

Brothers on a Hotel Bed

a new play by Jake Lewis

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Characters:

BEAU – early 30s,, scruffy but handsome, moves with purpose.

MAN - 70s, overweight, well-dressed

ALLIE - late 20s, model good-looking, underestimated for her intelligence

BAILEY: late 20s, self-assured, no-nonsense

BOY - 10 years old

Setting:

A cheap motel room, double beds, attached bathroom

Present day

Lights rise on: a cheap motel room. There is a wheelchair in the corner. A bathroom is off to the side, door closed.

BEAU is pacing. He is wearing blood-stained surgical gloves. An older MAN is laying on one of the beds. His hands are bound, and he is currently unconscious.

BEAU: *(To himself)* Why isn't he calling?

BEAU goes to the phone, lifts it up to make sure it's working. Then sets it back down.

A knock at the door. BEAU jumps.

He runs to the window, parts the curtain slightly, looking out.

BEAU: What the...?

He goes to the door and opens it.

BEAU: What are you doing here?

ALLIE: *(From outside the door where she is not seen yet)* What are you doing here, Beau?

BEAU: Don't use my name!

ALLIE: If there was anyone out here, which there isn't, and if anyone heard me, they'd never believe your real name was Beau.

BEAU: Why not?

ALLIE: Who is named Beau anymore? And why are you interrogating me? I'm not the one camped out in a hooker hotel. *(Beat.)* You with someone?

BEAU: No. Well. Yes. But not like you think.

ALLIE: What does that mean? You with a guy or something?

BEAU: It's complicated.

ALLIE pushes the door open and enters. Sees the MAN on the bed.

ALLIE: Bondage. Kinky.

BEAU: Allie!

ALLIE: You know, I'm not surprised you left me for a guy...but this one? Looks like he could be your dad.

BEAU: Stop!

ALLIE: Well, what am I supposed to say? There's a man tied up and passed out! And is that...blood? Why you wearing surgical gloves? Is this some black market organ donation thing you're into?

BEAU: *(Stripping off the gloves and throwing them in the trash can.)* How'd you even know I was here?

ALLIE: Bailey told me.

BEAU: My brother called you? He's supposed to be calling me!

ALLIE: He's at his kid's birthday party! Said you've been calling non-stop and you two had discussed this as part of your plan! What plan is he talking about, Beau?

BEAU: It doesn't concern you!

ALLIE: Ha! My ex-husband, father of my child, says a bound and bloody guy in a fleabag motel isn't my concern!

BEAU: I'll tell you later, I promise!

ALLIE: *(Looking more closely at the MAN on bed)* Who is he?

BEAU: You shouldn't be here.

ALLIE: Woulda, coulda, shoulda. It's too late now.

BEAU: If this goes sideways, you might be considered an accomplice.

ALLIE: An accomplice to what, exactly? And “sideways”? Since when do you use 1930s gangster speak?

The MAN begins to stir and moan.

BEAU: Great. He’s waking up. I have something I need to do so you need to leave.

ALLIE: So go ahead. Do what you gotta do, tough guy. I’m not going anywhere.

Phone rings.

BEAU: *(Answering it)* Bailey?...Yes, he’s here...Allie too...I don’t know, you told her!...How long til’ you’re here?...Ok, hurry. *(Hangs up.)*

MAN: *(Mumbling)* What the hell... *(He leans over the side of the bed and vomits, passing out again.)*

ALLIE: Um. Gross. What’d you give him?

BEAU: Nothing. I just...hit him a few times.

ALLIE: On his head? He could have brain damage. Internal bleeding! You’re a doctor, you should know!

BEAU: I was a doctor! And that’s how I know he isn’t going to die. I didn’t hit him where it matters to do damage.

ALLIE: Beau. Baby. I know we’re not married anymore, but talk to me. You could always talk to me. I never judged you.

BEAU gives a look.

ALLIE: Ok, fine, I judged, but I never thought you were a bad person at heart. So you screwed up and lost your license. That sucks, but this? This doesn’t look good, so let me in. Bailey wouldn’t’ve called me if he didn’t think I could help. I want to help. Let me help.

BEAU: It’s too late now. He’s here. I’m here. Now you’re here. You’re in it whether you like it or not.

ALLIE: Then all the more reason to tell me what I've gotten myself into.

Beat.

BEAU: That's my father.

ALLIE: But I thought—

BEAU: That he was dead? So did I. But a little birdie whispered in my ear recently that he was alive and well and living in Billerica. Living quite well, too, I might add.

ALLIE: Ok, I get all that. But why...kidnap him, or whatever this is? Revenge for all the years he was off living a different life? For leaving you and Bailey and your mom to fend for yourselves? Are you trying to get money out of him or something?

BEAU: I don't want his money!

Coded knock at the door. BEAU goes to open it. BAILEY enters.

BAILEY: Jesus, Beau. I said to tie him up and maybe knock him around a bit, not smash in his skull like a pumpkin!

BEAU: You weren't answering your phone!

BAILEY: I had the kids with me, for Christ's sake! You want me to discuss a crime in front of them and all their friends, and God knows who else, at LegoLand? Huh? Yeah, I didn't think so. And just so you know, my hot-footing it out of there didn't win me any points with Marie either.

ALLIE: Marie's a bitch, anyway.

BAILEY: Yeah, well, that may be true, but she's my wife still, although who knows for how much longer.

BEAU: What're you saying? That this is all my fault? You're the one who said I should look for him!

ALLIE: He's your birdie?

BAILEY: Yeah, I did, so sue me, but crazy ol' big brother Bailey thought you might be able to handle it by yourself!

MAN: (*Coming to again.*) Bailey?

BAILEY: Great, now he knows I'm involved in this fiasco.

ALLIE: There's a lotta' people named Bailey.

MAN: Son?

ALLIE: Ok, scratch that.

BAILEY: So what're you going to do, Beau? You gonna' man up and follow through?

BEAU: I...I...don't know...

BAILEY: You're gonna make me do it, aren't you?

ALLIE: Do what, Bailey? Beau?

BAILEY: I'm not going to do it for you, little brother. He's my father, too, and while I wasn't a big fan, this is between you two to work out. Not to mention, I can't fix what you've done.

ALLIE: Jesus.

BEAU: Allie, go home!

ALLIE: Not a chance. If you're going to do what you seem to have planned, and ruin your life in the process, you're going to have to destroy mine and your daughter's, too.

BEAU: What are you talking about? Sara's not here with you, is she?

ALLIE: No, she's with my mother. But if you're going to commit murder, you better think about how many lives you'll take down with you.

BEAU: You and she will be fine. I got a plan.

ALLIE: Oh yeah? Is it better than this one? What're you gonna do with the body, huh? All by yourself? Chop it up into pieces? Dissolve it in acid in the bathtub? This isn't *Mystic River* and you're no Walter White. So tell me, Mr. Man With a Plan, what're you gonna do?

BEAU: I'm not going to murder anyone. What do you take me for?

The MAN has managed to sit up on the bed.

MAN: Where am I? What's this all about?

BAILEY: The floor is yours, champ.

BEAU: *(He goes to the man, standing in front of him.)* You know who I am?

MAN: I'm not seeing so good...

BEAU: Take a close look.

The MAN peers at him for several moments. Then shakes his head.

BEAU: No idea, huh? Well, let me tell you. I'm your son. Your first one. Beau.

MAN: Beau? You mean, Wanda's bratty kid? Jesus...I haven't thought of her in twenty years...

BEAU: Yeah. Wanda's kid. And this here is Bailey. Tina's son, or you may remember her best as Wife #3.

MAN: Boys, I'm sorry to tell you, but...Your moms were both cunts.

BEAU grabs the phone off the table and wallops it across the MAN's face.

BEAU: Don't ever say anything about my mother again, you filthy fuck! She was a better parent than you ever were!

MAN: Yeah, looks like she did a fine job raising you based on your current predicament. Christ, I think you knocked a tooth out...

ALLIE: Beau—

BEAU: *(Ignoring her.)* I'm not going to waste your time, Dad. You've already taken up too much of mine.

MAN: Yeah? What're you gonna' do, kill me? Or just keep hitting me with furniture until I confess to you how much I regret abandoning you?

BEAU: Well, do you?

MAN: Fuck no. I knew as soon as that bitch popped you out and I laid eyes on you that you'd be the death of me. Apparently, I was right. Just later than I expected.

BEAU: You should be so lucky. I'm not going to kill you as much as I should.

MAN: Didn't think you had the balls. Thought maybe the whore over there would do it for you.

ALLIE: Is he calling me a whore?

ALLIE goes up to him and kicks him in the crotch.

MAN: Feisty. I like that.

BEAU: Killing you would be too good.

MAN: What?

BAILEY: Tell him what you did to him, Beau.

BEAU: Not quite yet. I got a surprise I didn't even tell you about, Bay.

BEAU goes to the bathroom and enters it. He returns a moment later with a ten-year old boy, bound and gagged.

ALLIE: Who's the kid?

BAILEY: Beau, who is that?

BEAU: It's dad's latest son!

ALLIE: What's going on?!

BEAU: He left us, Bay, because he thought he deserved better. He always placed himself first, right? So let's see if he still feels that way today.

Pulls a gun out of the nightstand drawer and cocks it, then puts it on top of the nightstand.

ALLIE: Beau, you're out of control! That's a child! You wouldn't hurt a child! You're not that kind of man!

BEAU: Do you see me holding the gun? No! I wouldn't hurt a kid, I'm not a monster! But him? I don't know about him.

BEAU pulls a knife out of his pocket, and cuts the ties on the MAN's hands, freeing him.

BAILEY: This is crazy! I'm leaving.

BEAU runs and locks the hotel door.

BEAU: Please. Stay with me. I need you here for this.

MAN: What're you doing, you stupid sonofabitch? You got a death wish?

BEAU: Maybe I do, maybe I don't. But you need to choose. Kill me, and walk out of here knowing you murdered your first-born son. Or...Kill the boy, and walk out of here knowing you killed your son.

MAN: What a stupid fucking premise! What if I don't choose to kill either one of you? Just grab that gun, my son, and leave? What then?

BEAU: That won't happen.

MAN: Seems like a no-brainer to me. Didn't think this one through too well, did you, chief?

He grabs the gun and begins to stand, but then falls backward onto the bed. He tries again to the same result.

MAN: Why can't I stand? What's wrong with my legs?!

BEAU: After you left mom and me, I became very interested in what dear old Dad did for a living. I wanted to be a doctor too, when I grew up. Mom did everything she could to help me achieve that dream, and finally I did. I became an orthopedic surgeon. Unfortunately, I started drinking a bit too much – thanks for that genetic gift, by the way – and lost my medical license. But not before I learned a few little tricks of the trade. For example, did you know that there's a part of your spine that can be broken, disabling your ability to walk, but now, thanks to advances in science, can be repaired and restore you to your former self? It takes only a few minutes, believe it or not, and you barely feel a thing!

MAN: And this is what you've done?

BEAU: So, if you want to walk out of here – literally – you gotta pay the piper. Do you kill the son you never wanted – that's me – but lose the possibility of ever walking again, or do you sacrifice your beloved boy over there so you can continue to run from the parts of your life you don't want to face?

ALLIE: This is sickening! Beau! What–?

BAILEY: She's right, Beau. This is not what I thought you meant! You're not like this!

MAN: Or I could kill your girlfriend and brother over there and make you fix my legs!

BEAU: Go ahead and kill them, then. But I wouldn't advise threatening a spinal surgeon. One small slip of the hands, and you'll lose more than the ability to walk.

MAN picks up the gun and aims it at BEAU.

BEAU: Interesting...

MAN moves gun to aim at BOY.

BEAU: Also interesting...

MAN moves the gun again, and points it at his own head.

BEAU: Ah, the weasel's way out. I should've figured.

MAN: (*Sobbing.*) You think I don't realize how much I fucked up my life? You think this is what I wanted it to turn out like?

BEAU: Too late for a sob story now.

MAN: I don't care if you don't believe me! I left your mother, and while yes, she was no angel, I knew I was no saint either! I was a kid, for Christ's sake! Younger than you! What'd I know about being a father? Nothing! I was scared, ok? You got kids? Weren't you ever scared? I was a bad father, no need for all this song and dance to prove it to me!

ALLIE: Beau, it's not too late. Fix him up, and let them both go. There's still a way out of this!

BAILEY: Is there? I don't know...

BEAU sits on the bed across from the MAN.

BEAU: For once in your life, just this once, I beg you, account for your choices.

There is a prolonged moment of silence as they look each other in the eyes.

MAN swings the gun around from his head and shoots BEAU in the chest.

BEAU crumples back onto the bed, his knife flying out of his pocket.

MAN drops the gun on the floor between beds, in shock.

BAILEY runs for the gun, picks it up, fires three bullets into MAN.

ALLIE grabs knife, plunges it into BAILEY's back several times, who drops the gun on the bed by the MAN and falls onto the bed next to BEAU.

ALLIE unties the BOY. She cradles him in her arms briefly, then helps him up towards the door. He pulls away, looking back at the carnage in the room.

ALLIE: It's ok...come with me.

BOY slowly walks up to the MAN, his father, and looks at him.

BOY: Daddy...

ALLIE steps closer to the BOY.

He picks up the gun, more curious than intending to use it. He somewhat carelessly handles it.

ALLIE: Don't—!

The BOY looks at her, points the gun at her, then smiles.

ALLIE turns away as though she's about to be shot.

BOY drops the gun on the floor.

ALLIE: Good. That's good. That's right.

ALLIE and the BOY walk out of the room together as the sounds of approaching sirens are heard.

ALLIE: What's your name?

He replies but the name is lost over the swelling sounds of the sirens.

Lights fade to black.

The End