

It's All About the Squirrels

by

Jody McColman

CARL: Male, 20+
TRINA: Female, 20+

SETTING: Typical coffee place in any small city. Present day.

AT RISE: CARL and TRINA are sitting at a table, drinking coffee, fiddling with their phones throughout the play.

TRINA

So, Carl, are you submitting a play to that festival in Toronto?

CARL

Not sure I have a play within the parameters. So, I may have to write one. Which means I need an idea. So, I guess, maybe is my answer.

TRINA

Ghosts. Or being trapped in a dimension ruled by squirrels. There's two ideas.

CARL

Dimension ruled by squirrels is tad obvious, don't you think? I mean, I'm sure they're going to be inundated by squirrel overlord plays. "However, I, for, one welcome our new squirrel overlords."

TRINA

I do tend to go for the cliché.

CARL

Yup.

TRINA

Yeah, well. At least I wouldn't become a squirrel slave.

CARL

So you say. But we'll see what happens when the squirrel apocalypse comes.

TRINA

With my cats I'll be fine.

CARL

Mmmhmm. You are disregarding the possibility that the cats are - and have been - secretly in league with the squirrels, and that their traditional animosity is just a cover for the takeover to come.

TRINA

Then why does my cat slaughter them for fun?

CARL

Deep cover. They are extremely disciplined and committed to the cause. The sacrifice of a few squirrels is a small price to pay.

TRINA

I'm not convinced.

CARL

Fine. Your funeral.

TRINA

I'll just write a play about it. Ghost me, I mean.

CARL

That may, in fact, appease them. If appeasement is what you're going for. Species traitor.

TRINA

Maybe I can be their scribe... I don't want to get nibbled to death. So sue me.

CARL

And there. We just wrote a play.

END OF PLAY