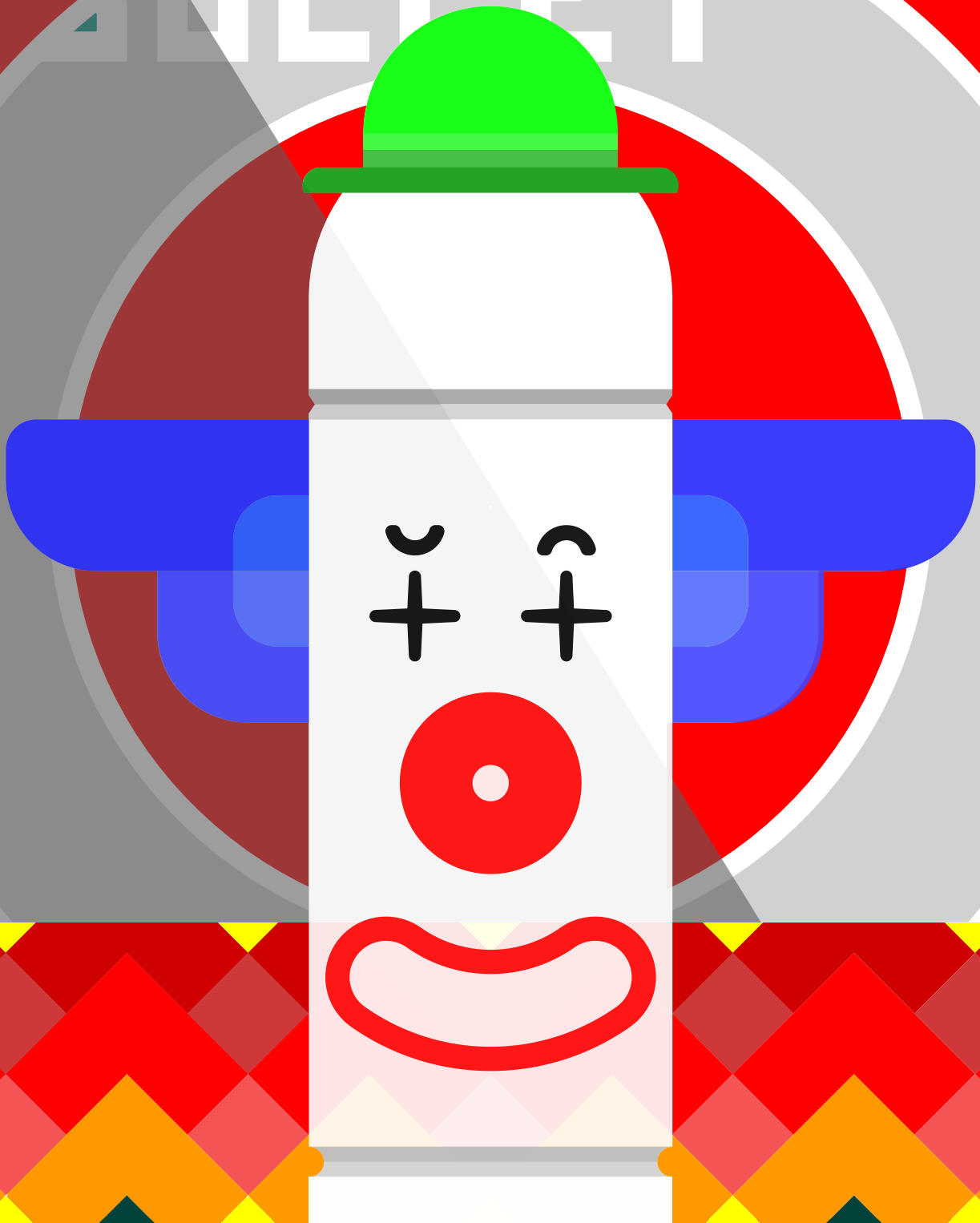


ONE

STRAY

BULLET



ONE
STRAY
BULLET

FILIPPE
CARDEIRA



One Stray Bullet

Filipe Cardeira

19.09.08 DRAFT

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Characters

Charles a pimp

Soraya a prostitute

George a pimp and entrepreneur

Steve a perfume seller

Elaine the police station receptionist

Bruce a police officer

Paul a police officer

11:47pm. One black leather sofa positioned against a wall faces the audience. The street light outside comes through an open window. Beer cans linger around and on top of a coffee table. An old telephone lay on the floor besides the coffee table. A radio plays a piano version of 'Janie's Got a Gun' from Aerosmith. The melody is out of tune. Door opens. Charles enters the room dragging Soraya behind him. He pushes her onto the couch and turns off the radio.

Charles: What did I tell you?

Soraya: Don't touch me.

Charles: I won't leave you alone unless you tell me what happened.

Soraya *screaming*: Nothing happened.

Charles turns off the radio and walks towards the kitchen. He grabs a beer from his fridge. He walks into the living room and leans against the window.

Charles: So, *pauses and has a sip of beer*, let's start from the beginning.

Soraya pretends to ignore him. Charles has another sip of beer. Closes the window and slides the curtain.

Charles: What would you do in my situation?

Soraya: What situation?

Charles: This unusual occurrence.

Soraya *annoyed*: It was an accident, how many times do I have to tell the same?

Charles walks towards Soraya and clutches her jaw.

Charles *pronouncing his words slowly*: Stop bullshitting me.

Soraya *screaming*: Don't touch me.

Charles pushes Soraya to the side.

Charles: Just you tell me what happened then.

Soraya: Why don't you listen to me, instead? He pulled over. I got in the car. He said he wanted a kick service.

Charles: Nothing else?

Soraya: I finished the service and got out of the car seconds later.

Charles *annoyed*: And it took 45 minutes for that John to cum? Do you take me for a fool?

Soraya: How do you know it was that long? How do you know, huh?

Charles: Because I wrote it down wench. You know that I time every transaction. Time is money.

Charles takes a black notebook out of his pocket. Opens it and reads out loud.

Charles: Blue Ford Fiesta. In at 1014. Service finished at 1057, *closes the book and says out loud*, What the fuck?! Time is money wench. I saw the yellow car guy and he pays top dollar to shag our ass. So let's try again, what the fuck happened?

Soraya doesn't answer. Charles raises his hand.

Soraya: Yes, go ahead. Slap me.

Charles: Don't tempt me.

Soraya: I dare you.

Charles slaps Soraya.

Soraya *screaming*: It was a fucking accident. I told you already.

Charles: A blow job doesn't take 45 minutes. For the very last time where is the rest of my money?

Soraya: I don't have it.

Charles: Liar, you are lying to me.

Soraya: What are you trying to say, huh? That I let him pump me for free?

Charles *worried*: Did you?

Soraya *mockingly*: What if I did it? He was such a nice guy.

Charles: Are you out of your mind? Are you crazy? We are not a charity.

Soraya *mellow voice*: I know very well we are not a charity.

Charles: What happened then?

Soraya: Maybe we were ripped off?

Charles: We were what?

Soraya *pronouncing every word accurately*: Ripped off!

Charles: What are you talking about? How many times have I told you to follow protocol?

How many times have I told you that?

Soraya: I know the fucking protocol.

Charles: Do you? Do you really? How many times have I reminded you to get the money upfront. Put the money in the side pocket of your purse. How many times have I told you to do that?

Soraya ignores Charles.

Charles: Listen wench how many times have I told you to do that?

Soraya *murmuring*: Once or twice.

Charles: Where is my money then?

Soraya: Why don't you stick the money up your ass?

Charles *mockingly*: Stick the money up your ass, *laughs*, stick the money up your ass.

Soraya: Yes, stick it up your filthy ass.

Charles *mockingly*: How do I do that?

Soraya: Through your asshole.

Charles: Shut the fuck up wench, or I will slap your pretty face one more time.

Soraya: Don't you dare to touch me.

Charles *mockingly*: Don't you dare to touch me, don't you dare to touch me... what you going to do? Call the police? No one gives a shit about you.

Soraya: If you touch me I will scream.

Charles: Shut the fuck up

Soraya: You don't tell me what to do anymore.

Charles looks at Soraya, sharpens his eyes and slaps Soraya. Soraya starts screaming. The room next to Charles living room lights up. The walls are beige from smoking. A TV plays porno in the background. A 1.5m x 1.5m cheap print of a tropical beach hangs on the wall. Steven is seating on an old and shabby sofa. He turns around and knocks on the wall.

Steven *shouting*: You two! Shut the fuck up. I have an early shift tomorrow morning.

Charles looks towards the wall between the two rooms.

Charles: Go fuck yourself, Steven. You have no early shift tomorrow.

Steven: Yes I have.

Charles: What else do you do apart from scratching your balls during the day?

Steven: You go fuck yourself Charles. I do a decent living.

Charles: Decent living my ass. You good for nothing.

Steven: What do you know, huh? Just shut the fuck up. I have to work tomorrow.

Charles *shouting*: You shut the fuck up. This is my apartment. I talk as loud as I want.

Steven *shouting*: No you don't. Who do you think you are?

Charles: I am big enough to put a bullet through your balls.

Steven: What now, are you trying to intimidate me? You are not the only junkie in this town.

Charles: You better shut up. I have warned you.

Steven: If you keep threatening me I will call the police.

Charles: Go ahead fuckface. Call the police. What are you going to tell them? That you can't polish your balls anymore? Go ahead, call them!

Steven: Go fuck yourself Charles.

Charles: You too!

Steven: I am going to call the police. I am sick of your attitude.

Charles: Please do.

Steven: You don't tell me what to do.

Charles *shouting*: I dare you!

Steven: I am doing it right now.

Charles *shouting and ironically*: I can't hear it. I can't hear it!

Steven: Ain't talking to you anymore. Go fuck yourself Charles.

Charles: You too fuckface.

Steven starts playing with his phone. Charles turns around and looks at Soraya.

Charles: Where is my money wench?

Soraya: I don't have it.

Charles: I will beat you to death if you don't give me my money!

Soraya: Go ahead. Kill me then.

Charles: Don't tempt me.

Soraya: I am not afraid of you.

Charles: You should be, if you don't give me my money.

Soraya: I told you already. I have no more money to give you.

Charles: Stop playing games with me. Stop irritating me. Where is my money.

Soraya ignores Charles. Charles raises his hands towards Soraya as if he is about to beat her.

Charles: Don't fucking tempt me.

Soraya *shouting*: Go ahead kill me. Kill me!

Steven *shouting*: Can someone kill that bitch please!

Charles looks towards the wall.

Charles: Shut the fuck up fuckface.

Steven: I am calling the police.

Charles: I thought you had done it already.

Steven: I am sick of you Charles. Sick of you. You think you own this block. You are just a useless junkie.

Charles bangs the wall.

Charles: Shut the fuck up, Steven, or I will take you to the cleaners.

Steven: Sick of you, fucking sick of you. No one likes you around here.

Charles: As if someone gives a shit about you.

Steven: At least I don't need to walk around with a gun to be respected.

Charles: No, no, of course not. You knock on doors selling perfumes instead.

Steven *shouting*: What's wrong with that? What's wrong with selling what people wants. Everyone wants to smell good.

Charles: You always smell like shit to me.

Steven: That's it, enough of this. I am calling the police.

Charles *laughing*: Yes... yes... yes... we can discuss it later. In the meantime stop watching porno. It's not good for you.

Charles turns around and faces Soraya

Charles *seriously*: This idiot just reminded me that I almost forgot to discuss an important issue with you.

Soraya: What is it?

Charles *seriously*: You don't pull in as much as before.

Soraya: How can you potentially know that?

Charles takes his black notebook out of his pocket. Opens it on the last page.

Charles: My records don't lie. You made less last month compared to the same period last year.

Soraya: You must be joking.

Charles: No am not.

Soraya: What difference does it make?

Charles: It does make a difference. What should we blame for this loss?

Soraya: I don't know. You tell me.

Charles: Maybe you are getting too old for this—

Soraya: I am not old you know that. The makeup makes me look old.

Charles: Maybe you have been stealing from me—

Soraya *hysterical*: No, I have not.

Charles: The data doesn't lie. I can smell a rat in here.

Soraya: I never stole from you.

Charles: I am not so sure about that.

Charles's mobile phone starts to buzz. Charles sights the screen and walks towards the kitchen.

Charles: I get back to you in a minute.

Charles disappears from stage through the kitchen door. Soraya takes her phone and sends a text to George. Steven calls the police station. Suddenly a neon sign starting blinking on stage as Steven goes through the prompts. The neon stage identifies the location of the police station in the form of a wall erected on stage that doesn't allow the audience to sight Elaine.

Elaine: Wood street police station, how can I help you?

Steven: Hello Elaine.

Elaine: Who is this?

Steven: Steven.

Elaine: Hi Steven, are you lodging another complain against your neighbour?

Steven: As a matter of fact I am.

Elaine: Should I start filling in the form?

Steven: Yes, *silence*, how are doing?

Elaine *bored*: Same as usual.

Steven: You sound quite bored.

Elaine: It's late Steven. I am tired.

Steven: Don't you think a beautiful girl like you shouldn't be working this late?

Elaine *bored*: It pays the bills.

Steven: You always sound like a smart girl. I bet you could do everything you like.

Elaine: Steven we have talked about this before, I am working right now. I can't engage in this kind of conversation.

Steven: I know, I know. Sorry about that, but sometimes I think I am addicted to your voice.

Elaine: Well, you have heard it now. Can we start feeling in this form please.

Steven: Of course I can.

4 seconds in silence.

Elaine: So...

Steven: Sorry, I am still mesmerized by your sweet voice.

Elaine: The details please.

Steven: With one condition though.

Elaine: What condition?

Steven: You have to let me know if you have a boyfriend.

Elaine: Don't you think it would be extremely unprofessional to answer that question?

Steven: What's so unprofessional about it?

Elaine: I don't mix my personal life with my work.

Steven: I thought I was more than just a random caller.

Elaine: Regardless of who you are I still need to behave professionally.

Steven: Sorry Elaine, you are absolutely right.

Elaine: So, could you please tell me what's going on so that I can start filling in the form.

Steven: Same old. Neighbour shouting at a woman. Doesn't let anyone sleep. I have to work tomorrow morning.

Elaine: Is he shouting right now?

Steven: No.

Elaine: Was he shouting 5 minutes ago?

Steven: Yes.

Elaine: Will he be shouting in 5 minutes from now?

Steven: How am I supposed to know? Who came up with a stupid question like that? I can't predict the future.

Elaine: I will write down that you don't know. Do you think your neighbour will be shouting in 10 minutes from now?

Steven: Oh my god how ridiculous is that. Let me ask Google. Maybe he knows... 4 *seconds in silence*, nope, no answer. Which is not a bad answer.

Elaine: Why not?

Steven: I will have a good excuse to call you then, isn't it? If the shouting goes on.

Elaine: I guess I can't stop you from doing it.

Steven: Any more questions?

Elaine: No this is it. It has been reported. If the shouting goes on we will send a police car to the unit.

Steven: Thanks. I will try to catch some sleep now. Have to work tomorrow morning.

Elaine: Sleep well then.

Steven: Don't you wonder what I do?

Elaine: Should I?

Steven: Why not?

Elaine: I will leave it for some other time. There are more people in line waiting.

Steven: I let you go then. Thanks for being so attentive.

Elaine: Just doing my job.

Steven hangs up the phone. Charles enters the living room. He puts his phone back in his pocket.

Soraya: Who were you talking to?

Charles: None of your business.

Soraya: Was it that woman?

Charles: Who?

Soraya: That woman that makes you giggle.

Charles: No. No woman. Don't be silly. How can a woman make me giggle? I am not a sissy.

Soraya: You are lying to me.

Charles: It was a customer who wanted to book you for the next weekend. Some funny requirements. We can talk about it later.

Soraya: You are lying through your teeth.

Charles: Stop it wench. You know I don't lie to you.

Soraya: I know you were talking to that woman. I could see it on your face.

Charles: Could you? What else could you see?

Soraya: You said that you would protect me. That you wouldn't let anyone touch my pretty face. That I was going to be your girl forever.

Charles: What are you talking about? As far as I know no one ever touched your pretty face?

Soraya: I can't trust you anymore.

Charles: Are you out of your mind? What are you talking about?

Soraya: Why did you let that woman between the two of us?

Charles: I didn't let anyone between the two of us.

Soraya: You said that I was yours and you were mine.

Charles: You are definitely mine.

Soraya: That I could trust you. That you would protect me.

Charles: I never let anyone touch your pretty face?

Soraya: You said you would protect me. Only me and no one else.

Charles *shouting*: I show you what protection is if you don't shut up.

Soraya: Don't trust you. I am not yours anymore.

Charles walks towards Soraya. Soraya walks back towards one end of the room.

Soraya: Don't come near me.

Charles: You need to learn how to keep your mouth shut. I need to teach you how to see straight.

Charles grabs Soraya's arms and drags her across the room.

Soraya: What are you doing? Get off me.

Soraya tries to break loose unsuccessfully.

Charles: You shall see.

Charles drags Soraya towards the entrance door.

Soraya: Stop or I will scream.

Charles: Scream?! Who is going to help you? Steven? In which part of town do you think you are?

Soraya *screaming*: Get off me.

Charles: I am going to brand you girl. You need to know who is in charge here.

Soraya *laughing*: Brand me? With what? Your dick?

Charles: With a tattoo wench. With my name so anyone knows who you belong to.

Soraya *amok*: Let me go. Don't touch me.

Soraya tries to escape.

Charles: You are coming with me, either you like it or not.

Soraya: I am calling the police. I will report you to the police.

George walks the street. The main building is covered in graphites. One bag of rubbish leans against the wall.

Charles *shouting*: I will fucking kill you if you talk to the cops. Do you hear me? Your mother, your father.

Soraya *laughing*: My father, my mother?

Charles: I will fucking kill everybody and you too, *shouts in her hears*, do you understand me?

Soraya: Why don't you kill yourself instead?

Charles: What's wrong with you wench? This disrespect! Have you lost the plot? *Shouting*, are you out of your mind?

Steven *shouting*: Can you two shut the fuck up.

Charles looks up to the wall and Soraya nudges Charles in the groins.

Charles *in pain*: What was that for?

Soraya: Don't touch me again or I will kill you!

George looks at his phone and calls Soraya. Soraya walks towards the other end of the room. Her mobile phone rings. Soraya answers immediately.

Soraya: Where are you?

George: Outside waiting for you.

Soraya: I can't leave right now. Charles won't let me. You have to come up upstairs.

George: Okay give me a sec.

George puts his mobile phone back in his pocket. Pulls a .500 Smith and Wesson Magnum out of his jacket. Loads the gun and hides it inside his jacket. George enters the building.

Charles: Who are you talking to?

Soraya: You shall see.

Charles: See what? My money, where is my fucking money?

The door buzzes.

Charles *surprised*: Who is it?

No answer. The door buzzes again. George knocks on the door.

George: Open the door, Charles.

Charles: Who is it?

Soraya: For fuck's sake just open the door!

George: It's me.

Charles takes his gun out.

Charles: Who is there?

George *loudly*: That's me. George. Open the door. I need to talk to you.

Charles *confused*: George?! What do you want?

George: Open the door. We need to talk.

Charles puts the gun back in his pocket.

Charles: One sec.

Charles walks towards the entrance. Opens the door. George and Charles shake their hands followed by a strong hug. George enters the living room.

George: What's up brother?

Charles: What are you doing here?

George *slightly nervous*: Attending business brother.

Charles: Business? What do you mean, do I owe you money?

George: No.

2 seconds in silence.

Charles: Spit it out man. What is it?

George: It's about Soraya.

Charles: What about Soraya? Do you want a kick job?

George: No, hell no, nothing of the sort.

Charles: What is it then?

George *hesitating*: She doesn't want to work for you anymore.

Charles looks at Soraya and George.

Charles *puzzled*: What's this? Is this some kind of joke?

George: No joke brother. She doesn't work for you anymore. Dead simple.

Charles stares at Soraya. Soraya ignores him.

Charles *aggressively*: Fuck you man. Did you come here to bullshit me? Get out of my house. Don't bullshit me.

George *addressing Soraya*: Tell him—

Charles: Tell him what?

George *looking at Soraya*: Tell him.

Charles tries to reach Soraya's arms unsuccessfully.

Soraya: Don't you come near me.

Charles: What's this?

Soraya: You have heard him.

Charles: Heard what wench. What's this?

Soraya: You heard him.

Charles: What, that you don't want to work for me anymore?

Soraya: Did you think you could replace me just like this?

Charles: What are you talking about, who said I was going to replace you—

George: It doesn't matter anymore. Soraya works for me now.

Charles: She doesn't work for you fuckface. I haven't allowed none of this to happen.

George: It's not your decision.

Charles: You don't have the right to mess up with my business.

George: Ask her.

Charles: Ask her what fuckface?

George: Ask her!

Charles *shouting*: Ask her what!

George: Just ask her!

Charles stares at Soraya.

Charles: What am I suppose to ask you?

Soraya: What do you think?

Charles: I don't know. You tell me.

Soraya: I don't like to hear you giggling.

Charles: What giggling?

1 second in silence.

Soraya: That woman. What about that woman?

Charles: Soraya, business is business. How I am supposed to grow mine with only one girl on my books?

Soraya: I though you cared about me.

Charles: Just because I want to expand our business you think I don't care about you anymore?

Soraya: You just don't need me anymore.

Charles: That's not true.

Charles tries to grab Soraya. Soraya walks away from Charles and moves closer to George.

Charles: What made you think I was going to ditch you. Who do I think I am?

Soraya: Go giggling with someone else.

Charles: How many times do I have to tell you that I don't care about her.

Charles tries to grab Soraya. George intercepts him.

George: Leave her alone.

Charles: Piss off fuckface. Don't lay your hands on my girl.

George: She works for me now. Tell him Soraya.

Charles: You are stealing from me.

George *loudly*: I am not stealing from you. Soraya doesn't want to work for you anymore.

Charles: So, you came here to steal from me.

George: No one is stealing from you. Soraya is not your property.

Charles: She is not yours either.

George: She wants to move on.

Charles: No man, she is not going anywhere. You better get out of here soon.

George: I will.

Charles raises his arm towards the door and says aggressively: Get off before it's too late.

George: Let's go Soraya.

Charles: Soraya is not going anywhere.

George: She is free to do what she pleases.

Charles: No she isn't. Come here Soraya!

Soraya doesn't move.

George: Let's go Soraya.

Charles: Told you already man. She is not going anywhere.

George: Let's go girl. Let's leave the past behind.

Soraya follows George towards the entrance door. Charles takes a gun out of his pocket and points it at George.

Charles: Stop or I'll kill you.

George *surprised*: Relax man. No need to pull a gun out. We can settle this like two gentlemen.

Charles: Two gentlemen my ass. Out of my place and don't you ever dare to come nearby anymore.

George: No worries brother. All good.

George walks towards the door. Soraya follows him.

Charles: How many times do I have to tell you that you not going anywhere wench.

Soraya: I'm not staying here.

Charles: Oh yes you are.

Soraya *screaming*: You don't tell me what to do anymore.

Charles: I don't think you are reading the situation well enough.

Charles waves his gun in the open air and smiles.

Soraya: Kill me then. Kill me if it pleases you.

Charles: Don't push me.

Soraya: Go ahead. Kill me. Come on, pull the trigger.

Charles: Pull yourself together wench.

Soraya: I dare you. Pull the trigger. Pull it!

Charles: What about you walk towards me nicely, instead?

Soraya walks one step forward and starts running amok towards Charles. In the heat of the moment George pulls his gun out and fires a shot. Charles falls on the floor. Bleeding. Steven stops browsing his phone and walks towards the other side of the room.

Charles: What the fuck? You fucking moron. What are you doing?

George: Sorry brother, it was self-defence.

Charles: Self-defence? Are you out of your mind?

George: Sorry brother.

Charles: What are you apologizing for? Are you fucking retarded? What do you think people in this building are going to do?

George: It was just a shot. Who cares about it?

Charles: Don't you think someone will call the police?

George *laughing*: No one will call the police in this part of town. Are you pulling the leg brother?

Charles: I can't pull the leg anymore, am bleeding!

George: Sorry brother. The trigger slipped through my fingers.

Charles: Don't bullshitting me.

George: No bullshit brother. It was an accident. How are you feeling?

Charles: How am I feeling? How I am supposed to feel when a bullet goes through my leg?

George: I don't know brother. I have never been shot before.

Charles: Have a go then. Give yourself a shot so that you know how it feels.

George *confused*: Let me see your leg, brother.

Charles: Why do you want to see my leg?

George: I want to help you.

Charles: Get out of my sight fuckface, *addressing Soraya*, call the police and an ambulance!

Soraya ignores him.

Charles *screaming*: Call it! Right now, wench—

George: No one calls the police, or an ambulance.

Charles: What? Are you going to let me bleed to death?

George: Of course not brother.

George *addressing Soraya*: Go to the kitchen and fetch a first aid kit.

Charles: What makes you think I have such a thing?

George: Table cloth and water will do.

Charles: I can't believe you are going to let me bleed to death.

George: Brother, brother, no one died yet. Let's get our act together. Soraya, get some water and table cloth from the kitchen so that we can clean this man's wound.

Soraya walks towards the kitchen and disappears through the door.

George: I am so proud of this beauty.

Charles: What kind of idiot walks around with a gun like that?

George: I don't know, I ain't shot.

Soraya enters the living room carrying table cloth and a jar with water.

George: You are a lucky man, aren't you Charles? Pretty face give this dying man a good clean.

Charles: There is nothing to clean. The bullet went through my leg. Just wrap something around my leg to stop the bleeding.

Soraya approached Charles, looks at the wound. Rinses it and dries it gently with the table cloth. Charles starts expressing pain.

Charles *talking to George*: One bullet won't kill me. I have been shot before.

George: This beauty has no shortage of bullets.

In the other room Steven crabs his mobile phone and calls the police station. Neon light goes back on.

Elaine: Wood street police station, how can I help you?

Steven: Hi.

Elaine: Who is this?

Steven: Steven.

Elaine: Hi Steven, as your neighbour started shouting again?

Steven: So much better than that. So so much better.

Elaine: What do you mean?

Steven *excited*: I am so lucky, so so lucky.

Elaine: Steven... what's going on?

Steven: The man was shot.

Elaine: Shot?! What do you mean?

Steven: Shot! Bum, bum.

Elaine: Are you sure?

Steven: Oh yes, absolutely. These walls have ears, baby. Welcome to social housing.

Elaine: I need to inform a local car... are you safe?

Steven: Of course I am, why do you ask?

Elaine: You just mentioning how lucky you were.

Steven starts to laugh.

Steven: That man is an idiot. He deserved to be shot.

Elaine: Steven, you can't be the judge of that.

Steven: Trust me, that man is an idiot.

Elaine: Idiot or not we need to report this shooting right now.

2 seconds in silence.

Steven: What do you mean?

Elaine: We need to send a car to check what happened.

Steven: What for?

Elaine: Safety of our citizens. Your safety.

Steven: I feel perfectly safe.

Elaine: What about your neighbour?

Steven: Don't worry about him. Beats up his girl. That man is a scum. He deserves to die.

No one is going to miss him.

Elaine: Steven, we can't leave a man bleed to death because you don't like him.

3 seconds in silence.

Steven: Maybe he wasn't shot.

Elaine: What do you mean?

Steven: I was teasing you. I just wanted to hear your voice.

Elaine *irritated*: Steven... shot or no shot, please tell me the truth.

2 seconds in silence.

Steven: Definitely no shot.

Elaine: How come I am having difficulties to believe you.

Steven: I was teasing. I just wanted to hear your voice again before falling asleep. It mesmerizes me, and besides I don't like to see you working this late.

Elaine: I am touched that you cared about me, but you can't invent call this police station to report a non existing shot. Besides there are people waiting in the line.

Steven: I know, I know. Work comes first. What time do you finish?

Elaine: Soon.

Steven: Who is going to take you home?

Elaine: No one. I am driving.

Steven: You drive your own car?

Elaine: Yes Steven, I am over 30 years old.

Steven *disappointed*: Ah, ok, you always sounded so young to me.

Elaine *annoyed*: Like a teenager?

Steven: No, like someone young at heart.

Elaine: Steven, I have to work. Do you know that our conversation is recorded?

Steven: What do you mean?

Elaine: It is recorded for training purposes. My superiors won't approve it.

Steven: I understand. I let you go now.

Elaine: Are you sure you don't have a shot to report?

Steven: Absolutely. Nothing to worry about.

Steven hangs up the phone. In the other room Soraya rinses Charles wounded leg.

Charles *talking to Soraya*: Stop it. Stop it. Let me do it.

Soraya gives him the table cloth and the jar with water and walks away from him.

Charles: Can you call an ambulance while I make myself presentable. I need to go to a hospital.

George: No one is calling an ambulance.

Charles: Why not? What if we can't stop the bleeding?

George: One bullet won't kill you brother, you said it yourself.

Charles: How I am supposed to live if you don't call an ambulance?

George: One bullet won't kill you brother. Don't worry. We will be gone in one second anyway.

Charles: I can't believe this! I have to call the fucking ambulance myself.

George: I guess so.

Charles: Guess this instead.

Charles shows George his middle finger.

George: Don't be silly brother, I am here to help you.

Charles: Call an ambulance then.

George: Brother, put yourself in my situation.

Charles: I have, and it doesn't look good.

George: Yours doesn't look better either.

Charles starts laughing.

Charles: You must be joking. How do you think you are getting away with this? Why don't you go looking for a brain to start with.

George: What do I need the brain for brother? Look at this beauty, *George waves his gun*, respect man, respect.

Charles: You look like the biggest clown in town, fuckface.

George: A clown can't handle this beauty without proper training, brother, and stop calling me fuckface.

Charles: Why don't you call an ambulance, instead, *fuckface*.

George *annoyed*: Stop calling me fuckface.

Charles: Call an ambulance then.

George: The ambulance can wait. The shot was just a warning, brother. Just a scratch.

Charles: Doesn't feel like a scratch to me.

George: I was not going to miss my shot if I really wanted to kill you, you know that.

Charles: Why don't you call an ambulance then. What's your problem?

Charles thinks for a while.

George: What do you reckon Soraya—

Charles: Can you leave her out of this?

Soraya: I am part of this. You were pointing a gun at us.

Charles: I pointed a gun at no one. That fuckface was stealing from me.

Soraya: No one his stealing from you.

Charles: Where is my fucking money then?

Soraya: I never stole from you.

Charles: Where is my money then?

Soraya *amok*: I never stole from you.

Charles: Where is the money then? Where is it?

Soraya *shouting*: I don't have your money. It's not my fault that we were ripped off.

Charles: Liar!

Soraya *shouting*: I am not lying...

Charles: Yes you are. The only ripped off person in here it's me.

Soraya: I am not lying, *Soraya swings her body, her back facing Charles*, I hope you have the death you deserve.

Charles *tenderly*: It takes more than one bullet to kill me, princess. Still I don't think you want to see me dead.

Soraya ignores Charles and walks towards the window.

Charles: Tell me princess, who took care of you when you needed? Who found you lost on the streets, who gave you shelter?

Soraya: You only care about yourself. You have never given a bar about me.

Charles: But I was there.

Soraya: Where?

Charles: When you walked the streets like a rain dog. I was the one that took you in and gave you shelter.

Soraya: I can't remember.

Charles: I am sure you remember everything very well.

Soraya: There is nothing to remember.

Charles: Is it? You think so, walking the streets on your own. Hiding from fuck knows what. I took care of you. I looked after you.

Soraya: You only cared about yourself.

Charles: Did I? Who told you could stay with me. Who protected you from your own house?

Soraya: You only cared about yourself.

Charles: You know that's not true. No one is abusing you anymore. We have a business together. What about this fuckface here. Where was him when you needed?

George: Stop calling me fuckface—

Soraya: It doesn't matter anymore. It's too late to remember the past.

Charles: You might have short memory, but I don't. Tell me, who gave you shelter when the world had deserted you? What about this fuckface here, can you say the same about him?

Soraya: He promised to be good to me.

Charles: He is lying through his teeth—

George: Sorry brother but I do care about Soraya.

Charles *laughing*: Do you?

George: Of course, I do brother. You have to care about people in this life.

Charles: You are so full of shit, why did you shoot me then?

George: Brother, don't get things out of context. It was an accident. The trigger slipped through my fingers.

Charles: You care about no one.

George: Brother, if you don't care for others who is going to care about you?

Charles: You say you care about Soraya. Tell me! How much money did you promise her?

George: Brother, it's not about money.

Charles: What is it then?

George: Respect. You have to treat the bitches with respect. You have to treat people like human beings. You have to listen.

Charles: You are so full of shit. Why don't you call an ambulance then? Why don't you listen to me?

George: I do. I have been listening to you since I got here.

Charles: Fuck you man, what do you know about respect coming here to steal from me?

George: Don't be silly brother. You think too much about you and you didn't even notice that Soraya doesn't trust you anymore.

Charles *mockingly*: What's this? Some weird game.

George: We live in the 21st century brother. Why do you keep Soraya walking the streets brother?

Charles: What are you talking about fuckface?

George: How is she supposed to make more money if you don't evolve?

Charles: Evolve, I don't need to evolve! If she wants more money she needs to spend more time on the streets. It's a basic calculation.

George: You are so wrong brother. So wrong.

Charles *mockingly*: You are so wrong brother, so wrong, what the fuck do you know?

George: You are stuck in the past brother

Charles: Am I? What kind of clown walks around with a gun like that?

George: Forget the gun brother, think about Soraya?

Charles: I will think about her when you stop stealing from me.

George: I am not stealing from you.

Charles: Listen, enough of this sweet talk. You show up in here to tell me that my wench now works for you. I told you to fuck off and you shot me. It's obvious that you are stealing from me.

George: I want to give Soraya a better future. She doesn't need to walk the streets anymore. It's not safe.

Charles: You couldn't care less about her.

George: I look at Soraya and I see potential. What do you see?

Charles: I see you stealing from me.

George: Don't put Soraya back on the streets brother, that's so last century.

Charles: What are you talking about?

George: The internet brother.

Charles: What internet fuckface?

George: Look at you brother, no disrespect but how do you plan to manage your bitches in the 21st century?

Charles: You tell me.

George: Open your eyes brother.

Charles: I did. You still look like an idiot to me.

George: Technology brother. Technology.

Charles: What do you know about technology?

George: I know everything about the power of the internet.

Charles: Which power moron, the internet has no power?

George: Communication brother. Communication.

Charles turns his head towards Soraya.

Charles: Is this what you want? To put your ass on the line listening to this rubbish—

George: She is not putting her ass on the line.

Charles: Shut up. I am not talking to you moron.

George: The internet is the future.

Charles laughing: Ah ah, *Charles holds his leg*, my leg hurts... the future? Stealing is not that futuristic.

George: I am not stealing from you. I want Soraya to evolve. I want her to make more money. To take a share in the profits.

Charles: Why don't you mind your own business. Why did have to come in here to steal from me?

George: Charles you are stuck in old ways. Why don't you let the internet guide you?

Charles: Profits you were saying... a share of the profits.

George: The internet allows us to do things better.

Charles: How is Soraya supposed to evolve if you are taking her off the streets? How is she supposed to have a share of the profits?

George: These days we put the bitches in cabs. They go here, go there. You have to adapt brother.

Charles: The world is still the same twisted game.

George: The streets are a slum brother. Full of junkies. Girls look better on pictures. Bitches look great on the internet.

Charles: They look better on the internet. That's so fucking great, so what?

George: You charge more money brother. If you are hot you command more money. You charge more. Dead simple.

Charles: You must be kidding. So now you are a salesman too.

George: Salesman?! No, No, we hire people to sell the bitches for us. Customers never talk to the bitches. Only to our agents. Our people know how to cut a top dollar deal for our bitches. I keep everything balanced so to speak. Expand the business.

Charles: Expand the business my ass, you have been teaching Soraya how to steel from me.

George: No one is stealing from you. We are moving on.

Charles: Where is my fucking money then?

George: Use your brain brother. Think. Act.

Charles: I have done my thinking, alright. It's a share of the profits, isn't it?

George: Brother you need to think outside the box. Stop acting like an animal and be prepared to listen. You need to share too. We are living in the sharing economy.

Charles: Are you out of your mind?

Charles turns his attention to Soraya.

Charles: Soraya, don't listen to this bullshit. This man is the biggest clown in town—

George: The only clown around here is you brother.

Charles: He is not going to give you any share of the profits. You don't even know what a profit is.

Soraya: I know what a profit is. I know it damn well.

Charles: Who taught you that?

Soraya: The internet.

Charles *laughing*: You are wrong wench. The internet just taught you to steal from me.

George: No one is stealing from you brother.

Charles: Where is my money then?

George: Whose money? What are you talking about?

Charles: Tell him Soraya. Tell him how a profit share works.

George: What is he talking about?

Charles *addressing Soraya*: Yes, what am I talking about?

Soraya: Why did you put another woman between the two of us?

Charles: There is no other woman.

Soraya *shouting*: Liar!

Charles: Why can't you believe me—

George: You have no respect in this business, brother. You don't look after your bitches.

Nurture them. Expand them.

Charles: Listen George, listening to you makes me feel like vomiting. Why don't you get the fuck out of here?

George: Sorry brother, no hard feelings.

Charles: Get a grip man. Leave me alone.

George walks towards him.

George: Give me a hug brother, let's put this behind us.

Charles: What the fuck man. Call an ambulance instead?

George: What for?

Charles: Get a grip man. I am bleeding, *addressing Soraya*, why can't you call a fucking ambulance.

George: No one is calling an ambulance.

Charles: What if I call the police?

George: How are you going to call the police brother? Through your asshole?

Charles takes his mobile phone from his pocket and flashes it at George.

Charles: With my mobile phone fuckface.

George: Give me that phone.

Charles: Come here and fetch it.

George: Give me the fucking phone.

Charles: Go ahead, shoot me!

George: Don't tempt me.

Charles: Shoot me, fuckface. Shoot me! Prove me that you are the biggest clown in town.

George pulls the trigger and shoots Charles in the leg. Charles starts to scream. Steven stands up and walks away from his sofa.

Charles *screaming*: What's wrong with you man? Why would you do that?

George: Stop calling me fuckface.

Charles: The police will be here any minute now.

George: The police will never come near this place. Now for the very last time, give me your phone.

Charles *shouting*: Are you trying to kill me? Are you! Are you, fuckface?

George: Don't think so, if I wanted to kill you, you were already dead.

Charles: Go ahead then. Shoot me again. Go ahead asshole.

George: Don't fucking tempt me brother. Just give the phone.

Charles: Go ahead, I dare you.

George points the gun at Charles legs.

Soraya *shouting*: Stop it!

Soraya approaches Charles and snaps the phone from Charles.

Charles *shouting*: Give me my fucking phone.

Soraya: It's for your own good.

Soraya gives the phone to George, who starts browsing it.

Charles *shouting*: Give me my phone.

George: Shut up brother, *and points the gun at him*, you lost it, just accept it.

George starts browsing Charles's contact list. Gets his phone out of his pocket and starts comparing numbers.

In the other room Steven grabs his mobile phone and calls the police station. Neon lights goes back on.

Elaine: Wood street police station, how can I help you?

Steven: Hi.

Elaine: Steven?

Steven: How are you?

Elaine *annoyed*: I am fine Steven. Please stop calling me for no reason. I told you these conversations are recorded for training purposes. I don't want to lose my job.

Steven: I know, I know. But something is not right.

Elaine: What do you mean?

Steven: Well... how come a beautiful girl like you doesn't have anyone to share her life with.

Elaine: Steven, you don't even know me. Besides, this job is important to me. I want to re-start my life. I need this job.

Steven: Re-start? What do you mean?

Elaine: Please Steven, now is not the time to talk about these things. Why are you calling me?

Steven: Something is not right. Something is not right.

Elaine: Things are rarely right around this police station. What do you want me to say?

Steven: Things are not right around here either.

Elaine *annoyed*: Can you please tell me what's going on?

Steven: I'm thinking.

Elaine: Steven, you are not answering my question.

Steven: It's just not right, not right at all.

Elaine: What? What's not right?

Steven: Don't you think people should listen to each other?

Elaine: Yes I do. I sincerely think so.

Steven: And that we should never steal from each other.

Elaine: I agree with you.

2 seconds in silence.

Steven: Someone is stealing from my neighbour.

Elaine: Steven, can you please be more specific?

Steven: I heard a shot.

Elaine: A shot?!

Steven: Yes, a shot!

Elaine: Steven, are you teasing me again?

Steven: Not this time. Someone shot my neighbour. Twice.

Elaine: What do you mean by twice? Right now? At the same time?

2 minutes in silence.

Steven: Maybe I got confused, maybe was just one shot. But yes, I heard a shot.

Elaine: Are you sure it was at your neighbour's place.

Steven: Yes, I could hear the noise through these walls. They have been arguing all night.

I am sure my neighbour has been shot.

Elaine: Steven, please don't play games with me.

Steven: I am not. I can assure my neighbour has been shot and his bleeding.

Elaine: Can I have your details and address please.

Steven: You have my contact details.

Elaine: Please follow protocol Steven, we have a different form to fill in.

Steven: 109 Tolsford Road

Elaine: And the post code.

Steven: E5 8HJ

Elaine: Thanks.

Steven: What's going to happen?

Elaine: We will send a car to check what's happening.

Steven: You will better off sending two.

Elaine: It's not my decision.

Steven: One car won't be enough. This people are professional criminals.

Elaine: We are professionals too.

Steven: I hope you know what you are doing.

Elaine: You should trust us.

Steven: I trust you Elaine. I'm hopping no one gets hurt tonight.

Elaine: You will be fine.

Steven: How can you be so sure?

Elaine: Steven as long as you don't leave your premises you should be fine. Barricade the entrance door if it helps to make you feel safer. Do you have any businesses with your neighbour that might put you in danger?

Steven: Hell no. That man is vicious. He beats up his girl. No man should do something like that. How am I supposed to tell you that I am still alive then?

Elaine: I don't know...

Steven: Can I get your mobile number?

Elaine: I think it's better not.

Steven: Why would a beautiful girl like be worried about a man like me? The only thing I want to tell you is that I am still alive. I trust you care about me.

Elaine: I will think about it. I will text you in the morning.

Steven: You better do.

Elaine: I will think about it.

Steven: I will do my best to be sleeping soon.

Elaine: Please do Steven.

Steven: Don't forget to text me tomorrow.

Elaine: Steven you better go now. We can't be having this kind of conversations over this phone line.

Steven: As long as you promised you will text me.

Elaine: Steven please stop it.

Steven: I am sorry Elaine. I just want to be a shoulder when you are working at night. I can't imagine how difficult it must be.

Elaine: It's not that bad.

Steven: I wouldn't let any girlfriend of mine work night shifts. That's a men's job. Why don't you give me your number so that I can entertain you during the night.

Elaine: I will think about it.

Steven: I know how to make you happy.

Elaine: I am sure you do, but please let me do my work right now.

Steven: I will. We speak soon. Bye for now

Steven hangs up the phone. Seconds later Elaine leaves the stage unseen. In the other room George stops browsing the mobile phone and faces Charles.

George: You have some interesting numbers in here.

Charles: What do you know about numbers?

George: I know some of your customers.

Charles: What do you know about my customers?

George: I know this fucker here.

Charles: What fucker?

George: John 134?

Charles: Who is John 134?

George: I don't know, but the number is the same.

Charles: I have no idea what you are talking about.

George: The number is the same brother. We service him. You service him too.

Charles: How come you remember his number?

George: I have a good memory for numbers.

Charles: You so full of shit.

George: Makes no difference. Soraya will look after this account for us.

Charles: She is doing nothing for you.

George: I don't think you have much say in this anymore.

Charles: Give me my phone back.

George: Not yet. I will keep with me for a while.

Charles: Give me my fucking phone.

George: Don't think so.

Charles *shouting*: Stop stealing from me!

George: I'm not stealing. I'm borrowing. I will give it back to you in a couple of days.

Charles: Soraya, how can you trust this man?

Soraya: He said he needs me. When was the last time you said you needed me?

Charles: Don't be silly, why do I think I got two bullets through my legs? Because I don't need you?

Soraya: You don't care about me.

Charles: Don't be silly girl. I am right here, dying for you. Of course I care about you—

George: Enough of this bullshit. You never cared about Soraya.

Charles: I certainly care more than you do.

George: How much does this John here pays you to shag Soraya?

Charles: What fucking John?

George: You know quite well which one I am talking about.

Charles: We don't do specials. He pays the same as the others.

George: That's bullshit brother. This guy is a real psycho.

Charles: What fucker, dickhead, just because he has a fantasy or two. He is not any different than a normal customer.

George: You are lying brother. This John pays top dollar for a shag.

Charles: He pays the same as the others.

George: How can you say that you care about this woman when you exploit her like this.

Charles: Tell him Soraya, is this John any different?

Soraya: I don't know. They're all the same.

George: Don't be silly Soraya. This John pays top dollar. We don't allow our girls to get that sort of treatment for the same revenue.

Soraya: It's all the same.

George: Tell her brother, how much do you make out of this John.

Charles: Why don't you mind your own business?

George: I do brother, I do. Your business my business.

Charles: I am not in business with you.

George: I know you not, brother. You don't have a business anymore. Soraya is working for us now. She is in good hands.

Charles: She belongs to me.

George: Not in this country. In this country she is free to go wherever she pleases.

Charles: Not without my authorization.

George: You are not making much sense here, brother.

Charles: It will make perfectly sense when I explain everything to the police?

George *shouting*: Shut the fuck up Brother, or I will fucking kill you. Don't you ever mention the police again.

George points his gun at Charles. Soraya grabs George's arm.

Soraya: Let's go George.

Charles: You are not going anywhere wench.

Soraya *amok*: Tell me, tell me.

Charles: What?

Soraya: How much did that John paid you? How much?

Charles: Nothing. Same as the others—

George: Liar!

Charles: You stay out of this.

Soraya: How much then? How much?

Charles: Petty cash wench.

Soraya: How much? How much is petty cash for you—

George: Doesn't sound like much to me.

Charles: Shut the fuck up asshole, what do you know about petty cash?

George: That John is a four digits gig at least.

Charles *laughing*: You are kidding me. You are so full of shit.

George: Don't laugh at me, brother.

Charles: What did you expect me to do?

George: Don't laugh at me brother. That's not nice. Have I laughed at you, have I?

Charles: Just get out of my face fuckface. Just get out of here.

3 seconds in silence. George starts staring at his gun. He unlocks his gun and removes a bullet from the cylinder. He picks a marker pen from his pocket and starts drawing the face of a clown on the bullet.

Charles: What are you doing fuckface?

George: I am drawing a clown on the bullet. What do you think? *and shows Charles the bullet holding it between his two fingers.*

Charles: I didn't know you were an artist.

George: I am not an artist, brother. I like to mark ironic bullets with a clown, that's all.

Charles: How pathetic is that?

George: When I got up this morning I wasn't planning to come here and put a bullet through your head, brother, don't you find it ironic?

Charles: You must be kidding me fuckface?

George: Am I, I don't know-

Charles: What would you do in my situation?

George: I would get out of town for a couple of years.

Charles *laughing*: Seriously? What if I call the police instead, *and reaches to the old phone laying besides the coffee table*, to tell them that a fuckface called George entered my flat, shot me in the leg, pointed a gun at my head, kidnapped my girl and took my phone with him. How compelling is that, huh?

George kicks Charles' groins.

George: You are going to tell them nothing.

Charles *in pain*: Soraya, this man is a monster.

George: Leave her out of this.

Charles: Soraya, forget this man, I forgive you. You can keep the money.

George: She is not coming back to you brother, can't you accept it?

Charles: Tell me fuckface, where were you when she was 14, huh? Where were you?

George: I don't know brother. I was living with my dad. Things weren't that great. He liked to teach me how to pick up girls. Why do you ask?

Charles: Ask her. Tell him Soraya, where were you then?

Soraya: I can't remember.

George: She doesn't remember. She probably wants to forget.

Charles: I remember a particular house that scared the living shit out of you anytime we drove by. A house for kids without mums and dads next to that famous monastery.

Soraya moves towards the entrance door.

Soraya: Let's go George.

Charles: Where are you going? There is no place to hide.

Soraya: We are not hiding. You know where to find us.

Charles: So will the police.

George points his gun at Charles.

George: To die or not to die, that is the question, isn't it brother?

Charles: How can that be a question if no one wants to die?

George: Should I shoot or should I not? What do you reckon?

Charles: Great, why don't you shoot yourself then?

George: That's not funny brother.

Charles: I thought was funny. Soraya thought was funny too.

Soraya looks in a different direction.

George: No one thought was funny.

Charles: I can tell you I will be laughing out loud if you kill yourself right now.

George points the gun at Charles.

Charles: You go first.

Charles: You are such a moron if you think you can get away with murder.

George: Self-defence, brother. I am not killing you.

Charles: You came here. You steal my wench, my phone. Self-defence my ass.

George: Dead men don't talk.

Charles: My neighbour does.

George: Which neighbour? There is no one here.

Charles *shouting*: Tell him Steven, self-defence my ass.

In the other room Steven turns off the TV.

Charles *shouting*: Don't you think I have heard you turning off the TV?

George: Are you trying to wake up the neighbours?

Charles: These walls have ears fuckface. Do you think these walls are made of brick and mortar? This is social housing. Sometimes I feel like punching my neighbour through the wall, *shouting*, did you hear that Steven?

George: Are you trying to scare me.

Charles: Ask Soraya.

George: What is he talking about?

Soraya: There are no neighbours to worry about.

Charles *laughing and yelling*: Can you believe this Steven? You are a lucky man.

George: Who is Steven?

Charles: Your worst nightmare.

George: I don't have nightmares.

Charles: You will if you kill me.

George: Brother, put yourself in my situation. Don't you think I'm better off shooting you?

Charles: Why don't you call an ambulance instead, what about that?

George: I would, but you don't want to be my friend. You shout and call me fuckface. You accuse us of stealing from you. You are not well brother.

Charles: Not well?! You are stealing from me, can't you see it?

George: No one is stealing from you brother. You are just not well. You should seek assistance. Maybe someone can help you.

Charles: Why don't you get fucked instead.

George: I can't leave you like this, brother.

Charles: For fuck's sake, stop calling me brother.

George: What's wrong with brother?

Charles: Brothers don't shoot each other.

George: I never wanted to shoot you.

Charles: Why don't you get fucked instead. Do yourself a favour and stick that freak show up your ass and pull the trigger.

George: I rather put a bullet through your brain.

Charles: Why would you do that?

George: Why not?

Charles: Because you will end up in jail.

George: Will I? How can you be so sure?

Charles: What makes you think that a moron like you will get away with murder?

George: It's a pity that you won't be around to see how a *moron* like me got away with it, *brother*.

George points his gun at Charles.

Charles *shouting*: Help, help me Steven.

George: Your fictional neighbour is not going to save you.

Charles: Wait, before you pull the trigger let me tell you a story.

George: No stories brother. We don't have time for that. Just say your prayers.

Charles turns to Soraya.

Charles: Where did I fail you? I gave you shelter when you needed. I didn't deserve to be treated like a dog.

Soraya: You gave me nothing.

Charles: I gave you everything.

Soraya: You did not.

Charles: Yes I did.

Soraya: I asked you to stop giggling with that woman and you never did.

On the street a police car pulls over. Bruce and Paul get out of the car. They arm their guns and enter the building.

Charles: I giggled with no woman.

Soraya: Yes you did.

Charles *shouting*: I did not—

George *mockingly*: Just shut the fuck up. Giggling like a sissy doesn't give you the right to live anymore.

When George is about to pull the trigger the door buzzes.

Charles: Steven is that you?

George: What's going on?

Charles: Open the door fuckface.

George: No one opens that door.

Charles *shouting*: Is that you Steven?

Bruce: It's the Police. Open the door, please. A shooting has been reported at this apartment. Open the door please.

George *erratic*: The police? Who called the police? Did you call it Charles, did you fucking call the police?

Bruce: Open the door.

George: What did you tell them?

Charles *ironically*: Go ahead *brother*, kill me. See if you can get away with murder.

Soraya: We need to get out of here.

George: Shut up bitch. Let me think this through.

Charles: Why don't you try the front door?

George: Shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up.

Charles: You can also jump out of the window. I have seen it done before. It's not pretty when you hit the floor though.

Bruce: Open the door.

Charles: Turn of the lights. Turn off the lights bitch.

Soraya: What are you doing?

George: Turn off the lights bitch.

Soraya turns off the lights. George grabs her and disappears through the kitchen door.

Charles *screaming*: Open the fucking door for fuck's sake. I have been shot in the legs. I might be bleeding to death.

Bruce pulls out a Walkie Talkie from his pocket.

Bruce: Back up, we need backup.

Charles *shouting*: Can someone call an ambulance? You can come inside now.

Bruce *shouting*: Put your arms down. We are breaking in.

Charles: I told you already, dickhead. I am on the floor fighting for my life.

Bruce: We are breaking in. Put your arms down and your hands behind your heads.

Charles: It's only three of us in here. A bleeding man, a pimp and a whore.

Paul arms the lock and the hinges. Bruce and Paul walk 3 meters away from the entrance door. Bruce presses a button and the door falls on the floor.

Charles: Holly shit.

Bruce and Paul enter the living room.

Bruce: Hands up. Put your weapons on the floor.

Charles: I can't hold my hands up. I have been shot.

Bruce: Where is the pimp and the whore?

Charles: They are hiding in the kitchen.

George and Soraya appear in the doorway. George has one arm around Soraya's neck and is pressing his gun against her head. Both Bruce and Paul point their gun at George's head.

Bruce: Sir, put the gun down.

George: Back off or I will kill her.

Bruce: Drop your weapon sir.

George: You put your guns down or I kill her.

Charles *ironically*: He is not going to kill her. He doesn't has the balls to do it.

George: Shut the fuck up Charles.

Charles: You shut the fuck up, fuckface.

Soraya: Don't touch me.

Bruce: Drop your weapon Sir, now.

George: You kill me, I kill her.

Bruce: Sir, please drop your weapon.

George: Not without killing her first.

Bruce: Sir, please consider the consequences for a minute.

George: Back off or I will fucking kill her.

Soraya: Let me go, don't touch me.

Soraya tries to push George's arm away from her neck unsuccessfully.

George: I am going to twist your neck if you don't stop.

Soraya: I told you to stop touching me. Don't touch me.

George: Can you just shut up and be a good bitch.

George presses his arm harder against Soraya's neck.

Soraya *amok*: Don't fucking touch me. Don't fucking touch me.

George: You got me into this mess, you get me out of it.

George presses harder. Soraya starts to screams.

Soraya: Stop it. What are you doing?

George: Easy bitch, just go easy easy. We don't want anybody to get hurt tonight.

Charles: You are fucking kidding me. Do I look like a nobody to you?

George: Shut the fuck up.

George points the gun at Charles. Noticing George's grip distress slightly Soraya headbutts George, who releases her. Soraya runs towards the window. George pulls the trigger. Bruce pulls the trigger.

3 seconds in silence.

The lights are back on. Steven and George are lying on the floor. Blood running underneath their bodies.

CURTAIN FALLS

