

Hit Person
By: Megan E. Tripaldi

Characters:

NICHOLS (F 20s-30s) – A Hitman for the mob.

SPENCER (M 30s-40s) – A stereotypical mobster type.

CLAUDETTE (F 30s-40s) – The late wife of the mob boss. Deceased.

SETTING: A back alley, very shady.

AT RISE: NICHOLS is pacing around looking anxious. SPENCER enters; a greasy mobster type. NICHOLS runs to him, panicked.

NICHOLS:

Oh my god...oh my god, Johnny I didn't think I –

SPENCER:

Last names, Nichols, last names!

NICHOLS:

Right...right, sorry...*Spencer*.

SPENCER:

Yeah, yeah, so...how did it go?

NICHOLS:

How did it go? How did it fucking go?! It's a fucking hit job, how do you think it went!? I was terrified!

SPENCER:

Eh, woah, language.

NICHOLS:

Oh, fuck you.

SPENCER:

Girl's got a mouth on her. So did you get it done, mouth?

NICHOLS:

Yes, I fucking got it done, what do you think I am?

SPENCER:

No, no I didn't say nothing. I'm just saying...well, it's just...you're a –

NICHOLS:

A what? A *what*, Spencer?

SPENCER:

You know...this line of work isn't suited for the, uh...delicate sex...of which you are a member...of...

(It takes her a moment to register this.)

NICHOLS:

You...sonofabitch!

(She starts slapping him.)

You thought I wouldn't get it done because I'm a *girl!*?

SPENCER:

That's not...that's not what I - !

NICHOLS:

Well, it's done, you fucking goon.

SPENCER:

Watch it with the name calling, huh?

NICHOLS:

Whatever. What did she do anyway?

SPENCER:

What do you mean?

NICHOLS:

I mean why did we have to hit her?

SPENCER:

Oh. She cheated on the boss.

NICHOLS:

That was his *wife!*?

SPENCER:

Yeah. So?

NICHOLS:

I...oh, never mind. Now what?

SPENCER:

Now what, what?

NICHOLS:

Now what do we do!?

SPENCER:

Oh. Now we wait.

NICHOLS:

Ok, good.

(Beat.)

For what?

SPENCER:

The word.

NICHOLS:

Oh, ok.

(Beat.)

What word?

SPENCER:

Nichols...

NICHOLS:

Ok, ok, I'm sorry. I'll wait.

(She does for a moment.)

How long do you think this will take?

SPENCER:

Jesus Christ, Nichols...

NICHOLS:

Well, I have to pee...

SPENCER:

Mother of... They just need to check to make sure she is really dead, ok? Is that fine with you?

NICHOLS:

Ok, fine. No, I'm good.

(Beat.)

Now who's got the mouth.

(SPENCER glares at her. She holds in giggles.)

Sorry, ok? It's just I know that it's done. She's not getting up, trust me.

(SPENCER looks over her shoulder, he goes pale.)

What?

(CLAUDETTE enters. Her clothes are torn and her hair is a mess, but she still seems quite composed and cheerful for her condition.)

SPENCER:

I don't think you're as good as you think you are...

NICHOLS:

What? Of course I am, why - ?

SPENCER:

Turn around.

NICHOLS:

(She does.)

I don't see what –

(She sees CLAUDETTE.)

AAAAH!

CLAUDETTE:

Nichols. Spencer.

SPENCER:

Miss Claudette...

NICHOLS:

What the fuck...

SPENCER:

Again with the language, there's a lady present.

NICHOLS:

And what the fuck am I?!

SPENCER:

Not lady-like, that's for damn sure...

NICHOLS:

You son of...

(She turns to CLAUDETTE.)

You're not supposed to be here...you're supposed to be...well, um...

SPENCER:

I believe she's looking for the word, "dead."

CLAUDETTE:

Oh, yeah, that...I am.

SPENCER:

Pardon this if it sounds disrespectful, ma'am, but if you're dead...how are you, you know, walking, talking...here?

CLAUDETTE:

(Matter of fact.)

I'm a ghost.

SPENCER:

Oh...ok...

NICHOLS:

No, no, this isn't true...this is some kind of prank, right? It's a prank? You're just not totally dead...

CLAUDETTE:

You want me to prove it? Ok. In about ten seconds that phone will ring and they'll give the word that I'm dead. Just watch.

(The phone rings.)

SPENCER:

What the...

(He answers.)

Yeah. Ok...got it.

(He hangs up.)

That was the word.

CLAUDETTE:

See?

NICHOLS:

Oh my god...

CLAUDETTE:

I just figured I'd stop buy before I make my way to the "other side" as it were.

NICHOLS:

Why? What do you want from me?

CLAUDETTE:

Well you *are* my hit man, aren't you?

NICHOLS:

Girl, hit girl, I'm a girl...

CLAUDETTE:

I just wanted to clear some stuff up before I go, is that ok with you two?

(They both nod, speechless.)

Good. Now, I did want to let you know that, yes, I was cheating on your boss. Was it bad? Yes. Am I sorry? Pretty much. Was murder warranted? Mmm, no, not really. But here we are.

NICHOLS:

I...I was just following orders, I didn't –

CLAUDETTE:

No, no don't worry about that; being dead is great! My back doesn't hurt anymore; I don't have to worry about eating too much. Really, this is a godsend. But that's not why I'm here.

SPENCER:

Then why are you here, ma'am?

CLAUDETTE:

I was just about to get to that, Spencer. You, madam are a terrible hit man...hit girl...hit person, whatever.

NICHOLS:

What? Are you kidding? I think the proof that I'm good is standing right in front of me...

CLAUDETTE:

I may be dead, yes, but in the process of *becoming* dead, well. I have a few complaints.

NICHOLS:

I...

SPENCER:

You may as well hear her out, Nichols.

NICHOLS:

Ok, fine, shoot.

CLAUDETTE:

Actually, that's a great place to start. You could have easily just shot me. Minimal damage, not a lot of noise if you used a silencer, and much less mess. Bing, bang, boom, dead. Easy. But you, you chose to stab me instead. Dramatic, yes. Artistic in a way...it could be done beautifully. But you, you hacked away at me like a tough steak! How many is this...

(She counts the slashes on her dress.)

Eighteen times? Did you really hate me that much? You didn't even know me. So why with the stabby-stab, huh? No reason for it. You have a whole arsenal of guns at your disposal and you choose a kitchen knife. It doesn't make sense to me. Plus you left all the blood everywhere, tracking it on the carpet...

NICHOLS:

Hey, it's not my job to clean up, just do the hit and get out. We got crews for that shit.

SPENCER:

Again with the language...

CLAUDETTE:

You did give them a pretty rough job, though, you have to admit. Trying to get blood out of a white carpet? Forget about it. They'll need to put in a whole new one, thanks to you. Now. Finally. You broke my vase.

NICHOLS:

What?

CLAUDETTE:

You broke. My vase. I know, I know, what can I do with it now, being dead and all, but it's the principle of the thing, you know? Be considerate of other people's belongings, living or dead. It's just good manners. So. To sum up this...job of yours: Yes, admittedly I am dead. Yes, ultimately the job was done. But over all, the service, I'd say...was little more than adequate.

(NICHOLS is slack-jawed. SPENCER is loving this.)

NICHOLS:

Adequate?

CLAUDETTE:

I'd say five out of ten, tops. So, kids, that about raps it up for me. Thanks again for...everything. Spencer, always a pleasure. Nichols...it was nice meeting you. I'll see you on the other side. Or not.

(She starts to exit.)

Oh, and tell your boss he's got a small dick. Tah!

(She disappears. They sit in stunned silence for a second.)

SPENCER:

You just –

NICHOLS:

(Putting up her hand to silence him.)

Ah.

SPENCER:

And she –

NICHOLS:

I know.

SPENCER:

She said you were a –

NICHOLS:

I was there, Spencer.

(Beat.)

SPENCER:

Well, I'm going to get going. You still gotta pee?

(She nods.)

There's a bathroom in that coffee shop around the corner.

(He starts to exit.)

I hear the service is...adequate.

(He exits. She stares off at him, fuming.)

NICHOLS:

Fffffff....

(Blackout.)