Hiding Bodies

by Bear Kosik

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At Rise: A WOMAN sits in an office chair under a conical, hanging fixture that creates a circle of light near the center of the room. The room could be an interrogation room, a jail cell, or a room in a psychiatric ward. She sits a bit forward of the light initially, such that her face is illuminated only after she sits back. She is neither fragile nor unassuming. She is dressed in worn, casual clothes, including a jacket or hoodie that she removes early on as she gets more comfortable. She speaks as though she is addressing a cell mate, detective, or psychiatrist. She is genuinely proud of her work, gets the humor, and has no remorse.

WOMAN

It's funny how people joke about it being a good week if they didn't have to hide any bodies. Yeah, I mean, sure, okay, I get it. No one pissed ya off so much that ya had to take 'em down, right? Yeah, I get that part. I'm not cool with getting pissed either, ya know, well, except the way the British mean it. The way the British mean it, fuck, that's okay by me. Oh, excuse my language. Getting pissed with some JD or Guinness stout. It's all right. Yeah. … Been there, done that, got lucky. Got the goddamn t-shirt, too. Heh. Yeah. Closing time when ass is there for the taking. Hmm. That hour, fuck … Ah, damn! … My bad. Anyway, closing time. Who cares what's on the front side as long as the backside is worth grabbing? Ya know? That's enough to get me there all right. There and back, right? Oh, but, man, like I was saying, what do people have against hiding a body? That's a bad week? Whoa! If it were me, well, having to hide a body is like a kick-ass week! Kick. Ass. Ya know? Especially when it's like ya know it's still in one piece when ya have to deal with it. Think of the possibilities! I mean it blows my mind! Hot damn! Job like that really makes ya work, mind and body. Body, heh. No, muscles, right? Yeah, I'll tell ya. No need to waste money on a gym. Ya get a mighty fine workout moving meat around if ya do it often enough. It's not like they're gonna help, right? Just dead weight. Hah! That's good. Dead weight. Literally, man. Huh. Ya know I don't know

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if I like that word, literally. Literally…. Literally literally…. Can't say it twice sober let alone five times drunk. Ya know what I mean? … Damn! Can you imagine if cops started asking people at DUI checkpoints to say literally five times fast? Man, they'd be cuffing every fucker—oh, damn! There I go again. Sorry. What was I saying? Oh, yeah, ya know, hiding bodies. Making them like disappear. Like magic. Yeah, magic. That's what I'm talking about. It's a blast! I mean I had this roommate who was a serial killer. Well like he said he was but his resume was kind of thin when he moved in if you know what I mean. I told him, dude, ya gotta find some motivation, pick up the pace. Two don't make a party. If yer gonna put serial killer under employment experience, ya better have some stories to tell in the interview. Right? What they call anecdotal evidence. Shit. Anecdotal. Sounds kinda, ya know. Hell. Anec- damn! Can't say it without laughing now. … Hold on. … Lemme try. … Hold on. Okay. A-neck-doe-tal. There! Done! What was I … Oh, yeah. That roommate. I'll tell ya though. He showed me. He went to work. He was on the job. Bing, bang, boom. He showed me, all right. Three in two days. Good stuff, too. Three in two days, man that's, whoa, that's some work, specially when ya wanna do it right, ya know? He was particular. He didn't want them to see it coming. Which is a good thing. I mean, yeah, for them it was good since they didn't know they were about to get whacked. Yeah. Sweet. No pain, no worry. Like dying in yer sleep, right? That's the way people always say they want to go, right? Shit, that's for me, man. Over before ya know it. Heh …. Over before ya know it. Oh, wow! That's like poetry. … Over before ya know it. … Yeah, so my roomie got wood out of surprising them. That was sweet. Well, for me I mean. It's kinda hard not to feel sorry for them if they look like they saw it coming. Seriously. Who wants to have the sight of some dude's horrified mug stuck in yer head

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like a Barry Manilow song. That kind of shit will give ya nightmares, ya know? Anyhow I had a blast cleaning up his shit. I mean he left me with a lot of creative thinking to do. That's what I mean, mind and body. No, I'll get it. Mind and muscle. Yeah. First getting the bastard out of sight. Man, they say location, location, location is a big deal in real estate. Hell, those commission-based pussies don't know jack shit about how bad a bad location can be when ya have a pile of fresh dead guy sitting where it can be seen. Or, even better, how much trouble it is to find just the right spot. That, my friend, now that takes some leg work. I'll tell ya. Yeah. They weren't that easy to park, if ya know what I mean. But I managed. Yeah, bet I could write a book or something just off of the cleanup work I had with that roommate. Forty-seven ways to clean the scene. I like that, ya know. It rhymes. … Huh … Over before ya know it…. Heh…Yeah, those were the days. … It's kind of a shame he fell behind on his share of the rent, but what could he do. He couldn't take a second job cuz he sorta already had one, right? I suggested he maybe try some armed robbery or something, but he said killing really wasn't a transferable skill. I was like, I dunno. I mean, I get that, ya know. I guess. Me, I can work bagging groceries, tree-trimming crew for a utility company, waste disposal. Heh… Waste disposal. That's a good one, right? Not that I'm saying any of these guys were garbage. Hell no, man. This dude went for kinda respectable people. Well, like day job respectable. Yeah, he had a thing about guys who got obnoxious in sports bars after work. Ya know the type. He thought guys who get drunk and yell at a big screen TV, ya know, like the refs and players are going to hear them. He thought they needed to get a grip. Whatever. I thought about telling him ya can't change people. No sense just scratching at the problem, right? One down gonna be ten more in his place. But I thought naw, let him have his fun, make

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a statement. There's worse people to off right? Well not worse as in doing worse things. That I could see. Yeah but maybe he'd start going after some other annoying idiots who weren't causing as much trouble as those loud mouths screaming at a TV screen. Right? Of course the jerks spent all their dough on bets and booze so it wasn't like my roomie could make a living off of it. Man, I don't know what he was finding but it sure as hell wasn't a living wage. Get me. Living wage from killing people. Man. I told him he needed to be realistic, but what can ya do? His type are all OCD, ya know. Nothing else matters. Obsessed. A shame too. It was a good gig. I was happy. He was happy. Probably made a few wives happy their jackass drunk husbands never got home. Who knows. Huh. Yeah, I never thought about looking up the wives and, ya know, offering my condolences, shoulder to cry on. Heh. Heh? Who knows? … Naw … That's messed up. I shoulda asked him if he ever did that. Maybe that was his main motive. Huh. Too late now, right? Ya know I probably should have just like let the rent slide. I was enjoying myself. What can ya do? I was carrying his victims all over creation. I couldn't very well start carrying him financially. Besides, I had the perfect place for him all lined up, ya know, in the event. Ya always need to plan for these things. Work of art, I think. Didn't even mind it was my mess I was cleaning up. Not that I'd make it a habit. Double the work and nothing to show for a job well done. And on top of that, I never knew how tough it was to surprise a guy and take him down before he knew what was happening. Guess I never really appreciated how much effort he put into making sure everything was set up just right, ya know? Aw, I dunno. That part of it sure wasn't going to be a good career move for me. Then again, wasn't much point in finding a new regular gig hiding bodies for someone else, right? Kinda hard to duplicate a good thing like that. Yeah.

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Prolly just be disappointed. Anyway, I did check out Craigslist just to see, ya know, but I was done. Maybe it was getting too repetitive. Maybe, I thought, the whole thing was serendipity. Him and me were meant to work together for a while and then one of us had to call it quits. Anyway, how could I ever top number forty-eight? Not now, that's for sure. Who knows? Well, if the opportunity ever arises again man, we'll see. Maybe those brain cells of mine would enjoy a little more fun, Sure as hell beats solving the puzzles on Wheel of Fortune, right? I know. I'm already putting on some weight. Shit. Sure more fun than going to Planet Fitness, ya know. It was good while it lasted. That's what they say. Good while it lasted. Yeah, someday. That'll be a kick-ass week to look forward to, ya know? Hide some Grade A bodies. Fuck yeah. … Damn …. Sorry. My bad.

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