

The Man At 57

By

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## Cast of Characters

### Debra:

Is the self appointed neighbourhood watch leader, she's in her 40's and has not been fortunate enough to find a decent man to settle down with. She puts all her focus into running these meetings so she can feel validated and loved by others. She can also be very cold and often abuses her position by bullying less spirited people. She exaggerates a lot and will often portray a situation her own way, pushing her theories and ideas into the minds of her group.

### Varvara:

Is from Russia, she's single and has a very extreme lifestyle. Being brought up in a militant family has had an effect on the way she combats simple day to day tasks, she usually goes for the more extreme option (which might be why she's single). Having been exposed to violence from such a young age she has got a twisted side to her that goes beyond the borders of sanity.

(MORE)

### Cast of Characters (cont'd)

#### Jim:

Is the "joker of the pack", he's a bit dim but strives to gain affection by being funny. His wife left him a couple of years ago, which crushed his spirit and made him one of life's victims. His jokes are usually awful puns (Which get ignored) and he really isn't "On the ball" when engaging in conversations. His biggest love is his DVD collection and TV, a place in which he can escape from reality.

#### Mark :

Is a Gothic teenager, who currently lives with his Step Dad since his mother passed away. He's so self obsessed that he is blinded to the commitment his stepdad has made to stay and look after him. Mark thinks he's just there to ruin his life and take everything that belonged to his mum, which is why he is obsessed with the notion of killing his step dad. Mark also loves heavy metal, violence and smoking pot.

(MORE)

Cast of Characters (cont'd)

Christopher :

Is the man at 57, he's an outgoing and friendly man who is very passionate about animals, he's single and lives with his dog Macy.

Int - Living Room

*A group of neighbors are casually waiting on sofas, chairs and beanbags for the emergency neighborhood watch meeting to start. The watch leader Debra enters the room. She stands at the front*

DEBRA:

OK, right, so thanks for coming to tonight's emergency neighborhood watch meeting. Guys, we've got a huge problem!

JIM:

Yeah, you've got no Hobnobs!

*A couple of people laugh, Debra \*unimpressed\* glares at Jim. There's an awkward silence*

Heh?

DEBRA:

I'm sorry Jim, is that some kind of joke?

DEBRA:

Here I am, about to break some shocking news regarding the safety of the street and you're here to what? tell jokes?

JIM:

Eh

Jim looks around for some support, everyone feels awkward and looks away.

DEBRA:

Do you want some hobnobs Jim?

*Debra opens the front door  
Go ahead, Get your Hobnobs.*

*Jim doesn't know how to react, he slowly walks towards the door, as he gets close Debra leans out and puts her arm around him. They step outside.*

DEBRA:

See that Jim? That's our street.

*Debra sniffs up the smell of the street  
Ahh, it smells goo(she interrupts herself)hang on?*

*Debra Sniffs again a few more times, she pulls a strange face as she can smell something that's not quite right. She turns back inside*

Varvara?

VARVARA:

Yes

DEBRA:

I think someone's been sick on the curb outside your house. could you clean that up once we're done here.

VARVARA:

Sure

*Debra turns back to the street with Jim.*

DEBRA:

That's our street Jim, see how long it is? see how dark it is? it's pretty scary isn't it?

JIM:

Not really

*Debra is surprised Jim answered back, she lets him go and steps back.*

DEBRA:

Yeah, you're right. Go on then, go and get your hobnobs.

*Jim goes to leave, Debra grabs him from behind*  
But remember this, When you fall over a cat breaking curfew or slip on a freshly laid poo, you're going to be on you own, dying alone on the street whimpering for someone to help you "Help, Help", and we wont know whats happening because we'll be at this meeting talking, drinking coffee and eating pink wafers.

*Debra releases him from her hold*  
Hah, I mean of course that wont happen to you, you've got street smarts. Go on

*Jim goes to leave, Debra grabs him again*  
Although let's say you make it to the shop, you get the hobnobs, everything's good. But on your return BAM! You get knifed by a gang of hungry students. is your life really worth a packet of Hobnobs?

*Jim, by now a little frightened re enters the house. Debra stands on the door step, looking out with a big grin on her face. She then re enters the house.*

DEBRA:

Now I'd just like to say to you all that the safety of the street is no laughing matter and as the self appointed Neighborhood watch leader I take my role very seriously. Every decision I make is for the good of the street and if I come across as being a bit off with anyone, it's probably because they've pissed me off. which leads me to another issue, 3am phone calls! Guys Please, please pick up your phones when I do the house to house call, I'm just making sure you're all safe and I really don't want a repeat of last Wednesday when I had to break into Number 13 and caught Mr Taylor with his pants down watching Babestation. Pick up your phones. Varvara, could you bring out the Pink wafers.

*Varvara leaves, Debra pulls out a blank presentation board. Varvara returns*

VARVARA:

Debra, you do not have pink wafers, however I did find these.

*Varvara pulls out a pack of Hobnobs, Debra spams her forehead*

DEBRA:

oh yeah, it was the wafers I needed, not the Hobnobs. Give them to Jim.

*Varvara gives the Hobnobs to Jim*

JIM:

Plain!? eugh, I only like the chocolate ones

*Jim gives the Hobnobs back to Varvara. Debra gives Jim another unimpressed glare. Debra then looks around at the group.*

DEBRA:

Not a very good turnout tonight, I was hoping more people would have shown up. Jim, you did post the invites right?

JIM:

Yes, although I had to post them twice because I noticed the first one had a typo, so I rewrote it and knocked on everyone's door again. Just to swap them over.

DEBRA:

well I'm not reimbursing you for the printing costs.

*Mark the Goth kid stands up*

MARK:

Hang on. So is this the neighborhood witch meeting? or neighborhood watch? Cos I was hoping to learn some spells and shit, my step dads been pissing me off and I wanna give him the Black Death or something. Herpes? whatever man, I don't care.

DEBRA:

\*Sighs\* It's a neighborhood **watch** meeting

*Mark thinks about what he's going to do.*

MARK:

Meh!

*Mark sits back down, Debra smiles*

DEBRA:

welcome to the neighborhood watch! I'm your leader Debra and as always when we get a new member we must perform the sacred neighborhood watch promise. Neighbors stand up.

*Everyone stands up and salutes Debra, Mark watches*

JIM:

I Promise!

VARVARA:

I promise!

DEBRA:

What do you promise?

JIM & VARVARA:

I promise, I promise to keep our road  
neat, to sacrifice my life for the good of  
the street.  
To stare out of my window at the strangers that pass,  
if they step out of line then I'm going to grass.  
I promise, I promise to keeping the peace, if i hear  
someone swear then I'm calling the police.  
To follow our leader and protect her from  
harm, Each meeting I will place f4 in her palm.

DEBRA:

Speaking of which

*Debra pulls out a glass and collects money.*

JIM

This is the 3rd meeting this week

DEBRA:

Don't moan, it's for Admin costs

*Debra collects money from everyone*

DEBRA:

Right, so before I update you with the news, I just want to check that you've all been watching the neighbors?

*Everyone shakes their head*

JIM:

I'm more or a 'Home and Away' guy myself.

*No one reacts to Jim's joke*

DEBRA:

You really need to be standing at those windows, it's paramount that between us we can put off any criminal activity from taking place on our street. By not standing at your window your essentially inviting the rapists and murderers into our homes.

*Debra thinks and scratches her face*  
it seems to me that you all need a quick lesson on window surveillance.

*Debra draws an imaginary window (box) with her fingers, this whole lesson is a bit sarcastic.*

DEBRA:

Here's a window

*Debra points to herself (using both hands)*

DEBRA:

and here I am

*Debra points towards her imaginary window*

DEBRA:

Looking out of the window

*Debra points to Jim*

DEBRA:

There's a criminal, striking a child

JIM:

WHAT!?

DEBRA:

It's just role play Jim, hypothetical.

*Jim Improvises, he throws a couple of playful punches*

*the group looked shocked, Debra Interrupts*

DEBRA:

You Probably shouldn't join in actually.

*Debra lifts up an imaginary phone.*

DEBRA:

Now, I call the police. And that is how it's done, so I expect to see you all standing at your windows this week, watching people. And what do you do if they notice you looking at them?

VARVARA:

You must keep staring at them until they leave.

DEBRA:

That's right, it is para(Varvara interrupts)mount

VARVARA:

And if they do not leave, you open your window and throw a soviet F1 hand grenade.

*Varvara pretends to throw a grenade*  
Then they will leave.

DEBRA:

what?

MARK:

you've got grenades?

VARVARA:

Sure, I got my first one for my 5th birthday. I get my grenades like you get your eggs

JIM:

from a chicken?

VARVARA:

No. in packs of six or twelve.

JIM:

Ahh, EGGSPLOSIVE

MARK:

Can I borrow a couple

*Jim repeats the joke, hoping that someone will get it the second time.*

JIM:

EGGS Splosive?

VARVARA:

sure

*Debra Intervenes*

DEBRA:

No! Stop this! Stop! Everyone look at me, I need your attention. Varvara, you can't throw grenades out of the window

VARVARA:

I can, I have.

DEBRA:

I mean, You shouldn't.

VARVARA:

why is this?

DEBRA:

Well firstly it's against the law and secondly, have you even thought about the damage these things can do to the street? Not just to the people on it, but to the Tarmac! These grenades, you need to get rid of them.

MARK:

I'll take them off of your hands

DEBRA:

why? what are you going to do with them, Blow yourself a new piercing?

MARK:

Hah, funny! Ok let's be serious for a minute, I want to blow up my step dad

*Everyone is shocked!*

DEBRA:

Don't give him the grenades. Bring them around here, they'll be safe in my airing cupboard until we decide what to do with them.

JIM:  
Eggsplusive!

DEBRA:  
OK, so moving on. the reason I called you all here tonight is to tell you that the bloke whose just moved into number 57 could quite possibly be a potential murderer!

MARK:  
cool

JIM:  
Oh crap

DEBRA:  
As you know, whenever a new person moves onto my street I take it as part of my duty to run a background check on them. to find out what skeletons they have in their closet.

JIM:  
In this case, possibly loads and I mean that literally.

DEBRA:  
Earlier this week for the good of the street, I had to sleep with someone to obtain some intelligence on our man at 57. Now I can't divulge the identity of my informant because he has a family, but it turns out that our man at 57 is called Christopher Thomas.

*Debra pulls out some photo's of Christopher Thomas, one is his Facebook profile pic, others are pictures of him pottering around in his garden. She attaches them to the presentation board she pulled out earlier, she then writes his name underneath.*

My informant also told me that Mr Thomas is getting his post redirected here from an address in Surbiton. Surbiton, A suburban area of South West London well known for having a Sainsbury's and more importantly a prison.

*Everyone looks shocked. Debra writes CRIMINAL/DID TIME on the board.*

JIM:  
Yeah, but what if he just lived there, in a house? you know just because he's from Surbiton, it doesn't mean that he was in prison.

*Debra laughs*

DEBRA:

Oh Jim, always the joker. If he didn't do time, why did I find an empty bottle of shower gel in his bin? Now we all know that normal people use bars of soap. Ex cons however use shower gel because a bar of soap symbolizes a bad experience and it's obvious by the way that he walks that he's done time, possibly for murder.

*Debra writes MURDERER on the board*

DEBRA:

If you could all look at photo 'A' that's his Facebook profile picture. Notice that he is sat next to a dog, now i've been watching him like a hawk and i have never seen him with this dog. I was hoping to get some more infomation from his facebook profile but her rejected my friend request.

MARK:

Have you got a slutty profile pic?

DEBRA:

of course not.

MARK:

that's probably why you got rejected. you need to pop a boob *if you want strangers to notice you.*

DEBRA:

OK, I'll bare that in mind. So having feared the worst and concerned for the safety of Mr Thomas' dog, I employed the help of Varvara here to dig a little deeper into his personal life. Varvara did you see the dog on your mission?

VARVARA:

No

*Debra writes BUTCHERED HIS DOG on the board.*

DEBRA:

Could you come up here and talk us through your operation?

VARVARA:

Sure

*Varvara stands at the front to update the group on her mission. Debra stands by the board with her pen ready.*

VARVARA:

Good evening comrades, at 1400 hours, Tuesday. I proceeded with 'Operation Cold Beaver'. I spend nine hours in sewer under Mr Thomas' house collecting stool samples and looking for weapons he may have flushed down toilet. I did not find weapons but I did discover from his sample that he is a vegetarian. Do you know who else was vegetarian? Adolf Hitler.

DEBRA:

Oh my god

*Debra writes NAZI CONNECTIONS on the board.*

VARVARA:

I then wait for him to leave his house, from my position in sewer I could hear his every move. once he had gone I Initiated 'Operation Thrusting Cyclone' I Climb up through drain and enter through his back door. which is when 'Operation Unflinching Weasel' came into play. I walked around his house for a while wearing his dressing gown and drinking his coffee. I noticed a fondue fountain and a disturbing book on his bedside table, 50 shades of Grey. I conclude we are dealing with a man who gets turned on by torture.

*Debra writes GETS TURNED ON BY THE TORTURE OF OTHERS on the board*

JIM:

why did you wear his dressing gown?

VARVARA:

I wanted to try and get into the mindset of this perverted, coffee-loving killer. unfortunately I did not find any other incriminating evidence. Operation Unflinching weasel was a flop. However I returned the following night to pursue 'Operation Frenzied Pouched Mole' having glued some tiny garden spades to my hands, I burrowed my way through his garden. Three hours later I had built up a collection of corpses. I had found the bones of two cats, eleven fish, a rabbit and a budgie.

DEBRA:

He kills animals, I knew it! I knew there was something wrong with him, did you find his dog?

VARVARA:

No dog, we need to be careful though. these corpses were skeletal, I suspect he removed the flesh with acid.

*Debra writes KILLS ANIMALS WITH ACID*

MARK:

Fish dying by acid? what, where they HOOKED on LSD?

*Debra shakes her head*

JIM:

Ah yeah I hear you, they're very addictive. I've got a 50 inch LSD TV and it blows my mind.

VARVARA:

These animals did not die from LSD, I conclude that Mr Thomas, who we all now know is a crazed coffee drinker and lover of fondue and torture, killed these animals by dipping them into his acid pumping fondue fountain.

*Debra puts her hand over her mouth*

DEBRA:

That's disgusting, I feel sick.

VARVARA:

Not me, can I have biscuit?

*Varvara eats a biscuit.*

DEBRA:

Thank you Varvara, wow! I'm not sure what to say. I think the evidence speaks for itself. personally I don't want this guy living on my street, I really think we need a plan of action.

*Debra writes PLAN OF ACTION on the board.*  
right, so considering the fact that we all know how dangerous this guy is, what's the best way to handle it? and by that i mean a way in which I don't die. Remember the sacred promise "I promise, I promise to keep our road neat,to sacrifice my life for the good of the street". well I might need you to step up Jim.

*Jim, initially shocked stands up. He knew that this time would one day come.*

JIM:

OK, I'll do it. I'll sacrifice my life if it means the street's safe.

*Mark laughs*

MARK:

don't be a dick! I've got a plan.

*everyone pays attention to Mark*  
we could like, use my step dad as bait and film Christopher Thomas killing him. If he doesn't fall for (MORE)

MARK: (cont'd)

the trap then I'll dress up as Christopher Thomas, kill my step dad and frame him.

DEBRA:

That's a possibility, but we can't sacrifice your dad, he's not made the street's sacred promise.

MARK:

He's not my dad!

JIM:

why do you hate your step dad so much?

MARK:

Are you kidding me? the guys a complete nob. When my mum died he refused to move out, he's just been hanging around making my life a misery. When he's not at work he's at home forcing me to eat his crappy cooking, he never makes the stuff i want like Pot noodles or Kebabs, he also stole my inheritance, he gives me £50 a week because he thinks I'm going to blow the lot, patronizing prick. He's always calling me up and starting shit with the whole " Mark, What time will you be home?" Fuck off Dale! "Do you need a lift?" No! you drive a K.A! He's always embarrassing me in front of my mates. He's also like "please Mark stop taking drugs" yet he's always popping Prozac everyday, when he's not crying his eyes out. Hypocrite. My life would be so much better if he was just dead.

*Everyone is shocked by Marks story, they look at each other with a degree of disgust.*

DEBRA:

Oh my god, (pause for thought) your dad's a drug addict! we can't have someone like him on the street, flogging Prozac to kids. we'll have to get rid of him too.

*Debra writes KILL MARKS STEP DAD on the board*

JIM:

Now, I know your step dad is a nob and Mr Thomas is a crazy vegetarian animal killer but couldn't we just do something that doesn't involve killing anyone?

DEBRA:

Are you officially submitting a plan Jim?

JIM:

no

DEBRA:

for a minute there I thought you had grown some balls,  
Christ you could at least try to be inventive.

*Varvara steps to the front clutching a small piece  
of paper*

VARVARA:

Can I make suggestion?

DEBRA:

Please

*Debra writes VARVARA'S PLAN on the board*

VARVARA:

I would like to apologize if my plan seems a little flawed, i have just written it on the back of this Rizla.

*Varvara reads from her Rizla.*

This operation is called 'Operation Jakov' We strike at 0800 hours tomorrow. I will arrive at no 57 dressed as Jakov the postman. I will deliver him a parcel, I will then encourage him to open the parcel at his door by saying "I wonder what's in the parcel?". he may possibly look up at me and ask "why are you wearing a gas mask?" To which i reply " Pollution". Once opened, the parcel will release a mildly toxic gas which should knock him out for an hour. Enough time for me to infiltrate the house. I will then tie him to chair, and when he wakes up I will tell him to leave street. He will lie and say yes, but I will not leave it there. I will then shave his hair and glue it to my face, I look good with beard, more menacing like my father. I will then leave number 57 and visit your step dad, I will pose as Jakov the friendly neighbour and i will ask him to help me out with my K.A. He will be so overwhelmed that he has met another man who drives a womans car that he will immediatly bond with me. when we arrive at no 57 i will snatch his K.A manual and beat him to death with it

MARK:

Awesome

VARVARA:

I will rendevouz with Mr Thomas, we will drink vodka and sing Russian national anthem into the night. later I introduce him to my UZI and we play Russian Roulette, Mr Thomas will go first and he will die because you cannot play a fair game of Russian roulette

(MORE)

VARVARA: (cont'd)

with an sub machine gun. When I am done drinking I will then chop up their bodies into small chunks and wrap each piece in a babys nappy. no one will investagate the rotting smell of what they think is baby poo. I will then pose as Jakov, the local bin man and distribute the nappys into all 134 bins on this street on the morning of bin day. Once collected, we can get back to living saftly and without fear of insane neighbors.

*Everyone Looks shocked, Debra drops her pen*

MARK:

You wrote that on he back of a Rizla?

VARVARA:

It was king size.

*Debra stands back and points to Varvara*

DEBRA:

Did you hear that Jim? Now that's Inventive

MARK:

I liked the bit where my step dad died

VARVARA:

It is the perfect crime, no? I will do everything myself, I work better that way and no one will ever know about Operation Jakov

JIM:

except us

*Varvara glares at Jim*

VARVARA:

you will never speak of this to anyone

JIM:

Ok.

DEBRA:

Ok, can I have your attention, personally I would like to go with Varvaras plan. as extreme as it sounds it will resolve our issue with the man at number 57 and I believe we could get away with it. Now I will need to write up a contract for you to sign Varvara basically stating that I had no knowledge of your plan and that you acted alone and not with the backing of Jim, Goth kid or myself.

VARVARA:

sure

DEBRA:

great, I'll be honest i didn't expect to get this sorted out so quickly, I thought we'd be here all night, I actually ordered some pizza

*Jim perks up*

VARVARA:

I cannot eat pizza before a mission, I think we should all leave now so as not to raise suspicion

*everyone walks towards the door to leave, Jim stands up*

JIM:

I've got a plan

DEBRA:

we're going with Varvara's plan

*Jim gets annoyed*

JIM:

Look! you wanted inventive, so that's what I'm doing

*Debra sighs*

DEBRA:

Alright then, what's your plan?

*Jim looks over towards the door, hoping that the pizza delivery will arrive soon. as he talks through his plan he will often look towards the door or at his watch.*

JIM:

OK, so it's also eight in the morning. I get out of bed and I think " Hmm what soap should I use today? "

*so far everyone looks unimpressed because i need to smell like a killer, killers all have a distinctive smell. I heard John Wayne Gacy wore 'Obsession for men' so my mission begins when i've found the right scent.*

DEBRA:

Could you hurry this up Jim?

JIM:

yep, Ok so

*Jim looks around the room for inspiration*  
I'm going to tell you my plan, In a minute. Are you ready for it?

DEBRA:

Ok, forget Jim's plan

*everyone stands up*

JIM:

No! I'll take him to Bruges! I'll spend a lot of time with him and become his friend. Then I'll book us a mates holiday to Bruges which is where I will double cross him and shoot him from a bell tower as he sits in the street laughing at midgets.

DEBRA:

you would do that?

MARK:

That's not your plan, that's the plot to the movie, In Bruges!

JIM:

No it's not

MARK:

Dude, it is

JIM:

No

MARK:

I own the film

JIM:

No you don't

*Suddenly the door bell goes*

JIM:

Alright! PIZZA!!

*Jim jumps up to answer the door*

JIM:

It's about time

*The man standing at the door is not the pizza man it's the new neighbor Christopher Thomas.*

CHRISTOPHER:

Hi, is this the right house for the neighbor hood watch meeting? I've got this flyer

*Christopher holds up the flyer*

JIM:

Yeah

CHRISTOPHER:

oh great, Christopher Thomas

*Christopher shakes hands with Jim*

JIM:

Jim Hall, are you the man that's just moved into number 57?

CHRISTOPHER:

Guilty!

DEBRA:

I bet you are

CHRISTOPHER:

I'm sorry?

*Debra dosen't respond, Christopher attempts to shake Debras hand*

CHRISTOPHER:

Christopher Thomas

DEBRA:

Woah,

*She awkwardly steps back and gives him a little wave*

Hi, Debra Kadabra

CHRISTOPHER:

I'm sorry, have I come at a bad time? I did try to get here earlier but I had to pick my dog up from the vets, which made me run late. oh and then I slipped up in some sick on the pavement, so had to go home and change.

DEBRA:

hmm, No! no, noo. Perfect timing.

DEBRA:

er.. welcome to the neighbourhood watch, and this is our leader Jim

JIM:  
What

CHRISTOPHER:  
Ah, great i used to be a neighbourhood watch leader myself, when I lived in Surbiton

JIM:  
I'm the leader? finally! i'm in charge, NEIGHBORS STAND UP!

*Debra intervenes*

DEBRA:  
No Jim, Don't do that,

JIM:  
Can i have your £4 admission please

CHRISTOPHER:  
No, I'm sorry but nobody should pay to be in a neighbourhood watch. it's voluntary

*Debra gives Christopher the evilest look she can muster, he's just accidentally revealed one of her money making scams*

*Christopher notices Varvara and Mark*

CHRISTOPHER:  
Ahh more people

*Christopher squeezes past the Debra and Jim's blockade.*  
Hi! Christopher Thomas I'm new at number 57

VARVARA:  
Sure

MARK:  
hey

*as Christopher turns back around to Jim, he notices the board full of outrageous theories and plans.*

CHRISTOPHER:  
What's this? Nazi connections? I don't understand. is this some kind of joke?

*everyone glares at him, nobodies sure what to do.*  
*Christopher see's pictures of himself on the board.*

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER: (cont'd)

why have you got pictures of me? what's going on?

*Christopher rips the photo's from the board.*

*The neighborhood watch look at each other,  
wondering what to do.*

Kills Animals with acid?! what is this?

*Christopher starts to panic, he gets his phone out. Varvara snatches his phone and snaps it in half.*

are you going to kill me? please don't kill me!

VARVARA:

I do not think he is the killer we thought he was, he crys too much, soft heart.

*Christopher tries to run for the door, Jim pushes him back*

JIM:

I'm sorry, you can't leave

MARK:

You know too much

CHRISTOPHER:

I don't! i dont know anything

DEBRA:

we're gunna have to kill him, for the good of the street, if we let him go and he tells the police, we'll be arrested. and then whose going to protect this street from the other killers and psychopaths.

VARVARA:

Don't worry I will tidy this mess up,

*The neighborhood watch circle around Christopher, they slowly move in for the attack*

MARK:

when we've done him can we do my dad? we could tell people they were gay lovers who drove away together in the K.A

*the Neighbourhood watch grab Christopher pounce on Christopher,*

*Fade out*

CHRISTOPHER:  
Aggggghghghghghghgh

*END*