

BUDDY AND CHESTER

a short play by  
Peter M. Floyd

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

SANDRA  
EDWIN

*Scene: A wake. The coffin, with its corpse, is represented by a large bench.*

*SANDRA sits in a chair, quietly sniffing. After a beat, EDWIN enters. He sees SANDRA and stops, as if thinking he might beat a quick retreat.*

SANDRA

Hello?

EDWIN

Oh. Hello. Um. Sorry. Just-- I was just looking for-- *(He points to the "coffin.")* Is that Chester?

SANDRA *(trying not to cry)*

Yes, it's Chester. *(beat, then with sudden sharpness)* Wait, do I know you?

EDWIN

Me? No. No, you wouldn't.

SANDRA

But you know Chester? *Knew* Chester?

EDWIN

Well, no, I mean, well, I saw in the paper about the thing, you know, the thing that... that happened, and um... *(SANDRA begins to cry, loudly.)* I'm sorry.

SANDRA

It was just so sudden.

EDWIN

Do they know who did it?

SANDRA

No. It was a red Subaru, but I didn't see the license plate.

EDWIN

You saw it happen?

SANDRA

Mmm-hmm.

EDWIN

God, I'm so sorry. That must have been rough.

SANDRA

He was out in the front yard, sniffing the azaleas like he always does. He must have wandered out to the road when I turned my back. Suddenly there's a "Woof!" and a crash, and now he's gone forever!

EDWIN

I'm so sorry.

SANDRA

He was always so good. He was so friendly to everyone, and he almost never peed on the carpet.

EDWIN

Well, I'm so, so sorry for your loss.

SANDRA

Thanks.

EDWIN

I don't suppose they'll ever catch the guy, huh?

SANDRA

I don't know. I hope they do. If I could get my hands on him... I've been thinking of ways to kill people as slowly and painfully as possible. I have a lot of gardening tools, and I bet I could make good use of them...

EDWIN

Uh-huh.

SANDRA

I've thought of fifteen ways to kill someone with just a Garden Weasel.

EDWIN

Well, that's um. *(Pause.)* I'm not sure how to respond to that.

SANDRA

Wait, who are you anyway? Why do you care?

EDWIN

Well, I'm just, you know, a guy who likes dogs, so I thought I'd come in and pay my respects.

SANDRA

Pay your respects? Do you do that for every dog who dies around here?

EDWIN

Well, not every dog. You know, not many of them get an actual wake.

SANDRA

Uh-huh. So how often do you "pay your respects" to dogs you don't know?

EDWIN

Well. This is the first time, really. But you have to start somewhere, right?

SANDRA

My God, it was you, wasn't it?

EDWIN

What was me?

SANDRA

You're the one who killed Chester! It's so obvious. So, what did you come by because you were guilty?

EDWIN

What? No!

SANDRA

You don't feel guilty? What, then you're here to gloat?

EDWIN

God! No! How could you--? I wouldn't--

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM