

Crime and Pawnsishment  
By Timothy Patrick Hughes

*(Black. Dim lights up on living room of a house. Suburban area. We see through the dim lights a long couch, an additional chair, and a table. A lamp is beside the stage left chair and the stage left side of the couch. A couple of magazines and such are on table. Possible sounds of car pulling up, trunk shutting, etc.*

*Four or five seconds of silence. Suddenly, ARNOLD sneaks in through front door. He is mid-20's, dressed in nice jeans, casual dress shirt, and a blazer. He is handsome, usually fun to be around. He has his arms wrapped around an object about the size of a large roll of bread. He is looking cautiously around the room, staying as quiet as possible.*

*EMILY o.s.: "Arnold? Arnold?!" Etc. At the sound of her voice, ARNOLD looks up and freeze. She continues to call for him. He starts looking frantically around the room, searching for a place to hide something. He looks at the couch for a second, turns his head away, and then scopes in on it with strong focus. He turns his head to her one last time and then he grabs the stage right couch cushion, tosses the object down, shuts it, and quickly sits down, appearing as casually as possible.*

*EMILY walks in. She is the same age as ARNOLD, dressed in jeans, a nice blouse, and a jacket. She is attractive, logical, and quick to see through his lies. She is a little sleepy. )*

EMILY

Hey, Arnold.

ARNOLD

Hey *(Struggling to remain calm and cool)*

EMILY

How was the party?

ARNOLD

Great! Yeah, it was a ball.

EMILY

Good. How were you with Chad? Did he try to sell you a time share again?

ARNOLD

Ah, haha, you know CHAD... *(Nervous titter)*

EMILY

*(Taken aback by comment)* Arnold? Are you alright?

ARNOLD

*(Quick to cover it up)* Emily, I fi.. *(Sees opportunity)* Actually, no, Emily, I'm not fine. I...I got into a car accident.

EMILY

What?!

ARNOLD

Yes, a horrendous accident. I...I don't know how I survived, honestly.

EMILY

Oh my god, baby, are you hurt?!

ARNOLD

No, no, please, the car needs you more than I do.

EMILY

Oh my lord, not my Accord!

*(EMILY runs out SR to car. ARNOLD watches her go and immediately lifts cushion and picks up object. He is carefully searching for a better hiding place. EMILY walks in.)*

Arnold! *(ARNOLD lunges and drops object behind couch)* What kind of sick joke is this? Patrice is fine!

ARNOLD

*(Naive)* What?

EMILY

There's nothing wrong with her! Listen, I know you have a twisted sense of humor but...

*(Realization)* Wait, Arnold, what were you holding?

ARNOLD

Holding?

EMILY

You had something when I walked in.

ARNOLD

Um, no I didn't.

EMILY

Yes. You had something and you dropped it.

ARNOLD

Did you see anything when I first came in?

EMILY

Well, no.

ARNOLD

So I didn't have anything when I came home, and then in the space of five seconds an object suddenly materialized into my arms. Cmon, Emily, baby, has someone been on the crazy pills again?

EMILY

Arnold, I know you were holding something. *(Begins to walk over to the couch)* You dropped it right behind the-

ARNOLD

*(Runs over and block her)* No! *(EMILY is halted. He stares at her.)* Alright. Yes, I...I was holding something. You've got me! But Emily, I'm telling you, for the sake of our marriage, for the sake of our potential children, for the sake of humanity, don't ask me to show you what I was holding

EMILY

Arnold, unless that is a hooker behind the couch, or you finally murdered my grandmother, which I would understand, I think our marriage, our children, and yes, even humanity is safe. Now, show me what you were holding.

ARNOLD

*No!!! (Runs behind couch and grabs object) Please!!! No!!!*

EMILY

Arnold! *(He freezes in place)* Who's my big strong guy?

ARNOLD

*(Tentatively)* I am.

EMILY

*(Encouraging)* Who's my big strong guy?

ARNOLD

*(More assertive)* I am.

*(Arnold walks over to Emily and shoves the bag into her hands. He then proceeds downstage.*

EMILY

*(Stares at Arnold. Then looks down at bag and opens it. Gasps)* Oh my Lord.

ARNOLD

*(Without missing a beat)* I'm a monster.

EMILY

Arnold! This poor--

ARNOLD

I should be strung up!

EMILY

Arnold, how did this happen?!

ARNOLD

*(Guilt tearing him to pieces)* I'm sick, horrible, disgusting filth. Filth! Filth! FILTH! FILTH!!! *(Flips object out to her)* FOR GOD'S SAKE, I DROVE OVER A PUPPY!!! I AM SATAN'S SPAWN!!!!.

EMILY

Arnold, what happened?

ARNOLD

*(Recounting a traumatic event)* Well, I...I was driving home from the party, and the whole way home I just kept thinking about Chad, that salesman at the club, and you know how whenever I start thinking about Chad, I get so worked up at him and his stupid, simpering donkey grin and beady little eyes and I don't know what you ever saw in him!

EMILY

Arnold, Chad and I were a long time ago. Can you move past it, Lord knows I have

ARNOLD

And his voice like nails on a chalkboard, HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

EMILY

Yes, yes, nails on a chalkboard, what happened with the puppy?

ARNOLD

*(Catches himself)* Oh, right, sorry. *(Momentarily pets the bag)* Anyway, so, I kept thinking about...him. And suddenly, the car hit a bump in the road. So I got out to check the car and right away I saw... the ... the *(Points with trembling finger at bag)*. When I saw it, I was so stunned that I just stood there, staring. But then, I heard this little girl calling for her dog, "Polly, Polly!"

EMILY

Oh Lord--

ARNOLD

--And I knew the girl was coming. I was so terrified, I didn't know what to do. Then, I heard...I heard (*Gulps*) whimpering noises.

EMILY

No....

ARNOLD

Yes, the dog was still alive. The girl was calling, the dog whimpering, the engine running, my heart pounding, and I saw my life flash before my eyes. I knew what I had to do. So I bent down..

EMILY

No, please, no...

ARNOLD

...and decided our fate.

EMILY

Oh my god, Arnold!

ARNOLD

NO HALF MEASURES, EMILY! I PUT IT OUT OF ITS MISERY!!

EMILY

ARNOLD YOU KILLED A PUPPY WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!!!!

ARNOLD

WHEN YOU'RE IN THE SHIT, EMILY, YOU REACT!!! THINK AND YOU DIE! A SINGLE HESITATION AND YOU'RE LYING FACE DOWN IN THE TRENCHES TAKING THE DIRT NAP!!!

EMILY

Oh my god, I'm married to a felon!!

ARNOLD

You are married to a man of action. (*Aside*) It's what people are most afraid of....taking a new step....uttering a new word.

EMILY

Don't you have any remorse?

ARNOLD

(*Hurt*) Of course I do, Emily. (*Snatches bag out of her hands*) I realize I am scum of the earth. I'm even worse than Chad. Even *Chad*, that fraudulent, scheming, greedy timeshare salesman of the devil. How could you ever lie with that donkey man?!

EMILY

Arnold, please, it was before I even knew you. And you know what, you're right, he was a donkey.

ARNOLD

(*Covers dog's ears*) Not in front of the puppy. Not even frickin' Joseph Stalin reaches the depths of Chad's inhumanity (*almost obsessively*). Why does God allow such evil to live in this world?

EMILY

Arnold, please shut up!

ARNOLD

You banged Joseph Stalin!

EMILY

Well, he ruled with more than just an iron fist.

ARNOLD

*(Freezes, glances back to her in disgust, then gazes at dog, and groans)* Agh, I killed a puppy. God, rain your wrath upon me, sinner that I am.

EMILY

*(Exasperated)* Arnold, please, you made a mistake. *(Takes control)* Well, better get to it. *(Walks over to dog behind couch and picks it up)*

ARNOLD

What are you doing?

EMILY

*(Places it down on couch)* I'm looking for tags.

ARNOLD

What! No, give me those tags. *(Bolts to couch and begins war for tags)*

EMILY

Arnold?! What the hell are you doing?

ARNOLD

I am ending this! *(Grabs tags)* Aha!! *(Runs over to door, pulls back arm, and throws tags outside)* AH!! VICTORY!!!

EMILY

Arnold! That was your only way to contact them!

ARNOLD

Emily, you are so quick to catch on.

EMILY

*(Unsure she heard correctly)* What?

ARNOLD

Look, this is bad enough. Do you think it is really necessary to tell the girl? I feel like if I tell her I'll have to commit *seppuku* or something.

EMILY

Arnold, you obviously have to tell her.

ARNOLD

Why?

EMILY

*(At a near loss of words)* Because there is a little girl out there who needs to know her little puppy died!

ARNOLD

*(Shakes head at her ignorance)* Emily, now I wouldn't expect you to understand, since you've never experienced true loss, *(EMILY rolls her eyes. ARNOLD takes no notice)* but when my dog died when I was a kid, I was in mourning for four years of my life. And I was only four. Do you

know what it is like to begin school unable to make any friends because you spend every school day in black and visit dog cemeteries daily.

EMILY

Arnold, you never really owned a dog.

ARNOLD

*(Indignant)* I did! Even if it was only for a minute, I still did. It was Christmas morning. The only thing I wanted that year was a dog. When I opened the box up, I was the happiest kid in the world. Sadly, this quickly faded away when the dog ran away from me, straight through the front door, and into the street. I got right to the door when the truck hit it.

EMILY

Arnold, please, there's no need--

ARNOLD

*It flew 50 ft!* At first I thought maybe there was some hope that it was still alive. That was before the truck went over it again with the dog going under every wheel. *(Stares)* It was an eighteen wheeler.

EMILY

*(About to begin, then starts, looks at him and shudders)* Arnold, just because you lost a dog when you were a kid doesn't make you an expert for these things!

ARNOLD

We are not telling her and that is final. *(Yawns)* Listen, I'm getting into bed. *(Sees dog)* Ach, we can't leave it out like that. *(Walks over, picks up dog, stuffs it under cushion, and pounds cushion, making sure it's nice and flat.)* Alright, we'll send it to its greener pastures tomorrow. *(Haunted)* I doubt I'll get any sleep anyway. *(Walks to side. Reaches hand out)* Coming upstairs? We've made this bed, let's continue to lie in it.

EMILY

You're a jackass.

ARNOLD

Yes but I'm your jackass.

*(They walk together to the bedroom. False ending. Doorbell rings. Both look to the door. Both look at each other.)*

Who is that?

EMILY

*(EMILY walks to the door and checks through the peephole)* It's an older man and a little girl.

ARNOLD

It's them. *(Panicked but determined)* Alright, here's what we do. *(He rushes around and grabs a jacket, sunglasses, and other items for his mission)* You stall them. I'll go to the bathroom and go through the back window. When they leave, you meet me at Hashbury park on Almond. We'll bury it there and forget this ever happened. *(Begins to sprint away)*

EMILY

Arnold, you are not going to climb through the bathroom window. Treat this like an adult for once.

ARNOLD

Emily, *(Launches towards her and grasps her in his arms)* I love you, but love isn't enough anymore. This is now survival of the fittest. *(He once again sprints away)*

EMILY

Arnold! *(Arnold freezes)* Sit. Down.

*(Turns his whole body to Emily. In an act of defiance, he walks to the bar area and makes himself a drink. He sits down, grabs a newspaper and holds it up to cover his face. Emily rolls her eyes and opens the door. We see an older man and a girl. The girl is wearing a pink dress that we only see a little bit of because she is wearing a huge jacket over it, the older man's. She is the sweetest angel you've ever seen your life. The older man is wearing a flannel shirt and khaki pants with old man shoes. Both look very haggard)*

MAN

Hello there, sorry to disturb you this night. We'll be right on our way. We were just wondering if either of you had seen this dog anywhere around here. *(Shows EMILY the picture of the dog. She shakes her head.)*

EMILY

A dog?

LITTLE GIRL

Her name is Polly! She's my best friend! *(To herself)* She's my only friend.

EMILY

Polly?

AMY

Yeah, we found her tags around here, so she has to be close by!

ARNOLD

*(Behind newspaper)* Closer than you'll ever know.

EMILY

Hmmm, *(Emily turns to Arnold.)* Arnold, have we seen any dogs around here.

ARNOLD

*(Arnold folds down paper.)* Dog? *(Moment of thought. Then)* No, I don't think we've seen any tonight. *(Emily is dumbfounded)*

LITTLE GIRL

*(Pleading)* You haven't seen Polly?

ARNOLD

*(He looks at the girl and shakes his head with sociopathic ease)* No, no I'm really very sorry, we haven't seen any dogs around here. But ya know what *(Nods his head with big understanding eyes.)* We'll keep an eye out there, okay sweetie? *(Winks)*

MAN

Alright, thank you very much. You folks have a good night. *(LITTLE GIRL pulls at his pants.)*

Oh, I'm sorry, you folks mind if Amy here uses your bathroom? We've been looking for the past hour and she's been holding it in for a while.

EMILY

*(Arnold freezes.)* Of course, I'll show her to the little girl's room. *(EMILY leads AMY to the restroom. ARNOLD follows them with his gaze. Begins to tense a little. Turns his head back. Now it is just him and MAN.)*

MAN

*(Watches AMY leave. Right when she exits room, shoulders sink with exhaustion)* Hey, mind if I sit down.

ARNOLD

Oh, no, go ahead.

MAN

Thank you. *(Walks over to couch. ARNOLD suddenly realizes he is about to sit on dog. Terrified. Then, the MAN sits on the arm of the couch. ARNOLD sighs with relief)* Rheumaty Arthritis.

ARNOLD

Ah, I know how that feels.

MAN

You have it too?

ARNOLD

Ah, no *(Awkward silence)* The, uh, boys at the club talk about it, from time to time.

ARNOLD

*(Moment of silence. Realizes he's holding a drink. Awkwardly)* Well, we got a dead soldier here, bones a rattlin'. You want a drink?

MAN

Hm? Oh yeah, sure. I'll take a highball if you have it.

ARNOLD

Yeah, yeah. I'll get that for you *(Walk to bar. Curious)* So are you her grandfather?

MAN

Oh no, I'm her foster parent.

ARNOLD

*(Halts himself.)* Oh. So she doesn't have any parents?

MAN

Oh no. She lost them when she was younger.

ARNOLD

Where?

MAN

They're dead.

ARNOLD

*(Winces)* Oh. Well, what happened to them?

MAN

San Bernadino.

ARNOLD

*(Horried)* The shooting?

MAN

No, smog poisoning.

ARNOLD

*(Confused)* Oh.

MAN

It really is the silent killer. *(MAN gazes anxiously towards bathroom.)* I just hope we can find that dog. I don't think this child can go through much more.

ARNOLD

Oh, well, I'm sure she'd be fine. I mean, it is just a dog.

MAN

Well, yes. But, well, let's just say Amy has been through quite too much to handle this.

ARNOLD

*(Dread)* Hehe, what's "too much"?

MAN

Well, there was her parents. And then the orphanage. Hmph, you have to be tough as nails to get through that place and Amy's always been so gentle. She lived the next two years in that orphanage without friendship or love of any kind. *(ARNOLD takes an anxious sip of his drink)* Then, she finally found a foster parent.

ARNOLD

And that was when she met you right? And found love?

MAN

Oh no. That was what began the next two year stint going through foster parents using her for state money and child labor.

ARNOLD

*(At this last statement, ARNOLD finishes his drink)* Would you like another drink?

MAN

Me? No, I'm fine.

ARNOLD

Okay, I think I will. *(ARNOLD gets up and walks to bar. MAN takes no notice.)*

MAN

Yes, that was ugly. There was the one who used her for money for an HBO Go subscription. There was the one who had a fascination with kids watching horror movies. He showed her *The Omen* and for the next two weeks she thought she was the Anti-Christ. *(ARNOLD just made himself a drink and at this statement immediately downed it)*

ARNOLD

I mean, I suppose it's a phase all kids go through.

MAN

Yeah, but most foster parents don't tell them that it's true. *(ARNOLD stares at MAN with horror. Looks to the bathroom with same horror.)*

ARNOLD

Was it all horrible?

MAN

Well, no. Luckily the state found out about it and took her out of those homes. And then I found her and she's been my angel ever since. But by then, the damage had been done. She couldn't

find it in herself to trust another person again. After years we finally worked through all her emotional problems and got to a place of trust.

ARNOLD

*(Finally a moment of relief. Sighs)* Ah, that must've been nice.

MAN

It was. But then it happened.

ARNOLD

*(Dread)* What happened?

MAN

She was diagnosed with stage four skin cancer.

ARNOLD

*(Exasperated)* Oh cmon.

MAN

It was horrible. She couldn't go outside because of her condition so she stopped being able to go to school and make friends. She can now only go out at dark. *(At this, Arnold begins to walk to the bar and pour himself a very big drink)* She was so lonely. I was her only company. And well, I'm not gonna be around much longer.

ARNOLD

Of course.

MAN

What?

ARNOLD

Nothing, uh, what is it?

MAN

Early onset Alzheimer's.

ARNOLD

Oh, I'm sorry.

MAN

Yeah. I'm still trying to figure out how to break it to her. And when I'm about to....I just forget. *(Sighs. Remember story)* She was so lonely. So I did the only thing I could.

ARNOLD

What did you do?

MAN

I got her the dog. And they grew so close. *(At this, ARNOLD takes a sip of his drink)* The dog went everywhere with her, to chemo, to the specialist sessions. It even followed her in the house. The dog was the only real company she had. *(Another sip)* I think it was really the first thing to make her feel like a normal girl. *(He takes a big gulp)* If we don't find that dog, I'm afraid it will take away the last bit of hope she has. *(ARNOLD gulps down the entire drink and stands there shaken. He puts the glass back down. Moment of silence. Then, MAN chuckles and)* But I'm probably just being melodramatic. I'm sure the dog just ran away.

ARNOLD

*(Shaken)* Y-yeah, sure.

MAN

I mean, when we first saw the skid marks, I thought the worst, but I thought what psychopath would take the body? (*ARNOLD chuckles shakely and stares at the cushion. EMILY and AMY walk in.*) Ah, here she is. We'll go to a couple more houses, okay? Then we'll call it a night. (*AMY nods*) You folks have a good night, ya here.

EMILY

Thank you, you as well. (*She glances at ARNOLD. His last chance.*) Well, Arnold, do you have anything to say?

ARNOLD

(*Opens his mouth. This could finally be it. Then*) You two have a great night ya here. Good luck with the dog. (*EMILY gazes at him in utter disbelief.*)

AMY

Polly!

ARNOLD

Polly.

AMY

Polly's gonna have babies!

ARNOLD

(*Frozen*) What a wonderful thing.

AMY

I'm gonna be a grandma!

MAN

Thank you so much. You have a great nigh-- (*MAN suddenly freezes. No movement from anyone. ARNOLD stares confused.*)

ARNOLD

Uh, sir, is there a problem? (*Turns to EMILY.*) Emily? Emily?! (*Sudden change to black*) What the hell? (*Sudden spotlight on ARNOLD. Reacts to brightness.*) Ah, what is, what the, how-- (*Sudden whispers in dark around him. "Murderer" "Doggykiller" "All dogs go to heaven but you'll go straight to hell" "Eternal Fire". He reacts to every single one with great fear and confusion.*) Ah! Eh! What in heavens is going on?!

VOICE

(*We hear a deep, powerful, demonic voice*) Oh, I think the better question is, "What the *hell* is going on?", Arnold. (*Spotlight on short stocky man in expensive suit. He gazes at Arnold with hunger.*) And I think you know exactly what's going on.

ARNOLD

(*Utter terror*) Mother? Is that you?

SATAN

What? No! No, I am the Devil.

ARNOLD

Ah! Wait, what are you doing here?

SATAN

I think you know what I am doing here.

ARNOLD

(*Feigning ignorance*) No.

SATAN  
Yes.

ARNOLD  
No.

SATAN  
Yes.

ARNOLD  
*(Utterly desperate)* No!

SATAN  
*(Irritated)* Shut up! Yes! *(Back to demonic form)* You ran over a little girl's dog and then took its corpse. When she came to your front door to ask you about it, you lied to her face. And when you learned her tragic situation and had another chance to tell her, you denied her again. Now, we from Tartarus don't always get to personally collect, especially not before death, but yours was considered so terrible a crime, we decided to come early since there is nothing you can do to wipe your soul clean of this.

ARNOLD  
But I did it for the girl...

SATAN  
NO! You did it for yourself, and your weakness and you know it! So, because of this, all of Hell has devised a special punishment for you. A special "friend" of yours. *(A blond head peeks into SATAN's spotlight. It is perfect Chad.)* I believe you know him as Chad.

CHAD  
*(Nasal)* Hey Arnaldo! Itchin' for a time share?

ARNOLD  
*(Utter horror)* NO! PLEASE GOD NO!!! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!!!!

CHAD  
Haha! Oh but it is true. We are going to be spending the rest of eternal trapped in the fires of hell, the tormented and the tormenter. For one of us this will be paradise, and the other, well... let me just say it won't be paradise for you.

ARNOLD  
B-but no one deserves this!

CHAD  
Well, bro, apparently *you* do. *(Mockingly caring)* I'm just worried for Emily. She'll be all alone. She may need someone to.... *(Evil grin)* comfort her.

ARNOLD  
*(Horror)* No....no.....

CHAD  
*(Relish)* Yes, Arnold. The rule of the Iron Fist continues.

ARNOLD  
YOU TOUCH A HAIR ON HER HEAD, AND I'LL KILL YOU!!!!

CHAD  
*(Disappears with huge nasally, villainous cackles slowly fading.)* I'll see you soon, Arnold....HEE HAW! HEE HAW.....

ARNOLD

*(Begging)* Please! Please, Satan, don't let this happen. Ask for me to be given another chance! Just one more chance!

SATAN

Sorry, but it is too late. As they say on Earth, three strikes and you're out. *(Demonic cackles. Spotlight shuts off on SATAN but laughing continues. ARNOLD stares into light in utter fear and begins to shy away to get away from it.)*

ARNOLD

No, no, NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! *(“NOO”s continue. Spotlight shuts to black. Lights back up on living room. ARNOLD in ball on floor screaming and everyone else crowded around him.)*

EMILY

Arnold! Arnold, snap out of it!!

ARNOLD

*(Stops screaming. Glances up, looks straight at girl. Near insane with guilt.)* Don't go! Don't go, I have something to tell you, I have information about your dog!

MAN

Really? Where is she? Is he alright?

AMY

You can bring Polly back?

ARNOLD

*(ARNOLD stares at girl.)* Not quite. But I can put this to rest. *(Filled with shame and self-loathing.)* Well, it's... it's complicated... and I can't... I'm so sor... *(Sighs, goes up to couch and lifts cushion. MAN walks over to side. Gasps.)*

MAN

Oh no--

ARNOLD

Yes.

MAN

But why--

ARNOLD

I don't kno--

MAN

This will be--*(Sudden realization.)* Someone get her she can't see this.

AMY

See what? *(Runs over. MAN attempts to cover her but is unsuccessful. AMY runs over to other side of couch, stops, stares, and lets out a bloodcurdling scream.)* AHHHH!!!! POLLY!!!!

MAN

Aooooowww, Polly!!!!

EMILY

Ohhhh, Polly!!!!

ARNOLD

*(Cry to the heavens)* AEEEEEOOOOOOWWW!!! POOOOLLYYYYYY!!!!!! *(MAN shuts cushion. AMY has eyes covered. ARNOLD comes around to front of couch and kneels in front*

*of her.*) Amy. I know she was your only friend. I know that she meant everything to you. I know that I may never be forgiven for what I did and what I didn't do. But I will do anything to try and make up for what I did. I will join a charity, go into the priesthood, dedicate my life to the service of animals or maybe safe driving. Anything Amy, name it and I will do it. As my duty to you and most of all, *(Places palm in reverence on cushion over Polly's corpse.)* to Benevolent Polly. What do you want me to do?

AMY

*(With great hesitation and sadness)* Weeeeell, *(Silence of about three seconds)* Polly was about twenty bucks when we got him, so maybe if you gave me fifty we would be good.

ARNOLD

*(ARNOLD freezes. Stares at her, incapable of responding, unsure if he heard her correctly.)* Fifty dollars?

AMY

*(Pragmatic)* Yes, fifty dollars.

ARNOLD

*(Tense silence in the room. ARNOLD continues to stare. With almost insane calmness.)* Of course, give me one second. *(Checks his pockets.)* I don't have any money in my pockets. *(Turns to EMILY.)* Emily, could you go see if you have any money.

EMILY

Oh, of course. *(She leaves quickly to get money. Incredibly tense silence for about six seconds. EMILY returns, rummaging through purse.)* Ah, here you are, fifty dollars.

AMY

Thank you.

ARNOLD

*(Continuing insane calmness.)* No, of course, it's fine. *(AMY walks towards the front door. ARNOLD picks up the dog's corpse and holds it towards her)* Would you like Polly?

AMY

No thank you, I have this. *(Holds up bill. Walks out door)*

MAN

*(Awkwardly stands there)* I'll take her.

ARNOLD

*(Pulls away)* No, I think I'll keep her.

MAN

I mean, she is ours.

ARNOLD

You already got your thirty pieces of silver, what more do you want?

MAN

*(MAN awkwardly leaves for door. At door, he turns around.)* I'm very sorry for that. Really, that's not her at all--

ARNOLD

Really, it's fine.

MAN

I mean she is usually so sweet and caring--

ARNOLD

It is really okay.

MAN

This is really the chemo just talking in her--

ARNOLD

Sir. Please. It is alright.

MAN

*(MAN senses tension. Unsure what to do.)* Alright. Well, I'll go now.

ARNOLD

That's good.

MAN

*(He gets ready to leave, about to cross through)* She really is the sweetest ang--

ARNOLD

*(Slightly angry)* Please leave. *(Man opens mouth. Closes. Exits and shut door. As soon as door is shut)* Oh. My. Lord. That. That. That... THAT BITCH! *(All pent up rage is released.)* She doesn't have cancer of the skin, it's cancer of the soul. I did not kill this creature. It was already dead inside from her rejection of it.

EMILY

Arnold, that is horrible, she's just a little-- *(ARNOLD lifts up the cushion and picks up the dog)*  
Arnold, what the hell are you doing?

ARNOLD

I am going to give Polly the love she deserves. I'm going to find a nice grassy hill and bury her.

EMILY

You know what, fine. Go. Bury the dog. I'm tired, I'm going to bed. *(She walks off SL)*

ARNOLD

*(He walks to the door. He is in the ritual now. Begins to sing.)* Amaaaaazing Grace,/ how sweet the sound/ that saved a wretch/ lllllike meeeeeeee *(Turns off lights and walks out door. Lights out.)*