

"ANGRY SNOW"
by Dan Trujillo
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*(TERRY, 30s-40s, with a snow shovel,
outside his house in the snow, speaks
to his neighbor:)*

TERRY

Oh, don't worry, I'll shovel the snow off your sidewalk, Steve. You don't even have to pay me. I'll shovel right up to the curb. 'Cause that's the kind of snow-shoveler I am, Steve.

But at the office? When you're helping Eileen change the toner on the copier? With that uh saintly smile? Or when -- wait, at the Christmas party, next week -- when you're looking down at your shoes, and you're telling everyone about how you used to...whatever, work in a homeless shelter, or gave your mom a kidney...whatever it is that week, you'll look up with your -- your saintly smile, and you'll see me smiling right back at you. And you'll know you're not so great, 'cause I shoveled your sidewalk, for free. Who's the saint now? Not you.

I bust myself hard all week, and all I hear from everyone is what a cool guy Steve is. My wife thinks you look like Ewan MacGregor. Well, how do you like this, Handsome-Guy? Huh, Decent-Face? Did you ever think when you were out there doing your good-guy thing, when you were out there being all perfect, about how it made me look? But now I'm your flaw, your walking, breathing scar...you're never gonna think you're so great again. I'm like your raven. "Nevermore."

Hey. Hey. Put down that shovel. I'm shoveling your sidewalk. Steve. Put it down. Don't make me get my snowblower. Steve! STEVE!