

Big Boy Two Scoop

by Christopher H. Callahan

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FADE IN:

Two men, A and B, are sitting at a table facing each other.
Beat.

A
I want to find out who you are

B
What do you mean?

A
Well, you know, what makes you tick.

B
Look, bombs tick, I don't.

A
Well, you ARE the bomb -

Beat.

A
OK. Bad joke, I know.

Beat.

A
I'm sorry. Please. Can we continue?

B
Jokes over?

A
Yes.

B
It would've been all right, you know, if it'd, I don't know, been funny.

A
I'm sure.

B
Humor is a good way to get to people.

A
I know.

B
You know?

A
Yes.

B
Huh.

A
What?

B
I find that fascinating.

A
What -

B
That you know about humor.

A
Look -

B
I mean, generally speaking, people
who know about humor have, I don't
know, humorous things to say -

A
Hey - I'm a very funny guy.

B
Prove it.

A
What? No. What? What is this?
Some kind of test?

B
Well, you did come to me.

A
So, what, now you're testing me?

B
Hey, you don't like the way -

A
You're testing me like I gotta
earn your approval -

B
Tests are good for the soul -

A
- Is that it -

B
- so they say.

A
- I've gotta earn your fucking
approval?

B
Maybe.

A
Fuck you, approval. Your approval
doesn't mean shit.

B laughs.

A
What —

B
Now THAT was funny.

A
Why was that funny?

B
Because my APPROVAL is the fucking
POINT!

A
Keep going.

B
No. The door is closing.

A
What? The door? What door?

B
You're losing me —

A
Jesus, you're some kind of fucking
trip.

B
Creeaaaakkk —

A
Fine. End this. Go back and jerk
yourself to the fucking wall.

B
Vicious. That's the spirit.

A
Well Christ. What do you expect.

B
I expect laughter!

A
THEN GET A FUCKING COMEDIAN IN
HERE!

B
THEY WON'T FUCKING LET ME!

Beat.

B
What.

A
So that IS what this is about.

B
What -

A
Approval.

B laughs.

A
And the door swings open?

B
Sure.

A
So tell me.

B
What is it that you would like to
know?

A
Why.

B
Why?

A
Why.

B
Why. Because. That's why.

A
Because --

B
Just because.

A
That's no reason.

B
Why not?

A
Why not?

B
Why not.

A
Why not. Because. That's why
not.

B
Because -

A
Because -

B
See. You can't say why not.
THAT'S because.

A
I don't understand.

B
Of course you don't. But you will
some day.

A
You think?

B
Sure.

A
Will you teach me?

B
I'm not sure they'll let me.

A
They don't have to know.

B
They know everything.

A
Yeah?

B
They're watching us right now.

A
They are?

B
You didn't know that? Yeah.
They're watching us. And probably
recording.

A
No way -

B

Yep.

A

Isn't that, like, against the law or something?

B

There is no law in here.

A

No, I guess there isn't.

B

Besides. When you kill as many people as I have, they tend to treat you how they want.

A

That ain't fair.

B

No, son, I guess it isn't.

A

How can you stand that?

B

You learn to live with it.

A

That's a -

B

It's a trade off.

A

Bullshit.

B

What do you want me to say?

A

It can't be just a trade off.

B

Why?

A

Oh no no no. I'm not falling into that trap again.

B

Look. You wanna do what you wanna do, fine.

A

Great.

B
But you gotta be ready for the
consequences.

A
What, this? This is the
consequences?

B
It's one of 'em.

A
What else?

B
What the fuck you mean what else.
You don't know?

A
Well, I -

B
Jesus, what did they teach you at
that school -

A
I didn't really go.

B
No?

A
Naw. Pain in the ass. I hated it
there.

B
You gotta go to school, kid.

A
Fuck school.

B
What, you'd rather grow up stupid?
You wanna be like me?

A
Well sure. Isn't that every
father's dream? Have Sonny Boy
grow up to be just like him?

B
You think this is a good place to
be?

A
I'm here now, aren't I?

Beat.

A
What —

B
Nothing.

A
Bullshit. What.

B
Remember when you were little?

A
Kinda.

B
There was a time, I think, God,
you must've been six or so.

A
Ok.

B
Maybe five. Hell, you coulda been
four, I don't fuckin' know.

A
Yeah, so I was young, I get it.
What —

B
We went to the ice cream store.
You got your first double dip
cone.

A
God, I haven't had ice cream in a
long time.

B
You must've been five. Cause I
never would've let you have a
double dip when you were four.

A
I get it. Shit. Tell the story.

B
Well, you were so excited. You
kept saying 'Big Boy Two Scoop.
Big Boy Two Scoop.'

A
Big Boy Two Scoop —

B

And I was so happy for you. My little man was growing up.

A

I really said Big Boy Two Scoop?

B

Yeah. You were a funny kid.

A

What kind of ice cream was it?

B

What do you think?

A

Well it had to be rocky road.

B

Rocky road.

A

That's my favorite, you know.

B

Always has been. Just like me.

A

Yeah. So what happened?

B

Well, we drove home, and you were so careful not to drip anything in the car. You ate your cone slow, so it would last longer. And as we were driving, you balanced that cone. You were concentrating so hard on that double dip. We'd hit a bump in the road and WHOA! you'd say, and throw your hand behind the cone to make sure it didn't fall off. And I was driving as carefully as I could, taking corners at about five miles an hour. And we finally pulled into our driveway and into that tiny garage. You were so excited. You had barely touched your ice cream. And you got out and walked carefully around the front of the car, shielding your ice cream. And I was still in the car, watching you, proud of you, my Big

Boy Two Scoop. And you passed right in front of me and I don't know what came over me, but I honked the horn.

A

You honked the horn?

B (CONT'D)

And you flinched. No, you did more than that. You jumped. And your ice cream fell right off your cone onto the greasy, oily black floor of the garage. And you, you fucking beautiful innocent little five-year-old kid -

A

Aw man, that's funny! My ice cream just fell, huh?

B

- You burst into tears. You just stood there and looked at your ice cream and cried and God damn what a horrible feeling that was. I started to get out of the car and you just ran. You ran past your mother who was standing in the doorway. You ran straight into your room and slammed the door.

A

Man, I must've been pissed!

B

I tried and tried to talk to you -

A

- Do that now I'd fuckin shoot your ass.

B

- But you wouldn't listen to me -

A

- Bam bam!

B

- I felt like shit for days.

A

- Teach you to mess with Big Boy Two Scoop.

Beat.

A
Did you get me another cone?

B
No. You said you didn't want one.

A
What do you mean I didn't want one? Of course I wanted one!

B
You said, and I quote, 'Go away you asshole!'

A
Asshole?

B
Well, actually, it was 'athhole.' You had a lisp.

A
Yeah, that still comes back when I'm angry.

B
Yeah?

A
Yeah. It helps to not speak when I'm holding someone up.

B
I'll bet. Don't wanna say something stupid when you're there.

A
'None of you fuckerth move!'

B
'Get your atheth down on the ground!'

A
'Thith ith a robbery!'

B
You really say that?

A
What?

B
This is a robbery -

A
Sometimes.

B
What are you, the Narration
Robber?

A
Aw man, you're -

B
- Gotta tell everyone what's goin
on?

A
- No, I don't really -

B
- Like they don't know what a gun
in their face means.

A
All right. Enough.

Beat.

A
Big Boy Two Scoop.

B laughs.

B
Got a fuckin comedian in here.

A
Yeah, I guess I missed my calling.

B
You shoulda gone to school.

A
To be a comedian?

B
Might've done you some good.

A
They have schools for comedians?

B
Instead of sittin in this fuckin
place.

A
I mean, I knew there was a clown
college -

B
You know, that's always been your
problem -

A
Huh?

B
You never listen. You're always
running your goddammed smart
mouth.

A
What are you talking about?

B
Always gotta make a joke out of
everything.

A
Sometimes that's all you can do.

B
Oh, don't give me that bullshit!

A
So tell me, what would you rather
have me do, huh?

B
Be a man!

A
Be a man? Be a man and fight?

B
Yeah, that's right. That's right
you little shit. You be a man and
you fight.

A
Fight. Fight who? Fight you?
Tell me, dad, how does a little
kid fight a grown man?

B
Well you don't make a joke out of
everything!

A
Oh, and that just kills you,
doesn't it?

B
Fuckin smart ass.

A

That's it, isn't it?

B

What -

A

My jokes. My mouth. That I used my mouth to fight back when all you could do was hit. That saying 'I love you, dad' hurt you ten thousand times as much as your hitting ever hurt me. You couldn't stand that, could you? That I never cried, I could only laugh. I could only make a joke. I could only fight with my words, you stupid bastard. Well, dad, how do you feel now, huh? I've done it. I've used something besides words to hurt people. Lots of people. I've proven that I can fight without my words. And here I am. Sitting right across from you. I have finally lived up to your standards. So. Are you proud of me? Are you happy that Sonny Boy is finally like his old man? Come on, dad! Don't you have anything to say? Oh, no, that's right. You don't use words.

B jumps out of his chair, ready to fight. A does not move.

A

Go ahead.

B hesitates. After a beat, he sits.

A

Jesus Christ.

B

So I was a shitty father. I get it.

A

Yeah, dad. You were a shitty father.

B reaches across the table and slaps A, hard, across the face.

B
I didn't raise my son to talk to
me that way.

A
And how exactly did you raise me,
dad?

Pause.

A
Jesus. Somebody tell a fuckin'
joke.

B and A laugh.

A
Hey, made you laugh.

B
You always were a funny kid.

Beat.

A
I'm gonna miss you, you know.

B
Naw, you'll forget all about me
soon enough.

A
No way. No way. I'm gonna write
a book about you.

B
Yeah?

A
Yeah.

B
I didn't think you knew how to
write.

A
Aw, now that's not fair.

B
I mean, I always knew you could
sing like the girls.

A
Aw, man, come on.

B
But write?

A
That's it. Just for that, I'm
gonna write something mean.

B laughs.

A
Seriously.

B
Seriously?

A
Seriously. Athhole.

Pause. B looks away.

A
Dad?

B
My big boy two scoop.

A
Rocky road.

A GUARD enters and walks over to B.

GUARD
Ok. Time's up. Let's go.

B
I'm not ready yet.

GUARD
I'm sorry. Time's up.

A and B rise. B reaches out and grabs A's hand.

A
Dad -

B
I don't want to go, son.

A
I know.

B
I love you, son.

A
I know.

A and B hug.

A
Everything will be ok. I'll be
fine. You'll see.

B
I'll be watching you.

A
You'd better be.

B and the GUARD start walking out the door. A watches them. As they get to the door, B turns.

B
Hey, kid -

A
Yeah?

B
Did I tell you what my last meal
is gonna be?

A
No, what?

B
Rocky road. A whole carton.

They look at each other.

B
Honk honk.

B and the GUARD disappear. The door closes. A sits down.
FADE OUT.