

Key
Day 25

by
Chris Leyva

1666 Weldon Ave.
Columbus, OH 43224
(319) 430-6781
chrisleyva@gmail.com

Copyright © Chris Leyva

A warehouse. A spotlight. A man is handcuffed to a pipe that rises to the sky, his arms behind his back. He's seen better days. He's been beaten badly.

Another person enters. This person has a bald head, a goatee and is wearing sunglasses and a Pork Pie hat. The person stands, looking down at the handcuffed man. Then the person comes over and kicks the man lightly to get his attention. The handcuffed man looks up. The Pork Pie Hat Person gestures as if to ask, "What do you think?" The handcuffed man drops his head down.

In frustration, the Pork Pie Hat person rips off the goatee and sunglasses. For the first time, we see she's a woman. She leaves on the hat.

BETTY

I hoped there'd be at least a little reaction. Something. Come on. I shaved my head!

She lifts the hat to expose her head. No response from the handcuffed man.

BETTY

(Puts the hat back on)

Mr. Cooper got it right away. He even laughed! Mr. Cooper! Can you imagine him laughing? I mean, the man has no sense of humor, but I walk in wearing this and, I swear, spit takes his coffee on his desk. All over the paperwork. I thought he'd lose it, but he kept laughing and giggling as he wiped it all up.

She crosses to the man.

BETTY

Don. I'm talking to you. Can you at least do me the courtesy of looking at me?

He gestures her to come closer; she inches closer. He turns and we see him flipping her off.

BETTY

I think I might make me a necklace out of that finger, Don.

She pulls out a knife.

DON
No.

BETTY
Now, you want to talk? A little too late. I'm taking that finger.

DON
No!

He screams as she holds him and chops off his middle finger. She admires it.

BETTY
I think I might wear it to a dinner party. That'd be fun. A black dress, your finger dangling from a gorgeous gold chain. That's the only part of you that'll ever touch any part of me again.

She walks away.

DON
I'm sorry.

BETTY
You're what?

DON
Sorry.

BETTY
Of course you are. Now. Before, you weren't sorry. You weren't sorry until we brought you down here, roughed you up a little, and then, when I procured your finger, now, you apologize. We wouldn't even be here if you had apologized at the beginning.

DON
Can I go?

BETTY
Sweetheart, the only way you're leaving is in a bin, your body dissolved in acid. You know how we do things.

DON
Is she still alive?

BETTY
We're not monsters, Don.

DON

Thank you.

BETTY

That being said, we're also not ones for leaving witnesses. But don't worry, your bin will be right next to hers.

DON

You--

BETTY

Take care as to the noun you're going to say. Bitch? I can handle that. But if what you're about to call me begins with a "C," I'll cut out your tongue.

DON

Are you torturing her like you're torturing me?

BETTY

Of course not!

(Beat)

We're torturing her in a completely different way. Would you like to know how?

He slumps down in surrender. She takes off the hat, scratches her head.

BETTY

Head itches. Wasn't prepared for that. Glad the hat looks good on me, I'm going to have to wear it until things grow back. The lengths I go to for a joke.

(She puts the hat back on.)

Maybe I'll keep the hat after it grows back. It's a nice hat.

(Beat)

Once Mr. Cooper finishes dinner, he's going to come talk to you himself. If you want, I could slip you a key to the handcuffs, see if you can make a run for it. Of course you'd have to unlock the door. There's a screwdriver on the floor over there, you could see if it unlocks the door. I know screwdrivers aren't made for it, but, hey, worth a try.

She crosses to him, puts the key in his hand.

BETTY

You take care of yourself, Don.

She leaves the room. He scurries to free himself. He gets out of the handcuffs. He looks around the room, as he does, Betty enters unseen. When he finds the screwdriver, she lifts a gun, shoots him three or four times.

He falls to the ground. She walks over to his body. She takes off her hat, places it over her heart. She puts the hat back on her head. She exits. The lights slowly fade.