

**BRIAR PATCH**

**by John Judy**

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**CAST: Private Mac, Corporal Cyndi, Army Reserve Specialist Charles Graner, Warden, Pops Graner, Ma Graner, Horst Donnerschmidt, Private Lynndie England**

**(Lights up on a military prison in Leavenworth, Kansas. Two guards, CORPORAL CYNDI and PRIVATE MAC are awaiting a new prisoner. MAC is in love with CYNDI, who thinks nothing of him.)**

MAC: So Cyndi, I hear they're bringing Army Reserve Specialist Charles A. Graner Junior here today.

CYNDI: Yeah. Be nice to have a real man in this prison. For a change.

MAC: Good one. Y'know, Cyndi... I got me the third season of HBO's "Oz" on box set. It's the one where Beecher goes nuts and....

CYNDI: Warden on the gate!

**(WARDEN enters with GRANER and his parents MA and POPS GRANER.)**

WARDEN: And as you folks can see this is where Charles will be staying for, oh, the next ten years or so. Not that it's not our pleasure...

MA: Oh, my baby! I just can't believe they're gonna put you away for serving your country!

POPS: Now, mother, it's not like Charles Junior hasn't been in prison before. Why, he's been a prison guard since we threw his clothes out of the trailer. Isn't that right, son?

GRANER: It sure is, Pops. And don't you worry about me. Once word gets out I used to be a prison guard everyone here's gonna treat me fine.

**(HORST DONNERSCHMIDT enters.)**

GRANER: Look, here comes a friend I haven't met.

HORST: Graner! I am Horst Donnerschmidt of the Leavenworth Aryan Brotherhood! Your crimes are known to us!

WARDEN: Now, Horst, you wanna back up a step...

HORST: Silence, pig! I speak only to Graner, a man who has proved his worth in battle with the mud people! Who leashed them like the non-Christian dogs they are! Who....

GRANER: Whoa, Thunder! The Klingons called, they want their dialogue back. Now, what's on your mind?

HORST: We were wondering if you could maybe run a workshop sometime? That stuff with the leash was awesome! And did you really bone two of the girl guards you worked with?

GRANER: Easy, tiger. Have your boys meet me in the yard and I'll tell 'em a real bedtime story. No charge.

HORST: Sweet! I mean, the Brotherhood is in your debt!

**(HORST exits.)**

WARDEN: Charles Graner, I think you're gonna do fine around here. Gonna have to make you a trustee, I reckon.

GRANER: See, ma? Now you and Pops hit the road. I've got me a steel toilet needs scrubbin'.

**(MA exits crying with the WARDEN and CORPORAL CYNDI.)**

POPS: Son, I.... I.... Oh, hell just keep this roll of twenties up your ass!

**(POPS exits. PRIVATE MAC looks at GRANER in awe as he gets comfortable in his cell.)**

MAC: Mr. Graner? Sir? I couldn't help overhearing what Horst said. Is it true? Did you really bone two of your fellow guards?

GRANER: Sport, I think the question is: Have you?

MAC: No. I want to, I mean, there's just one, but she's so unattainable. She's got this beautiful tattoo of Dale Earnhardt, Senior, on her neck and these tiny ears you get when your momma drinks. I mean, she's perfect.

GRANER: Does your "perfect woman" have an asymmetrical head and eyes like a loyal dog?

MAC: What's asymmet... Assymedic...?

GRANER: Mine did... My perfect girl had all that and hair like Prince Valiant. I remember....

**(Lights change. Flashback. LYNNDDIE ENGLAND enters. From offstage moans of pain and pleas for mercy are heard.)**

GRANER: Lynndie...?

LYNNDDIE: Charlie? Charlie, we gotta talk. It's been two months and I ain't had a visit from my Aunt Flow.

GRANER: I guess we gotta talk options, kiddo. Rifle butt to the gut or do I push you down some stairs?

LYNNDDIE: Ya crazy lug, this is my ticket home! I could wait for ya, Charlie! I could have our baby far, far away from all these cry-baby sand-apes!

GRANER: No good, honey. I'm a prison man, born to it. If I go home who's gonna keep these Indiana Jones extras in line? Who's gonna keep 'em yankin' their units for Uncle Sam? Who's gonna keep the jumper cables clamped to their nads? It's what I do. It's who I am.

LYNNDDIE: Oh, Charlie! I love ya so much I hate ya!

GRANER: Enough soap, kid. Let's show these Mecca-Monkeys how to do somethin' with their hands besides wipe.

**(Lights change back. LYNNDDIE exits.)**

GRANER: See the trick to guard-love is pain, kiddo. You gotta show her you're the alpha-mutt who's not afraid to dish it up rough. Watch this.

**(GRANER hurls himself into a wall and fake collapses in MAC's arms.)**

GRANER: "Oh Jesus don't hurt me anymore! I'll talk! I'll talk!"

**(CORPORAL CYNDI comes running over.)**

CYNDI: Mac! What happened?

**(GRANER hangs onto MAC and whispers lines to him.)**

MAC: He gave me lip.... so I used his balls... for a speed-bag...

CYNDI: Oh Mac, you are a real man after all!

MAC: You know... Cyndi... I love the Lord... but part of me loves to make a grown man piss himself.

CYNDI: God, I'm wetter than a slaughterhouse floor! Get over here!

**(CYNDI drags MAC offstage leaving GRANER alone on the floor. Lights fade as we hear offstage moans and the opening notes to "As Time Goes By.")**

GRANER: Ah yes. She is balling *him* in the broom closet. But she is loving *me*.

**(BLACKOUT.)**