

# PAUL AND KARLA'S ROAD TRIP

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{WRITERS NOTE - This is a musical, and, as such there are chords on the script - notated in bold and italicized. All the songs have a melody, and I would be able to provide musical notation for that melody if necessary. In the meantime, I will be recording video of the songs, and will send the links in an email.}

{STAGING NOTE - This musical can be done simply with three basic stage pictures. Two chairs, representing a car, and two beds on either side of the stage, representing the multiple motel rooms they sleep in. A table could be brought in for the motel clerk when necessary. The montage scene would be staged in front of the rest of the set.}

*[Lights come up]*

*[Paul sitting in car.]*

**PAUL:** Alriiiiight - no big deal - no big deal, just another Saturday, am I right? Haha- for suuure. Cruising down this deserted highway, having a great time. Did I leave the oven on? Haha - just kidding - I don't have a home. Life is good in my neighborhood.

*[whistles] [sung a capella - actor can make up the tune here]* I gotta sing in the car 'cause my radio's broken, I'm just a lonely lover with a heart wide open. *[spoken]* Man - maybe I should be a musician. Haha - naww I like being a serial killer way better! *[Sung]* Ready for the kill, ready for the death, just need a hitchhiker to ...Oh hello beautiful! Just who I've been looking for...

*[pulls the car over and pops the passenger door]*

**PAUL:** Why good evening ma'am.

**KARLA:** Hello there! My name's Karla

**PAUL:** And I'm Paul! But you can call me Pauly if you like *[aside]* while you still have a tongue *[giggles]*

**KARLA:** What was that Paul?

**PAUL:** Oh nothing - just happy to have some company! My radio's broken so it's been a bit silent in this car, a man could go crazy!

**Song - "Little Do They Know"**

**PAUL:**

*Em*

Little does she know

*Am B*

The mess she's gotten into now

*Em*

Just a smart little lamb

*Am B*

With a gorgeous smile

*Em*

So come into my car little lady

*Am B*

And take a rest for a while

**KARLA:** You have a habit of trailing of the end of your sentences, don't you Paul?

**PAUL:** Observant, aren't you! Quite the outspoken woman!

**KARLA:** I find it's hard for people to hear me otherwise Paul.

**PAUL:** Right, right, of course, how rude of me. So what brings you out to this lonely highway?

**KARLA:** Just trying to get from one town to the next, you know how it is.

**“Little Do They Know” cont.**

**KARLA:**

*Em*

Little does he know

*Am B*

What a rat he picked up on the side of the road

*Em*

First a nibble, then a bite

*Am B*

Then all the men are caught

*Em*

Like a drug laced with rat poison

*Am B*

You aren't as safe as you thought

*[Spoken]*

It doesn't look like you have much of a - how should I say this- consistent living situation either?

**PAUL:** Yeah consistency was never my strong suit. You have a beautiful pin on your blouse Karla, where on earth did you get such a bauble?

**KARLA:** It was my grandmother's! Myra Hindley- maybe you've heard of her?

**PAUL:** Yeah I think so. Wasn't she a serial killer?

**KARLA:** Yes indeed, I have a bit of a family history - though she tended to lean towards young children.

**PAUL:** As opposed to?

**KARLA:** I prefer grown men, white, around 30, drifters, people nobody tends to miss too much.

**PAUL:** [*Abruptly stops the car*] Are you trying to get at something Karla?

**KARLA:** Yes and I'm not being subtle Paul; you aren't quick on the uptake are you?

**PAUL:** Well I've never been much of a scholar. That's why I tend to lean towards the intelligent, young women - the girls who I don't think should be successful because I have repressed jealousy of my three older sisters who all went on to ivy league schools.

**KARLA:** What are you implying?

**PAUL:** My type: young, intelligent brunettes with a little too much lip for their own good.

**“Little Did They Know” cont.**

*Em*

**PAUL:** Little did she know

**KARLA:** Little did he know

*Am B*

**BOTH:** How the details of my master plan would go

*Em*

**KARLA:** Get the bleach

**PAUL:** Get the rope

**BOTH:** Get the cruelty

*Am*

Get the matches and the knife

**B**

And the ecstasy

**Am**

That comes with a plan well executed

**B**

The pleasure of villainy could not have been refuted

**Am**

**B**

By the cold hard hand of the law

*[Spoken sung]* after all, I'm above all that

**Em**

I am their god

*[Em continues]*

**KARLA:** Wait, let me get this straight? On this random ass highway in the

**Am B**

middle of Ontario, you, an - I can only assume - serial killer, picks up me, also a serial killer?? Are you lying just to make me feel empathetic towards you?

**PAUL:** No I swear I am a serial killer! Okay - um - right - I take a clump of hair and a Polaroid of every woman I've killed. Just a sec. *[hops out of the car and goes to the trunk, pulls out small music-box, gets back in car]*

**KARLA:** Oooh I like the music-box - nice touch.

**PAUL:** Thanks, I guess, *[pulls out photos and hair]* see! I told you so!

**KARLA:** Impressive, and kind of coincidental, Polaroids are my memoir of choice as well! But I don't take hair; I prefer fingernails.

**PAUL:** I have always been a sucker for velvet.

**KARLA:** *[pulls out photos]* The top one's my favorite. He kind of looks like you!

**PAUL:** So he does. A handsome man indeed.

**KARLA:** I won't deny that fact. Maybe I only kill the handsome ones because I have repressed insecurities about my sexual attractiveness, and I think the only way they will be with me is if I hold the power to give and take away their life. Oh yeah, I kiss every man before I kill him. Then I like to douse them in bleach, and light them on fire. Usually near a swamp or body of water.

**PAUL:** Artistic! Like the black widow, kiss of death or something. I usually just pick them up somewhere, usually a bar, *[aside]* you would have been my first hitchhiker. Then I

drug them, and kind of do a bondage situation for them to wake up in. I also cut out their tongue while they are sleeping. Rope, knots - the whole nine yards - hanging from a tree somewhere, with no tongue and then I drain their blood. Just like a stuck pig kinda'. Then I leave!

**KARLA:** Man if I was gonna go, I'd want to go like that. Sounds sadistically painful. You said I would have been your first hitchhiker? What do you mean "would"?

**PAUL:** Well, I've never killed any of the hitchhikers I've picked up 'cause they've never fit my type. You would have been perfect except - you know - I've never been able to talk to women about this kind of stuff. Or anyone really. And - I've got to be honest - you are one of the prettiest women I have ever seen.

**KARLA:** I am having trouble wanting to kill you as well. You are a unique man Paul.

**PAUL:** *[starts to drive again]* Did you have a destination in mind Karla? Or just going where the wind takes you?

**KARLA:** I heard the Maritimes were really nice this time of year?

**PAUL:** Quick stop in Quebec? I heard there are lots of successful women there, right? And probably attractive men as well!!

**KARLA:** And I love poutine!

**PAUL:** It's a plan. Ready for a road trip?

**KARLA:** I'm ready for anything.

**PAUL:** We are going to go down in history Karla. I can see it now.

*[takes Karla's hand, she pulls it away]*

**KARLA:** We aren't quite there yet Paul.

**PAUL:** Ooooookay *[whistles]*

*[Lights down]*

*[At a run-down motel with a motel clerk at the counter. Paul and Karla enter]*

**PAUL:** Oh - I've heard about this place! Someone on travel adviser gave it 10/10 for the friendliest lice in North Ontario!

**KARLA:** It'll be fine for a night, don't be such a whiner. *[Jokingly]* You know you are still making your first impression on me - don't want to taint it!

**PAUL:** Didn't realize you had such high expectations Karla - I'm learning more about you too, I suppose.

**HOTEL CLERK:** Good evening. Looking for a room?

**PAUL:** Yes we were wonderi...

**KARLA:** *[cuts him off]* We would like a room with two beds if possible. You can do that, right *[looks at name placard on desk]* Jerry?

*[Paul gives a bit of a look]*

**JERRY:** Well we do have rooms with two beds but unfortunately they are all full right now! We do have a couple's suite though - quite affordable.

**PAUL:** Yes that'd be fine, *[offside to Karla]* who's paying?

**KARLA:** I can pay tonight, and then you can pay tomorrow night, and we can work like that. I hope you know you are sleeping on the couch.

**PAUL:** Oh honey-bunches don't be like that, you know how much I love being cuddled up next to you.

**KARLA:** Oh Paul, *[aside to Paul]* you'd better cut that out real quick.

**PAUL:** Easy,easy - I was joking. Besides I don't think this motel is exactly the kind to have couches in every room Karla.

**KARLA:** Okay fine. But I am building a pillow wall between us.

**JERRY:** That'll be \$46.92, with taxes. We do have complimentary soap and shampoo but our hot water isn't working right now, so no showers, unfortunately. Also, if you feel itchy at all in the next three to five days, I would like to take this moment to forewarn you of the risks associated with bedbugs...

**PAUL:** *[cuts him off]* That will be just fine Jerry, thank you. Can we just have our room key?

*[Karla is closing her eyes and pinching her temples, clearly frustrated]*

**PAUL:** Like you said, it'll be fine for one night!

**KARLA:** I hope I won't grow to regret this little partnership, Paul.

**PAUL:** I can assure you, you won't

*[They enter room. Both take off coats and hang them on chairs]*

**KARLA:** Well I'm going to turn in right away Paul, don't see much point in staying up.

**PAUL:** Yeah I guess I'm off to bed as well.

**BOTH:** G'night.

*[Both sit down on end of bed]*

**Song - "Should I Close My Eyes"**

**B**

**PAUL:** Should I trust her?  
If she's as cunning as she seems

**G#m**

Should I trust her?  
She is the woman of my dreams

**E**

But if she still sees just a victim

**C#m**

When she looks into my face

**F#**

Could this ever work?  
Or would my time have been a waste?

**B**

**KARLA:** Can I trust him?  
He's a murderer like me

**G#m**

But can I trust him?  
How much cuter could he be?

**E**

This really weird love story

**C#m**

Could have a very gruesome turn

**F#**

But I just met this man  
So all my trust, he'll have to earn

**B**

**G#m**

**BOTH:** Tonight I won't close my eyes

**E**

**C#m**

Cause though I feel a spark I can't yet surmise

**B**

Whether their motives are true

**G#m**

I think I could love you

**E**

But not tonight

**C#m**

Not yet

**B**

So good night

**G#m**

Sleep tight

**E C#m**

Don't let the bedbugs bite

**F#**

And don't fret

**G#m**

Because I won't kill you, yet

*{Keep playing instrumental **Bm** under lamp scene}*

*[Both hesitantly lay down on bed, neither get under the covers. Lights go black.]*

*[Lamps on either side of the bed. ]*

*[Karla turns on her light, looks over at Paul, he looks like he's sleeping]*

*[Paul quickly turns on his light and Karla turns hers off and closes her eyes]*

*[Repeat]*

*[Both trying to catch the other in a lie]*

*[Lights gently fade up on both of them still lying there with eyes wide open]*

*[Rooster crows]*

**PAUL:** I didn't think that ever actually happened, you know, the rooster crowing.

**KARLA:** No - that's my alarm on my phone.

**PAUL:** Oh, alright. So, you wanna go people watching today? We could make a day trip through Toronto - lots of prospects there?

**KARLA:** Sure! And then onto Montreal. I still haven't gotten my poutine fix.

**PAUL:** Sounds like a plan Stan, I mean Karla. Sorry, my last hitchhiker's name was Stan.

**KARLA:** What happened to Stan?

**PAUL:** We don't need to talk about it.

**KARLA:** Alright then. You wanna hit the road?

**PAUL:** I'm ready when you are.

*[Both exit motel room]*

*[Lights down]*

*[Lights up, back on the car]*

**PAUL:** So Karla, tell me something about you!

**KARLA:** Well that's a pretty open ended question - give me somewhere to start.

**PAUL:** Uhh okay, did you ever have a pet? Or like, what was your mom like? First kill? Anything like that.

**KARLA:** Well I always had lizards when I was a kid; I'm allergic to pet hair. They made good company though, great listeners.

**PAUL:** I can see you getting along well with lizards.

**KARLA:** What's that supposed to mean?

**PAUL:** No - shit! I didn't mean anything by it -just that lizards always look kind of calculating, always got a plan. I kind of see that in you a little bit as well. Please don't take that badly though- I admire it.

**KARLA:** I got it, and I guess I understand where you're coming from. I am a bit cold-blooded. One year I had this blue tongued skink named Tango - adorable. In the summer I always left my window open so my room wouldn't get too warm, and this particular summer my neighbors got a cat. So I got home one day and my lizard was dead, and this smug fucking cat was sitting on my bed and - I don't know - I just went crazy- I kind of, killed it.

**PAUL:** Yeah, I had a thing for torturing little mice that we would get for my snake when I was a kid. Just like poke them with pins and pull out their hair. Poke their eyes, and then, like laugh when the snake would eat them finally. It was like a game.

**KARLA:** It's comforting to know I'm not the only one who did this stuff! I'm kind of hungry though - let's finish this conversation later! Can we stop at a diner or something? Coffee shop maybe?

**PAUL:** Yeah well we are almost to Toronto so let's just wait 'till we get to the city.

**KARLA:** Sounds like a plan, Stan.

**PAUL:** I said I didn't want to talk about Stan.

**KARLA:** Sorry- right - that sentence just rolls off the tongue.

**PAUL:** Let's just have a car sing-along.

**KARLA:** How about a car solo, hit it Paul!

### **Song - "Just Like Me"**

**PAUL:** *[A cappella - rapped]*

Oh my dear listen here 'cause I won't speak long  
You are the prettiest thing I ever lay my eyes on  
Just a fine little Missy with a mind like mine  
Hey Karla oh Karla, you're so damn fine!

**KARLA:** Oh, Paul stop it

**PAUL:**

**E** **G**  
I'm not a man of many words but I'm a man of many rhymes  
**D** **C**

And I hope Karla will have me if I win her in time  
She's the apple to my peanut butter  
Straw to my soft drink  
Man, when it comes to murder she doesn't even blink!  
She's the combination of all the things I love in this world  
All wrapped up and disguised as this unassuming pearl  
She's got the comebacks like thumbtacks 'cause she's sharp as can be  
Oh man how did I get so lucky!

**C**  
**PAUL:** 'Cause this girl!

**G**  
**KARLA:** 'Cause this guy!

**D**  
**BOTH:** Thinks just like me!

**C** **G** **D**  
They never judge me for my homicidal tendencies!  
**C** **G**

We share ice cream on sunny days  
**D**

And murder in the rain

**C** **G**  
And when the night comes we hide away  
**D**

In a shit motel again!

**KARLA:** *[rapped]*

**E** **G**  
Cause yo, I found a good man after years on the run  
**D** **C**  
He's handsome and clever and always carries a gun  
For protection from the evil forces trying to stop us  
I'm not lawless, but fuck the cops was my motto 'round the office  
And I'm bra-less, when I'm killing my foes  
Don't need an order for Chinese food just get me spring rolls  
I love this Paul guy, my call guy  
My get in the car and haul guy  
A gentleman and a wise man,  
But he's not a scholar, though he's taller  
He always manages to fall first  
Pretty Pauly wants a cracker, well he found one in me  
But I want him all for myself because damn son I'm greedy  
So call me the Paul bearer 'cause I carry him away  
From the trouble he gets into everyday

**C**  
**PAUL:** 'Cause this chick

**G**  
**KARLA:** 'Cause this dick  
**D**

**BOTH:** Might be the one  
**C** **G** **D**  
They're cute, funny, and super hot when they're on the run  
**C** **G** **D**  
They're the exact kind of person who I can see  
**C** **G** **D**  
Spending the rest of their lives, with me  
**C** **G** **D**  
And I have hopes and dreams  
**C** **G** **D**  
Of helping them bury their victims' bodies

*[Lights down]*

*[Montage scene - staging open to director*

*The writer's suggestion would be three spots across the stage,*

*Paul and Karla offstage saying their lines, or at the sides*

*Actors dressed in all black holding the objects as lines are spoken about them*

*Spots only lit on the people/objects that are being spoken about]*

*[Plates of food held by actors dressed in black]*

**PAUL:** You need to try a bite of these eggs Benny Karla- they're top notch

**KARLA:** And you simply have to try my waffles - delicious topping.

*[Powerful looking couple in business suits illuminated]*

**PAUL:** Ooh Karla look at this one! She's wearing a business suit!

**KARLA:** Her boyfriend is very handsome, and brunette!

*[Rope being held and person dragging dead body, dead body real person, person dragging is actor dressed all in black]*

**PAUL:** Karla, could you come help me? You are so good at the boat knot.

**KARLA:** Hey Paul - I need some help! This one's too heavy for me too move by myself.

*[One actor in black holding a knife, one holding poutine]*

**PAUL:** Karla, you need to try cutting this one's throat!

**KARLA:** Paul you have to try this poutine!

*[Person covered in panties, other person holding bleach container]*

**PAUL:** Karla your underwear is all over the backseat again! Who taught you how to pack?

**KARLA:** Hey Paul we ran out of bleach again! Could you run to the corner store?

*[One actor holding one picture of street performer juggling fire, and one holding a picture of blue flames]*

**PAUL:** Ooh a street performer! Karla - come watch him juggle fire!

**KARLA:** Ooh Paul, come look at how this one burns! Blue flames! I wonder what his clothes are made out of?

*[Montage scene lighting snaps back to normal here. Paul and Karla enter]*

**PAUL:** Red lipstick - that's new! Nice attention to detail!

**KARLA:** Well it matched his tie!

**PAUL:** I didn't even know you owned lipstick, Karla?

**KARLA:** I guess I still have some surprises for you Paul!

**PAUL:** True- you can never really know a person, I suppose, even after two years of travelling together.

**KARLA:** Has it been that long? Time sure has sped by.

**PAUL:** So it has! Well, you know what they say - "Time flies when you do"

**KARLA:** I'm pretty sure that's not how it goes.

**PAUL:** Sure it is, 'cause when you are happy it's like you are flying, and when you fly you go fast, so when you are happy it's like going fast. And then so does time.

**KARLA:** *[giggles]* Paul I hope you realize that made absolutely no sense.

**PAUL:** You still love me *[kisses her on the cheek]*

**KARLA:** Hey watch it with the PDA, mister, don't want people thinking we're a couple or anything. *[winks]*

**PAUL:** You about ready to hit the road?

**KARLA:** Yeah just have to finish burning off his fingerprints and smashing his teeth. *[smiles]* I'll be done in a minute.

**PAUL:** I'll start the car

*[Lights down]*

*[Lights up on the car]*

**PAUL:** Karla I think I'm really beginning to trust you

**KARLA:** Well I should hope so! It's been two years!

**PAUL:** Well yeah, but like it's more than just time. I just feel like I have something to get off my chest. You know how we mentioned Stan a couple of times and it hit a nerve for me?

**KARLA:** Yeah and you never wanted to talk about it.

**PAUL:** I think I might be able to, like tell you the situation.

**KARLA:** Yeah I've always been curious about that - bit of a subject of mystery for me all this time.

**PAUL:** Stan was a little bit more to me than just a hitchhiker...

### **Song - "Hey Stan"**

**PAUL: A B C D**

So let me tell you a little story about me  
I grew up in the rural country  
With a strictly catholic family  
Who didn't tolerate any form of homosexuality  
And my sisters who all were so great  
Were coincidentally all just so straight  
But I had a side to me, I never let them see  
I had a side of me that just wanted to say

**A**

Hey Stan!

**D E**

Could you be my lover?

**A**

Hey Stan!

**D E**

Would you be my undercover lover?

**A**

Hey Stan!

**D E**

Would you come with me?

**D**

'Cause damn I think I might be loving a man

**E**

But could I really be loving a man?

**D**

"Cause I have also really loved women?

**E**

How could this be!?

**A B C D**

*\*spoken\** So I did a little online research in my haze of confusion, and there were some really helpful websites for this kind of stuff. I found this one "pride.com" or something, and it had a definition for something that sounded like what I was experiencing

**A B C D**

So I talked to my friend Jimmy

About this something inside of me  
And Jimmy said, "hey Pauly"  
You gotta let that sucker free  
So I decided to tell my parents,  
Who weren't known for being too flexible  
I said hey mom and dad, I love you so much  
But I think I might be bisexual!  
They said,

Hey Paul!  
that's a fucking sin  
Hey Paul!  
We never wanna see your face round here again  
Hey Paul!  
Pack your bags and hit the road  
We put up with your shit but now you've grown  
Into a seed of devil's spawn

So I left my home after that  
And found a pass-time right off the bat  
I took out my jealousy, 'bout my sisters success stories  
On women with similar paths  
But I still said

Hey Stan!  
Would you be my lover?  
Hey Stan!  
I hope you don't mind that I'm a killer  
Hey Stan!  
Come on home with me,  
Don't mind that unconscious body  
She's just sleeping don't worry honey  
Oh Stan, don't leave! Please come back baby!  
What did I do wrong?

[Spoken]

You don't have a problem with any of that do you Karla?

**KARLA:** No- that doesn't bother me at all! So long as there aren't any men in your life right now, I appreciate your honesty with me. I think it's really sweet. Sorry about your parents though. Now that you've opened yourself up like that, I feel like I have something to get off my chest. I've told you a lot about myself over the years, but I don't know if you noticed that I've kind of been avoiding a certain subject as well?

**PAUL:** Not overly noticeable but yeah, you got a little uncomfortable if I ever brought up how you got started killing.

**KARLA:** Yeah 'cause I had always just told you it was because of my lack of confidence in my sexual attractiveness. I'm sure that's true to some extent. But there's a bit more to the story. I think you've proven yourself to be someone I can trust. So just don't say anything until the story's over okay?

**PAUL:** Okay Karla - you got it.

**KARLA:** So just after high school was over, when I was 18, I had a son. His name was Charlie and he was beautiful. Just a little curly-haired cherub with the most kissable cheeks. He always wore these adorable little coveralls that I got him. The father wasn't in the picture but that was just fine; I had a new boyfriend and a steady job and a happy little family. I worked and my boyfriend stayed home with Charlie. My boyfriend had a mild case of narcolepsy but it was never something that was a problem in our relationship. I just occasionally had to pull his face out of his mashed potatoes at dinner, you know? Oh yeah his name was Mark- Mark Slovoitz. So I worked the 9-5 and that was okay with us. Came home to warm dinner and all was good- Mark was a pretty decent cook. But one day I came home, and dinner wasn't made, which was super weird. And the cupboard below the sink was open, and all the cleaners were kind of strewn about. Naturally a bit worried, I walked into the living room to find Mark, fast asleep on the couch. I batted him with the newspaper to wake him up, "Where's Charlie?" I asked him, but he was so groggy he just mumbled something about playing in his room. I felt something was wrong deep in my gut and I sprinted down the hallway to Charlie's little bedroom, and I was not prepared for what I was going to walk into. My son, my beautiful son, was lying on the floor and he was not moving. He was bright blue and frozen in some disturbing tableau of suffocation. He was surrounded in a halo of powdered bleach, and a couple random dishwasher tablets. You know the little pouches that you throw in the dishwasher so you don't have to measure the liquid? I thought they were so novel; I don't anymore. Mark heard me screaming and ran into the room; I turned around and immediately started screaming at him. I was holding the box of powdered bleach and shaking it wildly, I guess some got into his hair and his clothes. He was walking backwards away from me and he tripped on a little toy train thing that Charlie liked to play with. Mark was on the ground and I threw the box of bleach at him. The contents emptied onto him, and in my state I just jumped on top of him and started hitting him. Over and over again in the head and neck - really hard. I grabbed the train and started beating his head, over and over again, and I swear to God I started to enjoy it. Mark was lying there bleeding, unconscious, and I was starting to realize what I had done. So I packed my bags, threw a lit match on Mark, and drove as far and as fast away from my old life as I could. That was when I found myself in America for a stretch, and that was when I started killing intentionally. I think I might have still become a serial killer if that hadn't happened. But I do think if Charlie was still here I'd have more of a physical tie to my morals surrounding good and bad.

**PAUL:** Well I think I have a much better clue about how you function and to your motivations. That must have been difficult? I haven't experienced it personally so I have no way of knowing how that must have felt.

**KARLA:** It's just nice to finally get that off my chest. Thanks for listening Paul.

**PAUL:** No problem Karla, none at all

*[Lights down]*

*[Motel bed scene - Paul asleep beside Karla]*

*[Paul will be wearing a full outfit, but be hidden under the covers]*

*[Karla will be wearing a tank top and boxers]*

**CHARLIE:** *[voice-over]* Mommy why are you doing this? You're going to get in trouble.

*[Karla sits bolt upright]*

**KARLA:** Who's that - who's there? This isn't funny.

**CHARLIE:** Mommy why did you hurt Daddy, and everyone else.

**KARLA:** Stop that right fucking now, I mean it

**CHARLIE:** I love you Mommy- I can't breathe

*[Karla puts her head in her hands, squeezing her ears]*

**CHARLIE:** I can't breathe Mommy, help me, please Mommy, I can't breathe.

**KARLA:** Shut up! Just shut up! I'm sorry! I've said I'm sorry a hundred times

**CHARLIE:** *[adult voice]* I couldn't breathe, and you didn't do anything about it. You didn't even give me a proper burial Mommy, you just left me to burn with Mark. Why would you do that? Why would you do that to me Mommy? I didn't even get a chance to grow up.

### **Song - "Dear Charlie"**

**KARLA:**

**C** **Am** **G**  
I held you through the night when the darkness crept around  
**C** **Am** **G**  
And lulled you gently through when you looked but all you found  
**F** **G**  
Was a hole where a dad and a mom should be

**F G**  
Our family solidarity  
**F G**  
But the best I ever offered you  
**F G**  
Was a man with narcolepsy

Does this come naturally to women with pregnancy?  
Is motherhood something that comes with femininity?  
Well I don't know but I sure tried hard  
With a white picket fence and a grassy yard  
And a man and a baby son  
Because Charlie my dear you will always be  
My only one

**C**  
So Charlie  
**Am**  
My baby  
**F**  
I'm so sorry  
**Am G**  
For all I put you through  
**C Am**  
Mommy is so sorry  
**F G**  
For all she's done to you

And I know motherhood wasn't my strong suit  
And I didn't even think I had to childproof  
For your curious mind and your tiny fingers  
The memory of your smile still lingers  
Through my mind when I look for the child I knew  
'Cause Charlie I really tried  
I tried  
To do good for you

**C**  
So Charlie  
**Am**  
My baby  
**F**  
I'm so sorry  
**Am G**  
For all I put you through  
**C Am**

Mommy is so sorry

**F G**

For all she's done to you

*[Lights down]*

*[Karla quick change: puts on skirt and a sweater over tank top and boxers]*

*[Car scene]*

**KARLA:** Can't this bucket go any faster? Paul we need to lose them!

**PAUL:** I'm going as fast as I can Karla. Can you see them behind us??

**KARLA:** Just really distant blue and red lights. Oh Paul here, turn into here!!

*[Tires squeal and Paul hairpin turns into an old wooded road]*

**KARLA:** Drive into the woods and turn off the headlights, and then get down.

**PAUL:** Will do.

*[Paul and Karla are lying down low in the chairs holding hands tightly, breathing heavily]*

**KARLA:** I'm gonna peek up. Don't move Paul, okay?

**PAUL:** Alright Karla....What do you see?

**KARLA:** Here they come.....*[holds breath]*.....they drove right past us. Oh my god that was a close call. Thank god - holy shit. Paul I'm scared. And I have something I need to tell you, we really do need to talk about our killing.

**PAUL:** What about it?

**KARLA:** I don't think it's safe for us to keep doing it.

**PAUL:** Karla we've been doing it for this long- why do we need to stop now? We survived! We outsmarted them again!

**KARLA:** Yeah I know Pau, but one day they are going to catch up with us. And, fuck, okay - so you know how I've been feeling upset at the smell of burning flesh lately? I used to love it but it makes me gag now - and how I've been eating a lot more poutine and eggs and stuff?

**PAUL:** What are you getting at Karla?

**KARLA:** I'm pregnant Paul. And the last thing I want is to have to give birth to my child in jail, and never get to see them grow up. I can't lose my baby, not again.

**PAUL:** Oh my god Karla, is it mine?

**KARLA:** Of course, you idiot! Who the hell else's could it be?

**PAUL:** Sorry - stupid question. I guess I just don't know what to say. I love you Karla. I want to make this work - I'm really happy.

**KARLA:** I love you too Paul. But it's not safe here anymore, and we can't stay on the road. I think we need to travel down to South America or something. Get far away from this place; Canada isn't safe for us anymore.

**PAUL:** Oh man I love Mexican food

**KARLA:** Paul, stay on topic - you are impossible. And Paul, I know this is going to be hard, but for the sake of our child I think we need to stop killing - Cold turkey. It's getting too risky.

**PAUL:** I'll do anything if it means we can make this work. I really do love you.

*[Lights down, motel room scene]*

*[Lights up only Karla on stage]*

*[Karla is sitting with Paul's music-box in her hands, staring at it.]*

*[Paul walks in and puts down grocery bags]*

**PAUL:** Okay, I got the pickles and peanut butter you asked for, that is so weird though. You said it was your mom's recipe? She must have had weird tastes and passed them down to.....What are you looking at? What's wrong?

**KARLA:** I thought we said we were going to stop, Paul, I thought we agreed that it had gone on long enough and that we already had enough close calls?

**PAUL:** What are you talking about?

**KARLA:** I saw the new picture Paul, and the new fingernails. I've never seen that girl before, and I certainly didn't help you kill her, and those nails are fresh.

**PAUL:** I'm sorry Karla I don't know what to say, I just had to. You know, I had to feed the beast.

**KARLA:** Paul if I can stop - and I have- you can stop. It's ridiculous to say that you can't stop, you aren't an animal.

**PAUL:** You don't understand Karla - it's not as easy for me. You are so logical and smart; I'm completely controlled by my desires - my emotions. I can't control this.

**KARLA:** Well that's not good enough anymore Paul, I thought we were going to look out for each other forever? I thought we both agreed that it wasn't safe for either of us to keep killing, or for our daughter?

**PAUL:** Listen you don't have to be such a bitch about it Karla, I knew this was a mistake. I had told myself that I would never fall in love again but you fucking trapped me like a uh, like a bear or something. And now I'm here, and I feel guilty for stuff that I've never felt guilty for before - and it's all because of you!

**KARLA:** I can't believe you are blaming me for this, you know what I think Paul? I think you're fucking scared, I think you're scared of getting caught but I think you are more scared of loving me. Scared of loving me because you are afraid I'll leave like everyone else, and scared that our daughter is going to turn out as fucked up as you.

**PAUL:** That's bullshit Karla. I don't have any ulterior motives or hidden emotions about this. I just like killing people and I don't want to stop. If you really loved me, you'd understand that.

**KARLA:** You just do everything you can to absolve yourself from blame don't you Paul? Just everything you fucking can. It takes two Paul- it takes two.

**PAUL:** Yeah, well maybe none of this would have happened if you had've picked a man to raise your kid who didn't have fucking narcolepsy.

**KARLA:** Are you, kidding me right now. Fuck you Paul. You can go to hell, or jail, whichever comes first. I'm just going to go; I can get my own room tonight. Don't be surprised if you never see me again.

*[Karla turns to walk away. Paul grabs her arm]*

**PAUL:** Don't fucking walk away from me Karla!

*[Karla turns into Paul and knees him in the guts.*

*[Paul takes the blow and falls to his knees]*

*[She knees him in the face and he falls over]*

*[She then takes out her hip knife and starts to stab Paul in the chest repeatedly]*

*[Once Paul has bled out, lying on the ground, Karla collapses beside him\*]*

*[Sitting there, breathing heavily, Karla starts to cry]*

**KARLA:** Oh my god Paul, Paul I'm so sorry- fuck, I love you, Paul - please come back - please, please don't leave me - holy shit.

*[Hyperventilating, and sobbing - Karla lying in a heap on the floor]*

*[Spot on Karla]*

*[Paul stands]*

## Reprise of “Should I Close My Eyes” and “Dear Charlie”

**PAUL:**

***B G#m E C#m F# B***

But could I trust her?  
She's the woman for me  
Could I trust her?  
She's sweet and sour I see  
But could I trust this woman  
Who I've given my heart to?  
I just have to believe  
Because that's all that I can do

**KARLA:** I lay beside you Paul, even through my fear  
I should've taken more time to hold you near  
All the things you did for me  
I never gave them back fully  
But I always held belief  
That we would always be

Together

**PAUL:**

Why would she do this?  
Why would she do this to me?  
I know I wronged her  
But just how mad could she be?  
She was my soul-mate, my lover,  
My friend and my saviour  
Saving me from my erratic behaviour  
Saving me now from myself

**KARLA:**

Oh Pauly  
I'm so sorry  
For all I did to you  
And Pauly  
My baby  
The words I say are true

**PAUL:** So thank you Karla

I will always love you  
I'm sorry to leave you  
It was the right thing to do  
I know, I didn't have much choice  
But I'm at peace with my passing  
And there's just one last thing

**KARLA:** I'm so sorry Paul

**BOTH:** I love you

*[Bm chord roll up to end]*

*[Piano continues in this nature until lights are completely out]  
[Spot fades out to black]*