

NIGHT VISITORS

BY

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NIGHT VISITORS

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Cast of Characters

ROY, a timid husband (50s-60s)

MIGSY, the so-called leader of the trio of robbers (20s-30s)

HENRY, no-nonsense member of the trio of robbers (30s)

JOHNNY BOY, youngest of the trio of robbers, badly hurt (20s)

HELEN, wife to ROY, not to be trifled with (50s-60s)

OFFICER, voice of a patrolling officer

JEFFERY, voice of the chief negotiator of the Glendell police department (40s-50s)

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Night Visitors was presented as a workshopped reading at The Hill CountryArt Foundation's Point Theater on November 7th 2021, featuring the following cast:

Roy: Jeff Cunningham

Helen: Heather Cunningham

Migsy: Treston Mack

Henry: Ken DeZarn

Johnny Boy: Jeffery Hensel

Jeffery: Mark Sturm

Officer: Austin Escobedo

Setting: The home of ROY and HELEN AKERS.

The early 50s. Somewhere just outside of the Idaho-Canadian Border.

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The lights are turned off for the night. Were they to still be on we would see the interior of a nicely maintained but quite ordinary lower income home. There is a table (c), a kitchenette (r) and a collection of various other furniture items sprinkled about the place. The door, leading outside, is situated up and to the left of the rest of the house. Finally, there is a large window directly up center of the place. The ancient grandfather clock chimes the second hour of the morning and when it finishes all is silent. Silent but far from easy. Two lighted orbs appear from outside the home. They grow larger as they approach the window and as they get closer, we hear the rumble of an automobile cutting across the front yard. It becomes clear that the two lights are really its headlights. When the automobile finally roars to a stop just outside the window a horn sounds insistently. One collection. Two collections. The honking stops. A figure, obscured by the bright lights of the vehicle, passes in front of the car and finds his way to the door. There is a knocking at the door. Still insistent. Quite frantic.

MIGSY. *(Off)* Lemuel Hargrove, open this door! We've got a boy here's shot to pieces! Lemuel, open this damned door! *(A light comes on from in the hallway and a second figure appears.)*

ROY. Hold up. I'm comin'. What couldn't have waited 'till tomorrow morning? That's what I'd like to-(yawn)-to know. *(The lights to the rest of the home finally turn on and out comes ROY AKERS from the hallway. He is a man of about*

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sixty. Soft spoken and timid. Once the lights have turned on, the figure who has been knocking at the door hurries back to the car. The ignition dies and the sound of a door opening and closing can be heard. Roy arrives at the door and, after tightening the draw string of his blue sleeping robe, opens the door. In barge three men. Three haggard looking, very exhausted men. Two of them are holding the other, who looks as though he may very well die on the spot-as evident by the steady supply of blood seeping out of the hole in his belly. Roy draws back, giving the three intruders a wide enough berth to drag their poor companion further into the place.)

Excuse me, boys, but just what are ya doin' in my-

MIGSY. We sure appreciate your housin' us, Lemuel. But don't you worry. We'll be in and out before you know it.

Clear that table, would you? Johnny Boy's hit damned bad.

ROY. Now just one minute there. There must be some mistake. You said Lemuel. That is not my-

MIGSY. Give us a hand, would ya? *(Roy, not one to be inconsiderate of any guest, complies with the command and starts to carefully remove the several table toppers. The two men cart JOHNNY BOY over to the table and, without giving Roy much time to react, lay their lame partner out on top of the table. As they do this, Johnny Boy cries out in agony and grabs at his two companions, making his descent to the table all the more difficult.)* Steady does it, Johnny Boy.

(Uneasily.) There's so much blood. I never saw so much blood before in my life.

ROY. I'll get us some towels.

MIGSY. Oh, yeah sure. That's a swell idea. Go get some towels. *(Roy makes his way into the kitchen and starts to look through the cabinets and drawers-pulling any kind of towel or rag he can find.)*

HENRY. We need to get his shirt off. *(They work on getting the shirt off. The blood makes the going very tedious and messy. MIGSY is perpetually effected by the gruesome*

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display whilst HENRY maintains his calm and collected demeanor. Roy returns with quite the collection of towels and rags.)

ROY. Got you a whole messa towels right here. *(Off of the horrible picture just before him.)* What did you boys get into? *(The boy screams again.)*

JOHNNY. Oh, it hurts! Migsy! My damned insides are on fire!

MIGSY. You just hold on, Johnny. We gotta get you cleaned up first. *(Deep breath.)* Somehow. *(Beat.)* Eh. You do it, old timer.

ROY. Do what?

MIGSY. Wipe Johnny boy up. We cant can't do it on accounta-on accounta our still needing to fetch our-*(He receives a most unfriendly elbow jab to the gut by Henry.)*-unfinished business outside. *(Beat.)* We'll just be a minute. *(Henry and Migsy exit the house at a run.)*

ROY. Eh, how you doin' there, son?

JOHNNY. I'm shot to shit, old timer! How the blue fuck do you think I'm doin'?!

ROY. I was just asking. Anyway. Young fella like you's got no business being mixed up in whatever it is you're mixed up in.

JOHNNY. Oh, God! It burns! Oh, God! *(Migsy and Henry enter. Empty handed. Henry is seething.)*

MIGSY. I swear I had them, Henry.

HENRY. Well, they weren't in the car then, were they?

ROY. What were you lookin' for?

HENRY. Never you mind, Grandfather! *(Back to Migsy.)* We left the bank then what did you do with the bags? Tell me exactly.

MIGSY. I was running real hard and we got to the car and I set them on top of the car and I got-eh-into-the car.

HENRY. And we drove off, eh?

MIGSY. Maybe they stayed on the roof for a while. They

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were loaded down heavy enough.

HENRY. What the hell good would that do us?

MIGSY. Well, maybe we could drive back. You know. Retrace our steps.

HENRY. And run into every piker between here and Bonner's Ferry? Migsy, I don't think you appreciate the gravity of our situation. We robbed a bank and came away without a plumb cent. And even still we have the damned pokes is gunning for us.

MIGSY. I'm sure sorry, Henry.

HENRY. Look, don't talk to me for a while, okay. I need to simmer a bit.

MIGSY. Henry, please. I'm sorry.

HENRY. Didn't you hear what I just said, Migsy. I don't want to talk with you now! Get away from me! Go!

MIGSY. Sure thing, Henry. *(Sniffle.)* Sure thing. *(He sniffles again then joins Roy beside Johnny. Henry continues to look out the window. Roy continues to try and stop the blood flowing out of Johnny Boy. And Migsy, standing awkwardly beside Roy, very much in the way, continues to try and remain composed. It is after a while of this silence that the headlights of a car can be seen passing from out the window. Henry presses against the wall and watches. His hand rests at his side.)*

HENRY. Get a lot of traffic, do you Grandfather?

ROY. Eh, a normal enough amount, I guess.

JOHNNY. Whiskey.

ROY. What's that, son?

JOHNNY. My mouth is-is real parched. I need somethin' to drink. Please.

MIGSY. Have you got any whiskey on hand, Lemuel?

ROY. Well, eh, the Missus don't usually care for me to keep such beverages in the house.

JOHNNY. Oh!

ROY. But I think I might be able to whip somethin' up. You

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know. For medicinal purposes. Let's just see here-*(He reaches into his night robe pocket and produces a flask then hands it down to Johnny.)* Here you go, son. Don't take it all down now. It's homemade and brewed to stomp insomnia. Don't respect her and she'll knock you right onto your bum. *(Johnny tries to reach up for the flask but his arms fail him.)*

JOHNNY. Oh, I can't!

ROY. Well, I could help you.

JOHNNY. I aint no damned kid!

MIGSY. He's not saying you are one, Johnny. But you are in no condition to be lifting much of anything by yourself on accounta that big hole in you.

JOHNNY. Okay. *(To Roy.)* But don't you be tellin' anyone cause I aint no goddamn kid! You tell a soul and I will kill you, you understand!?

ROY. I promise. I won't tell an soul. *(Roy touches the mouth of the bottle to Johnny's lips and helps him take a drink. It is almost a sweet image-if there was not so much blood. Some of the liquid makes it into the boy's mouth. Most of it trickles down his cheeks and onto his bare stomach.)*

MIGSY. Say, give me a slug of that. *(He reaches over Johnny and partakes in the drink.)* Cheezus, this stuff is terrible! *(Another big sip.)* Wanna bite, Henry?

HENRY. No.

MIGSY. Not even-

HENRY. Are you deaf or just plain ignorant? I said no. And you oughtn't be drinking so much either. We will need our wits about us.

MIGSY. Alright. I'll just take one more then. *(He does and hands the flask back to Roy.)* Here you are, Lemuel. Keep that away from me, eh?

ROY. *(Long pause.)* Now, do you think you boys could tell me just who you are and what you are doin' in my home?

MIGSY*(Uneasily).* Hehe. Lemuel the carnival clown. Always telling jokes.

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ROY. Son, I wish I were joking but the name is not Lemuel. Never has been.

MIGSY *(Pause.)* Wait a minute. You're-You're not Lemuel Hargrove?

ROY. No sir. Name's Akers. Roy Allan Akers. Now, there is a Lemuel Hargrove at three ought four Maple Grove but this here is three twelve. You just missed him comin' down the road.

HENRY. Migsy!

MIGSY. *(Pause.)* So-you're not Lemuel Hargrove?

HENRY. He just said he wasn't, didn't he?

MIGSY. Oh, shit!

HENRY. This changes things! What do you suppose we do now, eh? He's seen our faces. He knows our names.

MIGSY. Just be quiet and let me think! *(Beat.)* Eh listen eh-Roy is it? *(Roy nods.)* Whyn't you take a seat. We need to have a bit of a conversation.

ROY. I don't mind listening to what you have to say, boys, but it's the Mrs. Akers might not be too fond of guests. Not at this late hour anyway.

HENRY. *(Pulling away from the window)* Where is she?

ROY. Look, don't go botherin' her. She's had a right bother of a day working with her patients and she needs her sleep.

MIGSY. *(Energy rejuvenated)* Patients? You mean like in a hospital and such?

ROY. Well-

MIGSY. Well now that's just fine! That's just what we need to fix up old Johnny Boy! Go and fetch her, Henry. *(Henry starts for the hall. Roy rushes over to him and grabs at his arm to stop him. In one fluid motion, Henry spins around and whilst doing so, draws a revolver and points it directly between Roy's shocked eyeballs. All is deathly silent save for Johnny Boy's labored breathing.)*

HENRY. You have a problem, grandfather, with me going to get your lady?

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ROY. Well, I-

MIGSY. He don't have a problem, Henry. Honest he don't. Do you old man?

HENRY. Well, why'd he grab me on the arm like that? I don't like to be touched.

MIGSY. It's just the way you went about it. He got scared is all. Isn't that right-eh-Roy? Isn't that right, you got scared?

ROY. Yeah, that's right. Real-real-real scared!

MIGSY. See, just a simple misunderstanding, Henry. That's all. Okay. Now, Roy, we're gonna need to see that pretty wife of yours. Just so's we can-you know-talk through our intentions and get her to help us out. See, your wife is a-eh? What is it that I'm trying to say here, Henry?

HENRY. An asset to our cause.

MIGSY. Yeah. Right. An asset to our cause. She is needed here. Now come on, Roy. You wouldn't want to see Johnny Boy bleed out all over your floor, now would you? Tell you what. Would it make you feel more at ease if I was the one that woke her?

ROY. I would just as soon go myself.

MIGSY. Can't let you do that, Roy. You might get it into your head to wake her up and have her call the pokers on the telephone.

ROY. Oh, you needn't worry about that. We-eh-We haven't got a telephone.

MIGSY. No telephone?

ROY. No sir. Haven't had one ever since I can remember.

HENRY. You expect us to believe you don't have a telephone?

MIGSY. What kinda person doesn't have a telephone nowadays?

ROY. Well, I-

HENRY. Enough of this. I'm going to get her!

ROY. Wait! Alright. I'd rather (*to Migsy*) it were you that did the waking. Just a word of caution though, she can be a

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touch on the prickly side when she's been a'woke.

MIGSY. I understand. Put down the gun, Hen. There's no call for it anymore. Put it down. *(Henry slowly lowers the gun-never taking his hard gaze off of the still terrified Roy. Migsy pats Roy on the back and starts for the hallway then stops and turns back into the room.)* What's your old lady's name, Roy?

ROY. It's-eh-Helen. Helen Akers. Just promise me you'll be careful when you wake her.

MIGSY. I promise. *(He exits. Henry makes his way back over to the window. Every so often another vehicle will pass by thus alerting Henry but when it passes he relaxes. Johnny Boy whimpers in his pain induced sleep. Roy goes to him.)*

ROY. What is it son? Could you stomach another splash of whisky? *(Johnny Boy nods. Roy produces the flask and gives it to Johnny. Most of it now dribbles out the sides of his mouth and he chokes the rest down.)* I had a boy. Might have been about your age now.

JOHNNY. Might have been?

ROY. *(Pause.)* That's right. Might have been.

HENRY. Maybe he was the lucky one. Got out early while he had the chance.

ROY. There was nothing lucky about it, son and I'll thank you not to besmirch the memory of my son while you're in my house.

JOHNNY. What was his name?

ROY. Roy Akers. Junior. He was a good 'un, sure enough. Any matter, I see a bit of his twinkle in your eye. *(Beat.)* You know. It's just now occurred to me where I know of you boys from. You're them what held up the bank in Bonner's Ferry. It was on the radio just this afternoon past.

HENRY. You don't tell that nosy nelly nothin, boy. He's just been talkin' and talkin'. He'll only use it against us.

ROY. I was just making conversation is all.

HENRY. Yeah, well keep it to yourself. *(Roy offers the boy*

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another drink. He takes it down, most of it anyway, then lays back against the table-exhausted and running short of breath.)

ROY. That does it, young fella. Drive her into ya. Nice and easy does it. This hooch will settle you right down.

JOHNNY. *(Long pause.)* It was us that did the robbery alright.

HENRY. Jesus H, boy!

JOHNNY. He aint gonna tell! *(Cough! Cough! Cough!)* Are you?

ROY. I'm not gonna tell. Right hand to God. *(Pause.)* If you don't mind m'askin'. How much did you clear off with?

JOHNNY. Well. *(Cough!)* Each of us *(Cough!)* From what I can remember made free with over five hundred dollars a piece. That is. Before Migsy went and left them bags on the roof and drove on without 'em. *(Henry bursts away from the window and, knocking Roy aside, grabs Johnny Boy by his collar and lifts him near off the table.)*

HENRY. You've gone and said enough do you hear me! That bullet don't finish you off I sure as hell will-you keep flappin' your yap! *(But before Henry can make good on his threat, there comes a dreadful scream from in the hallway.)*

ROY. Oh no.

HENRY. What the hell was that?!

ROY. *(Pause.)* That would be the Mrs. Akers. *(HELEN AKERS, makes her entrance and stares agape at the men in the room. A moment passes then she throws her head back and hollers out again. Migsy comes out of the hallway and grabs at her from behind, putting his hand over her mouth.)*

Be careful. Oh, please.

MIGSY. Now, I need you to listen to me, Mrs. Akers. We're not gonna hurt you. I mean that. But we all need to be calm here so we can have ourselves a nice-and-quiet conversation. Can we do that, do you think? *(He slowly takes his hand away from Helen's mouth. She does not scream once he has*

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removed his hand, much to the relief of those others in the place. Instead she stares intensely at her husband.) Now what do you say we all just take a seat? *(Migsy sits. He is the only one to do so. Roy is next. There's nobody else in the place that moves a muscle.)*

HELEN. Do you have any idea what time it is, Roy Akers?

ROY. I-I hadn't looked. Maybe-

HELEN. It is twenty past two. In the morning. I woke up at twenty past two with this-this strange man looming down at me. Shaking me. Explain yourself.

ROY. Well, you see dearest-

HELEN. Roy Akers, you tell these rascalions to march out of our house this very minute!

MIGSY. Mrs. Akers, we are sure hard up for some help and I mean real, real bad. If you can just sit for just a moment and hear our plight maybe you wouldn't feel so strongly out of our favor. Whadya say?

HELEN. *(Long pause.)* It seems my good hearted husband has already made the decision for the both of us. As is per character for him. *(Pause.)* Alright. I'm giving you five minutes to make your point. That's five minutes and only five mind you. *(Helen sits. Roy sits beside her and tries to put his arm over her but she shoves it away.)* I am not in the mood for your attempts at amicability, husband of mine.

ROY. Sorry, dearest.

HENRY. Be careful, Migsy.

HELEN. *(Pause.)* Well? You are running out of time.

MIGSY. I'll just start by saying that me and my two partners, it's a big, fat mistake that we even ended up in your house. That's the God's honest truth, ma'am. We've been on the run since this mornin', I don't mind sayin' on account of us holdin' up the bank in Bonner's Ferry. *(Laughing now at the absurdity of his predicament.)* Almost made it out with a nice sum. Almost. But that lot of information isn't important. What is important is the fact that through it all, we had no

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intention of really hurting anybody. Our guns weren't even loaded. I tell you, I haven't the stomach for excess violence as I'm sure you can appreciate. Anyway. Those in the bank musta had a different notion than us because no sooner had we left the bank there is this mad-what's a good word-barrage of gun fire and mayhem and wouldn't you know it it's the damned banking customers what's doing the shooting. My young partner here took a shot through the belly trying to get us outta there. Him being our getaway driver and all. Wasn't even in the bank. And now here we are and the damned-*(Off of her stern look)*-Sorry-them pokers are surely hot out looking for us. So, in the grand scheme of things, our's isn't near as terrible as a lot of other bank robberies you might have heard about. So, do you think you could find it in your good Christian heart to help us out?

HELEN. *(Pause.)* You must be the worst bank robbers I have ever heard of. *(Longer pause.)* I will look at your young partner but that is a matter of principal, not that you would understand a thing about it. *(Standing and crossing to Johnny Boy.)* How old are you, child?

JOHNNY. Old enough.

ROY. I'd answer her son. *(Beat.)* Just my opinion.

JOHNNY. Seventeen. Well. Sixteen and a half.

HELEN. Nothing but a child. It makes me sick.

JOHNNY. I aint no god damned-*(A look)*-gosh darn-*(A look)*-FUCKIN child!

HELEN. Do you then think a vulgar mouth makes you more of an adult?

JOHNNY. I am grown up!

MIGSY. Sure y'are, John. Now, Ma'am, do you think you could mend him up? Your husband did say that you were in the field.

HELEN. The field? *(Beat.)* I suppose my husband failed to mention that I am an oral surgeon's nurse.

JOHNNY. What the hell is that?

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HELEN. It means that I am a dentist's nurse. And your friends and my husband are wanting me to cut into you.

MIGSY. We'll take anything we can now, ma'am.

JOHNNY. Speak for yourself!

MIGSY. *(Under his breath)* Shut it, Johnny Boy.

JOHNNY. You just heard the woman. She said she was a dentist.

HENRY. A dentist's nurse.

MIGSY. Well, it's practically the same thing, isn't it? I mean from doctor to doctor.

ROY. And my Helen is the best in her practice, sure enough.

MIGSY. You see, John. She's the best. Go on. Let her patch you up. What do you say?

JOHNNY. Will it hurt?

HELEN. As opposed to what-your soul heading down the path to eternal damnation? Yes, it will hurt worse than anything you have ever felt before. But I can do it. *(Beat.)* Roy, go and get my medical kit.

ROY. Okay. And-eh-where might that be?

HELEN. Same place it's always been. *(Pause.)* In the hat closet. Up and just to the left.

ROY. In the hat closet. Sure thing. *(He exits into the hallway.)*

HELEN. *(To Migsy)* Run into the kitchen and get me a wooden spoon.

HENRY. What in the hell do you need a wooden spoon for?

HELEN. So that when this half baked operation is in progress this boy might have something to distract his mind from the pain. And I'd just as soon thank you boys to abstain from idle blasphemy. It upsets me deeply. *(Migsy hurries into the kitchen and begins to go through the drawers and cabinets looking for a wooden spoon. There is a crash from off stage.)* Roy, those are my good hats! I don't want to come back there and find them ruined!

ROY. Sorry about that, dear. Oh, I think I found it. *(Roy*

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enters with the kit. Migsy arrives with a wooden spoon.)

HELEN. Stick that spoon in his mouth. *(Migsy does as he is told.) (To Roy.)* Put the kit there. By his head. *(Roy does as he is told. Helen digs in the kit and produces a pair of crude looking plyers. Johnny's eyes open wide but he is too weak to offer up much resistance.)* You two hold him down. *(They both reluctantly do as their told.) (To Johnny.)* Now you bite down on this spoon. As hard as you can, eh? *(He nods. Tears are forming at his eyes. Helen begins the extraction of the bullet. Both Migsy and Roy turn away. Henry, from where he is standing, can't look away. Suddenly from outside a police car pulls into the drive and stops in front of the window. Its red lights are rotating but its siren is off.)*

HENRY. Migsy! *(He leans against the wall and draws his gun. Migsy lets go of Johnny Boy.)*

MIGSY. Oh, shitshitshit!

HELEN. Keep hold of him!

MIGSY. But-

HELEN. Do as I say!

MIGSY. Oh shit! *(Migsy grabs hold of Johnny Boy again.)*
What the hell are they doin' Henry?

HENRY. Quiet! *(The gun starts to sneak up. Migsy and Roy and are dead quiet. Helen continues with the surgery. The rumble of the engine gets louder. Louder. Henry pulls the hammer of his weapon back. And then the car stops. A door opens and a figure walks in front of the lights and crosses to the door.)*

ROY. Our father who art in heaven-

HELEN. Roy, if you're going to pray then please do it silently.

ROY. Sorry, dearest. *(He continues it silently. There is a low knock on the door. Nobody moves. Except, of course, for Helen who continues on with the bullet extraction. There is another knock.)*

OFFICER (OFF). Mr. Akers, this is the police. We see your

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lights on. Could you open the door, please? (*Migsy and Henry look to Roy.*)

MIGSY. What do we do?

HENRY. They wanna talk to him. Let them talk to him. (*He motions Roy over to the door and pulls him close.*) Be smart, Grandfather. Be very, very smart. (*More knocks. Roy nods, adjusts his bed robe and opens the door. It comes open, almost exposing Migsy and Henry but Henry gently eases it back so that they are kept out of sight and the police officer on the other side is obscured from our vision.*)

ROY. Eh, yes. May I help you?

OFFICER. (*Off*) Mr. Akers?

ROY. Yes. That is my name. Roy Akers.

OFFICER. (*Off*) Mr. Akers, are you aware that the bank in Bonner's Ferry was robbed earlier today?

ROY. Yes. Eh. Yes. I had heard about it on the radio. Have they who did it been-eh-have they been found yet?

OFFICER. (*Off*) Not yet sir. But there has been sightings of the suspects in this area. Mr. Akers, have you seen any strange individuals out tonight? (*Henry slowly raises his gun up into Roy's side.*)

ROY. No. No. Can't say that I have. It's been a quietly normal-eh-uneventful night.

OFFICER. (*Off*) That's fine, sir. My reason for stopping here was that the perpetrators were seen fleeing the scene of the crime in a navy blue pickup with Idaho plates.

ROY. How about that.

OFFICER. (*Off*) Mr. Akers, you have a truck matching that very description in your front yard.

ROY. (*Long, long silence.*) Is that a fact? Well, eh, that truck is-it's mine, sure is.

OFFICER. (*Off*) It's yours?

ROY. Yes sir. Paid for it myself. Though it don't work as well as it used to but when push comes to shove she's capable of just about anything. (*Johnny lets out a loud*

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whimper. There is a collective gasp that runs throughout the room.)

OFFICER. *(Off)* Mr. Akers, are you sure you haven't seen anybody strange about then, eh?

ROY. Nope. Er. No sir, officer. I really, truly haven't.

OFFICER. *(Off)* You seem-

ROY. Yes?

OFFICER. *(Off)* I dunno. Thank you for your help, Mr. Akers. Sorry to have disturbed your night.

ROY. Not at all. Come by any time.

OFFICER. *(Off)* Sorry?

ROY. I mean. I'll call you to come by if I hear or see anything. Officer. *(Henry shuts the door for Roy. Helen extracts the bullet and drops it into the pan. It emits a loud PING. The black figure passes in front of the window again, gets in his patrol car and backs out of the drive before continuing on down the road. The collective gasp emitted upon his leaving is palpable. A long moment passes where nobody says anything. Then Migsy starts to laugh.)*

MIGSY. I guess they took a wrong turn in Albuquerque, heh? *(Roy lets out a single guffaw but is instantly hushed by a harsh gaze from his wife. Henry turns back to look out the window. Migsy, still laughing, crosses to Henry and gives him a good sharp pat on the back.)* Come on, Hen. Lighten up a little. They're gone. We're in the clear now, I'd say. *(No response.)* Hen? *(Still no response. Migsy draws close to Henry. The laughter has since subsided.)* We're alright, Henry. *(Beat.)* Aren't we?

HENRY. Until we cross that border we are never going to be just alright. *(Softly.)* The boy's no good to us anymore.

MIGSY. What are you saying?

HENRY. You know what I'm saying. He's just going to slow us down. And with as many pokers as we got combing the area looking for us-I'd say we're as good as cooked with a lame little git like him in our care. Look, he's practically

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dead already. Why don't we cut our losses and let's be done with him.

MIGSY. What do you suggest? *(Deadly pause.)* No. Not that.

HENRY. It wouldn't be my first time, Migs. You wouldn't have to do a thing. Just stand by and make sure nobody tries to stop me.

MIGSY. Jesus, I can't do that. Not after all he's done for us. Taking a bullet for us! Not when he's still got a chance.

HENRY. A chance!

MIGSY. Look, I put this whole thing together, I'm runnin' this show and I say we keep him in with us.

HENRY. *(Dangerous pause.)* Sure thing. You're the boss. But I'm going to stay here and keep looking out this window. You go ahead and be the wet nurse. It suits you real fine.

(The next several minutes continue on with nary a sound uttered by anyone in the room and-yes-I said minutes. There should remain a continued sense of anxiousness but the brunt of it has since decreased since the cop left. Migsy leans against the wall-going between awake and asleep. Henry keeps his steel eyes peeled out the window. Hardly blinking. Roy approaches his wife who has remained by Johnny Boy's side.)

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