

Something More, Huh?

By Hermon Sang

CHARACTERS

Robert, 12

Carlos, 12

(There's a cafeteria full of kids. 12 year olds Carlos and Robert sit in a seat right next to the opening door, just the two of them. At the bottom of their seats sit their backpacks, close enough to be within reach.)

Robert

Psst! Carlos! Check this out!

Carlos

What is it? Another one of your conspiracies?

Robert

No! It's different this time!

Carlos

Fine, spit it out.

(ROBERT reaches for his backpack)

Carlos

Since when did you actually *bring* your bag to school?

Robert

Since now! I'm a changed man, Carlos!

(ROBERT pulls out a notebook from his backpack titled "Normal")

Dude, what even is that?

Robert

Carlos, you simple-headed little man. THIS (pointing towards the notebook) is the solution to my problem!

Carlos

Problems. Plural. And what's in it anyway?

Robert

Heh... like a rat to its itouille, you've waltzed straight into my trap. Very well, then. I shall-

Carlos

Just tell me what's in it.

Robert

Alright. So you remember that plan I told you about two days ago?

Carlos

Don't tell me...

Robert

Yes, I'll tell you! It's my magnum opus!

Carlos

Robert, you absolute buffoon! Don't you remember what I told you about doing *that*?

Robert

Uh... to go do it?

Carlos

No, moron!! To NOT do it! N O T! How do you confuse "go" and "not" anyway?

(Robert's mouth gapes open in shock, utterly flabbergasted.)

Robert

W-wait... so I... *wasn't* supposed to do that?

Carlos

Yes. That's what I warned you about. Besides, what do ya think Levvy and the others'll think about this when they hear of it? We're already in a bad situation with him as is, and this.. This is just pathetic!

Robert

Oh. Well, I'm sure it'll be fine! Levvy isn't the type to..

Carlos

Dude, you blew up his house.

Robert

..Ah. Well-

Carlos

The guy had to sleep in newspapers for a week.

Robert (fake shocked)

Really???

Carlos

Yeah. You didn't know?

Robert

I mean, I sorta did lose contact with him after the whole thing.

Carlos

Right..

(A moment of silence passes)

You sure you're not just ignoring him?

Robert

What?? Why would I-

(Carlos raises an eyebrow)

Alright, so I admit that I *have* been ignoring a few dozen messages from him. But c'mon! Think of what'd happen to my inventor's pride if I actually took.. (fearful) *accountability* for my actions!

Carlos

Right, your "inventor's pride" has gotta be *real* strong after "inventing" all those ways to hide from responsibility.

Robert

Oh, now you're just being disingenuous! I've created way more than simple coward tactics. Like the lightsabers!

Carlos

You mean the same one that cut Levvy's bed in half?

Robert

It was a test! Besides, why do we always have to cycle back to Levvy?

Carlos

Dude, he's the entire reason we're outcasts! That little shtick of yours got out, and it's cost us our entire reputation! We're done for!

Robert

C'mon, you're overreacting! Who needs him, anyway? We got each other!

Carlos

Uh huh, you say this after you've just told me about all the efforts you've made tryna fit in. It's obvious that you're wanting for something *more* than just our friendship.

Robert

Ah..

Carlos

Ay, I don't blame you. It's natural for us to want something new, after all. Like my dad used to say, "If heaven itself descended for humanity to inhabit, we'd spend our lives searching for hell."

Robert

..Uh huh. But still, it's not like-

Carlos

Dude, even *I* want something new. That's the entire reason I told you to *not* go along with that stupid plan of yours, you're really just shooting us in the foot!

Robert

..I don't get it, what's the big deal here?

(Carlos gives a sigh)

Carlos

Our reputation, man! How'd you feel if the same guy who blew up someone's entire house just boogied up to you and had you answer some stupid questions he'd made! Doesn't that sound mad to you?

(Robert sighs)

Whatever, just... read to me what you have.

Robert

Oh, so *now* you're interested, huh? A-also, *every* single one? Because I've made quite a few..

Carlos

Wait, how many?

Robert

Uh... let's see...

(Robert slowly flips through each page through the notebook while counting)

99... 100.... 101!

Carlos

Wha- no. And how'd you get that many answers anyway?

Robert

I have my ways, Charlotta. One that *you* simply wouldn't be able to comprehend.

Carlos

..Whatever. Just read the first three out to me.

Robert

Alright then! Let's see... here! These are the answers of Brad from 10th grade!

Carlos

Levvyy's best friend, huh? Interesting.

Robert

Shut it. Anyways, starting off with the questions... I asked him quite a bit, actually. A total of three!

Carlos

Hm, interesting.

Robert

(enthusiastically) Right? Anyway, here are the questions. Firstly, how do you like your bananas?

Carlos

Alrighty- what?

Robert

Yeah.. I kind of just asked whatever came to mind.

Carlos

Oh.

Robert

But don't worry your little old head, charity work! It gets more organized as we go on!

Carlos

Dude can you please stop calling me these stupid nicknames?

Robert

Brad answered, and I quote, "Man, this is stupid! Bananas are the total worst fruit known to man, ya hear? And that's not even subjective, (as he points at the camera) it's *objective*! Now strawberries, on the other hand.... Mix them with a type of soft cheese, ya know, the type you'd find in any supermarket and you just got yourself a free cheesecake, yo!"

Carlos

(Visibly shocked) What?? Who doesn't like bananas? Like I love strawberries, don't get me wrong, but bananas are just so versatile for everything!

Robert

Yeah, even with rice!

Carlos

Indeed. Wait what?!

Robert

Anyways, moving on! The next question I asked him was what his daily routine on Saturdays were!

Carlos

Woah, something normal!

Robert

I told you it'd get better! He answered, "I usually wake up and lift my bed up to get some training for my Norwegian pinky wrestling tournament, ya heard? After that I collect all my dust up using that brand new Heinz Vacuum Cleaner, and then I eat some breakfast and hit the gym for the rest of the day! Uh, yo!"

Carlos

Huh. Something tells me this story isn't entirely accurate.

Robert

What? Why would somebody ever lie on an interview?

Carlos

(Rolls eyes) Whatever you say I guess..

Robert

Now, onto my third and final question for Brad! I asked him... what his thoughts are on the socio-economic state of the world!

Carlos

Woah.

Robert

And he answered, and I quote.... "Man, I don't even know what that word means!" Then he spat on me and walked away after calling me a house boomer.

Carlos.

Oh. That's.. unfortunate.

Robert

Yeah, he was always a loser anyway.

(Both boys nod their heads)

Carlos

Onto the next!

Robert

Alrighto, celery branch! Next up is.... Selena from 6th grade!

Carlos

Levvyy's sister... *seriously*?

Robert

What's wrong with that?

Carlos

..Nothing.

Robert

Alright.. so I asked her the same questions as Brad. You remember them, right? Because I don't feel like saying all that again.

Carlos

I got the gist, all right.

Robert

Good. So for the first question, the banana one, she answered..... As a *smoothie*! She has a type of jaw disorder that doesn't let her chew hard foods and so, she drinks smoothies!

Carlos

Oh that sounds nice. It's been a while since I've had a banana smoothie.

Robert

I've actually never had one.

Carlos

Oh. No wonder you're so sad.

Robert

Shut it. Moving on, for the daily routine question, she answered, and I quote, "I wake up, make my bed, and go downstairs to make myself some instant ramen for breakfast. Buldak Carbonara's my favorite."

Carlos

Oh that's my favorite too!

Robert

Same as everyone, Chevalier (frenchly)! Anyway, she continued, "(with an accent) once I'm done eating, I finish my homework, which usually takes 2 or so hours. And after that, I go out to the mall just to walk around and look at things I can't have, and once I'm home, I just go to bed."

Carlos

Wha- did you just throw the accent in there because you ran outta ideas? Why'd she switch mid-way?

Robert

(utterly offended) Me? Out of ideas? How ignorant. Also, she's not as normal as you think.

Carlos

(sarcastic) Sure.

Robert

And for the third question about the world's socio-economic structure, she stated that she wants to.... And I quote... "(frenchly) assassinate the world leaders!" She walked away after that.

Carlos

I-I believe you now. What kind of people are you interviewing?

Robert

We live in a strange place, my dear old Candle Lighter.

Carlos

Stop calling me that.

Robert

No. Anyways, moving on! The next subject is.... Drumroll please.... (gasp) me!!!!

(A wave of disappointment rolls across Carlos' face)

Carlos

I have a feeling this isn't going to go very well.

Robert

Just watch and learn, little candle carvings. And again, I asked myself the same questions as the other guys!

Carlos

Go *right* ahead. This should be interesting.

Robert

And for the first question I answered... I don't eat bananas for breakfast! I usually eat a bowl of cereal and a cup of orange juice.

Carlos (chuckling)

Ya sure it isn't just orange acid with nuts and bolts?

Robert

No, but it might as well be with what comes next!

Carlos (sarcastically)

Woah.. how intriguing!

Robert

As always, by your Shakespearean reincarnate. And for the daily routine, here's what I said, and I quote, "I wake up and frolick to Toy Randy's shop to get myself a rocket figure. Sometimes I pay, sometimes I skedaddle right outta there if I forget to bring cash, but either way I get home, which usually takes about 10 or so minutes, give or take, and once I'm back, I work on adding stardust boosters to this thing! Usually this takes five or so hours, more or less. Oh and one time, the stardust actually blew up and hit lil' Cornelius Gilbert right in his noggin! He's fine though, like with all kids his greed for ice cream and blackmailing transcended his pain. Anyway, after that, I go to eat dinner, sharpen my teeth, forge a few swords here and there, do a few laps around the neighborhood and fly to bed in my hoverboots." How's that sound?

(Carlos' eyes widened with a gaping mouth, completely shocked by what he'd just heard).

Carlos

H-hoverboots-.. Swords? Wh-what must one do to achieve this level of wordplay? Do you actually do this every Saturday?

Robert

Yes, I'm dead serious. Except for the Herbert part, maybe. Usually it's a different kid every two weeks. Plus, the neighbors are used to it anyway.

(Carlos stops, a huge grin forming across his face)

Carlos (grinning)

"Used to it", huh?

Robert

..Yeah. Used to it. And on to the final question, I believe that our stocks are doing completely fine and that we'll survive for the next 200 or so years.

Carlos

That... is not true in the slightest, yet was somehow the most normal answer out of all of them. Also, why 200 years?

Robert

Nuclear war, cheesecake. Nuclear war.

Carlos

Ah, that checks out.

Robert

Mhm.

(ROBERT closes the notebook, only to drop it midway, where it is revealed that the notebook is actually mostly empty. He scrambles to pick it up, but Carlos gets to it first.)

Carlos (flipping through the pages)

101 interviews, huh?

Robert

..T-the rest are-

Carlos

Stop. Y'know Robert, this is the exact issue with you. You always want to overachieve and change things to make you look better, but that *never* works, man.

Robert

Then what *am* I supposed to do? No one wants to accept me for who I am, and-

(Carlos chuckles)

Carlos (while laughing)

Yo, ya serious? You *really* think you being a moron is what led us here? Think back to when you blew Levvy's house to smithereens! What made that happen?

Robert

..Well, I wanted to make a larger bomb that I thought you guys would like. It was small at first. Miniscule, actually, and so I made some last-minute adjustments and-

Carlos

Idiot.

Robert

What?

Carlos

Ya buffoon! Can't you see? If you'd just kept the bomb to its normal size, we all could've laughed at it, made a joke about it being the size of Brian's braincells, and moved on! But you just *had* to throw it all outta proportion, and look where it got us!

Robert

..Yeah. That was stupid. I just wanted.. More? Or I guess-

Carlos

Something more, huh?

Robert

..Yeah. Something more.

(Carlos sighs, annoyed)

Carlos

Look, if you *really* want things to get better, you've gotta go talk to Levvy.

Robert

..I've been thinking about that, but-

Carlos

But what? C'mon, man! Levvy didn't walk up to us that day outta pity for us looking like two helpless nerds in the middle of a tragic backstory! (pause) Well, maybe that played a part, but we *stayed* friends because we were *us*!

Robert

Alright, alright! I'll put all my inventor's pride aside, and I promise that I'll go apologize to Levvy after.

Carlos

Ya' sure you won't "invent" a new excuse to get outta this one?

Robert

Nah, a man's gotta know his limits, after all.

(A bit of silence passes until both boys check the time, realizing lunch had ended
10 minutes ago)

Yo. Lunch ended 10 minutes ago.

Carlos

Think we can lie our way outta this?

Robert

Nope. We're so finished.

End