

AMY

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A Play in One Act

by

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Cast of Characters

Stuart Sparks: A idiosyncratic janitor in his late 30s.

Sid Wilson: A man in his mid 20s, with a mysterious connection to the janitor.

Scene

The locations are outside of the Crestington apartment building, Stuart's front door, and inside his kitchen.

Time

Present.

ACT I

SCENE 1

SETTING: We are standing in front of the derelict CRESTINGTON apartment building on 156TH street. The streets and sidewalks are litter with garbage, graffiti, and filth.

AT RISE: A man wearing a green janitor jumpsuit, STUART SPARKS, unlocks his front door, enters his apartment. He shuts the door, walks into the kitchen, and places the tan grocery bag on the pantry.

SID

Did you know that the children in the world don't belong to us, they are god's children? Did you know that, Stuart? He holds us responsible for taking care of them.

SID

A child in pain is the worst feeling, particularly for me because I know I'm failing the lord, which is ironic because I am not even a religious man-- Religion is driving the world insane. So, humor me, why does a man with my cynicism exhibit these sentiments for God, Stuart?

(Sid leans back in the chair at the kitchen table, tapping his fingers on it.)

STUART

(trembles)

What are you doing in my apartment? I have a restraining order against you, Sid. You can't touch me, that's what the- my lawyer said.

SID

(mocks)

"You can't touch me?" It looks and feels like I can touch you... I don't want to touch you, I want to eviscerate you. But I just want to talk to you right now.

STUART

I don't want to talk. I don't have anything to say to you, I'd appreciate it if you'd leave my apartment now.

SID

People want, desire, and need a lot... of things. But so many people never get it. And you are not so different from many of those people. You are a sick dog and you never received what you needed, did you?

(Stuart reaches for his house phone,
picks it up, and dials 911.)

SID

I wish you could see the moronic look on your face. It's like the "who stole my Eggo" expression. I used to love those commercials. You know them, old man. As for your phone, I may have severed your phone line. I just don't like interruptions. I am a real stickler about time. Time... isn't like money, you can't just lose it and make it up. You can make twenty dollars back, but you cannot get yesterday back.

(snickers)

In fact, the odds are so astronomical, you have a better chance of making a million dollars than seeing yesterday again. I need a yesteryear, the whole 365 days.

SID

I want those days back; the present isn't like the past.

(groans)

It's a cold night, I tried to fix that thermostat of yours until I realized it's a lost cause. I know lost causes. I've spent two years and counting dealing with one. These snakes always find a way, make it out by the skin of their teeth. Oh, I fuckin' hate that. It drives me bonkers. What about you, Stuart?

STUART

I wouldn't know anything about that. I do know a thing or two about psycho stalkers.

SID

I guess am a regular old case study. Oh, I almost forgot, how is your dating life? Have you returned to the scene, Humphrey Bogart?

STUART

Why would I ever discuss that with you, it's none of your business. There, we're all caught up. Leave.

SID

Brrr, it's even colder in here than outside. Why all the hostility? Where is the hospitality? I went through the trouble of traveling all the way here to see you, all you've been is rude. I've done nothing wrong to you, can you say the same for yourself?

STUART

I have a clear conscience. You have no reason to be here. The fine American justice system sided with me. Deal with it. You may not agree with it, but the law is the law.

(Stuart frantically puts his groceries
in the cabinet, reaches to the back of it.)

SID

Searching for something, huh? I loathe when that happens to me. It really grinds my gears. Let me help.

(sits revolver on the table)

This is a mighty, fine piece of hardware. And it's supposed to be for me, jeez, you really need to work on your people skills. They suck. We clearly have a different interpretation of hospitality... and you are a southern, right? I mean, if I can recall. You dropped the accent, why? If you don't mind me asking.

STUART

You are out of your mind and I don't have to answer your dumb questions.

SID

Are you sure? You dyed your hair black even though you are a natural dirty blonde. You traded in your bifocals for contact lens. You work as a janitor now, what happened? You got tired of teaching poetry to young vulnerable girls?

(Stuart slaps his palms on the
pantry.)

SID

Did I puncture a nerve? I really didn't mean to. That's quite some temper that you have. I can't fault you for that, we all have tempers. We're all hypocrites in some fashion. I'm just a man in a world, tempted by all the feasible vices surrounding us. I reject them though because I'm not a savage.

SID

If there is one undeniable thing, we all have a taste for the flesh. The type of flesh that makes us salivate is different. I take mine mature and experienced. You prefer yours young and naïve like a baby calf with Similac still on its breath. That is a wildfire, a thirst never leaves a junkie. It lingers and grows waiting for the next taste. You fall too deep in the vortex to ever find the light, each time an innocent soul's sacrificed. It chips a piece of your heart, soul, you every time. Life is full of consequences. Consequences are debts. They're always paid. One way or another. How was that last bit? I've been writing poetry. Yeah, it needs some work. Anyways--

SID

I remember this old saying my father says: "Parents aren't supposed to bury their children." Mine almost did. What do you think about that?

(Stuart turns around, stares Sid in his eyes.)

STUART

(chuckles)

Hmph, you want to know what I think? I think this is a dangerous world. You're either a predator, or prey. Predators around us, can't deny natural instincts.

STUART

That's what I think, but I'm not a predator. I had to leave Pennsylvania for a clean break. That's all and janitorial work is the only job I can get after your family dragged my name through the mud. I had to change my appearance because people kept recognizing me, screaming at me, throwing objects at him, vandalizing my car, where I live. Now you can exit.

(points at the door)

I have to get up early for work tomorrow morning. I'm sorry about what happened, but we were all victims in the matter. I found peace and I'm just trying to move on with my life. You should, too.

SID

(guffaws)

You self-righteous old prick. You really believe that you did nothing wrong. I figure when you tell enough lies, you eventually start believing them. Or maybe it's the old age.

STUART

It's not a lie, if it's the truth.

(Sid empties the chambers of the revolver on the kitchen table. He picks a bullet up, puts it into the chamber, closes it then cocks the revolver and points it at Stuart. Stuart grips the kitchen pantry...)

SID

Now, let us do this one more time. Please try to answer every one of my questions to the best of your abilities. Every time I hold one of these things... my trigger finger gets itchy. I would hate for an accident to occur. It would be so unfortunate.

STUART

Is violence really necessary? We can hash this out like adults.

SID

It seemed necessary when you were searching for the gun to use on me. No? You don't have anything to say? Speak! You like to talk, you like to recite poetry, Mr. Stuart Sparks. Any relations to Nicolas Sparks by chance. I doubt it. One, no one that talented could ever share DNA with a two-hundred-pound sack of shit like yourself, and two, Stuart Sparks is not even your real name.

SID

See, I did some recon on you. Your real name is Melvin Carrigan. You're from Mobile, Alabama. You used to live in Pennsylvania and teach at Enchanted, an all girl's high school for two years. How does someone with a fifth-grade education swing something like that? I suppose you're not as dumb as you look. Everyone keeps making that same mistake. You thrive when people underestimate you. You can't hide who you really are from me.

SID

Something I find weird is the real Stuart Sparks was murdered a week before you showed up at Enchanted. I can see why you chose him other than for his degrees from Harvard, and Northwestern in English and Poetry, you look like... his identical twin. You have a real talent for changing your appearance. Master of disguise. I wouldn't recognize you if I didn't start tracking you on your last day in court when you skated for raping your student, my baby sister, Amy Wilson.

(claps)

Bravo.

STUART/MELVIN

I was acquitted of all those malicious lies. I never touched your sister once, she was obsessed with me--I know you don't want to hear that, but it's the truth. She's a beautiful girl and what happened to her was horrible, but I had no part in it. I want you to know that I forgive her.

(Sid scratches the top of his head.)

SID

My sister isn't infallible in the slightest. Amy lies to our parents, she does. But I tried my hardest to think about a time when Amy ever lied to me. It just kept going blank. Do you know why? She never lied to me once. I know this because I know my sister.

STUART/MELVIN

Then I guess this would be the first time that she's lied to you. 'Cause I never harmed your sister. I didn't want to mention this, your sister had quite a reputation at Enchanted. I wasn't the only male teacher that she made sexual advances towards.

SID

More lies, you should consider a career as an espionage agent. You destroyed my sister's life and now she won't even leave the house, the doctor said that she'll never have kids. You robbed Amy of her beautiful soul. Yet you have the audacity to stand there and continue to cast aspersions upon her. You're getting off on it like a goddamn succubus.

STUART/MELVIN

I get it, people struggle with accepting the truth about their loved ones. I know, I've seen enough people in denial.

SID

Oh, Melvin Carrigan. You are sicker than I initially thought--

STUART/MELVIN

(clears throat)

My name is Stuart Sparks, not Melvin Carrigan! Melvin Carrigan is dead. I love- loved all my precious girls! I would never damage a beautiful hair on their heads!

(Sid picks a large book up off the floor and drops it on the kitchen table.)

SID

Maybe you love them a little too much. What is this? Why do you have so many pictures of girls, no older than fifteen in their underclothes. Another thing that I don't get is why you have so many pictures of my sister. I thought she was the obsessed one.

STUART/MELVIN

(rattled)

I can-can explain that, see it is not what you think. They're just souvenirs given to me over the years. I just forgot to throw them out.

SID

That is hysterical because they look like trophies to me. Something that serial rapists collect, are you a serial rapist, Melvin?

STUART/MELVIN

I told you not to call me, Melvin. My name is Stuart Sparks!

SID

Melvin, why do you have pictures of my sister in her underclothes? She didn't give these to you.

STUART/MELVIN

Fine, I'll be honest. She let me take the photos of her. I'll also admit that I lied in court. She wasn't obsessed with me, we were in love. We were in a committed relationship. I love her so much, that when she accused me of such a heinous act, I was deeply distraught.

SID

So, now you two were in love. She is fifteen, you're thirty-eight.

STUART/MELVIN

I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help it. I've never done anything like this before, I'm not a pedophile. I just fell in love with my soulmate. We can't control who we fall in love with, Sid. I miss her. I want to see her again. I don't blame her for losing my job, my life. I just want her.

SID

Wow! I'm sorry. I am just trying to wrap my head around this, it's just a shock and awe. How's the shoulder?

(Sid shoots Melvin in his shoulder.)

STUART/MELVIN

(cries)

Ah! You shot me in the shoulder!

SID

I did. I shot you in the shoulder. So what?

(Melvin puts pressure on his shoulder.)

STUART/MELVIN

Why? I told you the truth!

SID

No, you didn't. You didn't tell me shit. I'm sick of playing games.

STUART/MELVIN

Yes, I did. Ugh, I need to go to the hospital.

SID

I don't care. Your name is Melvin Carrigan. Say it.

(Sid loads the remaining bullets in the revolver.)

SID

I want to hear you say your name! One... two...

STUART/MELVIN

Okay, okay!

(coughs)

My name is Melvin...

SID

Fucking say it!

STUART/MELVIN

...Carrigan. Melvin Carrigan. Okay?

SID

Nope, it's not okay. You are a murderer, pedophile, serial rapist, and identity thief. You fleeced everyone, but I see you for what you are. Amy wasn't your last victim. I found the twelve-year-old little girl tied up in your bedroom. I set her free. You go state to state preying on innocent little girls. You stole Amy's innocence. I can't get it back, but I can make sure you never do it again. You're a rabid dog, what do you do with rabid dogs?

STUART/MELVIN

You can't do this! Help! Help!

SID

How many of your victims said the same thing? Yeah, that's what I thought.

(he shoots him five times in the chest.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)