

Glimmer of Light

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>WOODROW</u> :	22
<u>BECK</u> :	34
<u>KENNY</u> :	60

Place
Bar

Time
Evening

2.

Setting: A real dump for a bar. Hasn't been renovated since it was first opened fifty somewhat years ago. Chipped paint and cracks comb the walls, old broken furniture and overall grimy. The bar stinks and looks like it stinks. It really means its ugliness.

At Rise: Woodrow enters the bar and talks to Kenny, the bartender/owner.

WOODROW: Where's Beck? I wanna know where Beck is at---

KENNY: He's at the club or the other joint.

WOODROW: He ain't here?

KENNY: He ain't here.

WOODROW: When ya see him last?

KENNY: Oh, what's with all the stupid questions?

WOODROW: They ain't stupid to me. Now, when'd ya see him, Ken?

KENNY: Hey listen, don't take that tone with me, kid.

WOODROW: WHERE IS HE?!

KENNY: Get the fuck outta my place before I have your head---

(BECK enters door frame from backroom)

BECK: It's alright, Kenny, I'm right here, Woodrow.

WOODROW: We need to go talk somewhere.

BECK: I'm stayin' right here...talk.

KENNY: Hey, not in my place Beck, alright?

BECK: Don't worry Kenny, we're just talkin', right Woody?

(WOODROW nods)

BECK: ...Wanna drink?

WOODROW: Nah, I'm good.

BECK: So, spill it.

WOODROW: Heard you had Paulie and some of the guys smack Hannah 'round, that true?

BECK: That's true.

WOODROW: Why would you send grown ass men to get physical with a woman?

BECK: Her father's debt got passed on to her when he died and we was just lettin' her know it. You know how that shit works.

WOODROW: Nah, it ain't supposed to work like that, no.

BECK: Oh, no?

WOODROW: No.

BECK: How's it work?

WOODROW: The debt that her father owed died with him.

(BECK laughs)

BECK: It was passed on. And if she doesn't satisfy it before she's gone, it gets passed on and continues to get passed on generation to generation, until my family gets paid...

WOODROW: I want it.

BECK (matter of fact): What?

WOODROW: I wanna be responsible for the debt.

BECK: YOU? (BECK laughs)

(OTHER MEN in the bar laugh)

WOODROW: That's what I just said, ain't it?

BECK: How are you gonna pay Hannah's debt?

WOODROW: I got some cash and I'm workin' and---

BECK: And what?? You work at a car wash. How much money could you possibly cover for a fifty-thousand dollar gambling debt?

(WOODROW turns red)

BECK: That'll pause ya, hey hero? Ha, ha, ha. Why does everybody I run into lately wanna be a hero?

WOODROW: ...How much of the debt has been paid so far, then?

BECK: Two grand.

WOODROW: So, I owe you forty-eight thousand.

BECK: That's not how it works. Let me teach you some math. You see, right now while you breathe and stand where you stand, you owe me forty-eight thousand, but as soon as you walk out them doors, interest starts to accumulate, cause of the late payments. I operate my loans like credit cards...you're late, you get charged interest, you pay on time, you're good to go. But the difference, to be clear, is in the delegation. The way I delegate interest is very different than Visa or American Express, yeah? I make sure I get mine, one way or the other.

BECK (cont'd): No matter what, every red cent gets collected and distributed back to me. Hannah, she's a pretty girl, nice girl, it's not her fault that her daddy had debt, it's her fault that her daddy is her daddy. (beat) You, you come into my place, tryin' to be a hero, sayin' you wanna take on her debt...(sighs) balls...you got some hairy fuckin' balls...I mean, you caaaan, but what happens when you don't love her anymore and you wanna escape and you can't because you have me watchin' every step you take for the rest of your life? At least, until you pay back everything owed...what you gonna do then hero? You sure you wanna be responsible for forty-eight thousand dollars, workin' your shitty job with no future?

WOODROW: Can we do a payment plan?

(BECK laughs)

(BECK drinks)

BECK: You know, Woody, I like you. You are one of those people and it's very rare, very rare, you are one of those people that crosses my path and I take a liking to for no particular reason other than I take to ya. I mean, I look at ya and you're an obvious dip-shit. It's written all over ya, you're harmless, one of the local kids who grew up in this neighborhood that always got abused and I was your angel. Know that? I was always keepin' an eye on you, making sure none of the other kids picked on ya or anything like that, all cause I liked your face...I don't ever feel that way towards anybody and when, on that rare occasion I do, I try to protect it, cause as dark as I can get, there is a little glimmer of light that sort of gives me vision, to see all things...I'm gonna end up killing you Woodrow, despite how much I like you, cause you're not going to be able to keep up with the payments and you're never going to pay off the debt and it's just the way these things go. I'll hate you even more for killing you because I liked you to begin with. I don't expect you to understand it, but there, I said it and now it's true.

WOODROW: Can I pay you two hundred dollars every Friday when I get paid?

BECK: How much?

WOODROW: Two...two-hundred?

BECK: Two-hundred keeps you even, due to the interest. If you double it, you can start knocking down that interest and maybe in ten, twenty years, you'd a paid off all that money.

WOODROW: I can only do two-hundred, Beck...

BECK: Hannah's got a nice ass. I wouldn't mind puttin' my face deep in her ass.

WOODROW: Fuck you!

BECK: Woah, woah horsie. I'm just sayin'. We're just two guys talkin', right?

WOODROW: She's with me, we're getting married.

BECK: Married? Boy you can't afford no wedding.

WOODROW: We're getting' married by the town hall.

BECK: That's a sad state of affairs.

WOODROW: I love her and she loves me.

BECK: Sad, sad, sad....I'll throw you a wedding party if you need one. Get you a bunch of champagne and white balloons and all that jazz. Just add it to your debt. Hell, I'll even take off twenty-percent. But I have to taste Hannah's ass.

WOODROW: Fuck you.

BECK: Shhhh, hero listen...you bring her around and let me play with her and I'll knock off half your debt. How's that sound? You wanna talk to Hannah, see if she's interested in helping you out?

WOODROW: How do people like you exist in this world?

BECK: Ha, ha, ha. I didn't make me, life made me, boy. I just play along with all I got.

WOODROW: No. I'm a do things my way.

BECK: Two-hundred lousy dollars a week just doesn't cut it, Woody.

WOODROW: That's all I got!

BECK: If you put Hannah on the table, I'll take it.

WOODROW: No! And don't keep talkin' to me about Hannah that way, Beck! She's gonna be my wife! She ain't some whore you find on the street!

BECK: Something needs to be done. How 'bout we play body parts?

WOODROW: What's body parts mean?

BECK: Your body, my parts.

WOODROW: I said, what's that MEAN?!

BECK: It means I get to take something off a you.

WOODROW: Like, what?

BECK: Oh, like an ear or a finger or a toe. Somethin' that's yours that I get to keep.

WOODROW: Are you crazy?

BECK: You give me something right now and I'll let you pay me two-hundred dollars per week. What's the body part you need the least?

KENNY: Beck, Beck, please, not in my bar.

BECK: Oh shut it Kenny, I fucking pay your bills, it's my bar anyhow. (to WOODROW) How 'bout it, son?

WOODROW: My pinkie.

BECK: Yeah?

WOODROW: I'll let you take my pinkie...but, then I can pay you your two-hundred dollars a week...right?

BECK: I like the sound of that.

(BECK opens up his switchblade)

Ken, got a cloth, a towel or somethin'?

(KENNY pulls out a white towel)

Put it on the bar counter. Woodrow, place your hand firmly on the towel.

(WOODROW approaches the bar. He places the palm of his hand on towel).

Spread your fingers nice and good. In fact, tuck all them other fingers inside your palm and leave the pinkie sticking out. We'll get a clean slice.

(WOODROW tucks his fingers inside his palm)

(BECK stands beside WOODROW)

(OTHER PEOPLE in bar gather round)

This will be furious, but fast. Wanna do a shot first?

(WOODROW nods.)

(KENNY pours WOODROW a shot. WOODROW downs it.)

BECK (cont'd): Kenny, you got another cloth to stuff in Woodrow's mouth, this way he has somethin' to scream into?

(KENNY hands WOODROW a small towel)

That's it. Pop that in your mouth and bite down hard when you need to.

(WOODROW puts towel in his mouth, biting down.)

(BECK places the knife blade over WOODROW'S pinkie)

Now, this will only take a second. You want me to give a countdown?

(WOODROW nods)

Count a three. Ready? One...two...THR---

(WOODROW steps back. Pulls out handgun and fires round directly into BECK'S forehead)

(BECK stumbles back in shock and disbelief, falling over backward, dead before he hits the floor)

(WOODROW shakes)

KENNY: Now listen up, Woody, you get the fuck outta here now and we'll cover this whole thing up. WOODROW!!! Ya hear me kid? Go, now...leave me that gun.

(WOODROW places gun on bar counter and takes off running)

Alright boys, lock the front door, let's clean this shit up.

END OF PLAY