

## Drama

by Hugo Zhi-Hao Zeng (曾志豪)

Characters:

Jack: A bald and humpbacked middle aged man. He looks so nervous.

Tom: A man in black helmet and jacket. He talks cruelly and sarcastically.

Scene: There are only one table and two chairs on the stage. On the table, there is a knife.

Tom: Why do you hesitate? Do it! Just do it! You coward! (Talking angrily.)

Jack: Shut up! Don't force me to do it. I can't. I am so scared. (Speaking reluctantly and shaking.)

Tom: Damn it! We have been waiting for so long. You can't hold back now. Just do it, and then you can be free from her control. (Holds Jack's arm)

Jack: No! I can't. What shall we do with the body? How about the blood? The police will find her! Forget it. I don't think we should do it.

Tom: Why do you always give up at the last moment? Don't worry about the body. I will handle it. Do you forget that I come here to help you? (Speaking impatiently)

Jack: I do hate her. But I don't know whether she should die or not. It's guilty. If I got arrested by the police, I must get death penalty. (Panic and helpless.)

Tom: How can you forgive that bitch? She never treated you as a man. It's you who worked around the clock to buy that Prada wallet for her as birthday present. But what did she say? (Aggressively.)

Jack: Ugly! What an ugly thing! Do you have any taste at all? (Sadly.)

Tom: Yes! That's it! She always insulted you no matter what you did. She is the

meanest woman in the world. She never understood what you had done for her. You sacrificed your whole life in order to please her. What did she do? Nothing! She did nothing for you.

Jack: You are right.... My life.... For all these years, I always regarded her as the center of my world. She never appreciated what I did for her. (Almost crying.)

Tom: I know. That's why I am here. (Smile on his face.)

Jack: In order to keep company with her, I left the social life behind my back. All my friends left me one by one. I had no time having a drink with my friends. I got no private life. All I did was for her! (Yelling.)

Tom: But she never cared. In her mind, you are just a useless chicken. You are his slave. (A little bit despised.) So do it. When you stab the knife into her body, you are relieved from the hell. Isn't it what you want?

Jack: You are right. I want to end all these dismal. These years I have been tortured by her cruelty. Because of her, everyone thinks I am junk. She undervalues me in every aspect. Once, she even slapped me in the public, yelling at me, saying that I was an idiot that I couldn't get anything done well. (His fist hits the table.)

Tom: What a bitch! She didn't deserve your love. (He encourages Jack.)

Jack: Don't call her that foul name. (Angrily.) She did do something wrong. However, she is the kindest, sweetest, and most lovely girl I have ever met. (Happily.)

Tom: You fool! Until now you still defend for her. Can you wake up? She never loved you. You are just her tool for her to get what she wants. (Cynically.)

Jack: Stop calling me fool! What did she want eventually? Tell me what you know! (Eagerly and demandingly.)

Tom: Money! (Shout loudly.) You are such a silly and naive man. Look at you. You are fat and bald. Except for money, what else do you have?

Jack: Money..., I have already given her all my money. (Frustrated.)

Tom: So you are no worth for her at all now.

Jack: One day she brought a hunk home. She told me that he was her assistant and then she went upstairs with him to our room. Just in front of me, in front of me! (Crying out.)

Tom: Ha! Ha! Ha! This is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. You just let your wife sleep with a stranger. Gosh! You are so tolerant. (Laughing sarcastically.)

Jack: What can I do? She seems to be so happy.

Tom: You moron. You ought to kill the man, and smother your wife. (Speaking slyly.)

Jack: I can't. I don't want to kill anybody. (Terrified.)

Tom: So you would rather let other men sleep with your wife. (Arrogantly.)

Jack: No! Of course not.

Tom: So kill the slut. She has betrayed you. She is the one who broke your heart.

Jack: Yes! I should kill her. (Crazily.)

Tom: Finally! You finally make up your mind. So go! Take the knife and get into her room.

Jack: Fine. But wait. Let me take a final look at our wedding pictures. (Pleadingly.)

Tom: Why do you still care about those bull shit. Don't you know that marriage is the grave? It's that piece of contract which brought you into the hell. (Impatiently.)

Jack: Look at this! How happy we were when we got married! (Joyfully.)

Tom: She smiled for your money. (Ironically.)

Jack: She held my hand, telling me that we would be together forever.

Tom: Yes, she would be together with your money forever after you die.

Jack: She said that we would have a wonderful family with our kids. We would go to

beach every weekend. We would go to the movie and have the grand popcorn.

We would move to the villa near the coast. We would do many things together.

(It seems that he forgot Tom is beside him.)

Tom: She did achieve her dreams but not with you.

Jack: I can't believe it. (Disappointedly.)

Tom: You have to. That's the truth. Are you finished? Can we go now? (Impatiently.)

Jack: Maybe I don't have to kill her. (Doubtfully.)

Tom: For god's sake! Again! Why do you regret again?

Jack: I love her! (Passionately.)

Tom: But she didn't love you.

Jack: Forget it! If she can live a happy life, I will be glad for her.

Tom: You are such a weakling! No wonder your wife would have affairs with other men. You must kill her. You have no choice. (Angrily, threateningly.)

Jack: What do you want? (Scared.)

Tom: I want you to kill that bitch.

Jack: No. I change my mind. I don't want to kill her. I will leave her. It's over.

Tom: Nothing is over. I was here to help you. You are wasting my time. (Catches Jack's collar.)

Jack: I am sorry! I will pay you. (Kneels on the ground.)

Tom: It's too late. I don't need your money. I want you to kill her or I will do it myself.  
(He goes off the stage)

Jack: You can't kill her. (Yelling.)

Tom: Why not? I can kill whoever I want.

Jack: If you dare to touch her, I will....

Tom: You will what? I wonder what you will do, you are such a craven. (Laughing.)

Jack: I am not a coward. I won't let you kill her. I will kill you first.

Tom: You are pretty humorous. You want to kill me. How?

Jack: I have a knife.

Tom: so?

Jack: So don't do anything or I will hurt you. (Angrily and scared.)

Tom: Trust me. You can't hurt me.

Jack: I will.

Tom: Don't be silly. How can you kill me? I do not even exist in the world. I am you,  
and you are me.

Jack: What the hell are you talking about?

Tom: Look at the mirror, you fool.

Jack: What's wrong with my face? It's not my face. It's yours.

Tom: Can't you figure out? I was here by your hatred, helplessness, and fear. Your  
negative thought created me. I am your desire for killing your wife.

Jack: You are crazy. How can't this happen?

Tom: Whether you believe it or not, I will kill your wife--or my wife.

Jack: Stop! Don't force me to kill you. I am serious.

Tom: Come on! You won't kill yourself. You have no guts.

Jack: Shut up! (Rushes to Tom with the knife.)

(Lights off.)

(Lights on)

Jack: (Lying on the ground, with blood. Tom disappeared.) I can't believe it's true.

(Curtain.)