

A Reasonable Plan

by

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Cast of Characters

SHABE:

28

BLOCK:

50

Place

Car

Time

Night

Setting: Shabe and Block sit in Block's car.

At Rise: Shabe and Block stare at an apartment from inside the car.

Shabe and Block stare at apartment from inside Block's car:

BLOCK: When his light go off, we move.

SHABE: Okay.

BLOCK: I don't like way you look.

SHABE: How do I look?

BLOCK: You look like fuck things up.

SHABE: Fuck it up? No, no, I'm fine, focused, I'm focused.

BLOCK: Have more coffee, relax nerves.

Shabe motions to grab a thermos and his hand quivers. Block grabs Shabe's arm violently and squeezes.

You shake like little girl.

SHABE: Stop it man! I can have nerves, that's normal, that comes with the job.

BLOCK: (laughs) You tiny baby.

SHABE: I said stop it, man.

BLOCK: Or what? What you gonna do to me? Huh? You do something to me tough girl?

SHABE: I'm not doing anything to you but stop calling me a girl.

(beat)

BLOCK: I am not sure about you.

SHABE: Stop pressuring me and I'll be fine. Everything leading up to this has been nothing but pressure coming from you and quite frankly it's not necessary.

BLOCK: Sure it necessary. Everything necessary in work. When I first saw you I think, no way this boy do job. I have no choice but make you strong like bull or you stay as little squiggly pig.

SHABE: You are the one making me nervous. You! If it weren't for you I'd be fine.

BLOCK: Shut up.

SHABE: But it's true. If you eased up on me, I wouldn't be so stressed out. I know what I have to do and you egging me on doesn't help.

BLOCK: You better do job.

SHABE: I am!

BLOCK: Stop shouting, I smack you like bitch.

SHABE: Yeah, okay, that's the only thing you can resort to, isn't it? You and your disgusting way of speaking, everything so violent, there's no proper communication, always violence, all you know is violence.

BLOCK: Yes, this I know.

SHABE: And you're proud of it?

BLOCK: I am friends with violence.

SHABE: Why? Don't you know how to be more civil?

BLOCK: Civil? Ha, ha, ha. Where I come from there is no civil, only violence. Violence get things done.

SHABE: It's a horrible way to be in life. That's what's wrong with the world. When people don't get their way, they have to do terrible things to shake up the system.

BLOCK: What you mean system?

SHABE: The status quo of how things are...society wants to have an even level playing field but guys like you always throw a wrench.

BLOCK: Throw a who?

SHABE: You see? You have two brain cells in your brain and that's why you are like the Incredible Hulk with your grunting and punching. You can't think!

BLOCK: Slow down.

SHABE: Too fast for you?

Observing window in building.

BLOCK: Shut up. I see movement.

SHABE: (also looking) I've never killed anyone before.

BLOCK: (sarcastically) Really?

SHABE: This isn't my thing. This is your thing.

BLOCK: This your thing, too.

SHABE: What if I paid you...to do it, instead of me?

BLOCK: I cannot.

SHABE: Listen man, your boss is a sick, twisted person, alright? I shouldn't be the one doing this...

BLOCK: You should be.

SHABE: Please, let me give you a nice some of cash. I can't have blood on my hands, I can't. I know why your boss is doing this and it isn't right. He's going to own me for the rest of my life and I can't allow that to happen.

Please, we can work out a deal together, just you and me, it will be our special secret...

I'll pay you a bundle of cash and you can go in their and kill that man. And I know you have to take a photo of me killing the guy and everything, I get it, but can't you just say the camera didn't work? Make up some story so he will believe you and this way I can own my life.

I'll give you fifty grand. How does fifty grand sound? That's gotta be a good sum for an animal like you, right? Fifty thousand dollars and you take care of it, I'll sit right here in the car, no photos and you can say I did the deed. You tell your boss you witnessed me shoot the poor bastard, kill him and I can go about my merry way.

Yeah? Doesn't that sound like a reasonable plan?

BLOCK: No deal.

SHABE: Why not?

BLOCK: I must take photo only.

SHABE: Come on! Forget the stupid photo. Just go in their and kill the fucker, that's what you do, that's your life, it's easy for you.

BLOCK: I must take photo of you.

SHABE: This is so sick! Isn't killing the guy enough? Why does there have to be evidence?

BLOCK: Exactly. There must be evidence, like you say.

SHABE: But why?!

BLOCK: Because it is only way.

SHABE: Bullshit! I'm not doing this shit!

Block pulls out gun and jams it in Shabe's mouth.

BLOCK: Listen, little baby girl...if you don't kill that man than I will put hole through your throat and watch you choke to death...yeah?

Shabe nods yes.

Block takes gun out of Shabe's mouth.

SHABE: You chipped my tooth...

BLOCK: Light go off. We go now.

Block gets out of car and slams door shut.

Shabe remains in the car.

Block gestures for Shabe to come out of the car.

Shabe nods no.

Block walks around to Shabes side of the car. Shabe locks his door. Block tries to open it and gets angry when the door doens't open. Block taps on the glass and then punches the top of the car hood. Block walks around to his side of the car and gets back in.

Block begins to choke Shabe to the point of nearly killing him. Block releases Shabe just in time to catch his breath.

(pause.)

SHABE: Just kill me. Kill me. I can't do it...I won't do it...I might as well be dead. My life will be over. Don't you see?

Shabe motions to grab Blocks gun and the two men battle over control. The gun goes off and Block is shot directly in the forehead...he remains motionless

Shabe pants and freaks out. He gets out of the car and runs off.

END OF PLAY