

# The Case of Ivan Kane

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## The Case of Ivan Kane

Characters: Ivan Kane  
Detective  
Mark  
Bartender  
Wendy  
Man

**(Ivan is standing at downstage centre. A rectangular table is behind him at centre stage with its longest face directed at the audience with two chairs, each one is on one of its longest sides. Ivan paces around the room. Dialogue commences once Ivan reaches downstage centre again. The Detective always speaks from offstage.)**

Detective: Good day, Mr Kane. I hope you're well.

Ivan: **(Looks at the audience.)** Ah, so you're finally here. Are you all done in the little room you sat in? Did you have a little joke at my expense? Now, you've come to deal with me.

Detective: Now, Mr Kane –

Ivan: Uh, Detective, please call me Ivan.

Detective: I think I will stick to Mr Kane.

Ivan: No.

Detective: No?

Ivan: You will call me Ivan or else, you won't get your confession. So, please, Detective, call me Ivan.

Detective: Fine, Ivan, would you like to tell me what happened?

Ivan: Yes.

Detective: That is what you said, right? You did it.

Ivan: I did.

Detective: Would you like to tell me the story?

Ivan: Very well, Detective. **(Picks up the other chair with its back to the audience and places it next to the other that's facing the audience. Sits down on one.)** This is where it starts. I was in a bar. I ordered two drinks from the bartender.

**(Bartender enters stage right, places two drinks on the table and exits the same way. Ivan opens a vial and pours a liquid in the drink.)**

Ivan: Then he entered.

**(Mark enters stage left and sits next to Ivan. Ivan angrily takes a sip of the drink.)**

Mark: You had to pick the only bar on the outskirts of the city.

Ivan: I did some research on this place. I thought why not try it? Besides, I have another appointment here after my get-together with you. So, it's a kill two birds situation. Also, it's not that busy. Other than that, How's it going, Mark?

Mark: I'm all right. thanks and you?

Ivan: Not much. You want something to drink? **(Points to the drink.)**

Mark: No, not at all. I have more work to do tonight.

Ivan: They got you working the late shift again, do they?

Mark: Yeah, the damn fools can't give me a small break. I've been stuck with this shift for a month now.

Ivan: Interesting.

Mark: What about you? How's the job and Lorraine?

Ivan: Lorraine is Lorraine, you know how she is. The job, well, I quit today.

Mark: Is that why you called me here? What happened?

Ivan: Ah, you know, sometimes you have to move on from what was keeping you down. Sometimes you have to cut all ties and do something new.

Mark: Yeah, I hear you. Maybe someday I'll do that too. Start something new. Go somewhere new. But what do you plan to do now that you have no job?

Ivan: I have somewhere to go in mind. It's quite soon, really. I might leave tonight.

Mark: Really? Where you off to?

Ivan: I'm not sure. I'm still thinking about it.

Mark: What about Lorraine? Have you told her?

Ivan: Oh, yeah. I went home before coming here. She was livid! You couldn't believe how she reacted.

Mark: I imagine so. You sure she didn't try to kill you?

Ivan:           **(Chuckles.)** Oh, no, but I think I killed her.

**(Mark laughs and Ivan takes a sip.)**

Mark:           So, do you think she will go with you?

**(Wendy and Man enters stage left, Wendy flirtatiously laughs and pulls Man along. Mark and Ivan turn to look at them.)**

Wendy:          Oh, come on, no one really comes to this bar and my husband is busy with an interrogation.

Man:            Are you sure, Wendy? What if he catches us?

Woman:         No way. He's too busy.

Man:            All right, fine! Let's get a booth.

**(Wendy and Man exits stage right.)**

Mark:           Anyway, what was I saying?

Ivan:            You were wondering if Lorraine was going to leave with me.

Mark:            So, is she? I could imagine she wants to stay, right?

Ivan:            I guess. I couldn't hear her through all her screaming and shouting.

Mark:            Well, whatever happens, I hope it's for the best. **(Pats Ivan on the back.)**

Ivan:            What would you do, Mark? Say you have a wife and you know she's been keeping secrets. What do you do?

Mark: Secrets? What kind of secrets?

Ivan: Small things, you know? I only realized it about two months ago. She first started lying about working late and she started going out with her friends. So, who knows what else she's been keeping from me. You don't happen to know anything, do you?

Mark: **(Coughs uncomfortably.)** No, not at all. I don't know anything.

Ivan: Are you sure? I want you to think hard about it. Anything you can think of could help. Quite a bit rides on this.

Mark: I'm afraid I don't. Sorry, bud.

Ivan: So, your choice is to not say anything then. I see. Is that your final answer?

Mark: Yeah, I mean, what do you think I would know?

Ivan: More than me perhaps, but I think I've finally decided where to go. Have a drink with me all right? Just this one and that's it.

**(Mark nods and grabs the drink. Mark and Ivan raise their glasses to the air.)**

Ivan: Here's to new beginnings!

Mark: And a memorable life!

**(Mark and Ivan clink glasses, gulp down their drinks and place it back down.)**

Mark: So? Where are you going with Lorraine?

Ivan: Oh, Lorraine won't be coming with me.

Mark: Why?

Ivan: She's dead. **(Takes a last sip of his drink.)**

Mark: What? What do you mean dead?

Ivan: So, is this the part where I explain everything to you when you know everything already?

Mark: I don't understand.

Ivan: Of course, you do, Mark. You know everything. You can stop pretending. You were having an affair with my wife.

Mark: I'm not. How could you think such a thing?

Ivan: Come now. Don't play the fool when you've been caught. I suspected something was going on three months ago when I found your watch at my place. At first, I thought maybe you left it here when you visited and I let it go. Then, I started to notice how your late night work shifts coincided with her outgoings. So, I planned a pretend working night for myself. I set up a camera in our room and waited to see what happened. When I watched the footage, sure, nothing went down in the room, but you still got frisky enough before you left. I confronted her earlier tonight, she argued and I killed her.

Mark: I-I don't know what to say.

Ivan: You see, I gave her the chance to come clean just as you. She denied everything like you and so, I killed her.

Mark: Are you insane? Did you really kill her over that?

Ivan: Murder has been committed for less. I choked her to death. Death doesn't happen the way it does in the movies, does it? It's just so sudden, no time to say those long goodbyes.

Mark: What are you planning to do?

Ivan: I thought of different ways to kill you. I thought about a knife, but that's what I used on Charlotte for keeping her friend's secret. She's the loudest screamer I've met. I thought of a gun, but I used that on Charlotte's husband, Ted, as he probably knew all along as well. For you, I chose poison. You killed yourself moments ago drinking that beer. Your death is entirely your own.

Mark: Poison? No, you wouldn't kill Lorraine or them, and you wouldn't kill me. You're lying. You can't! No! I don't believe it.