

# **Soon My Work**

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS  
BY JOSH FOX  
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**INTERNATIONAL WOW COMPANY PRESS 2001**

## Soon My Work

written by josh fox

was first produced by the International WOW  
Company

at The Milagro Theatre  
in the Clemente Soto Velez Cultural Center  
107 Suffolk St., New York City

May - June 2001

directed by josh fox

set design by david esler

sound and lighting design by josh fox

fight choreography by joel sanchez

With the following Cast:

Tom	Jason Fisher
Johnnie	Patrick McCaffrey
Mike	Alex Fox
Paul	Joel Sanchez
Ronnie	Aaron Unger
L	George Hannah
Officer Martinez	Dante Polichetti
Officer Kowalski	Peter Rodriguez
Felix	Ryan Edwards

The writing of Act II of *Soon My Work* benefitted immensely from an intense collaboration with this group of extremely generous actors.

*Soon My Work* was first workshopped by the International WOW Company in August of 2000 under the direction of Ron Russell.

**The International WOW Company** was founded in 1996 by Josh Fox and a culturally diverse group of performing artists who met as participants at the Bangkok-Berlin-Bali Rendezvous of Arts Festival in Bangkok, Thailand. Over the past five years, International WOW has become a pioneer of international theatre exchange, with annual residencies and exchanges with theatre artists from around the world with membership in more than ten different countries. International WOW Company projects seek to redefine the dramatic event in the ever-changing landscape of globalization. Projects range from multi-lingual internationally collaborative works, to plays that focus on the effects of globalization on a specific cultural location, like New York City, or Thailand. Through collaboration, International WOW aspires to find universal qualities that bring all communities to a mutual understanding of humanity.

**Check out [www.internationalwow.org](http://www.internationalwow.org)  
for more info**

**If you would like to produce SOON MY WORK, please  
call (212) 886-4551 or email [orifox@aol.com](mailto:orifox@aol.com) for  
permission.**

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*For Joel Doerfler, Brian Meehan,  
Edward Tayler and Ron Russell*

Characters:

## ACT I

TOM- Early thirties. Scruffy. Works as an elevator man. Ex-boxer who won the golden gloves at Madison Square Garden. Has a plaque on his desk in the basement that says, "Don't Help." Drinks some.

JOHNNIE- Late twenties. Tom's Younger brother. His girl left for to Florida in the middle of the night two days ago. Just got laid off his job at the the Wonder Bread factory in Jersey City. Plant moved to Guatemala. Likes to cry and lie on the street. Drinks some more.

MIKE- Eighteen or nineteen, Green. smart. Unlucky. Clean. Always wants to be on a first name basis. Can't see the walls. Bumps into them. Believes in individual rights. Believes in the truth. Believes in people. Picked on alot in High School.

PAUL- Slave to whistle, clock and bell. Weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street. A divorced divorce lawyer. No children. Mid forties. A man who's had enough. Jewish.

"L" and RONNIE: Saturday Night Club extractions who read the New York Post. Friends. "L" is African American and Ronnie is Cuban American.

Sgt. Martinez- Don't push him. He's not happy about working the 12 to 8 on Easter.

P.O. Kowalski- Business as usual.

Felix the Rookie- Nice sweet face. A decent human being under too much pressure. Three weeks out of the Academy.

Setting: ACT I: In Front of Port Authority Bus Terminal, 42nd Street entrance, New York City. The 42nd Street Entrance is the side entrance to the Terminal. It is not normally used late at night, the 24 hour entrances are on Eighth Avenue a block away. Although the side entrance is desolate at night it is well lit. Below the large overhead Marquee there are brickfaced steps leading up to four glass doors.

Although Times Square has gone through many changes in recent years, this particular block remains unchanged. It is still one of the seediest, strangest, least appealing corners in New York City. As the Audience walks into the theatre, they should be walking into the atmosphere of 42nd Street late at night. Loud music, cars honking, street denizens of all kinds should be walking around the theatre. The hustle-bustle, the sleaze, the dirt, the excitement should be in the air. Also a kind of desperation.

ACT II: A typical holding cell in the Midtown North Precinct. The first stop after being arrested. The cell is run down and dirty, like it hasn't been cleaned in a decade or so. Black dirty floor. Flourescent lighting. Long bench along the back wall. No toilet.

The play takes place on the Saturday night before Easter. At Rise it is 2am.

*At Rise: TOM stands over JOHNNIE in front of the steps of Port Authority Bus Terminal. JOHNNIE is slumped over on the street, drooling.*

TOM. YOU WANT THE WHAT???? THE TRUTH? You said...WHAT? You want the *truth*?

JOHNNIE. Yeah.

TOM. You're on the *ground* You're on the STREET. You're on the ground. WHAT? GET UP. LET'S GO.

*(JOHNNIE won't get up. Keeps rolling around. Keeps falling onto his face, his face hitting the pavement. JOHNNIE is very very drunk, but even more sad. The following scene can be seen as highly melodramatic and depressing, but it should not. It should never get morbid or maudlin. JOHNNIE's screams should be inventive, extreme and bizarre, not tragic, it should be kept light and funny as much as possible.)*

TOM. You're on the ground.

JOHNNIE. Yeeaaaws. That's what I want. What I wanted it to be here for.

TOM. That's what he wanted it to be for. You hear this, folks?

*(TOM tries to lift him up and he screams.)*

J O H N N I E . NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!  
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!  
NNNNNNNNAAAAAWWWWWWW. Yes. That's what I am.

TOM. GET UP. Holy Jesus. Get up. For a half an hour right? Already.

JOHNNIE. It's not raining. SO what...it's not raining...

TOM. Yeah, it's clear skies John. Smooth sailing John. Generally the forecast looks good John. Prospects are looking up John. Everything's coming up roses for fucking Christ

Johnnie. NOTHING COULD BE BETTER THAN THIS  
JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE. You wanna go? GO.

TOM. I ain't leavin you here. An you know it an you won't  
get-

JOHNNIE. It's real. It's true. It's real because it's true! IT'S  
REALITY MAN.

TOM. IT IS NOT. IT IS NOT REAL. It's not real. GET  
UP. It's christ almighty. HE WANTS THE TRUTH. Y'HEAR  
THAT? I'm not gonna fight with you over what's real now John.  
JOHNNIE!

JOHNNIE. I'm low. I'm low. I'm low. I need to be low.

TOM. You are that. You are.

JOHNNIE. Low.

TOM. BUT I AM NOT. I will not. I am not standing here  
for it. I will not stand y'hear me? Johnnie. Johnnie.  
Motherfucking bedwetting bloodletting ballbusting cocksucking  
piece of shit baby brother. GET UP. *(TOM lifts JOHNNIE to his  
feet)*

JOHNNIE. OK OK I'm up...See I'm up! *(JOHNNIE falls into  
TOM's arms.)*

JOHNNIE. She's....she's gone Tommy... she...she...

TOM. I know, kid, I know

JOHNNIE. That sonofabitch...gonna kill him....gonna kill that  
fuckin, MIKE...gonna...go down there... gonna...

TOM. C'mon Johnnie. C'mon Kiddo.

JOHNNIE. NOOO... NAO! LOOOOKK ATTTT  
MEEEEE!!!

*(JOHNNIE gets up. He has no control over his legs so he  
kind of walks in staggering circles.)*

Is this all...SHE...This? This? HUH? Where we are? THIS?  
SHE? *(Pointing beyond the audience, to God.)* YOU! YOU!  
YOU! YOU WERE SO HELPFUL IN THE BEGINNING  
BUT NOW YOU SUCK COCK! WHAT? THIS? THIS?  
HERE? YOU! I can't...

TOM. JOHNNIE. Johnnie, COME ON!

JOHNNIE. *(Falling to the ground again)*

Idon'thavenaythinganybodyanythingsarasotabradenton  
notgettingupnowaynotforyouoranybodynotonyoulife

buddynowaynotforyouoranotherdon'ttouchmei'llkillyou  
motherfuckeri'llgetherback

TOM. You're not making any sense, here pal. Just get up.  
C'mon. Johnnie, you're lying in glass.

JOHNNIE. *(quietly)* I want to die. I want to die.

*(Two men walk by on their way to a club, they are L and  
RONNIE. They are smoking a blunt. They stare at JOHNNIE.)*

JOHNNIE. HEY YOU I WANNA DIE!

L. *(To TOM)* You need to take your girl home.

TOM. C'MON. PEOPLE ARE WALKING BY HERE.  
Johnnie. C'mon now. You don't want to die now. We're in the  
middle of the street. C'mon kiddo. Don't say things like that.  
You don't want to die in the street. Let's go. Let's get straight.  
We'll go to a hotel. I'll put you up in a hotel, how about that?

JOHNNIE. PSSHET. A Hotel...

TOM. What's wrong with that?

JOHNNIE. Tommy?

TOM. Yeah.

JOHNNIE. Listen to me.

TOM. I am.

JOHNNIE. Quieter.

TOM. I AM!

JOHNNIE. We got no home.

TOM. Don't say that.

JOHNNIE. We got no home.

TOM. Don't say it.

JOHNNIE. LIE DOWN WITH ME!

TOM. NO!

JOHNNIE. Ok then take me to your place.

TOM. You know I can't do that. You know they don't have  
that. You know that.

JOHNNIE. Fine. Fine.

TOM. Johnnie.

JOHNNIE. I just wanna see what this looks like.

*(JOHNNIE picks up some glass from the street, cuts his hand  
open in the palm.)*

JOHNNIE. HA HA. HA HA.

TOM. JESUS CHRIST! Goddamnit. FUCK YOU THEN. You lie here and rot. You lie here and die. Asshole. AWWW JOHNNIE.

*(JOHNNIE is bleeding, he stares at his hand. He starts wiping blood on himself, on his shirt, tries to wipe some on TOM and falls over back on to his face.)*

JOHNNIE. Blood....my blood...

TOM. Jesus. Stop that. Stop that. Lemme see it. LEMME SEE IT. *(No response from JOHNNIE, he's passed out. TOM starts pacing.)* Fuck. Johnnie. Goddamn. Get up. *(TOM walks over to try and see if his hand is really cut badly)* Shit.

*(Another passerby walks by, stares at JOHNNIE and quickly leaves. TOM circles again.)*

TOM. Shit shit shit, man.

JOHNNIE. Just lie with me for a second then we'll go. I swear.

TOM. No.

JOHNNIE. Just lie with me. On the earth. On the ground. And we'll go. I swear.

TOM. For a second. For ten seconds.

*(TOM lies down next to JOHNNIE.)*

JOHNNIE. Why did she have to go Tommy? Weren't I no good?

TOM. I don't know man. I don't know.

*(A short silence. MIKE runs up to the doors of Port Authority, carrying a duffel bag over one shoulder. He bangs on the locked doors, obviously in a panic. They are locked.)*

MIKE. SHIT. Stupid...

*(He sees TOM and JOHNNIE lying on the street. He walks up to them.)*

MIKE. It's closed?

TOM. I don't know

MIKE. It's closed for Easter?

TOM. I don't know.

JOHNNIE. Its closed on 42nd you gotta go around 8th Avenue.

MIKE. Thanks.

*(MIKE walks off. MIKE comes back.)*

MIKE You guys okay?

TOM. Yeah. Fine.

*(MIKE walks off. MIKE comes back.)*

MIKE. You're bleeding you know that?

TOM. He's knows.

*(MIKE walks off. MIKE comes back.)*

MIKE. You guys need some help?

TOM. No. No thanks.

*(MIKE walks off)*

TOM. NINE...TEN. Okay let's go.

*(JOHNNIE screams. MIKE rushes back in).*

TOM. Ha ha. Yeah. He...he uh..won't get up. C'mon kid, let's not bother the nice people walkin here.

MIKE. It's okay. You okay man?

TOM. He's fine-

JOHNNIE. I'm gonna die.

TOM. SHUT UP. He's not gonna die. He's okay. His job went to Guatemala, his girl went to Florida. Whaddaya gonna do?

JOHNNIE. Whaddayagonnado?

MIKE. I'll get an ambulance.

TOM. No, no no that's really not necessary..

MIKE. He's bleeding.

TOM. Not bad.

JOHNNIE. I'm bleeding. I'm fuckin' dying here. Help me.

TOM. He just fell down, there's glass on the street.

JOHNNIE. I'll do it again. I'LL DO IT AGAIN!

MIKE. I should really call for an ambulance

TOM. No no no. Don't do that, look kid. Don't do that. This is a situation. This kinda thing happens. You call an ambulance, he cut himself, they put him in the mental. Y'understand. The way he's talking, in the mental for *suicide* and you can't leave until they say. Got it? He's gonna wake up in a world of shit as it is but not in the mental. Okay?

MIKE. I don't understand.

TOM. That's okay.

MIKE. They do that?

TOM. I can handle this on my own, no problem.

MIKE. Really, they do that?

TOM. What? What's this?

JOHNNIE. Tom?

MIKE. They keep you there? Against your will?

TOM. That's right.

MIKE. Wow. I never knew that. They take away your rights?

TOM. What? What are you talking about? What is this?

MIKE. His rights. Your rights.

TOM. Yes, I heard you. He's got a right to lie here and die and I'm taking it away. That's about it for rights.

JOHNNIE. TOM?

MIKE. That's your name, Tom?... Okay, I'll get his legs.

TOM. Don't touch him. Okay, nobody asked you.

MIKE. Lemme just give you a hand here, Jeez.

TOM. Thanks, I appreciate it, but I really think, no. Okay

MIKE. NO?

TOM. Look kid, what is this? What more do you want to know at this point in time? Huh? Beat it. Scram.

MIKE. What the hell man? I'm just trying to help you. I'm just saying, that that ain't right. What you said. All the same it ain't right.

TOM. No fucking kidding. You're a genius, you know that. I'm gonna write my congressman. That just ain't right. No siree.

JOHNNIE. That ain't right. Ain't right.*(repeats)*

TOM. You got him goin here. He's crying now. You're making my baby brother cry.

MIKE. Sorry. I was just trying to help. I'm sorry.

TOM. Look, Sparky--

MIKE. Mike.

TOM. Look, Mike, I appreciate your concern and all, but *this* is a family thing. He's my brother, so we're like, family. Like Christmas, you do it alone, with your family. So unless...you got some place to be? You understand me? This is between me and the kid.

JOHNNIE. CHRISSMUSS! I LOVE CHRISSMUSS!!!

*(Getting up and going towards MIKE)*

TOM. Johnnie, boy. Get away from him. Johnnie.  
JOHNNIE!

*(JOHNNIE is approaching MIKE with his bloody hand outstretched, TOM is following him-)*

TOM. Johnnie. You're gonna bleed all over this nice...JOHNNIE!

*(JOHNNIE lunges at MIKE. TOM jumps in front and punches JOHNNIE in the face knocking him out.)*

TOM. Now look what you made me go and do. You like that. You like that right? The both of you. The two of you. You like that? Are you some kinda...MIKE, Okay, uh, MIKE,

MIKE. You didn't have to do that. I'm okay.

TOM. Yeah, you're fine. Now, you got some place to be...

MIKE. Well...*(pause)* Well, no. Actually, I don't. Um...

TOM. O god.

MIKE. I don't, uh, have any place to go, to be.

TOM. Well, this is not one either.

MIKE. I mean I do, but...I can't...No. I'm leaving in the morning and...I don't have anywhere to go. I been kicked out, my Dad, well... not really kicked out but I can't go back. My Dad... So... Um. I'm out here. I'm out here walking. I don't know why, but, um, i could help you. In some way. See I...

TOM. Look, pal--

MIKE. Mike.

TOM. Look, Mike, I feel bad I really do. I'm all for these people got stories. But the problem is, everybody's got one.

We've all got twelve or eight, you know? So... I can't hear it right now? So you could help me lift my brother onto the steps here and then goodnight til judgement day, okay?

MIKE. Yes. Yes. Fine. Great.

TOM. So get his arms...

*(SGT. MARTINEZ and Police Officer KOWALSKI enter. They stop and Stare at MIKE, TOM and JOHNNIE. They look up.)*

TOM. Hello, Officer, Sir, nice night we're having. Can we be of service to you?

SGT. MARTINEZ. This is public property.

JOHNNIE. This is pubic property. Get away from my pubic property-

TOM. Yes, Perhaps. That's how it may look. But he's just a kidder, and we're just settling up over here...on our way. Really no problem here, actually.

MARTINEZ. Let's see some ID.

TOM. Yes, of course...um...See...

JOHNNIE. HEY COPS!

*(TOM hands over his license. JOHNNIE hands over his, rolls down the steps then falls back asleep on his face.)*

TOM. ...That's John. He's my brother. I'm Tom, I run the elevator over at 299 Park. Well, one of em. Actually, I don't really know this guy. He's just happening along.

MARTINEZ. *(to MIKE)* You?

MIKE. What's the problem?

TOM. Look, officer..I just met this guy..he's not too with it...

MIKE. What's the problem. What's the charge?

MARTINEZ. Up against the wall. I said, up against the wall, kid, now.

MIKE. What? For what?

TOM. KID, look--

MIKE. Mike.

TOM. Mike--

MARTINEZ Let's start over, let's see some ID or you're going in. No ID. You go in. You want that? Save yourself some trouble here.

TOM. Excuse me, Officer, can I have a word with you here, this is just a little thing. My brother had a few too many, that's true, his job went to Guatemala, his girl went to Florida. We're just on our way really. This man was kind enough to offer us some assistance and that's the basic situation...

MIKE. Wait a minute. If I don't have an ID on me I go to jail? You take me to jail, if I don't have an ID?

MARTINEZ. Yes.

MIKE. I just want to know this. Is that true?

That's against the law?

TOM. Yes.

OFFICER KOWALSKI. Yes.

MIKE. I don't drive. What a Bus Pass?

MARTINEZ. Okay, You, up against the wall. Both of you. We call an ambulance, for him this ain't a hospital here.

*(MIKE and TOM get up against the wall)*

MIKE. What did we do?

TOM. MIKE--

MIKE. Shit. This isn't right.

KOWALSKI. Empty your pockets. Place the contents on the ground in front of you. If I find anything that I'm not supposed to find. I touch a needle or a razor blade I'm gonna get freaky and kill you. You don't want me to get freaky.

TOM. I don't know this kid.

MARTINEZ. I don't know him either.*(Into his police radio)*  
I've got a white male around age thirty passed out on the steps of

...

MIKE. Hey. Leave him alone. He didn't do anything wrong. Get away from him. Don't make him go to the mental. He can't go to the Mental. Don't take him to the mental.

MARTINEZ. ...to the MENTAL???? The mental?

MIKE. I hit him. It was me-

*(MIKE rushes towards SGT. MARTINEZ. He is stopped and thrown to the ground by P.O. KOWALSKI.)*

MARTINEZ. That's it. That's good.

*(KOWALSKI cuffs MIKE and starts going through his pockets.)*

MIKE. *(On the ground)* You're fuckin with the wrong buncha guys here.

MARTINEZ. OK. I'm impressed already.

MIKE. Read me my rights If I'm under arrest. That's supposed to happen. Read me my rights.

MARTINEZ. These guys don't read the papers. We don't have any more bullshit.

MIKE. Don't you guys might have somethng better to do. LOOK OUT there's somebody double parked over there.

*(MARTINEZ. violently rears up. He covers his badge with one hand, raises his night stick over JOHNNIE's head, like he's gonna hit JOHNNIE, who is lying on the ground.)*

MARTINEZ. WHAT'S THIS? You want some bullshit? HUH? Is that what you want? THIS IS MY PROPERTY. This motherfucker's passed out ON MY PROPERTY. You hit this guy isn't that what you said. You hit him right? Officer didn't he say that?

KOWALSKI. Yes he did.

MARTINEZ. Yeah, I heard that. HUH? You got something to say now? DIDN'T THINK SO.

*(P.O. KOWALSKI pulls a card out of MIKE's pocket.)*

KOWALSKI. What the fuck?

MARTINEZ. What?

KOWALSKI. Kid's got a PBA card.

MARTINEZ. You got a PBA card. You got a goddamn Patrolman's Benevolent Association card? Where'd you get this. Who'd you steal this from. Answer me

MIKE. My...my Dad.

MARTINEZ. He's on the force? He's on the job?

KOWALSKI. Your Pop?

*(KOWALSKI uncuffs MIKE)*

MIKE. He's in the 24 uptown.

MARTINEZ. In the 24?

MIKE. Yeah.

MARTINEZ. My condolences.

MIKE. Yeah He's a Captain up there.

KOWALSKI. What the hell are you doing kid?

MARTINEZ. I feel sorry for you kid.

KOWALSKI. You should do your father better. You're gonna mess him up with this kinda crap.

MIKE. I know. I'm all fucked up. My family's all fucked up by what's going on up there.

MARTINEZ. I'm gonna make this one easy on myself. I don't feel like doing the paperwork. Clear outta here that's it. *(To P.O. KOWALSKI)* Let's go. Don't break anything...

*(COPS leave. Silence, a beat, JOHNNIE groans in his sleep.)*

MIKE. DAMN. GODDAMNIT.

TOM. ...

MIKE. DAMN. DAMN man. DAMN. DAMN. I don't think they would have hit him. They wouldn't have hit him. They can't do that right?

TOM. ...

MIKE. GODDAMN. DAMN. DAMN. But somebody's gotta stand up to that, right?

TOM. ...

MIKE. Is he okay? GODDAMNIT. I'm so stupid. Is he okay?

TOM. ...

MIKE. DAMN...But somebody's gotta stand up to them. Somebody's gotta tell em to their face. I know my rights. Right?

TOM. ...

MIKE. did you get their badge numbers? Did you see their names. Did you hear that guy? I have to tell him who I am just to walk down the street. Right? C'mon. What's the matter. This doesn't get you angry? What the fuck is going on here?

TOM. ...

MIKE. Tom?

TOM. Lemme ask you a question. Is your Dad really a cop?

MIKE. Yeah.

TOM. A Captain.

MIKE. Yeah, he was Captain of the 24th. Is. He is.

TOM. Which is it?

MIKE. He is.

TOM. And you don't just straight up tell em this.

MIKE. Why should I tell them that?

TOM. No?

MIKE. NO.

TOM. That makes me angry.

MIKE. ME? At me? No I would not say that. And I will not.  
And I shouldn't have.

TOM. Kid-

MIKE. Mike.

TOM. They'll just shoot you.

MIKE. ...

TOM. That's all it'll be, they'll just shoot you and that's it.

MIKE. Fine. That'd make the papers.

TOM. Don't you know you just you jerk em off and they  
leave you alone. They just want you to kiss their asses, and they  
go.

MIKE. Not me. Not anymore, no.

TOM. But me and him don't know you.

MIKE. Is he alright?

TOM. What is this about? You know him? He know you?

MIKE. No, no. What do you mean? No.

TOM. Well what? He could wake up here tomorrow, he's  
fine. Wouldn't be the first time.

MIKE. I know my rights.

TOM. Well they don't. And I wouldn't and it's beside the  
point because I don't know you so back there it's not for you to  
decide if I am. Right? It's up to me. Right? And that's it. So  
let's move it. I am and you are and that's it. Right? I'm right  
and you know it.

MIKE. What are you doing here then? TOM? What are you  
doing out here? If that's it then just pick him up and go.

TOM. I will. I am.

MIKE. Okay.

TOM. Good.

MIKE. Fine.

TOM. Fine.

MIKE. Good

TOM. What is this a *conversation*?

MIKE. YES. It is, yes. It is a conversation, yes. We are talking together.

TOM. No we're not.

MIKE. What are you talking about, yes we are.

TOM. No.

MIKE. What is that? WHAT IS THAT? That you are doing?

TOM. What?

MIKE. ...

TOM. Okay, so good bye.

MIKE. ...

TOM. Good bye.

MIKE. ...

TOM. C'mon. Say good bye. C'mon.

MIKE. I'm...

TOM. Mike. Hey. Look. You seem like a nice kid. You're pretty mixed up. You got problems, you know that right? You got problems. Just go home. GO home and think it over.

MIKE. I can't... I can't go home

TOM. I'm sure whatever it is you and your folks you'll be able to work it out. Go home watch TV..

MIKE. I need help. I need... I can't go home tonight. I'm...I'm supposed to..

TOM. Uh-huh

MIKE. I'm going into the Marines tomorrow?

TOM. Come again?

MIKE. I'm going into the Marines?

TOM. On Easter?

MIKE. Yeah. You never heard of that?

TOM. You're serious.

MIKE. Signed up three weeks ago.

TOM. OK

MIKE. I want a horse.

TOM. OK

MIKE. It's important.

TOM. Okay.

MIKE. Alright alright, I'm going.

TOM. Good bye.

MIKE. Look, uh. Hey. Um. Bless me. I mean, could you do something for me. Last thing, okay? Do me a favor. Could I ask you to do me a favor?

TOM. ...

MIKE. Bless me.

TOM. Excuse me?

*(MIKE takes out a small vial.)*

MIKE. Bless me. This is holy water. My Mom makes me carry it around. So could you please? This would help me. Okay. Please? Bless me.

TOM. ME?

MIKE. Yeah. Its fine, anybody can do it.

TOM. You're serious.

MIKE. I need it.

TOM. You got a point.

MIKE. Just put it on your fingers and cross--

TOM. I know how to do it.

*(TOM takes the vial. Turns it over so the water gets on his fingers and crosses MIKE.)*

God Bless You.

MIKE. Phew. Okay, man, thanks. Thanks alot.

*(MIKE starts to leave, TOM stops him.)*

TOM. Look, wait a minute. You go shooting your mouth off like that you ain't gonna last long. You know, the Marines, they got...friendly fire. Target practice, They got guns grenades, accidents happen, and so forth...So just don't do anything dumb, just be careful ..okay...Do it right.

MIKE. I want to.

TOM. Okay.

MIKE. Thanks.

TOM. Okay. Good luck, kid. Sweet dreams.

*(MIKE leaves. TOM looks around, like what next?)*

TOM. Jesus. Okay Kiddo. C'mon. Closing time.

JOHNNIE. *(stirring)* I had a dream.

TOM. Don't tell me.

JOHNNIE. Were you singing me a song?

TOM. No.

JOHNNIE. I had a dream you were singing me a song.

TOM. I told you not to tell me.

JOHNNIE. Sing me a song. Sing me "Soon My Work".

TOM. I'm not singing to you in the street, no way.

JOHNNIE. C'mon Tommy, sing me "Soon My Work".

TOM. Goddamnit. I don't sing in the street. So no. Y' hear me, NO. I don't sing in the elevator and I don't sing in the street. So C'mon.

JOHNNIE. Sing me and we'll go.

TOM. Forget it Johnnie. I can see what's going on here. I can see it. Clearly.

JOHNNIE. Pop would sing if I asked him.

TOM. ...

JOHNNIE. Pop'd sing anywhere. In the house, on the street, in the shower, chasing a broom, he'd sing that song.

TOM. Well this isn't then and I ain't him and this is right here and that's over. Over a long time ago. The old man is dead and gone. Y'hear me? And I ain't singing out here. Out here is disrespectful to him.

JOHNNIE. Old man'd sing anywhere.

TOM. Well I ain't the Old Man, and I ain't singing his song out in the street. It's not a good idea, okay? I wish he was around, too. I really do, but he's not.

JOHNNIE. How can you say that?

TOM. What? I can't say that? Fuck you. You gotta do that now. You gotta do this now? I can't have that?

JOHNNIE. You hit him.

TOM. What?

*(TOM jumps onto JOHNNIE grabs him by the lapels of his jeans jacket. Throws him down.)*

TOM. WHAT YOU SAY TO ME?

JOHNNIE. Tommy. Stop it.

TOM. Don't you ever ever say that shit to me again. EVER.

JOHNNIE. Okay, okay you're right. Sorry.

TOM. I'm outta here.

*(TOM walks off)*

JOHNNIE. Shit. TOMMY you're right, you're right. Okay. Okay, fine, go. You go. I'm going to sit here and cry like a man. I didn't mean it like that. I didn't mean it like that.

*(TOM returns.)*

TOM. Don't ever. EVER.

JOHNNIE. Tommy. Everybody knows you didn't mean it.

TOM. Who's everybody?

JOHNNIE. Me.

TOM. Well I don't.

JOHNNIE. No you didn't. You just hit him. You didn't mean to-

TOM. You mean to do this? You mean to do all this here?

JOHNNIE. I had a hand in it...

*(TOM sings. At first he struggles, but he soon finds the right key and blasts the song. It is beautiful and powerful.)*

Soon my work will all be done.

Soon my work will all be done.

Soon my work will all be done.

I'm goin home to live with my lord.

And the Chariot's waitin to carry me home.

The Chariot's waitin to carry me home.

The Chariot's waitin to carry me home.

I'm goin home to live with my lord.

*(MIKE re-enters. He has been listening.)*

MIKE. That was beautiful.

*(TOM and JOHNNIE look up. JOHNNIE starts laughing hysterically. TOM starts, hugely embarrassed and paces frantically.)*

TOM. OH MY GOD get outta here.

MIKE. No, I mean it. That was really beautiful.

TOM. You don't get it. Get outta here.

JOHNNIE. Tom. Let the kid alone. Tom?

MIKE. You a singer?

TOM. NAA NO. We're done. We're done. God bless you we're done.

JOHNNIE. We're in the middle of the street.

TOM. Yes, thank you.

MIKE. I didn't know it was you. I just heard singing. I just heard singing. I don't have anywhere to be until-

TOM. Shut up would you just shut up. You keep talking. I can't even think here. I'm trying to think and I can't. You keep talking.

JOHNNIE. You know this guy?

TOM. No.

MIKE. My name's Mike. We met before.

JOHNNIE. I met you?

MIKE. Yes. Well, sort of. Um, Hello.

JOHNNIE. Who is this guy?

TOM. I don't know.

MIKE. Mike.

JOHNNIE. Mike?

MIKE. Mike.

JOHNNIE. Tom?

MIKE. Mike.

JOHNNIE. Mike, huh? (*an inside joke*) The father of my son's name is Mike.

TOM. Oh, god.

MIKE. Oh...Hi, Mike.

JOHNNIE. Oh so you're a detective now.

MIKE. (*laughs*) Yes. I guess. I dunno. (*Making a joke*) I'm not very good undercover.

JOHNNIE. Well that's a personal problem I don't know anything about that.

MIKE. What?

TOM. Jesus.

MIKE. I have a problem?

TOM. Yes, you do.

MIKE. Tom.

JOHNNIE. You know him?

TOM. No.

MIKE. There's no reason to get upset.

TOM. Oh no. There's no reason to get upset. Never a reason to get upset. Never at all. I'm only stuck in front of the Port

Authority with him who is drunk and bleeding and won't get up and you who is a Martian in need of a brain scan sneaking up on me when I'm singing and you're talking about rights and you are related to cops and wants a horse and I could piss all over your fucking head and I would be relieved and him too, and this is what I should be spending my Saturday evening doing. What's next Easter bunny? You're both retarded. And I don't know you man. I don't know you so you don't listen to me sing.

MIKE. I'm sorry.

TOM. Should never sing in the street.

JOHNNIE. Tom.

TOM. Goddamnit I'm gonna kick you lyin there. Be quiet.

MIKE. I can't help it.

TOM. Well, neither can I.

JOHNNIE. Tom-

MIKE. I got it.

TOM. Get on the train.

MIKE. I'm sorry.

TOM. Get on the train.

MIKE. Sorry. I just can't...

TOM. I think I hear it coming..

MIKE. What?

TOM. The train, the train. The fucking train.

MIKE. What am I doing wrong?

TOM. What?

MIKE. I said, what am I doing wrong? Did I do something wrong? If I have could you just tell me then I won't keep doing that then.

TOM. You're missing your train.

MIKE. What do I do?

TOM. You do?

MIKE. Yes. What do I do? Now.

TOM. You're asking me?

MIKE. Yes.

TOM. What you should...DO?

MIKE. Yes.

TOM. What YOU SHOULD DO. YOU SHOULD...you... Advice?

MIKE. Yes.

*(MIKE sits down next to TOM on the steps.)*

TOM. Take two steps back, think about it and punt. Only advice I ever give. Two steps back, think about it and punt.

*(MIKE pauses. He takes two steps back, but the glass doors are in his way, so he opens the door and steps through them. The glass doors separating him from TOM and JOHNNIE. He thinks a second, and kicks the glass doors with his steel toe boots extremely hard, shattering the bottom panel of one of the doors. Cubes of shattered safety glass fly all over TOM and JOHNNIE. They are stunned. MIKE comes back through the doors and sits down next to them).*

MIKE. Good advice.

JOHNNIE. WOOOOO HOOOOOO! Holy shit.

TOM. I don't know you.

JOHNNIE Holy shit.

MIKE. Wow.

TOM. *(looking back at the door)* Holy Shit. Kid you're crazy.

JOHNNIE. Do the other one.

TOM. NO. no. You just sit here. Don't move. I don't know anything about this.

JOHNNIE. He took your advice.

TOM. Let's go.

JOHNNIE. He did what you told him to do.

TOM. What?

JOHNNIE. Don't get mad, you told him.

TOM. IT WAS METAPHORICAL. I WAS SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY. LET'S GO!

JOHNNIE. I like this.

TOM. We had a deal.

MIKE. I feel better.

JOHNNIE. C'mon Tom.

TOM. Johnnie, you're lying in glass. You're sitting in the glass door. You're sitting in glass.

JOHNNIE. So?

TOM. JOHN. Johnnie, WE gotta go. WE made a deal.

JOHNNIE. What about this guy?

MIKE. Mike.

JOHNNIE. Yeah, what about Mike?

TOM. JOHNNIE.

JOHNNIE. I like him.

TOM. Johnnie

JOHNNIE. Tom C'mon.

*(TOM refuses to look at MIKE. If he looks at him he might go crazy.)*

TOM. JOHN. There is no one else here. It's you and me. There is nobody else out here that I can see. If I see anybody else out here I might have to beat the shit out of him. So you see there is no one else here at all. AND YOU should go to bed. You had a long day. WE made a deal.

JOHNNIE. Asshole.

TOM. JOHN. You fuck. JOHN. I'm gonna make you.

JOHN. John John John. JOHNNIE.

MIKE. Why do you keep calling him John?

TOM. What? Did I hear something. I must be hearing voices. I didn't hear anything.

MIKE. You keep calling him John.

TOM. JOHN is his name. That's his name, he's my brother.

*(JOHNNIE is really laughing)*

MIKE. His name is Mike. He told me his name is Mike. Like I'm Mike.

TOM. NO. You stop. You stop and you stop. Everybody Stop. You stop laughing. You stop...You you don't exist. Stop it.

MIKE. Sorry.

TOM. Stop that. Stop saying that.

*(TOM staggers away screaming JOHNNIE is laughing. TOM starts jumping up and down. He starts jumping up and down and grunting like an animal. It is a kind of outburst. Trying to get rid of it, trying not to do something stupid. He finishes. He bends down, a short silence.)*

MIKE. He said his name was Mike.

TOM. *(Still bent over)* His name is John. The father of his son's name is MIKE. That clear up the confusion for you, MIKE?

MIKE. What?

TOM. JOHN.

JOHNNIE. (*Laughing turns into crying*) Call me Mike. Call me Mike. I wish I was Mike. I wish I was that fucker. (*JOHNNIE holds up a airline ticket receipt*) SARASOTA-BRADENTON....She she she went to..and I found this in the drawer of the...Where the FUCK is Sarasota Bradenton?

MIKE. Oh...

Mike is...

TOM. Ssshhhhh....

JOHNNIE. SARASOTA-BRADENTON. Sarasota Bradenton. Sarasota Bradenton. Delta Flight 4476. Sarasota Bradenton. (*repeats through tears*)

TOM. Johnnie. Johnnie, quit it. Quit it. Johnnie. What are you saying. Stop. What are you saying?

MIKE. Wait a minute...Sarasota-Bradenton. Is that what you're saying? I been there. In Florida.

JOHNNIE. Yeah?

MIKE. Yeah. It's nice. They have a manatee there. His name is Snooty. And there's a Planetarium.

(*TOM just looks out, stunned.*)

JOHNNIE. FLORIDA?

MIKE. Yeah it's in Florida.

JOHNNIE. Tell me more.

MIKE. There's not much else.

JOHNNIE. More.

MIKE. It's real sunny.

TOM. Okay. I give up. I'm sitting down. I'm sitting down here for the rest of my life. I sit. I'm just sitting here. We don't go anywhere. We're gonna stay right here at the Port Authority not going anywhere. NOT GOING ANYWHERE! You here me? Other people are going other places, we are staying right here. Tomorrow morning the buses are coming in and going out and people coming and going to and fro, hither and fucking yon, freely moving about the face of the godforsaken earth, BUT NOT US. We will be sitting here in front of the Port Authority til Kingdom Come. Right here. That's our deal. Right here! Damn, if I'm moving. MIKE, Tell us about Florida.

JOHNNIE. Talk about Florida.

MIKE. Really?

TOM. Yes, really.

MIKE. Oh, okay. Umm...yeah...sure. Florida. Well..it's...Florida... its amazing...it's beautiful. I have been there about five or six times. My Dad likes it there. He says he's gonna move there someday. The whole place is clean. Very clean. The whole state. And the sun is so bright you can't go outside without sunglasses. And everywhere is air conditioned and it has that smell, of carpeting and air-conditioners. (*Johnnie sighs*) and its all hotels and fun places to be, like mini-golf and there's water slides and amusement parks and beaches and..but...well... its all so beautiful, you know, like a postcard...and..but, but, I was never...I mean you get the feeling that you should be and could be IF you were...

JOHNNIE. What?

MIKE. Well...

JOHNNIE. Tell us the good part.

MIKE. Okay, Lemme think.

TOM. The good part.

MIKE. I'm thinking.

JOHNNIE. The good part.

TOM. C'mon Mike, the good part.

MIKE. Gimme a second-

TOM. C'mon Mike, I'm sitting here, the good part.

MIKE. I mean, that is the good part, that was the good part... That's the good part, the place, the place of what it is...the thing that it is..but the other part is.. I mean you, you're not...Because you feel that you should be *in it*, you know, but you're not,this place, the actual good part is,...NO!.. Because you get the feeling that...it's all for this kinda other person, and not you somehow, I mean it's so beautiful and it's this thing that you want to be, like this person that you want to be and it's all right there and the rides and all this, but it's not you and you are not you in it and it feels wierd and...you're, like, not really there, but you feel that you could be if your life could change to be like that thing that is there that you can see that you want which is what you came here for, you know, I think, this place which is Florida which is everything that you want somehow is not at all as, like, I mean, REAL as what the place is that you came from which is, you know, you thought, not as good as Florida, so it's that everything is BAD... but you might as well go home because you're not

going to change your whole life because of Florida and you can't change your whole life because of it, because of the mini-golf and that is what you come to and it's not a good feeling and then you're all ready to leave and you're thinking get me back to New York and you're practically dying to get on the plane and there are all of these people telling you how great it is and what a good time you had and you're saying yes yes that's true and smiling but inside you're dying to get out of there and then you do and you get back here and it's LaGuardia, which is just like the Port Authority really and people are pissed off and it's so dirty and you get here and you think, shit I blew it...I really blew it..., I gotta go, I gotta get back to Florida and change my whole life and live on the beach and wear sandals... But it's too late...too late to go back to Florida because this thing is already in motion and once you get back home you forgot about it all, once the phone rings and it's for you and someone is saying, hey hey how was Florida and you tell them it was great. ...and it's all over at that point because that thing that was there to tell you that something was wrong is gone, like a dream and it's gone, and it's all a part of your imagination anyway...right?

TOM. ...

JOHNNIE. ...

MIKE....

JOHNNIE. LaGuardia's like here?

MIKE. Yeah.

JOHNNIE. Huh.

MIKE. You never been to Florida?

JOHNNIE. No. I wish I could go though.

MIKE. Wait a minute You wanna go?

JOHNNIE. Yeah, a' course.

MIKE. We...could go. You wanna go?

TOM. Where Florida? yeah that'd be terrific.

MIKE. *Florida*. We could get a bus. I got some money.

JOHNNIE. What do you mean? Really?

MIKE. Yeah. REALLY. You wanna go?

JOHNNIE. YES YES YES YES YES HOLY SHIT YES!

TOM. Uh...I don't want to get up-

MIKE. You wanna go really?

JOHNNIE. YES. HOLY SHIT. YES. LET'S GO! Let's go to Florida!

TOM. I don't wanna get up-

JOHNNIE. REALLY?

MIKE. Yes, really.

JOHNNIE. Baby I'm comin down there, and I'm gonna coco butter you up.

TOM. I don't want to get up-

JOHNNIE. Tom. Tommy. Tommy! Let's go to Florida!

MIKE. ALL RIGHT!!!!

JOHNNIE. Really. You got money?

MIKE. Yes. Really.

TOM. You don't want me to get up.

JOHNNIE. I'm goin. Fuck you Tom. I'm going to Florida I gotta go. We could go?

MIKE. Yeah

JOHNNIE. He says we could go what do you know?

TOM. You don't want me to get up.

JOHNNIE. I'm going.

TOM. I'm getting up. We...cannot go to FLORIDA. WE ABSOLUTELY CANNOT GO TO FLORIDA. You. The two of you. This is not some fucking disneyland fairy tale. This is not Sleeping Beauty. WHO ARE YOU? Who the fuck are you. Stop sayin this shit to him. I got work, Monday. I got to go to a job that I hate on Monday. I'm in the Union. And this man. This man has gotta dry up and go straight to unemployment. So no more of this shit. Nobody asked you. Don't help. No more HELP.

*(TOM is starting to leave. JOHNNIE'S expression is blank, dead, comatose, He is leaning on TOM.)*

TOM. And, oh yeah, by the way, they don't have any fucking horses in the Marines.

MIKE. What do you mean yes they do.

TOM. No they fucking don't.

MIKE. Yes. I saw it in the commercial.

TOM. No.

MIKE. Yes they do.

TOM. No. I tell you no.

MIKE. Not any?

TOM. Where? On the boats? On the fucking air-craft carriers? You want a horse go to Texas. Or Wyoming. Or one of the fucking Dakotas.

MIKE. Fine. Fine. I believe you. I could go there, maybe. Maybe Wyoming. That sounds nice. I get it.

TOM. Yeah well get it some place else. Get it in Wyoming. Not here. Not in New York City.

JOHNNIE. FUCK YOU TOM I'M GOING.

*(JOHNNIE collapses in front of MIKE. Starts playing with MIKE's shoelaces.)*

MIKE. I just wanted to help.

TOM. You can't. You can't help.

MIKE. Why not?

TOM. It is not possible to help. Ever. At all. Okay?

MIKE. Yes it is.

TOM. What can you do? What can you do? This is New York City. What can you do about it? You are not allowed. You cannot help people who you meet on the street. You cannot help random people who you don't know on the street, ever. You may think you can, but you can't. You don't know them. And even if *nobody knows them*, you still fucking can't because you still fucking don't. And it doesn't fucking matter what happened to you or who you are or what you think because it doesn't matter and anyway tomorrow you're going to wake up and you're not even going to remember that any of this happened. So you definitely cannot help. And anyway we don't need help.

MIKE. People do that. Just get on a bus, right.

TOM. Not when they can't walk.

*(TOM leans over JOHNNIE. JOHNNIE pushes TOM off him by kicking him in the stomach.)*

JOHNNIE. I can walk. I could walk sure. All the way to Poughkeepsie!

MIKE. People get on buses. All sorts of people.

TOM. *(Rears up with anger)* Oh yeah, that's right. That's right, Johnnie can walk to Poughkeepsie. Johnnie knows everything about Poughkeepsie. Johnnie loves Poughkeepsie. He loves it there. He stayed for three whole weeks, right? Remember that? How'd that go? Johnnie walked to Poughkeepsie, one springtime. Oh there he is, corner of Mercy and Grand. There he is. Standin on the corner. One shoe on.

Can't find the other shoe. What the hell happened my other shoe?

JOHNNIE. You tell 'em. What happened?

TOM. Didn't tell anyone where he was going. Just walks outta the house one day at age sixteen. Three weeks later he's in Poughkeepsie with one shoe. He's got three cigarettes left in the pack. SO he gets depressed, Johnnie does. You still wanna go? And, mind you, he's *still Johnnie* so he goes to a bar. And he's *still Johnnie* even having walked all the way to Poughkeepsie over hill and dale, briar and bush, he's *still Johnnie* SO three hours later he winds up like this. Face down on the great maw. He's on the ground. But it don't feel right. It don't smell right. It ain't home is it?

JOHNNIE. Grass.

TOM. You still wanna go? Looks in his pockets. A dollar ninety eight. And...what's this? The old man's .22. Forgot I brought that. Its loaded even. Now I don't know exactly what happened... You'll have to ask Johnnie personally if you see him. You still wanna go? But he stands there and draws the pistol. Took out a couple a mailboxes with the first three shots. What is he waiting for a fight? Is that what he's doing? Trying to figure out who to shoot. But I guess there's nothing to shoot. Not in Poughkeepsie. No attackers. No cops. No Bankrobbers, no cat-burgulars, no mohawked war whooping savage. You wanna go? Dollar ninety eight, No cigarettes. One shoe. Then the thought.

*(TOM lifts the imaginary gun to his head.)*

TOM. Get thee behind me Satan! KA-BANG!

JOHNNIE. YEAH!

TOM. So in all of five hours he's splattered his brain all over Ol' Dry Creek road in Poughkeepsie. You wanna go away?

JOHNNIE. YEAH!!!! YEAH!!!!

TOM. But he missed. Right Johnnie? Just an inch off the mark... Just an inch, right Johnnie?

JOHNNIE...

TOM. RIGHT JOHNNIE?

JOHNNIE. Tom-

TOM. Just an inch off the mark with a goddamn .22 And we get a call from the mental in Poughkeepsie. And they won't let

him out for a month. Not much to do in Poughkeepsie John. Not much fun to hang around there while I'm waiting for them to spring you.

JOHNNIE. Tom...

TOM. You're right. Let's go to Florida. Let's get down there. That'd be better. I could get a tan while I'm fillin out his prescriptions. Let's go to Florida. He could take another shot at himself. And then he could get another steel plate in his head. One wasn't enough.

JOHNNIE. Hey.

TOM. RIGHT?

JOHNNIE. Tom.

TOM. RIGHT JOHNNIE?

JOHNNIE. Tom.

TOM. Actually, that might be useful, could work it like a waffle machine. Two good pieces of steel like that in the old pate like a twin hot plate. Like a Clam Grill. Could make some TOAST everytime he gets lit. Til his brain is so fried, he loses his job, his wife and we gotta carry him home. RIGHT JOHNNIE BOY? RIGHT? RIGHT?

MIKE. Sorry.

TOM. WHAT DO YOU WANT? HERE? WHAT'S IN MY HEART. WHAT THEN? YOU WANNA LOOK INSIDE? YOU WANNA SEE? IT AIN'T FOR YOU. I ALREADY TOLD YOU. YOU WANNA SEE. WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU WANNA SEE?

*(TOM pushes open his jacket and thrusts his chest in front of MIKE. Backing him down pointing at his heart.)*

TOM. WHAT'S IN MY SKULL? WHAT'S IN MY HEART? THERE AIN'T NOTHING IN THERE FOR YOU.

MIKE. Wait. We don't have to...

TOM. Yes. Yes we have to now. Let's go.

*(TOM lunges at MIKE, and throws him up against the wall of Port Authority. He is about to punch MIKE in the face when JOHNNIE picks up a piece of glass from the street and holds it up to his wrist. He screams.)*

JOHNNIE. TOMMY! STOP IT! TOM STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT. I'm gonna cut myself right now. I'll do it. I'll do it right now.

TOM.*(Backing off)* Kiddo. Hey, kiddo, quit foolin around. Johnnie?

JOHNNIE. I ain't foolin around.

TOM. Hey, Hey. It's okay. Johnnie don't do this.

JOHNNIE. Back off him.

TOM. It's okay

MIKE. Johnnie

TOM. Shut up.

JOHNNIE. Tom-

TOM. This is not like before. This isn't like that.

JOHNNIE. It isn't?

TOM. No.

MIKE. I'm okay. It's all okay.

TOM. Now put the glass down.

JOHNNIE. I don't wanna.

MIKE. It's okay.

JOHNNIE. I wanna...I wanna go away...

*(TOM breaks down. He is overcome by emotion. He falls to the ground. JOHNNIE stops crying as soon as he hears TOM break down. MIKE and JOHNNIE stare at TOM.)*

TOM. No. No..

MIKE. Tom...

TOM. You don't wanna know. Just go home.

MIKE. No...

TOM. Just go home. You always do.

MIKE. ...

TOM. You always do. You always do. You got the things you say and the promises and everything I heard it a million times and its never true. You can't change it. You can't change it.

MIKE. Tom...no.

TOM. Shit...no no no.

*(TOM shakes his head violently shaking off the tears. He swallows them like a bear, pulling himself out of it and containing himself. He looks up. A long beat.)*

JOHNNIE. (*holding up the glass and almost smiling, sheepishly*) Tom...This wasn't even sharp. Its just a rock. Its just crap.

TOM. (*TOM starts laughing, ranting*) Whoa. Boy. Jesus in heaven. You had me scared Kiddo. Next time I'll come better prepared. I'll know tomorrow when I come to camp. I'll know. I'll bring my fishing pole, duck shoes, something to skin the bear. Johnnie, he can wrap himself round that skin real pretty. We'll stuff it, something to stuff the head, some bear soup, I got it. Some curry bird. We'll get through the night. I got it.

JOHNNIE. Tommy? What are you talking about?

TOM. OH, AH HA, GOT A question out of him. Got his attention. GOT HIM. I got him. HO HO! Got it.

JOHNNIE. What are you talking about?

TOM. Bear hunting. We're going bear hunting, didn't you know that...yeah, isn't that what you said was your favorite sport. Your favorite pastime? Sport of Kings. No, wait a minute, I think that's Horse Hunting. I can never be sure. But that's what you said right? That's what you wanted. Don't you remember? That's what you told me...I'm not making it up.

JOHNNIE. You're crazy.

TOM. OH I'm crazy now. Yes, I must be, I'm cracking up, I think.

JOHNNIE. Where you gonna find a bear?

TOM. Bear Mountain. They got loads.

JOHNNIE. Get out.

TOM. You think YOU wanna get outta here. That's what you think you don't even know anything. You don't even know me you don't think I wanna get outta here. You think this is funny. You don't even know me at all do you? How many years, in this...I don't see the sky all day in that motherfucking elevator. You don't have my life. Sometimes I lie down in the elevator between floors just for a minute. Just right on my back. I got things that I think about. Places I want to go. Dreams. I don't know about them. I hardly have time to think about them.

(*MIKE starts to leave.*)

TOM. How did this go last night? What did the guys say last night? It work out for you?

MIKE. Tom...What's going on? What are you talking about?

TOM. I was a boxer. Won the Golden Gloves at the Felt Forum Madison Square Garden. Twice. The old man used to beat on Johnnie pretty good. So one day he's beatin on Johnnie and I come home and I backed him off and hit him. Once. Hard...And uh...uh... He died.

MIKE. ...

TOM. Couldn't box anymore after that. Its *old*. Its an old story, you know it. Arraigned but acquitted. He was a bastard. But he could sing.

MIKE. ...

TOM. What are you doing here?

MIKE. I don't know. I'm just walking along. I just walked up.

TOM. What are you doing?

MIKE. I don't know.

TOM. Whaddaya mean you don't know.

MIKE. I don't know. I don't know. I been awake for three days. Out here. I been out here for three days.

TOM. Three days?

MIKE. I don't know.

TOM. You can't go home?

MIKE. No.

TOM. You been carrying your bags around for three days.

MIKE. Almost three. I don't know.

TOM. Uh-huh.

MIKE. Are you alright?

TOM. No.

MIKE. Yeah.

TOM. You got money? I just wanna get this straight.

MIKE. Enough.

TOM. For yourself, you mean.

MIKE. For anybody.

TOM. Whaddaya mean how much money?

MIKE. I dunno exactly. Alot

TOM. ...

MIKE. Like enough for college, looks like. But I don't wanna go to no fuckin college.

TOM. Whaddaya mean looks like?

MIKE. Look in there.

*(He tosses TOM the big duffle bag he's been carrying.)*

TOM. Holy shit.

MIKE. Yeah.

TOM. Where'd you get this?

MIKE. My dad's been saving it for me.

TOM. All this?

MIKE. It's alot right?

TOM. You been carrying this bag around for two days?

MIKE. Yeah.

TOM. So you withdrew your whole college fund and you're carrying it around with you?

MIKE. Yeah. Um...

TOM. What?

MIKE. He just...he just died.

TOM. ...

MIKE. Three days ago. He got shot.

TOM. Jesus.

MIKE. For real. I mean about the money. You could have it. *Or we ...could...*

TOM. Jesus...I'm sorry.

MIKE. So it...uh..it really doesn't matter... you know....about Florida, Wyoming, it doesn't matter where. Just really, so I'm not alone with this.

TOM. It'll...It. What can you say? You can't say anything.

MIKE. I been seeing it everywhere now. I see it everywhere and I can't seem to see anything else.

TOM. So, so...so YOU-

MIKE. Yes. Death. I see it. I know where death is. I've seen it. Where's life?

TOM. That's your question? Is that it?

MIKE. Yes. I think so.

TOM. That's what you been saying?

MIKE. We could try. I think it exists. It's there. Fuck them. Its gotta be there.

TOM. What time is it?

MIKE. I don't wanna go alone. Its three thirty.

TOM. ...

MIKE. I'm not very good at meeting people.

TOM. Me neither. I don't know very many.

*(It starts to rain, TOM and MIKE look up. They look at each other. They both lean back and open their mouths. They taste the rain. They look at each other. They look at JOHNNIE sleeping. MIKE goes and leans over the bag. TOM and MIKE look at each other. They agree. TOM checks his watch. Throws it on the ground. Stamps on it until it's busted to pieces. Thinks again and puts the broken watch back on his wrist.)*

MIKE. ...

TOM. Johnnie. Johnnie, wake up.

JOHNNIE. I'M AWAKE. I'M AWAKE.

TOM. You awake?

JOHNNIE. Yeah. Yeah.

TOM. Me too.

JOHNNIE. Yeah?

TOM. You ready? We got it. Okay? We fuckin got it. Stand up.

JOHNNIE. Yeah. What?

TOM. Take this, my lucky Kennedy Half Dollar, you got it.

JOHNNIE. Okay.

TOM. We'll do this the right way. Okay?

MIKE. OKAY.

JOHNNIE. Okay.

TOM. OKAY. Okay. HEADS we go to FLORIDA. TAILS we go to WYOMING. OKAY?

*(JOHNNIE flips the coin. It lands in his palm, he flips it over onto the back of his other hand. He uncovers it. TOM and MIKE look at him. JOHNNIE looks up and smiles.)*

**BLACK OUT**

**ACT II**

*Midtown North Precinct. Holding cell. In darkness the sound of a clanging clock. Lights come up to reveal TOM holding the bars at the front of the cell down stage left staring out. Another man, PAUL, a slight latino man wearing a bad suit, is pacing near the bars center stage right. There are two other men sitting up stage near the back wall. They are RONNIE and "L". They are clearly dressed for a night out. They are friends.*

*A silence. PAUL paces. TOM stares.*

PAUL. They took my watch.

TOM. Yeah.

PAUL. They take your watch?

TOM. Nope.

PAUL. They took my cigarettes.

TOM. Yup.

PAUL. They take your cigarettes?

TOM. I was out.

PAUL. They took all my money. And all my identification and my credit cards.

TOM. What's your question?

PAUL. Is that normal?

TOM. That your question?

PAUL. No my question is will they give them back?

TOM. Ask them.

PAUL. I did. I said, when will I get these back?

TOM. What did they say?

PAUL. They didn't say anything.

TOM. They didn't say anything.

PAUL. No they just repeated it back to me.

TOM. They just repeated it back to you.

PAUL. Just like you just did.

TOM. Just like I just did?

PAUL. Stop it.

### **BLACK OUT**

PAUL. There's mosquitoes in here.

*(PAUL walks over to L)*

L. The fuck you want?

*(PAUL walks back over to TOM.)*

TOM. ...

PAUL. How long you been here?

*(TOM holds up his smashed watch.)*

TOM. I don't know. I smashed my watch.

PAUL. You smashed your watch?

TOM. Yeah.

PAUL. You smashed it?

TOM. Yeah. At about 3:17 looks like...

PAUL. Tonight?

TOM. Tonight.

PAUL. What time is it now?

TOM. About 3:17 looks like.

PAUL. No it's not it's gotta be at least 4:30.

TOM. Well my watch says 3:17, so's...

PAUL. Wait a minute. You smashed it in here or out there?

TOM. Out there.

PAUL. So you just got here.

TOM. Maybe an hour.

PAUL. Why'd you smash it?

TOM. Didn't think I was gonna need it.

PAUL. But you're still wearing it.

TOM. It's still *my* watch. It's a nice watch. It was a nice *watch*. See?

PAUL. Yeah. Mine was nice too.

TOM. I'm sure it was.

PAUL. Why didn't they take your watch?

TOM. Because out there they don't need broken watches and in here we don't need broken watches.

PAUL. Hey, you got a cigarette?

TOM. They take everybody's cigarettes.

PAUL. Right.

TOM. Makes the time hurt more.

### BLACK OUT

RONNIE. OFFICER! OFFICER. I gotta go to the bathroom!  
OFFICER! Where the fuck is the dude OFFICER!

L. (*noticing Ronnie's painted toenails*) Yo Yo, Ronnie, man , what the fuck is up with your toenails?

RONNIE. It's the style brother.

L. Mother fucker we ain't in East Cambodia , what the fuck is up with your toenails?

RONNIE. You ain't never seen *Romeo Was Died?*

L. Motherfucker you know you ain't Jet Li and you sure as hell ain't no Aaliyah so what the fuck is up with your toenails?

RONNIE. I was at my cousin's carnival and they had face painting and, you know-

L. Nigga you know your cousin's doin ten up in Sing Sing-

RONNIE. Don't fucking talk about my cousin man.

L. What the fuck is up with your toenails?

RONNIE. I don't know man, I just woke up like that.

L. I told you to stay off the pipe, man. Just pee in the fuckin corner. (*They trail off. RONNIE pees in the corner.*)

PAUL. Rocket science. You know anything about rocket science?

TOM. Nope.

PAUL. Niether do I. Do you know what the inside of a person's colon looks like?

TOM. You enjoy talking.

PAUL. I'm terrified.

### BLACK OUT

L. I can't believe they brought us in here for smokin a Philly, man.

RONNIE. Don't even worry it man. They're just wastin your time. They not goin to process any of this shit. Don't worry about it. They got nothin on you. It's just time. It's just time, man.

TOM. What is that supposed to mean?

RONNIE. What?

TOM. It's just time? That's what you said, it's just time?

RONNIE. Yeah, they just fuck up your time. So it's just time. Whatever, man. Just wait it out.

TOM. And then what?

RONNIE. Whaddaya mean? They take you to central booking and they let you go. They have to let you go. They got nothin on you. Just picked you up. So that's it.

TOM. Yeah, and then what?

RONNIE. Then you're out. Whaddaya mean?

TOM. Yeah, then you're out and then what?

RONNIE. What the fuck are you talking about man, then you're out!

TOM. I'd like to see you try. I'd like to see you try to get out.

*(JOHNNIE is heard arguing loudly just offstage. He appears stage left with FELIX, A tall sweet faced Rookie Cop who is walking JOHNNIE towards the cell. JOHNNIE talks animatedly with FELIX who has a difficult time getting JOHNNIE to walk. JOHNNIE keeps stopping to make his point.)*

JOHNNIE. What the hell are you talking about man the 1998 Finals? There is no way we woulda lost if we had Ewing. He used to take Robinson to school. Knicks always beat San Antonio. Always.

FELIX. Not with Duncan. Duncan can play ball. He was the MVP.

JOHNNIE. YES. Well, I don't know about that, but there's no way. With Robinson. Without Ewing, you know what I mean, they were just too fucking tall. That's all. They just shoot over em. BUT...

FELIX. Tim Duncan is San Antonio. It's Tim Duncan.

JOHNNIE. Yeah, you're right, you're right, but with Ewing, ya know, he used to take Robinson to School. He would mess him up. I remember the first game they ever played against each other in San Antonio in like 1988 or something. Ewing had 31 points and Robinson had...anybody?

L. 2... 2 points.

JOHNNIE. 2 points, that's right Robinson had 2 points, man. He always takes him to school, always.

FELIX. Please. Whaddaya want me to tell you? Ewing was injured.

JOHNNIE. Yes, yes that's what I'm saying, he's *injured*, he's *injured* that's my whole point.

FELIX. (*overlapping JOHNNIE's lines*) Guy, I got a lot of paperwork to do. Talk to these guys about it, OK Guy?

JOHNNIE. ...that's what I mean, but but BUT what I'm saying is...you can't even really say that they lost.

FELIX. Guy. Guy. Guy. Guy... (*repeats*)

JOHNNIE. What's the team? Right? Without Ewing??? They didn't even lose. I mean, they might a lost but not the team, not the real team...I mean, okay, they lost against Houston with that fuck Riley, they lost there, but Van Gundy's the man, man.

FELIX. They shoulda fired Van Gundy. He's lucky to have a job.

L & RONNIE. WHAT?

JOHNNIE. WHAT?

FELIX. Guy, come on.

JOHNNIE. No wait. WHAT? Van GUNDY? You said he should be fired so so so so say that shit again.

FELIX. He can't control his players. They don't listen to him. You can't take the team seriously. They don't even have a point guard.

L. They got a point guard. That fat fuck Mark Jackson.

JOHNNIE. Yes the ever-improving Mark Jackson.

TOM. *(Trying to get JOHNNIE's attention)* Johnnie, Johnnie-

JOHNNIE. You see, you gotta think about these kinds of things, you gotta figure it out, because IF they had Ewing, and IF he was healthy then its a whole different ballgame already.

FELIX. Ewing was traded. For Luc Longley?

*(JOHNNIE turns and is speechless. He heads for the cell.)*

L. You didn't even have to go there. That wasn't even right.

JOHNNIE. He's comin back though.

L.. Oh, I know what it is. You one of them New Jersey Nets fans.

RONNIE. Yeah Kerry Kittles your boy?

FELIX. Yeah you got it all figured out.

L. Keith VAN HORN?

RONNIE. Hey man, where's Michael Ray, Where's Michael Ray?

FELIX. Hey I thought I told you to stay out of Marcus Camby's house.

Ronnie. Fuck you man, that's a sensitive situation. That is a sensitive situation.

L. M, go get yourself another dunkin donut. Krispy Kreme motherfucker. .

FELIX. *(Turning to JOHNNIE)* And Guy, we had Van Gundy in here last week. We caught him sucking your Mom's dick for spare change.

*(FELIX exits.)*

JOHNNIE. WHAAAAATT!!!! WHAT THE FUCK DID HE SAY? MY MOM'S DICK!!!! MY MOTHER'S DEAD YOU STUPID FUCK. FUCK NO. VAN GUNDY IS THE MAN MAN.

*(A barrage of insults fly out of the cell.)*

JOHNNIE. HOLY SHIT. YOU FUCKS YOU COP FUCKS.... YOOOOOOOUUUU FUCKS.NOTHIN BUT ALOT OF TALK AND A BADGE. YOUR MOTHER MAN. AND YOUR SISTER'S MOTHER. AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON. AND THE CAVALRY BEHIND YOU. AND ALL OF THE CAVALRY'S MOTHERS. WHERE IS IT. WHERE'S THAT FUCKIN CAMERA THERE THEY ARE. FUCKS.

*(JOHNNIE points directly to the security camera monitoring the cell.)*

JOHNNIE. THERE YOU ARE. ALL THEIR MOTHERS MAN. YOU HEAR ME. WHAT? COME OUT HERE. MAKE YOUR POINT. *THEIR* MOTHERS. OK OK I GET IT. THE BLUE WALL OF SILENCE, RIGHT? THE BROTHERHOOD OF FEAR. RIGHT? THE SUPER DESTRUCT CLUB RIGHT? BUT YOU CAN'T GET VAN GUNDY. YOU MAYBE GOT US IN HERE, BUT YOU CAN'T GET VAN GUNDY. YOU CAN'T GET VAN GUNDY YOU CAN'T GET HIM. VAN GUNDY IS THE MAN. HE IS THE MAN. *(Turning to L AND RONNIE)* Hey fellas. What's up? Right? Van Gundy? Right?

PAUL. *(Pointing at the camera)* I didn't even notice that there.

TOM. JOHNNIE!

**BLACK OUT**

*At Rise: JOHNNIE, L and RONNIE are playing basketball with no ball. TOM and PAUL are at the bars look at the video camera.*

L. I'm about to take y'all to school.

*(L spins and dunks.)*

L. Kabunky. Kabunky, baby!

PAUL. *(Pointing at video camera)* I have one of those in my house. Keeps track of my stuff. Sometimes I watch the tapes and its just me. Me making a sandwich, me watching TV, me ordering a pizza. Its fascinating.

*(The game gets raucous and a little bit out of control. JOHNNIE drives the lane and is held by L.)*

JOHNNIE. AWWW that's a foul, man. That's a foul.

L. I'm just showing you some love, baby.

JOHNNIE. On Ninth Avenue that's love, in here that's a foul.

*(JOHNNIE runs up to PAUL)*

JOHNNIE. That's a foul right?

PAUL. Yeah it's a foul, it's a foul-

L AND RONNIE. WHAT? Yo! WHAT? *(They argue vociferously with the call)*

PAUL. Get away from me you motherfuckers get away. Don't touch me get away.

LARRY. Call the T. Give him a Technical. Technical foul.

*(They go back to playing. L and RONNIE team up against JOHNNIE.)*

Ronnie. It's a team game.

*(L and Ronnie complete a series of behind the back passes that result in a slam dunk by L. They celebrate.)*

L. Kabunky.

PAUL. That's your brother?

TOM. Yeah.

PAUL. You don't look alike.

*(JOHNNIE gets the ball.)*

JOHNNIE. Alright you're gonna have to play against my teammate now. Patrick Ewing!

*(JOHNNIE passes the imaginary ball to his imaginary teammate, Patrick Ewing.)*

JOHNNIE. YEAH PATRICK. GO PATRICK. Take the ball down Patrick. Yeah Patrick Yeah, GO Patrick!. GO PATRICK YEAH! YEAH

*(PatrickEwing has obviously scored. He congratulates Patrick Ewing and High Five's him. L and RONNIE are not impressed. JOHNNIE runs up to PAUL and bumps into him.)*

JOHNNIE. And he gets the rebound! And OH, HE DRAWS THE FOUL. *(JOHNNIE bumps PAUL again.)* That's a foul man. That's a flagrant foul.

*(All three are surrounding PAUL. JOHNNIE is screaming at PAUL and RONNIE and L are screaming at JOHNNIE. PAUL is overheating.)*

PAUL. GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME YOU MOTHERFUCKERS! GET THE FUCK AWAY. GET THE

FUCK AWAY FROM ME YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!  
SONS A BITCHES GET AWAY .

*(PAUL draws away from them into the corner.)*

L. Damn, baby, chill. It's only a game.

JOHNNIE. Hey man. What are you in for?

PAUL. Assault.

L. Yo why'd you beat your wife, man?

*(RONNIE busts out laughing.)*

PAUL. I didn't beat my wife it was the fucking Korean. The little fucking Korean guy in the deli.

*(L AND RONNIE laugh again)*

PAUL. I was buying a bear claw! The pastry kind. And I wanted it heated up. So I gave it to the guy to do it. And I as I am waiting for it to finish microwaving I can feel my dick vibrating. I'm leaning against the counter. And the microwave is right under the counter where people lean up against. So I said, you can't put that there. You can't put that microwave there where people lean up against. You're going to give people cancer, ovarian, testicular cancer, you can't have that there. He says it's no problem. I say yes it very well is. It is a problem. He says no. I say, you're giving yourself cancer. He says, he says, you know what this little motherfucker says to me, he says, "This no microwave. This *range oven*...Range Oven no worry. Your dickie fine." So I just grabbed him. I grabbed him over the counter and I started to knock his head on the counter. And I just reached over and got a Charleston Chew, you know the really hard ones and just beat him over the head with it.

JOHNNIE. Bad?

PAUL. Til he was unconscious.

JOHNNIE. That's bad.

PAUL And I went back there and I moved the microwave oven to the rear counter.

JOHNNIE. You moved it.

PAUL. That was my whole point.

JOHNNIE. I can see that.

L. Was it heavy?

PAUL. Fuck you.

### BLACK OUT

*(TOM and JOHNNIE are at the front of the cell. L and RONNIE are on the backstage bench consoling PAUL.)*

JOHNNIE. What's up?

TOM. J ohhnie, what? What's up, what's up, your askin me what's up? Look around you Johnnie.

JOHNNIE. I know.

TOM. You know.

JOHNNIE. Yeah.

TOM. We're in here. We're not where we planned to be? Right?

JOHNNIE. Yeah, okay, so. Well...uh...you know they'll let us out in the morning. You know they gotta... Okay. I was drinking too much. I was drunk. You know, okay so it happens. Look, I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you Tommy.

TOM. We are in trouble. Some kinda BIG trouble.

JOHNNIE. What I do?

TOM. You don't know what happened tonight.

JOHNNIE. *(mock seriousness)* Sure. I know. Yeah. I'm concerned. *(laughing)* No, I don't know Tommy, what did I do?

TOM. Like where's Mike? Where's the kid, MIKE?

JOHNNIE. Who?

TOM. You didn't do anything. It's MIKE.

JOHNNIE. Whaddaya mean that guy? Oh, yeah, yeah, I remember this now. He was going on a vacation. We're going

to Bear Mountain, right? What like, uh, next week right? That's gonna be good, you know, meet some of the ladies, go walking, right?

TOM. Then what happened?

JOHNNIE. We got picked up man, Saturday Night.

TOM. No. This isn't Saturday night John. This isn't fucking Saturday night. There were 40 fuckin cop cars out there. They took us down John. When was the last time that happened John. When was the last time there were 40 fuckin cops cars on a Saturday night John. This isn't fucking Saturday night John.

*(L, PAUL and RONNIE are now staring at TOM and JOHNNIE)*

JOHNNIE. We still goin on vacation Tommy?

TOM. We had a conversation, it was important. About FLORIDA?

### **BLACK OUT**

*(TOM is pacing, talking to all four men who are seated on the upstage bench.)*

TOM. There was this guy. You don't understand. There was this guy. He was telling us we could go to Florida. We flipped so...we flipped the coin. We were going. I'm supposed to be on a fuckin bus right now. Did I make this up?

JOHNNIE. There was this big bag of money right? The guy had a big bag of money? Right?

TOM. No.....There was no fucking money. There wasn't any fucking...no...uh...no

L. Yo. How much money?

### **BLACK OUT**

*(TOM and JOHNNIE are at the bench and RONNIE L and PAUL are trying to eavesdrop. TOM speaks very quietly and intensely to Johnnie occasionally turning to back off the rest of the men with stares.)*

TOM. Don't talk about it. Okay, Johnnie You remember nothing. You don't know nothing

JOHNNIE. You're scarin me, Tom.

TOM. GOOD. YOU SHOULD BE.

JOHNNIE. Holy shit.

TOM. Johnnie you know me?

JOHNNIE. Yeah of course.

TOM. ANSWER THE QUESTION.

JOHNNIE. YES. I know you.

TOM. Okay.

JOHNNIE. OKAY.

TOM. Good.

JOHNNIE. Good.

TOM. Remember that. OKAY? Remember that you said that.

JOHNNIE. Course I will.

TOM. Okay.

JOHNNIE. Tommy are you okay?

*(TOM walks towards L, RONNIE and PAUL backing them down.)*

TOM. I'm dyin for a cigarette. *(To JOHNNIE)* You got smokes? Where's your smokes, they take em?*(TOM runs at JOHNNIE and pats him down playfully)*

JOHNNIE. I dont't smoke anymore.

TOM. Whaddaya mean? For real? Since when?

JOHNNIE. I gave it up for lent.

TOM. No shit. *(Tom charges)* Gimme your fuckin smokes.

*(TOM chases JOHNNIE around the cell. Smothers him in the corner. They are laughing. TOM frisks JOHNNIE fervently.)*

JOHNNIE. Wait a minute. STOP STOP *(JOHNNIE finds something)* I got these cheese and peanut butter crackers.

TOM. Lemme see.

JOHNNIE. Right here. Nope. Wait, it's CHEESE ON CHEESE! *(JOHNNIE runs away)*

TOM. How the fuck do you have these? *(TOM chases him)* How the fuck do you have these fucking chese crackers...They take my cigarettes, my wallet, my money, my change, they empty my pockets, they take it all, my golden gloves, how the fuck do you get through here with cheese crackers? *(To PAUL)* Do you have cheese crackers?

PAUL. They took my shoelaces...

JOHNNIE. I dunno. They're pretty smashed up.

TOM. That is not the point.

JOHNNIE. You want em?

TOM. That's not what I'm asking, is it?

JOHNNIE. You could have em...I'm not hungry. Cheese on chesse it's good. *(The chase is still on, starts to involve the whole cell)*

TOM. JESUS!

JOHNNIE. No. CHEESES. Really, Tommy, you could have em. I ain't hungry, just take em.

TOM. Give them to me. *(TOM tackles JOHNNIE)* Gimme the cheese crackers. Give em to me. GIMME THE GODDAMN CHEESE CRACKERS!

*(TOM grabs the chese crackers and walks away. He looks in his hand at the cheese crackers. Its absurd.)*

TOM. Who wants cheese crackers? Anybody for cheese crackers?

*(Everyone in the cell raises their hands.)*

**BLACK OUT**

*(At Rise: Everyone in the cell has a single cheese cracker. All five men are giggling, eating crumbs. Suddenly FELIX enters the stage carrying MIKE over his shoulder, he is unconscious from beating. He is bleeding from the head.)*

TOM. That's the guy.

JOHNNIE. Oh my God. That's the guy.

TOM. They beat the shit out of him.

JOHNNIE. That's the guy, right? What the fuck?

TOM. Johnnie. Don't say anything about Van Gundy or his mother.

*(FELIX enters the cell. He lays MIKE down on the floor of the cell and says nothing.)*

TOM. What's this?

*(FELIX says nothing. He can't. But he is visibly disturbed by this but cannot speak about it. Everyone in the cell is still. FELIX points to JOHNNIE)*

FELIX. You.

JOHNNIE. Me?

TOM. What?

FELIX. Sarge says you. You came in with this guy.

JOHNNIE. Hey, man listen hey. OK, so Van Gundy is not the best coach, his rotation pattern...I mean hey, its not that serious man...I..

FELIX. I have to take you in there.

TOM. What? He don't know nuthin. He doesn't even know nothing...

JOHNNIE. Really Van Gundy? (*JOHNNIE looks at the Camera*) He'll come in here and suck all of our dicks, starting with you. Tom what do they want me for?

FELIX. Step this way please.

JOHNNIE. What do they want me for? TOM?

(*FELIX grabs JOHNNIE and throws him to the ground.*)

FELIX. LOOK its just you. Its just you. I don't know. Just go in there. Don't ask me. It's just you.

(*JOHNNIE sheepishly gets to his feet.*)

JOHNNIE. Tom?

TOM. Just do what he says Johnnie. Don't fuck around with them Johnnie.

JOHNNIE. I'll go. You don't need to cuff me. I got it, man.

FELIX. Fuckin hate the twelve to eight.

## **BLACK OUT**

*All four men are crouched over MIKE. L taps MIKE on the shoulder. MIKE rolls over revealing what looks like a devastating head injury that is bleeding profusedly.*

L. AND RONNIE. Oh SHIT. (*They are disgusted and scared, but are giddily laughing*)

RONNIE. This is fucked. This is the way they did it to my cousin.

L. That's your brother, man?

TOM. No.

RONNIE. This dude is fucked up.

PAUL. This is what I expected, I think.

RONNIE. This guy is fucked. He needs to go to the hospital. Should we try to wake him up.

L. Yo. You know him?

TOM. His name is Mike.

RONNIE. Yo, Yo Mike, wake up. I heard you supposed to wake em up if they've got an injury to the head, right?

PAUL. Yeah, I heard that.

RONNIE. Yo YO MIKE. YO! (*pause*) Shit this dude's fucked.

L. Yo- yo- Check his ass.

RONNIE. I ain't gonna check his ass.

RONNIE. Yo, you know this guy?

TOM. His name is Mike.

RONNIE. Yo MIKE MIKE MIKE (*Repeats*)

PAUL. Call the guard. This man needs a doctor.

TOM. NO! Don't say a fuckin word until my brother gets back here. Don't piss them off now. Not while he's in there. Lemme look at him. I used to be a boxer I know a little bit about getting busted in the head.

L. You boxed?

TOM. I had my time.

L. No shit, where? I used to follow boxing.

TOM. You never heard a me.

L. What did you fight around 140?

TOM. About that.

L. The Garden. Five years ago. Tommy...Tommy (*Snaps his fingers*) --You fought Danny Velasquez.

TOM. Eight years ago.

L. You beat that nigga like a drag Queen.

TOM. Yeah I fucked him up pretty good.

RONNIE. That was you oh shit!

(*L & RONNIE AD LIBS about boxing fame. For a moment there is an outburst of language.*)

TOM. (*Shutting them up*) Alright! Sorry. MIKE. MIKE.

MIKE. Wake up. Wake up kid-

RONNIE. He's movin.

TOM. Wake up. Its TOM. Listen to me.

L. Wait a minute, I seen this nigga's face. Oh shit, I seen it in the paper.

TOM. What?

L. Yeah, in the POST. You don't know?

TOM. Know what?

L. He iced his pops. It's all over the paper.

RONNIE. Holy shit, yeah I seen this too. Yeah. This is the guy. What happened there?

TOM. He what?

L. He iced his COP father.

TOM. They saw it?

L. No no witnesses but they got a picture of the couch on the front page.

TOM. His couch?

L. He got shot on his own couch.

RONNIE. Bullet holes all over his couch.

L. It was fuckin nasty. Got him like ten times all in his chest.

RONNIE. I ain't never seen a couch shot up like that.

L. It was on the front page like...like..

BOTH. FRIDAY.

RONNIE. Can't nobody find this kid. He's wanted like Darryl Strawberry.

L. They found him now I guess. We got a motherfuckin celebrity up in here.

RONNIE. Looks like the picture.

PAUL. And the paper said he killed him?

RONNIE. No. They said wanted for questioning. But that's how they made it. You know that's how they makin it out to be that that is what happened, this kid.

L. That's what that means, stupid. Wanted for questioning means that. (*L walks up to MIKE*) Excuse me Mr. Opie, did you kill your Cop father? You did? Case closed. End of story.

TOM. It was in the paper?

L. Yeah. On the TV too. You didn't see it.

TOM. I don't read the papers.

RONNIE. It was on the front page.

TOM. WHICH PAPER?

L & RONNIE. BOTH PAPERS.

TOM. No. This guy didn't do that. This guy is not that guy.

L. Nigga this is the same nigga. He's got the same fucked up haircut.

TOM. I don't know anything about it. Who did you kill? I don't fucking care. Who he killed, who you killed, who you beat up with a fuckin Three Musketeers.

PAUL. Charleston Chew.

TOM. I don't care.

*(TOM rushes MIKE and grabs him trying to choke him.)*

TOM. YOU LIED TO ME. YOU LIED TO ME YOU FUCKIN PUNK. YOU LIED TO ME.

*(All four men try to get TOM off of MIKE. PAUL finally wrestles TOM away from MIKE. TOM throws off PAUL saying "get the fuck off of me." RONNIE, in the confusion, has been searching through MIKE's pockets. He finds cigarettes.)*

RONNIE. He's got smokes.

*RONNIE and L run downstage and are quickly joined by PAUL. L and PAUL are clamoring for a cigarette. RONNIE is holding the pack of cigarettes outside the bars trying to fend everyone off. TOM rushes down to them and bumps into Ronnie, causing the pack to go flying out of the cell. MIKE wakes up.*

MIKE. Tom?

**BLACK OUT**

L. What's up Opie?

RONNIE. Why'd you kill your father bitch?

L. YO CHILL OUT motherfucker chill.

PAUL. I hated my father. He used to make these disgusting grinding noises with his teeth. And he'd kick my Mom in the stomach.

RONNIE. Yeah but you didn't kill him.

L. Or did you?

PAUL. No no.....He died in his sleep.

MIKE. I'm Mike.

RONNIE. We've had the pleasure.

PAUL. Why'd you do it?

RONNIE. Why'd you shoot your fucking couch?

L. CHILL OUT RONNIE DAMN.

MIKE. Ronnie? That's your name?

RONNIE. Yeah (*shakes hands*) That's "L"

(*L makes an "L" symbol with his arms then knocks fists with MIKE*)

L. Sup.

PAUL. Paul... Horowitz (*Shakes hands*)

(*L makes face*)

PAUL. Horowitz, what's wrong with it?

L. Fuck, man you know your name is Ramirez.

PAUL. Hey, my father was a Jew, okay, homeboy.

Why do you always have to make that face?

L. Cause its my motherfuckin face.

MIKE. I didn't do it....

PAUL. Well its ugly throw it in the garbage.

L. As soon as you throw out that ugly ass suit and tie.

MIKE. I didn't do it...

PAUL. What's this, anyway? What the hell kind of name is this? This "L"?(*PAUL makes "L" symbol*)

L. It stands for Lover, nigga.

RONNIE. (*Making Symbol*) "L"

L. Man you're doin the shit backwards. "L"!!! "L"!!!!

MIKE. I didn't do it...

L. Your wife didn't have a problem with the "L".

RONNIE. Niether did your mother.

(*L and RONNIE self-congratulate.*)

L. (*To MIKE*) Wait up...What?

TOM. He didn't do it.

## BLACK OUT

(*A huge machine sound rolls through the theatre. MIKE stands up and staggers around, punch drunk. He looks around, trying to figure out where he is. He falters PAUL and RONNIE catch him. He sees TOM, he is ashamed to look at him, although he does.*)

MIKE. They didn't let me call my mom. I didn't do it. I didn't think anybody else saw it. I didn't think anybody else saw it. I saw the paper But I didn't believe it. I didn't think anybody else saw it. I didn't think anybody else saw it. Nobody would talk to me for three whole days, not a single person, nobody would talk to me for three whole days. It was like the whole thing wasn't true. I thought we'd just go away and I'd tell you on the bus, I thought that I could just make it through the night and make it to easter, make it through the night, I thought that I knew what was going on there. They can't keep beating me up. They didn't even ask me any questions. They just kept hitting me. I'm scared I'm so so so scared Tom. Help. I'm sorry. I didn't think you would have gone. (*MIKE buries his head in TOM's chest and sobs*) I just wanted to start my whole life over. I hated him. I hated that bastard. I couldn't stand him.

TOM. I know...

MIKE. He used to tell me I was worthless. He used to tell me I couldn't do anything right. I was gonna go into the fuckin marines. He used to kick me around. He kicked me around the house.

TOM. I know...

MIKE. And now he's dead? He's just dead? Somebody fucking shot him and now he's dead?

TOM. I know...

MIKE. I just found him there. That's all. I came home from the deli and he was there on the couch like he was watching TV. I dropped my pastrami sandwich. I ran out of the house. I've had this key from Port Authority around my neck since I was a kid. He told me, if anything ever happened to him to go to the locker and get the stuff out of there. He told me it was just his will and some life insurance policies and important papers that he didn't want to have around the house. I went down to the station and there was the bag. I was going back though, I was going to put it back. I was going to put it back. I was going to give it to you and disappear. But I couldn't leave. I needed to be with you guys. I was going crazy out there by myself. I needed to be with you. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't think you guys would come with me. I was having such a good time. I couldn't tell you. I just found him, that's all...I

TOM. I know.

MIKE. I'm sorry.

TOM. It's ok. It's ok. Now let's just figure this out. Okay?

MIKE. Where's Johnnie?

TOM. He's in there.

MIKE. He's in there?

TOM. And he doesn't know why he's in there.

MIKE. He doesn't?

TOM. He forgot.

MIKE. He forgot?

TOM. He forgets things.

MIKE. I did it again didn't I?

TOM. Yeah. You did.

MIKE. What's the matter, why aren't you kicking my ass?

TOM. I don't know.

MIKE. ...

TOM. Maybe I've lost touch with reality.

MIKE. Maybe.

TOM. Maybe I should get my head examined. No. Actually I think you should get your head examined.

*(The men laugh. MIKE laughs.)*

MIKE. Does it look bad?

TOM. No. You look like a million dollars.

L. Yeah a regular Ricky Martin.

MIKE. I want to call my mother.

RONNIE. Your Mom's probably worried.

MIKE. She probably wants to kill me. I mean not really. But you know.

RONNIE. Your mother loves you.

PAUL. It looks pretty bad. They should take you to the hospital.

L. Man, Fuck the Post. Fuck those motherfuckers

RONNIE. Keep your head up.

MIKE. You ever been to Florida?

RONNIE. I'm Cuban. I'm from Miami.

MIKE. They got good food down there?

RONNIE. Sure.

MIKE. Do they got some good cuban-chinese restaurants ?

RONNIE. No. They only got those in New York.

MIKE. I like that Peruvian Chicken.

All. yeah...its good, Flan, too..

MIKE. Yeah, Flan is unbelievable... I think I need to lie down.

*(MIKE falls hard to the floor and starts shaking.)*

TOM. No No No..Mike. C'mon C'mon. What's our story, we gotta get our story straight. C'mon Let's go over it.

MIKE. What do you mean?

TOM. Let's get it straight, let's get our story straight...

MIKE. But, Tom-

TOM. We bought the tickets.

MIKE. We bought the tickets. Johnnie went to get egg sandwiches. But-

TOM. We bought the tickets, they jumped us, you had the money.

MIKE. No you had it you was holding it. But...

TOM. I had it?

MIKE. Yeah, I was reading the schedule. But-

TOM. But I handed it back to you.

MIKE. Tom. We didn't do anything wrong. We're innocent, Tom. We're innocent.

TOM. We are?

MIKE. Yes.

TOM. Are you sure?

MIKE. Yeah. I'm sure.

TOM. Huh.... Really? And you think...

MIKE. Yeah.

TOM. Does that *work*? Is that gonna *work*?

MIKE. The truth?...uh...I think it's supposed to ...uh...*work*...yeah.

TOM. They took the money?

MIKE. They took it back

TOM. ...

MIKE. ...

TOM. We need a lawyer.

MIKE. I guess so.

RONNIE. And a Doctor.

L. And a couple of nurses. You see that lady cop at the front desk? That one right, with the chest like POW POW, you know what I'm sayin'? She could slap me around anytime, you know what I'm saying?

PAUL. I'm a lawyer.

TOM. You are?

PAUL. Yeah. Um. I'm a...

L. For real, though?

PAUL. Yeah.

TOM. Can you fight?

L. Yo, can I talk to you? I have some legal questions. Me and my man here, the way they brought us in it wasn't even right.

TOM. CAN YOU FIGHT?

L. Yo listen to this. They didn't read us our fuckin Marilyn rights. You know about that. They didn't even charge us-

PAUL. If I should I take your case, well I guess that there are certain measures that, I can pursue on your behalf...

TOM. NAH NAH NAH. Listen to me, we gotta fight. You hear me? Can you fight?

PAUL. You probably want better representation. A person who has more criminal training...

L. YO. You a Jew Lawyer you spose to have the hook up!

PAUL. Why does it always have to be about the Jews with you people. Leave the Jews out of this.

L. YOU PEOPLE? You hear this YOU PEOPLE?

TOM. CAN YOU FIGHT

MIKE. For our rights.

RONNIE. Yeah uh-huh. We haven't been charged. You gots to get us up outta this piece before Monday.

*(PAUL shoves L. PAUL shoves TOM. TOM goes flying into L who shoves him across the cell. TOM shoves PAUL into L. RONNIE gets up. L shoves PAUL into RONNIE who catches him. TOM shoves L while trying to get to PAUL. RONNIE shoves PAUL and TOM into L. All four fall over and end up on the floor in a big pile up. L pushes TOM into corner. RONNIE holds PAUL on the bench. They breathe heavily for a moment. PAUL sits between MIKE and RONNIE. L restrains TOM.)*

PAUL. I'm a....I'm a...I'm a divorce lawyer.

L. Why the fuck didn't you just say that in the first place?

PAUL. I was trying to say that I don't handle you're kind of case. Just divorces.

MIKE. Divorces?

PAUL. And estates. Sometimes. Sometimes insurance.

MIKE. That must be awful.

PAUL. Of course.

MIKE. You divorce people?....

PAUL. I help them get divorced.

MIKE. Whaddaya mean?

PAUL. Divorce is difficult. People want to do it, but it hurts them.

MIKE. Oh yeah?

PAUL. Yeah well everybody wants to divide things up so that everybody gets what they want, presumably. But everybody ends up wanting the same things. The apartment, the children, the car, security, money, engraved chinese tables. It gets very messy. Pets? Forget about it.

MIKE. Are you married?

PAUL. Oh no, I'm divorced.

MIKE. I want to get married.

PAUL. You do?

MIKE. Someday.

PAUL. Well if you ever want to get divorced after that I can help.

MIKE. Help?

PAUL. Sure.

MIKE. Help how?

PAUL. Fight for you against your wife.

MIKE. Why do you do this?

PAUL. Its my job.

MIKE. Why do people get divorced?

PAUL. People have a hard time getting along. People have a hard time living together.

MIKE. Do you want to go to Florida with us instead of divorcing people all the time.

PAUL. Oh I go to Florida for a couple of weeks every year.

MIKE. Oh. You go with your kids?

PAUL. Don't have kids.

MIKE. Did you ever divorce anyone in Florida.

PAUL. No. But I always imagine that I am. I imagine that I am divorcing people all the time.

L. I'm engaged.

Ronnie. Me, too.

*(Footsteps are heard coming towards the cell. FELIX comes in carrying JOHNNIE. He is unconscious and bleeding from the head. L is downstage of the cell door, next to it. TOM Moves towards the rear of the cell when he sees JOHNNIE. MIKE PAUL and RONNIE are on the bench. There is complete silence as FELIX opens the door to the cell, bringing in JOHNNIE. He puts JOHNNIE on the floor. He stops for a moment. For a moment there is complete stillness.)*

*(FELIX points to TOM.)*

FELIX. They want you. You're next.

TOM. We need a doctor. Two doctors. These guys need to go to the hospital.

FELIX. I have to bring you in there. Tell them.

*(L stands in front of the door, blocking it. RONNIE is holding MIKE. PAUL has moved to the upstage right corner.)*

TOM. No you don't.

FELIX. This isn't up to me. You don't want to do this. He's gonna be fine. They'll look at him in the morning. They can see you. You guys don't wanna do this. Don't lose your heads. You're right. I don't like it either. I could get suspended if I don't

do what they tell me to. I only been here three weeks. This whole place is a big bag of shit that fell into my lap. I hate it here. But if I ever want to get outta here I gotta do what they tell me to do. I don't and I'm writing parking tickets at 8 am for a year. He'll be fine. Him too. Just move away from the door. And I won't say anything. I could get suspended. And you could be here along time. So let's just go in there.

TOM. I believe you. But that doesn't have anything to do with me. That's up to you. And this is up to me. You understand me? Isn't that right?

L. Sorry.

FELIX. They can see you.

L. Well let's talk to them.

*(PAUL sneaks up behind FELIX and takes his gun. He calmly speaks to FELIX pointing the gun at him.)*

L. *(TO PAUL)* Yo...Yo

PAUL. You can't put that there.

FELIX. Wait a minute...

*(MIKE stands.)*

Tom. Mike sit down-

*(MIKE sits.)*

PAUL. You can't put that there. That can't be there. That's not right.

*(MIKE stands.)*

Tom. Mike sit the fuck down-

*(MIKE sits.)*

PAUL. That's a problem. That goes in the hospital. I would like my phone call now, please. I am going to call EMS if you don't take these people to St. Luke's right now. Now. (*MIKE stands again*) I'm not gonna hurt him I'm just gonna walk you in there and we're gonna call 911. Okay?

FELIX. Okay.

(*SGT. MARTINEZ runs in furiously tucking in his shirt and buckling his pants. He's got a toilet bowl protector sticking out of the back of his pants. PAUL is hiding behind FELIX so that the SGT cannot see that he has his gun.*)

SGT. MARTINEZ. WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON INSIDE OF HERE? FELIX! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN CELL ROOKIE. GET OUT OF THE CELL FELIX. CELL IS FOR PERPS NOT FOR OFFICERS. WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS. FELIX GET THE HELL OUTTA THERE.

(*PAUL forces FELIX to the ground revealing that he is a hostage. PAUL points the gun at SGT. MARTINEZ. SGT. MARTINEZ is unarmed. Panic sweeps the cell.*)

SGT. MARTINEZ. DROP THE GUN. DROP IT ASSHOLE. DROP IT RIGHT NOW. FELIX WHY DOES HE HAVE YOUR GUN. YOU TOTAL JERK OFF. YOU PIECE OF SHIT ASSWIPE. YOU STUPID ROOKIE ASSWIPE

PAUL. LISTEN TO ME YOU FUCK. I WANT MY SHOELACES. I WANT MY WATCH AND MY CREDIT CARDS AND MY WALLET AND I WANT TO SEE ERNIE FUCKIN ANASTOS AND CHUCK SCARBOROUGH AND SUE SIMMONS AND I WANT MY SHOELACES. AND I WANT EM NOW AND I WANT A CAR AND. FUCK YOU, YOU MESHUGANA FUCK!

*(P.O. KOWALSKI runs in gun drawn. There is a momentary stand off where everyone is yelling.)*

*(P.O. KOWALSKI flinches. PAUL shoots at him instinctively and hits him in the shoulder. TOM scrambles over and jumps on top of JOHNNIE. P.O. KOWALSKI fires several times first hitting FELIX with four shots, obviously killing him. PAUL fires again knocking down SGT. MARTINEZ. RONNIE jumps in to try to wrestle the gun from PAUL and is shot four times. PAUL is then shot twice in the arm and goes down.)*

*(MIKE is the only person left standing as all others are either shot or have hit the ground for cover. A moment of stillness as MIKE looks around. Two shots ring out. One hits MIKE in the shoulder another in the head. TOM screams NO!. MIKE flies back and falls to the floor.)*

### **BLACK OUT**

*(Lights up a microsecond later. TOM is leaning over MIKE's body. Larry sees that RONNIE is dead and begins to cry. PAUL winces in Pain. FELIX lies dead on the floor. SGT. MARTINEZ and P.O. KOWALSKI are lying on the floor stunned. TOM speaks to MIKE.)*

TOM. MIKE. I got it. I got it. You're not in this alone. You're not in this alone. Get up. Get up. JESUS. JESUS. YOU'RE JUST A KID. NO, MIKE. DON'T MAKE ME DO IT ALONE.

*(JOHNNIE suddenly wakes up. TOM sees him and for a second can't believe his eyes. He has been passed out on the floor the whole time. He stands. TOM rushes to him and turns*

*him downstage so he cannot see the carnage behind him. They look out. TOM looks out at the audience. During this last scene he should look like a bull about to charge.)*

JOHNNIE. My eyes are wierd. I'm washing out. I can't see a thing

TOM. Don't...don't look back there...You okay?

JOHNNIE. Don't look like Sunday.

TOM. Should be though.

JOHNNIE. Who hit me?

TOM. I did.

JOHNNIE. Did you have to do it so hard. I think I got a loose tooth.

JOHNNIE. Where's Mike?

TOM. They let him out. He went home.

JOHNNIE. Oh, that's nice. Where are we?

TOM. The Airport. Johnnie. We're at the airport.

JOHNNIE. Where're we going?

TOM. Anywhere you want.

JOHNNIE. I didn't pack.

TOM. Well then I guess we can't go.

JOHNNIE. We gettin outta here?

TOM. I don't know. Probably. They could make up anything they want but I'm pretty sure they got nothin on us.

JOHNNIE. Hope we can make it to church. I know you don't like it but you should come with me. They got some nice girls down there. You could meet some good girls down at church Tommy.

TOM. I don't have time for that right now. I gotta work.

JOHNNIE. You got a way with the ladies. I know you do. You just need that old confidence back. Just need to take some risks man.

TOM. I gotta get to work.

JOHNNIE. You're on today??

TOM. No. I quit. Fuck the Union. I can't work for this no more. It's Easter.

JOHNNIE. Then what do you mean you got work?

TOM. I'm gonna run three times around the park.

JOHNNIE. WHAT? Alright! You makin a comeback Tommy? The comeback kid, right?

*(TOM raises his eyes. He looks out beyond the audience, setting his sights on the horizon, on the world out there. He is determined.)*

TOM. Yeah. I got a fight comin up.

**CURTAIN**

**AFTERWORDS:****1. A Brief Synopsis Of The Three Days Of Easter:**

**Good Friday:** Christ is crucified and dies.

**The Harrowing of Hell (Saturday):** While dead, Christ descends into Hades. He knocks at the gates of Hell. He confronts Satan and proceeds to liberate all of the lost souls who were born before him. He brings them up into heaven.

**Sunday:** The Resurrection. Christ rises from the dead. He ascends into heaven. A whole new system of faith arises as well and spreads throughout the world.

**2. Soon My Work (an American Spiritual)**

Soon my work will all be done.  
Soon my work will all be done.  
Soon my work will all be done.  
I'm goin home to live with my lord.

And the Chariot's a' waitin to carry me home.  
The Chariot's a' waitin to carry me home.  
The Chariot's a' waitin to carry me home.  
I'm goin home to live with my lord.

And the Angels at the gate are waiting for me.  
The Angels at the gate are waiting for me.  
The Angels at the gate are waiting for me.  
They're ready to welcom me in.

And I have a mother, she's waiting over there.  
I have a mother, she's waiting over there.  
I have a mother, she's waiting over there.  
To take me to the Canaan Shore.

And by and by I'm goin to see the King.  
By and by I'm goin to see the King.  
By and by I'm goin to see the King.  
Who bled and died for me.

And soon my work will all be done.  
Soon my work will all be done.  
Soon my work will all be done.  
I'm goin home to live with my lord.

3. A recent story from the Daily News:

**Cop Rapped In Jail-Cell Beating Flap**  
**by Juan Gonzalez**

A cop who says she saw a sergeant and four officers beat a prisoner in the cell of a Brooklyn stationhouse - and tried unsuccessfully to stop them - has been disciplined for failing to aid an officer and transferred, her lawyer said.

"The NYPD is trying to ramrod an officer for not beating up a prisoner," said Kenneth Ramseur, the cop's attorney.

The cop, a 10-year veteran, has told her story to investigators from the Internal Affairs Bureau and the Civilian Complaint Review Board. Her name is being withheld by the Daily News at her lawyer's request.

"She was only doing what cops in the [Abner] Louima case failed to do," Ramseur said. He vowed to fight the so-called command discipline at an administrative trial.

"This is a B.S. charge," said Eric Adams, president of 100 Blacks in Law Enforcement. Adams got involved at the request of the cop, who is black.

"She acted the way a good cop is supposed to act," Adams said.

The prisoner at the center of the September incident is a city transit worker named Darrel Lewis, who has filed a \$2.5 million lawsuit against the city.

Lewis says he was leaving 462 Marcy Ave. in the Marcy Houses in Bushwick after visiting a friend around 7 p.m. Sept. 28, when he was stopped by a group of cops from the Police Service Area 3 stationhouse.

According to police and Lewis, the cops asked him what he was doing in the building. Lewis told them he worked for a living and didn't have to answer their questions.

At that point, the accounts diverge.

**Violent Incident**

The cops say Lewis hurled obscenities at them, incited a crowd that had gathered and resisted arrest. Lewis says they attacked him and doused him with pepper spray.

The female cop, who was not involved in Lewis' arrest, was at the stationhouse processing paperwork for another prisoner when he was brought in.

She has told investigators that Lewis appeared to have been Maced and was

complaining that he could not see. When the cops placed him in his cell, they ordered him to remove his belt and jacket. He did so angrily, tossing both the belt and jacket out of the cell, she said.

At that point, according to the cop, a sergeant led four other officers into the cell. The sergeant punched Lewis in the face, then the entire group began "to beat and stomp him," she told investigators. She rushed to the cell and yelled: "That's enough, stop it." But she said the cops ignored her and continued to beat Lewis.

### **'It's Cops for Cops'**

When a sixth cop began to join the fray, she grabbed him and tried to pull him away. That cop, she said, pushed her away and yelled: "It's cops for cops, not cops for perps, you [expletive]."

Lewis was taken by ambulance to a hospital and treated for minor injuries. The department began an investigation into the incident that night, authorities said.

A month later, the Brooklyn district attorney's office dropped the charges against Lewis, including felony assault, trespassing, disorderly conduct and resisting arrest.

By then, Lewis had hired civil rights lawyer Ron Kuby and filed a police abuse complaint with the CCRB. In November, Kuby filed a civil suit. In January, the Police Department asked Brooklyn District Attorney Charles Hynes to reinstitute charges against Lewis. This time, he was slapped with 14 misdemeanors, including four counts of assault, four counts of menacing, four counts of harassment, disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. In their statements, four cops said Lewis kicked or punched them while in the stationhouse. Three said they sustained injuries to their hands and fingers from his blows. The sergeant, said he suffered a head injury. Kevin Davitt, a spokesman for the district attorney's office, conceded it was "unusual" for his office to file new charges after dropping the original counts.

"We're compelled when there is evidence and corroboration by police officers to go forward with the complaint," he said.

A police official would say only that IAB and CCRB investigations of the incident are continuing.

Meanwhile, a female cop who believes she tried to do the right thing was disciplined by her bosses, was marked as a traitor to her fellow cops and was shuffled off yesterday to another precinct.