

BURGER KING

By Ryan Patrick Dolan

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**Characters:**

**Molly** - Wife. Client. 40s.

**Gertrude** - Professional Hit Woman. 40s.

**Setting:** Parking lot outside a truck stop.

*Molly is dressed in a Lulelemon outfit, and a big, floppy hat and sunglasses. She looks out of place.*

*She sips Coconut water through a straw, and is standing next to a car.*

*Gertrude enters. She's dressed like a soccer mom. Simple. Jeans, shirt, ballcap, and sunglasses.*

GERTRUDE

Molly?

MOLLY

The heat from the desert is brutal. And the fumes from the trucks are literally choking me.

GERTRUDE

Turn around and place your hands on the trunk. You said you'd be driving a black Lexus.

MOLLY

The air conditioning went out on it and I had to take it into the dealer. They gave me this red Prius. Isn't it cute? I feel like a little environmentalist. What are you doing?

GERTRUDE

(Patting her down)

What does it feel like?

MOLLY

Does it have to be so rough?

GERTRUDE

This outfit is ridiculous.

MOLLY

No one looks bad in a \$400 workout outfit.

GERTRUDE

Think about that for a second. You wearing a wire?

MOLLY

No!

GERTRUDE

Face me and unzip your jacket.

MOLLY

Are you serious?

GERTRUDE

It wasn't a question.

*Molly faces Gertrude and unzips.  
Gertrude pats her down until satisfied.  
During this...*

GERTRUDE

Your husband spring for tits like that and now you want to kill him?

MOLLY

That's none of your business.

GERTRUDE

Do you have the fast food and the packet?

MOLLY

They're in my bag in the car.

GERTRUDE

Get in.

*They both get in the car. Gertrude pulls out a manila envelope and glances at the contents briefly. Puts it aside and pulls a Burger King bag out and looks inside.*

GERTRUDE

These are Burger King bags. I told you McDonald's.

MOLLY

Fast food is fast food.

GERTRUDE

This truck stop has a McDonald's. I'm suppose to walk back to my car with carrying fifty grand in a motherfucking Burger King bag?

MOLLY

Okay, sorry. Calm down.

GERTRUDE

Every little detail and direction is important right now. This conversation in the car right now would get both of us thrown in jail. You can come expendable real quick. Is that clear?

MOLLY

Yes. It's clear.

GERTRUDE

I don't take this lightly. If you're some psychopath that's going to be impossible to deal with, find someone else.

MOLLY

I brought the money. Okay? Will you please calm down?

*Gertrude looks in a bag. Sees french fries, takes them out and throws them at Molly.*

GERTRUDE

Is this a fucking joke? What did I just say?

MOLLY

(Takes bag)

The fries are for me.

GERTRUDE

You wouldn't be the first client I'd have to take out. You wanna die in the middle-of-fucking-nowhere Nevada?

MOLLY

Your money is in the other bag.

GERTRUDE

If there's a motherfucking apple pie in here, I'm going to choke you out with it.

MOLLY

It's the fifty grand! Like you asked. Although I have to say fifty thousand dollars seems a little exorbitant.

GERTRUDE

You could spend ten grand on a some thug with a record. Next time he gets caught distributing smack, however, he'll roll over on you to get a lesser charge without thinking twice about it.

*Molly has started cleaning herself off while eating some fries.*

GERTRUDE

(counting money)

I can't believe you eat those things.

MOLLY

I can't go into a fast food place without ordering fries.

GERTRUDE

As soon as you finish those, you're still going to be hungry. They have no nutritional value.

MOLLY

Oh my God! I finally understand nutrition! Don't be a bitch.

GERTRUDE

You're the one who wants to snuff out another person.

MOLLY

And you're the person who kills people for a living.

*Gertrude's phone buzzes and she checks it. She smiles. And texts something back.*

MOLLY

Who's that?

GERTRUDE

I met this guy.

MOLLY

You met a guy?

GERTRUDE

I met a guy! His name is Donald. "Donald." So dorky. Dorky, but cute.

MOLLY

Is he another killer person? Do you killer people all date each other, and like raise little killer people?

GERTRUDE

No. He doesn't know what I do.

MOLLY

It must be hard for a murderer to be in love.

GERTRUDE

Is it? You tell me.

MOLLY

Jack is a cruel.

GERTRUDE

Right. This purse is beautiful. I've been meaning to get a good knockoff. How much was this?

MOLLY

It's not a knockoff. It's a Birkin.

GERTRUDE

It's real?

MOLLY

Of course.

GERTRUDE

This is like ten grand.

MOLLY

It's more, but I don't like talk about money.

GERTRUDE

But you're okay spending it. Your husband buy this for you?

MOLLY

No, I used part of my allowance.

GERTRUDE

Allowance? Are you kidding?

MOLLY

I don't kid about my allowance.

GERTRUDE

Is he your pimp?

MOLLY

He owns a chain of dry cleaners.

GERTRUDE

He's an entrepreneur like Donald. He owns a bakery. He has the best pastries between Salt Lake and Sacramento.

MOLLY

Salt Lake and Sacramento are two culinary hot beds.

GERTRUDE

Watch it.

MOLLY

Jack owns twenty-seven dry cleaners through Nevada and Utah.

GERTRUDE

Shit.

MOLLY

Yeah. Twenty-seven is more than one.

GERTRUDE

You can't eat a dry cleaning.

MOLLY

True, but I can enjoy \$500 dinners on a weekly basis.

GERTRUDE

So, it's not so bad. Being married to Jack. Sounds like a nice life.

MOLLY

It was.

GERTRUDE

Let's take a look in your Birkin bag and see how bad it is.

MOLLY

Don't.

*Gertrude proceeds to pull stuff out of the bag.*

GERTRUDE

Workout clothes that look exactly what you're wearing right now. Why the hell do you need two of the same outfit?

MOLLY

(Finding and eating a french fry)

In case I spill something on it.

GERTRUDE

Bunny rabbit.

MOLLY

That's Mr. Peter.

GERTRUDE

Tampons. Congrats, you're still bleeding.

MOLLY

Crude.

GERTRUDE

Best of Jon Lovitz DVD. Phil Hartman was better.

MOLLY

Jon Lovitz is cute.

GERTRUDE

Is this a Gucci wallet?

MOLLY

Give that to me.

GERTRUDE

Holy shit, do you always carry this much cash on you?

MOLLY

You're the one that's going to walk out of the car with fifty-grand. Please pass me wallet to me.

*Gertrude hands it over.*

GERTRUDE

Booze. Condoms. Lube. Looks like you're pretty frisky yourself.

MOLLY

If Jack isn't going to give it to me.

GERTRUDE

What, are you banging your trainer or something?

MOLLY

His name is Farooq, and he's a health coach.

GERTRUDE

*(Back to the bag)*

Chocolate pudding snack pack. I'm going to pretend you use this for eating. What's in this little bag?

MOLLY

Give that to me!

GERTRUDE

Some pills? These will knock you on your ass.

MOLLY

Give them to me now right fucking now!

*Molly gets physical which just amuses Gertrude.*

GERTRUDE

Whoa! Fine. Here you go. Maybe you should take one of those right now to settle down.

*Gertrude's phone buzzes with another text. She reads it and returns the text.*

*Molly pops a pill while she's not looking.*

MOLLY

Is that your baker again? Shouldn't he be concentrating on his muffins rather than texting?

GERTRUDE

He's got cute muffins.

*Molly pops another pill.*

MOLLY

Disgusting.

GERTRUDE

Love makes you crazy. And I'm totally crazy in love. I freely admit it. It's been awhile.

MOLLY

What's a while? Like a year.

GERTRUDE

It doesn't matter.

MOLLY

Like three years?

GERTRUDE

He treats me well, okay?

MOLLY

Longer than three years?

GERTRUDE

Molly, how does your plastic surgeon do with reattaching fingers?

MOLLY

Touchy. Sorry. What makes this guy so special?

GERTRUDE

I had an accident where I got hurt, and he took care of me.

MOLLY

He took care of you?

GERTRUDE

Yeah.

MOLLY

What happened to you?

GERTRUDE

A dog attacked me and I had to kill it.

MOLLY

That's kind of how Jack and I met.

GERTRUDE

You killed a dog?

MOLLY

A horse. I didn't kill him. I was riding him. I was barrel racer.

GERTRUDE

What the heck is a barrel racer?

MOLLY

I raced a horse around barrels. Fastest time wins.

GERTRUDE

No shit?

MOLLY

No shit.

GERTRUDE

Was Jack a rodeo groupie or something?

MOLLY

No, he was just on vacation. It was a rodeo in Lander, Wyoming on the 4th of July.

GERTRUDE

Did your horse have a name?

MOLLY

Black Betty.

GERTRUDE

Like the song!

MOLLY

No, I didn't name her after the stupid song!

GERTRUDE

You're getting upset!

MOLLY

I was closer to that horse than anyone in my life except maybe Jack. It takes a lot of trust between you and your horse to go full throttle across a dirt arena, and then complete a 180 around a barrel and spring back.

GERTRUDE

What happened?

MOLLY

We were at a rodeo in Lander, Wyoming on July 4th. We were having one of the best runs ever. On the last turn, Betty's front left leg snaps, and she collapses and rolls on top of me. I'm pinned under her as she's writhing on top of me, whinnying.

GERTRUDE

Jesus.

MOLLY

Jack came out of the stands, and was one of the people who helped free me. While I laid there as they're trying to stabilize me, a vet comes out with a needle and puts Black Betty down. They put this curtain around her so the people in the stands couldn't see, but I looked right at her face. She was so close, but I couldn't reach her. I couldn't feel my leg, but I just wanted to comfort her as she faded away. I couldn't do it.

GERTRUDE

I'm really sorry, Molly.

MOLLY

Thanks. Why'd you kill a dog?

GERTRUDE

It attacked me.

MOLLY

On the street?

GERTRUDE

On a job.

MOLLY

Does that happen a lot?

GERTRUDE

I knew it was going to be there. I do my homework. I know everything about my client and the people they want eliminated.

MOLLY

Then why did you kill it?

GERTRUDE

I didn't at first. I gave it a tranquilizer in some raw hamburger meat and it passed out. I got there in the afternoon thinking this shithead will be home after work, but he doesn't roll in until five the next morning. It's an ex-wife, but she doesn't want any blood. So I strangled him, however it had escaped my attention, and the client forgot to mention, that the ex-husband swam in college so he could go without oxygen for a couple of minutes. So we crashed around the kitchen and I'm getting knocked around. As the husband finally starts to fade, the German Shepard wakes up.

MOLLY

Oh my God.

GERTRUDE

This dog is all over me. I can't get away from him, so I grab a knife and stab him thinking he'll back off, but it just makes him angrier and he keeps attacking. We're both bleeding. Blood is everywhere. I stab him like seven or eight times. Finally, he lays down. I love dogs. I love dogs. I don't want him to suffer so I have to end it as quickly as possible so I slash his throat.

MOLLY

Oh my God.

GERTRUDE

Breaks my heart. Breaks my heart to slash that dog's throat. I grew up in the boonies, and had nobody to play with. I just hung out with my mutt, Peanut. I'm fucking heartbroken that I have to slash this German Shepard's throat open.

MOLLY

Can you stop with the slashing of the throat?

GERTRUDE

That images just runs through my brain on a loop.

MOLLY

(Offering a pill)

Do you want one? It'll make you feel better.

GERTRUDE

I don't take them.

MOLLY

I'll have yours for you then.

*She pops the pill.*

GERTRUDE

That's kind of you.

MOLLY

So how did you meet the baker?

GERTRUDE

I stagger out of the house, get into my car, and start driving. I'm crying so bad that I can't see so I pull over in this strip mall. There's a liquor store, a big gun store, and Donald's bakery. I try to sneak into the bathroom without anyone seeing me. When I walk in, though, he's at the counter. He takes one look at me, a complete stranger, and walks me over to a table. No questions. He gets me a towel and bandages and hot water with lemon, and just lets me sit there for an hour or two. I am torn up about this dog.

This is real low point in my life. Just the worst. Then he puts down three little chocolate eclairs on the table, and sits down across from me. I was in shock. I didn't know I was even hungry, but I put one in my mouth and I floated outside of my body.

MOLLY

You lost a lot of blood.

GERTRUDE

No, it was like when you eat a great meal at those expensive-ass restaurants you go to. You know how when you take a bite of something for the first time and your mouth experiences that particular taste for the very first time? Like the tastes are similar to what you've had in the past, but the way it was cooked and the combination of flavors is so good that it explodes your mouth and swims into your spine and melts through your nervous system.

MOLLY

Like french fries.

GERTRUDE

No, not like french fries you fucking idiot. Jesus Christ. I'm talking about food that opens up your body and leaves you passionate and vulnerable. You're sharing this food, this moment, with the person sitting across from you and no one else. People don't feel that way eating Burger King french fries. They eat french fries and look up at the person sitting across from them, if there is one, and think about how long it's going to be before they have diarrhea.

MOLLY

I only get diarrhea if I order, like, two double cheeseburgers at once.

Beat.

MOLLY

I didn't do that today.

GERTRUDE

So, these eclairs were mind altering. They were an epiphany. I looked up and noticed Donald's face for the first time, and I told him, "I'm a dog murderer. I didn't want to, but I killed a dog today." And he grabbed my hand and said, "I'm sorry." No judgement. He saw how much I was hurting, and he wouldn't let go of my hand. Right then, I wondered, "What am I doing with my life? This man is making pastries. He's giving something back to humanity. And what am I doing? I'm taking away."

MOLLY

When I broke my leg, they had to airlift me from Lander to Casper, and Jack flew the helicopter.

GERTRUDE

Shut the fuck up.

MOLLY

He flew in Gulf War One. The only helicopter pilot in Lander had gotten drunk at the rodeo. So Jack flew me to Casper and stayed at the hospital with me for three days.

GERTRUDE

Holy shit.

MOLLY

No one ever expected it was you that killed the guy?

GERTRUDE

No. The ex-wife flipped out on me about the dog, because she claims it was her dog.

MOLLY

She eventually she got over it?

GERTRUDE

No, she said she was going to go the police, and blame it on me. She accidentally overdosed on prescription pills before she could do that though.

MOLLY

You mean, you...

GERTRUDE

You have to be careful with those pills, Molly, is what I'm saying.

MOLLY

How many people have you killed?

GERTRUDE

Come on. Do you really want to know that?

MOLLY

Yes.

GERTRUDE

You're very pretty. Did you know that?

MOLLY

Thanks.

GERTRUDE

Jack's a fool. You don't need those pills.

MOLLY

It's fine. I can stop when I want.

GERTRUDE

You have soft hands.

MOLLY

You're really kind. But seriously, how many people have you killed?

GERTRUDE

What does it matter? The important thing is that I value each client equally. I am going to do a good job for you.

MOLLY

How many?

GERTRUDE

How many people have you slept with?

MOLLY

What does that have to do with anything?

GERTRUDE

Numbers are such a big deal to you. How many men have you slept with?

MOLLY

No.

GERTRUDE

You're cute when you pout.

MOLLY

I'm not pouting.

*Gertrude flips her demeanor and grabs Molly.*

GERTRUDE

How many then?

MOLLY

Ow.

GERTRUDE

Answer the question.

MOLLY

You hurting me.

GERTRUDE

Tell me.

MOLLY

Eight.

GERTRUDE

Eight? Eight men? That's your go to number?

MOLLY

No, that's my actual number.

GERTRUDE

Just eight?

MOLLY

Yes, eight men.

GERTRUDE

Molly, you little hottie. You're fucking lying.

MOLLY

I am not.

GERTRUDE

I know for a fact you were married twice before Jack. A rodeo cowboy in Wyoming, and a handyman in Idaho. I'm sure you suck and fucked some when you were a teenager, because you grew up in Billings, Montana--yeah, I know where you were born-- and there's nothing else to do in Billings, Montana but to hike up your skirt in the front seat of some pick up truck. You married twice, which means you probably fucked a few different dudes before getting married, and you definitely fucked a lot of guys after you got divorced each time because you could, and you were lonely, and for revenge, and cause you felt like you were you complete failure. Eight? Give me a fucking break.

MOLLY

You think since you're killer, you have this amazing insight about people?

GERTRUDE

I just fucking pay attention, Molly.

MOLLY

Let go.

GERTRUDE

Women in their 20s *always* say they've only slept with three or four men. Almost never more than five. Then they get in their 30s, and they'll usually cop to no more than eight.

High enough to show they're not a prude, but doesn't leave an impression that they're a slut to any potential husbands. 'Cause men don't like the idea of sharing a woman with another men. Like we're fucking property. Women need to band together and agree to tell the fucking truth. You know why?

MOLLY

Why?

GERTRUDE

So men know we're perfectly capable of fucking other men if they don't treat us well or take us for granted.

Gertrude lets go.

MOLLY

Jesus.

GERTRUDE

You're forty-one, right?

MOLLY

Yeah.

GERTRUDE

You know what appropriate number of sexual partners for a 41-year-old a woman is if a man asks you?

MOLLY

No.

GERTRUDE

The long answer is that nobody ever asks a woman in their forties how many men they've slept with, because if it's a younger guy, they don't think you'll cheat on them or they're just fucking you because they like doing it with an experienced woman. If it's a guy over 40, they don't want to bring up the subject in the first place, and at that point they're more worried about their shit working and not going to bed alone to think about it. That's the long answer.

MOLLY

What's the short answer?

GERTRUDE

Nobody gives a shit about women in their forties.

MOLLY

There are plenty of men who give a shit about me.

GERTRUDE

'Cause it's a thrill to fuck you because you're rich and married, doesn't mean anyone cares about you.

You think anyone thought two moments about that divorcee overdosing on those pills? Everyone had already given up on her. They were shocked she hadn't done it sooner.

MOLLY

Jack hasn't touched me in a year.

GERTRUDE

He's a dick.

MOLLY

I used to support myself. I raced in fucking rodeos. Then I got used to Jack supporting me. And now, I don't have any skills any more to support myself.

GERTRUDE

You could teach horse back riding.

MOLLY

To a bunch of spoiled cunts? Please. I'm pathetic to Jack now. He doesn't love me. He despises me.

GERTRUDE

It'll be okay, Molly.

MOLLY

He brought home two college girls one night. They were drinking and blasting music downstairs. I went down to see what was going on, and he just told me to go back to sleep. As I walked back up the stairs, I could hear them laughing at me. He fucked them in a guest room. He didn't even make the bed after.

GERTRUDE

I'm sorry.

MOLLY

You said on the phone that fifty thousand was the base pay. Simple gun shot with a silencer in the drive way.

GERTRUDE

Yep.

MOLLY

But that you would have menu options that I could purchase for more.

GERTRUDE

Sure. Gun shot in the drive is Fifty-K. You want him to die in one of his car washes? That's Ten-K more. You want to kill him and suffocate him with a dry cleaning bag in one of his laundromats? Extra Five grand.

MOLLY

What about castration?

GERTRUDE

Jesus, Molly.

MOLLY

Just tell how much for castration.

GERTRUDE

Five-K if he's already dead. Ten-K if he's alive. Fifteen-K if he's alive and we stick them in his mouth and duct tape them in there.

MOLLY

That sounds nice.

GERTRUDE

Why don't you fuck his best friend or something?

MOLLY

I already did. And one of his brothers.

GERTRUDE

That wasn't enough?

MOLLY

I mean I drive a Lexus. With what he makes, I should drive a Mercedes.

GERTRUDE

You have a fucking Birkin. Why don't you take the money you're going to pay me and just lease a Mercedes.

MOLLY

I'm not using my *allowance* to buy a car. That's for day-to-day items. Jack should *buy* me a Mercedes.

GERTRUDE

So, you brought me here because you drive a Lexus instead of a Mercedes.

MOLLY

I play a role. I do *work* for him. I go to the country club with him, and church. I work out with a trainer, so I look like this. And I look like this, so he looks good with me on his arm. Not all of his friends have wives that take care of themselves so I understand why they mess around with other women. I'm not 22 anymore, but I take care of myself. He benefits from the work I put in to maintain appearances. His friends see me, and he seems more successful. People like to be around winners. It breeds confidence in themselves.

So they invite him to golf or fish or hunt. My husband and I should have a reciprocal relationship. We're supposed to be partners. Partners doesn't mean we have to like each other all the time. Partners does mean there's some equanimity and respect.

*Gertrude's phone buzzes. She receives another text. She texts back.*

GERTRUDE

He's naming a beignet after me.

MOLLY

What makes Donald so different?

GERTRUDE

Everything that he's built in his life comes from his passion, dedication, and sacrifice. He makes me feel as important if not more important than his passion. He wants to include me in it.

MOLLY

Doesn't it bother you?

GERTRUDE

Doesn't what bother me?

MOLLY

That in one of your greatest times of need, you needed a man to be there for you.

GERTRUDE

I just needed a human, Donald happened to be there. Almost like--

MOLLY

-Fate. Yeah. You think Fate couldn't give you a woman to help you out.

GERTRUDE

Sure.

MOLLY

You think it's just as likely?

GERTRUDE

Why not?

MOLLY

See, I don't think that's true. I think you and I wanted a man there. And that really pisses me off.

GERTRUDE

That's not what it's like for me.

MOLLY

I threatened Jack with a divorce, and you know what he said to me? He shrugged and said, "If you want to leave me, leave me."

GERTRUDE

So do it.

MOLLY

I'm his third wife. There's a pre-nup.

GERTRUDE

Am I supposed to feel sorry for you. Some people are in horrible situations and they don't have any way to get out of it. You have choices. I'm one of those choices.

Eventually, it'll get bad between you and Donald. It always does. What's your choice going to be?

GERTRUDE

We're different.

MOLLY

I used to think the same thing. When I walked in on Jack and those two girls, Jack looked right through me. He could give a shit less that I saw him. I could have dropped dead there and he wouldn't have cared. I never thought I'd feel worse as I did when I lost Black Betty. I didn't think it was possible. I'm furious he made me feel so weak. Take the fifty grand and do the job.

GERTRUDE

Yeah, I don't think I can do this.

MOLLY

Why the hell not?

GERTRUDE

I just can't.

*Everything has various levels of humor to Molly from here on out.*

MOLLY

You've suddenly developed a little moral code?

GERTRUDE

This isn't funny.

MOLLY

Someone baked you a fucking donut, and now you have a new view of the world. Take the money. Take the fucking money and get out of the car.

GERTRUDE

You've had a few too many pills.

MOLLY

Oh, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE

I can't kill Jack. If Donald doesn't love me anymore...I don't need that image running through my head. I already have too many horrible images in my head. I don't want any more.

MOLLY

Take the money.

GERTRUDE

No.

MOLLY

Best bakery between Vegas and Sacramento. So, his bakery is in Reno? In a strip mall with a gun store and a liquor store?

GERTRUDE

Stop talking.

MOLLY

So I'm right? He is in Reno? Not that I would never go there. Reno's a shit hole.

GERTRUDE

I'm leaving. Keep the cash.

MOLLY

But all those call girls in Reno. They have to eat, right? They have real a sweet tooth.

GERTRUDE

Molly.

MOLLY

How long do you think it'll take for some chick in stilettos, a short skirt and fake tits to break him?

*Gertrude punches Molly in the mouth and smashes her head again on the steering wheel.*

MOLLY

My nose.

GERTRUDE

It wasn't real anyways.

MOLLY

What do you think you're doing, you fucking cunt? Take the money and get the fuck out of here.

*Gertrude punches Molly again.*

MOLLY

Maybe he'll bend that hooker over at the same table he fed you the eclairs. I'd pay to see that.

*Gertrude hits Molly again, grabs the purse, wraps the handle around Molly's neck, and begins strangling her to death.*

GERTRUDE

I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him. I've found Donald. I've found love. I've found love and no one -- no one!-- is going to take it from me.

*Molly stops struggling and Gertrude leaves the purse dangling from Molly's neck.*

*Gertrude gathers up the money, and places Molly's hat and sunglasses on her face.*

*Gertrude puts her own hat and sunglasses on.*

*Gertrude exits the car, and receives a text. She smiles and texts back as*  
*LIGHTS FADE.*

END OF PLAY