

Gabriel

by

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GABRIEL SCENE I

LONDON, A DESERTED SIDE ALLEY JUST OFF LEICESTER SQUARE AT ABOUT 3AM IN THE MORNING. 1

(Geoff, a homeless black guy of 21 is sitting in a doorway. . . . Suddenly he jumps up waving the Big Issue and holding a loaf of bread)

GEOFF:
Big Issue sir?

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:
No.

GEOFF:
Please sir I'm desperate!

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:
I said no!

GEOFF:
Just pay what you like then sir?

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:
That's done it you little fucker!

GEOFF:
Oh no please don't, oh my god.

(Man in pinstripe punches Geoff in the head)

GEOFF:
Please don't sir, that hurt...?

(Man in pinstripe kicks the legs from under Geoff who falls down)

GEOFF: (Continued)
Oh don't sir. I beg you, please just leave me alone.

(GEOFF SCREAMS)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:
You lump of shit. You toe rag. You stupid fucking nigger, you know what?

(MORE)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE: (Continued)

I have a penthouse, another one out of town, a boat, a job, nice things. You have nothing but a fucking headache you cunt. Ha ha ha.

(GEOFF SCREAMS AGAIN)

GEOFF:

What have I done to you?

(Geoff is now gurgling and coughing up blood)

(Man in pinstripe kicks Geoff one last time. The sound of something snapping. Blood pours from Geoff's mouth.)

GEOFF: (Continued)

I can't breathe, my head, why...

(Man in pinstripe delivers one more kick to the head, and Geoff is motionless. Blood is starting to flow in torrents out of Geoff's mouth, all over the pavement and the loaf of bread)

SCENE 2

A WEST END CENTRAL POLICE STATION. THE MAN IN PINSTripES, A POLICEWOMAN AND A SOLICITOR. 2

POLICEWOMAN:

Why did you do it?

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

No comment.

POLICEWOMAN:

Ok, but we'll have the DNA evidence soon from your shoes and clothing and then we can tie it up with the body of the deceased at the mortuary.

(A knock on the door. A very tall blond man enters. He whispers something to the policewoman who leaves the room.)

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

Hello, I am Inspector Gabriel.

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

What the fuck do you want?

SOLICITOR:

I strongly advise you to stop swearing...

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

He was only some low life cunt who shouldn't have been here in the first place. I mean, what the fuck is someone doing at that time of the night. That stupid nigger is better off dead anyway...

SOLICITOR:

I strongly advise you not to say anything else. Can we have short break Inspector Gabriel.

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

Of course.

MAN IN PIN STRIPE:

I don't want a fucking break and I don't want this tosser representing me anymore and get the fuck out of here.

(The solicitor leaves.)

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

You've killed before, haven't you?

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

Yes I have you stuck up cunt

(Pause)

Sorry. Why am I saying sorry to you...I'm going to kill you too!

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

I don't think that's possible

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

Then you're more stupid than you look.

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

The man you first killed was...well let's deal with one case at a time. The guy you killed on Friday was born in Manchester Infirmary in 1987. His Mother was just 15 and the father unknown and...

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

Who are you? And why aren't you taping this or writing anything down...

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

Stop interrupting. As I was saying, Geoff was born in 1987 and he never really had a chance. His mother was a single parent and later was in an abusive relationship which is why Geoff was taken into care aged five.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR GABRIEL: (Continued)

At the age of 16 he left his foster parents after a series of arguments and came down to London where he's been living on the streets ever since. Dabbling in drugs and prostitution to survive, he would have been 22 next month and you killed him for the price of a cup of coffee.

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

Who are you? Why am I admitting stuff to you? The DNA thing can't possibly work either since I...

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

That's right. You've cleaned all your clothes and shoes and the police can't possibly connect you to the crime. There's not even a body in the mortuary but the police don't know that yet.

MAN IN PIN STRIPE:

So I'm free to go.

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

Yes, you can walk out right now and I promise no charges will ever be brought. Just like the first time you murdered a fellow human being.

(Man in pinstripe makes for the door)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

I don't know what game you're playing but I'm out of here.

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

You know it's the moment of truth.

(Man in pinstripe opens the door and then hesitates.)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

Who are you? You said I could go.

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

You are completely free to leave.

(Man in pin strip closes the door and sits down at the table)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

Look, I'd been drinking. I didn't want to kill him. My mother left me earlier that day which is why I was at the club. Who are you? If I could turn back the clock I would. What's happening to me, I've never felt this way before? I'm beginning to see everything clearly. I know who you are Gabriel.

(The man in pinstripe starts to cry.)

INSPECTOR GABRIEL:

My job here is done.

SCENE 3

LONDON'S WEST END IN A DESERTE
SIDE ALLEY JUST OFF LEICESTER
SQUARE ABOUT 3AM IN THE MORNING. 3

(Geoff, a homeless black guy of 21 is sitting in a shop doorway. Suddenly he jumps up waving The Big Issue and holding a loaf of bread.)

GEOFF:

Big Issue sir

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

That's a very tatty copy

GEOFF:

Been sleeping on it.

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

OK, give it me.

(A letter falls out of the paper and onto the pavement. The man in the pinstripes picks it up and reads it.)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE: (Continued)

I can't do it Gabriel, I'm sorry.

GEOFF:

Gabriel?

MAN IN PINSTRIPE:

I think you ought to leave.

(The man in the pinstripe reads the letter again.)

MAN IN PINSTRIPE: (Continued)

I really can't do this Gabriel

GEOFF:

Who you talking to mate?

(The man in pinstripes takes out a knife and plunges it into his own neck. Blood spurts everywhere.)

(Geoff SCREAMS but the man in
pinstripes is dead.)

*(Geoff drops the loaf which falls
into the blood.)*

THE END