

TITLE: RALLY

NAME: BIL SHERRIN

DRAFT 1 / SEPTEMBER 1, 2013

SETTING: The location is Central Park, NY, on the Fourth of July, modern day. There's a rally going on in support of preventing Mayor Bloomberg's law about limiting soft drinks to 16 ounces. It's a muggy sun drenched day and the gathering crowd is growing. Many have flags and other patriotic gear. Some have signs about freedom and responsibility. Joggers and bikers traverse the park, ignoring the rally. Kids in strollers and dogs chasing Frisbees – they're all there. In the distance, on the stage, a speaker is about to begin the rally. A grandpa in a mobility scooter*, his pregnant daughter (both smoking), and her two kids are finding a spot to view the rally.

*NOTE: maybe an office chair with wheels can be used.

CHARACTERS:

CHERYL GILBERT : Ragged 28-yr-old religious zealot, Mother of two; third on the way. Heavy smoker. Always nice to strangers. The heart tattoo on her shoulder says "Raymond". She's wearing a black tank top with a route 66 sign on it - her pregnant belly showing underneath. Has binoculars around her neck

WALTER HAWTHORN: Dad of Cheryl. Grandfather of Chastity and Jesse. Heavy smoker. Dying of cancer, but at peace with that. Raspy voice. Wearing fatigues and large cover over dark sunglasses. His hat says "NRA". Has binoculars around his neck. Curmudgeon with a soft spot.

CHASTITY GILBERT: Daughter of Cheryl. 6-years-old. Tomboy. Athletic. Loves her brother. Wants him to want to play with her. Has never had a haircut.

JESSE GILBERT: Son of Cheryl. 8-years-old. Klutzy. Wants to be like Grandpa. His sister annoys him. He's wearing a Tim Tebow NY Jets Jersey that goes down to his knees. Has a frohawk.

MARGE PARKER: College newspaper reporter. Sweet tooth. Very nerdy. Bookish, semi-innocent, but open to new ideas. Studying journalism at Columbia. Lesbian.

SPEAKER 1: MLK-like

SPEAKER 2: JFK-like

CHERYL

...kids, there's a spot over by that shady tree... Don't run! Your

grandpa's Scooter can only go so fast.

[Jesse and Chastity run,
holding hands toward the
tree]

WALT

You go ahead, kiddo. I'll catch up.

CHERYL

It's fine, pop. With my third little
one on the way, I shouldn't push myself.
Besides...

(starting to choke up)
we don't have much time left and I want
to spend some quality time with you
before...

[Walt grabs Cheryl's hand]

WALT

(empathetic)

Kiddo. "The righteous perish, and no
one ponders it in his heart; devout men
are taken away, and no one understands
that the righteous are taken away to be
spared from evil. Those who walk
uprightly enter into peace; they find
rest as they lie in death."

CHERYL

(really tearful / babbling)

pppft. Pfft. Isaiah. Chapter 57. Verses
1 and 2. I know. I know... but dad,
you're not upright. Your in that stupid
scooter...

WALT

It's gonna be ok.

[Walt and Cheryl arrive at
the tree where Jesse and
Chastity are chasing each
other around the tree]

[Marge Enters]

MARGE

What a lovely spot. Mind if I join
you?

CHERYL
(still crying)
It's a free country... at least it used
to be.

[Marge unfolds a blanket and
sits down]

[The kids, completely wild
and energetic continue to
chase each other jumping
between Cheryl and Marge and
invading Marge's space]

CHERYL
I swear, you kids are in rare form.
You're gonna hurt the nice lady.

[Cheryl reaches into storage
compartment on scooter and
gets a sparkler and lights it
with the end of her
cigarette]

Here Jesse, take this sparkler and go
play with your sister down by the pond.

MARGE
(concerned)
I'm glad to hear you speak of freedom,
but smoking, really?

CHERYL
I don't think I need to explain the
constitution to you.

MARGE
(backing off)
No. No, you don't.

WALT
(showing contempt)
Great... *you* must be a reporter.

CHERYL
Let's not be too quick to judge, pop...
"if your enemy is hungry, feed him; if
he is thirsty, give him something to
drink; for by so doing you will heap

burning coals on his head."

WALT and MARGE
(in unison)
Romans Chapter 12 Verses 20 and 21.

CHERYL
(in disbelief)
... *you* know the bible? sorry, dear,
what's your name?

MARGE
Marge. Marge Parker. I write for the
Columbia Spectator and am covering the
rally.

WALT
(grumpy)
I'm not sharing my Big Gulp... and this
better end with burning coals on her
head.

CHERYL
Sorry. It's his blood sugar. Makes him
sooo cranky. Big Gulps are his last
dabble in decadence - a swimming pool
of sugary joy.
(now sniffing)
...and well, Bloomberg is taking them
away!

[Cheryl pulls a muchkin
(donut hole) out of the
storage compartment]

CHERYL
Here pop, have a muchkin.

WALT
(mouth full chomping)
Give me the box.

CHERYL
Oh! Pop! You're impossible!

[Cheryl hands him the whole
box and Walt starts eating
the muchkins]

MARGE

So, what're your names? I'd love to do a piece on you and your rally experience.

CHERYL

I'm Cheryl Gilbert. This is my dad Walter Hawthorn. He likes to be called "Hawk". Those two little ones...

(blood boiling, screaming)

Oh Jesus and Mary Jo and all that is Holy! Jesse! Don't taunt your sister... God Damn it!

[The kids come running back to tree holding hands with the sparkler stuck in Chastity's eye]

CHASTITY

(wimpering)

pppft. Pfft. Jesse stuck the sparkler in my eyeball.

CHERYL

[Cheryl starts to perform the emergency fix-it on the injury. Pulls the sparkler out of the eye, which then pops it out. Places the eyeball in a cooler and replaces it with a munchkin]

Don't be such a baby. Hold still. Yep, that eye popped right out. We'll put that in the cooler. We'll just take one of grandpa's munchkins...

WALT

(mouth full chomping)

...but... My blood sugar.

CHERYL

She's your granddaughter...

(starting to cry)

...besides you pfftt. You. Pfft. Won't have many more times to share your donut holes...

(crying less)

yep. Perfect fit. Now, here's an M-80.
Go back down to the pond and the two of
you play nice.

[Kids run back to pond
playfully holding hands]

CHERYL
(shouting)
... and no more shenanigans... or, I
swear, I will place that M-80 where the
sun don't shine!

MARGE
Don't you think we should take her to
the hospital?

CHERYL
Yeah. Right. With Obamacare!?! Don't
think so... Finally, the speech is
starting.

SPEAKER #1
"I am happy to join with you today in
what will go down in history as the
greatest demonstration for freedom in
the history of our nation. Six score
seven years ago, a great American, in
whose symbolic shadow we stand today,
introduced us to Coca-Cola. This
momentous decree came as a great beacon
light of hope to millions of soda
drinkers who had been seared in the
flames of withering thirst. But one
hundred and 27 years later, the soda
drinker still is not free. One hundred
and 27 years later, the soda drinker
lives on a lonely island of 16 ounce
and smaller cups in the midst of a vast
ocean of material prosperity. One
hundred and 27 years later, the soda
drinker is still languished in the
corners of 7-11s and finds himself an
exile in his own land. And so we've
come here today to dramatize a shameful
condition..."

CHERYL
Oh Jo and all that is mother Jesus!
Jesse! Quit looking up your sister's

skirt! Oh... God Damnit!

[The kids come running back to tree Jesse is holding his right arm and Chastity is holding Jesse's Right Hand in her hand and starts to tease Jesse running in a circle around Grandpa's chair]

CHASTITY

(proudly)

I've got Jesse's hand! Nan-na-nan-na-nan-na! I've got Jesse's hand!

CHERYL

Young lady you slow down. Give me that! Now, you go have a timeout under the tree. I'll just put this in the cooler.

JESSE

(whimpering)

I was holding ... the M-80... and Chastity lit it!

CHERYL

Well, young man. Serves you right.

[Cheryl goes over to grandpa, lifts his shirt and removes his catheter tubing]

Guess grandpa will have to do without the tubing to his catheter! OK.

[Cheryl ties off Jesse's wrist with tubing and begins to cauterize his open wound with her cigarette]

Now hold still. Such a waste of a perfectly good cigarette. There, good as new.

[Cheryl kisses Jesse's forehead]

Now take your grandpa's revolver, get your sister and go back down by the pond... and no more horsing around!

[The kids head back to the
pond, holding hands]

(yelling)
I'm serious, Jesse! "Children, obey
your parents in the Lord, for this is
right." Ephesians Six One, Jesse,
Ephesians Six One!

MARGE
We really should get your kids to the
hospital... and you gave him a gun!

CHERYL
He'll be fine. He's left-handed.

WALT
(grumpy)
How can you tolerate her!? My Colostomy
bag is spewing out better shit than
this liberal media bitch.

CHERYL
Sorry. The blood sugar. Here pop, have
another munchkin. Chick-Fil-A sandwich?

[Cheryl hands sandwich to
Marge]

MARGE
No, no. Thank you. I'm fine

CHERYL
I insist. Jesse wasn't gonna eat it
away. Believe me, I was gonna make
sure of that.

MARGE
I'm gay.

WALT
No surprise there.

[Marge reluctantly starts to
nibble on the sandwich]

MARGE and WALT
(in unison)
"Just as Sodom and Gomorrah and the
surrounding cities, which likewise

indulged in sexual immorality and pursued unnatural desire, serve as an example by undergoing a punishment of eternal fire."

CHERYL

Jude. Chapter 1. Verse 7.

MARGE

What can I say, I like women.

WALT

I like women too, but I don't package those feelings in some left-wing lesbian agenda... But, you're ok, kid, you're ok.

MARGE

I admit this sandwich is divine.

CHERYL

That's the dad I love. The munchkins finally kicked in. Here, have a cigarette.

[Cheryl hands Marge a cigarette]

MARGE

No, I, I, don't... oh, ok.

[Marge takes cigarette and starts to smoke]

SPEAKER #1

"There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the soda drinker is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of the Bloomberg brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain big gulps in the gas stations of the highways and the 7-11s of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the soda drinker's basic mobility is from their mother's nipple to a small unsatisfying sippy cup. We can never be satisfied as long

as our children are stripped of their
sugar highs and robbed of their dignity
by signs stating: "For small cups
only"...

WALT

This guy is good. So original and
inspiring. Where does he get this
stuff?

MARGE

Umm... Martin Luth...

[Gunshot]

[The kids come skipping back
holding hands and Chastity is
crying with her hand over
eye]

CHERYL

Mary Holy and all that is Jesus Jo! I
said no horsing around!

CHASTITY

(whimpering)
Jesse shot out my munchkin!

CHERYL

Munchkins don't grow on trees, you know.
With his blood sugar, your grandpa can
only...

(starting to cry)

Pfft... spare so many. This happens
every time. You ruin adult time. What
if you had shot out Chastity's other
eye! Huh? What then?! She'd be
blind! Like your Aunt Carol! Would you
want that?! Your sister growing up,
going to weddings... getting drunk!
Hitting on the pastor! Running into
the cake!

(... pause ...)

She never catches the bouquet! She...
never... catches... the... bouquet!

WALT

It's fine. Here. I don't like the
cinnamon ones much anyway.

[Walt hands Cheryl a Munchkin
and Cheryl places it in
Chastity's eye socket]

CHERYL

You're so lucky to have the grandfather
you have

(crying less)

You need to behave. Grandpa's not
always going to be around to give you
munchkins and we want to listen to the
speakers. You need to be a team and
play together so here's grandpa's
rocket launcher. Now go down to the
pond and no more horsing around, no
more shenanigans... I mean it! Your
mischief is embarrassing. Marge, would
you go with them to, you know,
supervise.

WALT

Good idea. She's basically a man.

MARGE

Of course. I love kids.

WALT

You do?

[Marge, Jesse, Chastity go to
the pond carrying the rocket
launcher on their shoulders]

SPEAKER #1

"I have a dream that one day on the
corner of 42nd and Broadway the sons of
former 7-11 owners and the sons of
former vegan diner owners will be able
to sit down together at the table of
brotherhood. I have a dream that one
day, even on the island of Manhattan, a
city sweltering with the heat of
injustice, sweltering with the heat of
oppression, will be transformed into an
oasis of freedom and justice. I have a
dream that my four little children will
one day live in a nation where they
will not be judged by the size of their
cup but by the content of their
character..."

[Rocket launching sound,
BOOM!, and speaker #1 falls
into the scene under the tree
and Marge, Jesse, and
Chastity come running back to
tree all proud]

CHERYL

Mary Jesus and Jo Holy and all that is
Mother!

WALT

Not bad ... for a lezbo.

[Speaker #1 is crawling along
the ground where the family
is gathered]

SPEAKER #1

(wincing in pain)

"Free at last! ...Free at last! ...
Thank God Almighty, we are free at
last!"

CHERYL

Jesse! Chastity! ... Marge! You all are
going to have a timeout. Sit down under
the tree and behave.

MARGE

That was so cool.

CHERYL

Thank God. Another speaker.

SPEAKER #2

"Ask not what your large 64-ounce soda
drink can do for you, ask what you can
do for your large 64-ounce soda drink..."

WALT

(to speaker #1)

Man, you all are so inspiring and
original. Makes me want to beat
cancer... Munchkin?