

INTERMEZZO:  
SKETCH OF A FORGOTTEN NIGHT

Cast of Characters

Iris	She is in her early twenties, very cynical (having much experience as an asian american exotic dancer), and a little too sure of herself.
Alec	Iris' younger brother by three years, he wants to help her but follows her lead too easily.

Scene

In her sparsely furnished, small, clean kitchen.

Time

In the mid-1980s.

Scene 1

SETTING:

We are in the kitchen where ALEC is at her table and IRIS is at the sink.

AT RISE:

It is late at night. IRIS and ALEC have eaten and cleared their dishes. She is pouring coffee.

IRIS

I'm scared – the new bartender said he'd rape me....

*(handing over a cup of coffee)*

Want cream with that?

ALEC

I'll fix that asshole. Yeah, and sugar.

*(taking the cup)*

IRIS

Don't be dumb.... You'd do time.

*(handing over cream and sugar)*

Here.

ALEC

*(still angry)*

So what?...

IRIS

*(handing over a razor)*

I have a better idea. Take this razor all around his front tires, the smooth parts, not the treads.

ALEC

*(testing the edge)*

Fuck – it's sharp!

IRIS

Don't go too deep or they'll deflate right away.

ALEC

Why don't ya want em to?

IRIS

When he's going fast enough or when he brakes hard enough, they'll explode....

*(Pause)*

So, will ya?

ALEC

*(Surprised)*

Wow.

*(Proudly)*

Yer a genius at deviance.

IRIS

Thanks. So, tonight?...

ALEC

Okay. *(Beat)* But what if someone's with him, in his car, I mean....

IRIS

Please!

*(Rolling her eyes)*

No one ever is.

ALEC

Hey – where'd ya learn this?

IRIS

Some guy did it to *me*, twice.

ALEC

Who?

IRIS

Never figured it out. But the mechanic said tires don't blow like that unless someone slices 'em.

ALEC

Some guy wanted you *dead*? Another obsessed psycho guy?

IRIS

Whatever. *(flippantly)*

*(describing this with her hands)*  
Anyway, my tires were cut *completely around*. Looked like a piece of a puzzle, but it was six feet long.

And you didn't get hurt? ALEC

Remember when my transmission was screwing up? IRIS

Yeah.... ALEC

That's when it happened. I was driving slow — the first time. IRIS

And the second time? ALEC

Right, so then I got new tires, and a week later the same thing happened. IRIS

*A week?* You shoulda told me. ALEC

What would you do? IRIS

I'd have staked out your car. ALEC

And followed me everywhere and lost your job... IRIS

ALEC

Uhm, I guess...

IRIS

Anyway, I was doing fifty down Broad but the street was clear and the car didn't even swerve. It just sank and shook real hard.

ALEC

You could've died!

IRIS

Makes ya appreciate power steering, boy!

ALEC

Uh huh.

IRIS

I know – come to work with me. I'll point him out to ya when he pulls in the lot.

ALEC

Okay.

IRIS

But don't let him see ya. In fact, don't come in at all. He'll never figure it out.

ALEC

But – if he doesn't know *why* it happened, he won't be scared off.

IRIS

Hmmmm... yeah. But if he wrecks bad enough, it won't matter.

ALEC

But – how can ya know he'll wreck? Maybe tomorrow he'll just have two flats.

IRIS

Hmmm, yeah.

ALEC

I know — I'll jump him after closing.

IRIS

*(emphatically)*

No. I've seen his knife – nine inch triangular blade with blood gutters and a barbed, serrated edge.

ALEC

He showed you *that*?

IRIS

He said it'd make the victim bleed more.

ALEC

What a psycho! I'll use The Club on his head when he comes out. He'll never even see me.

IRIS

Yeah right.

*(commercial announcer voice)*

Even the police recommend using The Club.

ALEC

A baseball bat?

IRIS

Um, he mighta been a Marine, too. His tattoo says U-S-M-C.

ALEC

He probably just couldn't spell 'use me.'

IRIS

I think ya should call Mick.

ALEC

Just because Mick has a black belt doesn't mean he can do anything.

IRIS

Please...? Just to cover your back.... He'll do it. He owes me one.

ALEC

He *does*?

IRIS

Not like *that*.

ALEC

So like *what*, then?

IRIS

I lied for him recently — told some jealous husband that he was with me instead of his little trophy, his sweet Ivy League sl —

ALEC

Okay, okay — I'll call him. I don't get why you still hang —

IRIS

*(Interrupting)*

He's an *artist*. Besides, he appreciates my sense of irony.

ALEC

*(Laughing)*

You're killing me. I'm sure he *loves* your — ironies.

IRIS

Okay, have it your way.

ALEC

*He'd* fuck anything with a hole: bagels, beagles, big-mouthed beer bottles....

IRIS

Hmmm, here's the number.

ALEC

You *know* he fucks around, but you still make alibis for him.

IRIS

*(handing over a phone)*

Shut up and call.

ALEC

He's probably in the middle of a bagel, no, a bologne sandwich, a burger bun, a bowl of cherries maybe —

IRIS

Are ya still hungry or are you just fixated on something *else* that starts with B?

ALEC

*(starts punching in the numbers)*

I'm calling.

IRIS

*(Relieved)*

You're such a nice little brother.

ALEC

We'll murder him.