

KILL ME, PLEASE!

By Rhea MacCallum

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KILL ME, PLEASE!**By Rhea MacCallum**

SYNOPSIS: It's late at night. The street is deserted. A serial killer is on the loose. A young woman sits and waits. Expectantly.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 1 male)*

GLORIA (f) 20s and up. *(58 lines)*
 STAN (m) Scuffy looking. 20s and up.
(56 lines)

DURATION: 10 minutes**SETTING:** Park bench**TIME:** Late at night**PROPS**

- Tote bag or purse
- Book or magazine
- Latex tie
- Scrapbook
- Large knife

COSTUMES

GLORIA is modestly dressed.

STAN wears a long, dark trench coat.

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

KILL ME, PLEASE! premiered with Theatre Encino as part of Valentine's Day Massacre & Other Love Stories in 2011. Directed by Eric Ashmore. Cast: Gloria – Shannon Nelson; Stan – Joshua Sterling.

DEDICATION

For my sister, Laura

DO NOT COPY

AT RISE: *GLORIA is sitting on a park bench. Night. Nearby lamppost occasionally flickers. She's holding a book or magazine, but spends more time checking her surroundings than attempting to read. She smiles and seems almost giddy as STAN approaches. He looks around before sitting down.*

GLORIA: Hello!

STAN mumbles something and gives a slight head nod. GLORIA appears eager for something to happen. It does, STAN moves closer. GLORIA smiles.

STAN: You know a pretty girl such as yourself shouldn't be out so late. All. Alone.

GLORIA: You think I'm pretty?!

STAN is thrown.

STAN: Do you have the time?

GLORIA: Twelve, eighteen and... 30 seconds.

STAN: Kinda late.

GLORIA: Yes.

STAN: Pretty dangerous. Neighborhood. (*Moves closer. GLORIA is not intimidated by this.*)

GLORIA: I know.

STAN: You waiting for somebody?

GLORIA: Yes.

STAN: In this neighborhood, at this hour? Who you lookin' to meet?

GLORIA: The Slasher. I understand this is a favorite haunt of his. You know who I mean, that serial killer who's been in the news lately?

STAN: Yeah...

GLORIA: He's done some really interesting work. (*Makes jabbing motions that startle STAN.*) Totally disembowels his victims.

STAN: Right.

GLORIA: I'm here to meet him. Hopefully.

STAN: Why?

GLORIA: Because.

STAN: Because, why?

GLORIA: I don't want to tell you, unless you're him. Are you The Slasher?

STAN: If I were, would I admit to it?

GLORIA: Why would you deny it? The Slasher is brilliant. His work will be studied for years. There's no question. He's got a real technique.

STAN: So you want to meet him?

GLORIA: Well, if you must know, I intend on being his next victim.

STAN: Really.

GLORIA: *(Throughout she is trying to determine whether or not STAN is The Slasher.)* Oh, yes. I've read everything about him and I've grown to admire his work. How he makes a small incision at the jugular first, then ties his victim's hands behind their back and disembowels them as they writhe. The paper said he uses rope but I'm afraid that'll chaff my wrists so I brought a latex tie. *(Pulls it out of her purse.)* And I went to Super Cuts for a new do and the Clinique counter for a facial. I hope he doesn't mind leaving me face up or seated, seated would be better. I'd like the pictures to look good. I realize I'll never get to see them, so whatever happens, happens, I guess I'll have to be OK with it. I just thought it would be nice, for the newspapers and books and all, to at least be pretty in death. *(Pause.)* So how do you want to do this? Is there a position you want me to get into? Or...? You are The Slasher, aren't you?

STAN: Slasher. Just Slasher.

GLORIA: But in the paper—

STAN: Reporters. Think they're so smart. I signed my letter Slasher. Just Slasher. There's really no need to tack on a definite article. I don't like it. I'm Slasher.

GLORIA: Oh, I kind of liked it. The Slasher.

STAN grimaces.

GLORIA: But Slasher works. *(Pause.)* So, what should I do? Tell me what to do.

STAN: Why do you want to die?

GLORIA: I'm ready.

STAN: Why?

GLORIA: I don't really have anything to live for?

STAN: Family?

GLORIA: Oh, my mother's dead. My father abandoned us when I was a child. I have a half-sister somewhere, but the last time I sent a Christmas card to her it came back – no forwarding address.

STAN: Friends?

GLORIA: There's someone I sometimes eat lunch with at work when I'm running late and have to eat in the cafeteria.

STAN: OK.

GLORIA: But I don't really like her very much. I'd be happier eating alone, but every time she sees me in the cafeteria she waves me over and I go because it would be rude to just ignore her.

STAN: Neighbors?

GLORIA: Eh. Most are closed doors and TV hums through hallway walls. There is an old man with a cat who lives downstairs. He looks at me funny. The only conversation, if you call it that, we ever had, he offered that he'd let me pet his pussy, if I let him pet mine. Needless to say, he gives me the creeps.

STAN: But I don't?

GLORIA: No.

STAN: Even though I'm Slasher.

GLORIA: *(Shrugs.)* Can we do this now? Will you kill me? Please.

STAN: No.

GLORIA: What?

STAN: I don't think so.

GLORIA: But I'm here and you're here and I'm ready. *(Pause.)* This is so typical. I never get what I want. Nothing ever works out for me. Why won't you kill me? I'm here. I'm ready. I'm willing.

STAN: You're not scared! *(Quieter.)* I need you to be afraid. You're a lot of things but afraid isn't one of them.

GLORIA: I could be afraid. *(He scoffs.)* Here, let me try.

GLORIA makes a face. STAN shakes his head. She tries again. He's unmoved.

GLORIA: Maybe if you pulled out your knife.

STAN does so.

GLORIA: Ooooooo, shiny!

STAN: Oh, geez.

GLORIA: What? It's pretty. (*Uses it to look at herself, fixes her hair, then nicks her finger.*) And sharp! Bet that's handy.

STAN: Ginsu. Doesn't just cut through aluminum cans. This baby breezes through cartilage, small bones—

GLORIA: Cool.

STAN: No, not cool. Big shiny knife is supposed to scare you, but there's no fear here. I prey on the unsuspecting. That's my joy. But you! You saw me coming. I lean into you.

STAN leans in, GLORIA smiles.

STAN: And you smile. What is up with that? I'm creepy. I haven't showered in days. My smell should repulse you. I'm wearing a trench coat. It's not cold out. I don't need the layers. It's dark, it's late, you're a woman, I'm a man. You're supposed to be afraid of me. (*Gets in GLORIA'S face.*)

GLORIA: You have the most beautiful eyes.

STAN: What?!

GLORIA: Has anyone ever told you that?

STAN: My eyes have seen unspeakable horrors, the like you can't even begin to imagine.

GLORIA: Oh, I'm sure. Abusive mother, alcoholic father—

STAN: Nonono. Well, yes, but I mean horrors of my own creation. I have done things to the human body no one should ever do.

GLORIA: Don't doctors and scientists dissect bodies? I bet with a better up bringing you could've been a doctor.

STAN: No, it's not the same. Wait. Really? You think I could've been a doctor.

GLORIA: Totally. The paper said your cuts are clean and precise. Like a surgeon.

STAN: Really? What paper was that in?

GLORIA: Press Telegram.

STAN: Damn, I missed that one. Do you remember what date that came out?

GLORIA: *(Pulling a scrapbook from purse.)* It was a couple weeks ago. *(Flips through pages.)* See, right there. *(Pointing it out to STAN.)* Like a surgeon.

STAN: Well, I'll be.

GLORIA: That's part of what helped me decide that you should be the one to kill me. I figured if that was true, you must really care about your work.

STAN: *(Flipping through the book some more.)* I'm so perplexed.

GLORIA: Why?

STAN: I'm not sure if I should kill you or marry you.

GLORIA: Marry! *(Stands up. Truly offended.)* I came here to die, not to be tortured!

STAN: Settle down. It's just... I don't think anyone's ever shown such an interest in me, my work, before. I mean, not like this. *(Waves scrapbook.)*

GLORIA: Oh, well. That's just a hobby of mine. Scrapbooking.

STAN: Yeah?

GLORIA: Only most of my scrapbooks are of places, not people.

STAN: Your vacations?

GLORIA: Not exactly. *(Pause.)* I've never been anywhere. I just like to collect pretty pictures of places and group them together.

STAN: Places you want to visit?

GLORIA nods.

STAN: Like where?

GLORIA: The African Safari. Castles in Ireland and Scotland, where everything is so green. France. The countryside, not Paris. Paris is so... overdone.

STAN: Why don't you go to one of those places? *(Pause.)* Just pick one and go.

GLORIA: By myself?

STAN shrugs, why not.

GLORIA: That just seems... too... sad.

STAN: Maybe you'd meet someone along the way.

GLORIA: I couldn't.

STAN: Why not?

GLORIA: I'd rather die.

STAN: Damn.

GLORIA: What?

STAN: I don't want to kill you, but... You can identify me. That's a problem. I kinda can't let you live at this point, can I?

GLORIA: So you'll do it?

STAN: No.

GLORIA: But... you just said.

STAN: I know. But I can't. I like you. You're so... you. And this is probably the longest conversation I've had with a woman in months.

GLORIA: Then that's it then? I'm not going to die tonight.

STAN: Not by my hand. I hope not at all.

GLORIA laughs.

STAN: What?

GLORIA: You want me to live. A serial killer wants me to live.

STAN: I think I'd like to see you again.

GLORIA: Really?

STAN: If that's not being too forward. You know, maybe, somewhere with better lighting. Earlier in the evening. Indoors. Maybe with food. *(Pause.)* Do you think that's possible? That we could, you know, do that some time?

GLORIA: You're asking me out on a date? An actual date.

STAN: Yeah.

GLORIA: *(Pause.)* OK.

Lights out.

THE END