

Start

IRENE. You know no one's seen it. No one comes here. You won't let anyone in the house.

GERRY. You saw him doing this. Irene. You saw him, at the computer. Yes?

IRENE. Yes, I told you.

GERRY. It's important for you to remember that. He was the one who did this.

IRENE. Did what?

GERRY. Do you understand me, Irene?

IRENE. I understand you.

GERRY. Good.

(IRENE watches him work at the computer for a moment.)

IRENE. Gerry. What, what happened to Margie?

GERRY. What?

IRENE. What happened to Margie?

GERRY. I don't even know who Margie is.

IRENE. The DOG. She was my dog. The dog I got after Bennie – left. They both left, they both ran away. While I was gone. Both times. When I came back, they were both just gone. I left for, it wasn't even an hour one time.

GERRY. What are you talking about?

IRENE. The dogs. Both dogs. What happened to them.

(She goes to him and touches him on the shoulder to get his attention. Furious now, he looks at her. She takes a step back.)

Those dogs loved me, both of them, god, Bennie wouldn't leave the room if I was in it, he was that faithful to me. And Margie was smart, even if she got out of the house she would have known how to get back, and I was only gone for an hour that day, I was not even gone that long, and when I came back you said she had run away but where would she have run that I couldn't find her.

GERRY. I don't know what to tell you, Irene. Dogs run away.

(He turns back to his work, starts to type. After a moment, **IRENE** picks up a wrench from the side table.)

(She goes to **GERRY** and suddenly brings the wrench down right in front of him. He stands up, startled, and she blocks him from the computer.)

IRENE. WHAT HAPPENED TO MY DOGS.

GERRY. Oh that's great.

IRENE. You tell me what you did.

GERRY. You're as crazy as that brother of yours.

IRENE. You murdered my dogs. I know you did. I know it. I know it.

GERRY. That's insane, Irene. Seriously.

IRENE. I found it! After Margie. I found the box of poison, it was down here in the basement. You did it. I know you did it. To both of them. And then you left it. The box you just left it on the shelf. Where I would find it, eventually. Maybe. Not like obvious, like you wanted me to find it. But like you didn't care if I eventually did.

GERRY. You found rat poison in the basement? Maybe I was killing rats.

IRENE. We don't have rats! Except for you. Just tell me. Tell me!

GERRY. Rat poison. That's not proof of anything.

IRENE. Except that I know. Of course I know.

(A beat.)

Why do you think I never got another dog. I know.

(There is a pause at this.)

GERRY. Okay. Yes. I poisoned them, I poisoned them both. And then I buried them. Rat poison doesn't actually work all that quickly, it takes longer than would be ideal so I had to bury them before they were actually dead. I didn't want a dog. I don't like dogs. You decided

you had to have a dog, I let you do that for a while, and then that was enough. And then you decided you needed to do it again, that's not actually on me. The first one, I accept responsibility, but the second one was your choice, you put that second animal in my way. And I'm not going to tell you that I didn't enjoy killing them both. I realize people find this socially unacceptable so I don't talk about it. But it's not the first time I've killed animals.

And I'm not the only person on planet Earth who enjoys killing animals. There are more vicious ways to do it, in all honesty, and I've enjoyed that too. But that can be messy and you're not entirely stupid. So I used the rat poison.

(*A beat.*)

You wanted to talk? Let's talk. What else do you want to know.

(*A beat.*)

What do you want to know, Irene!

IRENE. Why did you marry me.

GERRY. I had to marry somebody. If you're not married people look at you. You had money. You're pretty.

IRENE. (*Quietly terrified.*) You think I'm pretty?

GERRY. Pretty enough. You're malleable. You're not very curious, I like that. You do what you're told. It's easy to hurt you, it doesn't take a lot of work to do it. You're polite.

IRENE. I'm polite.

GERRY. Mostly, yes.

(IRENE goes to the desk, leans on it, overwhelmed.)

Anything else?

(*A beat.*)

IRENE. Teddy said somebody poisoned him. I thought he was making it up. But maybe he was telling the truth,

maybe it was exactly like he said. Because things do happen. People do things that seem like there's no way to explain them, and you see them on the news and you think that's just something crazy, so far away from you, some horror in a different land. But those people have to live somewhere, don't they? You see them at your office. They live in your house.

And then you see a box of poison on a shelf one day and you think no it doesn't mean that, that's not what it means. But you never ask about it, and you never, you never...

(*She stops, thinking about this.*)

(GERRY watches her.)

GERRY. Okay, that's fascinating. Now, put that thing down. You're not going to do anything with it.

IRENE. I'm not putting it down.

GERRY. Look. Make no mistake here. I am not happy with this situation. You wanted some answers, I gave you answers but that is as far as this is going to go. Now give me that wrench and get out of here while I fix this.

IRENE. What does it feel like to be you?

GERRY. What do you think? It feels great. It feels fantastic. It feels AWESOME. NOW GIVE ME THE WRENCH.

(IRENE backs up.)

Irene, you give me that wrench or I will take it from you and I will hit you with it, and I will take my time and I will enjoy every second of it, do you understand me?

(IRENE stands there. The sound of a door buzzer.)

(*She turns and looks up.*)

They'll go away.

IRENE. No they won't.

(*The buzzer again.*)

GERRY. They'll go away.