

# *So Fucking Good*

By Wade Howard

## *CHARACTERS*

*DUSTIN FLANDERS, pie shop boy at Yum Yum's Pie Pies*

*SHAWN CAMPTON, young pie shop boy Yum Yum's Pie Pies*

*JACKIE FLANDERS, fraternal twin of DUSTIN*

*D. TODD/JASON GLASSCOLE, Jack Sparrow at Captain Jack's Arcade*

*SOME GUY, some guy in a dirty apron*

*A pie shop. CS there is a counter with a sign on the front that reads, "Everything is So Good." DUSTIN FLANDERS is standing behind the counter twirling a quarter between his fingers. He is trying very hard to be good at it. He is not. He is wearing neither an apron, nor a nametag. On the counter is a register. Behind him is a sign that reads: "MENU" and under it is the word "PIE." Three bar stools wrap around the corner of the table. SR there is a chair in the corner, which SOME GUY is sleeping in. He is naked minus a dirty apron and a pair of sunglasses. He has been sleeping there forever maybe. He has a nametag that reads: "Some Guy". He does not move positions the entire play. SL there is a thin doorframe downstage. DELIVERY TODD is seen walking up to the doorframe. This is JASON GLASSCOLE in disguise. He wears a blue polo tucked into short khakis and a fake beard. He is holding a messenger bag full of yellow envelopes.*

D. TODD: *(As he passes through doorframe.)* Ding-a-ling!

DUSTIN: Hello, welcome to Yum Yum's Pie Pies, where "everything is so good." How can I help you?

D. TODD: My name is Delivery Todd and I have a message for Dustin Flanders. Would that happen to be you?

DUSTIN: It would.

D. TODD: Well, I have a delivery for you.

*(He hands a white envelope to DUSTIN, then pulls a rubber band gun out of his pants and shoots DUSTIN several times before running out.)*

DUSTIN: *(While being shot.)* FUCK! FUCK YOU! FUCK- SON OF A FUCKING BITCH! *(D. TODD begins to flee.)* ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!? FUCK! FUCK YOU!

D. TODD: *(Passing back through doorframe.)* Ding-a-ling!

DUSTIN: NICE NAME YOU FUCKING CUNT!

*(SHAWN enters from back with limes in his hands, held at his nipples.)*

SHAWN: What was that?

DUSTIN: A delivery guy.

SHAWN: From who?

DUSTIN: Glasscole.

SHAWN: Who?

DUSTIN: Jason fucking Glasscole.

SHAWN: I don-

DUSTIN: He is this fucking cocksucker who sucks a bunch of fucking cocks. And he's an asshole. He knows I hate rubber bands!

SHAWN: Oh. *(He comes and sits at a bar stool. DUSTIN looks at the letter inside the envelope and then throws it away. Shawn picks it up, leaving one of the limes on the table, and reads aloud.)* "You will always remember this as the day you almost caught The Captain Jack Sparrow." What the hell does that mean?

DUSTIN: Why are you holding those limes?

SHAWN: Protection.

DUSTIN: From what?

SHAWN: You're wandering mind.

DUSTIN: You think those limes are going to protect you from my mind reading?

SHAWN: Yes. I watched this video about fruit and telepathy. The Fruit Video.

DUSTIN: Bullshit. *(He puts two fingers to his temple and begins trying to read SHAWN's mind.)* HUUUUUMMM. Shit. You're right. Your mind is a fortress right now.

*(JACKIE walks in. She is carrying a jug of orange juice.)*

JACKIE: *(Passing through doorway.)* Ding-ding! Hey fuckers. *(She takes a swig of orange juice.)*

DUSTIN: What the fuck sis? Is everyone on this fucking fruit shit?

JACKIE: Of course. You haven't you seen the Fruit Video? You never know these days bro-ho.... I can still read your mind though. *(She puts her two fingers to her head.)* HUUM. You had a run in with Glasscole?

DUSTIN: *(He quickly snatches one of the limes from SHAWN.)* Ha! Stay out of my brain!

SHAWN: I wish I could read people's minds. Being a twin must be cool. So, who is Jason Glasscole?

DUSTIN: Some guy whose occupation is to be a buttfuck.

JACKIE: Well, his 'occupation' is actually being Jack Sparrow over at Captain Jack's Arcade down the street. And he is pretty good at it.

SHAWN: Oh, I love that place!

DUSTIN: Fuck that place!

JACKIE: Dustin is a little jealous that Glasscole is living the Captain Jack dream and that he is just a pie shop boy.

DUSTIN: I AM MORE JACK SPARROW THAN THAT PIECE OF SHIT EVER WILL BE, AND YOU KNOW IT JACKIE! Besides, making pie is art.

SHAWN: Is he really that bad of a guy?

DUSTIN: He's not just some bad guy bro! He's the fucking anti-christ.

JACKIE: *(Defensive.)* He is not that!

DUSTIN: He is the reason people fucking die. Death would not exist, if not for him.

JACKIE: Okay. I'm going to go to the bathroom.

DUSTIN: Wait!

JACKIE: What?

DUSTIN: I just remembered this crazy thing that is totally going to skull fuck you.

*(Pause.)*

JACKIE: What?

DUSTIN: I just remembered this thing that is going to skull fuck you.

JACKIE: It's going to skull fuck me?

DUSTIN: Yeah, dude! Like here is your skull (*He makes a fist with his left hand.*) and here is the metaphorical dick made up of thought (*He indicates with his right hand.*), and it totally fucks your skull (*He inserts the 'metaphorical thought dick' into the 'skull' over and over.*)

JACKIE: Mind fuck.

DUSTIN: Huh? (*Still fucking.*)

JACKIE: Mind fuck. It's the thing you're describing.

DUSTIN: Oh, the skull fuck? (*Motions skull fucking excitedly.*)

(*She flicks him off and goes offstage.*)

DUSTIN: The fuck is she so upset for?

(end of sample)