

The Feast of St. Michael

by

Brian Fuller

Full Circle Media  
[mail@brianfuller.org](mailto:mail@brianfuller.org)  
616.498.4336

250111a

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  
Huh. Maybe I *am* breaking up with  
you.

FADE OUT

## **INDEX**

The table of contents is empty because you aren't using the paragraph styles set to appear in it.