

Waiting In The Wings

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2019

www.MonologueBlogger.com

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

JOHAN:

40's

WENDY:

20's

Place

Durrant's Nightclub

Time

3:25 AM

Setting: A small nightclub in a suburban neighborhood.

At Rise: Johan and Wendy stare at Durran's dead body.

DON: Blame me...that's what we'll do, blame me.

WENDY: No way.

JOHAN: We have to.

WENDY: I'm not blaming you. I did it. I'm the one that did it.

JOHAN: What if we bury him?

WENDY: And then what?

JOHAN: File a missing person report.

WENDY: That's not a lie I can live with my entire life.

JOHAN: We don't have a choice.

WENDY: There's always a choice!

JOHAN: This...*this*...

WENDY: Johan---

JOHAN: Damn it! We bury this bastard out in the desert and go on living life like nothing ever happened. That's it!

WENDY: I can tell the police it was self-defense.

JOHAN: They'll never let you off the hook.

WENDY: You be the witness!

JOHAN: I'm telling you that story won't work.

WENDY: But it's TRUE, isn't it?

JOHAN: Sometimes lies are better than truth, Wendy.

WENDY: I don't know what came over me. When I entered this room to get my money, I was in some sort of trance. To be honest, I can't recall ever feeling like I did. It was like an out of body experience of some kind...I was present, had all my senses, but I was seeing things differently.

WENDY (cont'd): It was like I was watching myself, but still behaving as myself. That make any sense to you?

...I wasn't up for anymore of his disgusting games. I couldn't bare not one more second of it....when he placed his heavy hand on my thigh, it was like a trigger went off in my brain. Something else waiting in the wings took over and before I knew it he had that knife sticking out from his chest.

Maybe, I had it planned. I must have had it all worked out in my mind somehow, for all them times he put his chunky fingers on my body. Somewhere in back of my head, was swimming around an idea...I think maybe I had imagined all of it before and now it's true. It all came true!

It was so natural, as if it was meant to happen. I feel empty. No anger, no sadness. Just numb. That normal? Maybe I've gone crazy. Have I gone crazy?

JOHAN: You haven't gone crazy, Wendy?

Johna hands her a bottle of water.

Have some water, calm down...

WENDY: ...You're right.

JOHAN: About what?

WENDY: We can't go to the cops. They'll lock us both up and throw away the key. All they're gonna see is a dead man's body and they won't ever question the why of things.

JOHAN: You did kill him, Wendy.

WENDY: I know I did. Don't you know I know I did?

JOHAN: Look, I can help you.

WENDY: HOW?

JOHAN: First of all, you need to keep your shit together.

WENDY: I'm trying, but I just killed a man.

JOHAN: You have to focus. Can't go around being frantic now.

WENDY: Alright, alright, okay.

JOHAN: We need to take proper steps and be as clear-minded as we can be or else we're gonna be in the shit.

WENDY: Why not just go to the police and turn me in?

JOHAN: No.

WENDY: This is my problem. You shouldn't even be mixed up in any of this.

JOHAN: Wendy, you know I can't let that happen.

WENDY: Yes, you can.

JOHAN: No, I can't and I won't. I know the sort of things he was up to...not just with you, but with all the girls. I even talked to him about it all nonchalantly, and he basically said that if I didn't like it, I could find another job, and well...I'm glad you killed him. I was aiming to do it myself, if you really wanna know my truth...you got to him first, so we might as well finish things up together.

WENDY: You were thinking about killing Durran?

JOHAN: Trying to work up the nerve, but yeah.

WENDY: If you hadn't walked back in here, I don't know what I would be doing right now.

JOHAN: Forget all that. Here's the game plan. I'm going back to the video room and I'm switching out the tapes. That's the first thing. Next thing, we gotta wrap him up and put him in my truck. Next thing, we gotta clean up this place. There's blood on the couch, floor and, uh, there's blood on you....once we clean up this place, I'm gonna drop you off home...I want you to run inside and take off all your clothes. Put them in a plastic bag and bring them back out to me, I'll get rid of them. Shower up, have a cup of tea, do what you do and as far as you know I gave you a lift home and that was that. Like any other normal night after work. Okay?

WENDY: Feels too easy, like something's missing.

JOHAN: Nothing's missing.

WENDY: Yeah, there is, what about my car?

JOHAN: Where's your car?

WENDY: Out back.

JOHAN: Alright, so, I'll follow you home, so you can give me the bag of clothes, but you can't get any blood stains anywhere in your vehicle. Evidence. We can't leave any clues behind. Nothing!

WENDY: I think we're in too deep.

JOHAN: What do you mean?

WENDY: There's too much drama. We're gonna get nailed.

JOHAN: Not if we take our time and do one step at a time.

WENDY: I've never done anything like this before.

JOHAN: Have some more water and relax. There's no rush. We have all night to get everything settled.

WENDY: We don't!

JOHAN: What?

WENDY: The porter. Isn't the porter coming here soon? It's Wednesday. Don't the porter come on Wednesday?

JOHAN: Does he?

WENDY: Yes!

JOHAN: How do you know?

WENDY: Cause I remember these things.

JOHAN: Are you sure?

WENDY: I'm definitely sure.

JOHAN: What time's the porter come?

WENDY: 4 AM.

JOHAN: That's in thirty-minutes!

WENDY: Oh shit, shit, shit.

JOHAN: Damn, damn, damn.

WENDY: Oh, no!

JOHAN: What??

WENDY: Durrans car. What we gonna do about his stupid car?

JOHAN: Oh, shit damn. I didn't think of that. Okay, let me, uh, okay, after you shower---I'll wait for you---get back in my truck and we'll drive back to the club and you get in Durrans car and drive it back to his place. I'll follow you. We drop off his car and uh, you get back in my truck and uh, I'll drop you back home and then I'll bury him out in the desert.

WENDY: I'm not getting in that fucker's car.

JOHAN: I'll drive his car, you drive my truck, okay?

WENDY: That's the plan?

JOHAN: That's the plan.

WENDY: We are fucked!

JOHAN: We have thirty-minutes and we better get moving.

WENDY: We are so fucked.

JOHAN: I don't know what else to do, Wendy.

WENDY: Neither do I.

JOHAN: Let's find some wrapping materials, we gotta wrap him up.

WENDY: In what though?

JOHAN: Saran wrap.

WENDY: Saran wrap a body?

JOHAN: Yeah.

WENDY: There enough for a body?

JOHAN: Makes sense, don't it?

WENDY: What about a rug?

JOHAN: Where we gonna get a rug?

WENDY: Right here, under this table.

JOHAN: I don't think it's big enough.

WENDY: It's just to get him to your truck, ain't it?

JOHAN: Let's try it, then.

Johan and Wendy work together to walk the table off the small rug. Johna places the rug in front of where Durran is at the base of the couch.

That's good.

WENDY: What now?

JOHAN: Well, I'm gonna lift him on to the rug.

WENDY: You are?

JOHAN: ...Yeah, that's the whole point of the rug, ain't it?

WENDY: But how you gonna roll him in the rug when he's got that knife sticking out his chest.

JOHAN: What do you mean?

WENDY: I'm sayin' ain't the knife gonna get pushed in deeper.

JOHAN: He's dead, so what?

WENDY: It grosses me out.

JOHAN: This has to be done.

WENDY: Can't you just pull out the knife and then roll rug him?

JOHAN: Are you serious?

WENDY: It's freaking me out, just take out the knife!

JOHAN: Oh, hell!

Johan pulls the knife out of Durran's chest.

Durran coughs, opens his eyes and stands. He slowly raises his arm pointing at Wendy. He collapses dead on the rug.

Holy hell!

WENDY: He just pointed at me.

JOHAN: What the hell was that?

WENDY: Did you see him pointing at me?

JOHAN: He landed perfectly on the rug.

WENDY: Why did he point at me, Johan?

JOHAN: Cause, I don't know, cause you killed him.

WENDY: But he ain't dead.

Johan checks Durran's pulse.

JOHAN: Oh, he's definitely dead now.

WENDY: How does a man die twice?!

JOHAN: We assumed he was dead before, but now he's dead for sure.

WENDY: Wrap him up, I can't stand looking at him.

Johan rolls Durran in the rug.

JOHAN: There. Alright. That's good. Wendy? WENDY?!

WENDY: Yeah.

JOHAN: Go to the kitchen and grab all the cleaning materials you can find. We gotta start scrubbing the couch.

WENDY: Right.

JOHAN: Hurry up, we're losing time woman!

Wendy leaves the room.

Durran moans.

JOHAN: What in the hell is going on with you man?

Johan finds a bat and begins smashing Durran's head.

You dead yet? That's what you get. That's what you get for doing all them terrible things you do all them years. Matter a time before someone set you straight. You a wicked man, Durran. Wicked, wicked man and this Earth don't need the likes of you no more.

That's one less horrible person in the world. One less...sick son of a bitch.

Enter Wendy. She carries a mop, bucket, a pair of sponges and some cleaning sprays.

WENDY: This is what I found.

JOHAN: Okay, good. We gotta be quick but efficient.

Wendy screams.

What?!

WENDY: There's blood on that bat.

JOHAN: Oh, don't worry about that.

WENDY: Why is there blood on that bat, Johan?

JOHAN: He was still ticking.

WENDY: You're joking.

JOHAN: No, I ain't joking, darling.

WENDY: This man died three times.

JOHAN: No, he only died once. Trust me, he ain't coming back to life ever again. Let's get scrubbing before it's too late.

There's a knock on the door.

Johan and Wendy look at one another.

Lights out.

END OF PLAY