

- 1 **B: The callouses are on the fingers. How does that happen?**
2 **A: Just shut up about the callouses. No one cares.**
3 **B: I know. No one cares. No one cares. No one cares.**
4 **A: Maybe the phone will work. Maybe I didn't do it right.**
5 **B: Callouses and no one cares.**
6 **A: (He gets up to try the phone again.) Maybe there's a secret**
7 **code. (While he is at the phone, B stands behind him, we**
8 **can't see what he is doing.)**
9 **A: Dial three-five-two. OK, I did that. (His voice changes, he**
10 **drops to his knees.) Dead.**
11 **B: (Standing behind him, holding the knife that he pulls out**
12 **of A's back.) Dead as a doornail.**
13 **A: What have you done ... ?**
14 **B: (Shaking his head, looking at his hands) Stranger's hands.**
15 **Stranger's hands. Stranger's hands. (The lights fade to**
16 **black.)**

Hostage

Cast: Jack, Stacy

Setting: A deserted area, perhaps a garage. Set is minimal, only one or two chairs or boxes.

Prop: Fake gun, a sheet of paper with a list on it, a shovel

- 1 **JACK: (Being pushed onto the stage) You're crazy. You're not**
2 **going to get away with this.**
3 **STACY: Sit down. Don't talk, just sit down.**
4 **JACK: No ...**
5 **STACY: Do you not see the gun in my hand? Are you blind as**
6 **well as stupid? Sit down.**
7 **JACK: Fine. Just calm down. What is going on with you?**
8 **STACY: You don't know? Then you are a moron. Sit down.**
9 **JACK: I'm sitting. Just put the gun away.**
10 **STACY: The only place this gun is going is off, directly into**
11 **your pea brain if you don't do exactly as I say.**
12 **JACK: OK. Fine. I'm sitting. I'm listening.**
13 **STACY: Shut up. Just shut up.**
14 **JACK: (After a moment of silence as STACY paces.) Are you**
15 **going to tell me why I'm here or are you going to make**
16 **me guess?**
17 **STACY: For someone with very little going for him in the**
18 **way of luck, you have a big mouth. If I have to tell you**
19 **to shut up one more time, I am going to shut you up by**
20 **shoving this gun down your throat. Now, let me think.**
21 **(She paces.) OK. (She refers to a list she takes out of her**
22 **pocket.) Get gun. Got that. Get gas credit card, got that.**
23 **Get Jack. (She smiles a menacing smile in his direction.)**
24 **Oh, I got that. Get shovel. OK, that should be back here**
25 **(She looks, finds it.) Good, here it is. Call Heidi, tell her**
26 **everything is set. I'll do that in a minute. Pick up**
27 **cleaning.**

1 JACK: *(He has been listening to this listing.)* Pick up
 2 cleaning? Get gun, get shovel, call Heidi, *pick up*
 3 *cleaning?* How do you figure cleaning into the list?
 4 What's going on?
 5 STACY: My dry cleaning is ready to be picked up. And what
 6 business it is of yours I have yet to figure out. I'm the
 7 one with the gun here. If anyone is going to ask
 8 questions, it will be me. So, shut up.
 9 JACK: You are crazy.
 10 STACY: You want to see crazy? *(Puts gun barrel in his*
 11 *mouth.)* Who's crazy now, jerk? Huh? Who's crazy now?
 12 I think it's the big man with the big mouth. You want to
 13 know why you're here? I'll tell you. You're here to pay.
 14 And pay big. You're going to do the Jesus Christ thing
 15 for all *mankind*. You're going to die for the sins of men.
 16 *(She takes gun down.)* Whaddya have to say now, big
 17 guy?
 18 JACK: What do you mean I'm going to die?
 19 STACY: Isn't that just like a man? I tell you you have to die
 20 for the *sins of all mankind*, and all you catch is the part
 21 about you dying. You don't pay any attention to the sins
 22 of man. So typical, "me, me, me" is all you care about.
 23 Well, big guy, it's time to pay.
 24 JACK: OK, OK. Sins of man. What sins. Why me?
 25 STACY: For every woman who has been held back, held
 26 down, held over and just plain held by some lying piece
 27 of garbage like you, you are going to pay the price.
 28 JACK: I haven't done anything.
 29 STACY: Oh, haven't you? You make me sick. You're going to
 30 tell me you don't remember when we were in fifth
 31 grade when I was standing on the swings and you
 32 knocked me over? I fell on my face, in front of
 33 everyone. You remember that?
 34 JACK: *(Laughing a little)* Yeah, your dress went up over your
 35 head and your underwear ... *(He sees STACY's menacing*

1 *look.)* Hey, it was a joke. I was a kid.
 2 STACY: Yeah, and so was I. A little girl laying on the ground
 3 with her dress up over her head and her Monday
 4 underwear on. And it was Friday, Jack. Friday!!
 5 Everyone said that I had on the same underwear for a
 6 week. People called me "Dirty Shorts" for the rest of
 7 that year. In fact, some people still call me that. People
 8 that you still hang out with, Jack. Your friends.
 9 JACK: It was a joke, for crying out loud.
 10 STACY: Yeah, some joke. I've been laughing for years. Ha.
 11 Ha. Ha. Really funny.
 12 JACK: OK, OK. I'm sorry. It was mean. I was wrong. But that
 13 is no reason to hold me here, with a gun to my head. My
 14 mom doesn't even know where I am.
 15 STACY: Oh, she'll know soon enough, sweetheart. She'll
 16 know.
 17 JACK: What does that mean?
 18 STACY: The TV has a way of reporting these things.
 19 JACK: Things? What things? What are you planning?
 20 STACY: Planning. Yes, planning. That's what I've been
 21 doing for a long time. And not just me. A lot of us have
 22 been planning this day.
 23 JACK: A lot? Who? Why?
 24 STACY: I told you. Retribution, penance, payback. And you,
 25 among all the guys we know have been chosen. You are
 26 the one we feel most deserving of this honor.
 27 JACK: Oh, man.
 28 STACY: That's what I like about you, Jack. You have a way
 29 with words.
 30 JACK: OK, wait. Lets just talk this over. Let's all just calm
 31 down here. We can sort this out together.
 32 STACY: You want to talk? OK, lets talk. You start ...
 33 JACK: Good, talking. We'll talk. Everyone just calm down
 34 and we'll talk.
 35 STACY: Hey, buddy, I am calm. I've got no reason to be nervous.

1 But I can see how you would be. After all, you're the one
 2 with the forty-five trained on your forehead.
 3 JACK: You're right. OK, I'm calm, too. Because I know that
 4 this is just some sort of joke. Something to scare me.
 5 And it's working. Working real well. 'Cause I'm scared,
 6 Stacy. Is that what you wanted? Because if it is, you did
 7 your job great. I bet you have other people in here,
 8 hiding, watching me sweat. *(Calling out)* OK, everyone,
 9 you can come out now. The joke is over. Stacy scared
 10 me good. You guys really got me. I guess we're even,
 11 huh? Tell 'em Stacy. Tell them the joke is over.
 12 STACY: You have no idea how close to right you are. The
 13 joke is almost over, Jack, and the joke is you. *(She puts*
 14 *the gun next to his temple.)*
 15 JACK: Oh, God, no, no, no, no. This isn't funny. This is sick.
 16 This is too weird. You're never going to get away with
 17 this.
 18 STACY: Why not?
 19 JACK: Because you won't. People don't get away with
 20 murder. This isn't TV.
 21 STACY: Man, you are so pathetic. How does it feel to be you
 22 right now? To be crawling and sweating?
 23 JACK: It feels bad, really bad.
 24 STACY: Does it? Get out of the chair, Jack. *(He sits and looks*
 25 *at her blankly.)* I said get out of the chair. *Don't make me*
 26 *get crazy!* *(He quickly rises, she still holds the gun on*
 27 *him.)* Now, get on your knees. *Move!* *(He gets on his*
 28 *knees.)*
 29 JACK: I am, I am. You're nuts, you know that?
 30 STACY: Shut up and get on your knees. Now, close your
 31 eyes.
 32 JACK: Omigod. What are you going to do?
 33 STACY: How does this feel, Jack? How does it feel to be on
 34 your knees, not knowing what I am going to do? Not
 35 knowing what's going to happen next? How does it feel

1 to be completely without power?
 2 JACK: You're trying to make some sort of point, I know.
 3 Some sort of statement about how men treat women,
 4 right?
 5 STACY: Now you're getting it.
 6 JACK: *(Looking right at her)* This is stupid.
 7 STACY: *(Taken aback)* What?
 8 JACK: This is stupid. You are so full of it. I have never done
 9 anything to make a woman feel this way. Yeah, OK,
 10 maybe I pushed you off a swing ten years ago. And, hey,
 11 maybe some guy said he'd call and he never did. And,
 12 yeah, granted, maybe you haven't been treated all that
 13 great by guys. But no one ever did to you what you are
 14 doing to me. You're just crazy. A crazy girl with a gun.
 15 And it's probably not even loaded. *(He begins to stand.)*
 16 This game is over. I'm leaving.
 17 STACY: *(Raising the gun, pulling the trigger, the gun shot is*
 18 *deafening.)* Think again.
 19 JACK: *(Dropping to his knees)* Oh, my God.
 20 STACY: Isn't it funny how we all eventually start to pray?
 21 Now, where were we?
 22 JACK: What do you want from me?
 23 STACY: *(Evenly, thoughtfully)* I don't know. We've gone
 24 down the road from annoyed to angry, then to
 25 humiliated and powerless, and now we're so scared to
 26 death. So far, this day has been pretty darn successful.
 27 Wouldn't you say? Wouldn't you say?!!
 28 JACK: Yeah ... it's been great. So ... what now?
 29 STACY: You tell me.
 30 JACK: I don't know. How about it's over? The game is over,
 31 you win, I get to go.
 32 STACY: Then who will pay for the sins of men?
 33 JACK: I'll tell you what. You let me go, and I will spread the
 34 word. I'll tell all the men, all of them. You'll see. Come
 35 on, Stacy, what would come from killing me?

1 STACY: Great personal satisfaction?
 2 JACK: OK, I can see that. But, beyond that?
 3 STACY: That would be enough for me.
 4 JACK: There's gotta be more. Way more. You've gone to too
 5 much trouble to end it like this.
 6 STACY: Oh, yeah? What would you suggest, maggot?
 7 JACK: Let me go. Just let me go. I won't tell anyone what
 8 happened here. *(STACY raises an eyebrow.)* Or, I'll tell
 9 everyone. Whatever you want. You name it. I'll do
 10 whatever you want.
 11 STACY: Whatever I want? Don't do me any favors. Whether
 12 I let you go or not, you'll do whatever I want. I've got the
 13 power here, big guy. OK. I know what I want. I want you
 14 to apologize.
 15 JACK: I'm sorry.
 16 STACY: For what?
 17 JACK: For whatever you want me to be sorry for. For not
 18 calling you when I said I would. For lying to you. For
 19 pushing you off the lousy swing in fifth grade. For
 20 making you feel bad.
 21 STACY: Do you mean it?
 22 JACK: Yes. Yes, I mean it. I do. I really do.
 23 STACY: *(Lowering the gun)* OK.
 24 JACK: OK?
 25 STACY: OK. Get out of here.
 26 JACK: That's it. We're done?
 27 STACY: Uh-huh. I'm really tired now.
 28 JACK: I can go?
 29 STACY: Yep.
 30 JACK: *(Bewildered)* Just like that?
 31 STACY: Uh-huh. You know what? This is over. You bore me.
 32 I thought that this would be fun. It was for a while, but
 33 now you bore me.
 34 JACK: I bore you?
 35 STACY: I thought that maybe you'd stand up, be a man. Do

1 something brave and let me see that you aren't a
 2 weakling. But you crawled, you begged, you whined ...
 3 JACK: But that's what you wanted.
 4 STACY: That's what I *said* I wanted. It's not what I *wanted*.
 5 God, you just don't understand women, do you? *(She*
 6 *tosses him the gun.)* It's a starter pistol, you moron. See
 7 you around. *(She leaves.)*
 8 JACK: *(Examining the gun)* Omigod. Omigod.