

Stone Cold Love

By

Anthony Wood

copyright 2015

[tony@smokingmonkey.net](mailto:tony@smokingmonkey.net)

OPEN:

In the dark we hear piano music rise; *"I'm In The Mood For Love."*

As the music rises a light comes up center. We see WILMA FLINTSTONE standing center stage in front of a microphone. She is a chanteuse in a fur cave-woman dress, rock necklace and bracelet. Her hair is up in her typical bun. She sings, slowly and lustily.

WILMA

"I'm in the mood for rocks,  
Simply because they're granite.  
Funny, but when you man it.  
I'm in the mood for rocks."

The lights go black. Replacing the piano is the sound of explosions and mortar shells. Sitting center stage surrounded by the wood blocks is BARNEY RUBBLE. He is blonde, short and wears a brown cave man suit and an army helmet. He holds a machine gun. He calls offstage in recognizable Barney Rubble fashion.

BARNEY

Fred! Hey, Fred! Over here!

Dodging on stage is FRED FLINTSTONE. He wears his orange cave man suit, army helmet and carries a similar gun to Barney's. He is unshaven and chomps on a cigar butt. He climbs into the "fox-hole" with Barney.

FRED

Phew! Made it! Nice call, Barn.

They duck down as the explosions and gunfire continue.

BARNEY

I don't think we're gonna make it  
out of this one, Fred.

FRED

Just stay down and hold tight, pal.  
We'll be fine. Help is on it's way.

A loud explosion is heard and the two duck and freeze. Fred stands and steps down stage as the lights change.

FRED

(To the audience.)

In a few hundred thousand years  
sombodys gonna say "war is hell."  
And they'd be right. Our unit got  
stationed in the Jurassic flats at  
the base of the Appalaich-Rock  
mountains. Our job was to hold back  
three battalions of Cro-Mags that  
crossed the river at Anthrocite  
Station. Cro-Mags...mindless  
savages. You walk upright, sharpen  
a stick and use a few tools you  
think you can take over the world.  
Well, not in Bedrock, pal. Not in  
Bedrock.

Throughout Fred's speech Barney has very slowly walked up  
behind him.

BARNEY

Hey, Fred...who're you talkin' to?

FRED

The audience.

Barney squints out at the audience.

BARNEY

Uhhhhh I don't see nobody.

FRED

It's a theatrical device. Do you  
mind?

BARNEY

Yeah, but uhhhh theatre ain't gonna  
be invented for another eight  
hundred thousand years yet.

FRED

Who asked you?! Get back in the  
fox-hole!

(to the sound booth.)

Cue the war noises.

The explosions and gun sounds return. Fred and Barney are  
back in the "fox-hole."

BARNEY

I don't think we're gonna make it  
out of this one, Fred.

FRED

Just stay down and hold tight, pal.  
We'll be fine. Help is on it's way.

The sound effects start to fade.

FRED

I think they stopped for a while.  
At least to reload, anyway.

BARNEY

It doesn't look good, does it Fred?

FRED

I won't lie to you, pal, things are  
lookin' pretty bleak. The platoon's  
all but gone. The unit commander  
bought it three clicks back.

BARNEY

Sgt. Rock? Damn!

FRED

Once those three platoons of  
Cro-Mags cross that hill, we'll be  
nothin' but ground Tyranasaurus  
burgers.

BARNEY

(Panicking.)

I...I don't want to die, Fred! God,  
I don't want to die! Don't let me  
die!

Fred grabs Barney by the shoulder and slaps him across the  
face.

FRED

Come on, Barn! Buck up! You want  
those glorified Neaderthals to see  
you like this? Act like a man, for  
God's sake!

BARENY

(Recovering.)

Sorry, Fred.

FRED

Calm down, pal. Try to think of  
something else. Take your mind off  
it.

(Trying to help.)

So you, uh...you live in Bedrock,  
don't you?

BARNEY

Yeah.

FRED

What neighborhood?

BARNEY

The corner of Concrete Street and  
Conglomerate Avenue.

FRED

Nice.

BARNEY

Kind of a round house...Round  
windows. Flat roof on top. Got all  
those new gadgets for the wife, you  
know? The Bird Beak Record Player,  
Mini Elephant Trunk Vacuum Cleaner.  
Nothin' but the best for my Betty.

Barney takes a picture from his pocket and shows it to Fred.

BARNEY

That's her.

FRED

Pretty...Big, beautiful eyes.

BARNEY

Yeah...that's what I fell in love  
with first.

Fred takes out a photo and shows it to Barney.

FRED

That's my Wilma.

BARNEY

Hmm...kind of, uhhhh beady little  
eyes, huh?

FRED

What are you saying?

BARNEY

Nothing, nothing...she's gorgeous,  
Fred.

FRED

(Tucking the photo away.)

Yeah.

BARNEY

How'd you meet?

FRED

She was working over at the USO  
Club on Igneous Street. I remember  
it like it was yesterday.

The lights shift back to the club lighting. Wilma stands by  
the mike. The piano music rises; "As Time Goes BY"

WILMA

"You must remember this

Amethyst is Amethyst

Calcite is just Calcite

The world will always welcome rocks

As time goes by."

Fred is smitten by her. She starts to walk past him.

FRED

(Applauding.)

Excuse me, miss?

She stops.

FRED

I just wanted to say, you sing  
beautifully.

WILMA

Thanks, soldier.

FRED

Have a drink with me?

WILMA

I'm sorry, we're not aloud to  
fraternize. Excuse me.

She starts away.

FRED

That song...Benny GoodRock, wasn't  
it?

WILMA

No. It's from that romantic film  
"CasablancRock."

FRED  
Oh, sure. Well, anyway, you sang  
the most beautiful version I ever  
heard.

She laughs her little "Wilma" laugh.

WILMA  
Really?

FRED  
Cross my heart.

WILMA  
Well...I guess I could sit with you  
for a minute or two.

FRED  
Great.

WILMA  
Just don't let my boss, Mr. Slate  
see me.

FRED  
So, what's your name?

WILMA  
Wilma...Wilma Sedimentary.

FRED  
Gee, that's a nice name. I'm Fred  
Flintstone, pleased to meet you.

They shake hands. He holds on to her hand a bit longer. The piano begins: "What'll I Do?"

FRED  
Wilma? I know we just met and  
everything, but I'm gonna be  
shipped out to the front in two  
days. Could you...Would you mind  
givin' a lonely soldier one last  
dance before then?

WILMA  
Sure, Fred. Sure.

They stand center stage, hold each other close and dance slowly. The music plays for a bit, then the lights fade. The music ends. The lights fade up and Fred is slow dancing with Barney, holding him close. Barney is confused.

BARNEY  
Uuuuuuh, hey Fred. Why are we  
dancin'?

Fred stops, shocked, and pushes Barney away.

FRED  
Barney?! What gives?!

BARNEY  
You got me, Fred. You were the one  
leading.

FRED  
Okay, rule number one: Hands off in  
the fox-hole!

BARNEY  
You gotta get those flashbacks  
under control.

Frustrated, Fred sits.

FRED  
Ahhh, I know. It's Wilma, I can't  
stop thinkin' about her.

BARNEY  
I know what you mean. I keep  
thinkin' about Summers in Bedrock.  
Betty and I used to go over to the  
Greasy Bone Drive-In. Order up a  
platter of those deluxe  
Brontosaurus ribs. They were so  
huge they'd tip over the whole car.

FRED  
Yeah, they were somethin' all  
right. I keep seein' me and Wilma  
married. A little house. Some kids.  
I always wanted a little girl. Red  
hair. Name her...Gravel or  
somethin', I don't know.

BARNEY  
Betty and I always talked about  
havin' a boy. Name him Bam-bam.

FRED  
Why Bam-bam?

BARNEY

Cause that's the sound we heard  
when we made him.

(He pumps his fist.)

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The two men start laughing. Suddenly a shot rings out and Barney crumples to the ground. Fred runs to him.

FRED

(Frantic.)

Barney! BARNEY!!!

The lights go out. They fade back up with the piano; "IO'll Be Seeing You." Wilma is wiping off the tables and cleaning up. Fred enters.

WILMA

(Startled.)

Fred.

FRED

Hello, Wilma.

WILMA

We're closed right now, but we'll open back up at--

FRED

I haven't got much time. I'm shipping out in three hours. But before I go I wanted to ask you somethin'.

WILMA

What?

FRED

Do you ever think...If you close you're eyes real hard and think...that a girl like you could maybe, someday, see herself ending up with a guy like me?

She turns away, blushing.

FRED

I know I'm not much to look at. And I'm not very bright. I'm thick and heavy and I always got 5 o'clock shadow. But I'm a hard worker. I'm strong. I can stop a car on a dime. And I'd make a good husband...and a good father.

There is a pause.

FRED  
So...anyway.

WILMA  
(Turning back to him.)  
Yes, Fred. Yes, I could definitely  
see myself ending up that way.

FRED  
(Smiling.)  
Okay. That's all I wanted to know.

He turns to go. She pulls the photograph from her pocket.

WILMA  
I got this. A photo of me. it's not  
much, but...

She hands it to him. he looks at it.

FRED  
I'll keep it close.

WILMA  
You do that. You be careful, all  
right?

FRED  
I will.

WILMA  
So.

FRED  
So.

There is an unbearable pause. They can fight it no longer  
and rush into each other's arms, sharing a passionate kiss.  
She pulles away and exits, crying. he stand solemnly center  
stage. the piano and lights fade. In the darkness we hear a  
wounded barney.

BARNEY  
Fred! I can't see! God, I can't see  
anything, Fred! Fred!

The lights come up. Fred cradles Barney in his lap as  
distant gunfire is heard. barney is definitely on the verge  
of death.

FRED  
I'm here, Barn.

BARNEY  
Looks like I ain't gonna make it  
Fred.

FRED  
Stop talkin' like that, you hear  
me?

BARNEY  
(Weakly.)  
Maybe...maybe in another life, huh?  
Maybe we'd be next door neighbors.  
Our kids would play together...our  
wives would shop together...heck,  
maybe we'd even be on a bowling  
team together.

FRED  
That'd be somethin', wouldn't it?

BARNEY  
I'm cold Fred...I'm so cold.

FRED  
I gotcha, pal. I gotcha.

Fred pulls Barney closer.

BARNEY  
Hey, Fred...would you do one last  
thing for me?

FRED  
What's that pal?

BARNEY  
Would you sing a song for me? I  
just wanna hear one more song  
before I go.

Fred's heart is breaking. It's everything he can do not to  
break down.

FRED  
I don't--I don't know any songs,  
pal.

Barney starts to fade as the gunfire gets closer.

BARNEY

Just one...just one...

Fred bolsters up his courage and begins to sing, very slowly and with deep feeling.

FRED

"Let's ride with the family down  
the street.

Through the courtesy of Fred's two  
feet..."

Lights fade on them and up on Wilma. the piano plays with her as she sings at the microphone.

WILMA

"When your with the Flintstones

Have a Yabba-Dabba-Doo time

A Dabba-Doo Time

We'll have a gay old time."

Lights up on Fred. He is kneeling with his arms in the air in the classic, Willem Dafoe "Platoon" pose. He holds Wilma's photo in his hand as gunfire erupts. His body convulses as he yells out.

FRED

WILLLLLLLLL-MAAAAAAAAAA!

He falls to the ground as the lights fade out.

THE END.