

# PEPPERONI & SHRIMP

By Justin Gonzales

Cast of Characters (in order of appearance):

2 males, 2 females

Jacob Jarls [m] . . . 19. Irritable but harmless. Gives a suspicious air despite his efforts.

MacDonald [f] . . . 18. A hard worker, despite her general indifference towards her job.

Ms. Hillhouse [f] . . . 48. Burly and surly. Holds herself like an honorable sea captain.

Dan Taylor [m] . . . 20. A criminal for hire. Resembles Jacob, but more unsavory.

Time:

Present, a very late rainy night

Setting:

Various locations in and around Hillhouse Pizza (a fine, homegrown pizza establishment)

(Scenes 1 and 3) Dining Area

(Scene 2) Office

(Scene 4) Kitchen

(Scene 5) Back Lot

### Scene 1 – Dining Area

(MacDonald mops the floor. There's a waiting area with one bench and a newspaper rack, a single bathroom, a coat rack, and a short counter with one cash register. She places a wet-floor sign and exits. Jacob enters looking quite ominous in his hooded raincoat. He sits on the bench. MacDonald reenters. She notices Jacob.)

MACDONALD

Oh! Um . . . Hello? Sir? Can I help you?

JACOB

What?

(Jacob walks ominously to the counter.)

JACOB

What?

MACDONALD

Um, can I, um, help you, sir?

JACOB

Can you . . . ? Oh! Right, sorry. You see, I've been busy all day and I'm really tired, and um, you know . . .

MACDONALD

You're very wet. You, uh, been working outside or something?

JACOB

Yeah, my car. It ran out of gas on my way here and I had to push it . . .

MACDONALD

Oh, that sucks.

JACOB

Yeah, it was about a mile or so in the rain. Some guy pulled over in his truck and um, you know, helped me out.

MACDONALD

Wow, what a nice guy.

JACOB

Yeah.

MACDONALD

So, what would you like?

JACOB

Well, actually, I'm here to—

(he removes his hood)

Sorry, forgot I had that on.

(MacDonald notices Jacob's hair and forehead bandage.)

JACOB

I'm here to pick up an order, it's— What? Oh, the bandage, right?

MACDONALD

I apologize, sir, didn't mean to be rude. But if you don't mind me asking . . . ?

JACOB

Sure. Nothing crazy, just, uh . . . some friends of mine were getting a bit too excited in a match of, uh . . . well, some video game, and they threw a controller at me.

MACDONALD

A controller?

JACOB

Yeah. Anyway, I'd like to pick up my order; five large pepperoni and shrimp pizzas. Should be under the name of "Pinch?"

MACDONALD

Yes, sir.

(she turns to go)

Your order should be—

(she stops and turns back)

Um, actually, first I need to see your ID.

JACOB

ID?

MACDONALD

Um, yes sir. Orders of your size require an ID check for, um, security purposes.

JACOB

An ID for pizza? You don't think that sounds, I don't know, dodgy? At least a little bit?

MACDONALD

Well, sir, there's, um . . . well, you see, sir, I don't make the rules, I just have to follow them, and, uh, those are the rules, sir.

JACOB

You know what? I'm not in the arguing mood. Here.  
(he hands over the ID)  
I'm leaving here with some pizza one way or another.

(MacDonald inspects the ID.)

MACDONALD

This says your name is "Jacob Jarls." Is "Pinch" your callsign or nickname or something?

JACOB

Yeah, Pinch is my nickname.

(MacDonald hands over the ID.)

MACDONALD

Thank you. Your order should be done in about ten, fifteen minutes?

JACOB

Thanks.

(Jacob enters the bathroom. MacDonald quietly grabs a newspaper and reads with concern.)

MACDONALD

"Male, black hair . . . struck on the head by a customer on the way out, leaving a small wound." He was acting strangely when he got here . . . Been out all night . . . Car was out of gas; stolen, probably . . . Ordered under a false name . . . Crap. I wasn't trained for this!

(MacDonald exits.)

## Scene 2 – Office

(The office is adorned with nautical décor and fishing paraphernalia. Ms. Hillhouse speaks intensely over the landline telephone in her pronounced Gaelic accent.)

HILLHOUSE

No, you listen to me, Mr. Taylor! I'm the captain of this ship, and what I say goes! I don't care if you lost your whole bleeding head, you do your job and you do it on time!

(MacDonald enters.)

HILLHOUSE

Hey, you can blather all you want later, but I've got to go now. 'Night, you bastard!  
(She hangs up the phone.)

MacDonald! What in the blazes do you think you're doing in here? I need you manning your station!

MACDONALD

I'll get right back to work but I need to tell you something first, it's important.

HILLHOUSE

More important than helping our customers?

MACDONALD

Well, it's a slow night with the storm and all, and I'm not busy right now. What I need to tell you—

HILLHOUSE

You may not be busy now, but what of later? What if you have a customer standing at the counter right now? I'd wager they'd feel lost, alone, a castaway adrift in the sea of pizza-less ambiguity. An unhelped customer is an unsatisfied customer, and an unsatisfied customer . . . ?

MACDONALD

"Shan't for very long a customer be."

HILLHOUSE

You've got it lass! We can't afford a single wasted cent, MacDonald! Every solitary second counts, and must not be squandered with carelessness, you see? Especially since business has been better than ever. You remember only a couple of months ago how close we were to sinking. This success is a blessing which I intend to take full advantage of.

MACDONALD

With all due respect, ma'am, we both know where this new business came from.

HILLHOUSE

Superior products and top-notch service? I'm inclined to agree.

MACDONALD

There's that I guess, but there's also the . . . you really haven't heard?

HILLHOUSE

Say on, MacDonald. We both have work to do.

MACDONALD

Okay, um. So, there's this guy that's been going around robbing pizza places all over the area. Most of them have gone out of business as a result; we're one of the few local options left. The paper's started calling him the "Pizza Bandit." But here's the important thing I needed to tell you about.

(presenting the paper)

I think he just walked in. He matches the description. He was acting all suspicious and stuff and I don't know what to do! I haven't been trained for this!

HILLHOUSE

Well, it was on the agenda. Didn't think we'd have to put it to practice so soon. Where is he?

MACDONALD

He went into the bathroom. Not sure if he's still in there. He could be waiting on the bench by now.

HILLHOUSE

Alright.

(grabs something unseen from her desk, then grabs and brandishes a large knife)

Just in case things go belly-up. Shouldn't need to use it, probably nothing, but . . . just follow my lead, you got it lass? And stay calm. If this laddie's your bandit, we can't let him know we know.

MACDONALD

How are you so casual about this? This guy could be dangerous!

HILLHOUSE

Lass, I've seen some trouble in my day. Some two-bit crook? That's nothing. Just get out of your head and follow my lead, and we'll be fine.

MACDONALD

Alright. Okay. I'm right behind you, ma'am.

HILLHOUSE

Let's give him a warm Hillhouse Pizza welcome, ay?

(They exit.)

### Scene 3 – Dining Area

(MacDonald and Hillhouse enter. The dining area is empty.)

HILLHOUSE

He's not here. We can't count on him being in the bathroom for long. MacDonald!

MACDONALD

Yes ma'am?

HILLHOUSE

Hide those newspapers. If they're talking about him, he can't see them. He might think we're on to him.

MACDONALD

Got it!

(she grabs the papers)

Uh, where do I put them? Where do I put them?

(The toilet is heard flushing.)

HILLHOUSE

Behind the counter! Put them out of sight, hurry!

(MacDonald hides the papers as Jacob exits the bathroom.)

HILLHOUSE

Good evening, sir! Welcome to Hillhouse Pizza! How are you?

JACOB

I'm fine, thanks.

HILLHOUSE

Are you sure? Have you been helped?

JACOB

Yes. I'm sorry, who are you?

HILLHOUSE

Oh, my most sincere apologies, sir. My name is Ms. Hillhouse, owner, manager, and head of security of this fine eatery you find yourself in on this most dreary of nights.

JACOB

Ah. Is, uh, something wrong?

HILLHOUSE

I was hoping you could tell me, lad. MacDonald!

(MacDonald comes to Hillhouse's side.)



MACDONALD

Yes ma'am?

HILLHOUSE

You see sir, here at Hillhouse Pizza, I've dedicated myself to making all of our customers feel welcome and comfortable. So, when I overhear one of my employees giving a gentleman such as yourself a hard time, that's my business.

MACDONALD

What? But, ma'am, I—

HILLHOUSE

MacDonald! Let me sort this out. Now, what was your name, lad?

JACOB

Jacob, miss. Jacob Jarls.

HILLHOUSE

Jacob Jarls. Well, Mr. Jarls, would you mind telling me what the ruckus was about?

JACOB

Now that you mention it, ah . . . Well, I asked for my order and, uh, she wanted to see my ID. I've been to plenty of pizza places, alright, and I know I've never been asked for an ID before. So, I protested, and . . . I'm not in an argumentative mood, kind of in a hurry, actually, so I gave it to her. Is that really a rule you guys have here?

HILLHOUSE

As a matter of fact, it is not. MacDonald, remind me we need to have a little heart to heart discussion later, ay?

MACDONALD

Yes, ma'am.

HILLHOUSE

I simply can't stand a liar, Mr. Jarls. Allow me to compensate you for the inconvenience. What was your order, sir?

JACOB

Five large pepperoni and shrimp pizzas.

HILLHOUSE

In that case, how about I make that six, on the house?

JACOB

Oh. Yeah, sounds good to me. Thanks.

HILLHOUSE

Of course. Now, it'll take a little bit longer to get your order out, if that's well and good with you.

JACOB

No problem.

(Jacob goes to sit, but Hillhouse stops him.)

HILLHOUSE

Now, now, if you're going to be taking a seat, you'll not want to be soaking in that wet jacket of yours. Let me take that for you.

JACOB

I'm alright, thank you.

HILLHOUSE

Come on, you'll freeze to death, you will. I'll just hang it up to dry on the rack over there.

JACOB

Sure.

(he hands her the jacket)

Appreciate it.

HILLHOUSE

It's my pleasure, Mr. Jarls. MacDonald, take this and shake it off a bit before hanging it up, would you?

MACDONALD

Yes, ma'am.

(As MacDonald shakes the jacket, a handgun falls out of it and on to the floor. Hillhouse locks the front door and flips the sign to read "closed." She unholsters her knife.)

JACOB

What the hell?!

HILLHOUSE

MacDonald, get that gun out of here. Looks like we've caught ourselves a bottom feeder after all.

MACDONALD

I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! Oh my god! Oh my god!

(MacDonald exits with the gun.)

JACOB

That's not mine! I swear that's not mine! I know I would have felt that thing in my pocket, and I didn't!

HILLHOUSE

Well it didn't just appear from thin air, did it laddie?

JACOB

You . . . you . . . !

HILLHOUSE

(threatening Jacob with the knife, speaking softly)

I'm the captain of this here ship, you see? And the captain's orders are you say nothing to the lass about what I just gone and done. You hear me?

JACOB

What the hell is your problem? What did I do to you?

HILLHOUSE

(with a sigh)

You didn't do a bloomin' thing.

(MacDonald reenters.)

HILLHOUSE

(returning to normal volume)

You listen here. I've not got the time nor the patience for bandits like you! You may have pulled the wool over the others, but not me! I've worked far too hard to keep this place afloat! On my mother's legacy, on my father's memory, I'll keep this place afloat! MacDonald, call the police!

MACDONALD

(checking her phone, then holding it in the air)

This weather! I don't have any signal!

HILLHOUSE

Then I suppose we'll have to wait out the storm. Mother nature is often so cruel, ay?

JACOB

You're holding me hostage?

HILLHOUSE

No. "Hostage" would imply that someone was trying to help you. But take a look around, laddie. It's just the three of us. There's no way of sugar-coating this one, mate; tonight, you're a prisoner.

(to MacDonald)

Go get the rope out of the closet, would you lass? Wait for me in the kitchen.

(MacDonald exits.)

JACOB

You're sick.

HILLHOUSE

I've got no other choice.

JACOB

Liar! Let me go, you crazy woman!

HILLHOUSE

I don't want to hurt you, lad. I don't want to hurt anyone ever again. But I've got promises to keep, and mistakes that need amends.

(she reaches for Jacob's arm to lead him to the kitchen)

Come on.

JACOB

Don't touch me, I can walk.

(Jacob exits.)

HILLHOUSE

(looking up and out through the windows)

I know. You didn't get what you expected. But what you got is the best I can do. I suppose that that's all you ever really asked for.

(she turns to exit, but stops and turns back)

Right?

(Hillhouse exits.)

#### **Scene 4 – Kitchen**

(The kitchen is small, containing one long island, a countertop, a couple of ovens, and a wall-mounted landline telephone. There are two doors: one to the office and the other to the back lot. A coat rack holds two coats. Jacob sits tied up on the counter in front of the phone while MacDonald monitors him closely.)

JACOB

This your first time in the brig, or . . . ?

MACDONALD

What?

JACOB

It's just, uh . . . well, you look pretty nervous. You've been giving me this weird look for a while now. Figured it wasn't cause of my, uh, good looks, y'know.

MACDONALD

You're a criminal!

JACOB

Am I?

MACDONALD

Shut up! Of course you are! You can't fool me with your . . . reverse psychology or whatever it's called.

JACOB

No, you're right. Reverse psychology. That is what it would be called, if I was using it. Which I'm not. Because I'm not a criminal!

MACDONALD

There you go again! If you're telling the truth, then how'd that pistol get in your jacket?

JACOB

Ha! Well that's a funny story, 'cause—

(he glances at the office door)

'Cause I have no idea how it got there. I just, uh, threw on the first coat in the closet. Must've been my dad's!

MACDONALD

As if I'll believe that either! You're pathetic.

(There is a brief silence.)

JACOB

Am I at least a cool criminal?

MACDONALD

Really? Come on.

JACOB

Would you just indulge me? I'm bored to tears over here.

MACDONALD

You're just looking for an opening! You want my guard down, right? Not happening!

JACOB

That, uh, intimidating glare of yours has kept me pinned down for this long, hasn't it? Besides, knowing is half the battle, right? If you're on to me, I've already lost.

MACDONALD

(considers for a moment)

No. You're not a cool criminal. In fact, you're the worst criminal I've ever heard of. You steal from pizza places. How much more petty can you get?

JACOB

Like, just pizza places?

MACDONALD

Yeah. They call you the "Pizza Bandit."

JACOB

Wow . . . yeah, that, uh . . . that's pretty lame.

MACDONALD

You happy now?

JACOB

I don't know. Kinda wish I just, like, got to keep believing I was like a . . . I don't know, a wanted criminal or something, on the run, y'know?

MACDONALD

Sure. Now shut up!

(There is a pointedly longer silence.)

JACOB

How much longer are we going to do this?

MACDONALD

As soon as I get some signal, we're putting your dumbass in a cop car and I'm going home.

JACOB

I checked the weather this morning. It's not going to stop for at least, like, four hours or so. My friends are going to realize I'm not back, sooner or later. Well, I say that . . .

MACDONALD

What? Your gang busy mugging a shoe store or something?

JACOB

Ha-ha. No. They're just assholes. I was the one driving around all day today and they make me get the pizza in this wonderful weather. Hell, I drove them to my house for God's sake. I'm the punching bag, always have been.

(referring to his bandage)

Sometimes literally.

MACDONALD

Aww, the felon has a heart. Save it. I know what you're trying to do, and it won't work!

JACOB

Man, just . . . screw those guys, y'know? I don't even know why I bother with them. Pinch is the worst. He's like their ringleader or something.

(to himself)

Huh, I guess they are kind of like a gang.

MACDONALD

Wait, wait, wait. Pinch?

JACOB

Yeah.

(realizing)

Oh.

MACDONALD

You said "Pinch" was your nickname!

JACOB

I know, but it was easier than explaining that he was the one that called, and I was the one picking it up. You were already weirding me out, I just wanted to get the pizza and leave.

(Jacob thinks.)

JACOB

He's not the only one with a stupid-ass nickname, y'know. He gave one to all of us. "Matey." "Screw."

(chuckling)

Freakin' . . . "Window." That one's my favorite . . .

MACDONALD

And yours?

JACOB

Ha. He calls me "Glute."

HILLHOUSE (VOICE)

(very loudly)

That's because you're not hearing a single bloody thing I'm saying you thick feckin' dope!

JACOB

How colorful. Where's she from anyway? Scotland?

MACDONALD

How am I supposed to know? She sounds Irish but, I mean, we don't hang out or anything. She's my boss, I don't know her life story. Only that she took over this place for her mom about six or seven years ago.

JACOB

Ah, that's nice.

MACDONALD

I guess. I thought I told you to shut up!

HILLHOUSE (VOICE)

(very loudly)

Do you take me for some kind of eejit, you scut? I have a good mind to give that scar of yours a twin!

JACOB

Why don't you tell her to shut up then?

(Hillhouse sticks her head out of the office door.)

HILLHOUSE

Sorry you two. I'm in the middle of a very important call.

(Hillhouse closes the door behind her.)

MACDONALD

Call? But . . . Ah! The landline! That should still work! Where's the phone?

(MacDonald searches the kitchen before realizing where it is; it's been behind Jacob the whole time.)

MACDONALD

(to Jacob)

Excuse me. Um . . . Glute? I need you to move over.

JACOB

Don't call me that. And no.



MACDONALD

(holding a pizza cutter)

I don't want to do this the hard way. Move!

JACOB

Why do you think I sat here in the first place? No, I'm not moving unless you make me!

MACDONALD

Alright.

(rolling up her sleeves)

Then I'll make you.

(They struggle for a few seconds before it turns awkward.  
MacDonald disengages.)

JACOB

I'm not letting you call the police. I'm innocent, dammit!

MACDONALD

Whatever.

JACOB

Listen, you ever notice how shady your boss is? Don't you ever think that maybe she's not telling you something?

MACDONALD

I am so over this.

JACOB

Fine, don't listen to me. Maybe that phone call of hers would be more interesting.

MACDONALD

Trying to distract me again . . .

JACOB

You can look and listen, can't you?

(After some consideration, MacDonald moves to the office door to listen in on Hillhouse's conversation.)

HILLHOUSE (VOICE)

. . . it's really not that hard to understand, you dunce . . . alright, the short version, one more time, and you'd be smart to listen this go-round, because I'm not saying it again . . . you're sure you're ready . . . alright. I don't know how, but somehow, some way, a customer came in who looks a whole lot like you do. The lassie got scared and thought it was you. I played it off as if it was, and now he's tied up in the kitchen. Don't come in

tonight. The lassie's still here and she can't know I know you . . . you can bring the money tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that, I don't care! Just . . . you're what!? Son of a—

(Hillhouse is heard running to the door. It bursts open.)

HILLHOUSE

Would you believe it? I forgot my lights were on. I'll be back. In a jiff.

(Hillhouse exits to the back lot.)

JACOB

. . . Anything interesting?

MACDONALD

I should have taken the 10pm shift.

(MacDonald exits to the back lot.)

### **Scene 5 – Back Lot**

(The rainstorm is as strong as ever. Three cars are parked in the lot. Standing under an umbrella are Hillhouse and Dan Taylor, the real Pizza Bandit. MacDonald hides behind a trashcan and listens to their conversation.)

HILLHOUSE

What in the bloody hell are you doing here? You'll muck up the whole operation!

DAN

You told me to come.

HILLHOUSE

That was before this whole hullabaloo started. I need you to go, now!

DAN

But I'm already here.

HILLHOUSE

That's the problem you git! Away with you!

DAN

The money's in the car. It'll only be a second.

(Dan rummages in the car and produces a burlap sack)

Here.

HILLHOUSE

No, you hollow-headed buffoon! I can't take this now! The lad and lass'll think it suspicious. I wouldn't be surprised if they're getting curious now.

DAN

So, what should I do?

HILLHOUSE

Leave! Go anywhere but here! How much clearer can I make it?

DAN

Okay. I'm going.

(Dan tries to open the car door but can't.)

DAN

Uh-oh.

HILLHOUSE

You pull the door to open it, Mr. Taylor.

DAN

I am! It won't budge!

(he checks his pockets)

I left the keys in the car.

(Hillhouse screams in frustration and rests her head on the car.)

DAN

You okay?

HILLHOUSE

Just give me a moment of silence, would you?

(Jacob slips out of the door and next to MacDonald behind the trash can. She stifles a scream and punches him, causing him to stumble out of hiding. Hillhouse and Dan notice. Hillhouse grabs Dan by the collar.)

HILLHOUSE

Now look at what you've gone and done you oblong dunce!

(to Jacob)

You stay right where you are. I can't have you squawking to the lass, now.

(MacDonald emerges from hiding.)

HILLHOUSE

MacDonald!

(she punches Dan)

You couldn't just do your feckin' job, could you? Good-for-nothing louse!

DAN

(recovering, producing a switchblade)

I got it, miss. The blood'll wash away in the rain. No need to be clean about it!

JACOB

(holding his car keys as a weapon)

Oh, no! You stay the hell away from me!

HILLHOUSE

Mr. Taylor, stop! No one gets hurt tonight; you get that through your six-inch skull!  
Make yourself scarce, now!

DAN

(putting away the blade)

You're lucky she's paying me for this.

(to Hillhouse)

I am still getting payed, right?

HILLHOUSE

Get lost and I'll think about it!

DAN

(to Jacob)

Your keys! Hand them over!

(Jacob considers, then tosses the keys to Dan.)

DAN

Thanks, jackass!

(to MacDonald)

Was nice meeting ya.

(Dan tries to open one of the cars but fails.)

JACOB

I'm parked out front!

(Dan exits.)

JACOB

Jackass.

MACDONALD

You just let him have your car?

JACOB

Yeah. But he won't be getting very far without gas in the tank, will he?

(Hillhouse stands in the rain with her head in her hands.)

MACDONALD

Ms. Hillhouse. What the hell is happening? I want the truth, so I can go home and pretend you don't exist!

(Hillhouse looks up forlornly.)

MACDONALD

Come on! Spit it out!

HILLHOUSE

The lad ain't a criminal.

JACOB

No! As if we didn't figure that out by now!

HILLHOUSE

I planted the gun in his jacket. I needed to make you think he was the Bandit.

MACDONALD

Why?

HILLHOUSE

It was the best I could drum up on short notice! If I told you he wasn't the right guy you may have been suspicious . . .

MACDONALD

Of what?

HILLHOUSE

Please, lass. Don't make me say it.

MACDONALD

(stern)

Of what?

HILLHOUSE

Have I not been shamed enough?

JACOB

No, I don't think you have! Talk, lady!

HILLHOUSE

That Mr. Taylor you just saw . . . he's the Pizza Bandit. I hired him to eliminate the competition.

MACDONALD

Yeah, I know. But I didn't want to believe it until I heard you say it.

JACOB

So you ordered that hit on Gondulfo's?

MACDONALD

Yes.

JACOB

And Moretti's? And Lumio's?

HILLHOUSE

Yes. Yes!

JACOB

You . . . ! What gives you the right, huh?

HILLHOUSE

How could you understand? I had to!

MACDONALD

Think of the people you've hurt! You didn't have to! You wanted to!

HILLHOUSE

All I ever wanted to do was the right thing! For the last seven years I've done my best to keep this place alive, and for the past seven years I've failed! She was on her last legs, I got desperate, I . . . it's . . . it's all I've got . . .

JACOB

Why the hell is this crappy pizzeria so important to you anyway? Because it was a gift from your mommy? You selfish prick!

HILLHOUSE

Because it's all I've got left of her!

MACDONALD

Of who?

HILLHOUSE

My ma! And my pa . . .

JACOB

Ah, so your dad's in on this to, huh?

HILLHOUSE

They both tore themselves away from each other because they couldn't have a kid. My ma adopted me and loved me for everything I was.

MACDONALD

Adopted?

HILLHOUSE

Aye. But I couldn't see what I meant to her. I saw myself as nothing more than a tool she was using to fill a void in her heart! Like a lap dog, I thought.

JACOB

A case of good ole teenage angst!

HILLHOUSE

Oh, yes! I was a fool. A blind, ignorant fool!

MACDONALD

And?

HILLHOUSE

I ran off to live with my pa. He always said I was wrong about ma, but I refused to listen. Goddammit, why wouldn't I listen?!

JACOB

Get to the point!

HILLHOUSE

I cut her out of my life for 26 bitter years. I learned to fish. I forgot about her. I was going to captain my pa's vessel. But it was one night, just like this one, that took him away from me.

MACDONALD

You mean . . . ?

HILLHOUSE

Swallowed whole by the sea, he was.

MACDONALD

I'm sorry.

JACOB

Don't give her pity, it's what she wants.  
(to Hillhouse)

What next?

HILLHOUSE

My ma must've heard the news soon after because . . . she called me . . . several times that night. I . . . didn't answer. I was notified of her death the next day. Taken off by grief, they told me.

MACDONALD

Oh, no.

JACOB

Stop it!

HILLHOUSE

I listened to the messages she left. All she wanted was to talk. Just . . . hear my voice. Make sure I was alive. I realized then how much she did love me. How much she still cared for my pa.

MACDONALD

You felt responsible for your mother's death. You felt guilty, so you came here.

HILLHOUSE

There was nothing left for me on the coast. I knew she owned this place. I came down here to keep it running. But guilt can only take you so far, it would seem. And it just wasn't enough.

(Hillhouse walks past Macdonald and Jacob towards the back door.)

MACDONALD

Where are you going?

HILLHOUSE

I've got no dignity. No pride. No place to turn. Just let me have a shred of honor, would you, lass? I need to make a call.

(Hillhouse exits.)

JACOB

You believe all that?

MACDONALD

Yeah. Yeah, I do.



(she checks the time)

Well, good night, Jacob. I'm going home.

(MacDonald turns to go to her car but stops.)

MACDONALD

Are you going to need a ride, or . . . ?

JACOB

Nah, uh . . . that guy's probably ran off somewhere by now, I should have my car back.

MACDONALD

But it's out of gas, remember?

JACOB

Right, yeah . . . hey, uh, we should probably stay anyway for when the, uh, police get here and all. They'll want a statement, right?

MACDONALD

Right.

(They make their way to the door.)

MACDONALD

Y'know, your order was ready the whole time. It's cold now, for sure, but . . . y'know, we could heat it up.

JACOB

Really?

MACDONALD

Sure. You heard the manager; it's on the house.

(They exit.)

**END OF PLAY**