

# Lucky Penny

by  
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Northwestern MFA Showcase Submission - 2012

2nd Draft  
First 8 Pages

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SCENE ONE.

Day. THE JONES' HOUSE. A modest raised ranch in a secluded area. The kitchen dominates the stage. It contains a large butcher block table that matches the blond wood of the cabinets. On the wall is a yellow telephone with a long cord. Aside from a few homey touches, the kitchen is rather plain and institutional.

The phone starts RINGING.

PENNY (11, long unkempt hair, flannel top, faded denim jeans), and MARK (18, shaved head, dressed in the wigger fashion of the time) run in from down the hall. He is chasing her.

MARK

Prepare to suffer the Rita Repulsa! RAHHHH!!!

PENNY

Noooooooooo! Please! No! Stop! Stop!

Mark grabs Penny, and despite her best efforts to squirm free, he lifts her up over his head.

PENNY

Not on the floor! Not on the floor!

MARK

Rita Repulsa shows no mercy!

BAM! Mark throws Penny down on her back on the kitchen table.

MARK

JAAAAAAM!!!

Penny curls into fetal position and starts crying. Mark slaps her side.

MARK

Quit faking it, cry baby.

The phone stops ringing.

PENNY

(sobbing)

I'm not faking it! I think you broke something!

MARK

Really?

PENNY

Really.

MARK

Oh, shit. Penny, are you okay?

He gently touches her shoulder and leans in. Without hesitation, Penny throws back her elbow, hitting Mark square in the jaw, then she kicks him in the gut. Mark staggers back, and Penny jumps up onto the table brandishing her elbow toward Mark.

PENNY

You like that? Huh? You like that? That's called the Lord Zed, mother fucker.

MARK

Oh, you are so gonna pay for that.

PENNY

Not if you can't catch me.

He grabs her off the table and wrestles her - kicking and SCREAMING - to the ground.

The phone starts RINGING again.

Mark pins Penny down. He begins clearing his throat and collecting spit in his mouth.

PENNY

Don't you dare. Don't you fucking dare!

Mark drops a line of spit straight at Penny's face, then sucks it back up into his mouth.

PENNY

Mark, I'm going to fucking kill you!

MARK

Keep screaming and you're gonna get it in your mouth. Hhhhawk. Again. Hhhhawwk.

Mark lets down another line of spit and sucks it back up again.

The phone stops ringing.

A toilet is heard FLUSHING, and Chris Catano a.k.a "Rollie" walks into the kitchen. He spots what's going on...

ROLLIE

Nice.

...then makes his way over to the fridge.

Mark continues to taunt Penny with his spit. The phone begins to RING again, and Rollie answers it.

ROLLIE

(into phone)

Pete's Cat Shack. You kill it, we skillet. ...Oh, hey Mr. Jones. Uh...I don't know. Mark, is your mom here?

Mark shakes his head, the spit dangling precariously close to Penny's face. She clamps her mouth shut.

ROLLIE

(into phone)

No. ...Yeah, Mark's here and Penny's here and I'm here. We're all here! ...Okay. What's the message? ...Uh huh...*A what!*? Oh, right...Okay.

Rollie hangs up the phone, then comes over to watch Mark torture Penny more closely.

The spit dangles precariously close to Penny's face.

Mark looks to Rollie expectantly, then hits him in the arm.

ROLLIE

Oh. He told me I had to leave, and that you guys are having some kind of family meeting tonight.

Splat. Penny gets the spit in her face.

PENNY

They're getting divorced.

MARK

(shaking his head)

No. Somebody died.

PENNY

They're seeing a therapist together.

MARK

I overheard Mom tell Cioci Audrey that Cioci Kathy hasn't been taking her meds.

PENNY

When was the last time you saw them kiss when Dad got home from work?

Mark eyes her seriously - not pleased to think she could be onto something.

ROLLIE

Whoa. What the hell happens at your guys' family meetings?

MARK

Shut up, dude.

An electric GARAGE DOOR is heard opening.

PENNY

Mom's home.

Penny and Mark jump to their feet. Mark pushes Rollie out the back door, then he and Penny scramble around. They end up at the fridge, pretending to look for food.

DANIKA JONES (late 30s) looking harried but vigorous in scrubby clothes and a bandana, trudges up the stairs carrying a vacuum and a cleaning caddy.

Hi kids!  
DANIKA

PENNY  
Hi Mom!

MARK  
Hi Mom!

As Danika puts her cleaning supplies away in the closet.

(Pause)

Danika pops into the kitchen.

Hi.  
PENNY

Hi.  
MARK

Hi...  
DANIKA

Oh. Stinky.  
(catching a whiff of something)

Danika walks out of the kitchen and we hear an AEROSOL CAN being sprayed. Mark wanders away from the fridge; Penny grabs an apple out of it. Penny grabs a KNIFE out of the drawer then sits down at the table. Mark goes over to the stove and grabs the teapot. Danika re-enters.

Tea?  
MARK

No thanks, honey.  
DANIKA

Danika goes over to Mark and gives him a kiss on the forehead.

I have some weeding to do.  
DANIKA

Danika heads toward the back door, grabs a pair of gardening gloves and begins putting them on.

MARK  
Uh...Mom?

DANIKA  
Yes dear?

MARK  
Uh...how's Cioci Kathy?

DANIKA  
Oh, same old same old. You know Kathy.

Penny and Mark exchange a look.

PENNY  
How's marriage counseling?

DANIKA  
Penny!

PENNY  
I'm just asking.

DANIKA  
(sighs)  
I don't want you kids worrying about your father and me. We're fine.

(then, looking up)  
What's gotten in to you two today?

MARK  
Uh, nothing. Um, Mom? Can I have dinner at Chris's tonight?

DANIKA  
Sure. Just remember to ask his mom this time, okay?

MARK  
Sure.

Danika exits. Silence. Then Penny and Mark begin to chuckle nervously, then laugh, then laugh harder until they're almost crying.

PENNY  
There's no family meeting!

MARK  
Mom doesn't know anything!

PENNY  
Not a thing!

(sobbering)  
Oh man. Was Rollie just fucking with us?

Mark shrugs, then comes over and snatches the knife away from Penny.

MARK  
Back to business.

PENNY  
Hey!

Mark tosses the knife up into the air and catches it.

MARK  
Tah-dah!

He does it again.

MARK  
Jealous?

PENNY  
No. 'Cause I bet I can do that. And I can do it better than you.

MARK  
No you can't.

PENNY  
Yes I can. Let me see the knife.

MARK  
No.

PENNY  
Fine.

Penny grabs another knife out of the drawer.

She tosses it into the air, but misses the catch - it sticks into the linoleum. The two of them toss knives - Penny consistently missing it, and Mark consistently catching it.

MARK

You suck.

PENNY

You blow.

Mark catches something out of the corner of his eye, and goes to look out the back door. Penny continues to toss the knife.

MARK

Dad's home.

PENNY

I didn't hear the garage door.

MARK

He's in the yard talking to Mom. ...And she does not look happy about whatever it is he's telling her. Shit!

Mark ducks down. Just then, Penny catches the knife - blade edge in her hand.

PENNY

Fuck. ...It's about me.

She drops the knife. Her hand is covered in bright red BLOOD.

Lights down.