

From Crushed, by Don Zolidis

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APRIL

Dad, I'm home!
(BRICE, dressed quite nicely, enters.)

BRICE

Hello, April.

APRIL

Brice?

BRICE

Indeed.

APRIL

Um...
(APRIL'S DAD enters.)

APRIL'S DAD

Oh hey Puddin.

APRIL

What's Brice doing here?

APRIL'S DAD

What's he doing here? What's he *not* doing here?

APRIL

I don't get it.

BRICE

I'm old fashioned.

APRIL

Ri-ight.

APRIL'S DAD

Sweetheart, what if I were to tell you that we've agreed that you should date Brice?

BRICE

Let's not go too swiftly. I plan on courting you. I've just received permission from your father.

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APRIL

Dad?

APRIL'S DAD

He's just so darn polite!

BRICE

Allow me to present you with this packet of crushed jasmine. When you sniff it, think of me.
(He presents her with a packet of crushed jasmine.)

APRIL'S DAD

Man! Crushed Jasmine! That's awesome!

APRIL

Dad, can you just leave us alone for a little bit?

BRICE

I'm not sure that's proper.

APRIL'S DAD

Sorry. I want to watch this guy *operate*.

BRICE

May I take your hand?

APRIL

No.

APRIL'S DAD

Oooh. She's playing hard to get. Go for it, Brice! Yes!

BRICE

I have composed a sonnet for you.

APRIL

I don't want to hear your sonnet.

APRIL'S DAD

Oh man – ladies love poetry!

BRICE

April, your name is the same as the month you were born in
And I love you like the dolphin loves its dorsal fin
Your hair is long and smells like some kind of vanilla thing
Your beauty explodes my insides like a rocket propelled grenade
Scattering the remnants of my internal organs like a rain

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Of love and –

APRIL

This is a gross poem.

BRICE

Then we shall compose a new poem together.

APRIL'S DAD

Brice, you had me at vanilla.

APRIL

Dad! I don't like Brice!

APRIL'S DAD

What?!

APRIL

He's weird!

BRICE

I've been made mad by your beauty.

APRIL'S DAD

Yes! Did you hear that! He's been made mad by your beauty!

APRIL

I'm leaving!

(APRIL storms out.)

BRICE

Do you happen to have any other daughters?

(to read the rest of this play, visit www.playscripts.com)