

Put Ice On It

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Dramatis Personae

Lillian Culver- female, a figure skater

Derek Jones- male, her boyfriend

Setting: A park bench

Time: the evening

(LIGHTS UP on a park bench. LILLIAN CULVER is sitting alone on a bench, wearing a coat and wearing headphones, listening to music. Her eyes are closed and maybe she's humming along with the music she's listening to. DEREK JONES enters. He is dressed all in black, wearing a coat, gloves, and a ski-mask. He is carrying a bloody crowbar in his hand. He approaches LILLIAN and stands in front of her for a moment. She doesn't seem to notice him. He coughs into his hand. LILLIAN opens her eyes and turns off her music device. She takes off her headphones and looks at DEREK.)

LILLIAN

So?

DEREK

I did it.

LILLIAN

You can take that off, you know.

DEREK

Huh?

LILLIAN

The mask.

DEREK

It's kinda cold.

LILLIAN

Not *that* cold.

DEREK

Yeah, I guess you're right.

(DEREK lifts his ski mask and uncovers his face. LILLIAN takes a Kleenex out of her pocket.)

LILLIAN

Here. Wipe that thing off.

DEREK

Oh.

(DEREK takes the Kleenex and wipes the blood off the crowbar.)

LILLIAN

Sit down, will you?

(DEREK sits down.)

LILLIAN

So...tell me about it.

DEREK

What do you wanna know?

LILLIAN

Everything.

DEREK

Not much to tell, really. She was just about to step out onto the ice and I hit her in the back of the leg. Then I bolted out of there. I didn't even look back.

LILLIAN

Was she crying? Please tell me that she was crying.

DEREK

Oh yeah. Wailing like a banshee or something. She was down. I mean, heh, I really hit her, Lilly. Hard. Heard the bone crunch and everything.

LILLIAN

Good.

DEREK

I mean, I didn't stay to see how bad it was. I ran out of there faster than a Kenyan.

LILLIAN

But the million dollar question is this, deary: will Miss Heather Brown be skating tomorrow?

DEREK

That would be a “no,” Lilly.

LILLIAN

How much of a “no” would that be?

DEREK

A *big* “no.” I mean, I took her out. Right in the back of the knee. Hard. I can’t even begin to emphasize how hard I hit her. The way she was screaming? She may need a cane for the rest of her life. I don’t know. I’m not a doctor, but, heh, she’s no Karate Kid and you can’t skate with one leg. Especially not *her* routine. Trust me. Tomorrow, you won’t have to worry about Miss Heather Brown. Your gold medal is in the bag...I guess as long as you don’t make any mistakes.

LILLIAN

What does that mean?

DEREK

Uh...

LILLIAN

...I’ve practiced my ass off for tomorrow....

DEREK

I know.

LILLIAN

I’m not going to make any mistakes. That medal is gonna be mine.

DEREK

I know. I know. I was just saying...

LILLIAN

...I know what you were *just saying*. Jesus Christ, Derek! It's a big day for me tomorrow. I don't need your negative vibes.

DEREK

I...I don't have any negative vibes, Lilly. I'm sure you're gonna win! Your number one competitor is down for the count. You saw the blood on the crowbar, right? She is definitely out of the competition. She is out! The rest of 'em don't stand a chance. Your routine is flawless. A masterpiece!

LILLIAN

Don't overdo it.

DEREK

You're gonna knock 'em dead, dear. I'm sure of it.

LILLIAN

I know.

(LILLIAN looks at the crowbar.)

LILLIAN

Why'd you...why'd you bring that here?

DEREK

Huh?

LILLIAN

The crowbar. You should've gotten rid of it. It's pretty incriminating.

DEREK

Well, I...I guess I just didn't think about that.

LILLIAN

You just committed a crime and didn't think about getting rid of the evidence?

DEREK

Well, I was in a pretty big hurry! And I've had this crowbar for... a while. My fingerprints are probably on it. From sometime in the past. I wasn't just gonna drop it. I'm wearing gloves *now*, but...

LILLIAN

...You didn't think about wiping it down before you used it?

DEREK

I don't know if it would've made much difference. You ever see those crime shows? Those forensic guys are pretty good. I'm sure they'd find something of mine on it.

LILLIAN

That's fiction, Derek.

DEREK

No, no. Those writers do their research. That's why those shows are so popular, right?

LILLIAN

Never mind. I guess as long as you have it, the police *don't*.

DEREK

Yeah...Yeah! That's what I thought, too. Plus, I thought maybe, you know, you'd like to see the blood of your enemy?

LILLIAN

Ugh.

DEREK

Heh, I thought maybe you would've liked to lick it off or something. Gain her strength? There may still be some left on here, if you'd like to...

(DEREK playfully puts the crowbar near LILLIAN's nose. LILLIAN makes a face and turns away and makes a noise of disgust. Beat. LILLIAN sniffs.)

LILLIAN

Wait. Why do I smell...?

DEREK

...Uh, smell what?



LILLIAN

Let me see that Kleenex, Derek.

DEREK

Huh?

LILLIAN

Let me see that Kleenex.

DEREK

Why would you wanna...why would you wanna see it?

LILLIAN

Just give it here, okay?

DEREK

Lillian, you know all that stuff about drinking blood and getting strength? That's not true! Somebody made it up. It'd probably just make you sick....

LILLIAN

...Derek. Shut up and give me the Kleenex.

DEREK

But—

LILLIAN

You know I carry a taser, right?

(DEREK nods.)

LILLIAN

I love you, and I would like to continue our relationship. However, if you don't give me that Kleenex right now, I am going to tase you in the dick. Okay?

DEREK

You wouldn't.

LILLIAN

I just had you go break another woman's kneecap. You don't think I'd tase you in the dick?

(DEREK hands her the Kleenex. She smiles brightly.)

LILLIAN

Thank you, deary!

(LILLIAN looks at the Kleenex and looks up at DEREK. She starts to unfold it.)

DEREK

Ugh, that's kinda gross.

(LILLIAN looks down at the Kleenex.)

LILLIAN

This doesn't look like blood.

DEREK

Well...probably because we're not in the best light. We only have moonlight and street lights, Lilly. If we go back to your place and look at it under *good* light, it'd look a lot like blood, I'm sure.

LILLIAN

It looks like ketchup.

DEREK

Ketchup!?!

LILLIAN

Yes! Ketchup? As in the tomato-based condiment? Goes on burgers and fries? Ketchup!

DEREK

That's not ketchup. Unless you're suggesting that Heather Brown's some sorta freak and her veins are filled with ketchup! Are you really suggesting...

LILLIAN

...Stop yourself right there, okay? Before you show me how big an idiot you're capable of being. All right? Not another word.

(Pause.)

LILLIAN

I'm *suggesting* that this is ketchup, because *somebody* didn't do what I asked them to do and thought they could pull a fast one on me. You didn't go to the rink, did you?

DEREK

I did! I swear! I did it!

LILLIAN

But you didn't hit her, did you?

DEREK

I did! Of course I did! I just...well, okay. Maybe that *is* ketchup. I didn't think you would believe me. Okay? So I stopped by McDonald's on the way back and smeared the crowbar with some ketchup packets. I didn't think you'd get so inquisitive about it.

LILLIAN

You didn't think that I'd believe you?

DEREK

No. I mean... *I* wouldn't have believed me. It's easy to say you did something. I could've just met you here and said I did it, but I wanted you to believe me, okay? I thought maybe if I added a little bit to the presentation, it would make you a little happier. If you thought I hit her so hard, that it made her bleed, you'd be...especially happy. And maybe I would get a little...something *extra* tonight, you know?

LILLIAN

Deary, if you had done what I asked you to, you would definitely have gotten something extra special tonight.

DEREK

Yeah?

LILLIAN

But, you're getting nothing, because you *did* nothing.