

The Blood-Spattered Wall

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

As the lights go up, the audience sees a girl sitting on a bed, staring at something in her lap. She lifts it up, and the audience sees that it is a handgun. She puts the barrel in her mouth. At this point, the lights go back down. The audience then hears the sound of a gunshot. The lights go back up. The girl is now standing in the middle of the stage, facing stage right.

ROSE:

What's going on? Where am I?

A young man comes into the light behind her.

CHARLIE:

Rose? What are you doing here?

Rose turns around abruptly.

ROSE:

Charlie? But how? You're dead! You died when I was four!

CHARLIE:

True, true. But why are you here, sis?

ROSE:

(turning away slightly)
I, uh, don't even know where I am...

CHARLIE:

There's something you don't want to tell me, Rose. What is it?

ROSE:

I shot myself, Charlie. I just shot myself.

CHARLIE:

On accident?

ROSE:

No.

CHARLIE:

Why? Why would you do that?

ROSE:

I really don't want to talk about it, Charlie...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE:

Well, then, I'll just have to find out myself, won't I?

ROSE:

How are you going to do that?

CHARLIE:

With some good detective work. I remember mom and dad being hard on me about school. Are they still like that?

ROSE:

Oh yeah.

CHARLIE:

Well then, we'll start with school. Who's your homeroom teacher?

ROSE:

McDougall.

CHARLIE:

The chem teacher?

ROSE:

Yes.

CHARLIE:

She's still teaching?

ROSE:

She's retiring this year.

CHARLIE:

Well, good. If she keeps teaching, she might just have a heart attack and die. I'm surprised it didn't happen when I had her!

They walk to the left side of the stage. The spotlight follows them. They stop, and a light illuminates an older woman writing on a chalkboard.

CHARLIE:

Mrs. McDougall?

MCDUGALL:

Yes?

(she turns)

Charlie! How are you?

CHARLIE:

Oh, fine, fine.

MCDUGALL:

What brings you here?

CHARLIE:

I'm just trying to figure something out. It's about my sister.

MCDUGALL:

What do you need to know?

CHARLIE:

How has she been doing in school?

MCDUGALL:

Straight A's. She's done excellent in every class, including mine.

CHARLIE:

Oh really?

MCDUGALL:

Yes. I was quite impressed. By the way, why are you asking me about this?

CHARLIE:

Well, I'm sorry to say this, ma'am, but she killed herself.

MCDUGALL:

Oh my. I'm so sorry. When did it happen?

CHARLIE:

Just now.

MCDUGALL:

That's horrible. She was my favorite student.

CHARLIE:

Well, I'm afraid I have to go now.

MCDUGALL:

Goodbye, Charlie. I'll see you later.

She goes back to writing on the chalkboard. The light over her is cut. Charlie and Rose turn and head to the middle of the stage, where they stop.

ROSE:

I don't understand. I thought McDougall hated me.

CHARLIE:
Oh?

ROSE:
Yeah.

CHARLIE:
Why?

ROSE:
I dunno. I just feel like...

CHARLIE:
Like everybody hates you? Like nobody would miss you?

ROSE:
Yeah.

CHARLIE:
We'll see about that. Are you still hanging around with that Brenda girl?

ROSE:
Yeah.

CHARLIE:
Hm.

Charlie walks towards stage right. Rose follows. A light above a young woman goes up. The woman is about the same age as Rose.

CHARLIE:
Hi, Brenda?

BRENDA:
Yes?

CHARLIE:
I need to ask you something about Rose?

BRENDA:
Why? Is something wrong?

CHARLIE:
I'm sorry, but she killed herself, just a second ago.

BRENDA:
What?! But I just talked to her yesterday! She was fine!

CHARLIE:

So you didn't notice anything wrong?

BRENDA:

No!

(About to cry)

Why did she do it?

CHARLIE:

I can't be sure yet, but right now, I think it might be because she felt unloved.

BRENDA:

What do you mean, unloved?

(beginning to cry)

I don't understand! She could've talked to me! I would've listened!

CHARLIE:

I'm sorry. I have to go now.

The light above Brenda goes out, and Charlie and Rose both go to the center of the stage.

CHARLIE:

So tell me, do you feel unwanted now?

ROSE:

Brenda's just one person, though.

CHARLIE:

What about Mary?

ROSE:

Our sister? You can't be serious! She hates me!

CHARLIE:

Are you sure?

Charlie walks toward stage left, and Rose follows. A spotlight above a girl slightly younger than Rose turns on.

CHARLIE:

Hi, Mary.

MARY:

Oh, hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE:

Mary, I need to ask you something.

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MARY:

What, Charlie?

CHARLIE:

Do you hate our sister?

MARY:

Ugh. Sometimes. Like in the mornings, when she locks herself in the bathroom. That really sucks.

CHARLIE:

Oh?

MARY:

Yeah. Seriously, though, I don't hate her. I hate some of the things she does, but no, I don't really hate her.

CHARLIE:

Well, I have some bad news for you, Mary.

MARY:

What?

CHARLIE:

Rose is dead.

MARY:

What?! What happened?

CHARLIE:

She killed herself.

MARY:

What do you mean, she killed herself?!

CHARLIE:

She shot herself in her bedroom, just a few seconds ago.

MARY:

What? But the only gun in the house is mine! You mean...

CHARLIE:

Yes.

MARY:

(starting to weep)
It's all my fault!

CHARLIE:

I'm sorry. I know it's a lot to take in. I'll leave you alone for a little while now.

Charlie and Rose move to the center of the stage and the spotlight over Mary is cut.

ROSE:

I never knew...

CHARLIE:

You never knew she cared?

MARY:

No...

CHARLIE:

Why didn't you talk to anybody?

ROSE:

I just thought nobody cared.

CHARLIE:

But there's always someone! Someone, somewhere cares.

ROSE:

I was too far gone...

CHARLIE:

No, Rose. It's never too late to ask for help.

ROSE:

Really?

CHARLIE:

Really, Rose.

ROSE:

You're right, Charlie. I'm ready to go back now.

CHARLIE:

What do you mean, go back?

ROSE:

I get another chance, don't I?

CHARLIE:

I'm sorry, Rose. I really am.

ROSE:

(scared)

What? Why are you sorry? What are you saying?!

CHARLIE:

You can't go back. You already killed yourself. You can't undo that, Rose.

ROSE:

But you said it was never too late!

CHARLIE:

Not when you're still alive.

ROSE:

I don't understand!

Rose turns around. Charlie backs into the shadows and quietly leaves the stage.

ROSE:

Why would you show me these things if I couldn't go back? Why would you do that to me? Charlie?

She turns her head, and, seeing that Charlie is gone, whirls around.

ROSE:

Charlie? Charlie, where are you? I don't want to die yet! Please! this can't be it! I don't-

She is abruptly cut off. Simultaneously, the lights go out.