

THE GOOD BADD SISTERS

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY KELLY BEAULIEU

CHARACTER #1 JENNY BADD

CHARACTER #2 ASTRID BADD

CHARACTER #3 CATHERINE BADD

CHARACTER #4 SMALL CHILD

CHARACTER #5 MOM

(A woman runs up in a track suit  
with a small child in tow.)

JENNY

Well, come on, you ingrate. Grandma probably has bananas in the kitchen. I just have to go open the stores. You watch grandma. Make sure she doesn't drive. I'll be back soon.

(Small child climb on counter and  
sits eating a banana.)

(Astrid enters. She does not  
notice the child. She is dressed in  
a choir gown. She quietly arranges  
a bouquet of flowers on the table  
and places a card on top She  
prepares to leave)

ASTRID

There we go mom. Something to brighten the room. Ok. I'm off. Catherine will be here soon.

CATHERINE

(She is lying on the couch under a quilt. She rolls over on the couch to reveal herself.)

No absolutely not.

(Astrid turns to the couch in alarm)

ASTRID

I have a wedding.

CATHERINE

You promised me that you would be around for the appointments.

ASTRID

It's my busy season. And I just thought. Since you were almost done. A day off wouldn't hurt.

CATHERINE

I drove 5 hours. I drove 5 hours and you were just coming in to drop off some flowers? She won't even be able to see them

ASTRID

Well she can smell them. Come on Cat, You know I made all the arrangements. Lorraine is bringing soup. Jamie is fixing a handrail in the main room so she can navigate. Jenny's kids are coming to check on her and bring..

SMALL CHILD

banana

(both adults scream and turn)

CATHERINE

Oh my god. When did that thing get here.

ASTRID

It's your relative not an object.

CATHERINE

Good. Now you are in charge of the thing and the appointment. I got no sleep. I'm going home. Not my circus. Not my monkeys.

(she packs a small garment bag)

SMALL CHILD

banana ( the small child places a banana in the bag)

ASTRID

Oh no no no. The last time I took one of Jenny's kids to a function they ate the bouquet and threw up on the flower girl.

CATHERINE

The last time I took one of Jenny's kids to my school she pooped in the principal's office. You can't even imagine how much that thing can shit.

ASTRID

I cleaned up all the poop on the slide at MacDonalds.

CATHERINE

Only because I paid for the meals.

ASTRID

The shit at in the ball room at the Fantasy Fair.

CATHERINE

I drove three vomiting kids from the cottage. And If your kids didn't have lice I wouldn't have had to stop by shoppers drug mart.

ASTRID

I cleaned up the vomit at Shoppers. And paid for the lice shampoo. Which your son gave my kids.

CATHERINE

No no It was definitely..

SMALL CHILD

Banana

Both run to the small child who drops the banana on the rug and smashes it with his foot.

ASTRID

I paid for this rug.

CATHERINE

Yeah, 10 years ago. Who bought the new paint and curtains.

ASTRID

I still don't want to see it wrecked.

CATHERINE

What, are you going to move in with mom and make sure her failing eyesight and lack of balance don't result in more damages to the 10 year old shag?

They fight over the washrag on the floor. Astrid pulls her hand back sharply

ASTRID

I broke a nail. Happy?

CATHERINE

Those aren't nails. They're claws. let me know how a one clawed broad fairs in the marriage racket.

ASTRID

It's not a racket. I sell hope. Just because your marriage ended in broken dishes and a lack of fluency in two languages doesn't mean my couples wont have happy endings.

CATHERINE

Happy endings. Hah. Like yours? At the end of fist? How delusional do you have to be to keep selling marriage after years of being kicked around.

ASTRID

That's a low blow. That's low even for you Cat. (beat) You see? This is why I don't come around. This is why I drop off flowers. Because of anger that surrounds you. You aren't a safe person for me, Cat.

CATHERINE

Since when.

ASTRID

Since you took my kids to the cottage. Since they witnessed you so slobbering sad you had to walk around with a 24 hour drink in your hand. You were either sloshed sanguine or hard out cold and comatose.

SMALL CHILD

Toast?

CATHERINE

I was having a good time. At least my kids saw that.

ASTRID

No. No they didn't.

CATHERINE

Well, fuck me , Mrs. Goody two shoes. At least they saw me swing back when my husband hit me. at least I didn't pretend I was Ms. Brady having a picnic while my husband was out having affairs and using me a punching bag.

SMALL CHILD

Bag? (hands Astrid a bag)

(Astrid sinks to the ground.  
Catherine slowly sits beside her.)

ASTRID

I suspect the kids saw it all. At least they'll have material for their therapist. (a beat)

(Cat tries to joke and make it better)

CATHERINE

Some people have RESP's. I'll already set up a CPTSA. A

Children's Therapist Savings Account.

ASTRID

(groans) I think the whole family should have an account.

Jenny bangs on the door and enters  
without listening for a response.

JENNY

Oh great. Both of you can take out the trash and clean this  
place up. I just had my kid checking in on her.

CATHERINE

You mean the three year old thing was supposed to be taking  
care of her. Oh that's rich.

ASTRID

In the group chat you said you would do mornings and  
sedation monitoring? Not your kids. Not a toddler. You cant  
keep pawning your kids off on us any time we come to visit  
mom.

JENNY

Pawning my kids off? I'm teaching them independence.

(She runs through the apartment  
looking for the small child.)

JENNY

He was eating a tampon by the way. He is supposed to be  
eating a

ASTRID AND CATHERINE

Banana (They start laughing)

JENNY

I cant leave you guys alone for 5 minutes. It's not funny.  
He was almost choking on a

ASTRID AND CATHERINE

Bag (they laugh even harder)

ASTRID AND CATHERINE

It's like our own children want the easy way out. 75 years

as a Badd sister. No thanks I'll take the rope. I'll put a bag over my head. I'll suck the shag off the carpet. But please.....

JENNY

I'm not cleaning this up. It's all over the carpet. I have five businesses to run. If you guys want to sit here and joke around while my child is poisoned or chokes. I'm off.

ASTRID AND CATHERINE

No wait. You forgot something...the (they motion to the child) Just because you were allergic to latex doesn't mean we have to babysit.

JENNY

Get out. Get out. I pay for this house, the internet,. I give mom a job and listen to her worries every day. Do you know she asks about the weather every single hour. Is there rain coming in...a possible snowstorm..? So if you two can't come in and take her for her god damn cataract surgery. Get out. Get out. You see her for one hour every couple of months. You think I'm the Badd sister? No. At least I'm around.

(She sobs. Astrid and Catherine come and put her arms around her)

ASTRID AND CATHERINE

We're here now.

JENNY

Too Late.

CATHERINE

It's never to late to get back to family. I mean, I have a lice infected hat I could throw into the ring if we want to have some family shampoo fun this weekend.

ASTRID

And I have a wedding he could destroy. I mean it's only a \$500 deposit on the venue. We could let him go ham. I'll take him while you guys take mom to the surgery.

JENNY

Too Late.

ASTRID

I know. It's 15 years too late. Our kids have grown up with out the cousins. Everyone's kind of in their own secret hell. They could have used each other.

CATHERINE

Family is good medicine. Even if it is bad parenting.

JENNY

Like I said, you're all too late. Now get out.

CATHERINE

One more chance. I'll hide the personal sanitation products and we could share some good family stories. Ones that don't involve self harm. We have some stories like that, don't we?

JENNY

It's too late. It's TOO LATE.

CATHERINE

Oh no, did she..

JENNY

Mom's surgery got moved up. She's been home for two days.

(Mom with black glasses stumbles into the living room)

MOM

Oh hi Catherine, Hi Jenny.

(She feels they're shoulders as she [passes each.]

Well there are the Badd sisters and one Badd brother. (She picks him up)

SMALL CHILD

Badd brudder.

(All laugh)

CATHERINE

At least we're not in a gang. or in jail. Or shooting up fentanyl or heroin.

MOM

Yes. I'll take my Badd kids just how they come. Whether they bring flowers, drive 5 hours hungover, or use work so they don't have to spend time with me. They're Badd kids but their my Badd kids.

SMALL CHILD

My bad.

MOM

Just don't get banana in the rug. Astrid will kill me.

Curtain.