

CHICKEN-FRIED CATFISH

By Donna Latham

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Characters 1F, 1M

Sylvia —citizen honeypot; F

Jimbro—seditionist douchebro in town for a few days, up to hideous trouble; M

Setting: A Zoom date

Time: January 7, 2021

Synopsis: Following the murderous rampage of the Capitol Insurrection, Sylvia uses a dating app to hook and reel in a rampaging traitor.

SYLVIA

(Materializes on Zoom, dressed for date.) Me, nervous? Oh, hell no. I tinkle ice water. I absofuckinlutely got this. After hours of post-insurrection doomscrolling? I tweaked my Gone Fresh Fishin' profile. Bedazzled it. With tantalizing sumptins-sumptins. Deployed hashtags with killer specificity. I cast my rod. Hooked a promising suitor. Engaged in alluring back-and-forth texts. I am primped. Poofed. Poised for my first Zoom date. Aaaaand—go!

(She touches up her lipstick, puffs her hair. Brings JIMBRO into the Zoom meeting. His face is bizarrely painted in what he believes is a Braveheart reference.)

JIMBRO

Freeeeeeeedom!

SYLVIA

Whoa! It's YOU?

JIMBRO

Stop the steal! Stop the steal!

SYLVIA

The marauder?

JIMBRO

Invade! No retreat!

SYLVIA

Horn-hat dude who wields a harpoon?

JIMBRO

Hostile takeover! Save America!

SYLVIA

You weren't adorned in regalia on your profile picture.

JIMBRO

I glowed up for our date, sexy thang.

SYLVIA

It IS you. A bigger catch than I ever imagined.

JIMBRO

Coo them sweet nothings. Viking likey.

SYLVIA

I'm your fangirl! I gawked at your rampage on network news.

JIMBRO

Fake news!

SYLVIA

You really know how to sweep a gal off her stilettos. You look fantastic, Jimbro. Festooned in Devil horns—

JIMBRO

Ram horns. One hunnert percent Murican ram.

SYLVIA

My bad.

JIMBRO

Is your video broken?

SYLVIA

You're coming in crystal clear. Why?

JIMBRO

Well, I can't see you. Just an actual angel.

SYLVIA

Aww.

JIMBRO

You're smokin' hot. A babilicious babe.

SYLVIA

You're rockin' manly—um— pelts. Pole cat? Weasel?

JIMBRO

Wily Coyote, sexy thang. Was it my macho physique that lit your fire?

SYLVIA

Not just that. Though you're definitely a gladiator. The most masculine man I've ever met.

JIMBRO

Crossfit got to represent.

SYLVIA

I mean, who needs a shirt in January? When it's 36 degrees...

JIMBRO

Go bare-pecs or go home.

SYLVIA

Like rootin' tootin' shirtless Putin.... Your profile leapt out. Left me breathless.

JIMBRO

“Jacked Patriot. NeoViking. Fighting fit. Called to action. In town for a few days.”

SYLVIA

Totally hooked me. I don't usually date out-of-towners. But have you seen the guys in D.C.? Pencil-neck Liberals.

JIMBRO

I mean. Do they even lift?

SYLVIA

I seek lasting love. My one-and-only soulmate.

JIMBRO

Oh, girl. You're traditional? Granny MeeMaw's gonna love on you.

SYLVIA

Not a fleeting hook-up.

JIMBRO

Wait—what? I mean—amazing! I'm from the Buckle of the Bible Belt, y'all. Looking for marriage. Rugrats. White picket fence. Happily ever after.

SYLVIA

Do you know how difficult it is to find someone with family values?

JIMBRO

I wanna be your hero. Decked out in Braveheart face paint

SYLVIA

So chivalrous!

JIMBRO

I'm your personal Princess Protection Patrol.

SYLVIA

Mind your p's and q's. I've never worn a princess crown. I'm a queen, sugar.

JIMBRO

Love me some Q's.

SYLVIA

Wanna hear a crazy coincidence? Your favorite food is—

JIMBRO

Chicken-fried catfish.

SYLVIA

Mine, too.

JIMBRO

Like Granny MeeMaw serves in my garden apartment.

SYLVIA

You mean basement?

JIMBRO

You live in one, too?

SYLVIA

We're meant to be! I love those star-spangled tattoos. Your intriguing bio that rambled on and on and on.

JIMBRO

“Anarchist. QAnon. Be my handmaiden. I'll be your hero.

SYLVIA

Yes, yes, all that. But what really hooked me? That hashtag.

JIMBRO

PoppedAnErectionAtInsurrection?

SYLVIA

Nope.

JIMBRO

Pillage and plunder like rollin' thunder?

SYLVIA

Nope.

JIMBRO

StopTheSteal?

SYLVIA

Yep, that one.... Is that what you wore yesterday?

JIMBRO

Yes, ma'am.

SYLVIA

Can you flex, sugar? Ripple those biceps? So I can snag a few photos?

JIMBRO

This is just between us, right?

SYLVIA

Why so shy? Not chicken, are you?

JIMBRO

There's leakers and squealers everywhere.

SYLVIA

You're loved. Special. Should be bursting with pride!

JIMBRO

All the most faithful? The army that gathered from all over this land? We got pre-emptive pardons.

SYLVIA

That's what I'm tryna tell you! So. Pretty please. Shake off the horns. Shimmy out of those pelts. They obscure your magnificent chiseled jaw.

JIMBRO

Grab all the pictures you want. Here's head on. Now? A profile. A toothy grin. A—

SYLVIA

How about a ferocious roar? You know, with head hurled back? Neck all sinewy? Like they showed on fake news.

JIMBRO

That's called a Rebel yell, babe.

SYLVIA

Of course. Silly me.

JIMBRO

ROWR!

SYLVIA

Action shot! Howl with a white man's rage!

JIMBRO

FREEDOM!

SYLVIA

I'm just the luckiest little gal on the planet. Can't wait to show everyone my amazing new boyfriend. They'll be so jealous. That you're mine. All mine.

JIMBRO

Even better? Imma text you some videos. First up. Me bustin' windows with my silver harpoon. Next. Me chuggin' AOC's caramel macchiato. Abandoned on her desk. Me belly-bashing my posse.

SYLVIA

More! Please and thank you.

JIMBRO

Here's my personal favorite. Me!

SYLVIA

Again!

JIMBRO

Pounding my peccs.

SYLVIA

Swoon!

JIMBRO

While my buddy scampers off with Fancy Nancy's podium.

SYLVIA

I wish you were here right now.

JIMBRO

I'm your hero. I'll climb thorny vines. Bust into your golden tower.

SYLVIA

No tower in the basement, though...

JIMBO

Details, details. I'll rescue my damsel in distress. From Antifa bad guys. Wonky soy boys.

SYLVIA

You romantic devil!

JIMBO

Carry you off on my trusty stead.

SYLVIA

We're twin flames! I feel so safe and protected with you.

JIMBRO

After, I mean. After I move out of GrannyMeeMaw's. This here alpha male is cocked. Locked. Fixin' to be rocked.

SYLVIA

Where's my fainting sofa! I'm overcome with the vapors. Listen. Let's not wait one minute longer. Where are you now?

JIMBRO

Dinky's Tap.

SYLVIA

At Circle K Motel? That's practically outside my door!

JIMBRO

It's happy hour on the patio.

SYLVIA

Perfect!

JIMBRO

Getting crowded.

SYLVIA

Should be easy-peasy to spot a smokin' hot guy. Rockin' face paint and pelts. But text me a picture anyway. So I can zone in on my manly man.

JIMBRO

Like a horny heat-seeking missile.

SYLVIA

Riiiiight. Now, sit tight, sweetie. I'll be there in about 10 minutes.

JIMBRO

Make it five!

(JIMBRO makes a heart with his hands and "beats" across his own heart. SYLVIA blows kiss, cuts him off Zoom. Thumbs number into cell phone.)

SYLVIA

(Appears.) Hello, FBI tip line? It's Sylvia again. Yeah, me. Citizen honeypot. I snagged another one: Screenshots. Videos. Texts. Hustle across around the block to Dinky's Tap. Outside Circle K? I'll hand over evidence. And a big-ass catfish.... Oh, girl. It was easy! I tweaked my profile with #InsurrectionGroupie. Then hooked. Reeled. And chicken-fried that white-wing domestic terrorist douchebro. Civic duty. No mercy. No retreat. *(Makes a hand heart at her chest. "Explodes" it.)*

END OF PLAY