

# PLAY 2 An Original One Act

## by HARLEY ADAMS

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### Play #2

Note to actors: Please ad-lib freely

(Lights up as we hear the sound of a door opening very abruptly; It is a door hanging down in UC on cables. Onstage there is a couch and coffee table DL. Two men enter in a hurry. They are about 25-30 years old and they are dressed casually. I is holding a crying baby wrapped in blankets. When they speak they are frantic, nervous, jittery, and loud, and they pace nervously around the room)

- 1: HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!
- 2: FUCKING SHIT!
- 1: HOLY FUCKING SHIT!
- 2: OH MY G-D! OH MY G-D!
- 1: WHAT THE FUCKING HELL JUST HAPPENED!?
- 2: I DON'T FUCKING KNOW! OH MY G-D! OH JESUS!
- 1: WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED!?
- 2: OH MY FUCKING G-D!
- 1: Alright! Alright! Let's just calm down and try to figure this out.
- 2: WE'RE FUCKED!
- 1: Let's just try and figure this out okay!?
- 2: WE ARE TOTALLY FUCKING SCREWED!
- 1: I know! Alright! I know, but just calm the fuck down and let's try to—
- 2: FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO—
- 1: Well you're gonna fucking have to! I have a baby in my hands! What the fuck am I supposed to do!
- 2: Oh g-d. I don't know. I don't know!
- 1: Well what—

- 2: Put him down I guess—
- (2 is frantically trying to remove a cigarette from his pocket. He starts to smoke)
- 1: Where?
- 2: I don't know! Over there, I guess, on the couch! (Lays baby flat on the couch)
- 2: Well not like! Not fuckin like that!
- 1: Well what am I supposed to do!? I don't know what to do!?
- 2: How could you not—
- 1: I'm sorry I don't know how to deal with babies!
- 2: Well you can't put it flat! You can't put a baby flat. It can't breathe.
- 1: Well how am I supposed to put it?
- 2: I don't know!
- 1: Well then why did you say something?
- 2: Because that's wrong!
- 1: Alright! Can we just try and calm down! Please. I guess you have to put him upright. (Puts baby sitting up against the back of the couch) Right?
- 2: Is it a he?
- 1: I don't know.
- 2: Well look.
- 1: Why would I do that? Why do we need to know what gender the fuckin thing is?
- 2: Fine.
- 1: You fuckin look if you wanna know.
- 2: No. No way. I don't wanna touch it. I don't want my fingerprints on him.
- 1: What!? You FUCK!? You don't care about me touchin him though, huh?

- 2: Well you had already touched him hadn't you?
- 1: I had already touched him?
- 2: You were the one who grabbed him, weren't you?
- 1: Right. Sure. I'm the one who grabbed him so I'm the one that gets fucked. Great. Fuck you! I'm starting to think you set this whole thing up! You know that!
- 2: What the hell are you saying that for? Why would I do this? What purpose would it—
- 1: I don't know! You always hated Hanks. I know that. Everyone—
- 2. Oh come on
- 1: Everyone knows it. You wanna screw him over.
- 2: So you think I pulled this shit!
- 1: Everyone knows you wanna get him back. For what he did to you.
- 2: You're a fuckin idiot alright.
- 1: Yeah? Well everyone thinks it, alright? So is everyone a fucking idiot, huh? Is every single person an idiot?
- 2: Alright, alright. This is stupid. Lets just deal with what we have at hand.

(They both look over at the baby)

- 1: You're right. I'm sorry. I guess I'm just stressed—
- 2: It's alright. Let's just try and figure this out.
- 1: Right.
- 2: Alright Alright. So.....where do we start?
- 1: Well, this is how I see it. Gary told us to pick up the shit, and that it was gonna be inside of a baby doll, a plastic baby doll...
- 2: Right.
- 1: That was being pushed in a carriage by a woman, along Bleeker Street at 5:00

- 2: Yeah....5:00.
- 1: It was an interception. He had heard about the transfer from someone, and we had to get it before thy got it, right?
- 2: Yeah...he heard about it.
- 1: Right. And that's all I know. I don't know anything else. I mean it seemed like a fuckin weird way of transferring cocaine, but who the fuck knows?
- 2: Yeah...it seemed weird.
- 1: Alright, so now that we've got that down. We have to go through what we did. We were on Bleeker street right?
- 2: Yup.
- 1: And it was 5:00, right?
- 2: Just about, yeah.
- 1: Ok, now I saw a lady, brown curly hair....young....maybe 30, pushing a carriage. So I wait till she gets near me, and I reach inside, and grab what's in there. I run all the way up the block, all the way to where we were meeting, and that's when I realized, that this thing, this fuckin thing I had in my hands, was alive! Fuckin squirming in my hands!
- 2: Why did you grab it in the first place?
- 1: Whaddayou mean why did I grab it, that was the fuckin goal!
- 2: The goal was not to kidnap a fuckin baby!
- 1: Well I didn't know it was! Alright! What am I supposed to do? Look? Look at the baby I am stealing from a carriage in the middle of the fuckin street in broad daylight? Huh? How am I supposed to do that?
- 2: Well you should've seen...I mean, how many babies do you think go by on that street?
- 1: Yeah, well we were waiting for someone to come with a carriage, a woman, and that's exactly what came, and exactly on time! It had to be that!
- 2: Yeah well it's not cuz this baby is filled with blood and guts, not coke, alright?!
- 1: Fuck You!
- 2: Look, let's calm down. We have to figure out what we are gonna do.

- 1: Maybe we should call Greg.
- 2: No. No way. Are you fuckin kiddin me? Greg would flip out! Did I ever tell you about the time he actually fired a shot into the air—
- 1: We don't have time for stories now, alright? You have a story for everything. But we don't have time. We have to figure—
- 2: Well we can't call Greg. We can't.
- 1: Well what else do we do. We have to do something with this baby.
- 2: He won't fuckin stop crying.
- 1: I know, it's driving me crazy.
- 2: Maybe we need to feed him something.
- 1: Well I don't have any food.
- 2: Neither do I.
- 1: Well there's a pacifier around his neck, why don't you stick it in his mouth.
- 2: Yeah. (He does. The crying stops) Well that worked.
- 1: Yup.
- 2: I thought we were going to have to sing to him.
- 1: Yeah I bet you'd love that. Well look, I am definitely not going outside, there's probably cops crawling everywhere.
- 2: Yeah. What the fuck are we gonna do.
- 1: Maybe there's a back entrance. We could sneak out.
- 2: Sneak out and do what? We didn't get what we needed to get, and instead we got a fuckin baby. We'll be arrested.
- 1: What if we just leave the baby somewhere?
- 2: What?

1: What if we just leave it in some alley, just around here, and someone is bound to find it
2: But your fingerprints are on it. Your fingerprints are on the baby.
1: They can take prints off skin?
2: Yeahsure they can.
1: How? Are ya sure?
2: What do you mean? What the fuck are you talking about? How do you think they solve murders?
1: Yeah but not on skin
2: It's forensics.
1: I know but
2: You knowI was just thinking that, I mean, my fingerprints aren't on him. Only you touched him.
1: So what are you saying?
2: I don't know
1: Are you saying you're gonna fuckin leave me here with this baby!? This is both of our faults, alright?! We both did this!
2: I know but
1: Fuck You! No buts! I'll fuckin kill you if you leave! I will. You watch. I'll fuckin shoot you.
2: Jesus. I wasn't gonna leave you here. Calm down.
1: Yeahyou better not.
2: Hey! What if we wash him?
1: Wash the baby?
2: To get the prints off.

1: What?

- 2: Just wash him with soap and water.
- 1: Oh yeah, yeah, that would definitely work. I'm sure that just wipes it off clean.
- 2: Well-
- 1: How would just cleaning it with soap and water be able to fool detectives? Huh? Fucking idiot. Oh...its too bad John Wayne Gacy didn't have soap and water, then he would have gotten off.
- 2: Take it easy man im just trying to help.
- 1: Christ.
- 2: (Pause) Plus you're like totally fucked anyways, they can trace fibers too.
- 1: Thanks asshole.
- 2: Hey I'm just—
- (1 takes the baby and rubs it on 2).
- 2: What the fuck!?
- 1: There, you feel better? Now were even. Now were both fucked.
- 2: Great work dickwad. Goddamn it. Why do you have to be such a fucking asshole!? I'm just—Christ! (Pause) Dickwad.
- 1: (Puts baby down on coffee table. Pause. They both sit for a minute. Slowly, much more calm now.) You know, I was just thinking of something.
- 2: What?
- 1: Well...Gary got this news from someone else right?
- 2: Right.
- 1: Well...ok....this is gonna sound really weird....but maybe...he misunderstood the pickup. Maybe it wasn't plastic dolls being used.
- 2: What do you mean?

- 1: Well, what I'm saying is that, the timing, the carriage, the block, the lady, it all works...it's perfect. It should be right. And I think it might be right. What if they're storing the coke in the baby?
- 2: (Pause) Wait, in this baby?
- 1: Yeah.
- 2: (Pause) Well how would they store it?
- 1: Well....I guess a baby really couldn't swallow a cocaine condom and survive.
- 2: That's the only way I know of.
- 1: (Pause) Well....I actually know of one other way.
- 2: What?
- 1: I saw it in a movie once. The White Raven.
- 2: Never seen it.
- 1: It's not bad. It's with Ron Silver. Anyways. In the movie, I saw it a really long time ago, but I remember this guy, this really old guy, had a diamond, or a ruby or something, embedded in his, just lodged in his brain.
- 2: What?
- 1: See, they had to hide this jewel, and so they cut a hole in the back of his skull, and put this ruby in there, it was called the white raven, that was what the movie was about, they put it in a Ziploc bag and just placed it in his skull. And they sewed him back up, and he was able to live just fine. I mean he was around for like—
- 2: What the fuck!?
- 1: I saw it in a movie?
- 2: How is that even...?....So you're saying that you think this baby might have cocaine in his skull!?
- 1: Well, I guess it's possible. This has to be the transfer!
- 2: How could this baby live with a fuckin bag of rocks in his fuckin head!?
- 1: I don't know. I'm not a doctor. I told you I saw it in a movie.

- 2: Well it's not possible!
- 1: I don't think they would lie!
- 2: So what are you saying? Are you saying you wanna cut open this baby's head to check for fuckin contraband!?
- 1: I'm just saying it's—
- 2: Oh you fuck! Oh you sick fuck! You would cut open a baby's fuckin skull!?
- 1: No! I'm just—
- 2: Just because you had a fuckin troubled youth or whatever, doesn't mean you can fuckin take it out—
- 1: Oh fuck you! Why do you have to bring that up!? This has nothing to do with that!
- 2: Oh? Cuz I think it does. I think it has a lot to do with that!
- 1: I told you that once and you mentioned it a million times!
- 2: Just because you're father was a drunk or a druggie or whatever he was, doesn't mean you can go around choppin out pieces of babies skulls.
- 1: I'm not!
- 2: You're fuckin insane. You're a fuckin psychotic!
- 1: I DON'T WANT TO SLICE THIS FUCKIN BABY OPEN, ALRIGHT!? I JUST WANTED TO SUGGEST IT AS A POSSIBILITY AS TO WHERE THE FUCKIN COKE THAT WE NEED TO FIND IS!
- 2: Yeah, well it's a wrong possibility.
- 1: That may be.
- 2: Plus, how would 10 grand of coke fit in his head? You think about that?
- 1: (Pause). Well maybe its in his body too.
- 2: oh, you've got a solution for everything don't you. (*Pause*). Who would do that....that's sick.
- 1: Columbian coke dealers would do it, and you know it.

- 2: It doesn't matter alright? It doesn't matter if Columbian coke dealers would do it cuz we are not cutting open a fuckin baby alright?
- 1: Alright Alright. I was just sayin. I was just giving-
- 2: well don't okay? Don't say anymore. Okay? Just don't say anything.
- 1: Well what've you got. What do you have to say? huh? I'm the only one here trying to make things better.
- 2: Well you're not makin em better are you? (Pause) What're we gonna do?
- 1: (Long Pause) Hey. Uh...do you think maybe we should call...Mike?
- 2. Mike?
- 1: Yeah...he might uh, know what-
- 2: Actually....yeah. Yeah man, that's actually a good idea.
- 1: Yeah cuz Mike is-
- 2: Yeah, now we're talking. See, before with the baby cutting plan, that was bad...this, this is actually helpful. This is a good idea.
- 1: Alright alright lets just do it, we don't have that much time alright?
- 2: Yeah you're right. Alright, you wanna call him?
- 1: Do I?
- 2: yeah, do you wanna call him or should I?
- 1: Umm...why don't you do it?
- 2: Me? Alright I'll do it.
- 1: Yeah you do it. I don't think mike likes me very much.
- 2: Mike? Mike likes you just fine. He likes you alright.
- 1: really?
- 2: Yeah. He likes you just fine man. He's known you for years.

- 1: Yeah I dunno. I just sometimes get the feeling he doesn't. Like he's just mad at me, or like doesn't wanna work with me or something.
- 2; No man, not at all. I mean, obviously you're not his fuckin best friend or whatver, but then again we're not in the fuckin 5<sup>th</sup> grade, you know? (Chuckles). We're not playin Atari together anymore.
- 1: Haha. Right. Yeah. I guess you're right.
- 2: Alright. 917 338 9236, right?
- 1: Umm... Yeah I guess. Well...are you sure it was a 917, I mean...wasn't he fro m like...California?
- 2: (with phone to ear) You mean the area code? The 917?
- 1: Yeah, like it might be a different...actually I think it's 310. For California.
- 2: Really? 310? For a cell phone? But he's not in California right now. So why...
- 1: Yeah but I guess when he got the cell phone, when he first bought it, he was in California. You know?
- 2: Well...hold on. One sec. (*Pause. Listens to Phone*) Oh ok. Well I guess you're right because this is some answering machine for some like...Mexican person or something. Damn.
- 1: Yeah it's probably 310.
- 2: Alright then. Let me see. 310 338 9236. Alright. (With phone to ear) Wait...where did he live in California again? I forget.
- 1: I think he lived in San Francisco. Like for-
- 2: Shut up. (Into phone) Hey man, what's up? Oh really? Yeah. No. Yeah I'm with him. Well what the fucfk have you been doing all day? No shit. (*I motions to hurry up*). Well, see I'm here on Spring street, at the place. Yeah. Yeah. Well, actually no. Sorta. See, we have a problem. We have a big problem. And we were gonna ask you- What the fuck do you mean you don't have time? This is fucking important. Yes it's more important than fucking Melissa you fucking asshole! I can't fuckin believe you! Do you know how much shit we are in! And all you care about is pussy, what a surprise! What a surprise you fucking cunt! Goddamn it. What? Wait what? He is? What!? Holy shit. When. Yes I heard you but when? Like right- oh. Oh. Oh great. This is just fuckin great. Great. Oh my g-d. Well thanks a lot for telling me you fucking asshole. Thanks. Thanks for the great news. Yeah well you do that. You just go, leave us here. Leave us fuckin here. Thanks. Big help. You know that is the last time we fuckin call you for help! You know, cuz we

thought of <u>you</u> not Jack, not fucking Lewis, but you, and what t he fuck do you do but screw us- (He stops. Looks at phone. Presses a button)

- 1: What the hell-
- 2: He hung up. Fucking cunt.
- 1: What is going on? What the hell just happened. (Pause) Hey! Would you tell me what the fuck just happened?!
- 2: Mike's a fuckin asshole that's what happened. He's a fucking cunt.
- 1: Alright but what did he tell you?
- 2: Why did we even call him. Why did we think of calling <u>Mike?</u> We could have called Lewis... or even-
- 1: Would you shut the fuck up and just tell me what the fuck he told you.
- 2: (Pause) Greg's coming.
- 1: What?
- 2: I said...
- 1: I know what you said. (Long Pause) Well what're we...
- 2: I don't know....Fuck.
- 1: How the hell...why is he...
- 2: I don't fucking know. Just don't fucking ask—
- 1: Goddamnit. I thought he said that we were gonna meet him at—
- 2: Well I don't know. That's what I thought he said.
- 1: He told us once we got the coke we were supposed to meet him...
- 2: I don't know.
- 1: When did Mike say he was coming?
- 2: Right now.
- 1: Yeah but when? Like in 5 minutes or—

- 2: That's all he said. Just right now. That's all he said.
- 1: That's great. Fucking mike. That's just great.
- 2: You know he wouldn't even talk to me because he was fucking Melissa!
- 1: Fucking asshole. How did he even know Greg was coming?
- 2: I don't know. He didn't say.
- 1: I guess he just saw him leaving.
- 2: Yeah. (Pause) Holy shit. Alright. Alright. Alright. Ok. We....we have to figure out—
- 1: You know he's gonna ask us why we—
- 2: I know. That's the whole problem. That's the whole problem is that we don't have a good fucking answer, and he's gonna cut off our fucking balls.
- 1: He is. He's gonna use us as an example for every mother fucker he—
- 2: Goddamnit.
- 1: We have to figure something out. Alright? We have to figure something out. I do not want to be an example. I do not want to be a fucking example. A <u>Greg</u> example.
- 2: Do you think we should leave?
- 1: Leave here?
- 2: I don't know...I guess.
- 1: We can't. We cant fucking leave this building, because in case you forgot, we a have a fucking baby!
- 2: Alright Alright.
- 1: If we could leave, don't you think we should have left a while ago you fucking idiot!
- 2: Alright, I forgot.
- 1: No. We just have to sit here. Sit here on our asses and wait to get a bullet in our fucking heads by that goddamned prick.

- 2: Alright. Lets just take a second. Lets just think for a second. Take a breather. (*There is a long pause, in which 1 gets more and more nervous*)
- 1: Oh G-d. Oh G-d. Oh G-d. This isn't...no...this isn't....at all...this is all wrong...the whole thing....everything...its all....this isn't how its supposed to be.....this isn't how its supposed to be!
- 2: Relax. It's all gonna be—
- 1: This is all wrong. G-d. We never should have. Fuck. We never should have even started this. Why did we ever get into...how did we get so deep? What are we doing here? There's something I never told you. It was too embarrassing. But now I knew I was right all along. On the first day, on the first day that Lewis brought us to meet Greg, on that very first day. I....I was terrified out of my mind. I was literally crawling out of my skin. I have never been so afraid in my life. But I told myself I had to do it, you know, for you, and I didn't want to look soft or anything. But fuck it now I don't care. I knew this was bad all along. From the very first day. G-D! Sitting in his fucking office, shaking in his chair, trembling. Fuck. How did we ever—
- 2: Shut up alright, you're just being a pussy. Just relax ok. We have got to—
- 1: No. No. No. I can't. I won't Because it's not. It's not gonna be all alright! Don't you see!? Don't you see what is happening! Look around you! Look! (Points to the baby)
- 2: Alright Alright. Just—
- 1: No. No! I will not! Greg is coming here! Don't you understand that! GREG IS COMING HERE! Do you know...do you realize....just how...bad! We are gong to die!
- 2: (Simultaneous) Yes I know but you have to—
- 1: Everything is wrong! This is not how its supposed to be! Can't you see it! The walls! The walls are in on us and they aren't gonna let go until we are dead!
- 2: (Simultaneous) Shut Up. Shut up! Shut up! I think I hear him! I think that's him!
- 1: Can't you see it happening!? They're moving in and we are...they're moving in and they won't stop! THE WALLS! THE WALLS!

(From Up Left comes a tall man of about 50. He wears a gray trench coat and a suit underneath. He walks with a limp on his right leg. When he speaks he has an Irish accent As he walks on he sings "Casey Jones" by the Grateful Dead.)

2: Shut Up! Would you shut up! He's coming!

(1 Stops to listen. They both hear him singing and start brushing themselves up. Greg reaches the hanging door and opens it. As soon as he enters he starts speaking.)

Greg: Cocaine Cocaine Cocaine Cocaine Cocaine. That's what I want that's what I want from you ladies, so hand it over to me I'll be gone. Hand it over and I'll be on my way I'll be out the door with my cocaine. Hand over the cocaine and I'll be gone. That's all I want that's what I came for. I don't fancy a chat or nothing so just pass me the bag and I'll be out the door. I want the coke. I want the coke. I want the rocks. The dust. The base. The powder. The Big C. The big old fuckin C. Now ladies it ain't hard. You put your hand into your pocket, you pull it out and you hold it out in front of you, and I'll take the bag. Its that simple. Its really quite a simple job. You did make it past the fourth grade right? Because a fourth grader could hand me a bag of cocaine right now and probably do a better job of it than the two of you. I'll tell you what. I'll tell you what assholes. I'll close my eyes. I'll close my eyes and hold out my hands. I'll put my hand flat out, and I'll count to ten. Now if there isn't a bag of cocaine in my hand by the time I open my eyes, I'll put a bullet through your fuckin faces. 1. 2. 3.

2: Greg. Uh, Greg.

Greg: Cocaine baby cocaine that's all I want, not a conversation, is that ok? 4. 5.

2: Greg we had a problem.

Greg: A problem? Well yes I can say you've got a problem if you can't hand me a bag of coke right about now.

2: We don't have the coke Greg. Something went wrong. Something got...missed up.

Greg: (Greg Suddenly pulls a handgun out of his belt and holds it firmly pointed at 2 and then switches to 1 and back and forth who have their hands up) Are you fuckin with me!? HUH!? Are you fuckin with me because let me tell you right now I am not the man to be fucked with. Not the man! So. Either you'll give me the cocaine that I need right now, or I will have no problem at all pulling this fuckin trigger. Do you think I like you? HUH!? Do you? Well you're wrong. I don't give a fuck about your fuckin welfare. So. Let me ask you one more time: Where's the— (Greg stops. He hears the baby which has started crying) What the fuck....what the fuck is that? (He looks to the couch and sees the bundle) Is that what I think it is? Is that a fuckin baby? Is there a fuckin baby in this house?

2: That's what we were trying to tell you. Something happened.

Greg: What the fuck are you two doing with a real fuckin baby?

2: Well see, when we went to get the coke right, we went to bleeker at 5:00, we were there on the dot. And we waited for a lady to come by with pushing a carriage, and so he sees one, and he goes and grabs the baby and we run up here. We don't realize until we

get here though that instead of a baby doll we have a real baby. So now we don't know what to do, you know, what we should do with the baby. But were really sorry, I mean, we had no idea, it seemed like everything was just right. The time, the place, the lady. But were really sorry we don't have the coke. I mean...if there's anything we can do we'll...uh...well were sorry.

Greg: (Long pause. Greg Then puts his gun away and swiftly and with great force punches 2 in the stomach. He then walks over to 1 and does the same. He then walks over to the baby and picks it up) What the fuck is wring with you? The both of you. What the fuck is wrong with you? Something must be wrong for you to take a live baby off the street and put him in this apartment. A live baby. Not a plastic doll filled with cocaine. I want you to repeat to me the instructions I gave you.

2: You said to grab a plastic doll that would be filled with cocaine from—Greg: Stop right there. Is this a plastic doll? Eh? Is this a plastic baby doll?

#### 2: No. But see we didn't—

Greg: Shut the fuck up, shut the fuck up, shut the fuck up. Shut your fuckin mouth before I shut it for you. I swear to g-d, I swear to g-d I have no problem shooting you in the throat right now. Do you fancy that? Huh? A whole in your fuckin throat?

#### 2: No.

Greg: Well then I suggest you shut the fuck up. That's right I suggest you shut the fuck up the both of you unless you fancy blood pouring out of a whole in your throat like tea from a kettle. Like tea from a fucking kettle. (Pause) You two assholes have fucked up so much...I don't think I have ever seen a bigger fuck up in my entire life. And I've been round. I've been round the block. I know a thing or two about this business. But any fucking dimwit, any cunt off the street would know that you two fags are two pieces of shit that fuck up and you fuck up business for everyone. Lets just think about what you've done, shall we. Lets have a little chat about what you two cunts have done. Not only did you lose me out on just about 10 grand of cocaine, but now we've got a fuckin live crying baby on our fucking hands. What do you suggest we do now you fucking cunts. Shall we start a family, eh? Oh wouldn't that be lovely? Wouldn't that just be a delight. We have our little baby, and I could be the wife. Oh and you could be the husband. Do you fancy that? Huh? You could fuck me every night? Do you fancy that. Every night we'd put dear little baby to sleep, and then daddy could come and fuck me silly! Does that strike your fancy? WHAT DO WE DO WITH A FUCKIN BABY! HUH!? We are fucked. You two jackoffs decided to goof around, play games with me, play games with your fuckin job, and then you go and fuck it for everyone else. I'm fucked because of you. And let me tell you straight: I don't enjoy being fucked. I don't enjoy it. Until you grow some tits, I don't enjoy getting fucked by you. Now I suppose it would logically proceed from all this fucking that's going on is that, well see lads, since you fucked me, I think its only fair I fuck you. I think it logically proceeds that the fucking goes both ways. Isn't that fair? (Pause) I asked you if that was fair.

2: Yes.

1: Yes.

(Greg immediately takes out his gun and pistol whips 2)

Greg: (To 1) Come here. (1 slowly walks towards him)

1: Uh sir...before you hit me, I just wanted to say I think there's a way we might still have the coke.

Greg: (Pause) Well then why don't u fuckin tell me?

1: Umm...Ok. Well, the thing is I'm not sure about it, I mean we're not sure—

Greg: Tell me the fuckin idea before I put lead through your synapses, and you cant think of any more fuckin ideas. It's a bit hard to think with something lodged in your brain.

1: Right. Well see, I saw this movie, see, it was called <u>The White Raven</u>. It's with Ron Silver. And it uh, well in the movie—

Greg: With Ron Silver?

1: Umm...yes. Yes. Yeah its with Ron silver, that's right.

Greg: Yeah I thought so. Ron fuckin Silver. He's in <u>Timecop.</u> With Van Damme. G-d I love Van Damme. Have you ever seen a better action movie actor? Eh?

1: No, I don't think so.

Greg: What's your fuckin idea and this better be good.

1: Well see the thing is, in the movie, these guys, these umm like bad guys or whatever, they have to hide this jewel, right. And so, what they do is, uh, well they, they carve...they cut out a hole in this guy's head, and they put the jewel in a Ziploc bag, and they actually hide it in his skull you see. And so he lives like this, with this ruby being hidden in his brain. And then they find it later, and they just take it out, by opening up the old stitches on his scalp. (Pause). The jewel, the thing they have in his brain, it's called the white raven, the jewel, that's what the movie is about, they're looking for this jewel.

Greg: (Inspecting the baby) So you're saying that you think this baby might have cocaine in his brain?

1: Well I don't know, I mean I was just offering it as—

2: I told him it wasn't possible, I told him it wouldn't work. He just would listen to me. I'm sorry.

Greg: You know...you just might be right. You just might have the right idea. I mean, to tell you the truth, when I cam in here and found out that you guys didn't have the coke, and had actually kidnapped a baby, I was about ready to kill the both of you right hen and there, no questions asked. But I am glad I waited, because you might be on to something. I thought you guys were just fuck ups, but if you actually apply your mind, I guess you can solve a problem.

1: Well thanks I was just thinking—

Greg: Shut your mouth I'm trying to think.

1: Sorry.

Greg: I thought it was gonna be in a doll, but I guess, see I didn't have all the details. I might have gotten it wrong. And it was Martin you see. Martin. He is a fucked up piece of work, one fucked up character. He would do this. He likes to be....creative. Fuckin creative with his drug trades. What a fuckin guy. I tell you I would not put this past him. (Pause) So. (Pulls out Swiss army knife from his pocket, opens it) Which one of you cunts wants to cut her open?

1: What?

2: What?

1: We can't. I mean, we couldn't, cut open a baby. Just like that—

Greg: Listen assholes. I am not fuckin with you. I am not playing games here. I aint playin patsy with you. (Starts to mimick playing patsy) No little miss muffet sat on her fucking tuffet for you fuckin assholes. No. We aren't playin duck duck goose. Do you see me running around in a circle, tapping your fucking heads? Do you? I'll tell you when I want to play duck duck goose, but for now boys, cut open this fucking baby.

- 2: But Greg please understand, I mean there's no way a baby could survive like that. He saw this in a movie Its not possible. The coke is not in there. It just cant be—
- 1: We cant cut open it skull. We'd kill it. The baby would die. And plus, we don't know where it is.

(Greg places the baby on the couch and walks over to 2, grabs his head, and forces it down firmly to his knee, knee-kicking him right on the face. 2 screams, and as his head comes back up he starts to bleed from his nose)

Greg: Now do you want some of that eh? Do you want to have to get a nose job like your bloke over here? Because I have no problem kicking you in the fucking face. No problem at all. In fact, on the contrary, I like it. Yes. Yessiree I like knee-kicking people to the face. Its quick. It hurts like a fuckin bitch, and its good exercise. Lifting up the knee you know, its good for the leg muscles. What do you think? Do you think I'm getting to fat?

1: What? Um, no. No I don't.

Greg: No really. If you think I'm fat tell me. I want to know. I can get liposuction you know. They do great things nowadays. Suckin fat out of your ass. Its quite expensive though, to get it all done. But you know, I could always slit your arteries and sell your body piece by piece on the black market to dirty assholes from the Russia who need a new bladder. How bout that? Do you fancy having your organs "donated"? You know that I can get 20 grand for your liver? 20 grand. That sounds like a familiar number. I guess that transaction just might work out perfect wouldn't it. Do you like that idea of mine? Do you want your organs sold? Does that spark your fancy?

1: No sir.

Greg: Oh. Oh I see. You don't like getting having all your bits and bobs in Ziploc bags is it?

1: No sir.

Greg: Oh right. Of course, I see. Well then may I suggest something, seeing that you don't want to be fucked. My suggestion would be to CUT OPEN THE FUCKING BABY BEFORE I CUT YOU OPEN. Is that ok? Would you be ok with that?

1: Yes. Yes sir. Yes. No problem.

Greg: Well that's good then. Its a shame though, because I was quite fond of that liposuction idea. And hey, maybe I could have even donated some of the fat they took out of my ass to your friend over here, to replace the cartilage in his fuckin nose.

1: (Forced laugh) Ha ha ha. Yeah. Maybe. Ha.

Greg: What are you laughing at cunt? Eh? What are you laughing at?

1: Nothing I was just—

Greg: Do you think that's what I want you to do, laugh? Do you think that's what I hired you for? Do you think that I pay you two fuckin jerk offs to sit here on your fat asses and laugh the night away, like little fuckin school girls? Like little fuckin catholic school girls? I mean, I find a red haired cunt in a plaid skirt just as sexy as the next man but not when its actually a 25 year old man. That's not my style. If you want to—if you to fags want to do that on your own time, you can do that. You can do whatever the fuck you

want on your own time. You can go home, take your little sister's skirt, slip on some heels, maybe some earrings, put on some Boy George, and dance around the room like peter pan for all I care. Not on my time. You can go home and fuck each other blue if you want, if that's your fancy. Let me guess...the one with the broken face is the catcher? Don't answer that because I don't care who the catcher is, what I care about is the job, something you two cocksuckers seem to have no understanding of. You think its ok to fuck around? For me to give you directions, and for you two to sit around, jacking off all day? This is work. This is serious. I am not fucking with you. This job doesn't fuck with you. You are not kids anymore, prancing about in your gardens, touching your penises. And if it wasn't for the fact that for some reason I decided to hire you, I wouldn't give a damn what you do. But because I hired you, and because you fucked up, I am getting fucked. So. I have got to fix it now. I have to fix the little kiddy's mess. So, I want you to tell me what your job is right now.

1: (Pause) You....want me to...cut open...this—

Greg: Very good! You get an A+ asshole! Congratulations! Your mom will be so happy! I bet she might even hang it on the fridge. Right next to the picture of your mangled corpse I will send her if you don't cut open this baby right now.

1: I'm sorry. I'll do it.

Greg: I wasn't asking. I was telling. You fucking cunt. (*1 takes the knife, and sits down on the couch next to the baby*) Just cut it open right on its head. Just slip the knife in, his head isn't too firm, and you get me that fuckin coke. I am going to be flat out honest with you. If you don't get me the cocaine, I will kill you. I will put a bullet through your cerebellum, and you will die. Now...Do either of you boys have a couple of quarters? (*Silence*) Hello? I'm asking you for something?

1: Umm...quarters? I think so. Here. Hands him some.

Greg: Well thank you. Here's a dollar.

1: Oh. Its ok.

Greg: Take the dollar cunt. (*He does*). Now, if you'll excuse me, im going to feed the meter, I didn't have any change on my way up, and I'd rather not have to deal with the meter maid right now. But I'll be right outside, so if you try to leave like pansies, Ill skin you like injuns, and bring your faces home to your mammies. So boys, I'll take my leave, and when I come back, I want to see blood, guts, and coke. Alright you sexy cunts?

1: Yes. Yes. Sir.

Greg: Great. (He walks offstage towards the bathroom, and as he walks he whistles Casey Jones until he is offstage)

- 1: Oh my g-d oh my g-d oh my g0d oh my g-d. What the fuck are we gonna do? What the fuck are we gonna do!?
- 2: My fuckin nose wont stop bleeding. It hurts like a fucking—
- 1: Who cares about your fuckin nose. I Don't care about your fuckin nose! Do you realize that we are gonna die—
- 2: Yes I think I got that.
- 1: Do you realize that we are gonna die unless we cut this fucking baby open!
- 2: And who's fault do you think that is!? Huh!? You fucking asshole! You were the one who told him the idea! Your old him your great fucking idea! What did you think he was gonna say! Huh!? Couldn't you have figured this was gonna happen?
- 1: Well I didn't think he would actually tell us to—
- 2: Well he did! He did! Now what the fuck do we do! You fucking cunt, look what you've fucking done now.
- 1: Alright, this isn't helping. We need to figure something out before he comes back. We need to do something. I mean unless...
- 2: Unless what?
- 1: Unless... we actually just...do it. I mean, I don't know, we could just close our eyes and get it over with.
- 2: You want to close your eyes and kill this baby?
- 1: (The speech progressively gets slower and more heartfelt, until he is almost crying) I don't want to, but we have to make a decision, our life or his. I don't know. Ok. I am just thinking out loud here. I mean sure we'd be pretty screwed up about it for the rest of our lives and all, but at least we'd have a rest of our lives. Look it can't be that hard, we just have to slip the knife in, and he'll die right away, he won't feel any pain or anything. I mean people are always talking about how bad it is to kill a baby, to kill a child. That you're taking away their future, their opportunities. But his life would probably be horrible anyways. His life is mostly going to suck. Who knows, maybe we're actually helping him, helping him by taking him out of the game so early. Maybe he has some disease they don't know about yet, and he is going to suffer for the rest of his life. Or maybe his family will desert him and he will have to raise himself. (Pause) Besides, what's so great about life anyways? (Pause) What's so special and worthwhile about it. Look at us; are we enjoying life? Are you enjoying life? Because I...I certainly....and what about Mike? Is mike enjoying life? Or Jack? What about him? Or Lewis? Or even Ray? Are they enjoying life, grateful to be alive every day? What's so great about living?

It's a lame excuse for a game. It's a horrible, horrible game. But once you start playing, you can't leave. You hate it. You hate it with every fiber of your body. But you can't leave. (Pause) Once he enters the game, they'll be no turning back. We should take him out now. Before....before everything....before he turns out like Lewis. We should take him out of the game now, before he rolls the dice, because he might, and he probably will, turn out like Lewis. He will roll the dice and turn out like Lewis. Or even Mike. We have to stop him. (Pause) Before he turns out....like us.

(There is a pause before he slowly holds the baby, and raises the knife. He pauses with the knife in the air, and softly we can hear him whimper. He starts to bring down the knife, until 2 puts his hand out and stops him)

- 2: (Emotional) What are we doing? (Pause) What are we doing? I....(pause) Look at our lives. Just look at our....what we have done. What have we done? Look where we are. What we are doing. We...we...are about to....(Pause). That first day...in Greg's office. That first day that we went and met everyone. The day everything started. I...I remember... sitting in his office, with you, and just sitting there, while he was talking, and staring at his desk. There was a gun on his desk you see...he had placed his gun on the table. And for some reason...I couldn't understand it...I just could not take my eyes off that gun. The barrel was pointed away from me, it was pointed at the wall. But for some reason...I just kept imagining...I kept seeing the gun swivel on the table, turn toward me, with n o one moving it, just mysteriously moving. And it would turn toward me, and I would be helpless. Helpless. (Pause) I was petrified. (Pause) And I have been since that day. (Pause. He lets go of 1's hand, which falls to the couch) Why are we doing this? Why do we live like this? Why would we live in any way that leads us to be sitting on a couch, waiting for a psychotic Irishman to come back and shoot us, about to kill a baby? Something has got to change. We have got to change. (Pause) And the time is now.
- 1: But what are we gonna do? I mean he'll be back any minute. If he doesn't see blood, he'll kill us for sure.
- 2: (Pause) What if we just tell him. What if we just tell him that we wont do it? No one ever stands up to Greg, no ones ever tried. Nobody knows, maybe he respects confidence.
- 1: I highly doubt—
- 2: Well either way its worth a shot. It's the only thing we can do. We will simply tell him to his face, that we are not going to do it. And whatever he does—
- 1: No it wont work, he'll just put a bullet through our—
- 2: Well what else are we supposed to do—
- 1: Well the one thing we cannot do is that. There is no way it will work.

- 2: Well then what do you—
- 1: I won't do it. I won't have him shoot me.
- 2: It is our only choice. We just have to work up the courage, and look him in the eyes—
- 1: No way, I won't do it.
- 2: Well fine, then I guess I am alone.
- 1: No, please don't do it. He will kill you, without a doubt.
- 2: I am going to do it, I have made my decision. I—
- 1: Sshh...I think he's coming—
- 2: Oh g-d.
- 1: Look just please—

Greg: (Enters) You know what I love; Christmas morning. I love waking up and getting presents, lots and lots of surprises, just as you wake up. And I love opening the boxes and unwrapping all the toys. It was my favorite day of the year. My mom and dad always gave me something special. So now, you two can be my mom and dad, and u can give me a present. A bloody....illegal present. The best kind. So. Where's the surprise? Does it have a bow on it? Because that would be just sweet. Just so sweet. I think that would break my heart. 20 grand of cocaine with a little red bow. I think for that I'd have to give you fellows a kiss on the cheek. How does that sound? Although I hope you shaved today cuz I don't much fancy a rough, stubbly man. But we can talk about my taste in men another time you fairies. What I'd like to discuss right now, what I'd like to converse about, is my surprise. So. Where is it?

- 2: Greg, I—
- 1: We don't have it Greg. We don't have your coke, because we will not cut open this baby. Its wrong and horrible, and we won't do it.

(After a pause, Greg walks slowly over to 1, and from about 3 feet away, quickly pulls out his gun and fires it right at 1's stomach. I screams, and falls to the floor.)

Greg: You won't do it huh, you refuse to do it is that right? Well let me show you what I do to people who don't do what I ask. Let me give you a hint. This is the part where I take a piss on your fucking face. (Greg turns upstage, opens his pants and starts to urinate on 1, who is lying on the floor, clenching his stomach) HOW DOES THAT TASTE HUH!? DO YOU ENJOYED BEING PISSED ON!? DO YOU FANCY IT?!

(2 picks up the knife from the couch, quickly walks over to Greg, and stabs him in the back 3 times, as Greg screams. Greg falls to the floor and squirms, bleeding immensely. He drops the gun from his hand, which 2 picks up, and standing over him, points it at his face)

Greg: (Very slurred, with blood coming out of his mouth) Go ahead. Do it. I dare you. Do it. Shoot me right in the face. Cmon you fuckin pussy. Do it. Or better yet, fuck me. Go ahead. Fuck me. Turn me over and fuck the living—

(2 points the gun down and shoots Greg in the leg. Greg screams.)

Greg: Fuck....fuck you.....you fucking......fucking cunt......

2: (Carefully helping 1 stand) Cmon. Lets get you to a hospital.

1: We can't. We'll have to turn ourselves in.

2: It's ok. Its time.

(2 helps 1 stand all the way up, and puts his arm around his shoulder. He puts the gun in his pocket, and walks over to the couch and picks up the baby. They then hobble towards the door, and walk out slowly, leaving the door open as they walk offstage down the hall.)

Greg: You...fuckin cunts. Do you...think I'm funny?....Huh?...Because...I don't have.... a problem.....shooting you....right now...no problem at all.....shooting you in your....fuckin faces.....the both of you....do you fancy that.....you don't mean anything to me...it's all a game...it's all a fuckin...game....

(Greg's voice fades s the lights dim to...

Blackout)