

IF YOU LIKE PILGRIM COLADAS

BY JIM MARTYKA

AT LIGHTS UP, two girls KAREN and JILL are sitting in chairs facing the audience. They are your average "girls next door," nothing menacing about them in any way...except for the fact that they have a man MITCH tied up and lying on the ground in front of them. Mitch is dressed like a pilgrim (as much as you can) and he has blood all over him. He has clearly lost a lot of blood and is simply too weak to try and escape or even move. He seems resigned to the fact that this is happening. The two girls have long straws that appear to be going into Mitch.

Jill and Karen look at each other and neither is very happy.

JILL: Okay, let's do it again.

KAREN: I really don't want to.

JILL: I know, but it's important. We have to. *(she starts breathing heavy, trying to pump herself up).* Come on, we can do this. We can do this.

KAREN: Ughhhhhh....fine. Let's do it.

JILL: One, two, three!

Both girls grimace as they suck on their straws.

MITCH: *(monotone)* Ow.

KAREN: Yuck! I hate it. I really hate it!!!

JILL: I know, but what choice do we have?

MITCH: To not drink my blood.

JILL: Shh!

KAREN: Seriously though, this is just awful...I don't know how much more of this I can take.

MITCH: I don't know how much more I can give.

KAREN: Shh!

JILL: Karen, this is going to happen. We have to be ready for it. Do you understand? The sooner we accept it and start to prepare for it, the better.

KAREN: Yeah, you're right. This is for the best.

MITCH: This is utterly fucking ridiculous.

KAREN: Shut up! God, this guy is so annoying. Where did you find him? And why is he dressed like a pilgrim?

JILL: I popped by 7-11 to pick up some tampons...

MITCH: Gross.

KAREN: Shh.

JILL: ...and I heard karaoke coming from the bar next door. Someone was doing "Livin on a Prayer." It sounded really good.

MITCH: Thank you.

KAREN: Shh.

JILL: I stuck my head in and here's this ass clown up on stage singing.

MITCH: Hurtful.

(Karen just kicks Mitch in the back).

JILL: Still, I was kinda into it until he messed up a line.

KAREN: What line?

JILL: *(singing)* "Gina works a diner all day."

MITCH: I thought it was "Gina was dying of old age."

KAREN: What?! You idiot!

MITCH: Again...hurtful.

JILL: Anyway, as soon as I saw that, as soon as this fucktard messed up the lyrics to classic Jon Bon, I knew he would do nicely. We needed a body so...

MITCH: Yeah, this is justified for screwing up song lyrics.

JILL: Be quiet.

KAREN: How did you get him?

JILL: Pfft! Look at him!

MITCH: You girls suck.

JILL: Oh good call. Ready for another round?

MITCH AND KAREN: No!

JILL: Come on. Drink.

KAREN: Fine

They both take big pulls off their straws.

MITCH: Ow.

KAREN: I'm going to hate this. I'm really going to hate this.

JILL: At first, but you'll get used to it. I'm just getting us a head start!

KAREN: I know, you're so smart. I'm so glad I have you around to think of these things. When it gets here, we'll be ready.

JILL: Damn right we will!

MITCH: I hate both of you.

KAREN: Ugh, this guy won't shut up! And why is he dressed like a pilgrim? Why are you dressed like a pilgrim?

MITCH: *(sighs)* I'm an actor with a theatre company. We thought now more than ever, we should reflect on what we're thankful for and with it being November, we decided to do a Thanksgiving themed show. I was...a pilgrim. My cast and I went out for karaoke after the show...you know, for one last time.

The two girls start laughing at Mitch.

MITCH: God. Dammit.

KAREN: Ha ha....Oh! Oh my God! This totally reminds me of that Thanksgiving from when we were kids!

JILL AND MITCH: What?!

KAREN: Yeah, remember?

MITCH: How could this possibly remind you—

Karen cuts him off by grinding her straw into him.

MITCH: Ow, ow, ow! Okay, Okay!

JILL: I'm going to have to go with Pussy Pilgrim on this one. I'm not sure how this could remind you of any time in our lives.

MITCH: Thank you!

KAREN: No, remember the one year when we had it at Auntie Lynn's? With the big family football game? Jumping in the piles of leaves with the cousins? Watching the Macy's Christmas Parade with Uncle Lou? Cousin Bobby's special pie? The huge turducken? Remember? The one where mom died at the dinner table?

JILL: Oh yeah, that one.

MITCH: Jesus Christ!

JILL: Oh shut up, Plymouth Rock, it's just life. It happens!

KAREN: Aww, that was a fun day, well you know, until mom died.

JILL: Yeah...

Mitch just shakes his head wide-eyed.

KAREN: I wonder what Auntie Lynn and Uncle Lou are up to these days.

JILL: Well, they're out east, so...

KAREN: Oh yeah.

JILL: They were probably among the first.

KAREN: Yeah. Damn government!

MITCH: That sucks.

Again, reminded by the words, they both drink. Mitch just sighs and rolls his eyes, resigned at this point to the fact that this is how he will spend his last moments.

MITCH: Ow. That's too bad about your aunt and uncle. I heard when it happens, it happens fast, though.

JILL: Yeah.

KAREN: We heard that too. Aww, we're never going to see them again.

JILL: Oh, you're right.

MITCH: *(kind of in and out talking to them and reflecting to himself)* But at least you have that memory. You can hold onto that. That's what I think the holidays are really all about. You build these great memories, have these incredible experiences with the people you love. You take a day like Thanksgiving, where everything else is swept away and you simply cherish and celebrate the important people in your life and the love you have for each other. You're thankful for that, for those relationships, those moments, those memories. That's what makes us human...well, for at least a little longer. You gals have a great memory to be thankful for. It sounds like that was a pretty great day.

KAREN: Yeah, it was...until mom died.

JILL: Yeah, until mom died.

MITCH: Well, yeah, there was that, I guess.

KAREN: Hey, that was actually kinda beautiful.

JILL: Yeah, what's your name?

MITCH: It's Mitch. Mitch Maverick...that's my stage name. Actually, though, I was thinking of changing it to...

JILL: Don't ruin this moment Mitch.

MITCH: Okay, yeah, sorry.

KAREN: No, that was truly beautiful. That IS what Thanksgiving is all about. Especially now, here at the end, I'm thankful I have that memory. Thank you Mitch.

MITCH: You're welcome. My family and I have some great memories too, lots of love and good times. I wonder what my wife and kids are doing right now? Probably worrying about me. But I hope that after their fear, sadness and depression passes and they accept what became of their father, with what little time they have left before the end gets here, hopefully they think of those great memories we all had together as a family...including some pretty magical Thanksgivings.

The two girls look at each other, both with guilty looks and exchange some silent communication about Mitch. They eventually both nod their head in agreement.

JILL: Mitch, we were thinking...

KAREN: We feel like we've been pretty selfish.

JILL: Yeah, just awful.

KAREN: So awful.

Mitch looks up at both of them with great hope!

JILL: Yeah, we're sorry about that.

KAREN: Very sorry...we...well...

MITCH: Yes?

JILL: We think you're actually kind of a great guy.

KAREN: And we want you to be a zombie with us.

Both girls offer their straws to Mitch to take a drink, not even realizing they are offering him his own blood. Mitch just stares at them for a long beat, stone-faced in disbelief.

KAREN: Come on Mitch, drink.

JILL: It will make it easier for when we get turned into zombies.

KAREN: Yeah, we'll already be used to the taste of blood!

JILL: And who knows, we might even start to like it! Maybe the whole zombie apocalypse won't be that bad after all.

KAREN: And maybe we'll actually be able to still remember some of those great memories we're thankful for as humans...

JILL: Or build new ones as zombies!

KAREN: Come on, Mitch, be a zombie with us. Pretty please?!

Mitch continues to stare at them for a second and then, utterly defeated, takes a slow drink from straw.

MITCH: Ow.

KAREN: Yay Pilgrim Mitch!!

JILL: Yay you!

MITCH: Yay me.

The three just sit there for a second all drinking from the straws. Then, Jill giggles.

JILL: Mitch, with these straws coming out of you, you look like a cocktail.

KAREN: Yeah. Haha!

Silence for a couple beats and then Mitch sings (to the tune of The Pina Colada song).

MITCH: "If you like Pilgrim Coladas...with your straw in a vein. Getting set to be a zombie and spend your life eating brains...."

The girls start laughing hysterically and even Mitch cracks a smile.

KAREN: Happy Thanksgiving, Mitch.

JILL: Yeah, Happy Thanksgiving.

MITCH: Happy Thanksgiving...you crazy cunts.

Blackout.