

Sample #2: **Last Stop on the 33rd Street Bus is the Hairless Racoon** by MJ Perrin

Peter really does love his wife, but love can make people see what isn't there to see. As in the case of Peter who, in some deep-shit trouble, envisions suffering and hardship for his family; so he takes action to make their life easier by killing them. His attempt at a misconstrue plan for homicide, then suicide, goes sadly wrong and in a series of unexpected events, he finds himself at the Hairless Racoon. At this point in the play, Peter is being told that his organs will be sold on the black-market. He pleas for mercy, but he finds none as he becomes a casualty of circumstances—just like his family.

LILLY

So you did it, *for* them?

PETER

Yes, absolutely.

JOE

Out of love.

PETER

Yes, yes. I didn't want them to suffer because of my actions. And I think everything would have been okay, if it hadn't been for the burglar.

JOE

Burglar? What burglar?

PETER

As I was trying to figure out the gun thing, there was this burglar. He saw the bodies, and despite him breaking into our home, he called the police.

JOE

Doesn't surprise me at all. Most thieves, those who just steal, are fairly honest when it comes to other crimes. I know, I know. It's weird, but it's true.

PETER

Well, thanks to him, I had to stop what I was doing. I needed time to think, so I left. Been driving ever since trying to figure out what to do next.

LILLY

And have you come to an answer?

PETER

(slowly becoming incoherent)

Not yet, but I'll figure it out. In time.

JOE

Well, we can help you with that.

PETER

You can help me with what?

LILLY

Help you to be with your family.

PETER

I don't understand.

JOE

Oh, I think you do. We're gonna help you rejoin your love-ones.

PETER

I should go. The alcohol is really hitting me, weird like. I need to find a hotel and sleep this off.

LILLY

We can't let you drive in this condition. That wouldn't be right of us. What if you had an accident and killed someone you *didn't* know.

JOE

Besides, what's the hurry? There's no place to go, remember? And we'd be honored to be part of your plan.

PETER

This isn't my plan. Dying in some strange place, with people I don't know.

LILLY

So, are you saying it was your wife's plan for you to kill her and the kids? 'Cause that certainly would make a big difference, wouldn't you say Joe?

JOE

It certainly would. No doubt about it.

LILLY

Did you get the impression his family wanted to die for his sins?

JOE

No, Lilly, I did not.

LILLY

Well, there you go Peter. What more can you say?

PETER

(fumbling with his words more and more)

You make a decision. You do what you think is best. You killing your husband—

LILLY

I killed a prick. Was your wife a prick?

PETER

Of course not. You have to understand—

JOE

We do understand, better than you think. You're scared. Scared of living. Scared of dying. But you can relax now, because we're going to make those fears completely disappear.

PETER

Please, just let me go home.

LILLY

That's what we're doing, Peter. You needn't worry about that.

HARRY

Stop fucking around and make the call. Lilly, tell him we want 20% more for this one.

LILLY

You really think he's gonna go that high?

JOE

Oh, trust me, he will. Tell him we have a healthy male. He's never been sick, he doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, and he's never done hard drugs—which, again, I commend you on that. And the cherry on top, there's no family to worry about. I forgot to get your age. How old are you?

PETER

Why are you doing this?

LILLY

You're right, Joe, as always. Doc might even pay a bit more than 20%.

PETER

Why are you...

JOE

Should we tell him?

HARRY

We all know you're busting at the gut to say something.

LILLY

Go on and do it before my mean and evil spirit comes back.

JOE

We're calling a good friend of mine. He's a doctor.

LILLY

He was a doctor anyway.

JOE

He still is a doctor, just not licensed to practice. You don't forget what you know just because your name's been erased from a sheet of paper. I'm still a lawyer and he's still a doctor.

LILLY

Whatever works for you Joe. Whatever works.

PETER

Please...

JOE

Stop distracting me so I can finish telling him. We're gonna sell your body to my friend, and he's gonna sell your body parts to the highest bidder.

PETER

No, please don't...

JOE

But this is fulfilling your plans.

PETER

This wasn't my plan.

LILLY

Well, obviously, Peter, there's been a change in the plan.

JOE

Stop worrying. Soon enough, all your troubles will be over with, and everything will be just like you wanted.

PETER

No, please...

JOE

Think of it this way. You'll be helping a lot of people in need. I know, we're talking about rich folks, but they get sick too and need organs just like poor people. The thing is, they all go on the same donor list. So, you can understand them wanting to beat the system, sorta like what you did with that Ponzi scheme. The important thing here is, your body won't waste away like it would have done if you had killed yourself. Re-cycle, re-use, re-purpose. That's what I say.

PETER

I beg you...

LILLY

Now don't feel like you need to thank us. We're happy to oblige. ... Oh, I think that's it for him.

HARRY

Finally. He talked too much.

JOE

I know I shouldn't, but I kinda liked him.

HARRY

You like 'em all.

JOE

That's not true. I didn't like the motorcycle guy.

HARRY

I did. He seemed like a nice guy.

JOE

He irked me.

LILLY

And he wasn't worth all the trouble for the money we got.

JOE

But this guy, he seemed nice. A bit misguided, but—

HARRY

Don't care.

JOE

I know it, Harry. All you see is a business. Poor Lilly and me, we get to know the person.