

Convince Me

by Madeleine Dougherty

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Evelyn.....a woman in her thirties. Her hair is teased out. She has heavy makeup with thick expressive eyebrows. She has classy gold jewelry everywhere. She has accentuated her hourglass shape in a black dress with long sleeves and a low scoop neck. It fits snugly and ends mid-thigh. Her black pumps are sitting by her chair.

Fred.....a man in his early forties. He has short hair and is of average height and weight. He is wearing a sweater with a zig-zag pattern of many colors, khaki pants, and a gold rolex. He, too, is barefoot. He is Evelyn's husband.

TIME: 2000, 11am, April 6th, Wednesday

SETTING: East Coast house surrounded by trees about 10 minutes from town.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Library within the house, walls are covered in books, there is a sitting area with comfy chairs, a side table, and a lamp. In the back is a big window with a window seat. A fine rug is on the floor. Evelyn is sitting in a kitchen chair, tied up with rope in the middle of the room. Her mouth is covered in duct tape. Fred is pacing the room. He has a knife in his hand. A gun and a bunch of papers are on the table. The gun is acting like a paper weight. Fred periodically looks at Evelyn and shakes his head. He fidgets around as if he is trying to sort out his thoughts.

FRED

You realize why I had to do this, don't you? I am your husband. You have betrayed the sacrament of our marriage. You have cheated on me. I want the name of your lover.

EVELYN struggles in her chair trying to loosen the rope.

FRED

If you would just tell me his name all of this would be over. Please, just say it.

EVELYN struggles harder.

FRED

Here, don't do that. You're gonna hurt yourself. Stop that.

FRED tries to stop her from struggling.  
EVELYN starts screaming for help.

FRED

Stop that. Listen to me. You never listen.

EVELYN stops wriggling. She glares at FRED. All her words are just sounds because of the duct tape.

EVELYN

You piece of shit. You know why I don't listen to you? You know why? Because you're an asshole, Fred. You are an Asshole. Nobody listens to you. Not the people at work, not me, not even the baristas at Starbucks. You're a piece of shit and I hate you. Now, let me go!

EVELYN starts struggling in earnest. During her speech, FRED begins throwing down his hands in time to his shouts.

FRED

Stop it. Stop it. Stop it...  
(continues)

EVELYN starts struggling so hard the chair begins rocking. She and the chair fall over backward. She lets out a groan of pain.

FRED

Oh, are you okay? Here let me help.

FRED begins pulling her upright.

It's okay. You're alright. Did you hurt your head? I'll get ice.

FRED runs offstage. EVELYN rolls her eyes. She sees the gun and tries to get near it. FRED comes back with an ice pack. He puts the knife down and holds the ice pack to EVELYN's head.

FRED

Is that better?

EVELYN nods sullenly.

EVELYN

Asshole

FRED stands sharply and glares at EVELYN.

FRED

Did you just call me an asshole?

EVELYN  
(with great relish)

Yes!

FRED  
How dare you! People like me. I am  
a liked person! I am not an  
asshole!!

FRED slaps EVELYN. She glares at FRED hard.  
He becomes nervous and steps away. He sees  
the papers on the table. He picks them up.  
The gun falls to the floor. He begins  
throwing the papers around.

FRED  
(righteously)  
  
Here are your lover's letters,  
written in his hand. Do you deny  
this?

EVELYN shakes her head "no" slowly, keeping  
her eyes fixed on FRED.

FRED  
He has written intimately of your  
body, of your everyday life. He  
knows you inside and out. Do you  
deny it?

Again, EVELYN shakes her head "no."

FRED  
Then, tell me his name!

EVELYN shakes her head "no." FRED lets out a  
loud "Gah" groan. He throws the papers down  
on the table, sees the gun, picks it up, and  
points it shakily at EVELYN.

FRED  
You will tell me his name.

EVELYN shakes her entire body "no."

FRED

Damn you!

FRED throws his hands down. As he does so,  
he shoots his foot. He and EVELYN look at  
his foot in shock. The lights fade to black.

FRED  
(loudly, in pain)

Ow!