

DON'T KNOCK

a one act play

by Ashley Nader

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Characters:

Jimmy Holden: 24 Years old. The last four months have been a complete nightmare. He is alone and has been losing loved ones left right and center. He has three close friends Pamela, Andrew and Tony (all from high school). He is tired of the country and is beginning to blame the government as he has no one else to point his anger to until....

Pamela Pander: 24 Years old. Six months pregnant. Happily married for five years now to Tony. Cannot stop eating, has food on the brain. Cares for Jimmy deeply and worried about him.

Andrew Match: 24 Years old, single and looking. Enjoys having fun.

Ryan Tallet: 22 Years old. Was caught trying to rob Jimmy's apartment. He is homeless and has a dark past and would do anything for his family in order to provide.

Tony Pander: 24 Years old. Married to Pamela. Loves his poker. Would do anything for the ones he loves. Cannot wait to be a father. Is Jimmy's best friend, been with him through everything.

Setting: The play takes place at Jimmy's apartment and Andrew's apartment. They live in the same block of flats. A bounce back of conversation at Jimmy's apartment and Andrew's apartment until the climax occurs at Jimmy's apartment.

(The stage is in darkness with the sound of footsteps heard followed by the sound of a door opening)

Jimmy: (shouts) You bastard! (sound of a decanter smashing)

(Lights come up on Andrew's place as Pamela, Andrew and Tony are waiting for Jimmy before they can start playing poker)

Andrew: Has anyone seen the chips?

Pamela: (Holding the packet of chips and scoffing them down her throat) Here they are!

Andrew: The poker chips, not the Lays!

Pamela: Good, more for me (as she shovels another handful of chips in her mouth)

Andrew: You like a machine, do you ever come up for air!

Pamela: Watch out, I might eat you if your not careful!

Tony: (Goes to the table puts down another packet of chips, kisses Pamela on the cheek) He might enjoy it. It's been a few months since he got his Willy wet. Isn't that right Andrew! (Tries to take a chip from Pamela)

Pamela: (Slaps his hand) Get your own! (Points to the other packet) Well no need to be bitchy just because you've got blue balls the size of bowling balls, go play with yourself and come back when your feeling relieved.

Andrew: It's not that, well besides that (adjusts himself down there)

Pamela: Charming (She pulls a stupid face and scratches her boob) now that we're even...

Tony: That's quite hot! (Tries to grab her other boob and she smacks his hand)

Pamela: You can play with them later while I'm asleep, Andrew's trying to tells us something, concentrate.

Andrew: My car was broken into this morning!

Pamela & Tony: SHIT!!!

Pamela: (Holds a chip in her hand) You weren't hurt were you?

Andrew: No thankfully not, I went to the bank to draw some money and pick up some fruit from the grocer, when I came out, the driver's window had been smashed. The thing that grates my goat is that there was a parking guard, supposedly watching my car.

Tony: I hope you confronted him and gave him a good blasting.

Andrew: I did, but I would have had more luck talking to a brick wall. He just kept shrugging his shoulders and saying he didn't see anything.

Pamela: Well least they didn't steal it. (She begins to open up the other packet)

Andrew: My car is covered for theft, not break ins, neither was my radio and sound. So after cleaning up the glass off my seat and missing my appointment with my top client, of course because Murphy has a sick sense of humour, the twisted little bastard. I am driving out my parking bay when the guard has the audacity to ask me for a tip.

Pamela: No!!

Tony: You kidding me!!

Andrew: He helped with sweet buggar all, just watched me as I was cleaning up the glass. Couldn't give me any information on what happened. Yet still wanted a tip.

Pamela: Unbelievable!

Tony: I hope you put him in his place.

Andrew: I lost it. I just saw red and lost my temper. Whipped up my handbrake in the middle of the parking lot, stuck on my hazards. Went to the back of my car dug through my fruit and took the bag of oranges and started lobbing him with oranges. I didn't stop one after the other. Swearing like a Lesbian trucker in a hore house. He began running through the shopping mall; I chased him and carried on. Luckily for him I ran out of oranges and he ran away.

Tony: You left your car open in the middle of the parking lot?

Andrew: Yes. Keys still in the ignition, door open and fancy that nothing was taken or stolen.

Pamela: So you think the guard did it?

Andrew: Damn straight. When I calmed down I phoned through to center management and laid a massive complaint about it. They informed me they don't have guards.

Tony: What will criminals think of next.

Andrew: After my complaint they are going to look into the problem and jack up their security. What a country we live in I tell you. Did you bring the beers? I need a drink.

Tony: I'll get you one out the cooler, and yes Pammy I got your six-pack of chocolate milk. I like my balls in tact, only make that mistake once.

Pamela: You're a quick learner baby!! Well least you're safe and here with us now.

Andrew: It's just the pure inconvenience of it all. Getting new glass fitted and paying for that. Then going to the police station and doing a statement. Now I have no music,

and after this ordeal I don't even know if it's worth it, what so it can be stolen again? What's the point of having nice things and enjoying what you work hard for to have it taken away in a blink of an eye?

Tony: It does suck but Pam's right, no one got hurt and you here with us. Take your beer and just calm down.

Andrew: (Goes to the draw, pulls out the cards) I'm sure I left the poker chips here. Unless they've stolen those to.

Pamela: I remember, Jimmy took them with him for a poker game that he was going to have with his dad and a few work mates. I'm sure he'll bring them with him now now.

Andrew: Well he's ten minutes late. Not like him to be late for anything. Have you two spoken to him since the funeral?

Tony: We spoke to him about two days after and about a week ago! He seemed okay. Considering everything that has happened, he seems to be doing bloody well. I hope this behaviour continues and he doesn't end up lashing out and doing something that he would regret.

Andrew: I've tried talking to him but he just shuts me out. I bump into him around the building and it's small converse and then he scurries off. He is going to come, wont he?

Pamela: This is Jimmy were talking about here. In the last six years that we have been doing this he has not missed one poker evening with us. It's our monthly ritual that he came up with. He will be here.

Andrew: Are there anymore chips?

Pamela: Don't panic I ordered two pizza's one for the boys and the other one for me. It should be here shortly. I could eat a horse... Make that two horses.

(Lights go out and the otherside of the stage lights up, to reveal Jimmy's apartment. Ryan is tied to a chair, blood on the one side of his face, passed out in the chair.)

Jimmy: Wake up you bastard! (Slaps him)

Ryan: (mumbles)

Jimmy: Maybe this will wake you up! (Throws a glass of water at him and the plastic cup) Wake up you swine (slaps him again)

Ryan: (Squeezes his eyes and clears his throat) Piss off, you lucky this rope is here otherwise you would be chewing on my boot.

Jimmy: Tough words for an amateur, who got caught!

Ryan: I've been caught before; this is just a plan in motion. Everything happens for a

reason.

Jimmy: You must be so proud to have a career as a thief, no wonder this country is going to shit!

Ryan: Going to shit, it is already shit! Why do you think I do what I do? For fun?

Jimmy: You could find a job, but I'm sure stealing works better in your favour, (sarcasm) flexi hours, no boss and best of all you don't pay taxes!

Ryan: (sarcasm) Best of all no traffic on the way to work!

Jimmy: Why me?

Ryan: Why not? Do you think your special? I don't ask the heavens and question why I am doing what I do? It's the cards I was dealt, so I play the best damn hand that was dealt to me. So what are you going to do with me?

Jimmy: I'm not sure yet. Although I will give you another smack (slaps him) it just makes me feel so much better.

Ryan: Get it out of your system now, because if I have my chance I will cut your ear off and use it as a key ring!

Jimmy: So what do you think I should do with you? Maybe end the small talk and just pull out my gun and fire a few rounds in your chest, not only to make me feel better, but to rid the world of another filthy criminal, that no one would miss. (Pulls out his gun). What do you think of that? (Places gun against Ryan's face)

Ryan: If that was the case you would of done that already and killed me. You're like a cat who has just caught a mouse and who wants to have a bit of fun.

Jimmy: Maybe, but don't forget the cat still kills the mouse, and enjoys it.

Ryan: I am not afraid, of you, your gun and anything else in this world (spits in his face). Bring on your punishment; I've been through worse guaranteed.

Jimmy: You think so. I have a lot of rage built up in me and it's just screaming to be poured out onto someone.

Ryan: When you've been doing this for ten years, you see and go through a lot. My right knee pulverized with a brick. My lower back burnt with an iron. My jaw shattered and rewired. Bullets going through my body as though I was target practice. My rectum being raped and mangled as though it was a piece of stewing beef. Whatever you have planned will be like a walk in the park compared.

Jimmy: You must be a sucker for punishment.

Ryan: Or do I enjoy seeing people's reactions, and the way they act!

Jimmy: You're a twisted son of a bitch, how can you wish devastation on yourself and inflicting it upon others. (Gun gets pointed close to Ryan)

Ryan: Ironic, you stand there talking about morals and doing the right thing, yet I am the one tied up with a gun in my face. Not once have you tried to get help or phone the police. You enjoying this, aren't you?

Jimmy: Cart you off to jail? Then what? That you can be back on the street in a few months more armed, more dangerous.

Ryan: Well during that time I'll have a place to sleep, three meals a day and a roof over my head, and don't have to pay a cent thanks to the people that pay our taxes.

Jimmy: Your right, I am enjoying myself, how often do you get to retaliate against the bastards that place fear into us, and that hurt and torture us.

Ryan: Your drunk with power, just remember will the pain you feeling ever truly go away, no matter what you do to me? Will it bring back your loved ones, the things you've lost? Will it make you stronger or will it turn you into the monster that you have always feared?

Jimmy: Don't try that Dr. Phil rubbish on me. You don't know anything about me.

Ryan: You want to bet? I know more then you could imagine.

Jimmy: I think I have heard enough of you. It's time to shut you up.

Ryan: (sarcastic) Of course you know best Jimmy!

Jimmy: (Slaps him) How do you know my name?

Ryan: I know more then you think Jimmy!

Jimmy: Damn you! (Slaps him) How do you know my name?

Ryan: (Laughs)

(Lights go fade, and we are at Andrew's place)

Pamela: That pizza can't come any sooner.

Tony: Well if it doesn't arrive in 20 minutes we'll get it for free.

Pamela: (Aggressively speaks to Toni) If the pizza isn't here in 20 minutes, there will be teeth marks in this table and teeth marks in... you!

Andrew: You've just polished off a packet of chips. It's like watching wood going through a chipper.

Pamela: I can't help it, if the baby is hungry.

Andrew: Are you sure there is just one, what are you giving birth to a litter of puppies?

Pamela: Babe it's serious, where is my emergency pack?

Tony: It's in the cooler box. Are you sure you need it? Can't you just wait?

Pamela: Wait! Do you want another episode like last time; I swear I will curse you into a coma, pull you out of it, knee you in the nuts and swear you back into a coma.

Andrew: Hurry up! Throw something in her, anything to shut her up.

Tony: Here suck on a pickle.

Andrew: What happened last time?

Tony: She began to have a hunger attack at the shopping mall. I didn't have enough time to get anything for her, so she flipped out got angry elbowed me in the stomach and stole a child's ice cream.

Pamela: (While eating the pickle) It was strawberry, delicious.