

Flush As May: A Play In 2 Acts

EXT. A BALCONY - EVENING

Crayfish Boy - a mutant half crayfish half teenage boy - looks out from the balcony he is leaning against and sighs.

He has antennae, little splotches pink carapace across his face, and a claw. He is very cute.

He begins singing sadly.

CRAYFISH BOY

I'm just a little Crayfish Boy
Half crayfish, half boy
My least favorite season is winter
Because winter is gumbo season

In my town they sit in the streets
So I have to sneak out at night
While they all sit in the streets
Sit and shake with gumbo fever

Even my friends at school
Even my nice old neighbor
Their eyes glaze over when they see
me
Glaze over with Gumbo Fever

Maybe I should leave
But my sick human mother
She needs my help and can't eat
gumbo
She has no gumbo fever

So I'm trapped here
Just a little Crayfish Boy
Half crayfish, half boy
Waiting for spring
And the end of gumbo season

Crayfish Boy pauses and sighs.

His mother calls from within the room that leads out to the balcony.

MOTHER

Oh Crayfish Boy?

CRAYFISH BOY

Coming mother!

He turns and goes inside the room

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Crayfish Boy's mother lays in a massive bed in the dimly lit room. She is pale and thin.

There is a stack of world atlases on the bedside table next to her.

The room is quite disheveled.

MOTHER

Son, you need to go outside I was reading my World Atlases and came across Ulaabataar, the capital of Mongolia. Did you know they drink fermented milk there?

CRAYFISH BOY

Mother I'd love to go to Mongolia, but what about you? I can't leave you here all alone. Alone with your Permanent Salmonella.

MOTHER

This damn Permanent Salmonella

Mother tries to get up and falls back down weakly.

Crayfish Boy eases her down gently with his claw behind her back.

CRAYFISH BOY

Mother stop. Have you taken your medicine?

Crayfish Boy opens a drawer in a side table next to Mother's bed. He pulls out 4 bottles of pills. He takes a pill from each bottle and offers them to Mother. He holds a cup of water up to her mouth so she can sip in between each pill.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)

Be sure to drink all of the water.

Mother coughs as she chokes down the pills.

MOTHER

Oh my stomach, the cramps from this Permanent Salmonella. And the dehydration, which is also because of my Permanent Salmonella.

Crayfish Boy peers inside the pill bottles.

CRAYFISH BOY

Your medicine is running low. I
should go to the pharmacy tonight.

MOTHER

Are they out in the streets?

CRAYFISH BOY

You know they are Mother, but don't
worry. I'm very good at hiding and
I have grandpa's great cloak. They
won't even know it's me.

Mother reaches out and cups Crayfish Boy's cheek.

MOTHER

It's so unfair. You're stuck here
with me. Taking care of your human
mother. Cleaning up my bloody
diarrhea, which is another symptom
of my Permanent Salmonella. You
should be out living life.

CRAYFISH BOY

I don't mind mother.

MOTHER

I just wish your father could see
the man you're becoming. So caring
and patient.

Mother holds Crayfish Boy's face in her hands weakly and
starts crying again.

Crayfish Boy gets into bed and rests his head on her chest.

CRAYFISH BOY

Can you tell me about him again
mother? Just so I have something
nice to think about on the way
through the woods to the pharmacy?

MOTHER

Of course son.

Mother begins to sing.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It was on a night like this
Around 16 years ago
When I was walking by the creek
The creek behind my house

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I was alone and heartbroken
But I was beautiful
Burning under the moonlight
Walking by by the creek behind my
house

When out from the mud came your
father
What a crayfish, it was love at
first sight
The sheen of his rostrum, the curve
of his uropods
Burning in the moonlight in the
creek behind my house

He was hiding from the mob
Of my hungry friends and family
He was getting out of town
To wait out Gumbo Season

Something in the winter air
Something in his eyestalk twitch
I forsook my family name
And we lived as crayfish and wife

And he gave me you
And we were happy
And then came my Permanent
Salmonella
Oh! Oh! If only it wasn't
permanent, and was just Normal
Salmonella

The price you pay for love my son
What are you willing to give
If it is not all of yourself
Then it is not love

For years we stayed hidden
In the woods behind my house
Raising you, living off stolen food
It was hard but we were happy

And one night when he went to steal
medicine
Nobody suspects a crayfish they say
He never came back
If I think of it I cry

I tried to convince my parents
To take us in and give us shelter
But when they saw you they threw us
out
And it was just us again

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

My little Crayfish Boy
I had to protect you
Provide for you
I became a day trader and hit it
big

But my Permanent Salmonella
Sometimes I think it isn't worth it
To keep you here caring for me
Me and my Permanent Salmonella

My son, my little Crayfish Boy
All I have left of my one true love
And that burning winter night
In the creek behind my house

CRAYFISH BOY (CRYING SOFTLY)

Thank you mother.

MOTHER

Run along now Crayfish Boy. Mother
needs to weep.

CRAYFISH BOY

I'll be back before dinnertime with
your medicine.

Crayfish Boy gets up to go. Mother is softly weeping in bed.
Crayfish Boy turns to look at her before walking out and
closes the door softly behind him as he leaves.

INT. TOWN HALL - EVENING

Mayor Stromgarten paces in his office. It is lavishly
furnished with a beautiful wooden desk that takes center
stage.

A series of portraits of him holding various dead animals
hang on the walls.

His secretary, Rothstrom, follows behind him taking notes on
a legal pad.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

It's election season Rothstrom.

ROTHSTROM

It is sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Election seas and that upstart Miss
 Clean the Fucking Waterways is
 gaining ground.

ROTHSTROM
 Surely the public will realize that
 electing her would be a mistake,
 sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 She wants to shut down my dog food
 factory!

ROTHSTROM
 Terrible, sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 My families legacy!

ROTHSTROM
 Terrible, sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Mayor Stromgarten picks up a coffee cup that says #1 Dogfood
 Factory Owner and hurls it against the wall.
 Rothstrom does not stop taking notes.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 The smell? I'll give you something
 to smell you little bitch.

Mayor Stromgarten crouches down, pulls down his pants, and
 begins to shit.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 Quick, get the picture!

Rothstrom runs to the desk and begins to open drawers in a
 hurry.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 Top left! Quick!

ROTHSTROM
 Aha!

Rothstrom pulls out a large photo of a woman in her 30s
 giving a campaign speech to a large crowd.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Put it under my ass!

Rothstrom puts the picture of Glee Mister gently under the crouching mayor.

Mayor Stromgarten starts to clench hard and force the shit out.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

He lets out a huge explosion of diarrhea onto the picture.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 *HEE*SE*AKE *A*TORY!!!!!!

ROTHSTROM
 Indeed, sir.

Mayor Stromgarten pulls his pants back up without wiping.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Election season

ROTHSTROM
 Indeed, sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 We need an event!

ROTHSTROM
 An event sir?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 A big event! Show em I care. Maybe
 a.....what do the people like,
 Rothstrom?

ROTHSTROM
 Like, sir?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Yeah, what do they like? Parades
 are played out.

ROTHSTROM
 Well sir, it is Gumbo Season.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Gumbo Season...yeah. The First
 Annual Riggleton Gumbo Cook Off
 Fest Sponsored By Stromgarten
 Dogfood Delicatessian.

ROTHSTROM
 Oh very good sir!

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
TFARGCFSSDD!!!

ROTHSTROM
It flows well off of the tongue,
sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
Of course it does.

ROTHSTROM
Very good sir!

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
We gotta wow em!

ROTHSTROM
Indeed, sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
What'll wow em?

ROTHSTROM
I could look up some gumbo recipes
sir?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
We need a crayfish.

ROTHSTROM
Yes sir, that is the main
ingredient in gumbo.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
A big fuckin crayfish!

ROTHSTROM
Positively jumbo, sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
Go to the store and see what they
got. If they don't have any capital
J Jumbo crayfish we gotta figure
something out.

ROTHSTROM
Right away, sir.

Rothstrom caps his pen, smooths his hair, and exits the room.

Mayor Stromgarten picks up the sopping picture of Glee
Mister.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 Think the people love you??? My
 family built this town! This place
 runs on dogfood!

Mayor Stromgarten shoves the picture into his mouth and stars
 chomping.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Crayfish Boy moves quickly through the woods, hidindg behind
 the trees. An animal makes a frightening noise in the
 distance and he jumps, falling down.

CRAYFISH BOY
 The store's clopsing soon. I can't
 get there late or mother won' thav
 eher medication, and if she dies of
 Permanent Salmonella, I'll be all
 alone.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
 You're not alone Crayfish Boy.
 You're never alone.

CRAYFISH BOY
 Who....who's that?

DISEMBODIED VOICE
 Look around you Crayfish Boy.

Crayfish Boy backs up defensively and raises his Cute Little
 Claw. He tries to wave it menacingly, but he's too cute to be
 scary.

The patches of light pink shell on his cheeks look extra rosy
 in the moonlinght.

CRAYFISH BOY
 I...I've got a claw! I'll claw you!

DISEMBODIED VOICE
 In the creek Crayfish Boy.

Crayfish Boy walk up tot he creek and gaspss.

Rising up from the creek is a human sized crayfish wearing a
 dusty fedora and carrying a briefcase.

CRAYFISH FATHER
Hello son.

CRAYFISH BOY
Son....you mean?

CRAYFISH FATHER
Yes son. I'm your dad.

CRAYFISH BOY
Dad!

Crayfish Boy runs up to his father and wraps his arms around him. He can't hold back his tears and starts sobbing.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)
Why did you leave us?

Crayfish Boy backs away quickly and looks suspiciously at the Crayfish claiming to be his father.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)
You abandoned me. You abandoned mother!

CRAYFISH FATHER
I had to, son.

CRAYFISH BOY
Had to what? Destroy our lives?
Mother has Permanent Salmonella
because of you! She hasn't gotten
out of bed in 10 years!

CRAYFISH FATHER
Why do you think I left?

CRAYFISH BOY
Huh?

CRAYFISH FATHER
Let me explain.

Crayfish Father Sings:

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
It was on a night like this
Around 15 years ago
I was stalking these empty woods
In search of medication

(MORE)

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)

Medication for my love
 Medication for my wife
 Afflicted for loving me
 Afflicted with Permanent Salmonella

Her family disowned her
 Her friends abandoned her
 All because I wasn't human
 A crayfish who loved a human

At the height of gumbo season
 The most dangerous time for
 crayfish
 I snuck into the pharmacy
 Nobody suspects a crayfish

I grabbed the medication
 For Permanent Salmonella
 It's easy to find actually
 Because it's just called Permanent
 Salmonella

But the pharmacist caught me!
 He tied me up in the back
 He got a pot of water boiling
 He sliced some onions and some
 garlic

But my claws, razor sharp!
 I cut through the ropes!
 Only to find an angry mob
 Led by your mother's parents

An angry mob for me
 Hungry for my tender crayfish flesh
 With little forks and butter
 For my tender crayfish flesh

So I ran! I'm not proud, but I did
 Off into the woods, and away from
 this place
 I escaped to Baltimore, Maryland
 Where I enrolled in Johns Hopkins

I became the world's leading expert
 In Salmonella Studies
 The irony is not lost on me
 That I'm a salmonella studying
 crayfish

From Baltimore I went to Spain
 The capitol of Salmonella in Europe
 I lived in Valencia by the sea
 In that city full of ancients

(MORE)

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)

But I never forgot you, my
 beautiful son
 And your mother who loved me
 The way no other human has
 But I came back, I found the cure

So I'm here son
 Here to heal your mother
 Of her Permanent Salmonella
 And the fate I left her to

From here to Baltimore
 Baltimore to Valencia
 Valencia to here
 Here where I once called home

CRAYFISH BOY

You're going to cure her?

CRAYFISH FATHER

I am, son.

CRAYFISH BOY

But how?

CRAYFISH FATHER

With what caused all of this in the
 first place. I'm going to give her
 Salmonella.

CRAYFISH BOY

But she already has salmonella! She
 has Permanent Salmonella!

CRAYFISH FATHER

During my time in Valencia I
 discovered something, son. I'm not
 a saint Crayfish Boy, and a
 Crayfish has his needs when he
 becomes an adult.

CRAYFISH BOY

.....

CRAYFISH FATHER

What I'm saying is I took a lover
 while I was in Spain. Not
 emotionally, but for physical
 needs, more of a situationship fwb
 type thing. Her name was
 Falgrendia, and she, too, caught
 Permanent Salmonella. I should have
 known.

(MORE)

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)

All of those year I stayed
celibate, but I gave into my
instincts. I'm a crayfish of
passion, son, a very enthusiastic
lover.

CRAYFISH BOY

Dad...

CRAYFISH FATHER

Yes, sorry! Anyways, once
Falgrendia caught Permanent
Salmonella I worked twice as hard
to find the cure, and I did! You
see, the properties of the
Salmonella I give off are different
than that of a normal crayfish. It
makes sense, as I'm not a normal
crayfish, so I decided to try
something crazy. I fed Falgrandia
some gumbo.

CRAYFISH BOY

Gum...gumbo?

CRAYFISH FATHER

Gumbo made of me.

CRAYFISH BOY

Made of you?!?!?

CRAYFISH FATHER

Yes.

CRAYFISH BOY

Did it work?

CRAYFISH FATHER

Yes.

CRAYFISH BOY

Then what are we waiting for? I'm
on my way to the store for mother's
medication. I can get the
ingredients!

CRAYFISH FATHER

That's good, son. But don't get
just normal gumbo fixings. This is
a very specific type of gumbo.
Here, buy the things on this list
and bring them back to this spot.

Crayfish Father hands Crayfish Boy a grocery list.

CRAYFISH BOY
Yes, yes, I'll go right now!

Crayfish Father embraces Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH FATHER
I love you son. I'm so happy we get
to be together again.

CRAYFISH BOY
Don't go anywhere! I'll be right
back!

Crayfish Boy runs off into the woods.

Crayfish Father looks around for danger and sinks back into
the mud.

CRAYFISH FATHER
This is some good mud.

EXT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Crayfish Boy shuffles up to the back door of the pharmacy. He
looks around warily.

He pulls out a lockpicking kit and starts working on the
deadblolt on the back door.

A girl is smoking a cigarette and watching him. This is
Chlor.

Crayfish Boy doesn't notice her.

CHLOR
What're ya doing?

Crayfish Boy jumps and drops his lockpick.

CRAYFISH BOY
Ahhhh!

CHLOR
Sorry!

CRAYFISH BOY
It's fine! Please don't call the
police.

CHLOR (TEASINGLY)
 I bet they'd lov. A crayfish like
 you for the First Annual Riggleton
 Gumbo Cookoff Fest Sponsored by
 Stromgarten Dogfood Delicatessan.

CRAYFISH BOY
 The what?

CHLOR
 Gumbo cookoff.

CRAYFISH BOY
 That's terrible! When is it?

CHLOR
 Tomorrow, and you might be just
 what they're looking for.

Crayfish Boy holds up his hands, ready to fight.

CRAYFISH BOY
 I'm sorry to say this, but I have
 to be quiet. I know Clawv Maga, and
 if you get in my way I'll have to
 use it.

Chlorince laughs.

CHLOR
 DOn't worry, I'm vegan, I don't
 have gumbo fever.

CRAYFISH BOY
 Oh.

CHLOR
 You don't recognize me?

CRAYFISH BOY
 Huh?

CHLOR
 We sat next to each other in
 Algebra all year last year. I
 cheated off of you on every test.

CRAYFISH BOY
 Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know
 anybody paid attention to me in
 school.

CHLOR
 You're a mutant Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH BOY
That's true.

CHLOR
I'm Chlor.

CRAYFISH BOY
Nice to meet you, Chrlor.

CHLOR
It's short for Chlorine.

CRAYFISH BOY
Oh.

CHLOR
My parent's were pool cleaners. My
brother's name is Skimmer.

CRAYFISH BOY
I like it.

CHLOR (LIGHTING ANOTHER CIGARETTE)
Want one?

CRAYFISH BOY
Uhhhh, sure.

Chlor hands Crayfish Boy a cigarette and lights a third one.

Crayfish Boy takes a drag and starts hacking.

CHLOR
Why are you trying to break into
the pharmacy?

CRAYFISH BOY
My mother has Permanent Salmonella,
and we can't afford her medicine.
It's 10,000 a bottle, so I steal
one every 6 months.

CHLOR
And you've never gotten caught?

CRAYFISH BOY
Nobody suspects a Crayfish.

CHLOR
I work at the aquarium store.

CRAYFISH BOY
I've never been inside.

CHLOR
We sell crayfish.

Crayfish Boy frowns.

CHLOR (CONT'D)
You're a very serious Mutant
Crayfish Boy. Probably the most
serious one I've ever met.

CRAYFISH BOY
There are others?!?!?

CHLOR
Of course there aren't. Listen, I
have to get back to work, but I was
planning on trying to sabotage the
Gumbo Cookoff. Would you want to
help?

CRAYFISH BOY
Yes! I would love to!

CHLOR
Really?

CRAYFISH BOY
Absoloutely!

CHLOR
Beaut.

Chlor pulls out a pen and a notebook and writes something
down.

CHLOR (CONT'D)
Meet me here tomorrow morning and
we'll go over everything.

CRAYFISH BOY
I will.

CHLOR
And loosen up a little bit, you're
going to give yourself an ulcer.
You'd be kind of cute if you
weren't so uptight.

Chlor flicks her cigarette and walks back inside the aquarium
store.

Crayfish Boy stands there for a second watching her.

Rothstrom walks into the alley and spots Crayfish Boy. He jumps behind the dumpster and watches.

CRAYFISH BOY

Cute?

Crayfish Boy gets back to picking the lock. It finally gives and he goes inside.

A few seconds pass and Rothstrom sneaks out from behind the dumpster.

ROTHSTROM

Did my eyes deceive me or was that the Mutant Crayfish Boy I've seen around town sneaking about? Should I call the police? No, no, I should wait, wait and see if he can lead me to otehr Crayfish. Maybe even jumbo ones! Yes, yes, I'll get in this dumpster and wait for him to come out.

Rothstrom climbs into the dumpster.

A few moments pass.

Crayfish Boy quietly opens the door and sneaks back out. He's holding a paper bag.

CRAYFISH BOY

Extra strength cough syrup, hemmheroid cream, generic viagra, ambien, a bag of purple jolly ranchers, and off brand lemon lime soda. Why though? I guess I shouldn't question father. I didn't go to Johns Hopkins after all. At least they had one last bottle of Permanent Salmonella left just in case this doesn't work.

Crayfish Boy looks around again and scuttles away towards teh forest.

After a few moments Rothstrom pops out of the dumpster and follows along.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Crayfish Boy runs through the woods and stops at the spot by the creek where he met Crayfish Father.

CRAYFISH BOY
Crayfish Father?!?

There is a few moments of silence.

Crayfish Boy starts to look around frantically.

Crayfish Father sneezes and rises up out of the mud.

CRAYFISH FATHER
Sorry son, dozed off there. Still a
bit jet lagged from my flight back
from Valencia. Valencia, the
European Capital of Salmonella.

CRAYFISH BOY
I've never been on a plane.

CRAYFISH FATHER
They aren't built for crayfish.

Crayfish Boy shows Crayfish Father the paper bag.

CRAYFISH BOY
I have the supplies!

CRAYFISH FATHER
The promethazene?

CRAYFISH BOY
Yes!

CRAYFISH FATHER
Generic viagra?

CRAYFISH BOY
Yes!

CRAYFISH FATHER
Hemmhroid medication?

CRAYFISH BOY
Yes!

CRAYFISH FATHER
Ambien?

CRAYFISH BOY
Yes!

CRAYFISH FATHER
Bag of purple Jolly Ranchers?

CRAYFISH BOY

Yes!

CRAYFISH FATHER

Off brand Lemon Lime soda?

CRAYFISH BOY

Yes!

CRAYFISH FATHER

Good, that's all we need.

CRAYFISH BOY

Let's go then!

CRAYFISH FATHER

Yes, your mother is waiting.

Crayfish Boy and Crayfish Father head off in the direction of the house.

Rothstrom sneaks out from behind a tree.

ROTHSTROM

That crayfish was positively massive. Easily jumbo, and well traveled! It's not every day that you hear a crayfish talk about international air travel. I'll follow them to their home and report back to Mayor Stromgarten. Surely that's the perfect crayfish for the First Annual Riggleton Gumbo Cookoff Fest Sponsored by Stromgarten Dogfood Delicatessien.

Rothstrom hurries off after Crayfish Boy and Crayfish Father.

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mother is lying in bed looking off into the distance.

MOTHER

He's been gone for so long. Hopefully he wasn't caught. I couldn't take it if he was. I'd positively die, and not even because of my Permanent Salmonella, but because of a Permanent Broken Heart.

The door to the room opens.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Crayfish Boy?

Crayfish Boy and Crayfish Father walk in.

CRAYFISH BOY
It's me mother, and I've brought
someone along who wants to see you
very badly.

MOTHER
Is...is that? It can't be!

She tries to get out of bed but falls back weakly.

CRAYFISH FATHER
It's me darling.

Crayfish Father scuttles up to her and takes her limp hand in
his claw.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
I'm so, so sorry my love. I was run
out of town that night all those
years ago.

MOTHER
You're alive. It's really you.

CRAYFISH FATHER
It's really me.

CRAYFISH BOY
Mother, he has the cure! We'll
finally be able to fix your
Permanent Salmonella!

MOTHER
A cure?!?

CRAYFISH FATHER
Yes my love, this horrible burden I
placed on you, placed you for
loving me, a crayfish, a human who
loved a crayfish.

MOTHER
I'd do it all over again in a
heartbeat.

They embrace tearfully.

Mother has a coughing fit.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Oh careful darling. The Permanent Salmonella has reached my lungs.

CRAYFISH FATHER

Then we're just in time. If it spreads throughout your entire body I don't even know what would have happened, and I'm the world's leading expert in salmonella studies. Come here son. One quick hug gentle family group hug before we fix your mother.

Crayfish Boy embraces both of them. They all sit in silence for a few momemnts.

Crayfish Father eventually lets go and backs up, wiping a tear away from his eyestalk with his claw.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)

Now, I need to mix the ingredients. Is there a salad spinner in the kitchen I can use?

CRAYFISH BOY

Of course! Mother's salads she used to make me for school were always the best. She even designed her own prototype Super Mixer!

MOTHER

We were hoping to get him on S*a*k *ank, but the producers sayid the audience wouldn't want to eat a salad made by a Mutant Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH FATHER

Maybe the world will understand someday. Go get the mixer, son.

Crayfish Boy rummages around the room and eventually finds the Super Salad Mixer!

Crayfish Father takes out all of the ingredients for the Permanent Salmonella Cure and begins pouring them one by one into the mixer.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)

Let's see...promethazene, hemmhoroid cream, ambien, generic Viagra, purple jolly ranchers, off brand lemon lime soda.

(MORE)

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
 Yes, yes, that's the smell, that's
 the smell of Permanent Salmonella
 being cured.

Crayfish Father pulls out a tiny fork and a mallet.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
 And finally: The Tender Crayfish
 Flesh.

Crayfish Boy and Mother stare wide eyed as Crayfish Father takes a deep breath and smashes part of his claw with the mallet, exposing his Tender Crayfish Flesh. He takes the lobster fork and jabs it into the meat, pulling out a large chunk. He puts the meat into the salad mixer and turns it rapidly.

Once he's done turning, he pulls out two styrofoam cups from his satchel and stacks one into the other. He pours the liquid into the cups and hands it to Mother.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
 Drink deeply love. Drink deeply and
 be healed.

Mother drink from the styrofoam cups.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
 Don't leave a drop.

CRAYFISH BOY
 Is it working?

Mother finishes the concoction and takes a deep breath. All of the sudden she gasps and drops back.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)
 Mother?!?!

Crayfish Boy rushes to Mother's side.

CRAYFISH FATHER
 Just wait son, be patient.

After a tense few seconds. Mother's eyes open.

CRAYFISH BOY
 Mother? How do you feel?

MOTHER
 I feel...

Mother jumps out of bed.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Alive! I feel alive! My Permanent
Salmonella, my Permanent Salmonella
is cured!

CRAYFISH BOY
She's cured!!!

Crayfish Father signs in relief.

Mother starts doing burpees.

MOTHER
I'm alive! My fever's gone! The
aches: gone! The pain: gone!

Crayfish Father tries to do a burpee, but he's a crayfish, so
he falls over.

All 3 laugh.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I'm so happy.

She hugs both of them.

CRAYFISH BOY
Crayfish Boy, your father and I
have some logistics to discuss now
that I'm cured. Could you give us
some privacy?

CRAYFISH FATHER
Yes uhhhhh....logistics.

CRAYFISH BOY
Of course!

Crayfish Boy leaves through the bedroom door.

Crayfish Father and Mother climb back into bed.

EXT. A BALCONY - DAWN

Crayfish Boy smiles tiredly and looks off into the distance.

He sings:

CRAYFISH BOY

I'm just a little Crayfish Boy
Half-Crayfish, Half-Boy
Today is the best day of my life
Because my father has finally come
home

Come home and cured my mother
Of her Permanent Salmonella
Ten years since I've seen her out
of bed
Ten years since I've seen her walk
around

And where do we go from here?
Do we leave this place and start
over?
This place so full of danger
And me so full of Tender Crayfish
Flesh

Maybe we'll go to Portland, Oregon
They don't eat meat there
Portland, Oregon: 100% Vegan
I'll have to get some flannel

Or maybe we can stay
And cure the Gumbo Fever
And everyone in town
Will become 100% Vegan

A Crayfish Boy can dream
A Crayfish Boy can hope
Isn't that was spring is for?
To fill every Crayfish Boy with
hope?

For now I'll just be happy
That I have my loving parents
For now I'll just be happy
That winter's ending soon

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. TOWN HALL - DAWN

Mayor Stromgarten paces in his office.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

I swear to god if we don't pull off
the First Annual Riggleton GUmbo
Cookoff Sponsored by Stromgarten
Dogfood Delicatessan I'm gonna shit
I'm just gonna absolutely shit.

Mayor Stromgarten starts pacing more violently.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)

Oh god. Oh god above.

Mayor Stromgarten grabs a bucket and squats over it.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Rothstrom bursts through the door, panting.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)

B*N*IH**NA!!!!!!!!!!

ROTHSTROM

Indeed, sir.

Mayor Stromgarten finishes shitting and pulls his pants up
without wiping.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

What've ya got for me Rothstrom?

ROTHSTROM

Sir I found a crayfish, a
positively jumbo one sir, and even
better, he has a son! A Mutant
Crayfish Boy son!

Mayor Stromgarten slams his fist on the desk.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

That's what I'm talking about
Rothstrom. THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING
ABOUT!

Mayor Stromgarten grabs a paperweight off of his desk and
hurls it against the wall.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)
 AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

ROTHSTROM
 I tracked them to their home sir.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 ROTHSTROM YOU'RE THE GUY! YOU'RE
 THAT FUCKING GUY!!!!

ROTHSTROM
 What shall we do, sir?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 We assemble a posse. I'm gonna boil
 that fucking crayfish.

ROTHSTROM
 Oh very good, sir!

They stand in silence for a moment.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 What are you waiting for? Go
 assemble the posse!

ROTHSTROM
 Oh yes, right away, sir.

Rothsrtom runs out of the office.

Mayor Stromgarten starts pacing again.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
 This is good this is good. This is
 my big moment. This is my legacy.
 The rivers in this town will run
 with highly processed overpriced
 dogfood after today!

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Mother and Crayfish Father are sleeping soundly in bed.

Crayfish Boy sneaks in quietly with a breakfast tray for both
 of them. He places them on the bedside table along with a
 note.

CRAYFISH BOY
 Sleep soundly sleep deeply. I'm
 going to fix all of this, and then
 we'll be safe and happy.

Crayfish Boy kisses them both lightly on the head and leaves the room.

Crayfish Father stirs in his sleep and wakes up. He rubs his eyestalks sleepily and stretches.

CRAYFISH FATHER

What's this? Breakfast? What a caring son we have.

Crayfish Father nudges Mother. She slowly opens her eyes and yawns.

MOTHER

Oh my is that what sleep sans Permanent Salmonella feels like?

CRAYFISH FATHER

Our son made us breakfast.

MOTHER

And left a note!

Crayfish Father produces some reading glasses from (?) and holds up the letter.

He reads:

CRAYFISH FATHER

Dear Mother and Father, please enjoy this breakfast of fruits and grain. You'll notice that there's no meat, and I'm sorry Crayfish Father, because I know that your favorite food is rotting fish, but I'm trying to get everyone ready for when we're 100% Vegan, either here or in Portland, Oregon, where everyone is 100% Vegan. Even the cats. I'll be back this afternoon. I have to run some errands and didn't want to wake you. Your loving son, Crayfish Boy.

MOTHER

I'm worried my love. He's spent more time out during this Gumbo Season then ever before.

Crayfish Father produces a pipe from (?) and lights it.

CRAYFISH FATHER

Oh he'll be fine darling. He sneaks around like his old man. As long as he's careful he'll be back before you know it.

MOTHER

If you say so.

They sit and eat in happy silence for a few minutes.

From the distance the sound of an approaching mob can be faintly heard.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Darling, can you hear that?

Crayfish Father listens for a moment.

CRAYFISH FATHER

That's just gravity my love.

MOTHER

Huh?

CRAYFISH FATHER

Gravity my love.

The approaching mob sound gets louder.

MOTHER

Darling that sounds like a group of people, and it's getting closer.

CRAYFISH FATHER

Are you sure it isn't gravity?

Mother gets out of bed and walks out to the balcony. She gasps.

MOTHER

Darling, come quick!

EXT. A BALCONY - DAWN

A mob of people afflicted with Gumbo Fever are standing under the balcony of Mother's room. They are holding nets, torches, and various farming implements.

They sing in unison:

MOB

We've come for The Crayfish
 We've come for the Jumbo Crayfish
 It's the end of Gumbo Season
 And we need the Jumbo Crayfish

We've got the water boiling
 We've got the sausage grilling
 There's some onions and some garlic
 There's some okra and some peppers

We will not be denied
 We're sweating and we're shaking
 We've come for the Jumbo Crayfish
 And his Tender Crayfish Flesh

A tower, we'll build a tower
 Quick! Build the base!
 A tower for some reaching
 Sweaty hands to clutch a crayfish

The mob starts to make a human pyramid.

You'll never run
 How could you hide?
 A Jumbo Crayfish such as you
 How could you hide or run?

We're close, get ready
 Prep your Tender Crayfish Flesh
 The water's already boiling
 We can taste his Tender Crayfish
 Flesh

Crayfish Father and Mother look on in horror as the human pyramid gets closer to the balcony.

Crayfish Father pulls a katana out from (?) and starts trying to fight back.

CRAYFISH FATHER

Run!

MOTHER

I'm not leaving you!

CRAYFISH FATHER

You have to run! You have to save
 our son! They might already have
 him! Don't watch, darling. I'm
 about to go All Out!

Mother sobs and runs back into the house.

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)
KYAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Crayfish Father fights valiantly, but is overwhelmed by the gibbering mob.

He disappears under the mass of people.

EXT. PARK - DAWN

Crayfish Boy skulks behind some trees near a park.

He looks around nervously.

CRAYFISH BOY
I wonder if she's here.

He looks around one more time and walks out into the park.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)
I wonder if Chlor's here. This is
the address she wrote down. It
said: The Park, and this is the
only park left in town.

Crayfish Boy sits in the sandbox and starts to push some of the toys around.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)
Mother and I used to come here when
I was younger and she could still
walk. Before her Permanent
Salmonella got really bad. It was
at night though. She was afraid the
other kids would laugh at me.

Crayfish Boy sits and plays a little longer. He stops and stares off into the distance.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)
It would have been nice to play
with them.

CHLOR
Psssst.

Crayfish Boy turns around and sees Chlor behind a tree.

She is in military fatigues.

CRAYFISH BOY
Nice outfit.

CHLOR

They didn't have any Crayfish sized things at the Army Surplus store.

CRAYFISH BOY

They never do.

CHLOR

They did have this though!

Chlor pulls out a hand grenade.

She hands it to Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH BOY

I've never thrown a grenade before.

CHLOR

It's like throwing a baseball

CRAYFISH BOY

I've never thrown a baseball before.

CHLOR

Not even with your dad?

CRAYFISH BOY

My dad is a Literal Crayfish.

CHLOR

Oh..

CRAYFISH BOY

He fled to Baltimore Maryland when I was a baby.

CHLOR

Oh...

CRAYFISH BOY

.....

CHLOR

I'm sorry?

CRAYFISH BOY

It's okay.

CHLOR

.....

CRAYFISH BOY

So what's the plan?

CHLOR

Right! There's a main stage where all of the gumbo is cooking above and an XXXXXL sterno canister. The plan's simple: we sneak in, throw the grenade under the XXXXXL sterno canister, and get out.

CRAYFISH BOY

What about the people?

CHLOR

What about them?

CRAYFISH BOY

Won't they get hurt?

CHLOR

Maybe, but they want to eat you?

CRAYFISH BOY

Only during Gumbo Season.

CHLOR

Don't they treat you like shit even when it's not Gumbo Season?

CRAYFISH BOY

Not all of them.

CHLOR

Look, how about this: I'll distract the crowd with some Quality Miming Antics, and when they all leave the Gumbo Cooking Area, you go in and throw the grenade.

CRAYFISH BOY

You can mime?

Chlor mimes badly.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)

That's pretty good.

CHLOR

I know.

CRAYFISH BOY

As long as I'm not hurting anybody.

CHLOR

You won't be.

CRAYFISH BOY
Are you sure?

CHLOR
I swear.

CRAYFISH BOY
They were children at one point.

CHLOR
Everyone was Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH BOY
I know.

CHLOR
Nobody is gonna get hurt. C'mon,
we're running out of time before
they start boiling all those
crayfish.

Chlor walks off.

Crayfish Boy looks at the sandbox sadly again and then at the
grenade in his hand.

CRAYFISH BOY
They aren't full gone. Not yet.

He walks off after Chlor.

EXT. GUMBO COOKOFF GROUNDS - MORNING

The mob of townsfolk are gathered around a massive pot of
boiling water.

They are muttering and gibbering incoherently.

Mayor Stromgarten, dressed as a cook, stands on an elevated
platform above the pot.

He is stirring the water with a massive wooden spoon.

Rothsrtom stands behind him holding a tray full of aromatics
for the gumbo.

A group of people with smaller pots and tupperware containers
walk up to the stage.

PERSON 1
Hi, we're here for the First Annual
Riggleton Gumbo Cookoff Fest
Sponsored By Stromgarten Dogfood
Delicatssan?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
You are?

PERSON 2
Yes.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
Just put your gumbo on the stage.
When it's time to judge they will
all be tasted.

The three people put their pots on the stage.

PERSON 3
Is there a vegan category?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
A what?

PERSON 3
A vegan category?

Mayor Stromgarten pulls out a gun.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
Don't you ever say that fucking
word in this town again you FUCKING
HIPPIE!

Mayor Stromgarten kicks the other 3 entries off of the stage
and waves the gun around wildly and starts firing shots off
into the air.

ROTHSTROM
Oh very good, sir!

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
I'll be fucked if I let anybody
take this away from me. I'll be
fucked if I don't sate their
hunger. They'll be mine to do with
what I will. They'll all work at
the dogfood factory. THE WHOLE
WORLD WILL BE A DOGFOOD FACTORY.

ROTHSTROM
Indeed, sir.

Glee Mister walks up to the stage. She is followed by a photographer and an attendant who is talking on two cell phones at one time.

ATTENDANT

NPR? For 30k she'll do it, no not you NPR, I was talking to The Guardian, no not you The Guardian, I was talking to NPR. For 60k, yes NPR, no not you The Guardian.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

Miss Mister.

GLEE MISTER

Mayor Stromgarten.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

I appreciate you coming today.
Think of this as a peace offering.

GLEE MISTER

I'm just here for the optics.

Glee Mister snaps her fingers.

The photographer begins circling them and taking photos. Glee Mister turns and poses while they're shooting.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

How's the campaign?

GLEE MISTER

Better than yours. I was cleaning off baby ducks for 7 hours yesterday. They were covered in sewage from your dogfood factory.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

It's good for them.

GLEE MISTER

Is there a vegan gumbo option?

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

A what?

GLEE MISTER

A vegan option. I'm vegan in public. For the optics.

Glee Mister's attendant hands her a megaphone and a sign that says: No!.

The photographer gets a low angle shot of her "yelling" at Mayor Stromgarten.

GLEE MISTER (CONT'D)
For the optics.

Glee Mister hands her sign to her attendant, who iss till talking on two phones at once.

GLEE MISTER (CONT'D)
So about the vega-

Mayor Stromgarten shoots Glee Mister, the attendant, and the photographer.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
THROW THEM IN THE POT!!!

ROTHSTROM
Oh very good, sir!

Rothstrom drags the 3 corpses and pushes them into the boiling water.

Mayor Stromgarten starts stirring the pot faster, laughing manically.

He sings:

MAYOR STROMGARTEN
Stir and stir and stir and stir
This gumbo pot I'll stir and stir
This Gumbo Season will never end
This town is mine, their minds are mine

I do not care about your rivers
I do not care about your ducklings
I wish I had a hammer
To smash your little ducklings

To smash all of your little ducklings
To burn the world around us
There is a hate inside me
For the entire world around us

Bring out the Jumbo Crayfish
I want to hear him screaming
The water's nice and boiling
For his Tender Crayfish Flesh

(MORE)

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)

For his Tender Crayfish Flesh
 We'll feast on his Tender Crayfish
 Flesh
 We'll see his eyestalks pop
 We'll feast upon his Hindsut

The mob wheels out Crayfish Father. He is tied to a platform
 and his claws have rubber bands on them.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)

Oh yes he is a Big One
 I remember him now
 The Crayfish who loved a human
 At the height of Gumbo Season

We will not kill him gently
 Bring him to the pot
 I want to hear him screaming
 While we boil his Tender Crayfish
 Flesh

Rothrstom pushes Crayfish Father in front of the boiling pot
 of water. He stops right at the precipice.

Crayfish Father struggles against his restraints but can't
 escape.

Crayfish Father sings:

CRAYFISH FATHER

If this is how I die
 With the sun in the east
 On this beautiful morning
 My last beautiful morning

Know that I die happy
 Filled with love
 Love for my wife, love for my son
 My beautiful wife and son

I came to cure her
 I came to heal her
 And I did just that
 Healed her Permanent Salmonella

She is free now
 She can live
 No longer in the throes
 Of Permanent Salmonella

I hope they go to Portland, Oregon
 I hope they live inside a house
 With a windchime and a garden
 On a street that glows at dusk

(MORE)

CRAYFISH FATHER (CONT'D)

Those mornings by the sea
 Those evenings by the church
 The fires on the ranges
 Quiet moments in a forest

I am happy with my life
 Quite a good one for a crayfish
 I am happy with my life
 I am happy with my death

If you find yourself by a creek my
 love
 With the burning moon above you
 Think on me
 Remember me

Mother bursts out of the woods holding the katana.

MOTHER

I'll save you!

CRAYFISH FATHER

No! Run! You don't know the power
 that blade contains! Forged in the
 fires of hell! I got it at a pawn
 shop in Dundalk, Maryland!

MOTHER

Kyahhhhhhhhhh!!!

Mother charges the stage, but the mob holds her back.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

THROW HIM IN THE WATER!!!

Crayfish Boy runs out of the woods holding the grenade.

CRAYFISH BOY

Grenade!

He throws the grenade and misses.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)

Oh.

CRAYFISH FATHER

Run son!

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

I'll fucking do it myself!

Mayor Stromgarten kicks Crayfish Father into the boiling water.

CRAYFISH BOY

No!!!!

CRAYFISH FATHER

I will not scream. I love you son.

Crayfish Father sinks into the water.

The mob sings:

MOB

Look at him boil
Look at him boil
Throw in some garlic
Throw in some onions

We're sweating and we're shaking
For his Tender Crayfish Flesh
But we need more
We always need more

Look at that boy
That Little Crayfish Boy
He's got some meat on him
He's got some Tender Crayfish Flesh

CRAYFISH BOY

Chlor where are you?!?!

Chlor appears behind mother and puts her in a headlock.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!? I thought you
were 100% Vegan?!?!

CHLOR

I am...for my MMA Training Cycle.
Mayor Stromgarten is sending met to
Brazil to learn jiu-jitsu, all
expenses paid.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

Now isn't that a disappointment?
HAHAHAHHA

MOTHER

Crayfish Boy, run!

CRAYFISH BOY

I can't leave you!

The gibbering mob slowly circles around Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH BOY (CONT'D)

Is this it? Is this my fate?

Time stops. A figure walks out from the woods. This is Fate.

FATE

It is, Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH BOY

Who are you?

FATE

I am Fate.

CRAYFISH BOY

But why? Everything was just starting to get better.

FATE

And wasn't it lovely?

CRAYFISH BOY

It's not fair.

FATE

You experienced True Happiness Crayfish Boy. That is more than many people get in a lifetime.

CRAYFISH BOY

What about mother?

FATE

She will travel to Portland, Oregon and become 100% Vegan. She will open an ayahuasca retreat. She will miss you forever.

CRAYFISH BOY

I can't stop it?

FATE

You can't.

CRAYFISH BOY

That's so sad though.

FATE

Think of the world Crayfish Boy.
Think of the Billions and Billions
of people who have walked on the
surface of this planet: through
life, through death, through love,
through hate, through pain, through
time. Some did not even get to
walk. Some did not even get to
crawl. It is never fair. The Point
of It All is not fairness.

CRAYFISH BOY

Will it hurt?

Fate walks up to Crayfish Boy and cups his cheeks in their
hands. They kiss him on the forehead and place theirs against
his.

FATE

You won't feel a thing. You did
well Crayfish Boy.

CRAYFISH BOY (QUIETLY)

Thank you.

Fate disappears.

MOTHER

Please, please, please

MAYOR STROMGARTEN

Shut her up!

Chlor puts Mother in a sleeper hold and knocks her out.

MAYOR STROMGARTEN (CONT'D)

Any last words, Crayfish Boy?

Crayfish Boy looks around him at the mob, Chlor, Mayor
Stromgarten, and Rothstrom.

He smiles sadly.

CRAYFISH BOY

I forgive you.

They tear him to pieces.

THE END