

# **How to Kill A Rodent**

By  
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# HOW TO KILL A RODENT

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# HOW TO KILL A RODENT

*In memory of that owl. RIP.*

*Also for the Alexes, Calvin, Charlie, Erika, the Katies, Larson, Maggie,  
the Nicks, and Trevor.*

## HOW TO KILL A RODENT

CAST: 1 Man, 1 Woman, 1 Any Gender

GUY: Neurotic and quick to become annoyed.

CARRIE: Peppy and quirky.

MISC. CHARACTERS: Passport Controllman, Cheese Castle Worker, and other cameo roles with few lines.

TIME: Present day.

PLACE: Winnipeg, Canada.

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# HOW TO KILL A RODENT

ACT 1  
SCENE 1

*Generic coffee shop. Winnipeg, Canada. Afternoon. One table sits center stage. Two chairs, CARRIE sitting while GUY walks onstage and shakes her hand before sitting opposite.*

**GUY.** Guy.

**CARRIE.** *(Jovially.)* Girl.

**GUY.** My name is Guy.

**CARRIE.** Oh, that's funny.

**GUY.** Hilarious.

**CARRIE.** You must get that a lot, huh?

**GUY.** Get what?

**CARRIE.** People thinking you're making a joke about your name. You must have been bullied so bad in elementary school. *(GUY doesn't know how to respond to this. There's a moment of silence.)* Were you?

**GUY.** Was I...?

**CARRIE.** Bullied in elementary school?

**GUY.** Look, I don't really... uh...

**CARRIE.** C'mon, don't get embarrassed! First dates already suck, we might as well get all the bad stuff out of the way. I was totally bullied in school.

**GUY.** I can't imagine why.

**CARRIE.** *(In mock anger.)* Wow, that was rude. Do you know how scary it is to meet a random man - a random guy, if you will - in this day and age? And you *mock* me?

**GUY.** *(Flustered.)* I'm sorry—

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**CARRIE.** Kidding! Not about the bullying, though. Kids are brutal. They're just lucky I don't have superpowers or I would have gone all "Carrie" on them. *(Beat.)* Get it? *(He doesn't.)*

**GUY.** Look. I'll be honest, this wasn't what I was looking for here.

**CARRIE.** What, were you hoping you could buy me some coffee and I'd put out?

**GUY.** No. And there's no need to be vulgar.

**CARRIE.** Vulgarity is the spice of life.

**GUY.** I don't think that's actually true.

**CARRIE.** I hope we don't end up getting married.

**GUY.** *(Incredulously)* Right.

**CARRIE.** It'd be so embarrassing to tell people where we met.

**GUY.** Hey, you *chose* Tim Hortons!

**CARRIE.** No, I mean the app.

**GUY.** Oh. I don't think there's anything wrong with meeting people through dating apps these days. Theoretically.

**CARRIE.** Yeah, but this specific app... Kind of weird.

**GUY.** *(Relieved to actually be having a conversation.)* Oh. Right. I think it's a brilliant idea, actually. Any dating app can tell you what you both like. Most of the world likes the same things – puppies, rainbows, long walks on the beach...

**CARRIE.** Not colorblind cats.

**GUY.** What?

**CARRIE.** Colorblind cats wouldn't like puppies, rainbows, or long walks on the beach.

**GUY.** Why wouldn't they like long walks on the beach?

**CARRIE.** The sand gets stuck in between their little kitty paw pads. It's annoying to them.

**GUY.** Okay. But most people enjoy the same sorts of things. It's what you dislike, what you hate, that really sets you apart. People are more passionate about the things they hate.

**CARRIE.** That's true.

**GUY.** So, why do you hate him?

**CARRIE.** Who?

**GUY.** You know.

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**CARRIE.** I don't know, dude.

**GUY.** *(Disappointed.)* We both had to put something we hated in the app. It matched us together because we both wrote down the same thing.

**CARRIE.** Oh my god, I totally forgot! Phil, right?

**GUY.** Yes, Phil.

**CARRIE.** Only two more days until his big one. Are you excited?

**GUY.** Why would I be excited?

**CARRIE.** I don't know, who doesn't love Groundhog Day?

**GUY.** I don't. And you shouldn't either.

**CARRIE.** Why not?

**GUY.** Because you WROTE ON THE APP THAT YOU HATE PUNXSUTAWNEY PHIL! *(He sees that he's made a scene, tries to calm himself.)* If you don't hate Punxsutawney Phil, there's no reason for us to be here.

**CARRIE.** Whoa, whoa! Calm down. I don't hate Phil. I just want him dead.

**GUY.** *(Suddenly interested.)* You don't say.

**CARRIE.** I do say.

**GUY.** You want him dead.

**CARRIE.** Unfortunately.

**GUY.** Why?

**CARRIE.** Well... it's not like he's hurt me personally. If it were up to me I would totally let him live. I mean, he's come this far, right? Might as well let him keep going. Who am I to interfere?

**GUY.** So... you don't want to him to die?

**CARRIE.** No, I do. And he's not going to die on his own, obviously. He's immortal.

**GUY.** Right. But... not really.

**CARRIE.** Yes, really.

**GUY.** He's a groundhog.

**CARRIE.** Punxsutawney Phil has been predicting spring and winter since 1888.

**GUY.** Are you actually stupid?

**CARRIE.** *(Offended.)*

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**GUY.** No, really. If you think that Punxsutawney Phil has been A. accurately predicting the weather since 1888 or B. been ALIVE since 1888, let me know, because you have the brain of a seven year old. And I cannot be talking about this with someone who has the brain of a preschooler.

**CARRIE.** Seven-year-olds are in first or second grade.

**GUY.** Jesus Christ.

**CARRIE.** No, I don't really think Punxsutawney Phil has really been alive for over 100 years. It's a suspension of disbelief thing, you know? Thousands of people go to Punxsutawney every year just to watch Phil see his shadow. Do you think every single one of them has the brain of a first grader? And there's those guys who run the whole thing. All year long, they have lunches and dinners and meet-and-greets with him. Are all of them stupid, too?

**GUY.** Yes.

**CARRIE.** Why do you hate him so much?

**GUY.** Why do you?

**CARRIE.** Who said I hate him?

**GUY.** You put him in the app.

**CARRIE.** Well, I guess I didn't really mean that I *hate* him, just that I want him dead.

**GUY.** Isn't that the same thing?

**CARRIE.** No.

**GUY.** So, you don't hate him, but you put his name as the thing you despise most in "Hater Dater?"

**CARRIE.** Well, I didn't want to put something basic in, like "traffic." Do you know how many randos I'd end up matching with if I used something that vague? Why do you hate him?

**GUY.** I'd prefer not to say.

**CARRIE.** Then I'd prefer not to say why I want him dead. (*Silence.*) Gee, this is one hell of a first date, huh?

**GUY.** This is stupid. I never should have done this.

**CARRIE.** Don't date a lot?

**GUY.** This isn't really a date.



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**CARRIE.** You can't say that just now that you've decided you don't like me. *(Leans in)* But you'll pay for me, right?

**GUY.** God, I'm an idiot. What was I thinking?

**CARRIE.** What *were* you thinking? No offense, did you think you'd meet a girl who was interesting and normal and totally tubularly hot who also happens to hate Punxsutawney Phil?

**GUY.** *(He realizes she's right, but doesn't want to show it. He seems to be contemplating something for a few moments before sticking out his hand.)* I wasn't thinking. This was absurd. Sorry. I'm sorry, uh...

**CARRIE.** *(Sardonically amused.)* You never even asked me for my name.

**GUY.** It was on the app. I just... forgot.

**CARRIE.** It's Carrie.

**GUY.** Right. Sorry, Carrie. *(Digs in his pockets for a few dollars, which he throws on the table.)* It's been... real. *(He leaves.)*

**CARRIE.** *(Mockingly)* "It's been... real."

## SCENE 2

*Guy is sitting at the same table he and Carrie were at the afternoon before. He's nervous, tapping the table and taking sips of coffee while looking around. CARRIE walks in, and he sits up rigidly. He's radiating anxiety, while she seems not to notice and plops down in the seat opposite him.*

**CARRIE.** I'm gonna be honest, I did not think I was going to get a second date.

**GUY.** You were right. This isn't a date.

**CARRIE.** I don't know about that. Two people, alone, at a coffee shop... who met on a dating app...

**GUY.** Enough of that.

**CARRIE.** Okay, whatever. I'm ready.

**GUY.** For what?

**CARRIE.** Your apology.

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**GUY.** Apology?

**CARRIE.** Seriously? You left our first date in a flurry of rudeness, leaving me a woman scorned, and then call me up at two in the morning to meet back at Tim Horton's. What other reason could there be?

**GUY.** *(Sort of realizing where she's coming from.)* Oh.

**CARRIE.** *(Mocking him.)* Oh.

**GUY.** I'm sorry.

**CARRIE.** Eh, no problem. I've had worse first dates.

**GUY.** Really?

**CARRIE.** Yeah. I once had a guy tell me he asked me out because he thought I looked "lurable."

**GUY.** Oh... god.

**CARRIE.** Anyway, I accept your apology. But if that's not what you called me for, then what's up?

**GUY.** Right. Well, uh, it's a bit of a delicate subject.

**CARRIE.** Perfect, I'm a very delicate person.

**GUY.** No, really. I need you to promise that whatever I say, you won't tell anyone. Seriously.

**CARRIE.** *(Jokingly.)* What, do you need me to help you bury a body?

**GUY.** *(He keeps looking at her, as if to say "maybe.")*

**CARRIE.** *(Not seriously, but not entirely kidding)* Oh my god. Are you going to murder me?

**GUY.** If I was going to murder you do you think I would have asked you to come to a Tim Horton's?

**CARRIE.** I dunno. Maybe you knew you'd never get me back to your place.

**GUY.** No, I'm not going to murder you. But there might be a body involved.

**CARRIE.** Oh my god.

**GUY.** A very small one.

**CARRIE.** That's worse. You see how that's worse, right?

**GUY.** *(Hoping she'll get there on her own.)* A very small, very... hairy... body.

**CARRIE.** *(At a loss for words.)*

**GUY.** A non-human body.

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**CARRIE.** (*Lets out a sigh of relief. Then she begins to think. GUY leans back, waiting to see if she'll get it. Suddenly she gasps and whispers:*)  
Baby bigfoot? Smallfoot?

**GUY.** No. Groundhogs. One particular groundhog.

**CARRIE.** You want to... murder... Punxsutawney Phil?

**GUY.** We wouldn't be murdering him. Murder is small, it's for random people. People we've never heard of, they're only made famous by their deaths. Kitty Genevose. Elizabeth Short. Jon Benet Ramsey.

**CARRIE.** I don't know who any of those are.

**GUY.** The point is, when someone who's already important is killed, it's an assassination. (*Dramatically.*) We'd be *assassinating* him.

**CARRIE.** I thought assassinations happened to, like, politicians and stuff. Abraham Lincoln. MLK. JFK. RFK. Lot of "Ks".

**GUY.** It's the murder of a prominent or notable person for political reasons. MLK wasn't a politician, at least not in the traditional sense.

**CARRIE.** Right, but he was a *person*.

**GUY.** Don't focus on semantics. Punxsutawney Phil isn't a tawdry character in America. He's a figure of happiness, an icon of a proud holiday. His death would mean uproar, nationwide grief.

**CARRIE.** When you put it that way, it doesn't make me want him dead at all.

**GUY.** (*Genuinely confused. He's assumed they want him dead for the same reasons.*) But you do want him dead, right?

**CARRIE.** (*Reluctantly.*) Yes.

**GUY.** Look at that. We're two people with a common goal. Now, doesn't it make sense that we should work together to meet this goal?

**CARRIE.** I don't want to hurt people, though. The grief that you were talking about. I mean, that's mostly why I haven't done it yet myself.

**GUY.** What are you scared of?

**CARRIE.** How about the cops? I know things are different here, but I've heard American police don't take too kindly to murder.

**GUY.** Assassinations.

**CARRIE.** Even worse! Do you know how any assassins in history came out of it? Badly. They all go to jail, or get murdered, or go to jail and then get murdered. Or get murdered on their way to jail.

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**GUY.** We won't do any jail time.

**CARRIE.** No matter how you do it, you're going to get caught.

**GUY.** Then we'll get caught. But we won't go to jail. It's legal to hunt groundhogs in Pennsylvania.

**CARRIE.** What?

**GUY.** (*Proudly.*) Look at this. (*Begins reading off his phone.*) From the Pennsylvania Wildlife and Game Commission: "Known by many names including groundhog, whistle pig, red monk and chuck, the woodchuck is a common Pennsylvania game animal. Legal hunting season is between December 12 to June 30 of this year, during which there is no hunting or bagging limit."

**CARRIE.** (*Not convinced, but impressed with the loophole.*) So...

**GUY.** So it would be one hundred percent legal to kill him. Would it be looked down upon? Definitely. And I'm sure we'd get in trouble for shooting so close to civilians. But he's a groundhog, technically the same as the rest of them. There's no distinction made for magical ones. The state of Pennsylvania didn't think that far ahead.

**CARRIE.** Hm. Well, how do you know where they keep him?

**GUY.** What?

**CARRIE.** There's a ton of groundhogs in Pennsylvania. How will you know which one is Phil? They all look the same.

**GUY.** He'll be the one predicting the weather.

**CARRIE.** You want to kill him *on Groundhog Day*?!

**GUY.** What better time?

**CARRIE.** But the kids.

**GUY.** What kids?

**CARRIE.** The kids watching. There's going to be hundreds, thousands, of kids watching.

**GUY.** There's a seven second delay. They'll turn the cameras off before they see anything.

**CARRIE.** Not just on TV. There's kids watching in person. You're going to traumatize every single child in the crowd, maybe in America. That's fucked up.

**GUY.** I don't want to traumatize children anymore than you do. It's just an unfortunate byproduct of the duty that has to be done.

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**CARRIE.** Why do you want to kill him in front of everyone? Why can't you do it in private?

**GUY.** I'd prefer not to get into it right now.

**CARRIE.** Uh, no. You're not going to start talking about bringing grief to all of America and bring up the difference between murder and assassination and then *not* tell me why you're so obsessed with this.

**GUY.** You won't tell me why you want to kill him.

**CARRIE.** *I'm not the one convincing you to commit a crime. Even if it's not technically a crime. They'll put you away for something, you know that, right? Even if you're able to legally hunt Punxsutawney Phil, people will hate you. They'll know your face, it'll be on TV. Your name, everything. You won't be able to escape it.*

**GUY.** I'm okay with that.

**CARRIE.** *(This was not the response she was expecting. She takes a moment, then recovers.)* Bully for you. I'm *not* okay with that. So you can go ahead and kill the groundhog on your own.

**GUY.** If you don't do it with me, it's not happening.

**CARRIE.** What?

**GUY.** Do you think I'm stupid? You want Phil dead too. And if I'm already going to do it, there's really no reason for you to help. Either way you get what you want.

**CARRIE.**

Why are you so obsessed with me?

**GUY.** I'm not obsessed with you. But I can't do this alone, and you're the only person on that dating app who put that you hate Punxsutawney Phil. And I can't think of another way to meet someone who wants him dead without risking someone blabbing.

**CARRIE.** I need to know why you want to kill him. Because you're sounding a little "Patrick Bateman" right now.

**GUY.** *(Thinking about how to word it.)* I'm angry. At America. And... I want to make the entire country suffer. I want to make the nation take a long, hard, look at itself. *(He notices that she does not look sympathetic. She looks like she's about to bolt.)*

**CARRIE.** Dude...

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**GUY.** But I don't want to kill a person. Not just because of the loophole, legally. I swear. I'm not a psycho. This is a way to get my name recognized, to speak and have people listen. And to get some... catharsis. Think about it. I could post on social media for years, write articles online, go to protests, but none of that would bring attention to me the way this would. I just need my fifteen minutes of fame. I suspect you want Phil dead pretty bad, since you haven't left yet. And the way you've been talking makes me think this isn't the first time you've thought about it.

**CARRIE.** Sure, I've thought about it, but thinking about something and acting on it are two different things.

**GUY.** If not now, when?

**CARRIE.** What you're describing, wanting people to suffer, you know what this is? That's called terrorism.

**GUY.** I can't be a terrorist. I'm Canadian.

**CARRIE.** Wanting to cause pain to an entire country is an act of terrorism, Guy. Even if they catch it before it airs on TV, it'll mess people up. Maybe that's what you want, but not me.

**GUY.** You want him dead. I want him dead. This is our chance. Okay, you won't tell me your reasoning, but it doesn't really matter. How often are you going to come across someone who's willing to do this? Someone who can help you plan a cover story, work out the logistics, help you talk to the cops - or, more importantly, give you a ride? Look. I'd give you all the time in the world to think about it, but we don't have the time. Groundhog Day is tomorrow, and it's a 24 hour drive from Winnipeg to Punxsutawney. And that's without stopping. So it comes down to you. How badly do you want this?

**CARRIE.** *(She contemplates.)* You plan on driving to Punxsutawney?

**GUY.** It's in the middle of nowhere. There's no flights out to Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, not from Winnipeg. Everything would take too long. If we don't leave now, we'll have to wait until next year. And I've waited too long for this.

**CARRIE.** You'd better be paying for gas. *(Guy lights up.)* And snacks.

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### SCENE 3

*Later that same night/morning. In a car. Guy and Carrie are sitting in a car (two folding chairs) side by side. Guy is in the driver's seat, steering. Carrie has a Tim Horton's cup in her hand. She is anxious, staring straight ahead out the windshield. Despite this, there's an air of excitement around her. It's awkward. They sit in silence for about twenty seconds. Guy seems perfectly content to stay quiet, but Carrie's looking around like she's trying to find something to say.*

**CARRIE.** You know...

**GUY.** *(Sighs and closes his eyes: He was hoping to avoid conversation.)*

**CARRIE.** If I ever die, I want to get assassinated.

**GUY.** Mm.

**CARRIE.** Want to know why? *(He says nothing.)* Because it would mean I'm important.

**GUY.** What a truly depressing notion.

**CARRIE.** I didn't mean for it to be depressing. I thought it was funny.

**GUY.** We don't have to talk, you know.

**CARRIE.** It's a 24 hour car ride.

**GUY.** I'd actually prefer not to talk.

**CARRIE.** We do have a crime to plan out, though. Don't forget.

**GUY.** I didn't forget.

**CARRIE.** Unless you already have it all planned out, which would be great. I'd love to not have to think it all out. I'm not much of a thinker.

**GUY.** *(Starts to speak.)*

**CARRIE.** A planner, I mean. I'm not much of a planner.

**GUY.** I have a plan.

**CARRIE.** Awesome. What is it?

**GUY.** We need a gun.

**CARRIE.** Like a hunting rifle?

**GUY.** *(Taken aback.)* Why a hunting rifle?

**CARRIE.** If we're trying to get off with the "it's legal to hunt groundhogs" defense, I would think a hunting rifle would be ideal. I'm no expert, but I'm pretty sure you can't hunt with a handgun.

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**GUY.** Right. That's a good point. Okay, a hunting rifle. In a couple of minutes we'll be out of Canada, we're going to be in North Dakota. We can buy a gun there.

**CARRIE.** Where?

**GUY.** I don't know. We'll find something.

**CARRIE.** We'll *find* something? You don't even know where we're going to buy the weapon yet? What, do you think they just have gun stores along the highway in America?

**GUY.** They do.

**CARRIE.** No they don't

**GUY.** Yeah, they do. Have you ever actually been to America?

**CARRIE.** No.

**GUY.** Then why do you have a passport?

**CARRIE.** Other countries besides America exist, you know.

**GUY.** Barely. Get your passport out. *(He gestures up ahead.*

*PASSPORT CONTROLMAN enters and walks up the car, on Carrie's side. They wave, she waves back. They hand over their passports.)*

**PASSPORT CONTROLMAN.** What brings you to the United States?

**CARRIE.** *(Guy opens his mouth to speak, but before he can, Carrie speaks.)* Groundhog Day!

**PASSPORT CONTROLMAN.** *(Suspiciously.)* Groundhog Day?

**GUY.** *(Angrily.)* Groundhog Day.

**PASSPORT CONTROLMAN.** Ha! That's great! I've never heard that one before. Two Canadian Groundhog Day fans. You've got a long journey ahead of you.

**CARRIE.** Oh, yes sir, we know!

**GUY.** *(Nervously)* Ha ha.

**PASSPORT CONTROLMAN.** Well, have fun. *(They hand the passports back to Carrie and begin to walk away. Guy opens his mouth as if to yell at Carrie, when Passport Controlman turns around.)* I'm not sure if his prediction counts up here in Canada, but if it does, you tell Phil to see his damn shadow!

**CARRIE.** Will do!

**GUY.** *(As soon as Passport Controlman turns around.)* Are you nuts?! I mean, I could see you were a little wacky, but Jesus Christ, Carrie!



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**CARRIE.** What's the problem?

**GUY.** You just told him where we were going!

**CARRIE.** He asked!

**GUY.** He as- So you told him?! Rule number one of committing a crime is DON'T TELL THE GOVERNMENT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

**CARRIE.** (*Matching his energy.*) If you want to have plausible deniability with the hunting excuse, we can't LIE TO THE FUCKING GOVERNMENT!

**GUY.** Oh. I guess that's true.

**CARRIE.** So, how about the next time you want to scream at me, you just take two seconds to think about the reasons I may have for doing something you think is stupid.

**GUY.** (*Grumble.*) Okay.

**CARRIE.** Okay. (*They continue in silence for about thirty seconds. Carrie is looking out the window, trying to stay angry, but is visibly excited by the scenery.*) Wow. America. Now I know why they wrote that song about how beautiful it is. (*Waits for Guy to ask her why. When he doesn't, she speaks.*) Because it's so beautiful.

**GUY.** How can you even tell? It's 2 in the morning. It's pitch black outside.

**CARRIE.** I just can. The air smells different.

**GUY.** That's the smokestacks. Wait until we get to Gary, Indiana.

**CARRIE.** Well, what's here in – where are we again?

**GUY.** We're in North Dakota. And there's nothing here.

**CARRIE.** What about the next state?

**GUY.** Minnesota. Nothing there either.

**CARRIE.** Is there anything in any state we're going through?

**GUY.** Let's see. What are the things you think of when you think about America? Places that make you want to come here?

**CARRIE.** The Statue of Liberty. The Grand Canyon. Hollywood. The Lincoln Memorial. Yellowstone.

**GUY.** Exactly. None of those things are anywhere near us right now, and we won't be getting close to a single one. See, Carrie, we're going through the Midwest. Which is full of the nothing states.

**CARRIE.** The nothing states?

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**GUY.** There's nothing worth visiting. Sure, there's some forests, maybe some hills. A few tiny Americanisms. But nothing like the America you think of when you imagine the great U.S.A. And the fact is, most of the country is like that. Wheat or corn fields, run by suicidal farmers. The few places that are worth living, the ones with natural beauty or culture, they're so far in the middle of nowhere or so expensive no one can live there. You brought up the Grand Canyon. The closest major city is Las Vegas, which is the armpit of America. And that's still two and a half hours away. Yellowstone. Know what state that's in? Wyoming, the least populated state in the country.

**CARRIE.** Who cares how many people live there?

**GUY.** My point is that the things that make America beautiful are rarely actually enjoyed by Americans. Maybe once or twice in their lives.

**CARRIE.** You sure seem to know a lot about it.

**GUY.** Yeah, well. *(He starts to pull the car over.)*

**CARRIE.** Why are we stopping?

**GUY.** Supplies. *(They both exit the car and stretch their legs.)*

**CARRIE.** Doesn't seem fair we can stop for the stuff *you* want to see. In the movies and stuff... road trips go through fun places. Even if they don't stop for long.

**GUY.** This - God, this isn't a road trip!

**CARRIE.** I mean, it's a trip. And we're on the road...

**GUY.** Okay, technically it's a road trip. But it's not like a movie road trip.

**CARRIE.** Aw, so we aren't going to steal Hitler's car?

**GUY.** What the absolute fuck are you talking about.

**CARRIE.** Haven't you even seen "Rat Race?" Movie made in 2001? Stars Jon Lovitz, Seth Green, Rowan Atkinson, Newman from Seinfeld... it's a real ensemble movie. Totally hilarious. They all have to go on a road trip to get two million dollars.

**GUY.** Yeah, this isn't like that movie. We aren't going to... steal Hitler's car.

**CARRIE.** And at the end of our road trip there isn't two million dollars, there's a dead groundhog.

**GUY.** Right.

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**CARRIE.** *(She turns around and notices where they are for the first time.)* Why are we at a Walmart?

**GUY.** We need a gun.

### SCENE 4

*Same night, in the car. A long package sits across Guy and Carrie's laps. Guy is pissed off, gripping the wheel tightly.*

**CARRIE.** So...

**GUY.** I didn't *know* they only sold guns to American citizens.

**CARRIE.** Obviously. Why did you make me come in with you?

**GUY.** I wanted you to bear witness.

**CARRIE.** Like at a wedding?

**GUY.** No. I guess I mean I wanted you to be a witness, so you could see how stupidly easy it is to get a gun in this country. And I thought it would be less suspicious if there was a girl with me.

**CARRIE.** You made me put my shoes back on for that?

**GUY.** Yeah. Also, please don't take your shoes off again.

**CARRIE.** Why didn't you tell me you were a U.S. citizen?

**GUY.** I said I don't want to talk about it.

**CARRIE.** Right. Sorry. *(A few seconds goes by.)* It's just that I'm a little confused by how you want to make America suffer, or whatever, but you're actually from America. Seems... self-destructive. Or something.

**GUY.** *(Begrudgingly.)* I was born in America. When I was sixteen my parents moved to Toronto, but I still have citizenship. *(He shoves the rifle package off his lap.)* Can you keep that thing somewhere else? In the back, maybe? I don't want it rubbing up on me the whole time.

**CARRIE.** Okay. *(She adjusts the gun so it slides in between the seats.)* Hey, was that a gun in your lap or are you just happy to see me?

**GUY.** Oh my god.

**CARRIE.** *(Pointing out the window.)* Cow!

**GUY.** Can you not shout "cow" every single time you see a cow? We're going to see a lot of cows.

**CARRIE.** Fine. *(A few seconds of silence go by.)* Horse!

## HOW TO KILL A RODENT

**GUY.** Carrie!

**CARRIE.** You said no cows!

**GUY.** Okay, no livestock.

**CARRIE.** Ugh, fine. Let's play a game. Oh! I have one! Would you rather... have no sense of smell or no sense of touch?

**GUY.** How would I lose my sense of touch?

**CARRIE.** I dunno. It's just a game. Which one?

**GUY.** Touch, I guess. What about you?

**CARRIE.** Smell. I'd save so much money on Poo-Pourri.

**GUY.** Gross.

**CARRIE.** Now you ask one.

**GUY.** I don't know.

**CARRIE.** Cmon, this is how it works.

**GUY.** Umm... would you rather... be a teacher or a nurse?

**CARRIE.** I don't think you understand what makes this game fun.

**GUY.** Let's do trivia or something. I'm good at that.

**CARRIE.** Ooh, okay! I love trivia. Let's see... Which NBA player is featured in the disaster parody movie *Airplane!*?

**GUY.** I don't know.

**CARRIE.** Okay. Um... What song does Tom Cruise lipsync to in *Risky Business*?

**GUY.** I don't know.

**CARRIE.** God. Okay... What 1980's-

**GUY.** Can you ask a question that's not about a 1980s movie?

**CARRIE.** No.

**GUY.** Okay. I'll go, I've got some good ones. What was the name of the dog that Russia sent up into space? Bonus points if you know her breed. No? Okay. What year did the French Revolution start? Really? You don't know that one? What about-

**CARRIE.** Can you ask a question that's not about obscure history?

**GUY.** The French Revolution is not obscure.

**CARRIE.** No more trivia.

**GUY.** Fine by me. I *said* I wanted quiet, anyway. (*There's few beats of silence.*)

**CARRIE.** So, who's going to shoot Phil?

## HOW TO KILL A RODENT

**GUY.** Me, obviously.

**CARRIE.** Why is that obvious? Because I'm a girl? Girls can shoot guns too, you know. Annie Oakley. Calamity Jane.

**GUY.** Yeah, well, since we aren't in the Wild West or a 1940s musical, I want to do it. The one who shoots gets all the attention. No one remembers the accomplices. And I barely got you in the car in the first place, I figured you didn't want to.

**CARRIE.** Well, I would have liked the *option* to.

**GUY.** The entire reason I want him to die is to be able to get famous - There's no way I'm letting *you* be the one to do it.

**CARRIE.** Do you even know how to shoot a rifle?

**GUY.** Point, aim, and pull the trigger.

**CARRIE.** Have you ever actually shot a gun before?

**GUY.** No. With a hunting rifle, all I have to do is look through the scope and pull the trigger, then wait for the recoil. Any idiot can do it.

**CARRIE.** That's the worst logic I've ever heard.

**GUY.** Oh really? Three out of four of the successful American presidential assassins had no previous known practice or knowledge of guns. They succeeded off of adrenaline and by the seat of their pants.

**CARRIE.** That's the American way!

**GUY.** No, that's just the way that works.

**CARRIE.** But we're not trying to kill a U.S. president.

**GUY.** No, but there's no precedent for killing an important rodent.

**CARRIE.** What about all the failed assassins?

**GUY.** What about them?

**CARRIE.** They didn't practice, and they didn't hit the mark.

**GUY.** Trust me.

**CARRIE.** I trust that you're delusional. Fine, you can do it. As long as he dies, works for me. (*A few beats of silence.*) What's your favorite state?

**GUY.** Of the U.S.?

**CARRIE.** No, of mind. Yes, of the U.S. I don't know much about them.

**GUY.** Huh. I've never thought about it. I could tell you my least favorite.

## HOW TO KILL A RODENT

**CARRIE.** I don't care about least favorite. I need to know where to ask to go to prison once we get cuffed.

**GUY.** (*Not sure if she's joking.*) I told you, we aren't going to prison. Jail, maybe, while they hold us for a little bit, but not prison.

**CARRIE.** Still. Where would you go?

**GUY.** Hm... Maybe Rhode Island? It's quaint, cute. Reminds me of a grandma. It's the Ocean State. Smallest state in the country, too. And the state bird is a rooster.

**CARRIE.** They have a state *bird*?

**GUY.** All of them do.

**CARRIE.** What's this one's? North Dakota?

**GUY.** I don't know all of them. I just remember Rhode Island because it's funny.

**CARRIE.** Alright, it's settled. We'll ask to be sent to Ocean State Penitentiary.

**GUY.** No, maybe not. It gets cold on the east coast in the winter. In Florida it's warm all year. That's nice. Although then we'd be in Florida. California has Yosemite and the warm weather, but it's expensive.

**CARRIE.** You don't pay rent in jail. Wait, do you? In America?

**GUY.** (*Ignoring her.*) Utah has those mountains, and all the national parks. But the Mormons...No, wait, I have it!

**CARRIE.** Oh boy!

**GUY.** Nevada.

**CARRIE.** You said that was the armpit of America.

**GUY.** I said Las Vegas is the armpit of America, and it is. But listen! Vegas is a haven for gambling, sex, everything illegal and terrible by modest standards. The mob just set up a place in the middle of nowhere for people to go hog wild and called it a town. There's literally nothing in Nevada except for Las Vegas and Reno, and the only reason people go there is to get drunk and lose money. And the rest of the state is pure desert, which is owned by the government. Something like, 65% of the entire state of Nevada is actually owned by the U.S. government! And do you know what they use it for? No? Neither do I! No one knows! There's aliens, and ghost towns, and weird stuff everywhere. It's a cluster of oddities. It makes no sense.

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**CARRIE.** It doesn't sound very... nice.

**GUY.** No. No, I guess it's not the *best* U.S. state. But it's the most American.

**CARRIE.** Welcome to Minnesota.

**GUY.** We're in Minnesota?

**CARRIE.** Unless the sign lied. How funny would it be if someone put a sign like that in the wrong place to freak people out?

**GUY.** Like the guy who painted "Welcome to Quebec City!" on the roof of his house near Montreal Airport.

**CARRIE.** That's hilarious. So. You say you're not an American.

**GUY.** I'm not.

**CARRIE.** Not very Canadian of you to buy a gun from Walmart.

**GUY.** I had to. It's to commit the crime of the century.

**CARRIE.** That's a little presumptuous, don't you think? We're barely a quarter of the way through the century. Tons of stuff could happen between then and now. Who knows if a killer couple will even make it in the Top Ten?

**GUY.** We're not a couple.

**CARRIE.** Well, I didn't mean it like *that*. Wait, why aren't we a couple? We met on a dating app.

**GUY.** I told you, the app was just the only way I could think to meet someone who was down for this. Trust me, we are not dating. Why did you even put that in as the thing you hate? I doubt you're going to meet a quality boyfriend that way.

**CARRIE.** I don't really usually go on dates through dating apps. I just like getting compliments.

**GUY.** So why did you go to Tim Horton's with me?

**CARRIE.** Honestly? You were the only one who ever actually asked me out.

**GUY.** Oh.

**CARRIE.** Don't "oh" me like that. I refuse to have my tragic backstory be that I'm perpetually single.

**GUY.** Okay. What is your tragic backstory?

**CARRIE.** (*Matter-of-factly.*) My sister.

**GUY.** What happened to her?

## HOW TO KILL A RODENT

**CARRIE.** She's a vegetable.

**GUY.** Jesus.

**CARRIE.** Eh, it's been that way forever. Literally. From the second Lucy was born she just started dying. I love her! But after 20 years of laying in a hospital bed... it starts to drag you down.

**GUY.** At least she's not dead.

**CARRIE.** (Nonchalantly.) Honestly? Most of the time I wish she was dead.

**CARRIE.** Not in a murder way. She wishes she was dead too. Have you ever seen *My Sister's Keeper*? It's kind of like that. She's done with it all, all the hospitals and doctors and shit. She just wants to die. But there's no assisted suicide options where we are. So, she kind of just has to keep going, since she's not actively dying.

**GUY.** I see. That's... unfortunate.

**CARRIE.** It sucks balls.

**GUY.** Yeah, it does suck balls.

**CARRIE.** Can I ask you something?

**GUY.** Okay.

**CARRIE.** Why do you want me here? Why do you need an accomplice? You're doing the shooting, right? It doesn't take two to do that. You could say you're a lone gunman.

**GUY.** When the public learns about this, they're going to think I'm crazy. People always assume the assassins are crazy. Okay, then listen. People are going to assume that I'm insane. Even if I act perfectly rationally and explain why I did it, explain that things need to change here, they're going to write me off. When Phil dies, people are going to jump through hoops to explain why I did it. "He was angry, he was a lunatic." They aren't going to want to listen to anything I have to say. They aren't going to *hear me*, which is the entire point of this. So I need you to do it.

**CARRIE.** What?

**GUY.** You need to back up whatever I say. You'll technically have no part in the actual assassination, besides conspiracy to legally hunt, so even if they put me away for a while, you'll be okay. Relatively



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speaking. So when I tell the world why I did it, why I needed their attention, you need to agree. They'll trust you.

**CARRIE.** That wasn't part of the agreement.

**GUY.** To be fair, there was never really an official agreement. It's not that big of a deal.

**CARRIE.** It's a big deal to me.

**GUY.** They're going to think I'm blinded by hate, or bigotry, or just plain out of my mind.

**CARRIE.** Well I would have liked- *(Carrie is cut off as a loud screech echoes throughout the car and Guy swerves the wheel. Carrie screams as Guy slams on the brakes, and they both are thrust forward.)* Oh my god! What was that?

**GUY.** I don't know, I... did you see that?

**CARRIE.** That thing that hit the windshield? Yeah, how could I not?

**GUY.** It was so big. What was it? Where did it go?

**CARRIE.** Pull over.

**GUY.** For what?

**CARRIE.** So we can see what it was. What if it was a person?

**GUY.** A person didn't come flying at the window. And it was way smaller than a person.

**CARRIE.** Maybe it was a baby person. Guy, really, we should stop and make sure it's okay. Plus the windshield might be cracked, we need to check it out. And by "we" I mean "you." *(Begrudgingly, Guy pulls over. They both get out of the car and begin to walk around, searching the ground for whatever they've hit. Suddenly, Carrie gasps.)* Oh shit.

**GUY.** Dear God. *(Guy covers his mouth in surprise. There's a few moments of silence as both stare at the lump on the ground, unseen by the audience.)*

**CARRIE.** *(Attempting to lighten the mood.)* I thought owls were supposed to be wise. Not very smart to fly into a moving car, huh? *(Guy doesn't respond.)* Maybe he deserved it. Maybe he stole someone's Tootsie Pop.

**GUY.** That's not funny. *(He kneels.)* It's dying.

**CARRIE.** Poor guy must have hit the windshield pretty hard.

**GUY.** Jesus.

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**CARRIE.** Maybe he was trying to kill himself. Maybe we did him a favor.

**GUY.** Don't be ridiculous. *(Carrie begins to notice that Guy is becoming distraught: He can't tear his eyes away from the body.)*

**CARRIE.** Hey, it's okay.

**GUY.** Just... check the windshield, okay? Make sure there's no crack. We can't stop for long.

**CARRIE.** Okay. *(She walks away. Guy is left staring at the body of the owl.)*

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