

Mother Krumm Sides

By

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Mrs. Krumm's Smith and Wesson revolver flashes in the sunlight as she moves over to the passenger seat. Aaron notices the gun as he slides into the driver's side.

His mother bows her head and folds her hands together as if praying. She begins shaking her head pitifully.

MOTHER KRUMM

Aaron. Aaron. Aaron...

AARON KRUMM

Yes?

MOTHER KRUMM

That was a rhetorical lament. It did not demand a response.

AARON KRUMM

So noted. Proceed.

MOTHER KRUMM

Aaron - my child of the corn - One of the many reasons I wish your father was dead is so that he could be spinning in his grave, seeing what you have done with your life.

AARON KRUMM

Yes...

MOTHER KRUMM

Still a rhetorical lament. Still no need to respond. Stop interrupting your Mother. I'm all you've got.

Aaron nods his head silently. He has been through this fire drill before.

MOTHER KRUMM (CONT'D)

You were an honors graduate at MIT in super-conductivity and a post doc fellow in string theory and what are you doing now? You are zigging in the chemistry of weed and zagging aimlessly in three of our dimensions.

Mrs. Krumm takes out her pistol from her side holster and sets it on the dashboard next to the fan.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER KRUMM (CONT'D)

A mother's life is not a happy one.
I do what I can.

AARON KRUMM

I believe my conviction as a felon
for possessing 26 ounces of weed
has something to do with my career
slide.

MOTHER KRUMM

But I have a plan for you to change
all that.

AARON KRUMM

To expunge my record...?

MOTHER KRUMM

Of course not, my only-begotten
son. You're going to roll in that
conviction like a pig in mud. I
have a plan that positively rewards
felons, strictly as felons, like
yourself. As a result, soon you
will be able to stand on your own
two financial feet.

AARON KRUMM

How adorable of you to dwell on
that negative aspect of my life.

MOTHER KRUMM

Let me cut to the chase: there is a
profound - what shall I call it? -
A profound weakness in our security
state to which I must call your
attention.

Aaron glances at his mother, then looks away into the
neutral distance.

AARON KRUMM

Pray tell me.

Mother Krumm begins to warm to her subject.

MOTHER KRUMM

You see, my wayward child, the
Government goes to bed afraid at
night and it does not wake up any
less afraid in the morning. It
frets more often than a hooker at
Sunday school.