

Finger Food
by
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Actors: 3, 12, 17, & 19

Lights up on what appears to be an oversized dollhouse set. There are large, slated wooden doors stage left, with a huge wall at the back complete with large windows. After a second of silence, four people rush on all dressed in what appears to be giant Kleenexes. A man of about 30 years (Scott) leads the way. He is followed by Cat (20's), Angela (40's), and Bill (30's-40's). Bill barely makes it in, pulling the doors shut behind him.

SCOTT.

It was red and angry and glared at me until I backed down.

CAT.

You're such a fuckin liar!

SCOTT.

Shutup.

CAT.

You didn't stare at anything. You ran like the little pussy boy you are.

SCOTT.

I said shutup.

ANGELA.

She's is right about that.

SCOTT.

I didn't run.

ANGELA.

I was talking 'bout you bein' a pussy boy. I don't care if you ran.

SCOTT.

(To Bill) Bill? Is it still out there?

BILL.

I don't know. The door is closed and I'm afraid to open it.

CAT.

Jesus!

BILL.

Don't get upset with me! I'm more of a pussy boy than he is. I know my limitations. It's a family disease.

CAT.

What are we gonna do? That thing is out there! How do we fix this?

BILL.

(Still rambling) My father was jumpy, too. He didn't like unicorns.

CAT.

You got us into this! You have to make it right!

SCOTT.

I know, Cat! Just give me a minute!

ANGELA.

Give you a minute? A minute? You think we got a minute? CAPTAIN! This was supposed to just be a routine science experiment. Laser. Test. Done!

SCOTT.

It was routine. . . kind of.

ANGELA.

You call this routine, Hot Shot? LOOK AT US! We're wrapped in kleenexes, Scott! We're three inches tall!!!

SCOTT.

I'm aware of that!

ANGELA.

What you gonna do about it? This whole experiment was your brainchild. I trusted you to know at the very least which was to turn the laser! Three mutherfuckin inches! My husband ain't gonna like me being three inches.

SCOTT.

Well, you think my wife is gonna like it?

CAT.

She's probably used to it.

SCOTT.

Very funny. Just give me a second to think. *(Suddenly, from outside the structure, a horrible scratching noise is heard. They all fall silent. Eventually, it passes.)*

CAT.

I think we're gonna have to keep it down.

BILL.

(Walking away from the door.) I'm not staying by that door. The rest of you can go to hell. I'm not staying by the door. No one is making me do that.

CAT.

We're not making you, Bill.

BILL.

Good! Cause you can't! I'm a bean counter. Not a Scientist! I don't like to get caught up in Science. *(Pause)* I failed Science. *(Pause)* And Math. *(Pause)* And...at...life in general. *(Pause)* I'll be quiet now and pray. *(He does.)* To Jesus. I'm praying to Jesus. If anyone is taking notes.

CAT.

(After a pause. To Bill) Jesus thinks you're a douchebag. He told me

SCOTT.

Alright, everyone listen up. I'm sorry. I know I should have been more careful with the laser. *(The ladies murmur in agreement. Bill asks Jesus for lotto numbers and a Fresca.)* However, we know well enough that it's moments like these where we can turn a negative into a positive.

ANGELA.

I'd settle for turning the laser AROUND!

SCOTT.

Yes, I know. That's a problem. Now, first and foremost we have to start by taking little steps.

ANGELA.

We're three fucking inches tall?!!! What other kind of steps can we take? That laser popped on, we zipped out of our clothes. We had two choices, run around naked or join Barbie's clan...and when I say clan...I mean with a K. Look at us. Not to mention the ants!

CAT.

The ants are my biggest concern.

ANGELA.

They can just haul us off now. You know they can carry like 100 times their body weight? Well, we fit the bill!!!

BILL.

What?

ANGELA.

Huh?

BILL.

You said Bill.

CAT.

Keep praying. Jesus is starting to reconsider his position on you. *(She turns to Scott)* Okay, first things first. Where are we?

SCOTT.

My daughter's dollhouse. Well, a small broken section of it.

CAT.

Okay. No way in, right?

SCOTT.

As it stands, one way in and out. The windows are glued shut. The French doors are the only way.

BILL.

Amen. *(He stands)* Jesus says hello.

ANGELA.

(Ignoring Bill.) Alright, so we got that part down. We go out like we came in. I love it when I have no choices.

BILL.

Wait a second! I'm not going out there! We won't last ten seconds out there! We barely made it here! The floor of this storeroom is covered in ants and roaches, and...*(The strange scratching sound is heard again. They all go silent. The French doors move a little. Finally, it stops.)*

ANGELA.

What was that?

SCOTT.

Do I know? Did you see me at the door? *(Pause)* Alright, Folks! Here's the deal. We have to get back to the laser and reverse it...no other options.

ANGELA.

You want us to go out there again?

SCOTT.

We don't have a choice, Angela.

BILL.

We're sitting ducks out there. If we all go out we'll attract too much attention. One of us needs to go. Only one.

CAT.

I vote it's you.

BILL.

Fuck you it's me! Why does it have to be me?

CAT.

Jesus told me. He said, "I've changed my mind about Bill. Send that little bastard outside." Why do you think I think it should be you? Because you volunteered for one person to go out. That's pretty shitty to volunteer someone ELSE for a suicide mission. Besides, you're a religious man. Since you're on such good terms with the man upstairs, seems like either (a) he would protect you or (b) if you die, it's no big deal--- you're heaven bound. Right? *(Long Pause)*

BILL.

Okay. I'll do it.

CAT.

What?

BILL.

You're right. I'll do it. Scott? What do I need to do?

CAT.

You're serious?

BILL.

What do I need to do?

SCOTT.

Well, you're gonna need to climb up the laser and reverse the polarity. The button is very sensitive. VERY sensitive. Just use one of the rubber bands sitting on the table. You can climb to the top of the laser and shin

down to the polarity button. A good kick should do it. Once it's reversed, kick the button next to it--that will fire the laser and I will run into it. Got it? *(Bill nods)* You sure? Just be careful of the force.

BILL.

The force?

SCOTT.

Yeah - the force is what gives the laser it's power. It's an energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us, it penetrates us, it... binds the galaxy together. *(Pause)* Just be careful.

BILL.

Alright, here goes! *(Bill exits and everyone goes to the windows. They yell to him various pieces of instruction and encouragement. After a few seconds, we hear a giant "meow", followed by a scream from Bill and a crunch. The others turn front, unsure how to respond.)*

SCOTT.

Dammit! Forgot to feed kitty.

CAT.

Covered.

ANGELA.

Bill just got eaten by a cat.

CAT.

Yeah. Now he really is a pussy boy.

SCOTT.

Shit! Okay! We try again!

CAT.

Fuck you! I'm not going out there! Not with a giant cat around!

SCOTT.

The cat is going to be busy! I hate to say it, but you know cats, they like to play with their food first. Bill has become a chew toy. So, this is the perfect time! We need to strike now! We won't have this much of a chance. Now, which one of us is the fastest?

CAT.

Oh, um, I wonder....which one of us is the youngest? If you want me dead, just say so! If I see that cat, I will freak!

SCOTT.

Your eyes can deceive you, don't trust them. *(Pause)*

CAT.

What kind of fortune cookie bullshit is that? How is that gonna help me when I'm running from your pet? Don't trust this, Asshole! *(She gives him "the bird")* It's not being mean, my middle finger is just happy to see you! It's Riverdancing!

SCOTT.

Alright! Stop! *(She stops.)*

CAT.

Yeah, I'll stop. There has to be some way where a completely fair and unbiased process is used to determine who goes out there. Something other than you pointing and saying, "You! Next!"

SCOTT.

That's what you did to Bill.

CAT.

I never thought the idiot would do it! I mean, you have to admit, that seemed a little contrived and too easy – I suggest – he walks – he dies. Really? That just doesn't happen in the real world.

SCOTT.

You don't even seem the least bit sad about it.

CAT.

I don't like to wear my emotions on my sleeve. I'm a sensitive person.

ANGELA.

Could have fooled me.

CAT.

Fuck off, Wanker.

SCOTT.

You're not British.

CAT.

Nope.

ANGELA.

Cat. He's right. You're the fastest. You give us the best chance. Please? *(Suddenly, there is a strange sniffing sound. It goes on for a second or two, then stops.)* Please?

CAT.

Fine. *(She walks over to Scott)* But just so you know, I believe in reincarnation and if I'm killed, I will come back as a pissed off toilet snake and bite you in the balls! *(She goes to the door)* Yippie Kay Yay Mutherfuckers! *(She exits. Scott and Angela go to the windows, suddenly, a ruckus is heard outside. Sounds of dogs and cats and screams of death. Then silence. After a moment, Angela turns to Scott.)*

ANGELA.

I'll see ya, Scott. *(She walks toward the door.)* Good luck.

SCOTT.

Wait! Angela! Where are you going?

ANGELA.

Oh, I'm gonna just quietly walk out there and die. At least if I do, I'm doin' it on my terms. It's pretty obvious you don't know what the hell you're doing and I'm gonna end up lunch for some animal anyway. So, it might as well be my choice.

SCOTT.

Hold on! Wait! We can do this. You have to trust me!

ANGELA.

No...I don't. *(She walks to the door and turns back.)* My Granddaddy had a saying - he said it at Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, or basically anytime someone would listen. He said, "Helped Kitchen Dog open the show "In the Next Room: the Vibrator Play" tonight. I really enjoyed the production. Lots to talk about. Good stuff!" *(Pause)* I don't know what he meant by that. He was bat shit crazy. And if I couldn't trust him (who I loved)-I sure as hell can't trust you. *(She exits. Swarms of buzzing, mixed with screams. Silence. Scott walks to the window.)*

SCOTT.

No dogs. No Cats...NOW ANTS!!! *(The Scratching returns)* You want a piece of me?! Bring it on! That laser is a mere ten feet away! You think you can outrun me! YOU THINK SO?!!! *(More scratching)* I trust me! I believe in me! SO COME ON! You're an insect! I'm a man! Who is hungrier? You? Or Me? Oh, did I mention I'm a fucking anteater?! *(Scott charges out the door with the cry of a warrior as the Star Wars Main Theme blasts away. Blackout)*