

PLAY #19 CHAINSAW MASSACRE

by

Buffy Aakaash

Buffy Aakaash
3935 South Americus St.
Seattle, WA 98118

206-619-9021
Buffsters@me.com

CHARACTERS

GRANT

A tree hugger and nature-lover.

JACK

A neighbor. Not attached to the life of trees.

CHAINSAW MASSACRE

(At Rise: Afternoon. GRANT sitting under a tree reading Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass". Birds. Crickets. Cicadas.)

GRANT

"I believe a leaf of grass is not less than the
journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of
sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of
heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all
machinery,
And the crow crunching with depress'd head surpasses
any statue, --"

(CHAINSAW starts up in the distance.
GRANT pauses, then continues reading,
barely audible.)

"And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions
of infidels.
I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss,
fruits, grains, esculent roots..."

(CHAINSAW increases in volume as it
starts to cut into a tree. GRANT
wanders over to the fence and peers
over. He becomes distressed by what he
sees. With the increasing volume, he
runs back to his tree and tries to bury
himself in "Leaves of Grass". He covers
his ears. He can't take it anymore. He
runs and climbs over the fence. In a
moment, CHAINSAW stops. He runs back
over carrying CHAINSAW. His neighbor,
JACK, comes after him.)

JACK

Hey! What the hell are you doing? Grant! Give me back
my chainsaw!

GRANT

I can't do it, Jack.

JACK

It's my fucking chainsaw.

GRANT

I could tell by the sound you were slaughtering the oak tree.

JACK

It's my tree, Grant.

GRANT

It's six times older than you are, Jack... That means it was here long before you were born. Several generations.

JACK

Grant, you might as well give me back the saw so's I can finish it off. Put it out of misery.

GRANT

You've barely started on her! She'll come back. Just leave her alone!

JACK

Give me back my saw!

GRANT

You promised me you'd leave her! That was the one tree you promised to leave.

JACK

It had to come down. It could have started dropping limbs on the chicken coop, killing chickens. Maybe even take out the house in a few years.

GRANT

That tree is never gonna kill anything or anybody.

JACK

You don't know that. It's shading the garden.

GRANT

If you move the garden to the other side, it'll give you just the amount of shade you need.

JACK

Grant!

GRANT

Leave the tree!

JACK

No.

GRANT

Please.

JACK

It's coming down. And then I need to talk to you about that tree.

GRANT

That tree?

JACK

Yes. That one. It'll start dropping junk in the fall.
(Pause. Silence. The sound of a
whippoorwill.)

GRANT

No way in hell!

JACK

Grant. Give me the chainsaw.
(GRANT raises the chainsaw over his
head. Whippoorwill sings again.)
What are you doing? Don't do that! Not on the rock.
Let's talk about this.
(GRANT raises it higher.)

GRANT

We're done talking.

(Blackout. Sound of chainsaw being
smashed on a rock. Silence. Birds
singing. Crickets. Cicadas.)

END OF PLAY