

The Feast of St. Michael

by

Brian Fuller

Full Circle Media
mail@brianfuller.org
616.498.4336

04 January 2020

FADE IN:

A sets a bowl of blackberries in front of B.

A

Here.

B

What's this?

A

As you see. *Rubus fruticosus*.

B

It's the 12th of October.

A looks at a cellphone.

A

Looks that way.

B

So that's it. We're done? Is this supposed to be, like, a poetic way of breaking up?

A

What!?

B

Michaelmas. Poisoned Blackberry Day. The day of the Devil's Spit.

A

Are you on crack? What are you *talking* about?

B

(slower)

Poisoned Blackberry Day.

A stares for a beat, then

A

You understand that repeating the same bullshit doesn't make it make more sense, right...?

B

Michelmas. The Feast of St. Michael. The angel who kicked Lucifer's ass. Bounced him out of heaven. Lucifer landed in a blackberry bush. Thorny, right?

A

I swear to God you're making this up.

B

He's so mad at the blackberry bush, he spits on it. Or stomps on it. Breathes fire. Or maybe pisses. I don't know. Depends on who's telling the story, I guess.

A

Lucifer.

B

Well, he's the devil by the time he's thrown out of heaven. You know, Satan.

A

Okay. This is in the Bible?

B

Don't be dumb. Of course not.

A

Uhhh...

B

You know what's *really* happening, right?

A

I feel like I haven't known for a few minutes now.

B

What this *really* is, is just some supernatural explanation for why

blackberries don't taste so great
after September.

A
Like a 'just so' story.

B
Huh?

A
Kipling.

B
I never kippled.

A
Kipling the *author*. "How the
Camel Got His Hump." "How the
Leopard Got his Spots." "The
Elephant's Child."

B
Never read them.

A
Just... kids' stories that were
supposed to explain the origin of,
I don't know, like, a biological
trait or a cultural practice.

B
Okay, so we're saying the whole
Michelmas thing is the story of
"Why Blackberries don't taste good
in October."

A
Right.

B
So what about the bread?

A
What bread?

B
St. Michael bread.

A

Now you're just being ornery.

B

Made by the oldest daughter.
Without metal implements.

A looks at the bowl of blackberries.

A

Maybe I *am* breaking up with you.

FADE OUT