

# ***The Napoleon Club***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2021

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://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

<u>J.B. BERKSHIRE</u> :	50's
<u>PAL</u> :	20's
<u>TRAVIS</u> :	30's
<u>DOCTOR PERDUE</u> :	60's
<u>LENNY</u> :	10
HOLLY: (voice)	50's

Place  
Barn

Time  
Morning

Setting: The play takes place inside a massive traditional red door barn. Giant hay stacks fill up one corner of the barn, there are stables with horses and cows alongside another side of the barn. There are random barrels and crates and another section with tools. There may also be a tractor and other larger pieces of equipment thereabouts.

At Rise: The play opens up on J.B. Berkshire looking out through the barn doors with his Grandson Lenny. J.B. Is a tall man, well built but thin and wears a white cowboy hat, blue flannel shirt and cowboy boots with spurs. Lenny wears a t-shirt, jeans and a cowboy hat just like his Pa's.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Country life. Love me some good ole country air on a sun-drenched morning like today. Brisk. Almost as if you could drink the dew, so fresh and pleasant. Call it my country milkshake weather. Don't you think Lenny?

LENNY: Milkshake, Grandpa?

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Oh, yeah. The air out here always gives us good the old fashioned vitamins. Not the junk they always try to sell us. Organic nature, good for the lungs, the heart and the mind.

LENNY: I like the fresh air.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Bet you do Son, you're a Berkshire. (noticing men approaching in the distance)...Grandpa has some company he needs to tend to. Go on, run along back in the house, tell Grandma I'll be in after supper.

LENNY: Okay, Pa. (pronounced paw)

LENNY runs off across the farm, towards the house.

J.B. walks over to a crate and pulls out an assortment of surgical knives kept inside a black leather packet. He walks over to a wooden barrel and unfolds them for display.

Two men appear. One is bruised and battered (Pal) and the other (Travis) cool as a cucumber.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Look what the spider caught in its web.

PAL: Fuck am I doin' here, I didn't do anything wrong?

TRAVIS tugs on the rope attached to PAL'S tied up wrists.

TRAVIS: Shut up.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Let 'em talk. Helps to shake out the nerves.

PAL: I ain't nervous 'bout nothin!

TRAVIS punches PAL in the face, PAL calms down instantly.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: My wife is making dinner, don't wish to alarm her none. Sounds do travel over the land as loud as a whisper in your ear.

J.B. closes the barn doors.

J.B. sits on a wooden stool. Wipes his forehead with a kerchief.

I was always interested in the likes of sound, but my daddy never would have allowed me to go to school to become a sound engineer. No, sir. I sure enough stayed on the farm, worked the land and that was that. No ifs, no ands or buts. I listened to what he said because he was my authority, he was law. If he told me to jump off the top of the barn, I'd go ahead and jump. You know why I listened? Cause I knew what would happen to me if I didn't.

Maybe you forgot Pal, maybe you forgot what happens when you don't listen. It's funny cause, my daddy would give me the most severe punishment for the most mundane things. He was a harsh man. Like, if I didn't retrieve the empty milk pale and wash it completely out, he'd burn me at the stake. (chuckles) Shit. He was a real rotten S.O.B. What do you think that makes me? (beat) You could hate me or love me, but one thing you can't do is ignore me...to ignore someone, that's the worst kind of insult, don't you think? To pretend someone isn't there...that takes a certain deliberate will power, don't it? That's worse than calling someone a bad name to their face. I've been called quite a few in my day. Ha, ha. But to ignore me, to act like I don't exist...well...that almost makes me think I don't matter. Makes me feel all sad inside. And I don't like feeling sad.

I'm of the elk that prefer to cut straight to the chase, keep things out in the open, this way everyone keeps on the same page at all times. Order. I believe in it. Without order, what've we got?

PAL: Chaos.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: That's right, Pal, chaos.

PAL: I'll listen.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: What's that?

PAL: From now on...I'll listen.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: That's all you have to do.

PAL: I'm sorry.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: That's okay. It's nothing we can't manage to fix.

PAL: I didn't mean to let you down. I had every intention of pulling the trigger, I swear it. I was there waiting for him in his apartment to come back. Hours went by, but I got distracted, I was bored so I, I found some weed and I, I smoked some of it. It calmed me down, and I felt good, so I put on some records, kept it on low and I didn't hear him enter the apartment and when I realized he was standing there,

PAL (cont'd): I pulled my gun and he pulled his and we had a shoot out, but he ran out of the apartment and I chased him, but I lost him and he got away...I been ducking you cause I failed and I was waiting to find him and try him again but you found me before I could finish the job, so...that's what happened, that's the truth of what happened, so..please, If you give me another shot, if you let me back at him, I'll get him, I promise you J.B, I'll get the bastard.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: What record were you playing?

PAL: Record?

J.B.: Said you was listenin' to some records...

PAL: Oh! Oh, yeah..it was uh, uh The Temptations "Poppa Was A Rolling Stone".

J.B. (singing): Wherever he left his hat was his home...good jam.  
(beat) We're gonna give you another chance, let you back at him, this way you can redeem yourself.

PAL: Thank you, thank you so much J.B.

J.B. But before we do, there's one more thing.

PAL: You don't gotta pay me, I'll give you all the money back too.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: That's very kind of you to do. Thank you.

PAL: You're the only family I got.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: That's good, that's good. It's important to remember that in this family of ours, there are rules that have to be lived by. If rules are broken, action must be taken.

PAL: Right.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Well, okay. (to Travis)

TRAVIS tugs at PAL.

TRAVIS: Let's go.

PAL: Where? Where we goin'?

TRAVIS: Shut your face.

PAL: J.B.?

TRAVIS forces PAL to sit on a crate.

J.B. BERKSHIRE (matter of fact): Gonna cut your balls off.

PAL: What?? Wait! Wha?

J.B. Shrugs.

No! NO! I'm sorry! Said I was sorry! I didn't mean to do it! I made a mistake. Please! Please! I made a mistake!!

Enter Doctor Purdue from the back of the barn.  
He had a face of stone and is someone you instantly realize hangs out with death.

You crazy! Crazy bastards!! Crazy!! Help! HELP!!

TRAVIS struggles with PAL but keeps him pinned to the crate.

DOCTOR PERDUE injects PAL with a syringe and this instantly sedates PAL.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: How's it going Doc?

DOCTOR PERDUE: Sedation complete.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Hurry this up will ya, I'm hungry and my wife has really been giving me hell with my lack of being prompt.

DOCTOR PERDUE: Are we doing two testicles or one this time?

J.B. BERKSHIT: Shiiiiit. Whatch you think Trav?

TRAVIS: Both.

J.B. BERKSHIRE (laughs): You heartless.

TRAVIS: You asked.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Let's see how the first one go FIRST.

DOCTOR PERDUE: It's better to know beforehand.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: It is, is it?

TRAVIS: I say take 'em both.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Doc, what you think? One or two?

DOCTOR PERDUE: You haven't hired me to make such decisions.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: You're free to throw your hat in the ring.

DOCTOR PERDUE: Honestly?

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Go on?

DOCTOR PERDUE: It is really up to you.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Godang it. I pay you pretty well, don't I Doc? Least you can do is give me your professional opinion in the matter.

DOCTOR PERDUE: But I don't know this man.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Just give me your pick.

DOCTOR PERDUE: I rather not say.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: What's wrong with you?

DOCTOR PERDUE: I personally can't give a damn whether this man walks with one testicle or two. You pay me to do the cutting. I am here for the cutting. I am not being paid to make the choice in the matter.

PAUSE.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: You made your point. Good point. Alright. Take one of his balls and sew him up.

TRAVIS (disappointed): Aww dang!

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Shut your stupid pie hole. It's better this way. If he screws up again, then we have the other one to take, don't we? Just like during the Cold War, when that Russian spy was captured and his defense lawyer talked the judge out of executing him, incase we'd need him for an exchange deal. Turns out one of our pilots was shot down flying over soviet territory. And that is exactly what happened, an exchange deal was made. Reminds me of this here situation. We only take one of Pal nuts, this way we have collateral incase he screws up again. Walking around with one testicle, will always remind him that we can always take the other, therefore he'll keep in line, but if we take 'em both now, we might lose our guy completely.

TRAVIS: Whatever.

The voice of J.B.'s wife HOLLY is heard from a distance.

HOLLY: Dinner's ready! J. B.! Dinner's ready darling!!

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Godarn it! Okay..

J.B. sticks his head out the barn window.

In a minute honey, I'm just, I'll be right over in a minuto!

J.B. brings his head back in barn.

Go on Doc, snip, snip, we ain't got all day long.

PAL (weakly): Please J.B, please...don't cut my balls off...

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Only one Pal, being good to ya.

TRAVIS undoes PAL'S jeans and slides them  
down his legs.

TRAVIS: He's all yours, Doc.

DOCTOR PERDUE: Just take a moment. Will you place him on the table,  
please.

TRAVIS assists and hoists PAL up on the table.

Okay, good. Nice and easy. Relax, relax.

DOCTOR PERDUE take a scalpel and before he cuts,  
looks at J.B.

Want me to take the one that hangs lowest?

J.B BERKSHIRE: Do we really need to have another debate?

DOCTOR PERDUE places a pan beneath PAL's legs.  
He then takes a scalpel and kneels before Pal.

DOCTOR PERDUE: This will only take a second.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Welcome to the Napoleon club, boy. (laughs)  
Napoleon only had one testicle, did you know that?

TRAVIS: You tell us the same story each time.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: It's true.

DOCTOR PERDUE: I have to make the right incision.

J.B. BERKSHIRE: Go for it.

BLACK OUT.

SNIP SOUND.

PAL screams in the dark.

END OF PLAY