A Serial Killer in Love by Trey Deason

Characters:

Sydney

Jackie

The Killer (Milt)

(*Lights up on JACKIE and SYDNEY in their apartment. SYDNEY is holding a severed leg and wearing a letter jacket. JACKIE stands by, on the edge of breaking down*.)

JACKIE

Bite it and see if it’s real.

SYDNEY

What?

JACKIE

That’s the only way to know.

SYDNEY

I’m sure there are other ways, Jackie.

JACKIE

Not if you want to be sure, Sydney.

SYDNEY

You’re such a freak. Why did I have to get stuck with you as a roommate?

JACKIE

I answered the Craigslist ad.

SYDNEY

So explain it to me again. You came home and there just happened to be a leg on the floor?

JACKIE

What are you saying? What are you excusing me of?

SYDNEY

Nothing… don’t get hysterical.

JACKIE

There’s a severed leg on the floor and you won’t even bite it to make sure that it’s real.

SYDNEY

Look, I called my boyfriend, Stanley. He didn’t answer, of course, the thoughtless jerk

JACKIE

He never seemed thoughtless to me.

SYDNEY

How would you know? You’ve never met.

JACKIE

Oh, that’s true, but… I mean based on your description of him.

SYDNEY

Anyway, I left him a voicemail and as soon as he hears it…

(*There is a mysterious sound off-stage*.)

SYDNEY

What was that?

JACKIE

Oh, jeepers! It’s like we’re in some spooky horror movie. Do you like scary movies, Sydney?

(*A woman’s voice comes from off-stage, with a bad British accent*.)

KILLER

Hello, is everything alright. I heard some screams so I popped up to see what the matter was.

JACKIE

Oh, good. It’s just some British lady. We should let her in.

SYDNEY

Are you crazy? We can’t let some stranger in here. Not when there’s a severed leg on the floor.

JACKIE

But British people are naturally wise. Maybe she’ll know what to do. (*She lets the woman in. She has a hook for a hand.*) Please come in, Miss…uh… what was your name?

KILLER  
Just call me Miss Marple, my dear. Pardon my hook. I lost my hand in a baking accident back in Yorkshire. I’m your new landlady. Your previous one has been… terminated by the management.

SYDNEY

Miss Marple? More like Mrs. Doubtfire.

KILLER  
What are you implying, my dear?

SYDNEY

You look a bit manish.

KILLER  
Well, you look a bit whoreish but you don’t see me casting aspersions. Now, who wants a cup of tea?

JACKIE

Miss Marple, can you help us out? (*Points to the leg*.)

KILLER  
Oh, good heavens! There goes your security deposit, young ladies.

JACKIE

I found it when I came home; that’s why I was screaming.

SYDNEY

Yeah, which was a few hours ago. A little strange that you’re coming up just now.

KILLER  
It’s a lot of stairs, my dear. And my missing hand slows me down. Well, let’s see, this is a predicament. Have you bitten the leg, yet?

JACKIE

No.

KILLER  
I have an idea. I saw you come up earlier this afternoon with a lovely antique box.

JACKIE

Yes, I bought it at a garage sale.

KILLER  
Where is it? I think it might have the key to our mystery.

SYDNEY

Okay, what the hell is going on here? Who are you really?

KILLER  
 (*Drops the voice*.)

Alas, I see my brilliant disguise has faltered. I am a maniac serial killer!

JACKIE

Oh my goodness! I thought that accent seemed suspicious.

KILLER  
But I fooled you long enough to get in the apartment. Now I’m here to take back my box, and kill the beautiful heroine and her slightly less attractive side kick.

JACKIE

Which of us is which?

SYDNEY

I’m the beautiful heroine. Do you really have to ask?

KILLER  
Yeah, it’s kinda obvious.

JACKIE

I hate you guys.

SYDNEY

Don’t get too cocky, Mr. Killer. When my boyfriend, Stanley gets here, he’ll save us.

KILLER  
Say, does that Letter Jacket you’re wearing belong to Stanley.

SYDNEY

Why, yes it does.

KILLER  
What a coincidence… so does that leg!

SYDNEY

Stanley’s dead? You monster! And now you’re going to kill us with that hook?

KILLER  
Don’t be silly. This is just a prop. (*Drops the hook and pulls out a wrench*.) I’m going to kill you with this!

JACKIE

Oh my Gosh! It’s a wrench!

SYDNEY

A wrench? Seriously.

KILLER  
I’ll admit it’s not traditional, but imagination should count for…

SYDNEY

It’s kinda lame. And really small.

KILLER  
Is it? But it has a lot of girth, and that’s what really matters…

SYDNEY

It makes you seem like a mediocre serial killer.

KILLER

This is embarrassing. I thought this wrench would be scary. I’m so sorry. (*He puts the wrench down and leaves. After a beat he returns with an axe*.) How about this instead!

SYDNEY

Holy shit! That’s an axe.

KILLER

That’ll teach you to make fun of the size of a man’s wrench.

(*He approaches them*.)

JACKIE

Wait a minute. You can’t kill us yet. You haven’t explained your plan.

KILLER  
What? No, I don’t really have a lot of time…

JACKIE

Every great villain explains his plan to his victims.

KILLER  
But you’re going to die. That seems kinda gratuitous.

SYDNEY

No, she’s right. The villain always explains his master plan giving the heroes time to escape. I mean, not escape, but… listen intently.

KILLER  
Well, if it’s expected.

JACKIE

It is; it really is!

KILLER  
Okay. This is my master plan. I plan to kill you both and jizz on your corpses. Wow, that didn’t take nearly as long as I had thought.

(*He goes after the girls and a chase ensues*.)

SYDNEY

Wait a second! Wait one Goddamn second! What’s in the box?

KILLER  
Of course, I’ve left out an important plot point. (*To JACKIE*) My dear, would you do the honors?

(*JACKIE goes to the box and opens it. Inside is a heart*.)

JACKIE

It’s a heart!

KILLER  
No. It’s a metaphor. For the heart that you stole from me, Sydney? All those years ago.

SYDNEY

What?

KILLER  
You don’t remember me. Why should you? My name’s Milton Carbunkle. I sat behind you in English Lit in high school. I asked you to the prom and you laughed in my face.

SYDNEY

Oh, hi. How’ve you been?

KILLER  
I’ve been better. But you see… (*drops the act*) okay, this has gone on long enough. Look: that leg is a prop, this heart is a prop… all of this was just an act.

SYDNEY

So Stanley’s not really dead?

KILLER  
Oh, no. I did kill him. He was in the way. But you’re missing the point. I loved you and you took that love for granted. This was the only way I could get your attention.

SYDNEY

This was the ONLY way?

KILLER

I believe in the romantic gesture. That’s the problem with love today. No one’s willing to die for love anymore. No one’s willing to kill for it.

SYDNEY

That’s delusional.

JACKIE

No, it’s not. I’m willing to die for love, Milton. Choose me.

KILLER  
Please, don’t speak. I don’t do uggos.

SYDNEY

You’re crazy. Both of you. And the reason I laughed in your face, Milty, is because you were a creep. What a joke that you thought I would want your love. I’m going to the police and they’ll take you to jail, where you can die for your love in the electric chair.

JACKIE

Not so fast, bitch. (*She pulls out a sword and stabs SYDNEY*.)

SYDNEY

What the… where did you get a sword?

(*SYDNEY dies*.)

KILLER

What are you doing? You weren’t supposed to kill her… I was! This is the last time I get an accomplice off of Craigslist.

JACKIE

What you said was so beautiful. I got excited. Tell me how many people have you killed before her.

KILLER

I don’t kill and tell.

JACKIE

God! That’s so sexy. Make love to me right now.

KILLER  
I told you before. I’m not looking for anything long term right now. My love life is a bit complicated… I have some issues I’m resolving. And to be honest, you’re really not my type…

(*JACKIE takes the sword and stabs him*.)

JACKIE

Isn’t this hot? I’m like… in you right now.

KILLER  
Holy shit. I really should have seen this coming. I mean, who carries a sword with them?

JACKIE

Remember that heart in the box?

KILLER  
Yes, the fake…

JACKIE

It’s not fake. It’s Stanley’s. After you killed him, I went to his place and ripped it out. Sydney didn’t know this, but he used to be mine, before he left me for her. But now I have his heart again. Now answer me… is that axe a prop?

KILLER

It’s real. I was going to use it to kill that slut who broke my heart.

JACKIE

How ironic. Given how I’m going to end your life.

KILLER

Wait… before I die, grant me one last request.

JACKIE

I’ll think about it.

KILLER

This may shock you, but… I’m a virgin.

JACKIE

That doesn’t shock me.

KILLER

Okay, well… I just can’t bear to die without ever having seen a vagina. Up close and in real life; not in a porno. You don’t have to show me yours, it can be the dead girl’s… I don’t care. Actually, I would prefer the dead girl’s. But before I die, I must see a vagina.

JACKIE

Sure, I’ll help you out. Have you ever looked in a mirror? Because if you have, then it means you’ve already seen a twat.

KILLER

How can you be so cruel?

(*Jackie picks up the heart and the axe*.)

JACKIE

I’m not, I’m just a woman with a broken heart. And the heart is the cruelest mother fucker of all.

(*JACKIE throws the heart on the ground. She prepares to swing the axe as MILT screams. Lights fade to black*.)