

KILLER

(A MONOLOGUE ON BETRAYAL)

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Cyndi Coyne

*An empty room.*

*A woman sits alone in a chair.  
A bottomless voice vibrates around her  
as it speaks.*

VOICE

Your name?

KILLER

Killer..... Oh! I mean, that was just a nickname, what they called me... I never really, I mean I wasn't a killer at all, I never, never! killed anyone! I could never hurt a fly! I mean I never... Oh. Oh!... cockroaches. I did I did I did I did kill a few... a few... a few thousand cockroaches. Is that gonna count real bad against me? Cuz that was it, I mean everybody kills cockroaches. Cockroaches and rats. Oh shit. I did I did, I did I killed a rat. It was..... it was ugly. It was a baby rat. Oh that probably makes it worse, huh?..... Well it was stuck in ya know, one of those glue things they have to catch em? Glue traps I think they're called... glue traps for mice and rodents, yeah. But it doesn't kill em! They just get stuck in stupid positions and squeak and look ugly. So I called up my friend and he said to flush it down the toilet... that it was common, but..... I couldn't do that. I could never have sat there again. So I put a paper bag on the floor and um I pushed it into the paper bag with a two by four I had around for protection from ya know... shit. And I put it on the fire escape and I whacked it over and over with the two by four. You shoulda seen me up there in the middle of winter beatin the shit out of a paper bag... I'm whackin away at it, my neighbor looks over from his roof... "Ice?"... I said, "What?"... "Block a ice?" he says. I just went like this... "Ya." An he goes, "You want an ice pick?" Ugghh! Can you imagine?

“Uh, I think it’s already split up enough thanks.” I gave it one more good whack, to make sure, cuz I didn’t wanna have to check, ya know?...

Oh!... Well, you probably saw me do it! I mean everybody kills cockroaches and rats, it’s just not considered bad... it’s common..... it’s as common as premarital sex... Oh shit!!.....

Ya know there’s so many different books of rules, so many um... concepts, I mean it gets confusing. You just have to try to act from your heart or what you think is right or sometimes it comes out of desperateness, sometimes, but that’s still organic!!!

VOICE

Your name?

KILLER

Marion Killjoy.

VOICE

Was that your given name at birth?

KILLER

As far as I can recall.

KILLER  
*(continued)*

I thought you knew me!

VOICE

Weight?

KILLER

What?

VOICE

Your weight!

KILLER

Do you ask men this question? I mean excuse me! Would you like to see my legs, I’m sorry I left my fuck-me pumps back in life! I mean what is this?!

VOICE

How much do you weigh?

KILLER

Nothing! I’m dead! I’m stripped to my spirit..... which is supposed to be weightless from what I understand.

*The sound of distant thunder rumbles.*

KILLER

Is that thunder!?!.....  
Or is your stomach growling.....  
Just kiddin.

VOICE

Weight.

KILLER

Ya know... when I was a... say 9 or 10... I weighed less than a hundred.

VOICE

What is your weight please.

KILLER

I don't know!!! I never weighed myself!! I couldn't relate it to numbers!! I knew if I was too fat or thin... or I would've known if I was... ya know... too thin.  
What is this!?!...

I didn't make it did I?

KILLER

*(continued)*

Is that what you're tryin to tell me?

Or like this is Hell or Limbo, and you're gonna ask me questions like about weight and other embarrassing boring shit forever?  
Like those French plays about death?

VOICE

No. We need your weight for our records, to distinguish you from all the other Marion Killjoys.

KILLER

Other Marion Killjoys?

Like how many?

VOICE

Oh too too many to tell.

KILLER

Well couldn't you go by street address or something? Or birthday!! Birthdate!!

They do that with astrology, where the stars and planets are... I think that's a wonderful!..... fascinating!..... way to differentiate between... well... you must've seen it... Oh!... Maybe it gets confusing with the reincarnations... I can see that... oh sure..... but ah..... I'm sorry..... I mean I don't know my weight..... I really don't think that counts as a... as a sin. I mean I know it looks bad right now. I know it's between say... a hundred and..... two hundred.....

Don't you recognize me?

Oh God..... woops.

So... I'm not in Hell or Limbo...

VOICE

Oh no, no no no no no no no no no.

KILLER

When then... well when... I mean... do I get the bliss then? That feeling of bliss?

VOICE

NO.

KILLER

Oh hey that's okay!! I never believed in the man of my dreams either. Bliss is a bit much, but hey!! Ho Ho... a lotta people believe it!! The nuns! Well I guess they have ta.

KILLER

*(continued)*

So. I guess I'm gonna become one with everything? Ya know, I had a feeling but eh? Who's to really know ya know? I read some literature on it.

So when does this happen? When does my spirit join the big fuse of high energy?

VOICE

Never.

*Silence.*

KILLER

Ya know I wasn't that bad a person. I mean sometimes I felt like a bad person but I never knew why because I tried, I really tried to be a good person. You know that! I use to talk to you about it all the time!! I learned from a lot of lessons and... tried not to create bad karma... after I found out about it...

You're sending me back aren't you?  
I knew it... I didn't learn the thing I was suppose to.

You know it's hard to concentrate down there sometimes. I mean there's a lot of distractions! And well... the Buddha!! I mean fat and happy! Eat, Drink, and Be Merry!!... It's so confusing.

I was not caught up in possessions!  
That's for sure! I didn't have ONE FUCKIN THING!!!!!!

Do I get a break or something at least? Do I get to pick what I can come back as?  
Cuz if I was just... say... a native... on some... tropical... or deserted!... island... I think I could, ya know... really do something.

VOICE

No.

KILLER

Are you my sister? I mean they say a friend comes and helps you cross over or whatever... or is she standin next to you tellin you everything to say? I mean is this like a big joke here? They have you do this shit for some initiation like that foolish frat crap?

VOICE

We've found your weight.

KILLER

Don't tell me!! Please! I just dislike thinking in numbers.

VOICE

No. We have your file...'

VOICE

*(continued)*

Everything you ever did.

KILLER

*(a little..... laugh?)*

Ya know..... I use to volunteer at the town pool... teach the retarded kids... membuh that?

VOICE

It's all here...

KILLER

Oh... right.

Excuse me but um... I get to see people... or like feel them or whatever don't I?  
I mean, I get to see my father right? After all this time? And Kevin? My friend  
Kevin?... And Carter?..... I get to see or feel or whatever Carter don't I?

Carter!... Kevin!... Buck!... Lazar!...  
Darrin!... Daddy?.....  
Carter!!!.....

Excuse me?

Excuse me?

Hello?.....

Hello!!!!!!

*She calls out to the voice.  
There is no answer.  
We hear The Stones sing "Shattered" as  
the lights...  
BLACKOUT.*