

NEMESIS

By

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CHARACTERS

Walter Greyes

Johnny

Waiter/Waitress

TIME

Present, afternoon on a Tuesday

PLACE

A fancy restaurant by the name of Chez' Rolld

*WALTER GREYES is sitting at a booth of an upscale Restaurant, Chez Rolld. Chez Rolld is the perfect place for young lovers, old acquaintances, and a place to congratulate the outcome of a business deal. There is a restaurant booth CS [center stage] with a luxurious table scape and ample placement settings. There is one set of silverware opposite*

*WALTER, while he nurses a drink. The lighting is simple.*

*WALTER is wearing a two piece suit made from fine fabric. His tie is slightly loud, but not so much it offends the eye. JOHNNY walks in and is at a loss for words.*

*He is wearing a hooded zipper jacket with torn up jeans. His jacket is unzipped and his shirt is the label of an obscure band. He looks as if he has just gotten out of bed, which is evident from the messiness of his hair.*

WALT

Umm, hi. Are you a friend of Eric's?

JOHNNY

Yea... what is this about anyway? Eric just said that you were interested in meeting me.

WALT

Of course, of course, but how bout introductions first. My name is Walter Greyes. Sit, sit! And you are?

JOHNNY

I go by Johnny.

WALT

Excellent and you can call me Walt...so, would you like something to eat? I'm in no rush.

JOHNNY

Forgive me, but what the hell do you want?

WALT

I'll get to that, but I just want to make sure that you are all comfortable and eased. First impressions are a hard thing to come by now days. You know what they say...you only get one.

JOHNNY

Jesus...fine. Mind if I smoke?

WALT

WALT

(CONT'D)

I don't, but the folks of this fine establishment sure do. Would you like some Lamb Osso Bucco, or what about a sandwich; they have the best turkey club I have ever—

JOHNNY

Shit man! I don't want a fucking sandwich. Now what do you possibly *want* with me!!?

WALT

My name is Walter Marrington Greyes. I am 35 years old and married with two kids...and it's dull.

JOHNNY

So your life sucks. Where do I come in the picture?

WALT

You watch your mouth! My life is good. Everything is great...no problems what so ever. It just happens to bore the shit out of me; excuse my language—here is where, as you put it so eloquently... you come into the picture.

JOHNNY

Yea??? Well???? I mean I'm still here, right? You haven't scared me off yet.

WALT

I want some excitement in my life...I need someone.

JOHNNY

Hey man...I know your attractive and everything, but—

WALT

Would you just sit there and keep your mind out of the gutter!!! Just listen!

(beat)

Eric told me that you are a mischievous sort; you have quite the repertoire. I mean, filing a fake police report on a lead that cops were chasing for two weeks, wrapped up some poor joe's car with cellophane wrapper just because you could, and not to mention that you made a fool out of your dean during your undergrad in college. That is why I'm meeting you now...here.

(beat)

I want a nemesis.

JOHNNY

A what?

WALT

A nemesis! You know...an enemy. I want you to be my antagonist of the plain and uneventful life I am currently living. I'll be your target with whatever little things you come up with in that

WALT

(CONT'D)  
creative little mind of yours.

JOHNNY

You're serious? Your really nuts too...you know that; right Walt?

WALT

First, a few ground rules. I do not want this to get to out of hand...at first. You'll start of as a prankster. You know what that is?

(pause)

All right... let's start with where I work. Knock some papers of my desk. Umm, switch out my coffee for ground soil, and things of that nature. Hahah, Oh! And throw eggs at my car...

JOHNNY

And what if I get caught by; I don't know...your fucking boss!!

WALT

That would be quite a turn of things...you know. What's it called??? Ah... a twist.

JOHNNY

Sorry Walt, but I have one little problem with all of this. Yea! I didn't know if you knew this, but did Eric tell you?????

WALT

Tell me what?

JOHNNY

I have a record man. You know the whole three strikes and you're fucked deal!!? Well, I got two, and...

WALT

(laughing)

You are perfect!! And, and if you are not too well aware...I can pay you quite well for doing this for me. Eh hem. I'll make sure you are taken care of, no matter what may or may not happen.

JOHNNY

And what makes you think I need your money?

WALT

Don't do that Johnny.

JOHNNY

What?

WALT

I'm not stupid. I have eyes that are working just fine. Look at yourself! Johnny, do you currently have a job?

JOHNNY

No. Well, not yet at least. Not too many people hire repeat offenders who just—

WALT

Well, you wouldn't have to worry about that. Let's just call our arrangement a new business opportunity. How does that sound?

JOHNNY

Yea, that doesn't sound too bad.

WALT

Are you married? Do you by chance have a family?

JOHNNY

Marriage...no, fuck that. I tried it, and it didn't work out. Tried it again...uh, with the same person, and no. Only good that came out of it was Tanya.

WALT

Oooo, some sort of fling on the side?

JOHNNY

She's my 19 year old daughter, and you be careful about what you say about her.

WALT

Oh. I am so sorry. You can't really blame me though because I had no idea about it. You didn't just come out and say it, right?

JOHNNY

Yea, that is true, but still...she means a lot to me Walt.

WALT

So do we have a deal?

JOHNNY

Yea, sure. Why the hell not, right?

WALT

Right.

JOHNNY

I mean, I got nothing better to do.

WALT

Well, you might. I don't really know much about you.  
(laughs)

JOHNNY

Yea, yea. That's true, you don't. I'd like to keep it that way Walt.  
(pulls out pack of cigarettes and starts tapping package on table)

Ok, so here is what I need from you. Write down where you work, and your daily schedule of what you do in a typical day...

*JOHNNY pulls out a cigarette and WALT removes a small organizer from his inside suit pocket. He looks for a blank page and tears it out with a big smile on his face. JOHNNY puts the cigarette into his mouth and looks for his lighter.*

JOHNNY

(CONT'D)

Also put what your outfits are made out of; material and manufacture. I'm going for a smoke. Leave the note on the table. See ya around Walt.

*JOHNNY exits as WALT is finishing up the note. He gets up from his chair and walks forward. He takes a second to look where JOHNNY just left, and then he addresses the audience.*

WALT

His name is Johnny. It's perfect. Everything falls into place so well, and no one is the wiser. Sure, my wife is wondering why my days are a little off kilter, why it seems nothing is going my way, how it's just one bad thing after another. But that's what I was looking for...and, things are  
(beat)

exciting. The guy is smart, and his attention to detail is indescribable. His business ventures, that's what we call them...

(laughs)

They just have a certain flair about them. Just last week he was able to have my coffee mug shatter just as I was pouring hot coffee into it. It went all over the damn place! How did he do it?? Well, he doesn't tell me. I guess that makes it more fun that way. The constant unknown, and not just with how he does these business ventures

(laughs; thinking it is still funny)

It's the fact that I don't know when or where he will show up. We have some things laid out though, planned if you so call it. The meeting place is where we first met, same booth. You see when you are holding a business meeting; you want it to be constant in its surroundings. People tend not to think about where they are when it is familiar to them...they are less likely to be distracted. In turn, more things can be accomplished.

WALT

(CONT'D)

(Turns to look at booth)

Right there, every Wednesday night, six to eight...that way my wife thinks I'm going for classes as part of my continuing education. It's old hat, but, what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

Scene 2

*WALT walks back to the booth and takes a seat.  
JOHNNY enters. He is wearing a two piece suit similar to WALT. The suit is wrinkled and his hair is still messy. He takes a seat across from WALT. A waiter or waitress walks in with two dinner plates, places them on the table, and then walks off.*

JOHNNY

(in mid conversation)

So he says to me, you better watch yourself sir...

WALT

And what did you do?

JOHNNY

I told him, I already do.

WALT

(laughing)

Nice, well played.

(holds up his glass and the two men clink their glass)

So what happened after that?

JOHNNY

Not too sure about that one Walt, but that fucker thought I was the one who destroyed his set of golf clubs he got from this auction, or some shit.

WALT

And did you?? You did, didn't you?

JOHNNY

I swear on my daughter's life I had nothing to do with it. That asshole just had it out for me.

WALT

So, you were suspended?

JOHNNY

JOHNNY

(CONT'D)

Yea. Eric couldn't believe it. He said I should sue him, or the university.

WALT

Hell of a way to go Johnny. Getting blamed for something you have never even done.

JOHNNY

Yea, well...life isn't all fancy meals and bitchen suits.

(holds his lapels)

Thanks by the way.

WALT

That. Come on, I should be thanking you.

JOHNNY

Really?

WALT

YES! I mean, Johnny...I have never felt so good. Things are just clicking. I'm doing better at work. I can't wait to hang out with my two little girls; they grow up so fast...

JOHNNY

Your right about that. I still remember when Tanya was going to middle school. She seems so—

WALT

And my wife and I made love last night.

JOHNNY

What, you've never done that before...are you saying your kids are adopted!

WALT

No, I mean we actually made love. There was substance to it. You could feel it, and smell it. It wasn't just fucking...it meant something. Her and I...we just couldn't believe it.

JOHNNY

So what, that promotion really has changed things for you, huh?

WALT

(detached)

No, no...it's all because of you. I would not have the promotion... you did that.

JOHNNY

Well, it couldn't all be just me.

WALT

(yells)  
Your god damn right it is.

JOHNNY

Whoa there Walt, keep your shit together man.

WALT

Johnny?? You're the only thing in my life, what you do...that's what keeps me going.

JOHNNY

Come on Walt, what about your family? They have to be some of the reason to...right?

WALT

You know the week I met you, I was thinking to myself one morning, what I could I possibly do to kill the boredom. I thought about leaving my wife. That would sure stir things up, but no...it would break her heart, and the kids...I didn't want them to suffer because I'm stuck in some dull existence. It's not their fault.

JOHNNY

Wow, I uhh...sorry man, I really didn't know. Shit, well...uhhh  
(takes a sip of water)

WALT

And Eric was really the only person I told, and he led me to you, but Johnny, I need to ask ya...

JOHNNY

What Walt?

WALT

Can you show up more?

JOHNNY

Hmm, make me really have to work, huh man? Yea, I'm sure I could—

WALT

And can you get a little more intense with your delivery?

JOHNNY

Well, I guess I could—

WALT

Be more reckless! Hmmm? You think you can do that, maybe freak me out a little. Some aggression, some thing really wild!!!

JOHNNY

Whoa, whoa man. Now, I will try to come up with something with a little more jump...but don't forget about my situation. I can't have another mark on my record man...I barely get to see my little girl as it is.

WALT

(takes out his wallet)

Johnny, here. Take her out someplace nice. You guys have a good time tonight.

(throws out a one hundred dollar bill onto the table)

JOHNNY

Thanks Walt.

(pause)

I'll think of something. I just don't want you to get hurt.

WALT

(laughs)

Don't worry about me Johnny; whatever you come up with...just go with your gut.

(gets up from booth)

Just don't involve my family. There having a hard enough time as it is. They think I'm a harbinger of bad luck...imagine that.

*WALT walks away from the booth and exits.  
JOHNNY is alone. He picks up the hundred dollar bill and rolls it into a cone. He flips it around his fingertips for a couple seconds.*

JOHNNY

Yea, imagine that.

*JOHNNY takes the hundred dollar bill and sticks it in the inside pocket of his suit jacket.  
He is a little scared as he stares up at the ceiling of the restaurant. He gets up from the booth and walks a couple steps DS.  
JOHNNY addresses the audience.*

JOHNNY

His name is Walt. Two nights ago he asks me to show up more. Some job, huh? Playing jokes on some rich guy and all because he is tired of life. But, no...jokes aren't enough anymore. He needs something, something more heart racing, something crazy. He's fucking crazy. I'm not going to go to jail for this guy, and if he thinks that I am...Ah shit Walt. So what am I suppose to do? If I take it to the next level and the cops somehow get word, then I'm screwed, but If I don't...

(beat)

JOHNNY

(CONT'D)

Walt seems to be ok, but these guys with a lot of money, you just never know. I mean, Christ, he would probably smack his kids around if he got anymore bored, just to see what it was like. He already thought about leaving his wife...that's fucked up. I'll be honest. I'll put it right out on the table, yea...he worries me, just a little. No, I'm not terrified of the guy...

(beat)

So he wants me to raise the stakes huh? Well that's just what I did. I made sure no one saw what I was doing. Those asshole cops wish they could find something on me, one of them the other day came up to me, and said "It's just a matter of time."

(talking to as if a cop was offstage)

Hey, fuck you pal. If you can't see all the shit I've gotten myself into this last month, then you're not doing your job right. How bout you find something that you're good at, jerk off.

(returning to the audience)

Walt, Walt Walt, what am I going to do with ya? I guess we all need our little things to help us get by. Some drink, some smoke. I just happen to meet the guy who gets off on being miserable. Maybe because he's not use to it...it's cool for him. Like some sick twisted vacation where all the tourists hope they loose there luggage before they get to some shitty hotel. Some way to live. Heh!

Scene 3

*JOHNNY walks back to the booth. The table has been cleared during his monologue. It's Wednesday night, six weeks have gone by since JOHNNY and WALT met. WALT enters. He has a cast on his right arm, and he limps over to the booth. He takes a seat, while JOHNNY sits there in shock.*

JOHNNY

Oh shit.

WALT

(warm)

Hey Johnny, how are you doing? Has Tanya found a job yet?

JOHNNY

No, no...not yet. What the hell happened to you?

WALT

You should know, right?

(smiles, waits for Johnny's answer)

My brakes!

JOHNNY

JOHNNY

(CONT'D)  
Brakes?

WALT

Yes! My brakes, you cut my brake line. Holy cow, what a rush man.

JOHNNY

I only meant for the line to get worn down. I didn't intentionally cut it. I just tweaked it a bit.

WALT

Your damn right you did! Wooh. That was great Johnny, you ever been in an accident?

JOHNNY

Couple fender benders, but nothing really serious.

WALT

And look at this,  
(lifts up his cast)  
broken in three places, that truck came out of no where. It's funny, you see people on TV or film say that, but it's really true.

JOHNNY

Jesus, I'm so sorry Walt.

WALT

Don't be.

JOHNNY

But I didn't want to hurt you, that's the last thing  
(beat)  
Isn't it painful?

WALT

Oh god, yes! Doctor said it will hurt for probably four to six weeks. Ha-ha, and you should have seen my wife's face. She was crying like she just found out I was diagnosed with cancer.

JOHNNY

And *you're* happy about that?!

WALT

I guess you had to be there.

JOHNNY

Yea, and then your wife could see who really did this to you.

WALT

Excellent work Johnny, top notch my—

JOHNNY

NO! Walt, you could have been killed.

WALT

Could have been, listen to you...you sound like my business partners.  
(smirk crosses his face)

JOHNNY

I could have killed you! Oh god...

WALT

Johnny, what's the matter with you? I asked you to, this is what I wanted.

JOHNNY

And what the fuck is wrong with you!?? HUH! You're fucked up Walt! Jesus man, I'm not a killer. I can't do this anymore...  
(starts to leave)

WALT

HEY!

(grabs JOHNNY with his working arm as JOHNNY passes him)  
Don't do this Johnny, your smarter than that. Now, sit back down.

*JOHNNY looks toward the exit and then back at WALT.  
He walks back to his seat, only to get his jacket. He grabs it  
and walks off.*

WALT

Johnny! Hey, come back here! Don't you walk away from me!! JOHNNY!

*JOHNNY leaves and WALT turns back around in the  
booth. He picks up his drink and takes a sip.  
He is at a loss for words. He takes another sip,  
and puts down the glass. He pulls out a cell phone  
and dials a number with his left hand.  
He walks out of the booth towards the exit  
as the lights fade to black.*

Scene 4

*One month latter. WALT is seen at the same booth*

*where him and JOHNNY meet. He sits there with his head down; his right arm is now in a blue fabric sling. He looks toward the entrance hoping to see someone there. A waiter or waitress comes over and refills his water. WALT keeps his head down as JOHNNY enters. He walks over to the booth, but does not sit down.*

JOHNNY

(distracted, somewhat bothered)  
So, what's up Walt, what's going on?

WALT

(still with his head down)  
I haven't seen you in a long time Johnny.

JOHNNY

Yea, I know...I think it would be better if we just—

WALT

(looking up)  
Where the fuck have you been.

JOHNNY

Look, Walt. I said I couldn't do this anymore man. Can we do this latter man?

WALT

What's the matter Johnny? Got something on your mind?

JOHNNY

I just haven't heard from Tanya in a while. Her mom and I are getting worried.

WALT

She's safe Johnny.

JOHNNY

(takes a seat in the booth)  
And...what...do you mean by that?

WALT

I was worried I wouldn't see you again. You just sort of left.

JOHNNY

Do you know where Tanya is, Walt?

WALT

WALT

(CONT'D)

And you are so hard to reach...you are, but your daughter was easy to find.

JOHNNY

Wha...what have you done with her?

WALT

Don't you listen...hehe; I told you she's safe didn't I?

JOHNNY

You son of a bitch, why...why, WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT!!

WALT

Pretty exciting, huh? Can you feel your heart racing?? Well, can you?

JOHNNY

My little girl, you better have kept your fucking hands off her.

WALT

Uh, Johnny??? I think you mean hand...  
(lifts up sling)

JOHNNY

YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!

*JOHNNY gets out of booth grabbing a knife. He grabs WALT by his shirt and pulls him out of the booth and throws him onto the floor. JOHNNY is furious, and WALT loves every minute of it.*

JOHNNY

Is this what you want!!! Is it WALT!

WALT

She's fine Johnny, it didn't have to happen though. All you had to do was to keep showing up...This is some twist though huh, me taking on your roll, going after your daughter...the big finish!

JOHNNY

Where is she Walt?

WALT

Oh come on; let's let this play out some more.

JOHNNY

No, no more. You're going to tell me where she is.

WALT

You made things better dammit! You made things bearable, and you just go away? You just LEAVE??

(pause)

So I tell you where she is, and then what...I just go back to my dull shitty meaningless life! I can't do that, Johnny, I can't.

JOHNNY

Dammit Walt, I just want my daughter to be ok, but kidnapping Walt. You know how much shit you could get in for that?

WALT

No...but it might be nice to find out.

JOHNNY

What?

WALT

Yea, take me in Johnny. Tell them what I did. They'll find me, and then...then, onto the next chapter.

(pause)

I have her in a small warehouse a couple blocks from here. You tell the police where I am, you get your daughter back, and I go down as a filthy kidnapper.

*WALT gets up and starts to leave. He turns toward  
JOHNNY.*

WALT

Thanks again Johnny. It was nice to have known you.

*WALT leaves and JOHNNY stands there stunned.  
He takes a couple seconds looking in the direction  
of where WALT exited. He walks over to put the knife  
down on the table. He turns to the audience and  
takes a couple steps DS. JOHNNY addresses the audience.*

JOHNNY

He never laid a hand on her. The police came into the warehouse and he just stood there by Tanya.

She said they took him down almost as if he was on fire. I'm sure in his mind; he was...Tanya's ok though. A little shaken up, but she's a good kid with a good head on her shoulders. She thought she was meeting him for a job interview, I guess that's how he deals with things—

## JOHNNY

(CONT'D)

(beat)

Cops gave him a pretty good beating from the look of the pictures. Guess they don't take kindly to men who abduct teenage women. He sure has a lot of things going on now though. With the divorce being finalized and his hearing this Thursday, things have gotten pretty exciting...his interesting way to put things. He hasn't said anything about this, what I did for him...the meetings we had, nothing.

(pause)

Crazy last couple of months. I haven't seen him since we spoke last with him on the floor and me holding the—anyway, I guess I owe him in some way. People tend to try to help you out more after you've gone through something like that. I've become a celebrity in some sense, I wish it wasn't the case...but it ain't

so bad. The hearing is coming up in a couple of days, and I have an interview for a job the week after

that. Heh. I wonder what his thoughts on prison are. He'll be convicted for sure, hands down...I mean they caught him in the act, and with the description I gave of him, the cops had no doubt that they found there guy.

(pause)

And I know him well enough, he'll plead guilty, and then onto the next chapter huh Walt? He was just bored, scary thought. Most people do things a little less psychotic when there trying not be tired of something, and then he found me...and, shit. Every Wednesday night. He said, he said I made it an art, that I was put on this earth because of it.

(beat)

His name was Walter Marrington Greyes, and I was his nemesis.

*BLACKOUT*

The End