

**Pulp**  
**A Play in One Act**  
**By Alyssa Gill**

Characters

Agnes Fogarty- Old woman, owner of orange grove

Daniel Fogarty - Agnes' husband, owner of orange grove

Isabel Sanders- Their god-daughter, mid-twenties. She is watching their house while they're on vacation.

Jack- Hired gardener, plumber, handyman. He also happens to be the Fogartys' neighbors' son.

Billy & Bobby- 10 year old neighbor kids

Maynard- A serial killer. Early thirties.

Joseph- A burglar. Late twenties.

A Postman- Late forties, early fifties.

A Policeman- Early forties, plump.

Scene 1

*We see the inside of a tent, lit by flashlights. Billy and Bobby are sitting with sleeping bags.*

Billy: And next to the old man's bed...

Bobby: Was the hook?

Billy: Bobby! You ruined it!

Bobby: Everyone's heard that one before.

Billy: *(whining)* They have?

Bobby: Duh.

Billy: Oh. Well...how about I tell a REALLY scary one?

Bobby: I'd rather just go to sleep.

Billy: Come on, please?

Bobby: Or I could tell one.

Billy: But I've got a good one!

Bobby: No, I want to tell one.

Billy: But-

Bobby: No. It's my turn.

Billy: Fine. Go ahead. *(Lies down)*

Bobby: Okay. This one is really scary because it's TRUE. Not too long ago...there was a man who had a thirst for bloodshed. He wandered the streets, hunting for his next kill. He only came out at night...and when he did you knew that somebody would wind up *(dramatic pause)* dead.

Billy: This is stupid.

Bobby: Shut up, Billy! I let you tell your stupid story. Now- The local sheriff would go to inspect

the houses of the people who died. When he did he would find the most horrible things. The killer would cut people open...and screw their guts to their ribs. You would find nails hammered through their eyes...and people's hands stuck together with wood glue.

People would call him...the carpenter.

Billy: Oh. I'm so scared.

Bobby: Give it a chance! And you want to know something else? The weirdest thing about it was...all of the people were...were...*(stops)* I forgot.

Billy: You forgot?

Bobby: It was the most important part...

Billy: Your story was worse than mine.

Bobby: Nuh uh!

Billy: You stink. *(Bobby hits him)* OW. *(they begin to fight)*

Bobby: Okay enough, enough. UNCLE. OW.  
BILLY- STOP. UNCLE. MERCY!

Billy: *(Laughs, it turns into a yawn.)* Let's just go to bed. I'm tired.

Bobby: *(Yawns)* Yeah, you're right.

*They both lie down, Billy turns the flashlight out.*

## Scene 2

*Lights up on a small house right next to an orange grove. You can see the living room, which leads to the kitchen. From the kitchen is a set of stairs leading up. From the living room you can see doors leading off to the study and the bathroom.*

*It is summer, the sun is up. Agnes and Daniel are sitting in the living room with Isabel. There are tea mugs and cookies on the coffee table.*

Isabel: Mom and dad are fine- though dad's knee is acting up again.

Agnes: I'm always telling him to give it a rest.

Daniel: You can't keep a man like Gary down for long- he'll get right back up and give you the finger. He's always been that way.

Agnes: He's just got to learn when to quit. *(to Isabel)* And your mother, dear?

Isabel: She's great. She's better than ever, actually. She's keeping up with her quilting, and is still volunteering at the shelter. She's taking some time out to take care of dad, though.

Daniel: And what about you? You still doing that bookkeeping?

Agnes: Is that what you were doing?

Isabel: Oh, no. I was a secretary at a law firm.

Agnes: Oh! Right, right. That's what it was.

Isabel: But I left a few months ago. I've been living with mom and dad for a bit.

Daniel: Nothing wrong with returning home. That's what I did when I was your age-

Agnes: They just worry about you, sometimes. We wanted you to come up and get some fresh air. You know, we all thought it'd be good for you.

Daniel: Learn to take care of yourself-

Isabel: I've taken care of myself for a while now, thanks.

Daniel: Your dad's words, not mine.

Isabel: I'm just going through a rough patch.

Agnes: Still, honey- just being able to get away from it all.

Daniel: We know you're perfectly capable.

Agnes: It'll be nice.

Isabel: Right. It'll be nice.

*An orange from one of the trees falls, Agnes spots it from the window.*

Agnes: There's another one.

Daniel: Eighth in three days.

Agnes: Sometimes there's not enough moisture in the soil. Ruins the whole crop.

Daniel: And then sometimes there's too much moisture in the soil- you've got the same problem on your hands.

Agnes: Whole trees, all the fruit just drops off.

Daniel: Straight to the ground!

Agnes: It's probably just an omen- a signal of things to come. *(pause)* I'm kidding, dear. I'm only kidding.

Daniel: Just yanking your chain-

Agnes: Some get all wilted...shrunk...almost prune like. But not quite as slippery.

Daniel: Of course not, I think she knows that. Agnes, Prunes are *made* to be-

Agnes: I noticed you didn't bring a car, Isabel.

Isabel: Oh, no. I figured I didn't need one. I'll call a friend when I need to go to town.

Agnes: You'll save more energy that way.

Daniel: Agnes, don't forget Jack!

Agnes: Right, Jack. Our neighbor's son. He commutes from the next town over, when he doesn't have plans elsewhere. What does he do, again?

Daniel: Construction.

Agnes: Sometimes he stops by to tend the garden, or fix a pipe, what have you, when he can. Don't worry about letting him in, he has a key. He'll just drop by when he feels like it.

Daniel: We just want you to make the house looked lived in.

Agnes: There have been a few robberies...

Daniel: But it's really a nice neighborhood, hardly any trouble. So don't worry, m'dear, you're safe.

Agnes: The carpenter isn't going to get you. *(They chuckle)*

Daniel: That should be it. We've been over everything.

Isabel: Well, thank you! I promise I'll take excellent care of the house.

Daniel: That's my girl. Agnes, I'll get the bags loaded into the truck.

Isabel: Need any help? *(He shrugs her off, picks up suitcases by door and exits.)*

Agnes: Oh! How could I forget? Careful about walking around after dusk. We've been getting coyotes. A lot of them. When Daniel needs to go out at night he takes a gun with him. We've got a few in the kitchen.

Isabel: I didn't know you kept guns in the house.

Daniel: *(Entering)* We gotta protect ourselves. Here- you might need to know. *(He walks into the kitchen, takes a 9mm pistol out of the cabinet.)*

Isabel: Oh my-

Daniel: Now I need you to be very careful with this. It's fully loaded-

Isabel: You keep it loaded?

Agnes: For emergencies, dear.

Daniel: Right. Just take a gander. *(He points to various parts of the gun)* So this part is called the magazine. It holds these things called rounds.

Agnes: Do we have time for this?

Daniel: What? She's gotta know how to shoot the thing.

Agnes: What about the traffic?

Daniel: What traffic?

Agnes: The traffic that we planned to beat! She can probably figure it out. She's a smart girl.

Daniel: Dear, this is no joke. I'll give her the crash course. Okay, Isabel, that's the safety. You're going to press this little guy, take your aim, and you gotta keep your finger around here. You squeeze it. It's simple. And if you get lost, I've left a little instruction booklet in the cabinet for you.

Agnes: But you're really not going to need it, dear.

Daniel: No, chances are you won't. But always be prepared!

Agnes: And you've got our numbers if you need anything, but the place really shouldn't give you too much trouble.

Isabel: I think I'll be just fine. Thanks again for letting me stay here.

Agnes: Of course, Sweetie. You're the one doing us a favor.

Daniel: And it looks like we're off. Goodbye! *(He hugs her, then Agnes hugs her)*

Isabel: Goodbye! Have a good time. I love you! *(She walks them to the door. More goodbyes, more "I love you"s. They exit.)*

*Isabel looks around, picks up her tea and walks into the kitchen. She picks up the phone, dials a number.*

Isabel: Mom? Yes, it's me. I'm here- safe and sound. Agnes and Daniel are fine- they look good. Two months. Of course I have your number. No, no, I'll let you know. Thanks, mom. I love you too. I'm going to go now. Bye.

*She hangs up and goes into the living room to get her suitcase. She picks it up and walks upstairs.*

### Scene 3

*Lights fade to indicate time passing. The telephone starts to ring. Isabel walks downstairs quickly and answers it.*

Isabel: Hello? Oh, Dad. Didn't mom tell you I called already? Well, I did. Just to check in. I'm fine. I'm telling you, I'm- dad? Dad? Hello?

*The line has stopped working. Isabel hangs up then tries to dial again. No use. She starts walking up the stairs. Her cell phone begins to ring. She answers it.*

Isabel: Mom- tell dad sorry- I got cut off. You don't have to worry about me. Mom, it's only been a few hours. Nothing bad is going to happen to me...

*A window next to the front door opens and Maynard puts a bag through, then follows it. He stands up, looking around. He sneaks around looking at everything, listening to hear where people in the house are. He is dressed normally. He sneaks into the kitchen, looking around. Isabel walks down the stairs, sees him, and shrieks. He starts to run towards the front door.*

Isabel: Oh! Jack- wait! Don't go!

*He trips and falls. She runs into the living room where he is lying on the floor.*

Isabel: Oh, I'm so sorry...you just scared me. Here...let me help you up. I'm sorry...they told me you might come, I just didn't know when.

Maynard: Oh? Oh...

Isabel: Here, come on. *(She helps him up.)*

Maynard: I'm sorry for startling you-

Isabel: Are you alright?

Maynard: I'm fine. *(Gets up)* I'm sorry to disturb you. I can come back...another time. *(Starts to walk away.)*

Isabel: Jack! Don't leave! *(Maynard stops, confused.)* Would you like to stay for some tea or something?

Maynard: *(turns around)* No, thank you, ma'am...

Isabel: Oh! Right- I'm Isabel *(holds out hand to shake)*. I'm taking care of the house while Agnes and Daniel are gone.

Maynard: They're gone?

Isabel: I guess they didn't tell you.

Maynard: No, they didn't...*(Isabel starts to put her hand down)* Oh. Well, nice to meet you. *(Shakes her hand.)*

Isabel: I'm their god-daughter. You know, it's funny. I've been over here so many times and yet I've never met you.

Maynard: *(sudden laugh...a little weird)* Ha- that is funny.

Isabel: Can I get you anything? Tea? You can go ahead and do whatever you were going to do- I'll just go make it.

Maynard: Oh, well, I really don't know. With...them...gone... I think maybe I'll just come back later. How long are they gone for?

Isabel: Two months.

Maynard: That's news to me.

Isabel: Well they said you'd just stop by whenever...so I guess it's your call. I saw the garden and it didn't look too good. *(pause)* I assumed that was why you were here.

Maynard: Oh, right. Right. The garden. Um, I have my tools over there! *(he gestures to bag.)*

Isabel: Wonderful. And thank you for opening the window, I hadn't gotten to it yet.

Maynard: Oh, yeah. It gets hot in here. Especially during the summer.

Isabel: I'll get you that tea.

*She goes into the kitchen. Maynard panics, then finally kneels near the bag and opens it. He starts to take out some of the tools that are inside- a hammer, a saw, a knife. He pulls them out, looks at them, and*

*puts them back. As Isabel walks back in he pulls out a large cats paw.*

Isabel: *(walking in)* It's going to get dark soon, do you need- what's that?

Maynard: *(drops it)* Nothing.

Isabel: Why do you need that? Is a pipe broken?

Maynard: It's for the...weeds.

Isabel: The weeds?

Maynard: I've found that this works better in the soil.

Isabel: Do you need a flashlight?

Maynard: I'll be fine.

Isabel: Okay.

*As she goes back into the kitchen, Maynard grabs his bag of tools quickly and walks out the front door, leaving it open.*

Isabel: Jack?

*(no response)*

Isabel: Jack- are you there?

*She comes out of the kitchen and sees the front door wide open. She grabs the flashlight and runs to the front. Coyotes can be heard howling in the distance.*

Isabel: Oh god- the first thing I forget. JACK- BE CAREFUL.

*She uses the light to look around. She closes the front door and runs to the phone, it is dead. She runs upstairs to get her cell phone, as Maynard starts to pound on the front door. She runs back down and flings it open. He stumbles in with a bloody leg.*

Isabel: I forgot to warn you about the coyotes- apparently they've been wandering around.

Maynard: Yeah, coyotes, that would've been nice to know about.

Isabel: God- that looks terrible. Were you walking around with meat on you or something?

Maynard: No, I wasn't. They just attacked me.

Isabel: I'm sorry- I'm so sorry. Here, sit down, let me help you.

*She helps him to the couch and lays him down. She runs into the bathroom and comes back with some bandages. She begins to help bandage him up.*

Isabel: Let me see it- ergh- ew- I...don't...

Maynard: Do you know how to clean it?

Isabel: No.

Maynard: Here, let me.

*He grabs the bandages from her and begins to clean/ dress his own wound.*

Isabel: Don't you have a key?

Maynard: What?

Isabel: You could've just gotten back in.

Maynard: Oh. I guess I must have dropped it in here somewhere.

Isabel: Okay. Well, I can help you look for it.

Maynard: No, don't worry about it.

Isabel: Just let me help you.

*She starts crawling around the floor, feeling around for the key. Maynard finishes tending to himself and attempts to get up.*

Isabel: No, no don't do that. You're hurt.

Maynard: I'll be able to walk just fine.

Isabel: You should probably lie down for a while.

Maynard: I'm really okay. Really.

Isabel: Look, I feel pretty bad for this. Just let me take care of you, let me make it up to you or something.

Maynard: You really don't-

Isabel: No. I do. Okay? Just let me do this. Just sit back... and I will help you.

Maynard: Okay. Fine.

*He takes his wallet out of his pocket and puts it on the table, then lies back. She continues to search around.*

*Lights fade.*

#### Scene 4

*Lights up, daytime. The wallet has now been knocked onto the floor, under the table. Maynard is asleep on the couch and Isabel is in the kitchen, squeezing oranges for orange juice. She fills a glass with some and puts it on a tray that also holds some toast, eggs, and sausage. She picks up the tray and walks into the living room as Maynard begins to stir. She sticks it on the table, and goes back into the kitchen. She continues to squeeze orange juice.*

*Maynard wakes up and sees the tray.*

Maynard: That's sweet.

*He picks up the tray and starts eating.*

Maynard: Two months, yeah? Maybe I could...

*Isabel comes into the living room from the kitchen.*

Isabel: You're awake! How're you feeling?

Maynard: Good, great. Thanks.

Isabel: I just wanted to make sure. Your leg is fine?

Maynard: Perfectly fine. I can probably even get to some of the gardening.

Isabel: Wonderful.

*He gets up and walks, with surprising ease, towards the door, and exits. He comes around to the side of the house, now with his bag of tools, and begins to garden. She walks into the kitchen and puts away all of the things she was using, throwing the dirty dishes in the sink, etc. She walks into the living room and starts tidying up, folding the blanket, etc. She looks down on the floor and sees his wallet. Isabel begins to whistle. Maynard has realized that he needs something from inside the house and walks back towards the front door*

Isabel: Oops, better put this where he can find it.

*She flips it open as she gets up.*

Isabel: Maynard Phillips? What? That can't be right-

*Maynard sees her from the doorway. He realizes what she's doing and pulls out a length of rope and the cat's paw; her back is to him.*

Isabel: Who the hell...?

*Maynard grips the cat's paw and knocks her over the head. She faints.*

### Scene 5

*Lights up, it is early afternoon. Isabel is still unconscious but tied to a chair in the kitchen with her hands bound behind her. Maynard is sleeping on the couch in the living room. Isabel wakes up, looks around. She is about to scream but remembers what happened and thinks better of it. Since he is not around she starts to scoot toward the door...slowly but surely.*

*The window next to the front door slides open and Joseph slithers in silently. He gets up and looks around. He creeps towards the bathroom door and looks in. Maynard starts to wake up. Noticing that it is a bathroom, Joseph walks toward the study, opens the door and enters. Maynard sits up. Joseph*

*walks out of the study, sees Maynard, and quickly runs back in. Maynard gets up and walks into the kitchen to check on Isabel.*

Maynard: Leaving? *(Pause, she looks up at him. During the following Joseph attempts to exit, holding a vase)* Look; I don't want to do anything to you. I just... I just panicked.

Isabel: You panicked? Who the hell are you?

Maynard: My name is Maynard...and I'm really sorry. I'm going to let you go...it's just, I want to make sure that you're not going to turn me in.

Isabel: Why wouldn't I?

Maynard: Look, I'm sorry about this. I really am...

*Joseph trips on a rug and drops the vase, Maynard spins around. He quickly walks into the living room. Joseph turns around slowly, cringing. Meanwhile Isabel attempts to get out of the rope. She succeeds.*

Maynard: Who the hell are you? *(Joseph tries to get away but Maynard grabs him quickly.)* Put that down! You asshole- give-me-that!

*Isabel manages to untie her feet and looks in the cabinets for the gun as Maynard and Joseph start to fight. Isabel finds a gun in the cabinet and looks at it. She points at all of its features the way Daniel showed her, then walks toward the kitchen door,*

*cocking it. Right as the two men are wrestling, she aims at Maynard and shoots. Unfortunately, Joseph is shot instead.*

Maynard: Holy shit.

Isabel: Holy shit.

Maynard: *(Turning towards her)* Looks like I'm not the only one who's gonna get in trouble.

Isabel: Oh no... *(she runs over and kneels at his side.)* Jack?

Maynard: I'm pretty sure this was a burglar.

Isabel: No, no, it was Jack. I thought you were Jack and now I've shot the real Jack...and I'm going to be in so much trouble.

Maynard: Seriously, trust me. He's a burglar.

Isabel: Why would I trust you? You tied me up in a chair!

Maynard: Well, you were going to kill me.

Isabel: You were going to kill ME!

Maynard: No, I wasn't.

Isabel: What?

Maynard: Weren't you listening to what I was saying? I wanted to let you go. Either way, thank you .

Isabel: No, I was trying to shoot you.

Maynard: Well, thanks a lot!

Isabel: You tied me up!

Maynard: At least I didn't kill anyone!

Isabel: Oh god, what do I do? *(pause)* What were you going to do?

Maynard: What?

Isabel: What were you going to do with Agnes and Daniel? *(silence)*

Maynard: I'll help you get rid of the evidence if you let me go when we're done.

Isabel: No- I can't just let you go. I'll have to call the police...I need to turn you in!

Maynard: So they can see that you shot a man?

Isabel: I was defending myself.

Maynard: A likely story.

Isabel: You tied me up!

Maynard: What if they don't believe you?

Isabel: I'll just explain the situation to the police and it'll all be okay. I was trying to defend my house. I'm in the right. It'll all be okay.

Maynard: Nope. No it won't. I can't go back to jail. *(He pulls out a fairly large pocket knife)* I might have to kill you if you do that. Please, just trust me on this. I promise I will not touch you at all if we get rid of the evidence.

Isabel: Who says you're not going to kill me when we're done?

Maynard: Then I'll just have to earn your trust. Here, aim your gun at me.

Isabel: What?

Maynard: Aim your gun- but please don't keep your finger on the trigger.

Isabel: Are you stupid or something?

Maynard: Just aim your gun at me and I'll get rid of my tools. I can lock the bathroom from the inside, put the tools in there, and close the door from the outside. *(he starts to slowly creep away, towards the bag of tools. He picks it up and walks toward the bathroom. He puts them inside, then slowly walks out.)*

Isabel: No, wait, we need them for the body.

Maynard: So you *want* to get rid of it?

Isabel: You're not going to give me a choice here, are you?

Maynard: Great.

*Maynard walks over to his tool kit and picks it up, he places it near the body.*

Isabel: I can't do this.

Maynard: No- wait-

Isabel: I can't. I'm going to go into the kitchen and just turn on some appliances so I don't hear anything. Okay?

Maynard: If I let you out of my sight, nothing's keeping you from going out that door. *(he stands, pulling handcuffs out of his pocket. He cuffs them together.)* You're going to sit next to me as I do this.

*They both sit slowly. He picks up the saw out of the bag and holds it to Joseph's body. He attempts to press it in with great hesitation. Isabel covers her eyes with her free hand. He tries again...and again. He attempts for a final time, then screams.*

Isabel: What? What happened?

Maynard: I can't do it.

Isabel: What?

Maynard: I can't do it. He's too young.

Isabel: What are you talking about?

Maynard: His skin is too tight. I can't do it.

Isabel: Well, you're obviously some sort of maniac...shouldn't this be easy for you? You were going to kill my godparents, you psycho.

Maynard: I don't like that term...don't call me that. And don't call me 'killer' or anything like that. I just have a... fixation.

Isabel: A fixation?

Maynard: I target older people.

Isabel: You *target* them?

Maynard: I target them...to kill them.

Isabel: What is wrong with you?

Maynard: I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I know it's wrong! You don't hurt other people. But I just can't help it.

Isabel: And you only "target" older people?

Maynard: Right. I target them...because, well, they're old. And...I can't really explain it but it's just this thing I have. This thing...that just consumes me. It's all I can think about, and when an idea pops into my head- like when I see someone or when I meet someone...I start thinking about them. And then I have to finish the job. I can't do anything else until it's over.

Isabel: And you're going to let this one young guy get in the way?

Maynard: I've never had to do this before.

Isabel: Oh come on...

Maynard: I can't do it. You do it! He was too young to die.

Isabel: No. I'm calling the police.

Maynard: No- don't do that.

Isabel: We're obviously getting nowhere with this. I'm calling them. (*Reaches into her pants for her phone*)

Maynard: No- don't do it. I'll kill you.

Isabel: Obviously not.

Maynard: I'll find it in me somewhere.

Isabel: This is ridiculous.

Maynard: I've got a gun- there! That's a lot different. I don't have to cut you up or anything.

Isabel: Are you serious?

Maynard: Please, just do this. You don't want to die.

Isabel: You're pathetic, you know that?

Maynard: Yes, yes. I know. Just don't make me do this.

*Isabel looks down at the body. She sighs, and puts away the phone.*

Isabel: You're gonna need to suck it up. *(pause)* It looks like I will too.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 6

*Lights up. There are body parts all about the living room, lots of blood on the floor. They are now uncuffed. Isabel is in the kitchen, where there is a clear bowl full of a reddish pulp next to an old fashioned juicer/press.*

*Isabel opens the fridge and takes out a pitcher of orange juice. She pours two glasses and brings*

*them into the living room where Maynard is sitting on the floor next to the body, wincing while he uses a cheese grater to grate the fingerprints off of a hand.*

Isabel: How are you holding up?

Maynard: I'm okay. It's not ideal. How 'bout you?

Isabel: It's...surprisingly easy.

Maynard: Really?

Isabel: You're the serial killer. You can't judge me.

*(pause)*

Isabel: I'm sorry. That was rude. Here's some orange juice.

Maynard: Did that come from the juicer?

Isabel: I made this before I started using it for...you know.

*Maynard drinks. Isabel goes back into the kitchen.*

Maynard: That's pretty good. Thanks. *(beat)* I think I'm done with the grater. I'll stick it in the bathtub.

*Maynard gets up, carries the grater into the bathroom, closes the door. He remains in there.*

*The front door opens. Jack walks in, closes the door. He hangs up his coat on the coat rack near the door,*

*and turns around, just as Isabel walks in from the kitchen. Both are startled.*

Isabel: Who are you?

Jack: Who are *you*?

Isabel: I'm Isabel.

Jack: You have a dead man in my neighbor's living room. *(Maynard comes out of the bathroom and sees Jack- starts to sneak up behind him)*

Isabel: JACK?!?

Jack: How do you know who I am? ...I- I demand to know what's going on here! No- even better- I'm calling the police! *(Turns around, Maynard is right behind him. Maynard punches him, he falls to the floor- he is unconscious)*

Isabel: Really?

*He picks up Jack's torso and she comes over to pick up his legs. They start to carry him into the kitchen. Blackout.*

### Scene 7

*Lights up.*

*Jack comes to- he is tied up in the kitchen. He struggles to get out of his knots but can't. He continues to work at it. Maynard has dragged several trashcans into the living room and he is*

*helping Isabel fill them with various body parts and pieces of evidence that they find. Isabel is taking trashcans to the kitchen, then placing the evidence in pots and sticking them in the oven. There is still a gun on the floor.*

*Billy and Bobby enter the yard, holding swords made out of foam.*

Billy: The city of Andelain sits on the horizon.

Bobby: I see it, my liege.

Billy: Off we set, if any beast or man gets in our way it is our sworn duty to bring the sacred spells to the princess.

Bobby: Yet be careful, for the Crypt Wraith is known to wander through these parts. *(He stops)* And if he finds us, he'll tie us up-

Billy: And tear our stomachs out of our stomach!

Bobby: Stay alert, your highness!

Billy: For the foul demon of these parts, who controls the wraith using the crystal of Sraddin, may very well spot us and tell us to leave the land!

Bobby: Yet the quickest path to the castle is straight through the terrain!

Billy: Shh...I hear something. *(Billy wields his sword, Bobby follows.)* Could it be?

Bobby: It is but the rustling in the trees.

Billy: Quick! Through the thrush in case that be the mighty monster himself!

*They sneak offstage through the grove. Isabel walks back into the living room. The doorbell rings. Isabel and Maynard look at each other.*

Jack: Help!

*Isabel whirls around and runs to go shut Jack up as he continues to cry for help. Maynard quickly cleans his hands off and opens the door.*

Postman (off): Is everything alright in there?

*Maynard opens the door just a crack.*

Maynard: Hi!

Postman: Hello there... *(coughs)* Pardon me, but you don't look too familiar.

Maynard: Oh, I'm house-sitting. For Agnes and Daniel. With my wife.

Postman: Uh, Right. Mind if I come in for a bit? I'd love a glass of water.

*Isabel joins Maynard from the kitchen, now that Jack has been sufficiently quieted with duct tape. She moves the trashcan full of parts.*

Maynard: Really, sir, I hate to be rude...but we're working on some- projects-that they left to us, and it's probably better if you don't.

Postman: I do have a large package I could bring in for them. I'd rather you not have to carry it.

Maynard: We've got...paint fumes that'll really do some damage.

Postman: Well, your window should be open if that's the case.

*Isabel comes to the door.*

Isabel: Hi there! Go ahead, it's fine, you can bring the package in.

Postman: Thank you, ma'am.

*He picks the package up and brings it in. Meanwhile, Jack has escaped from his rope and ripped off the duct tape. He picks up the knife. He gathers up courage as the postman puts the package down in the living room- Maynard is standing on the kitchen side of the postman. Jack charges and Maynard moves out of the way just in time for Jack to stab him in the torso.*

Maynard: Oh my god.

Isabel: JACK!

Jack: Holy shit-

Isabel: *(to Maynard)* You know, you're really not good with those knots.

Maynard: This isn't the time...

Jack: What have I done?

Postman: What...is...going on...here?

Jack: *(to self)* He's dying.

Isabel: Look, sir, please calm down. Our friend here just got a little too excited. We can-

Postman: Too excited? Are you kidding me?

Jack: *(continuing his surprised soliloquy)* Oh my god...I've wounded a human being. An actual human being. Me?

Maynard: *(Checking on postman)* You've really got him, too. Isabel- can you get some towels?

Isabel: We used them all up on that other thing we were doing.

Maynard: A shirt, anything?

Isabel: Jesus. *(runs through kitchen, upstairs)*

Postman: Dammit.

Maynard: I'm so sorry, sir. This was not supposed to happen.

Postman: Really?

Maynard: I'd save my strength, sir. Last words shouldn't be sarcastic.

Postman: Fine then. I love my wife. *(he dies)*

Maynard: Shit.

Jack: I killed him.

Maynard: That you did.

Jack: I killed a man...

Maynard: Hey now, snap out of it. You'll be fine. Here. *(He drops the postman and starts to help Jack up.)* Let's get you to the couch. *(he helps him over.)*

Jack: *(muttering to himself. It continues over the next few lines)* Me? I... I can't believe. I- I- I would never. I can't...I'll lose my job. I've- Jail. I'm going to be put in jail. I can't be put in jail. My mom and my dad...and in my neighbor's house. What will people think of me?

Maynard: *(over Jack)* Look, you're going to get through this. You're going to be okay. It's perfectly understandable that-

Jack: What- I- I can't...The police. I need to call the police...I'll be fine. They'll help me out. They know me...I'm a good guy. I'm really a good guy, I wouldn't hurt anybody, I swear.

Maynard: No. No. You can't call the police. You'll go to jail. I'll make sure you go to jail.

Jack: I can't go to jail I can't go to jail. My girlfriend! What is my girlfriend going to think-?

Maynard: You can't turn us in. You can't do it. Look, we'll get rid of the evidence together and we'll be fine. You'll be fine.

Jack: I won't be fine. I won't. My life is over. She'll leave me- I can't keep a secret like this. I'll be shunned...

Maynard: Your life isn't over. You'll be fine. We'll get through this and we'll walk away.

Jack: There's no way out- I must *(he looks over, grabs the gun on the floor, puts it to his head)*

Maynard: No- *(reaches out, but it's too late. Jack shoots himself.)*

Maynard: Christ.

*Isabel runs downstairs.*

Isabel: No.

Maynard: Yes.

Isabel: Oh god.

*Blackout.*

### Scene 8

*Lights up- Isabel and Maynard are working on severing the two bodies, etc. as before. Isabel's phone starts to ring. She quickly towels off her hands and answers.*

Isabel: Dad? Hi- yeah. Yeah I'm here. What am I doing? Cleaning. They're not paying me to do that...but it's responsible. I'm fine. Oh- right. I forgot. Sorry. But nothing happened. No- I suppose you're right. I have to get it fixed. You can call me on this. I should go, Dad. No, I'm just cleaning. I love you. I'm hanging up. Bye.

*She hangs up and continues her work. Billy and Bobby enter.*

Billy: We're here because of that story you told me? What do the Fogartys have to do with it?

Bobby: I remembered- when we were outside.

Billy: What?

Bobby: The punch-line of my story! The murderer only kills old people!

Billy: I don't think that's what a punch-line is...and even if it was it isn't a good one.

Bobby: Shut up.

Billy: Ha- do you think if we looked in the window we'd see a dead body?

Bobby: That's stupid. *(beat)*

Billy: I dare you to look.

Bobby: *(Considers momentarily)* What'll you give me?

Billy: ...I've got some gum.

Bobby: Good enough.

*They creep up to the house, Bobby stops. Isabel comes in with towels and drops them on the floor. Maynard helps her use them to clean up the blood.*

Bobby: There isn't going to be a body. Let's just go home.

Billy: You scared?

Bobby: No.

Billy: The carpenter's gonna get ya!

Bobby: Shut up, I'm not scared.

Billy: Just do it.

Bobby: I can't see. Let me climb on your shoulders.

*Billy helps him up, Bobby hangs on to the window pane and looks in.*

Bobby: They're just cleaning up. You can let me down now.

Billy: What, you scared?

*Maynard gets up and walks into the kitchen to wash his hands, exposing Joseph's torso.*

Bobby: Oh my god.

Billy: What is it?

*Bobby struggles to get down.*

Bobby: Get me out of here.

Billy: What?

Bobby: There's a dead body.

Billy: You're kidding.

Bobby: I swear there is.

Billy: I gotta see.

*Billy struggles to pull himself up to the window.*

Billy: Oh my god. *(He chokes back vomit, falls to the ground)*

Bobby: This is your fault.

Billy: My fault?

Bobby: You made me look!

Billy: You went to look!

Bobby: What if one of them was the carpenter?

Billy: Oh god, it *is* true!

Bobby: We gotta get out of here.

Billy: We gotta tell the police.

*They run offstage.*

Maynard: This is ridiculous. Can't we take a break?

Isabel: Do you want someone walking in and seeing this? We take that risk, and I don't want to even think about killing any more people.

Maynard: Who else is going to walk in?

*Tense pause. They both look at the door.*

Maynard: We'll be fine.

Isabel: Yeah, we'll be fine.

*They sit back.*

Maynard: No. No we won't.

*They quickly start to hack up the bodies, grate the fingers, etc.*

Isabel: When this is all over, what are we going to do?

Maynard: I was kind of hoping that I'd be able to walk away and just keep on going with my life.

Isabel: Really?

Maynard: Wishful thinking, I know. Well, what am I supposed to think? You haven't turned me in...I'm sure as hell not going to turn myself in. What, did you have a plan?

Isabel: I guess I thought the same thing. *(Beat)*

We're gonna get caught. This was a huge mistake. We can't just keep killing people. Shit, I should have called the police.

Maynard: Calm down. We're going to be fine.

Isabel: No. This is a bad, bad thing we've done. Someone is going to find out. We can't just keep doing this.

Maynard: You're not going to bail on me now, right?

Isabel: *(sighs)* I can't do that. I'm in too deep.

Maynard: Yeah, I've got too much shit on you. *(pause)* Look, you're going to be fine.

Isabel: Really?

Maynard: I've never been caught. You can just keep living like you've been here the whole time and nothing ever happened.

Isabel: I guess that's all I can do. *(pause)* Are you going to come back for Agnes and Daniel?

Maynard: Oh...them. Right.

Isabel: I swear to god, if you come back for them-

Maynard: Take it easy. Look- *(laughs)* I know I said I can't break my fixation...I can't break the

target...but maybe it could be possible. I mean, look at me now- I can't believe it.

Isabel: Can't believe what?

Maynard: I mean, look at me. Look at this guy!

Isabel: What?

Maynard: He's young.

Isabel: And you're proud of that?

Maynard: Are you really going to judge me?

Isabel: Hey- this isn't a normal thing for me.

Maynard: Right. You're not enjoying this or anything.

Isabel: I'm not.

Maynard: Says the girl who burned a man's face off an hour ago.

Isabel: My situation is different. I'm not fucked up like you. *(smiles)*

Maynard: Easy now. *(smiles back)*

Isabel: You know, I trust you.

Maynard: You do?

Isabel: If you say you're not going to come back, you're not going to come back.

Maynard: Well, thank you. I appreciate it.

Isabel: Of course I'm still going to drop in from time to time...maybe even frequently. They've got guns and I'm going to be waiting. So in the event that you do come back, I'll be here to blow your head off.

*The policeman walks up the front path.*

Maynard: That's not trust.

Isabel: It's the best I can do when it comes to a psycho like you.

Maynard: Hey-

Isabel: Kidding. But really, I'll blow a hole in your face.

*Isabel looks at the saw that she's using. She looks over and sees the various carpenter's tools laid out on the floor.*

Isabel: You remember that old children's tale?

Maynard: What?

Isabel: The carpenter?

Maynard: No...never heard of it.

Isabel: Really? You sure?

Maynard: What about it?

Isabel: It's this guy who goes around killing people with tools. Look at what you've got. A cat's paw? A hammer...Nails...

Maynard: Yeah. Pretty standard for a bag of tools.

Isabel: Are you the carpenter?

Maynard: That's silly. I don't even know who that is.

Isabel: Come on- it's that great urban legend. He goes around killing old people and leaves them in weird grotesque ways. Nails in the eyes...all that.

Maynard: What?

Isabel: You seriously don't know the story of the carpenter?

Maynard: (*laughs*) I mean, I've done things that sound like that...but I doubt that's me. I'd never be that... famous.

Isabel: I guess that is kind of ridiculous.

*Policeman knocks on the door. Maynard and Isabel look at the door, then at each other. Maynard gets up slowly and looks through the peephole. Surprised and scared, he turns around and mouths/gestures "POLICE!" They look at the gun on the floor. Isabel reaches for it, picks it up. They look at each other again.*

*Blackout.*