

Oh, Dada!

by evntho

Daddy?

Yes, hun.

What do you think about life?

Did you ask your mother?

I'm asking you.

(lowers newspaper)

Well,

(squinting eyes)

life gives you so much pumpkin.

! and (like a whip)

and..?

(brows almost touching the hairline)

(she waits)...

And, expects nothing in return... I guess.

(flash of a smile-back to paper)

What about death, daddy?

(behind the paper)

Sorry, did you say you did or didn't ask your mother about this?

Dad!

Okay, okay lets see...
(lowers paper-serious face now)
Well, yeah, it kinda gives you that as well.
(drops paper onto lap-chortles)
Now come on, what is this? You should be...
(pointing out window-to an empty street)
having fun with...
Oh, what's her name?
(snaps fingers-snap!snap!)
Sarah.

Susan!

Oh yes, sorry, Susan!
(now massaging temples)
But seriously cupcake,
it's your summer holiday,
you should be enjoying yourself not...

Mom's right, you don't care!
(crosses arms)

What do you mean I don't care,
(furrows brow)
and where is your Mother anyways?

She took Pippin to the hospital.
(begins to sulk)

Now honey, don't get angry with me.. but who the hell is Pippin?

The cat Dad! The cat! You know...
(face scrunched-half cry-makes like a cat cleaning itself)
...the cat

(said in an almost whisper)

Who names a cat Pippin?
(looking thoroughly stumped-
oblivious to the dramatics taking place)

I did!
(full on sob)

That's right you did
(getting up with a big show now of folding
then placing the newspaper on the Bernard Vuarnesson coffee
table)

..and it's an excellent name!
(walking toward her-head shaking sympathetically)
Daddy only meant...

(but she ran for, and then up the stairs)

[Postlude]

[Fathers soliloquy]
My arm extended out to console? or eschew?
We may never know perhaps,
for she was gone and up the stairs before I knew...
it.

(big noise upstairs directly above him - then silence)

[Soliloquy continues]

They were at opposite ends of the magnetic field these days.

(door slams above)

and then...

(Outside a car pulls into the driveway.
Mother is heard saying that it's alright,
Pippin's a little down, is all.)

Who's this Pippin for which you speak?

THE CAT!
(a voice screams from above)

Oh, right! My bad.

(Mother continues outside)
Doctor says, nothing a little Sertraline can't take care of.
(She then proceeds to shake the entire contents
of the pill bottle over top of her head and says,)
How crazy is that, weather man
said nothing about it snowing today!

The End.

