

Mock Sides: Original Scripts for Workshop Actors

JOEY'S POISON

Written by

David Dalton & Chad Schnackel

Pages: 2+

Characters:

Mr. Mackey, 40+
Joey, late 20's,

Synopsis:

Mr. Mackey, a mobster, meets with Joey over a bowl of chowder to discuss Joey's lifetime of short-comings. Joey is served poisoned soup.

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INT. MACKEY'S - NIGHT

MR. MACKEY sits at his usual table sampling his Chef's latest creation, a New England Clam Chowder. JOEY sits across from him patiently waiting for Mackey to finish.

MACKEY

This has got to be the best New
England clam chowder I ever had.
You need to try this.

JOEY

No thanks, Mr. Mackey.

MACKEY

No, no, you have to try this.
Roscoe gets the clams flown in from
Maine.

(shouting out)

Hey Roscoe. Bring Joey a bowl of
your chowder.

(to Joey)

Trust me. You won't be
disappointed.

JOEY

Yeah, sure ...why not.

Roscoe brings a bowl of chowder and sets it in front of Joey.

MACKEY

Look, Joey. I promised your mother
I'd treat you like family. But I
got to tell you, you've been a
handful ever since your were a kid.

JOEY

I know. I haven't exactly made the
best choices, Mr. Mackey.

MACKEY

No, you haven't.

JOEY

Look, if this is about today, I was
just looking to get ahead. I had
sure thing on the last race. I had
a good tip about this horse. It was
supposed to be sure thing.

MACKEY

Joey, enough already.

(beat)

Relax. Eat your soup.

(CONTINUED)

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JOEY

I'll get the money back at the end...

MACKEY

Joey. Stop. I said relax.

(pause)

You know, I used to prefer Boston clam chowder, but I gotta tell ya, Roscoe has converted me.

Joey tries the soup

JOEY

Yeah. This is good. Really good.

MACKEY

(shouting out)

Hey Roscoe, you got another convert.

Joey continues to eat the soup. Mr. Mackey scoots his chair closer to Joey.

MACKEY

Alright Joey, that money was for your mother. So, this is what I'm gonna do. I'll cover your losses, but I got to know something. Do you care about your mom?

JOEY

Yeah, of course I do.

MACKEY

Have you told her that?

JOEY

(Joey's throat starts to close up)

Yeah, I tell her that all the ...I'm not feeling so good.

(choking)

I think I need...

MACKEY

It's okay, Joey. She knows you love her. I tell her those were your last words.

Joey slumps to the floor and struggles for air.

JOEY

You didn't have to do this...

(CONTINUED)

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MACKEY

Joey, you're a burden. A burden on
your mother, a pain in the ass for
me. Damn it, Joey, you don't think
this hurts me?

Joey finally stops breathing, but tries to get one last word
out, then drops on the floor motionless.

MACKEY

Roscoe. Dispose of this properly,
will you?

(pause)

I'll take care of him.

CUT TO: