

Crime of Passion

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The play opens in the middle of a "domestic dispute" - a MAN and a WOMAN are arguing, and it rapidly escalates.

WOMAN

When are you going to get a real job, that's what I'd like to know!

MAN

What do you mean, a real job? I go to work every fucking day - and for what? So you can sit around on your ass all day.

WOMAN

(sarcastically,
arms folded)
Oh yeah. That's what I do all day. Sit on my ass.
(angrily)
Who do you think looks after your kids?!

MAN

Sure as hell not you. Not if you're down at The Whistle doin' god knows what with god knows who -

WOMAN

(with disgust,
turning away)
Yeah well at least he can get it up.

MAN "loses it" and moves toward her, very aggressively.

INT. PRISON ROOM -- DAY

The man is meeting with his LAWYER.

LAWYER

You can't have it both ways.
Either you're in control of
yourself or you're not. IF you
are, then you're responsible
for what you do. And you do
the time.

MAN

How much time?

LAWYER

Life. You understand we can't
have someone who chooses not to
control himself loose in
society.

MAN

But -

LAWYER

Otherwise, I mean if you
genuinely can't control
yourself, then we can help you.
There's a new treatment for
men like you.

MAN

Men like me?

LAWYER

Men prone to testosterone
tantrums, likely as a result of
testosterone poisoning.

MAN

Testosterone poisoning?

Lawyer nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

What's that?

LAWYER

Well, apparently your body,
your, um, testicles are
producing an excessive amount
of testosterone.

Man nods in understanding.

MAN

(hopefully)

But there's a treatment?

LAWYER

Yes.

(clears throat)

We just remove them.

Beat.

FADE OUT

LAWYER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's simple, really.