

# It's a Good **F**ang

a short play by Matthew Konkell

**SYNOPSIS:** A teenage boy rules his submissive family with the help of a large, hazardous fang.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PEERCE: An intelligent teenage boy with one long, menacing fang jutting down out of his mouth.

CARLY: Peerce's older, frustrated sister.

HELEN: Peerce's compliant mother.

WALTER: Peerce's compliant father.

TIME

Present.

PLACE

Living room of a small suburban household.

*(CARLY sits in a comfy chair watching television. Her hand is wrapped in a thick, bandage. PEERCE enters with a bag of cookies which he munches on. PEERCE has a fang, a very long, very white and very sharp fang. He grabs the remote and changes the channel on the television.)*

CARLY

Hey. Peerce. I was watching that.

PEERCE

Well, now I'm watching this.

CARLY

I was watching *Once Upon a Time*.

PEERCE

So? Now I'm watching *The Walking Dead*.

CARLY

But I was here first.

PEERCE

But, I have a fang.

CARLY

Just because you have a fang, doesn't mean you get to do whatever you want.

*(PEERCE wields his fang toward CARLY.)*

CARLY

All right!

PEERCE

I want to sit there.

CARLY

No, I'm sitting here.

PEERCE

Let me sit there now.

No.

CARLY

I have a fang.

PEERCE

All right!

CARLY

*(CARLY gets up and PEERCE sits in the comfy chair. HELEN enters. Her calf is wrapped in a bandage which causes her to limp slightly.)*

Peerce?

HELEN

What is it, mom?

PEERCE

Will you help me make dinner?

HELEN

Mom, I'm watching my show.

PEERCE

It won't take long, I promise. I just need you to chop some vegetables and then you can come right back to your show.

HELEN

Make Carly do it.

PEERCE

Mom told you.

CARLY

I don't want to. You do it.

PEERCE

Peerce.

CARLY

Fang.

PEERCE

All right! I hope you die a violent death.

CARLY

HELEN

Carly. What a horrible thing to say. No one is going to die a violent death. Peerce, are you eating cookies?

PEERCE

Yeah.

HELEN

Well, Peerce, were going to eat dinner soon. Do you think that's such a good idea?

PEERCE

Yes.

HELEN

Peerce, I'm going to have to insist that you put the cookies away until after dinner. Or no dessert for you.

PEERCE

But, I have a fang.

HELEN

Yes, well, okay, I'll let it go this time. C'mon, Carly.

CARLY

Mom, we have to do something.

HELEN

About what, dear?

CARLY

About—

*(PEERCE sneezes.)*

HELEN

Gesundheit.

CARLY

About Peerce's fang.

HELEN

Well, there's nothing wrong with Peerce's fang, Carly. It's— I do hope you're not getting a cold, Peerce, I—

CARLY  
Mom, he's—

HELEN  
Carly, you know what Doctor Jaggelbaum said. There's nothing he can do about it.

CARLY  
So he just gets to do whatever he wants?

HELEN  
Well, Carly, it's a fang.

PEERCE  
I can hear you, y'know.

HELEN  
And it's a good fang. A very good fang. We all love your fang.

CARLY  
Not all of us.

*(WALTER enters. One of his arms is wrapped in a thick bandage.)*

WALTER  
Hello, my beautiful family.

HELEN  
Hello, sweetheart.

CARLY  
Hey, dad.

WALTER  
Hello, Peerce.

PEERCE  
Hi.

WALTER  
How is everyone?

HELEN  
Everyone here is just splendid. We were just talking about how much we love Peerce's fang, weren't we Carly?

CARLY

No. I hate it.

HELEN

Carly.

CARLY

Yeah, splendid. Everyone is splendid.

WALTER

What's wrong, Carly?

CARLY

Oh, nothing, except apparently we live with Brezhnev.

*(CARLY exits. HELEN makes an indication to PEERCE. WALTER nods, understanding.)*

HELEN

Carly volunteered to help me make dinner.

CARLY

*(Without)*

I did not.

WALTER

Oh. Wonderful. I'm famished.

*(HELEN exits.)*

WALTER

Well, Peerce, how's the fang?

PEERCE

Fine.

WALTER

It sure is a good fang. A good fang, indeed. We all really, really love your fang.

PEERCE

Why are you talking like that?

WALTER

No reason, I just want you to know how much I admire your fang, that's all.

PEERCE

Well, it's kind of creepy.

WALTER

Right. Well, did you do your chores today, son?

PEERCE

What chores?

WALTER

Now, Peerce, everyone has chores to do. On Monday you have the garbage to do. On Tuesday there's the lawn to mow and garden to water. On Wednesday there's-

PEERCE

I never do any of those.

WALTER

Now, son, if you don't do your chores like the rest of the family we'll have to take some privileges away. Like, well, like watching TV for instance. I could take that privilege away.

PEERCE

How's the arm, dad?

WALTER

Oh, uh, it's fine, son. Thanks for asking. Y'know maybe chores aren't that important.

PEERCE

Who said they weren't important?

WALTER

Ah, well, um, maybe we should talk about the problem you're having with your sister?

PEERCE

I don't have any problem with her. She's an idiot, but I can't help that.

WALTER

Now, why do you think Carly is an idiot?

PEERCE

C'mon, dad. Brezhnev? It's so inaccurate. Calling me Stalin would be a much more suitable comparison.