

SAM SHMUK AND THE SERIAL KILLER

--a one-act by Daniel Curzon

CHARACTERS (2)

EILEEN, female, any age between 25 and 50, any race, provocatively dressed

SAM SHMUK, male, any age, white

SETTING: Outside and inside a car. Use two chairs for the car.

LIGHTS UP on EILEEN.

(She is hitchhiking.)

(The sound of a car passing her.)

EILEEN: (frustrated because nobody will stop) Fuck you!

Lights up on the interior of a car (the two chairs).

EILEEN: Hey! How about a ride? Hey!

SAM: (slowing down to a crawl) You want a ride?

EILEEN: No, my thumb's stuck this way!

SAM: Sorry to bother you.

EILEEN: Wait! Wait! I'm sorry. I can definitely use a ride.

SAM: You're sure? I don't want to harass you in any way.

EILEEN: My pet chinchilla is sick and I have to bring him his medicine.

SAM: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Where do you want to go?

EILEEN: As far as you can take me. Unlock your door.

SAM: (miming opening the door) Sure thing!

(EILEEN gets into the car.)

EILEEN: Thank you for stopping. Jesus, most of these assholes won't stop.

SAM: They probably heard about the serial killer.

EILEEN: Really?

SAM: It's a woman.

EILEEN: No way! That's the kind of stuff men do.

2

SAM: Excuse me, I haven't even introduced myself. I'm Sam.

EILEEN: Hi, Sam.

SAM: And your name is?

EILEEN: Son of Sam.

SAM: (laughs)

EILEEN: You think that's funny?

SAM: It's a joke, isn't it? I like a good joke now and then.

EILEEN: Good! Cuz I'm a laugh riot.

SAM: By the name of?

EILEEN: You can't drive me if you don't know my name?

SAM: I'm just trying to be friendly.

EILEEN: It's Eileen.

SAM: Very nice to meet you, Eileen. My last name is Shmuk.

EILEEN: Your name is Schmuck?!

SAM: But with no "c's."

EILEEN: Is that German?

SAM; I'm not sure. I think they changed it at Ellis Island when my ancestors got there.

EILEEN: Fascinating!

SAM: Do you often hitchhike?

EILEEN: Only when my car is broken and my chinchilla is sick.

SAM: You've got quite a sense of humor, don't you?

EILEEN: My father called me Smart Mouth.

SAM: I bet he was very proud of his little girl.

EILEEN: No, he wasn't!

SAM: Oh, I bet he was.

EILEEN: Did you know him?

3

SAM: I didn't have the pleasure.

EILEEN: Even though he didn't like me, he told me I could be anything I wanted to be.

SAM: Sounds like a great dad.

EILEEN: I told him I wanted to be a serial killer.

SAM: (laughs)

EILEEN: You think that's funny?

SAM: Surely, you jest.

EILEEN: Eileen, not Shirley. And yes, I jest. I also digest. As you might have guessed.

SAM: Is that a poem?

EILEEN: Yeah, I just composed it in my head. Some people think I'm weird.

SAM: You're very clever and talented.

EILEEN: You want to fuck me?

SAM: (sputtering) What?!

EILEEN: I think you heard me.

SAM: That is the last thing on my mind.

EILEEN: You're married and faithful to your wife?

SAM: My wife died last month.

EILEEN: Oh, I'm sorry.

SAM: She didn't go easily.

EILEEN: I'm sorry.

SAM: I helped her along. Shall we say?

EILEEN: You did what?!

SAM: Got you! I'm not married. Never have been married.

EILEEN: Are you still a virgin?

SAM: I'm not telling.

EILEEN: You sound like a virgin.

SAM: You certainly don't.

4

EILEEN: Oh, so it's okay when a man has lots of sex, but not when it's a woman.

SAM: Oh, Jesus, I'm beginning to regret picking you up.

EILEEN: You ain't seen nothing yet.

SAM: Now *you're* not funny anymore.

EILEEN: Oh, so men can make jokes, but women can't!

SAM: Are you the female serial killer?

EILEEN: Oh, so if a woman doesn't laugh at your stupid jokes, she's a serial killer, is that it?

SAM: Where can I drop you off?

EILEEN: My body, you mean?

SAM: Not your body. I couldn't care less about your body!

EILEEN: You don't want to make love?

SAM: It's hard to make love in an automobile.

EILEEN: We can go in the woods. See up there, there are some trees. Pull up over there.

SAM: I don't like doing it in the woods.

EILEEN: Why not? Slam bam, thank you, ma'am! Probably without even the thank you!

SAM: I like to make love, not just have mere sex.

EILEEN: How sweet. No wonder you're a virgin.

SAM: I'm not a virgin. I make love to myself.

EILEEN: Really?

SAM: I keep all my orgasms in different jars.

EILEEN: You're joking.

SAM: You want to see my collection?

EILEEN: Do I want to see your collection of old orgasms?!

SAM: Some people collect stamps.

EILEEN: I think I need to get out of the car.

SAM: But your sick chinchilla.

EILEEN: You're enough of a sick chinchilla for one day.

5

SAM: I'd pull over, but there's too much traffic.

EILEEN: (taking out a gun) Pull over!

SAM: Okay, okay. Watch that thing.

EILEEN: That's what she said! Is that funny enough for you?

SAM: I see a spot up ahead. I'm almost there.

EILEEN: Said no woman – ever! Not with you!

SAM: This is what I get for giving somebody a ride.

EILEEN: Pretty much. Ain't life funny?!

SAM: I can pull in up there.

(They stop.)

EILEEN: Get out! Now!

SAM: And you'll let me just walk away?

EILEEN: Let's play it by ear.

SAM: You can keep my car.

EILEEN: Many thanks.

(He starts to get out of the car.)

SAM: Don't shoot me in the back.

EILEEN: You prefer the front?

SAM: Don't take out your anger against the world on me.

EILEEN: (abruptly) Okay.

SAM: Okay?

EILEEN: I've seen a nice man, for once in my life, and so henceforth I will never be a serial killer again. As God is my witness!

SAM: Really and truly?

EILEEN: No. I'm joking.

SAM: You wouldn't actually use that gun.

EILEEN: That's what my boyfriend said before I shot him.

SAM: You shot your boyfriend?

6

EILEEN Yeah. Like this. (She shoots him.) (SAM falls to the ground.) Do you believe me now?

SAM: (feeling his body) I think you missed.

EILEEN: So a woman can't even shoot a gun. Is that it?

SAM: Oh, God! Please shoot me again.

EILEEN: No.

SAM: No?

EILEEN: Nobody tells me what to do.

SAM: I'm going to run away.

EILEEN: I'll chase you down.

SAM: (covering his eyes) I didn't see what you look like.

EILEEN: Yes, you did!

SAM: I forgot what you look like. So I couldn't give a description to the police.

EILEEN: Nice try. But it's not working.

SAM: I'm sure you don't want to hurt anybody.

EILEEN: I don't? (She shoots at him again.)

(SAM falls to the ground.)

EILEEN: How'd I do this time?

SAM: (Does not respond, lying very still.)

EILEEN: Are you dead?

SAM: Yes. You'd better leave my body here and run or drive away.

EILEEN: How do I know you're really dead?

SAM: I swear on the Bible.

EILEEN: Do you got any money on you?

SAM: No.

EILEEN: I'm gonna checkout your pockets.

SAM: I never take money out in public. It's not safe.

EILEEN: I don't believe you.

7

SAM: My pockets are empty. (Pulls out some pockets.) See!

EILEEN: Let me check for myself. (She goes over and checks his pockets.) Do you have any secret pockets?

(SAM grabs the gun from her.)

SAM: (standing) Aha! Who's got the gun now?!

(She knocks it out of his hand.)

EILEEN: Well, at least you don't!

(They struggle for the gun.)

EILEEN: (retrieving the gun) I have it back!

(They struggle some more.)

SAM: Now I have it again!

EILEEN: Now I do!

SAM: No, you don't!

EILEEN: You are so wrong!

SAM/EILEEN: (as one, to audience) Gun violence is no laughing matter!

SAM: Author's –

EILEEN: -- message!

SAM: (to EILEEN) Are we still going to do it in the woods?

EILEEN: I knew you'd say that! You, you *man*!

SAM: An orgasm with someone you care about is very important.

EILEEN: You don't care about me!

SAM: Yes, I do. Now that I've gotten to know you.

EILEEN: I'm a serial killer!

SAM; Maybe you just haven't found the right person yet.

EILEEN: This is not going to turn into a romantic comedy, I swear to God!

SAM: We could settle down together, get married, have a couple of kids. Are you still ovulating?

EILEEN: Are your sperm still fertile?

SAM: We could have a doctor test us.

8

EILEEN: Maybe we could. . . . Or maybe I'll just shoot you and this time not miss. Let's ask those people over there. (Points to the audience)

SAM: Okay.

EILEEN: What do you think, folks? Should I marry him or shoot him? Is this a romantic comedy or a romantic tragedy?

SAM: (to audience) And this is serious, not a joke.

EILEEN: That's right! All those who want me to shoot him, applaud now. (Waits) Again!

(The audience applauds, as it wishes.)

SAM: And who wants to see us get married? Huh? (Cups his ear to hear better.)

(The audience applauds, as it wishes.)

(Whichever side is louder depending on the performance, can choose the ending it wants.)

LIGHTS fade.

(Probably, most times the happy ending will win out.)