

Blind Trust
by
Luke Gerson

luke.gerson2@gmail.com
913-982-6283

Characters:

MIKEY - late 20s

LARRY - late 40s

WAITER - any age

Setting:

A fancy restaurant. Modern day.

Inside a restaurant, two men, Larry and Mikey, sit at a table. MIKEY has the menu close to his face, analyzing the other diners. LARRY has his eyes closed, meditating.

MIKEY

I can't wait any longer.

LARRY

Please stop talking.

(MIKEY pouts. Beat.)

MIKEY

Who do you think it is?

LARRY

I don't know.

MIKEY

Why do you think he hasn't told us?

LARRY

I don't know.

MIKEY

It's gotta be someone special then.

LARRY

Well the money we're getting for it would say so.

(MIKEY drops the menu to look at LARRY.)

MIKEY

The money?

LARRY

Why'd you say it like that?

MIKEY

Because you said it like we're getting paid a lot.

(LARRY opens his eyes, looks at MIKEY.)

LARRY
We are getting paid a lot.

MIKEY
We are?

LARRY
Yeah.

MIKEY
Why do you say so?

LARRY
Because they told us.

MIKEY
They told us?

LARRY
Yeah. They told us.

MIKEY
And how much did they tell us?

LARRY
A million dollars.

MIKEY
(loudly)
A million fucking dollars!?

LARRY
Keep it down.

MIKEY
They didn't tell me that. Why the fuck didn't they tell me that?

LARRY
They probably forgot.

MIKEY
They don't fucking forget things. Not things like that.

LARRY

They probably thought that if they told me I would tell you therefore they didn't need to waste their breath telling the both of us. Like the transitive property.

MIKEY

I hate math.

(A WAITER walks over to their table.)

WAITER

Good evening, gentlemen. Could I interest you in something to drink?

LARRY

Just a water.

MIKEY

Bring me the most expensive drink you have. And also a Shirley temple.

(LARRY turns to MIKEY like MIKEY is insane.)

(The WAITER marches off.)

(LARRY is still staring at MIKEY.)

MIKEY

Look, you said we're making a million dollars, so might as well get the most expensive thing. Live it up a little.

LARRY

And the Shirley temple?

MIKEY

I know it's good, but I don't know if the expensive one is. It's my safety blanket.

(LARRY shakes his head, goes back to meditating. Beat.)

MIKEY

I still don't understand why they didn't tell me we're getting paid a lot.

LARRY

Oh my God.

MIKEY

That's five times what we usually make.

(LARRY opens his eyes to look at MIKEY.)

LARRY

I don't know, Mikey. Probably because you would've spent it all before we even got it. Like the last time you got paid a lot.

MIKEY

That horse sculpture was a great purchase...

(The WAITER comes back with the drinks. He sets them down on the table.)

WAITER

Here you are.

LARRY

Thank you.

(The WAITER stares at MIKEY for a few moments. LARRY and MIKEY don't notice at first, then MIKEY turns to the WAITER.)

MIKEY

It's a grown man's drink!

(The WAITER walks away.)

MIKEY

The service here is shit.

LARRY

Thank God we didn't come here for the service then.

(MIKEY groans.)

MIKEY

God, this is making me nervous. It feels different. More money, not telling me, we don't even know the guy yet. I mean, where the hell is he? Shouldn't we know by now? Shouldn't he be here by now?

LARRY

He'll come.

MIKEY

What's he trynna build up anticipation or something? Is he gonna come up through the floor like Taylor Swift?

LARRY

He'll come.

MIKEY

You already said that.

LARRY

I thought if I'd repeat the same thing twice maybe you'd shut up.

(LARRY pulls out a newspaper and begins to read it.)

MIKEY

I just get so antsy before.

LARRY

Oh I've noticed.

MIKEY

I think it's 'cause I don't really even like doing it.

LARRY

You've said that before.

MIKEY

Have I?

LARRY

Yeah, a lot of times. Every single time we've been together, actually.

MIKEY

Doesn't make it less true.

(LARRY peels away from his paper.)

LARRY

I'm going to regret asking this, but what don't you like about it? I have to constantly hear you moan about how you don't like it but you never say why.

MIKEY

Like it? How could I like it? Do you like it?

LARRY

I knew I'd regret it.

MIKEY

You like doing this?

LARRY

I like making money. Because I have to pay for things. And if I don't have money, I can't pay for things.

MIKEY

Hmmm. I don't know. I guess...I don't know.

LARRY

That's good.

(LARRY goes back to his paper.)

MIKEY

I think it's the fact that you're taking their trust.

(LARRY drops his paper.)

LARRY

Taking their trust?

MIKEY

Yeah, I don't mind killing the person. That doesn't bother me at all.

LARRY

You've got a good heart.

MIKEY

But it's like we all have this unsaid pact where we don't hurt each other. Where we don't kill each other. That we respect people's trust. That other people will trust other people not to kill each other. Every day we go out there with a blind trust in belief of that pact.

LARRY

We?

MIKEY

Society.

LARRY

And we're breaking that?

MIKEY

Yes.

LARRY

And so you don't mind the act of killing, but you mind the breaking of the pact? The taking of their trust?

MIKEY

Exactly.

LARRY

I wish I wasn't sober.

(The WAITER walks over.)

WAITER

Can I interest you in something to eat?

LARRY

No, we're just waiting for someone.

MIKEY

Do you got any drinks with umbrellas?

WAITER

We do.

MIKEY

Hit me.

WAITER

Very well.

(The WAITER walks away.)

(LARRY starts smelling the air.)

LARRY

Did you fart?

MIKEY

I think it was that Shirley temple.

(The fart intensifies.)

LARRY

Jesus Christ, Mikey.

MIKEY

I gotta go to the bathroom.

LARRY

Oh, no, really? I had no idea.

(MIKEY stands up.)

LARRY

Wait, what if we get who it is while you're gone?

MIKEY

I won't be long. Hopefully.

LARRY

What if he leaves before you get back?

MIKEY

Did you just assume their gender? Girls can be worthy of being killed too.

LARRY

Just go to the bathroom.

(MIKEY sprints away.)

(LARRY puts the newspaper back up to his face.)

(The WAITER returns with MIKEY's drink. He sets it on the table. He then stares at LARRY.)

(LARRY slowly puts down his paper.)

LARRY

Can I help you?

(The WAITER sets a small piece of paper on the table.)

(LARRY stares at the piece of paper for a few seconds, then quickly grabs it and looks at it.)

LARRY

No. No, no, no. Wait a second.

(turning to the side)

Waiter! Waiter!

(The WAITER returns.)

WAITER

How can I help you?

LARRY

This has to be wrong.

WAITER

It's not.

LARRY

I can't do this.

WAITER

I think you can.

LARRY

I can't--

(The WAITER walks away.)

LARRY

Don't walk away from--

(MIKEY appears.)

(LARRY sees MIKEY and immediately rips up
the piece of paper.)

MIKEY

What was that?

LARRY

How did you get back so fast?

MIKEY

It was just one of those fart bubbles. No poop.

(MIKEY notices the ripped up paper.)

MIKEY
What was that piece of paper?

LARRY
We, uh, we got who it is.

MIKEY
Really?

LARRY
Yeah.

MIKEY
Why'd you rip it up?

LARRY
It said to.

MIKEY
Who is it?

LARRY
Who?

MIKEY
Are you trying be an owl? Yeah, who.

LARRY
It's um, it's, it's that guy. Over there.

(LARRY points into the audience.)

MIKEY
Him?

LARRY
Yeah.

MIKEY
But he's with his kids.

LARRY
Well, hopefully they don't like him.

(MIKEY sighs.)

MIKEY
How do you wanna do it?

LARRY
I don't think we should shoot him in front of his family.

MIKEY
Good call.

LARRY
Let's get him to go outside with us.

MIKEY
How the hell do we do that?

LARRY
We'll tell him to go to his car.

MIKEY
That's not going to work.

LARRY
We'll say it's being towed.

MIKEY
He's not going to trust.

LARRY
Just...please.

MIKEY
Ok... I've never heard you so somber before It's kind of freaking me out.

(MIKEY starts to walk over to the guy.)

LARRY
Wait!

MIKEY
What?

LARRY
How's Maggie?

MIKEY
What?

LARRY
How is she?

MIKEY
...Why are you asking me this?

LARRY
Just checking in.

MIKEY
Can't you check in after we kill that guy?

LARRY
I don't think I'll be able to.

MIKEY
But--

LARRY
They're on their appetizer.

(MIKEY stares at the guy, then sits back down.)

MIKEY
She's been kinda pissing me off lately.

LARRY
How so?

MIKEY
She's been yelling at me a lot. More so than usual.

LARRY
You probably deserve it.

MIKEY
I don't deserve it. Not all of it at least. I mean, listen to this. Just a month ago I take out a life insurance policy for the two of us. In case anything happens to me. Or her. You never know. I could be hit by a car, she could be hit by a car. Both of us could be hit by a car, but only one of survives. One of us could be hit by a car but the other--

LARRY
That's nice of you.

MIKEY

Yeah, that's what I thought. She didn't take it like that. She tells me that she thinks I'm planning on killing her. All because I get a life insurance policy.

LARRY

Seriously?

MIKEY

I know, crazy. I try doing something nice and that's what happens. I mean, these policies aren't cheap. Ugh. It's the story of my fucking life. I do things I don't wanna do and get nothing in return. Hell, even this job. I do it for her, to help her, and get no thanks. Nothing.

LARRY

Does she know what we do?

MIKEY

No, she thinks I'm global sales for an ice cream cone company, but still.

(LARRY nods, thinks about it.)

LARRY

That's just what life is. Doing things you don't want to do for people you care about.

(Silence.)

MIKEY

How's your daughter?

(LARRY stares at MIKEY.)

LARRY

Fine.

MIKEY

Is she, um, getting better?

LARRY

Yeah. She is.

MIKEY

That's good.

(Silence.)

MIKEY

I know I've told you this before, but thanks for sticking up for me when I let Moldova get away.

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, no problem.

MIKEY

It's just so hard to kill someone you don't think deserves it.

LARRY

I don't know if that's for us to judge.

(Silence.)

MIKEY

So, um, you wanna go kill the guy?

(LARRY sighs.)

LARRY

No, not really.

MIKEY

Well, I hate to say it, but he'll probably kill us both if we don't, so let's get on with it.

(LARRY and MIKEY stand up.)

(LARRY feels the inside of his coat.)

LARRY

Ah shit.

MIKEY

What?

LARRY

I forgot the gun.

MIKEY

You told me I could leave mine in the car!

LARRY

It's not a big deal. Let's go get it.

MIKEY

You go get it. I'll stay watching the guy.

(MIKEY takes out his car key.)

LARRY

Just come with me.

MIKEY

Why?

LARRY

Please.

(MIKEY stares at LARRY. There's the slightest bit of understanding).

MIKEY

Ok.

(LARRY walks to the exit and MIKEY trails him.)

(The WAITER clears the table and the lights slowly fade to black.)

END