

Half a Ticket

by

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CHARACTERS

Mickey: A young gangster from Brooklyn with a chip on his shoulder.

Jonesy: A young gangster from Brooklyn who may or may not be slightly...off.

Frankie: A gangster from Boston. Volatile. Cocky. Trusts no one. Prefers knives to guns.

THE WORLD OF THE PLAY

A warehouse loading dock on the waterfront in the dead of night. All the gangsters dress and talk as if they've just stepped out of a James Cagney movie--maybe *The Public Enemy*. The world looks and feels as if it's New York of the 1930s, but it's not. This is Brooklyn. Present day.

AT RISE:

A cavernous space. Dark. Concrete. Metal.

A door opens. Light pours in. MICKEY is silhouetted in the frame: hat, coat, suit, fine leather shoes. His shadow falls across the floor pointing to a trunk resting there in the shaft of light from the doorway.

Mickey approaches the trunk. Stops. Regards the trunk. Steps up onto it, reaches above his head. In the darkness, a click followed by a flood of light from a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling.

Mickey regards the room: a loading dock. A great cargo door. [NOTE: If a cargo door is impractical, a sound effect may be used as Frankie enters, possibly through the audience.] Chains hanging about, some with giant iron freight hooks. A broken-faced clock.

Mickey jumps down off the trunk, both feet hard on the floor.

Mickey speaks to the trunk.

MICKEY

Heya, Jonesy.

The trunk speaks back.

JONESY

(muffled by the trunk)

Mickey?

MICKEY

Yeah.

Pause.

JONESY

Is that really you, Mickey?

From the hook of the latch, he removes a twist of metal that has been used as a lock. He tosses it away. The clang of its landing echoes.

Mickey opens the trunk and looks in. We cannot see Jonesy yet.

MICKEY

Been a long time.

Mickey moves away. Jonesy peeks out over the edge of the opened trunk.

JONESY

Yeah. Long time...been almost...I thought you was...

MICKEY

Thought I was what? Dead?

JONESY

I thought you was someone else.

MICKEY

I am.

Pause.

MICKEY

Whatcha doin' in the trunk?

JONESY

Huh?

MICKEY
The trunk.

JONESY
(struggling to remember)
The trunk...

MICKEY
Yeah. What were you doin' in the trunk?

Jonesy thinks.

JONESY
Sleeping mostly.

Jonesy climbs out of the trunk. He wears only an undershirt, underwear and socks.

JONESY
At least I think I was asleep. Can't be sure, sometimes.

Jonesy, unsure, regards his surroundings.

MICKEY
No, I don't mean what were you doing, I mean why were you in there?

Jonesy thinks.

JONESY
I don't remember. *(Regards Mickey.)* Funny...

MICKEY
What's funny about it?

JONESY
No. You.

MICKEY
Me?

JONESY
Yeah.

MICKEY
What's so funny about me?

JONESY
No, not funny ha-ha, funny like it's a funny thing.

MICKEY
What's a funny thing?

JONESY

You. Being here.

MICKEY

Yeah, well. Been a long time.

JONESY

No. I mean, yeah, it's been a long time but, what's funny about it is...I was just thinking about you.

Beat.

MICKEY

Oh yeah? What was you thinkin'?

JONESY

I was thinking...

Beat.

MICKEY

What?

Jonesy's thought evaporates, replaced by a new sensation.

JONESY

I'm cold.

Beat. Mickey takes off his coat.

MICKEY

Here.

Mickey offers the coat to Jonesy. Jonesy doesn't react to it at all. Jonesy continues to regard Mickey.

JONESY

Thanks.

Mickey eyes Jonesy warily. He approaches Jonesy and offers him the coat.

MICKEY

Here.

Jonesy regards the coat as if it is alien to him. Perhaps he sniffs it. Mickey spreads the coat from the collar.

Put it on.

MICKEY

Jonesy is confused.

Turn around.

MICKEY

Jonesy turns around.

Hold out your arms.

MICKEY

Jonesy holds his arms out in front of him.

Not out in--to the side.

MICKEY

Jonesy holds his arms out to his sides. Mickey slips the coat on easily. Jonesy looks down at the coat, holds his newly covered arms up to inspect them, eyes wide, as if Mickey has just performed a magic trick. He turns to Mickey gleefully.

There. That better?

MICKEY

Yeah. Much better.

JONESY

Mickey nods. Beat. Jonesy nods. Beat. Jonesy steps in and hugs Mickey. Mickey receives the hug, awkwardly.

Yeah, okay.

MICKEY

Thank you, Mickey.

JONESY
(tearing up with gratitude)

Yeah, okay.

MICKEY

JONESY
(deeply sincere)

I really want to thank you for this, Mickey.

MICKEY

Yeah, sure, it's just a--I'm not giving it to you. Ya know that right?

JONESY
(realizing his misunderstanding)

Oh.

Beat.

MICKEY
 You look a little...Here, have a seat.

Haltingly, Jonesy moves to the trunk and sits. As soon as he does so, he remembers. His eyes shoot open wide, his spine straightens, he darts off the trunk, whips around, glares at it.

JONESY
 I remember!

MICKEY
 What?

JONESY
 I remember how I got in the trunk!

MICKEY
 How?

Slowly, Jonesy raises his arm and points at the trunk.

JONESY
(conspiratorially)
 Someone put me in there!

Mickey sighs.

MICKEY
 Ya don't say.

JONESY
(remembering)
 I didn't want to go in there.

MICKEY
 Ya didn't, huh?

JONESY
 But they put me in anyway.

MICKEY
(flatly)
 Imagine.

Jonesy snaps out of his memory.

JONESY
What did you say?

MICKEY
Imagine.

Jonesy looks off into the darkness. He imagines.

Mickey circles around to see what Jonesy is doing. He looks at Jonesy. Mickey looks into the darkness that Jonesy is looking into imagining. Mickey looks back to Jonesy.

MICKEY
Hey!

Jonesy snaps out of it and turns to Mickey.

MICKEY
You do realize what's happening here, don't you?

Beat. Jonesy rubs the sleeves of the coat.

JONESY
This is a nice coat, Mickey.

Beat.

MICKEY
Yeah.

Jonesy saunters across the room, adjusting the fit, admiring the cuffs, a newfound swagger in his walk.

JONESY
A coat like this must cost a pretty penny.

Beat.

MICKEY
Yeah.

JONESY
How much a coat like this cost you, eh Mickey?

MICKEY
A pretty penny.

JONESY

A pretty penny, is that right?

MICKEY

Yeah, that's right.

JONESY

Well, you got plenty money, don't ya, Mickey?

MICKEY

What's that?

JONESY

I say you got plenty money. Or so they tell me.

MICKEY

So *who* tells you?

JONESY

Oh...people tell me things, Mickey. They tell me you're doing swell. Just swell. These days, anyhow.

MICKEY

What's that supposed to mean?

JONESY

Means these days you got plenty money. Not like in the old days. Back in Boston.

Mickey doesn't like where this is going.

MICKEY

What about back in Boston?

JONESY

Back in Boston...things was different.

Beat.

MICKEY

Yeah, back in Boston things was different.

JONESY

Here in Brooklyn everything seems...

MICKEY

Seems what?

JONESY

Different.

MICKEY

Yeah, everything here in Brooklyn *is* different.

JONESY
Oh, it *is* different, is it?

MICKEY
Yeah.

JONESY
Not just *seems* different.

MICKEY
No.

JONESY
Everything?

MICKEY
Yeah. Everything.

Beat.

JONESY
I'm not so sure about that, Mickey.

MICKEY
Yeah, well, Jonesy, they tell me you're head ain't been screwed on right for some time now, cause Brooklyn is every ways different.

JONESY
Not every ways.

MICKEY
Every ways.

Pause.

JONESY
I'm not so sure about that, Mickey.

MICKEY
IT'S A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FUCKING TOWN!

Pause.

JONESY
(calm, cool, certain)
How did you know I was in the trunk, Mickey?

Pause.

The great loading dock door opens. The sound of chains over levers, wheels over metal, fills the room.

Standing there, a silhouette in sharp lines of darkness, is FRANKIE. He wears an elegant suit, fine shoes and a dapper hat.

The loading dock door ends its ascent. Silence. Frankie steps into the room.

Mickey shies away from him. Jonesy stands his ground.

FRANKIE

Hello, lads.

JONESY

Hello, Frankie.

MICKEY

What say, Frankie?

Frankie takes in the greatness of the room.

FRANKIE

Lovely place you got here, Jonesy. Cozy.

JONESY

Why thank you, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Door's awful loud, though, isn't it?

JONESY

Been meaning to get that oiled.

FRANKIE

Did I interrupt a intimate moment?

JONESY

No. Whatever give ya that idea?

FRANKIE

Well I just figured, what with you in your undies and all...

Jonesy regards his own attire.

JONESY

Laundry day.

Beat. Frankie chuckles. Jonesy chuckles. Mickey laughs nervously, loudly. Frankie and Jonesy turn to Mickey. Mickey stops.

Frankie slowly walks over to Mickey, stands close, face to face. Eyeballing Mickey, he speaks to Jonesy.

FRANKIE

What's with the hooks?

JONESY

Hooks?

FRANKIE

(still eyeballing Mickey)

You got hooks hanging from your ceiling.

JONESY

Oh. Yeah.

FRANKIE

(still eyeballing Mickey)

Rather menacing looking.

JONESY

Think so?

FRANKIE

(still eyeballing Mickey)

Look of real menace, they have. Scary even. Whaddaya use 'em for?

Beat.

JONESY

Fishing.

Frankie chuckles and turns from Mickey.

FRANKIE

Fishing! You got good fishing here in Brooklyn, do ya?

JONESY

Oh yeah.

FRANKIE

How 'bout that?

JONESY

You should see some of the catches we pull outta the Gowanus Canal.

FRANKIE

Really?

JONESY

Oh sure.

FRANKIE

(eyeballing Jonesy, but speaking to Mickey)
 Say, Mickey, Jonesy says they got good fishing here in Brooklyn, is that right?

MICKEY

Um...yeah.

FRANKIE

(to Jonesy)
 Mickey says that's right.

JONESY

Well he would know.

FRANKIE

That's right, you would know, wouldn't you, Mickey? You used to live here, in a past life. See I wouldn't-a thunk ya had good fishing here in this shithole of a fucking town what with all the pollution and what have you. But Jonesy says it's true and Mickey concurs so who am I to argue? Jonesy and Mickey. Mickey and Jonesy. Together again. After all these...I'm gonna get all weepy. *(Beat.)* I wouldn't eat 'em though. *(Beat.)* The fish I'm talking about. I wouldn't eat 'em if I were you.

JONESY

You're not.

FRANKIE

Not what?

JONESY

You're not me.

Beat.

Frankie laughs.

FRANKIE

That's good. Seriously, Jonesy, let me ask you something, and be honest with me...how do you live in this shithole city? Don't you ever get tired of all the...?

JONESY

All the what?

FRANKIE

Well, let's see, first of all, right off the bat, let's just state the obvious: you got a real rat problem here. They're everywhere. Soon as you come over the bridge into Brooklyn, ba-boom, you look around, the place is crawling with them. Second point of fact, of which, it's filthy. The streets, the subway, the air.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

You guys got a cute little name for that, dontcha? Whaddaya call that: "gritty pretty?" That's cute. In Boston we got another name for "gritty pretty." It's called "fuckin' ugly." Just saying it don't make something pretty. And thirdly, the people here are real charmers. You know what I saw on the way over here? Homeless guy shitting in a plastic bag. Right out in front of someone's house. Someone pays a couple million dollars for a brownstone, fucking bum shits in front of it. Hey, at least he was using a plastic bag though, right? So my opinion of New York is changing. And now I find out about this fishing thing. Whoa. Who knew? Yeah, I can totally see why you wanna live here. Beautiful place. Capitol of the world.

Frankie makes the classic jerk-off sign with his hand.

Pause.

JONESY

It's cause we're right on the Atlantic.

Beat.

FRANKIE

Come again.

JONESY

The fishing here in Brooklyn. It's cause we're right on the Atlantic.

FRANKIE

Is that right? You know what's funny about that?

JONESY

What's funny about that, Frankie?

FRANKIE

Boston is also right on the Atlantic.

JONESY

Yes, that's true.

FRANKIE

Yes, in fact, it is true.

JONESY

And as I remember it, youze got good fishing there.

FRANKIE

Yeah.

JONESY

Better than here?

FRANKIE

Without a doubt.

JONESY

(with venom)

And as I also remember it, you got your share of rats too, don't ya?

Beat.

Frankie steps in closer to Jonesy.

FRANKIE

The fuck you just say?

JONESY

I'm just makin' a observation. You said Brooklyn is crawling with rats. I'm saying, from my recollection, Boston ain't exactly rat free.

Beat.

FRANKIE

Hmph. *(Frankie thinks. Which may take some effort for him.)* Maybe there's a connection.

JONESY

Whaddaya mean?

FRANKIE

Well I'm just spitballin' here, but...you think maybe the fish are attracted to the rats?

JONESY

That don't make no sense.

FRANKIE

Why not?

JONESY

Well, in Boston you got less rats and more fish. In Brooklyn, we got more rats and less fish. It don't add up. Arithmetic-wise.

FRANKIE

Arithmetic. Wise.

JONESY

Fewer.

FRANKIE

What?

JONESY

Fewer. I said "less" fish. I shoulda said "fewer" fish.
(*Beat.*) Fewer. (*Beat.*) But, then again, maybe we're not
calculating all the variables.

FRANKIE

Variables. Calculating.

JONESY

Yeah. Calculating the variables.

FRANKIE

Such as?

JONESY

Size. Mass. Density.

FRANKIE

How ya figure?

JONESY

Well...(*stepping toward Frankie with menace*)...you might have
fewer rats, but the few you got...are so big, so fat, well
they just might fuck up your whole ecological system.

Frankie fumes, steps to Jonesy.

FRANKIE

Is that so? Well, tell ya what...we'd just as soon keep
things the way they are. You Brooklyn boys keep the
rats...we'll keep the fish. (*still eyeballing Jonesy, but
speaking to Mickey*) Whaddaya think of that, Mickey? You wanna
keep 'em?

MICKEY

Huh?

FRANKIE

(still eyeballing Jonesy)

The rats Mickey. (*articulating clearly*) Do you want to keep
them?

Pause.

MICKEY

...okay.

FRANKIE

(still eyeballing Jonesy)

Good. Glad we got that all cleared up, huh, Mickey? Oh say,
Mickey, that reminds me, what the fuck is Jonesy doin' out
the fuckin' trunk?

When he gets no response, Frankie turns to Mickey.

MICKEY

You didn't say to leave him in the trunk.

FRANKIE

I didn't say to leave him in the trunk?

MICKEY

No.

FRANKIE

What did I say?

MICKEY

You said to come down to the dock and I'd find Jonesy in a trunk.

FRANKIE

And?

MICKEY

And to wait for you cause you was comin' down too.

FRANKIE

And to wait for me cause I was comin' down too.

MICKEY

Yeah.

FRANKIE

I didn't say to leave him in the trunk because I didn't think I had to say it. I thought it was kinda implied. I thought we had an understanding. Like I also didn't say don't make him a cup o' tea and give him a cookie. I thought it was unnecessary. I thought it was understood.

MICKEY

I didn't make him a cup o' tea and give him a cookie.

FRANKIE

YOU GAVE HIM YOUR FUCKIN' COAT! WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU GIVE HIM YOUR FUCKIN' COAT FOR? HUH?

Beat.

MICKEY

He was cold.

Frankie's rage quickly turns to grave concern.

FRANKIE
Have you gone soft, Mickey?

MICKEY
No.

FRANKIE
You sure?

MICKEY
Yeah.

FRANKIE
Have you gone nostalgic?

MICKEY
Have I gone what?

FRANKIE
Nostalgic. Are you overwhelmed with longing for the past?

MICKEY
What?

FRANKIE
When you look at your old friend, Jonesy, do you suddenly feel a--go on, look at him (*taking him by the scruff of the neck and forcing him to look across to Jonesy*)--do you suddenly feel a burning desire to return to those blissful days of youth? Those carefree days when the two of you ran wild and free? Do you feel that?

MICKEY
No.

FRANKIE
You sure? You sure you don't feel the pull of time, the painful craving to turn back the clock? To be young again, the two of you, "the kids from Canarsie." It was so much easier, then, wasn't it? Oh if you could only go back. Back to skipping school, smoking cigarettes under the boardwalk. The two of you against the world. Oh how wonderful it must have been! Do you not feel love in your heart for you old pal, Jonesy? (*Beat.*) Answer me. (*Beat.*) Answer the question: do you feel love in your heart for your old pal, Jonesy?

Pause.

MICKEY
Yes.

Pause. Frankie backs off.

FRANKIE
(sincerely)
 That's beautiful. Really. I mean that.

MICKEY
 Fuck you, Frankie.

FRANKIE
(laughs, stunned)
 Wha--fu--excuse me?

MICKEY
 Fuck. You. Frankie.

Frankie is no longer amused.

Frankie grabs Mickey by the throat and forces him against the wall.

FRANKIE
(eyeballing Mickey, speaking to Jonesy)
 Jonesy?

JONESY
 Yeah?

FRANKIE
(tauntingly)
 Um...where's the ticket?

JONESY
 The ticket?

FRANKIE
 The ticket. *(Beat.)* Don't fuck with me, Jonesy. I sent Mickey here to get the ticket from you.

JONESY
 The ticket...

FRANKIE
 THE TICKET! THE TICKET! THE TICKET WHAT GETS ME ACCESS!
 WITHOUT THE TICKET, I HAVE NO ACCESS! ACCESS! ACCESS! I NEED
 THAT FUCKING TICKET!

MICKEY
(choking out the words)
 I got it.

Beat.

FRANKIE
 What did you say?

MICKEY

(still choking through Frankie's grip)
I got the ticket.

Beat.

Frankie pulls a switchblade from his pocket and clicks it open.

FRANKIE

(calmly, matter of factly)
Mickey, I'm going to remove your eyeball.

MICKEY

(still choking through Frankie's grip)
No! I have it! I swear to fucking Christ I have it.

FRANKIE

(loosening his grip a bit)
Mickey, buby...if you're lying to me--

MICKEY

I'm not lying.

FRANKIE

(loosening his grip but holding the blade within striking distance of Mickey's eye)
Convince me.

MICKEY

I did like you said. I came here. Jonesy was in the trunk. I beat on the trunk and told him to give up the ticket or I was gonna throw the trunk in the Gowanus. He said he wouldn't give it up unless I let him out. So I let him out and he gave it up.

FRANKIE

He gave it up? Just like that?

MICKEY

Well, no, not just like that?

FRANKIE

What, did you beat it out of him?

MICKEY

No.

FRANKIE

Then what?

MICKEY

I just...talked to him.

FRANKIE

You talked to him?

MICKEY

Yeah.

FRANKIE

That's it? The fuck did you talk about?

MICKEY

The old days. Back in Canarsie. High school. All the shit we did together. (*throughout the following, Mickey speaks as much to Jonesy as to Frankie*) Like how I used to always come over his house early in the morning before school because I hated my stepfather and couldn't wait to get away from him. And how his mom always made breakfast for both of us. And how this one time, at school, we skipped seventh period and broke into the auditorium and sprayed the fire extinguishers all over the place, and we took the trophies outta this big fuckin' glass case thing they had, and we hid 'em. They was doin' this play and they had already built the, whaddaya call it?, the "set," and we took all the fuckin' trophies and we hid 'em all up on the set and in the furniture, and in the refrigerator, and all up in the rafters by the lights and shit. (*Mickey and Jonesy both chuckle.*) I don't think they ever found 'em all. They was still findin' trophies in fuckin' nooks and crannies and shit years after we dropped out.

*Mickey and Jonesy laugh harder.
Frankie, somewhat befuddled, looks at Jonesy and then back to Frankie, who he still holds lightly by the throat.*

Their laughter fades. Pause.

MICKEY

(to Jonesy)

That Puerto Rican girl we both fucked that one time.

Beat. Jonesy remembers her name.

JONESY

Yahaira.

MICKEY

Yeah, Yahaira!

*They laugh. Their laughter fades.
Pause.*

JONESY

She was fat.

Yeah.
MICKEY

Mickey and Jonesy are set off laughing again. Frankie joins in.

FRANKIE
(through feigned laughter)
Memories. Precious. That's good stuff.

Frankie tightens his grip on Mickey's throat. Mickey struggles to breathe. No one's laughing anymore.

FRANKIE
So, Mickey, I'ma axe you again...where's the ticket?

Pause.

MICKEY
It's in my coat.

FRANKIE
Your coat.

MICKEY
Yeah.

FRANKIE
The coat you gave to Jonesy.

Beat.

MICKEY
He was cold.

It takes great effort for Frankie to control his frustration.

FRANKIE
Ya know, when you two finally set a date for the wedding, you really have to let me know where you're registered, cause I wanna pick out something nice for ya. *(Beat.)* Jonesy, can you do us a favor?

JONESY
Huh?

FRANKIE
(keeping his eyes on Mickey)
Be a dear and check in Mickey's coat pocket to see if the ticket is in there.

Jonesy puts both hands in the coat pockets and feels around. He pulls a hand out of the coat pocket. And with it, half of a ticket. Jonesy looks at it as if it's from another world.

FRANKIE

Jonesy?

JONESY

Yeah?

FRANKIE

Did you find it?

JONESY

Yeah.

Beat.

FRANKIE

Well I'll be damned. (*Frankie closes the switchblade.*) Bring it here, will ya?

Jonesy brings him the ticket. Frankie takes it, sees that it has been torn in half.

FRANKIE

The fuck is this?

MICKEY

It's the ticket.

FRANKIE

No. It's not. It's half the ticket.

MICKEY

Huh?

FRANKIE

It's half of the ticket, Mickey. It ain't even the good half, the half with the numbers on it. That's the whole point. I need the ticket, cause it's got the numbers. I need the numbers, cause they give me ACCESS! IT'S NOT EVEN A DIFFICULT, FUCKING, COMPLICATED, FUCKIN'--TO UNDERSTAND! ACCESS! I NEED ACCESS! (*Frankie takes a breath. Pause. Frankie resolves to kill Mickey. His voice is resolute.*) The fuck am I supposed to do with half a ticket?

Frankie clicks open the switchblade and moves to kill Mickey.

Jonesy pulls his other hand out of the coat pocket. And with it, a revolver. Before Frankie can get to Mickey, Jonesy gets to Frankie and thrusts the barrel of the gun into his back. Frankie freezes.

JONESY

You can choke on it.

All go dead still.

FRANKIE

Um...Jonesy?

Jonesy takes the switchblade from Frankie.

JONESY

Turn around.

Frankie turns around.

FRANKIE

This is not smart. You know that, right?

JONESY

Step back.

Frankie does so.

Pause.

Jonesy eyes Frankie.

JONESY

Open your mouth.

FRANKIE

What?

JONESY

Open your mouth.

Beat.

FRANKIE

No.

Jonesy hands the switchblade to Mickey.

JONESY

Open his mouth.

Mickey moves toward Frankie. Frankie relents.

FRANKIE

Alright, alright!

Frankie looks nervously from Mickey to Jonesy.

JONESY

Well, do it. Open your mouth.

Frankie, reluctantly, bitterly, opens his mouth.

Jonesy laughs at Frankie's awkward grimace. Mickey joins in.

Frankie closes his mouth and turns away in disgust.

JONESY

I'm sorry, Frankie. Really, man. Okay, look, do it again and we won't laugh. Alright? Really. Seriously, man. Okay? Just do it. Open your mouth.

Frankie tries to hold on to some dignity. He does nothing.

JONESY

Frankie, I'm not fucking around here, alright. I'm sorry we laughed at you. Really. That wasn't cool. But I need you to do this. I need you to open your mouth.

Frankie does nothing.

JONESY

If you don't open your mouth, Mickey is gonna slice open your cheeks with your own fucking knife.

Frankie relents again and opens his mouth, awkwardly, as before.

This time, there is no laughter.

JONESY

Good. (*With sensitivity, as if a doctor asking a patient to do something difficult but necessary.*) Now, Frankie, I need you to put the ticket in your mouth. (*Frankie's eyes go wide.*) I know. I know, man. It's humiliating. But I need you to do it. Alright? Just take the ticket and put in your mouth.

Haltingly, Frankie relents and puts the ticket in his mouth.

JONESY

Good. Very good. (Pause.) Now I need you to swallow it.

Frankie eyes Jonesy in horror.

JONESY

It's okay, Frankie. I know, I know. It seems like I'm being cruel to you, doesn't it? I know. That's because I am. I am being cruel to you Frankie, because you deserve it. And you know it. It's what's right. It's the right thing. You know that, Frankie. You know it's the right thing. So I'm gonna need you to go ahead and do what I tell you. I'm gonna need you to go ahead and swallow that ticket.

Frankie surrenders. He meets Jonesy's eye, but there is no fight left in him. Frankie chews then swallows the ticket.

Jonesy makes a motion telling Frankie to open his mouth to prove he swallowed it. Frankie opens his mouth. Jonesy inspects.

JONESY

That's good. You done good, Frankie. It's almost over now. I just need you to do one more thing. Okay? (Beat.) I need you to take off your clothes.

Frankie recoils a bit in fear.

JONESY

Shh shh shh shh shh...it's okay, Frankie. Listen to me. I'm not gonna do anything to ya. I just need your clothes because I don't have mine no more. Alright? I don't even need you to get all the way naked. I just need you to take off your suit and your shirt and your shoes. That's all I need, okay?

Frankie calms. After some hesitation, Frankie bends down to remove his shoes and his hat falls off. Jonesy hands the gun to Mickey. As Frankie removes his shoes, Jonesy returns Mickey's coat to him. Frankie continues to undress and in a few moments, Jonesy is wearing Frankie's suit, shirt and shoes. Frankie is down to his undershirt, underwear and socks. Frankie's hat is still on the floor.

JONESY

Excellent. Alright, Frankie. It's almost over now. I just got one more thing I need you to do. You know what it is, don't ya?

Frankie is frightened.

JONESY

Get in the trunk, Frankie.

Frankie cowers and shakes his head.

JONESY

I need you to get in the trunk, Frankie. It's only fair. You know it is. It's the right thing. It's the fair thing.

Frankie shakes his head.

Jonesy takes the gun from Mickey but he doesn't point it at Frankie.

JONESY

Frankie...don't make me point the gun at you. I don't wanna do that.

Frankie's spirit breaks. He weeps. He weeps and sobs and chokes on his tears.

Jonesy, comfortingly, almost lovingly, puts his arm around Frankie.

JONESY

It's okay, Frankie. It's okay. I know. I know. It's been a long time coming, hasn't it? And now it's finally here. And it feels weird, doesn't it?

Frankie nods and sobs.

JONESY

It feels all...fast. Like it's all happening all of a sudden like, huh?

Frankie nods and sobs.

JONESY

It's alright, man. You're gonna be alright. We just need you to get in the trunk, okay? Go ahead. You can do it. It's alright.

Frankie sobs harder but makes his way to the trunk. He goes to step in and almost loses his balance. Jonesy takes his hand and helps him in.

THIS IS NOT THE END OF THE PLAY,
BUT IT IS THE END OF YOUR FREE SAMPLE.

To read the rest of the play and/or to obtain production rights,
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