK

(holds up two fingers)

I twelve.

BURBANK

I'd put a pizza oven in every kitchen and a Dr. Pepper dispenser in every garage.

TORK

Dr. Pepper 'penser.

BLANCHE

Yes, I love the beach. Maxine, here, spends a lot of time indoors -- in the bed chamber, if you know what I mean.

MAXINE

Blanche spends a lot of time staring into an empty rum jug.

(quietly)

She sends her son away to school..

BLANCHE

Which Maxine should do with her daughter, so's not to expose the poor child to her dalliances.

THOMAS  
Dalliances?

MAXINE  
Hold on one ever-loving minute here—

BLANCHE  
I'm just sayin'.

MAXINE  
Oh, do not go where you just went!

BLANCHE  
Liaisons, trysts, afternoon delights, twosomes, threesomes.  
(looks at her watch)  
Oops, Maxine, it's high tide. Fleet's in! Shouldn't you be somewhere spreading your welcoming arms, not to mention other body parts.?

MAXINE  
Arrrghhh!

(They fight)

MAXINE }  
Take this!

BLANCHE }  
Take that!

THOMAS }  
Cease and desist!

TORK } } = ALL TOGETHER  
No fight, no fight!

MAYA }  
Stop it, Mom!

BURBANK }  
Stop it, Mom!

MAYA  
OK, this can be over now.

THOMAS  
Stop it, for God's sake!

BLANCHE  
Enough of your shit, slut!



MAXINE

Fuck you, rum breath!

TORK

(sweetly, jumping up and down)

Shit slut, rum breath.

THOMAS

What terrible people they are!

MAYA

Come on. We children will go where we can't hear such language.

BURBANK

We go, Dork! Thomas?

THOMAS

By all means. I know a great tea shop.

BURBANK

Charming.

THOMAS

You Yanks are so unstable.

(MAXINE and BLANCHE stop fighting)

TORK

You're a table.

MAYA

Yes, I am. Let's go get some tea, Tree. Happy place.

TORK

I tree years old! My name is Dork!

MAYA

You just stick to that story, Dork. We're with you.

(They exit with BLANCHE and MAXINE looking on)

- the end -