

Trailer Trash

a new play
by Clint Jefferies

contact:

Clint Jefferies

611 W. 137th St. #5

New York, NY 10031

(646) 548-1416

clint@clintjefferies.com

<http://clintjefferies.com>

Cast of Characters

- Danny (23) Can't fit in – doesn't belong anywhere. Can't come to terms with the fact that his bisexuality leans strongly toward the gay side. Disconnected from his mother, Shirley. He's hyperactive, with a short fuse. A natural charm and almost manic energy make him basically likable, but a big persecution complex, violent temper and zero self worth sabotage his best efforts. Danny is deeply angry – enraged both that he's basically wanted and loved by nobody – and even more enraged that he needs it so badly. But he knows how screwed up he is. And somewhere inside is a driving determination to get his shit together.
- Andrew (39) Running away from his life. Andrew's a somewhat self-absorbed, moderately successful poet in a deep emotional hole. He's got enough money – a lover with more money – a place in the Pines – and is utterly unhappy. He sees no purpose to life and no reason to continue living. He's basically gotten everything he ever wanted, and it all turned out to be meaningless. He's fighting the urge to suicide – pretty unsuccessfully.
- Lisa (27) Pretty crazy. Possibly even certifiable. Manic personality. She parties, turns tricks, gets wasted, is occasionally homeless. She's as nice and good a person as you could hope to meet – and hopelessly fucked up. She's pregnant – unable to deal with the shit that life's thrown her. After a couple of breakdowns, she's decided to stay as happy as possible – however possible. Certain that if she winds up in the psych ward again it will be permanent; she's terrified of responsibility, terrified of commitment, terrified of anything that could put her in emotional danger.
- Shirley (43) Danny's mother. Has lived with string of boyfriends (current the unseen Vern) since the death of her first husband, whom she truly loved in spite of his many faults. She cares about Danny, but doesn't have a clue what's going on in his head, mostly because she's always been too preoccupied with her own problems. Her kid's always been her third priority – after herself and her current man. By now she's pretty much given up on Danny, is bitter that she's raised such a loser – angry at him for being such a fuck-up and angrier at herself because she is afraid that on some level she's responsible. Danny and Shirley's whole relationship is based on anger and resentment that has almost obliterated anything else.
- Time: 2001.
Place: A trailer park on the outskirts of a small town in Oklahoma.

ACT I
Scene 1

(As the last strains of Ween's "Piss up a Rope" are fading out, the lights come up on the living room of a mobile home. The trailer isn't new – in fact, it's in pretty bad shape – almost as worn as its furnishings, all of which seem to have been purchased on sale at Big Ed's Bargain Furniture Barn on Route 84 – maybe fifteen years ago. There's a stained hide-a-bed and a couple of ratty armchairs. A TV tray actually holds a TV – tin foil on the rabbit ears and a beat-up VCR underneath. An old dresser with several drawers sits incongruously against one wall. The trailer's curtains are tied in knots in the middle to hold them back from the windows. A "matador on velvet" painting hangs above the sofa, but otherwise, the place is curiously free of personal items and knickknacks – more like a motel room than a home. There is a door to the outside L of the sofa, facing downstage. R is another door to the kitchen, L, a hall with doors to the bedroom and bath and a small coat closet. There are a couple of windows in the upstage wall.)

*(At rise, the room is empty for a moment, then there's the noise of a key in the front door. Another second, the door swings open, and **Andrew** is standing there, key in one hand, an overnight bag in the other. He is a handsome man in his mid-30's with a decidedly "Chelsea" look about him. A clingy pullover (\$84.95 at Raymond Dragon) guarantees his mornings at the gym won't go unnoticed. In fact, everything he wears is both expensive and deliberately casual. However there's nothing casual about the look on his face at this moment – he seems drained, exhausted even, with a strange, manic twitchiness. He may have been crying, but that was hours ago now and there isn't much emotion left. He sits on the sofa, pulls a small bottle from his pocket and uses the built-in inhaler to do a couple quick hits of crystal meth. He sits – vacant for a couple of beats – gets a*

bottle of Jack Daniels out of his bag, takes a swig, then pulls a cell- phone from his bag and dials. In a moment, he hears something on the other end that is obviously pretty devastating to him – then he begins to speak into the phone, his voice cracking occasionally.)

Andrew

Mitch? Mitch – you really not there? Well, that’s probably OK. I... I don’t know what to say... Look, I’m not coming back. Hell, I don’t even know if you’ve found out I left yet. You know how things have been – but that’s my fault. Really... Listen... Shit, I know you won’t understand...

(A couple of small tears have started to trickle down his cheek.)

But see... None of it – matters. I tried. I really did. I try to write, I try to see people – hell, I try just to have sex, and I can’t even – I can’t even go through the motions any more. It’s been... Never mind. God... I guess you know. There’s not a reason... There’s just no point. OK? I mean, why should you do something when there’s just no point to it?

(He trails off and begins to fiddle with the hem of his pullover.)

Oh... Thanks for the shirt. I know it was pricey. I won’t let anything happen to it... I just don’t want you to feel guilty – like it’s your fault... But things were really... So I called Shirley, and she said I could hang out here. And I’ve been driving down here for about twenty-six hours. But, it’s not going to help. See, all the way I’ve been thinking. I mean it gave me a lot of time. I thought about everything. Over and over. And I just... I just don’t want you to feel bad. OK?

(He opens his mouth to say something else, but nothing will come. He holds the phone for another long moment, but can’t seem to think of anything else to say. Finally he hangs up. He closes his eyes, breathes for a moment, then opens them again. Very carefully, methodically, he takes off the pullover, then his shoes, his socks and his pants, folding each neatly on one of the chairs. Calmly, he gets his bag, sits on the sofa and pulls a pill bottle from his bag, then another. But something’s wrong. Hastily, he uncaps a bottle. It’s empty. He tries the first one – empty as well. With increasing panic, he digs around his bag and comes up with 4 or 5 more – all equally devoid of pills. He throws the last one violently against the wall.)

You shit! You fucking, paternalistic little shit!

(Desperately, he digs through his bag again – not finding anything he wants. His eyes dart around the room. Finally, he jumps up and

*heads into the bathroom. Almost simultaneously, a shadowy figure is removing the screen from one of the upstage windows. He pushes his palms against the glass and raises the window enough to crawl through. He does so, clumsily, falling on the edge of the sofa and muffling a little cry of pain as he looks around quickly to make sure he's alone. The intruder is **Danny**, compact young man in his early twenties sporting a rather scraggly mustache and goatee. Danny is a little bundle of manic energy and repressed anger, wearing jeans, dirty sneakers and a worn, black, Marilyn Manson t-shirt with the sleeves removed to show off a couple of tattoos that look suspiciously like jail-house scratch. The black stocking cap pulled low over his face has to be for effect. Limping a little from the fall, he heads into the kitchen. Now, from both the kitchen and bathroom there are muffled sounds of people rifling through drawers, etc. A second later, Danny comes from the kitchen with a couple large grocery bags of food. He lets himself out the front door.)*

(Right on cue, Andrew emerges from the bathroom clutching a shaving kit. He sits and goes through it, tossing aside several items and finally locating a razor. He fumbles for a moment, disassembling the razor and removing the blade. Now, with a certain desperation, he holds it to his wrist. There is a tense moment, but he can't go through with it. He pulls himself together and sets the blade aside. Breathing heavily, and a little unsteady, he goes into the kitchen. We hear water running, then shutting off. Danny reenters through the front door and disappears down the hall toward the bedroom/bath. Andrew comes out of the kitchen. It looks like he's just stuck his head under the faucet as his hair, face and arms are drenched. Squinting, he starts looking for something with which to dry off. He begins to use a curtain, thinks better of it, then looks at the rest of the room, shrugs, and dries his face with it. He sits heavily on a chair, but pops

right back up. Something hurt. He reaches under the cushion and removes Viet Nam era army pistol. He looks around – totally thrown – not quite believing it's really there. Slowly, he checks the weapon. It's loaded. Almost dream-like, he raises the gun to his head, puts it to his mouth, then his head again. Not at all sure what to do now, he holds the gun once more at arm's length and stares at it. This time, with a bit more finality, he brings it to his head.)

(But at the fatal moment, Danny stumbles into the room, laden with bundles of clothes, a boom box, a fanny pack and a ragged, stuffed blue bear. At the moment they see each other they both let out a startled shriek. Danny drops his load of treasures. Andrew drops the gun which instantly goes off, hitting Danny in the foot, who – understandably – shrieks again and starts hopping around the room.)

Danny

Shit! Motherfucker... Shit! Oooooooooooooooooo!

Andrew

(pretty much at the same time)

Jesus... Oh my God... I'm sorry... What happened...

Danny

You fucking shot me!

Andrew

I'm sorry, I... Is it bad? I am REALLY sorry... Let me see...

Danny

Get the fuck away from me!

Andrew

I didn't think there was anybody...

Danny

Who the fuck... Stay the hell over there!

(He is sitting and ripping off his sneaker.)

Andrew

I just want to... My God, I didn't mean to...

Danny

I'm calling the cops. No, shit man, I'm gonna kill you. If I don't bleed to death, I'm gonna fucking kill you... You fucking crazy?

Andrew

No... I... I just... Jesus – uh... Can I get something? I'll call an ambulance...

(He heads for the phone.)

Danny

I don't want a God-damn ambulance. Shit!

(He grabs Andrew's pullover from the chair and starts wiping off blood with it...)

Andrew

Not my... Never mind. Let me get you some water. Do you want some water?

Danny

Who the fuck ARE you?

Andrew

I... I'm staying here... I... I'll be right back.

(Andrew rushes to the kitchen)

Danny

Ouch! Motherfucker... You aren't fucking staying here... Jesus H. Christ...

Andrew

(Reemerging from the kitchen with a pot of water)

I am REALLY sorry. Here... Shit... Is it bad?

Danny

Oh, no. No problem. It's fine. Don't worry about it, man. You just fucking SHOT ME.
(They are both silent for a moment as Danny gingerly dabs at his foot.)

Andrew

I should really call an ambulance.

Danny

NO! Shit. It's not that bad. Just sort of grazed the side. I should be able to get up and choke the shit out of you in just another minute.

Andrew

(For the first time realizing Danny might be serious.)

Uh... Look... I guess you probably want to get out of here before...

Danny

Before? Before fucked-up underwear man shoots at me again?

Andrew

I mean you were... Seriously, I' won't tell anybody. But weren't you... You know...

Danny

Are you like – all here? What the hell's wrong with you? Wasn't I... What?

Andrew

Uh... Stealing...?

Danny

Stealing! This is my shit. How the hell can you steal your own shit? I fucking live here. Now you've got about three seconds to tell my what you're fucking doing in my trailer – fucking breaking in here -- in fucking little PAPI underwear – fucking soaking wet – with a fucking gun to your head – ready to blow your sorry fucking brains out – and shooting ME in the fucking foot. You fuckin' mental?

Andrew

No. Yeah. I mean, Yeah, I'm kind of fried. And no... See, I didn't break in.
(He grabs the key from the coffee table.)

See! I've – I've got the key. Shirley said I could stay here for a few days. She said it was empty...

Danny

Shirley. Yeah. Shirley said it was empty. Fucking bitch.

Andrew

You know – uh -- Shirley?

Danny

Yeah. Kinda. She's my mother.

Andrew

Shirley's your... Jesus... You're – Danny?

Danny

And who the fuck are you?

Andrew

I'm Andrew – Andrew Kelber? Jesus! You remember? I knew you when you were just... Your mom and I – I mean I've known her since...

Danny

Andrew? You're Andrew – I mean, Andrew-the-New-York-homo Andrew?

Andrew

Uh... OK.

Danny

Jesus – and she says I'm fucked up.

Shirley

(off)

Andrew?

Danny

Oh shit. That's her.

Shirley

(knocking at the door)

Andrew? You there?

Andrew

(Heading for the door.)

Shirley? Yeah... I just...

Danny

(Jumping Andrew and throwing him back onto the sofa)

Shut up! Shit! Shut the fuck up. I'm not supposed to be here!

Andrew

What?

Shirley

(off)

Drew? Is that you? You all right?

Andrew

Yeah... I was just... I just got out of the shower. I'll be right there.

Danny

(sotto voce)

She fucking threw me out of this place. I'm not supposed to be here.

Andrew

(ibid)

What?

Danny

I gotta hide.

Andrew

Wait a minute. Danny... I can't...

Danny

Look, man. You owe me. I'm going in here and you don't fucking say a word. I mean it.

Andrew

Look, I have no idea what's going on here...

Danny

(Pointing to his bleeding foot with a pitiful look on his face.)

I mean, come on, man...

Shirley

(off)

Andrew?

Andrew

(low)

OK. OK, Fine.

(shouting)

Coming...

(Danny limps into the closet and shuts the door as Andrew madly shoves the bloody sweater under the sofa cushion, hides the razor, bowl – starts for the door, notices the pill bottles, hides those – takes a deep breath, opens the door and takes a long look at the woman there. He holds out his arms in sincere affection, all else forgotten for the moment.)

Shirley!

Shirley

(Throwing her arms around him.)

Shit! It's really you!

(They hold the embrace for a long moment. They finally break and move into the room, arms around each other. Shirley is an attractive, if somewhat worn, bleached-blond, working-class Midwestern woman of around 40. She wears a tad too much makeup, and perhaps her clothes are just a little too tight and revealing for her age. But she has a real honesty and energy about her that makes one

ignore the fact that she may be a little short on taste and subtlety. Andrew surreptitiously kicks Danny's sneaker under the sofa as he spins Shirley around to look her over.)

Andrew

God! It's *so* good to see you.

Shirley

You OK? I heard something and I came running over...

Andrew

Oh... That... There was this gun... And I dropped it...

Shirley

Shit. I hid Vern's gun over here. You hurt?

Andrew

No. I'm fine. Just scared the shit out of me.

Shirley

You sure – you look kind of shaky.

Andrew

No. I'm fine. Just tired. And the gun – going off – kind of startled me. I'm fine.

Shirley

God, I'm so sorry about leaving that thing around. I don't even like to touch them.

Andrew

It's fine. I'll put it somewhere... Safe.

Shirley

I'm sorry I wasn't here when you got here. Shit, I really wanted to be waiting for you, but I had to pick up some stuff and I didn't see your car when I got home...

Andrew

It's around back.

Shirley

You must have found the key.

Andrew

Yeah. No problem. It was right where you said.

Shirley

Look at you – shit – when did you grow all those muscles?

Andrew

Oh, the last year or two... Sorry – I was just, uh... getting out of the shower. Let me put something on...

Shirley

Oh, who gives a shit? A year or two? Last time I saw you, you were kinda squirrely looking – you know, little arms, little chubby belly...

Andrew

(He is putting on some pants.)

Yeah, go ahead. Stroke my ego.

Shirley

No! You know what I mean. Jesus, you look fantastic. Just like The Rock!

Andrew

The who?

Shirley

You know -- The Rock? The Undertaker? Vince McMahon?

Andrew

Uh... Wrestling?

Shirley

A few more pounds, hell, you could be as big as China!

Andrew

My lifelong dream! Amazing what really good steroids and midlife crisis can do, isn't it?

Shirley

Damn, you just look so different then last time you were down here...

Andrew

Well that was what? '95? My folks funeral.

Shirley

Sorry. Shitty thing to bring up. New subject.

Andrew

No. That's OK. I mean you never exactly get over it. But six years of therapy and by now I've gotten to the point where I can talk about it for at least four and a half minutes without bawling.

Shirley

How long we have left?

Andrew

About three and a half.

Shirley

No, I really am sorry. I never felt like we even got to talk when you were home that time.

Andrew

No. Funerals aren't great for chitchat. Especially double ones.

Shirley

Well, thank God there are no funerals this trip.

Andrew

No. No funerals.

(There's an odd pause.)

Six years, huh? Everything's been kind of moving fast.

Shirley

Tell me about it. I'm past 40 you know. Everything sort of whizzes by after 35.

Andrew

I'm not far behind.

Shirley

And with the body of a twenty-year-old. I'm jealous. Shit, if you were just straight.

Andrew

If you'd just get a sex change.

Shirley

God, I've missed you.

Andrew

I've missed you too, baby.

(They hug.)

Shirley

Listen, I've got to apologize about something.

Andrew

What? I've been here ten minutes. What could you have possibly fucked up in this amount of time?

Shirley

Shut up. OK, you know, I'd rather have you stay over at our place like you did for the funeral. I mean it's a double wide. We've got plenty of room.

Andrew

OK. Except?

Shirley

Except. Except Vern.

Andrew

Vern?

Shirley

He moved in – what – about three years ago.

Andrew

Ah! And Vern likes his privacy?

Shirley

Look, Vern's really cool. I mean I really like him, and he treats me really good. I'm really happy.

Andrew

Great.

Shirley

It's just Vern's a little older than us and he's got some hang-ups – about gay people, you know?

Andrew

Ah! Vern good-ol'-boy.

Shirley

Vern's a God-damned Neanderthal. I mean I told him he was an asshole, and I threw a couple of things at him and he sort of backed down, but then... Well, this place was empty – and just next door and all – and, I just thought it might be a little more comfortable for you than being just down the hall from this dumb-ass Okie I'm shacked up with. But if you'd rather stay there, I told him it was my God-damned mobile home and I'd have who I God-damn wanted stay here and if he didn't like it he could damn well sleep in the pickup.

Andrew

No. This is perfect – really – quiet -- understated. No, really, It's just nice of you to put me up. I kinda needed to get away.

Shirley

No, it's not OK, but it seemed -- practical -- at the time. Besides, Vern's got some other – issues.

Andrew

Not my business.

Shirley

Well, it might be. That's why I hid the gun. See, Vern's a little older than me, and he was in Nam...

Andrew

Jesus. No wonder he's got issues.

Shirley

Yeah. Well, he saw a lot of stuff and it fucked him up pretty good. He has flashbacks, you know?

Andrew

Yeah – I mean I've heard of that. Like what...?

Shirley

Well, most times, he just gets kinda crazy looking and kinda rants around the house.

(Brightly.)

Once he tried to run me down with the pick-up though. Screaming something about gooks? Took out the whole fence out by the road.

Andrew

God. Shirley...

Shirley

But he's a doll most of the time. It doesn't happen as much as it used to. But if you see him in the yard crawling around through the weeds with an M-80 – well, you better duck.

Andrew

Uh... OK.

Shirley

(with a grin)

That's what you get for havin' God-damned trailer trash for friends.

Andrew

Shit. Honey, we both from the same God-damned place: Butt-Fuck, Oklahoma. I mean, I am so lucky you got knocked up when you did.

Shirley

Oh yeah... That was real lucky.

Andrew

And coming back to high school after all that time – with a four year old? Hell, took more balls than I had.

Shirley

I've always had more balls than you have, darlin'.

Andrew

But see – if you hadn't gotten knocked up, I probably never would have met you. Even as it was, I was a freshman and you came back as what? A junior?

Shirley

Yeah – and hardly anybody would even talk to me, especially your country-club crowd. Jesus – why'd you ever start hanging with Bill and me anyway?

Andrew

I don't know... You always had a mouth on you. I sort of liked that. And you always had good dope.

Shirley

See! I knew there was an ulterior motive. Hell, you made Bill his first bong.

Andrew

Out of stuff I stole from chem-lab...

Shirley

And we'd sit there playing canasta...

Andrew

Gettin' higher then fuckin' kites – with Danny sort of crawling around under the table getting a contact...

Shirley

And then Bill would start doing that monkey thing he did...

Andrew

God yes – that chimp we saw jerking off at the zoo...

(They both start doing a rather crude chimp impression and laughing at the memory – then it dies out.)

I had a real good time with y'all.

Shirley

Yeah. Before all the other shit happened. If we only knew.

Andrew

I miss Bill.

Shirley

Who you tellin'? I mean he was an asshole too. All men are assholes – present company not excepted. But I miss the son-of-a-bitch.

Andrew

God, you two would go at it.

Shirley

You know he really belted me a couple of times. I probably deserved it.

Andrew

I remember you smashing that butt-ugly green lamp over his head.

Shirley

Oh shit yes... And he was bleeding...

Andrew

Only practical thing to do with that raggy-ass thing...

Shirley

You mean Bill or the lamp?

Andrew

Both.

Shirley

Jesus. You know he was just 31? Then your folks – together in that wreck... And on that happy note... Listen, I'm really sorry, but I've got a night shift tonight. I gotta get changed.

Andrew

Still at the Rocking R?

Shirley

Head of salads at the Rocking R Truck Stop and Café! Best burgers on I-35. Oh shit! But you don't know the latest!

Andrew

I don't want to make you late...

Shirley

Fuck 'em. I've covered for Jimmy plenty. He can stop jerking off in the dressing and cover for me for a change.

Andrew

I'll be sure to order a salad.

Shirley

Honey – never eat there. Trust me – not even the coffee. I been working there nineteen years. I oughta know. But you gotta hear this:

Andrew

OK. Spill.

Shirley

You remember that twelve-hundred dollars you loaned me?

Andrew

Yeah. You paid that back a year ago.

Shirley

So what do you think I did with it?

Andrew

I don't know – uh – big stash of black beauties? New tires for the RV? What?

Shirley

You are looking at a God-damned junior college graduate.

Andrew

Naw! Really! Good for you. I mean it. Damn!

Shirley

And with that little diploma in hand, I got me a job down at First National. I'm an honest-to-God teller!

Andrew

I am *so* proud of you. But what's with the Rocking R?

Shirley

I want to get my bachelor's. I'm doing correspondence with O.U. But I've got to pay for the hours. Thus: Nights doing salads at the R. But once I got the bachelors? I can move up to officer! An officer of the bank! Won't that be a fuckin' hoot? ME – behind one of those big desks on the main floor giving out loans and shit?

Andrew

How long you have left?

Shirley

One more semester. I mean, it's kind of slow – working two jobs and all. So one semester might take me a year or two – but still...

Andrew

Girl – you movin' up! You know you don't have to keep working at the R. We got plenty of money – I mean if you need...

Shirley

Nope. You got me started. This one, I sort of want to do on my own. And what asshole except you would hand me twelve-hundred dollars without even asking what it was for? But I've fucked up a lot. You know? Oprah calls them "Bad life choices." Lots of bad life choices. Pregnant before I was sixteen. Bad men. Bad kid. Just once I want to do something right – all by myself.

Andrew

Come on. You do lots of stuff right.

Shirley

Yeah. Thanks.

Andrew

And how *is* the kid.

Shirley

Danny? Don't know. Don't care.

(She lights a cigarette.)

I threw him out.

Andrew

Oh.

Shirley

Yeah. Oh.

Andrew

I – uh – I didn't get to see him last time I was here.

Shirley

It's all right. You can say it. His ass was in jail the last time you were here. Don't even know where he is now.

Andrew

May be closer than you think.

Shirley

It really gets to me, you know. I mean, OK, maybe I wasn't God-damned Carol Brady, but I really tried with that little shit.

Andrew

Shirley... You don't want to be late. We can talk about this...

Shirley

No, you haven't seen him since he was what? 9 or 10?

Andrew

Something like that.

Shirley

Cutest fucking little kid you ever saw. Still don't know what happened. After Bill died, I just kinda – lost him, you know? I mean I even knew I was losing him, and... Shit. He wouldn't talk, wouldn't listen. Never would listen. Always in some kind of God-damned trouble. You know I went to visit him twice a month the whole four years he was inside? Drove my ass two hours in and two hours back. I've got him jobs – he never keeps them. Gotta be a God-damned big shot. Got some little tramp pregnant. I give him this place to live – rent free, OK?

Andrew

Listen, it's none of my...

Shirley

No. Listen. Tell me I was wrong. I conned Vern into getting the little shit a job at Myers. Bus conversions. Welding – you know? One of the things they taught him in the lock-up – he's real good at it, too. So I figure this is one job that will finally stick, OK? So I get home Friday night and there's Vern, cussing a blue streak -- 'cause Danny and Myers got into some kinda fight, and Danny totally lost it and belted him a couple of times, and of course, Myers calls the cops. I mean, do you know how many times I been through this song and dance? I mean fights and police, and detox and assault and public defenders and DWI – And that's it. I've God-damned had it. So, I come stomping over here ready to raise holy hell, and try to straighten everything out one more time... And you know what? He's just lying here. Just lying here on the sofa with this little bitch with tits out to here and you know what they're doing? Do you know? They're fucking smoking crack. I mean, shit, you and me and Bill, we smoked some pot and dropped a little speed, OK, fine – but crack? You gotta be the God-damned scum of the earth to use that shit. So I lost it. I mean I truly lost it this time. I threw his sorry little ass out on the street. And it's the last time. I'm not kidding: I don't give a shit if I never see the little bastard again.

Andrew

You don't mean that.

Shirley

Just try me.

(She stubs out her cigarette.)

Shit. I gotta go. I'm gonna be way late. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to dump on you. But if he comes sniffing around here you don't even let him in the door. You hear?

Andrew

You gonna be working late?

Shirley

Four hour shift. You still be up?

Andrew

Yeah – and Shirley?

Shirley

Yeah?

Andrew

Thanks.

Shirley

For what?

Andrew

Oh, just for being here -- for letting me hang out for a little while. I mean it. I really – needed a place to go.

Shirley

Sure... Listen... You OK, darlin'?

Andrew

Yeah. I'm peachy.

Shirley

You sure?

Andrew

Sure I'm sure. We'll talk. Tonight. Now get the hell out of here an' get them salads made, girl.

Shirley

Yeah.

(She is almost out the door, but stops and turns around.)

Love ya, cute stuff.

(She winks and exits. Andrew takes a deep breath. He looks out the door to make sure she's well on her way, then closes and locks the door and moves back into the room. Danny emerges from the closet, his face a mask. Without a word, he looks around the room and locates his missing shoe and sock and sits on the sofa to put them back on. There is a long silence.)

How's the foot?

Danny

(shrugs)

It stopped bleeding.

Andrew

Danny, do you like... remember me at all?

Danny

Yeah. You were... You used to bring me stuff. I wouldn't have recognized you.

Andrew

God, you have – really changed...

Danny

Yeah. Little kid's turned into a genuine little sociopath, hasn't he?

Andrew

No, I wasn't... You know she didn't mean all that.

Danny

Oh she didn't. Right, I forgot. You know SO much about it. I'm the kid my mama prayed for. And she's so proud. "Yes, that's my Danny – only been arrested three times – well, since he got out of prison. And now he even holds down a job – well -- now and then – well – when he's not high on crack. Oh! And just a few months ago, he got a hooker knocked up! I'm gonna be a grandma!" Yeah. She brags on me all the time, man. Shit, she says it to my face. Why should it bother me now?

(There is another silence as Danny gathers up the bundle of clothes, etc. he was starting to leave with.)

Andrew

You... Look – you gonna be all right?

Danny

What are you, my fucking fairy godmother?

Andrew

No, just your average, do-gooder fairy.

Danny

(Stares at Andrew for a second and then lets out a little laugh in spite of himself.)

Shit – you are really screwed up.

Andrew

Look who's talking.

Danny

You really want to help out? Fine. I'll tell you what you can do.

Andrew

What?

Danny.

Let me move back in.

Andrew

Here?

Danny

No, back into lockup, bozo. Of course here.

Andrew

Listen, I don't think Shirley would...

Danny

Shirley wouldn't have to know.

Andrew

Danny, she lives right next door.

Danny

Her trailer faces the other way. There's all the bushes... She never sees who goes in and out here.

Andrew

But she'll be here seeing me. She'd see your stuff.

Danny

Come on – all my shit's here already.

Andrew

Look Danny, I'd like to help you out. I really would. But this is not a good...

Danny

Yeah. I thought so. That's OK. You don't worry. I'll find a nice gutter to sleep in.

Andrew

The one at Second and Main is kind of festive...

Danny

Yeah, very funny. Naw, it's OK. You just shot the side of my foot off. You don't owe me shit.
(He pointedly starts limping toward the door.)

Andrew

Danny, I really am sorry about that, but...

Danny

I mean if it gets infected and stuff, that's nothin' to you, right?

Andrew

Look, I'm not going to lie to Shirley like that. Maybe I could talk to her...

Danny

Yeah, that'll help. She's REAL reasonable when it comes to me.

Andrew

I'll talk to her. I promise.

Danny

Look – what were you doing the first time I walked in here?

Andrew

I... I was just...

Danny

Standin' there, looking like some fuckin' zombie with that gun up to your head? What were you doin'?' Huh?

Andrew

Nothing.

Danny

Yeah, like hell nothing. Like maybe you'd gotten a little crazier than usual, and I saved your fuckin' life. I mean, stop me if I'm pissin' into the wind here.

(silence)

Yeah. Well, I think maybe you owe me a little more than a new pair of Reeboks.

(Andrew says nothing. Out of ammo, Danny finally turns and starts for the door again. The limp is a little more believable this time.)

Andrew

All right.

Danny

Huh?

Andrew

I said all right. You can stay here. But just a day or two. Just ‘till we can find you a job...

Danny

YES! Perfecto! You are first rate, man – I mean for a fag and all.

Andrew

Yeah. Thanks.

Danny

I’ll be right back. I just gotta get something out of the truck.

Andrew

But I mean it. Two days. No more.

Danny

Yeah. Sure. Be right back.

(He rushes out the door. Andrew stands staring after him for a moment, then turns to survey the room. He picks up a couple of Danny’s discarded items, then spies the gun. Gingerly, he picks up and gives it a long look. Then he places it carefully in a nearby drawer. He considers for a long beat, and then locates the cell-phone and dials.)

Andrew

Mitch? Still not home, huh. Listen, that last call of mine? Well, I know it sounded sort of crazy. Don’t worry, OK? I’m fine. I’m just going to stay down here with Shirley for a while and... Well, we can decide what to do then. If you want to call, it’s OK. I’ve got the cell-phone...

(Danny bursts into the room with Lisa in tow. Lisa is a pretty – and very pregnant – young woman in her mid twenties wearing stretch jeans, a smock top and clogs. She’s kind of

crazy, a little wired, always says exactly what she really thinks, and has long since stopped worrying whether anything she did made sense. She lives moment to moment and tries to make the experience as painless as possible.)

Danny

Back home, baby!

Andrew

Uh, Mitch, that's it. Uh... Bye.

(He hangs up.)

Danny

Andrew, this is Lisa. Lisa, this is Andrew. Real old friend of the family. Kinda fucked-up, but a real prince.

Lisa

Hey, thanks. This is real nice.

Andrew

No. Danny, I said *you* could stay here – for a day or two.

Danny

(Putting a hand, then an ear against Lisa's stomach – and for the first time looks like he might actually be sincere.)

And Andrew, this – this – in here, I mean – This is *my* kid. Bill. I'm gonna name him after my dad. I mean we know he's a Bill, 'cause we already had the sonogram and all.

Andrew

Danny, I can't.

Danny

Andrew. Andrew -- buddy. Would you throw a pregnant woman out onto the streets? A pregnant woman carrying your very best friend's grandson? Come on bud.

Andrew

Jesus. This is just what I needed...

Danny

I mean...

(Deliberately, behind Lisa's back, he makes a gesture of a gun to his head, then gives a little pitiful limp.)

Andrew

OK. Fine. I don't care.

Danny

Cool. You are one fine human being, man.

Lisa

Thanks. This is really nice of you.

Andrew

Sure. You're welcome. Just please – PLEASE – don't let Shirley catch you here.

Danny

You got it.

Lisa

No problem.

Danny

Come on baby; help me get this stuff back in the bedroom.

Andrew

The bedroom, but...

Danny

Well, you don't expect a pregnant woman to sleep on the floor, do you?

Andrew

And I am supposed to sleep...?

Danny

Just pull out the sofa. It makes into kinda a bed. It's not too bad.

Andrew

I can't wait.

Lisa

(picking up the stuffed animal)

Aw, look! It's Stupid Blue Bear. Shit. Just couldn't be parted from him, could you Danny? Danny's real sentimental.

Danny

Give me that. Yeah. That's me. Mister sensitive.

(But he does use a certain care as he places Stupid Blue Bear in a safe spot.)

Lisa

He's had it since he was a kid. He's real sappy about it. But it's cute. His dad gave it to him.

Andrew

For Christmas. I know. I was there. Jesus, what were you, About four?

Lisa

You were there? Shit, you must be older than you look. That's really cool.

Danny

Would you two shut up? Just take some of this, would you?

(In trying to hand Lisa a bundle of clothes, Danny misses the fanny pack, which falls to the floor, open. Andrew goes to retrieve it for them, but as he picks it up, a huge wad of bills falls out of it.)

Andrew

Jesus... How much... No. None of my business.

Danny

(grabbing the money)

That's right. It's none of your business.

Lisa

Oh hell, it's just...

Danny

It's just my business. OK?

*(He heads toward the bedroom with the
armload of clothes.)*

Lisa

OK, OK... Whatever. You know, this feels good. This feels really right, you know? I just get these feelings sometimes. I think the three of us are gonna get along really good.

Danny

Lisa, can the bullshit would you, and help me put this away?

Lisa

Fuck off. Yeah. I can tell we're all going to get along really good.
(blackout)

Scene 2

(A week later. It's dark outside. Lisa is tapping with one finger on Andrew's laptop. Andrew lies on the sofa, staring into space.)

Lisa

It won't come up.

Andrew

Just double-click on your document.

Lisa

Where the fuck's my document?

Andrew

I have no idea. It's wherever you saved it.

Lisa

Well you could get off your butt and come over here and help me.

(Suddenly doing "black girl" which she falls into now and then as the mood strikes her.)

I am writin' the story of my life, girlfriend. Now you just get your honky ass over here and show me where the fuck my life's gone to.

Andrew

(getting up)

All right. All right.

Lisa

God! You've been on that sofa all evening. Just staring. It's getting creepy.

Andrew

I wouldn't be on the sofa if you hadn't gotten me out of bed. Besides, it's late. I'm tired.

Lisa

You've been in bed 'till three or four all friggin' week. And you turn in at what, 10? 11? Past your bed-time? No that's not it. Try that one. What's the matter with you?

Andrew

I think it's called clinical depression.

Lisa

Well duh. Been there. Bor-ing. What they got you on?

Andrew

On?

Lisa

You know... Prozac? Pamelor? Paxil?

Andrew

Prozac.

Lisa

Well, it doesn't look like it's working very well.

Andrew

A – uh – friend relived me of my prescription.

Lisa

You need more? I got a doctor -- he'll get you anything. Just tell me what you want.

Andrew

Whatever you're on. God you've got – energy.

Lisa

I WAS on Lithium. I had to stop – because of the baby, you know. Causes birth defects. Wait – scroll back. I think that's it. Me -- I'm the opposite of you. I'm manic – sometimes manic-depressive, but mostly manic. You're just depressing – depressive – no depressing. You'd think we'd sort of balance each other out, wouldn't you?

Andrew

No. Bullshit. You're really...

Lisa

Honey, I been in and out of the psych ward at St. Elizabeth's so much they've given me my own set of keys. But I'm better now. I haven't been in in – a year now? Year and a half.

Andrew

Uh – good for you.

Lisa

But you – you best get back on them meds, girlfriend. This guy I knew – met him on one of my little “vacations?” Started acting just like you. Then he blew his brains out. 12 gauge shotgun. Real messy.

Andrew

Yeah. Thanks. I'll be sure to go with smaller firearms.

Lisa

Yech. I'd use pills... That's it! Cool. Now get away. No! Don't look. It's not ready for anybody to read yet.

Andrew

Maybe an overdose of E... Might as well go happy...

Danny

(Slamming open the door and stomping in. He's wearing jeans, but with a sport jacket and tie and looks half-way respectable.)

This town is so fucked up.

Lisa

Well look at that big, strong man that just come in, girl! Damn.

(She goes over to tease him, but Danny isn't in the mood.)

Danny

Get off me. Where's the Jack?

Andrew

If you mean *my* Jack Daniels, I think you killed it a couple of nights ago.

Danny

Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit. I need a fuckin' drink.

Lisa

What's the matter? I guess the interview didn't go so good.

Danny

No the interview didn't go so fuckin' good. Three of them. Had to stick my head up the butts of three fuckin' asshole "personnel" pricks. Whole fuckin' day down the tubes.

Lisa

I'm sorry, doll. It's nearly eleven. What you been doing all this...

Danny

None of your... I been walking, OK? None of your fucking business.

Lisa

Sorry.

Danny

Yeah. You're sorry. Everybody's fuckin' sorry. Assholes aren't gonna hire me.

Andrew

How do you know? I mean you can't always tell from an interview.

Danny

Oh you can't? You tell me all about it, Mr. Fuckin' masters degree.

Andrew

Ah! I can see how you must have charmed them.

Danny

Up yours. Yeah, I fuckin' charmed them: I'm sittin' in front of this fuckin' little faggot, sayin' yes sir and no sir. And "Yeah I think I could fuckin' do that with my eyes closed, sir." And this is the third time today I been sayin' the same shit. And he's lookin' down my application, and I know what he's lookin' at. It's the fuckin' line that asks if you've ever been convicted of a felony. And I've just left it blank, OK? So he asks about it. Third time today. And I know what's going down. But I'm tellin' myself, just keep suckin' up. Be polite. Keep a lid on it.

This one might be cool. So I do. And real calm and real nice, I say, “I served four years at the Oklahoma State Correctional Facility.” And you can just see it in his face. Interview over. Bam. But man, I keep it together this time. I don’t yell. I don’t shove his fucking five-page job application down his throat. He starts with the no openings bullshit and I just turn around and walk out. Just fucking walk out. And I need a fucking drink.

Lisa

Maybe you should just lie to them.

Danny

Yeah, and then somebody says something, and then they find out about everything and I’m fucking out on my ear anyway. Just put a sock in it, OK? Fucked-up little shit-ass town.

Andrew

Excuse her for trying to help.

Danny

You wanna mind your own business?

Lisa

Come on, Danny. Stop acting like an asshole. I’m sorry it didn’t work out today. Listen, maybe...

Danny

Listen – I don’t really want the advice right now. Not from you – not from the fag.

Lisa

Look who’s talking.

Danny

You wanna shut your mouth?

Lisa

You wanna stop throwing around “fag?” You are such a creep sometimes.

Danny

I’m in my own house, I think I can fucking say what I want. He’s a fag. So what.

Lisa

And the last time you sucked a cock was?

Danny

I don't believe you said that. You've got a fucking big mouth. You know that? Can't fucking tell you anything.

Lisa

Shit, I just mean I know you've done guys. It's no big deal. Just lay off him, OK?

Danny

Well thank you for making that public, bitch. I've been BI-sexual. I've been in jail and fucked a couple of guys. That's a hell of a long way from being a fuckin' fruit.

Lisa

You are such an asshole.

Andrew

Look, it doesn't matter. Danny, if you'd just calm down...

Danny

(Something has snapped. He shoves Andrew away – hard.)

DON'T FUCKING TELL ME WHAT TO DO. I don't need help from a fuckin' faggot and a coked-up little whore. God DAMN it...

(Looking for a target, he veers from Lisa and slams his fist into the wall. It splinters the cheap paneling. There is silence as Danny stands, breathing hard. Andrew is frightened, Lisa, unimpressed. The explosion is over as quickly as it began. Danny is suddenly very subdued. He can't look at either of them.)

Look I gotta get something to drink. I'm going up to the corner to the Quik-Stop. Look...

(There is a pause.)

Uh... You want anything while I'm there? Andrew?

Andrew

Uh -- No.

Lisa

We're out of milk.

Danny

Yeah. OK.

Lisa

I think your hand's bleeding.

Danny

Yeah. I'll get some band-aids.

(He exits.)

Andrew

And he was such a pleasant child.

Lisa

Oh, he's OK. I kind of push his buttons some times.

Andrew

He's *not* OK. I don't know how you put up with the little asshole.

Lisa

You know, he puts up with me too.

Andrew

That's not so hard.

Lisa

Oh, you haven't seen me at my best, honey.

Andrew

God, he is such a prick.

Lisa

(at the PC -- brightly)

So you want to hear the story of my life?

Andrew

Uh -- OK.

Lisa

(Not referring to the screen.)

Well, I was born. I grew up. That was all fine. I married my high school sweetheart. Life was just hunky-dory, until a couple of things went wrong – which I already told you about. Well, I got a little crazy and I started sleeping around. And since it's hard for a crazy woman to get a job, I lost the house and started living out of my car. And then I started sleeping around for money... That was the whore part Danny was talking about.

Andrew

Look, that's a little more information...

Lisa

Well it's not exactly a state secret. So I'm homeless – and hooking – and I needed to have my reality altered in a serious way... Well, shit, I was really fucked-up. I mean I was smokin' crack and shooting up...

Andrew

Jesus.

Lisa

And – Danny was my -- friend.

Andrew

Friend?

Lisa

Yeah. My friend. He slapped me around, got me off the street. Got me into rehab. Got me knocked up – but I don't hold that against him.

Andrew

So you're telling me...

Lisa

I'm telling you that Danny's as fucked-up as the rest of us – but he's working on it. And what else can anybody do, you know?

Andrew

So poor, misunderstood Danny really is a good person deep down...

Lisa

Shit – what drugs you on?

Andrew

So he's not a good person?

Lisa

What is this, a test? He does good things – he does' bad things. I don't keep score.

Andrew

You love him?

Lisa

Danny? Shit, you've got to be kidding. He be way too fucked-up for this white girl.

Andrew

But you're having his baby.

Lisa

Give me a light. I know I shouldn't smoke, but I'll apologize to the kid later, OK? No – keeping the baby was his idea. I was going to get rid of it.

Andrew

But why... I don't get...

Lisa

Nobody does. OK, he's got this whole fantasy about having a kid and getting a place and being this whole father-knows-best house-in-the-suburbs family and all. Can't you just see me? I be Weazy Jefferson, honey. I just be bakin' an' sewin' an' gettin the little mo-fos off to school.

Andrew

It's not the first image that pops to mind.

Lisa

Damn straight. But it really means a lot to him. So I'll have the kid for him. Hell, he got me off smack. I might as well do something worthwhile while I'm straight.

Andrew

And you don't love him.

Lisa

Of course I do. Best friend. I love him to death. But being IN love with him? Been there, honey. Fucked me up but good. Not goin' back, thank you. That train has left the station. Besides, Danny's train's on a different track.

Andrew

What track?

Lisa

Well, once or twice I've caught him checking out your little package, honey.

Andrew

Oh, right. I think all the drugs have sort of warped your sense of reality. Look, can I ask you something?

Lisa

Like I've got secrets?

Andrew

Is he dealing?

Lisa

I don't think so. Shit, if he is, he's been holding out on me. Why? Where'd that come from?

Andrew

Well, I saw that big wad of cash...

Lisa

Oh, that. That's his Harley money.

Andrew

Harley? Harley-Davidson?

Lisa

There's this big old, beat-up Harley on this place up north of town. Danny wants it so bad he can taste it. Every job he's had – every paycheck – part of it's gone in to that fanny pack to save up for that bike. He's real obsessive about it.

Andrew

Ah! So, he's homeless – doesn't know where his next meal is coming from – and he's saving up money for a motorcycle?

Lisa

Not just a cycle – a Harley, honey. You gotta get with the program. I'd look real pretty, riding back of him on a big-ol' Harley.

(Danny is coming in the door, Bag of groceries in one hand, swigging out of a bottle of Jack Daniels with the other.)

Want a glass for that, Danny? Jesus, don't be such a pig.

Danny

Yeah. So? You want some? No, you can't. You're gonna have a baby. Andrew?

Andrew

I'll pass.

Danny

Come on. I drank all of yours...

(silence)

Whatever. I'm just gonna get a glass.

Andrew

Yeah. OK. Get me one too.

Danny

Yes sir.

(Danny gives him a thumbs-up and exits into the kitchen.)

Lisa

Sharing his booze. Wow. Andrew and Danny, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G...

Andrew

We find you that nice little room at Belleview, honey.

Lisa

You don't think he's cute?

Andrew

Yeah. He's fucking adorable. And don't forget cultured and charming and sophisticated...

Lisa

Mark my words.

Danny

(Reentering with two glasses of Jack on the rocks – and the bottle.)

Here we go. One for...

(But Danny has left the door open and Shirley is standing there, big as life. She is not pleased.)

Shirley

What the hell is going on here?

Andrew

Look, Shirley, I can explain...

Shirley

You don't have to explain anything. Danny, I thought I told you to hit the road.

Danny

Yeah. You did.

Andrew

Shirley, I'm sorry. It's my fault. I sort of ran into Danny, and well, listen, I thought...

Shirley

I think I can deal with my own son, OK Drew? I know him just a little better than you do.

Danny

If you'd have let me explain in the first place...

Shirley

You've got nothing to say to me. Now I told you once. You've lied to me too many times. I want you out of here. Now.

Danny

If you would just listen... It wasn't my fuckin' fault. The old man...

Shirley

And watch that mouth. I'm still your mother.

Danny

Then fuckin' act like one.

Shirley

You little shit. Just get out. Get the hell out. I own this trailer...

Andrew

Shirley...

Shirley

Keep out of this, Drew. I mean it. Now are you gonna get out of here, or do I have to call the cops?

Danny

Call the cops. See if I fuckin' care. You want to get me locked up again? Hell, that's the way you like it best.

Shirley

You are some piece of work.

Danny

Well, you made me. You oughta know.

Shirley

No – don't you lay that shit on me. You are not my fault. I did everything I could for you.

Danny

Shit. You never gave me the time of day.

Shirley

What the hell are you talking about? I gave you a God-damned place to live. Who put food in that nasty little mouth of yours? Jesus Christ! You take time to work and to worry and to clean up after a little brat who's always screwing up – and no, it doesn't leave much time for anything else.

Danny

Yeah. Poor widow. Rotten kid ruined your life. Well, you sure as fuck had the time to sit on a bar stool and pick up every loser you moved in with us after dad died. How many were there? Eight? Ten? Twelve...

Shirley

(truly hurt)

You are one mean little Bastard. Yeah. Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I wasn't always there. Maybe I had my own problems. Fine. I made you lonely and I made you insecure and I made you miserable and every rotten choice you ever made was my fault. I'll take blame for whatever you want. But I didn't make you mean. That was all you, baby.

Danny

Yeah? You think I'm mean? Look in a fuckin' mirror.

Shirley

(a beat, then losing it – hard and bitter)

You want mean? Fine. Try this on for size. I am God-damned sorry I ever had you. You are nothin' but trash. Never have been, never will be. You are one lyin', worthless little sack of shit and I want nothin' to do with you.

Danny

Fuck you.

Shirley

Now get out of here. Just get the fuck out of here and take your God-damned little tramp with you.

Danny

Fuck you. Call the cops if you want. Go on. Do it.

(He takes the bottle and takes off into the bedroom. There is a silence, then Lisa, looking as crazy as possible, brandishes a coat-hanger at Shirley.)

Lisa

NO – WIRE – HANGERS!!!

(She exits behind Danny. Shirley stares after her.)

Shirley

What in hell was that?

Andrew

I think she just – sort of – called you a crazy bitch.

Shirley

Yeah.

(There is a long silence.)

That what you think too?

Andrew

No.

Shirley

No? Then stop looking at me that way. Stop looking at me with that fucking judgmental, “boy, you’ve screwed up your son big-time” look.

Andrew

Right. Sorry. I’ll try to change it to my “None of my business, but I wish I knew some way to help.” look.

Shirley

Shit. I don't know...

Andrew

I don't either. I really... I mean, I'm not trying to tell you how to handle your son.

Shirley

I'm so glad.

Andrew

Sorry. I'll put a sock in it.

Shirley

Oh, go on. I won't bite your head off.

Andrew

Look, you always said he needed his dad. Now I know I'm not exactly a major father figure, but Danny knows he's got problems...

Shirley

Danny's a God-damned little con artist, and he's got you falling for all his bullshit...

Andrew

OK. Maybe I am. But come on – what can it hurt? Let him – let both of them stay here with me for a little while. If I can't keep him in check, I'll come over and we can call the cops together.

Shirley

Andrew, you are just buying into a shit-load of trouble. Believe me. I've been through it all.

Andrew

Come on – I mean I can't screw him up too much worse than...

Shirley

Than I've screwed him up?

Andrew

I didn't mean...

Shirley

Sure you did. OK. Fine. It's your funeral. Do what you want. See if I give a shit.

Andrew

Come on. Don't be that way. You know I didn't mean it like that.

Shirley

Whatever.

Andrew

I just want... You both just look so hurt. I... I know what that feels like. I just don't want you both to be so – hurt all the time. Shit, I don't know what I'm doing.

Shirley

No you don't. But thanks for trying. I mean, you're totally sticking your nose in where it doesn't belong.

(She gives him a little peck on the cheek.)

But thanks for wanting to help.

Andrew

Gotta keep busy doing something. Might as well meddle in other people's business. It's OK? They can stay a while?

Shirley

No, it's not OK. And yes, they can stay a while. But they're your problem. I've given up, Drew. I mean that. I know you haven't quite wrapped your warped little brain around that concept. But I just don't care any more.

Andrew

Hey... I could drop by the R later. Have some coffee? Maybe go someplace after?

Shirley

Boy, you do want to take your life in your hands, don't you?

Andrew

What – you or the coffee?

Shirley

Both. Yeah. Whatever you want. I'll see you later.

Andrew

Shirley? Thanks.

Shirley

Let me hear you say that a week from now. God, you're an idiot.

(She exits. Andrew sighs, looks around blankly for a moment. He sees the glass of whiskey that Danny had earlier poured for him, picks it up, gives it a swirl, then tosses it back in one motion. He sets down the empty glass and heads for the bathroom. He almost collides with Danny, coming out of the bedroom, bottle of Jack Daniels in hand. He is still twitching with an anger that is just barely held beneath the surface. Danny takes a swig. By now he's starting to feel it.)

Andrew

Oh... I was just going... You OK?

Danny

What do you care?

(Andrew exits. Danny wanders into the room. He spots his own untouched glass of whiskey and tosses it back, much as Andrew did. He wanders over to where his stuffed bear looks out at the proceedings. He picks up Stupid Blue Bear and holds him at arm's length, staring. Andrew emerges from the bathroom, zipping up. He watches Danny for a second, then moves to pour himself another drink. Danny's getting wasted and his mood is pretty foul.)

Stupid Blue Bear. That's his name.

Andrew

I know.

Danny

My dad gave him to me.

Andrew

I know. I was there.

Danny

Yeah. You're not shit like I remember you.

Andrew

No. Neither are you.

Danny

Pow! Direct hit. Good for you.

Andrew

That wasn't...

Danny

You know, it was all such bullshit. He gave me this thing. He named it. Hell, even he knew it looked stupid. See, I'd been a real little chicken-shit. Afraid of the dark and the whole nine yards.

Andrew

You were a kid. Kids are like that.

Danny

So that Christmas he gives it to me, and tells me Stupid Blue Bears are magic. They keep all the bad shit away – that's just how he said it too – keeps all the bad shit away.

Andrew

Yeah. Bill always had a way with words.

Danny

I slept with it every night – God I was a lame kid.

Andrew

And did it keep all the bad shit away?

Danny

Yeah. Fer sure. Can't you tell? Should have gotten his fuckin' money back.

*(He jumps, shoots and sinks a basket – Stupid
Blue Bear hits the trashcan.)*

And it's a three pointer! Look, you want to fight or something? Going at it with Shirley always makes me feel like beating the crap out of somebody.

Andrew

It's OK. I'll pass.

Danny

I mean, I'd call her mom, but it just doesn't seem to fit.

Andrew

She didn't mean it. You've got to know that.

Danny

Don't you defend the bitch. Don't you DARE fucking defend her.

Andrew

Look I know she can be kind of harsh...

Danny

She's my fucking mother – she can be whatever the fuck she wants to be.

Andrew

What do you want me to say?

Danny

Anything. Just say anything.

Andrew

Anything.

Danny

Shit. You – are NO fun.

(Danny starts rummaging around in a drawer and emerges with some paraphernalia.)

Andrew

Sorry. I'll try to do better. What's that?

Danny

This is a crack pipe. This is crack. This is a fucked-up ex-juvie about to get truly wasted. You gonna give me shit about it?

Andrew

Yeah. That'd do a lot of good.

Danny

Damn. You not as dumb as you look.

Andrew

Depends on the lighting.

Danny

(taking a hit)

You want?

Andrew

I'll pass.

Danny

Have it your way.

Andrew

(Holding out his glass)

I'm going to put some water in this. You want anything?

Danny

Nope.

(Andrew exits to the kitchen. Danny takes

another hit of the pipe. Angry and upset but without a particular target, he yanks off his jacket and tie and throws them aside. His eyes hit the trash can. Making sure he's not observed he retrieves Stupid Blue. He brushes some garbage off the toy and stares at it again. Then, with a certain gentleness, he strokes the bear's hair smooth again and replaces it on the shelf. Andrew reenters in time to see this last. Danny sees Andrew watching and stiffens.)

Danny

What you fucking looking at? No big deal. I throw him out every couple of days. He keeps crawling back up here.

Andrew

They will do that. You want to talk?

Danny

No. She's a cunt, you know.

Andrew

She's also my best friend.

Danny

I don't care if she's the fucking pope – she's still a cunt.

Andrew

Yeah. You're pretty easy to get along with yourself.

Danny

Don't even try, man. And you know the worst of it? I keep letting her fucking get to me. I mean, I know the drill. I know she doesn't give a shit. Never has.

Andrew

Not true.

Danny

What the FUCK do you know? Were you fucking there?

Andrew

I know Shirley.

Danny

Oh, yeah. Well I know Shirley too. I'm fuckin' bawling my eyes out 'cause my father just bit the big one and what's she doin'? She's up in her room with some big-dick black motherfucker she's picked up. And the next week it's some big-dicked spik... She's either got one or she's out lookin' for one. Yeah and that's fine. I can take care of myself. Even then. I don't give a shit who fucks her.

(He takes another toke, getting more and more agitated.)

It's like: My grades are bad and I'm hyper all the time. She doesn't even fucking notice 'till the school calls her in. And then she yells at me 'cause I'm not trying hard enough. Some kid picks a fight, and it's me gets slapped around for gettin' in trouble. Not once. Not one time did she take my side – not about one fuckin' thing. I see these other women – they treat their kids like their fuckin' little saints – couldn't do wrong... shit. Little bastards could get away with anything. But you think she ever defended me? Just once? Think she even listened to my side? Fuck no. Shit. I'm whining. I hate assholes who whine all the time.

Andrew

It's OK.

Danny

No, it's fucking not OK.

(He pours another drunk, takes another toke. Pretty loaded now, the words start coming like little explosions...)

Because – damn -- I know better. And I do things. When I got into hitting the seven-eleven... And that guy got shot? Shit, I knew better. I just wanted to do something, you know? I just fucking wanted somebody to... Fuck, I don't know... Yeah. Great move. I'm fucking Einstein. Fourteen years old and I've fuckin' killed somebody.

Andrew

That was a long time ago. Whoa. Maybe you ought to go easy with that stuff.

Danny

Fuck off. So you want something recent? Probably killed more people. You want to hear about them?

Andrew

Danny, you're just kind of wasted...

Danny

(working himself up 'till he's pretty much out of control)

After I found out I got HIV, you know... Oh – you didn't know? Thought sure fuckin' Shirley would have told you what a prize I was. Oh yeah. I got it. Lisa's got it. Probably fuckin' baby Billy's got it too.

Andrew

I'm sorry. It's not that bad – not now...

Danny

Naw – that's not bad. Fuckin' HIV's a walk in the park. You want to know what's bad? What's really fuckin' bad?

Andrew

No. Maybe not.

Danny

What's really bad is I get so fucking mad at Shirley? You know why? I mean you really know why? Because way deep down – in my gut, you know? She's right. She's right on the fuckin' nose about me. Always has been.

Andrew

Danny – she would never... Not if she knew...

Danny

See: I -- do -- *bad* -- things. Yeah, maybe I feel like shit after, but that doesn't change anything – you know? You know how many people I fucked – after I knew – knew I had it, you know? Shit, just because I was pissed at the world – wanted to spread it around a little. What if Shirley knew that? Huh?

Andrew

Jesus, Danny... You...

Danny

Yep. Fucking prince, ain't I? Fucking... Fucking... Fucking... Then one morning I woke up – next to this kid I just fucked. Couldn't have been more than fifteen – sixteen. Runaway, you know. And for the first time it like – sunk in – I mean what I'd done to him. And I just started to barf. Right there. Couldn't stop. Had the dry heaves for hours. Puked 'till I puked blood. Shit. I'm still puking.

(He takes another hit, chokes on it and chugs another shot of Jack Daniels. Andrew just stares – almost expressionless)

And the fag shit? I mean, I tried to cut it out. I mean, who wants to be a fag, you know? I told Lisa all that bull about banging guys in jail? Shit. Look at me. How big am I? And I was fourteen -- fifteen? Shit, my ass was reamed out so many times I fuckin' waddled. I was fuckin' boy-bitch numero uno. Shit, buddy, you got to be good at something, you know? Found my talent. And you want to hear the really good part? I mean the part that's truly the fucking lowest of the low, buddy?

Andrew

Listen – I don't need to hear...

(He chugs some more Jack Daniels)

Danny

No – you're gonna help me. Right? Gotta take the bitter with the better. See, I liked it. No – that's not right. I didn't like it. I mean it hurt like fucking hell. I bled from the ass for two years. No. I didn't like it. I needed it.

Andrew

Come on, I don't want to...

Danny

You want to know just what a fucked up little piece of shit I am? You want to know how bad it is? I'd go places – places where I knew somebody would find me alone – just so they'd... I mean, I knew they were gonna... That way... At least they wanted me, you know? Wanted me somehow. How fuckin' sorry is that?

(He is winding down now – his emotions catching up with him.)

I mean, it was the only way to feel... But wouldn't kiss them. Never. Ain't that bullshit? I mean, shit, I was fuckin' tossin' salads, doin' whatever somebody... But see, I mean, kissing somebody means...

(His eyes have gone a little glassy, the next is almost without emotion.)

I just wanted... Nobody's... Doesn't matter... Not since my dad. Shit. I'm whining again. Hate that...

(He looks like he's about to sob for a moment. He weaves for a second – very wasted. Andrew moves to catch him, afraid he's going to fall. But as Andrew touches him, Danny stiffens. He looks desperately at Andrew for an instant. Then, just as suddenly, he jerks away.)

Shouldn't have done that. Don't like to be touched.

(Danny pulls himself together, and walks, with a

little more assurance to the other side of the room.)

So you see, Shirley's got me pegged. That's why I get so pissed off at her I guess. Don't like to hear it.

Andrew

I...

(He trails off.)

Danny

Cat got your tongue? Fresh out of things to make me feel better? It's all right. How do you do it, buddy? How do you fucking do it?

Andrew

Do what?

Danny

You're fucking queer. And you don't care? You don't, do you? Or is that why you were trying to off yourself?

Andrew

No, that's – that's not the problem.

Danny

Then what is?

Andrew

Knowing there's things wrong – things you ought to be able to fix. And you can't. Things that are irretrievably – broken. They're all around you. And then you know that something's wrong – something's really wrong – with the world. And then, nothing seems... to matter.

(Danny is slowly moving back toward Andrew.)

Danny

What the fuck's the matter with you? You got the college and you got the plays...

Andrew

Poems. I write books of poetry.

Danny

OK. The fucking poems. And you got somebody who loves you. And you got that big place on the beach. The one in the trees.

Andrew

The trees?

Danny

The firs... The elms...

Andrew

The Pines.

Danny

Yeah. The Pines. You sent Shirley pictures. She showed them to me. You got everything, buddy. What's your problem? I mean, Jesus, what fucking gives you the right...

Andrew

I don't know. Sometimes I just want to – go away.

Danny

Yeah! That is the one fucking thing you've said that made sense, you know. Just... Get away. But not by, you know, blowin' your fuckin' head off. I mean all you got to do is feel somebody – feel somebody alive – touchin' me – and I couldn't do it. I don't care how fucked up I am. Just that. Just havin' somebody – want you. That's what it is – knowing somebody wants you. It makes you forget everything. Sometimes you've just got to forget. Just got to have somebody make you forget.

(Only slightly unsteady, he puts his hands on Andrew's chest. There is no mistaking the invitation.)

It's just like Stupid Blue Bear. It makes all the bad shit go away.

(Andrew just stares, then moves away and turns his back.)

Andrew

Look – Danny... This is way out of...

Danny

Come on buddy. It's better than this shit.

(He indicates the pipe, then presses himself

against Andrew's back.)
 You feel this? You want it? You're a fag, right? So you want it?
(He has slipped his hand up Andrew's pullover. The other one starts to undo Andrew's belt. Andrew closes his eyes for an instant – then tenses. He too is pretty loaded – attracted and repelled by Danny in almost equal measure. But with more force this time, Andrew pulls away.)

Andrew

Want you? Jesus! Right now, I don't even like you.

Danny

Like me? Who said you have to like me? All you gotta do is want me. And you do. Don't give me shit. I know you do. You're not that fucking slick.

Andrew

No, I...

Danny

Like hell you never.

(Now deliberately, crudely seductive.)
 You want to know how it went? In the showers you know? Inside? Yeah. You do, don't you. All the queer guys want to hear about it. I'd see some fucker, checking me out – like you. And when I was really feeling bad – really feeling like shit, you know and I really needed to – get away... I'd hang back, you know? Make sure I waited 'till the last minute – till I was sure most everybody would be finished. And I'd make sure this fucker saw I was waiting. Somebody bigger than me. And after he'd followed me in?

(Danny's voice trails off as he slowly unbuttons his shirt. He slips it off. Staring at Andrew the whole time.)

Yeah? Just like that.

(He turns his back and slowly unbuckles his pants. Then he moves to the wall, bracing himself with one hand, as he slips the other into the waistband of his jeans and starts to tug them down. Andrew's voice is sharp.)

Andrew

Stop it. Just fucking stop it.

(Danny whirls around.)

Danny

You don't want...

Andrew

Just... Put your pants back on.

Danny

(Humiliated but trying to play it off, holding the front of his pants shut.)

Yeah, sometimes they'd just beat me up, too. You rather do that?

Andrew

(Tossing Danny's shirt at him.)

Go on.

Danny

You want me.

Andrew

No. I don't.

Danny

Liar.

Andrew

Go on. Get dressed.

Danny

It's my fucking trailer, isn't it? I can wear whatever the fuck I want.

(With as much dignity as he can muster, he drops his shirt, picks up the bottle of Jack Daniels, and chugs most of the rest of it.)

Andrew

Danny... You don't have to...

(But he is interrupted by the ringing of the phone.)

Danny

Fuck it.

(Defeated, Danny takes the crack pipe and heads for the kitchen. Andrew stares after him, then , finally, picks up his cell-phone.)

Hello? Mitch? Oh, Jesus, Mitch... God, I'm glad... What time is it... No, it's fine – I wasn't doing anything. Mitch... I'm really glad you called. I sort of needed... OK. What? Mitch – are you wasted?... The ether's in the drawer in the bathroom. Yeah. The top one. Mitch, is somebody there? No. It's OK. I just kind of needed to talk to somebody... Look maybe this isn't the time... It's just, there's somebody here I was trying to... No – I'm not sleeping with him. Hell, how could I when I don't even – I mean I shouldn't even... Look, it just seemed for a while – if I could really do something, you know, it might... What was that? Look, It's just not working here. Shit, I'm not making any sense, am I? Mitch, I think – I want to come home. I just sort of need to know if you... Mitch? Mitch, you still there?

(But he's not. Andrew stares at the receiver, then puts it down – looking considerably worse than when he answered. With some urgency, he unwraps some crystal from a foil packet, finds a blade and a hand mirror and starts cutting a couple of lines. He doesn't realize that Danny is lounging in the doorway in his jeans, taking another puff on the crack pipe. He's heard most of the conversation.)

Danny

You gonna share that?

Andrew

Do what you want.

Danny

What is it?

Andrew

Crystal.

Danny

Crystal Meth? Thanks. You want some of this now?

(Andrew shrugs. He hesitates a moment, then takes a hit from the crack pipe. Then he turns, takes a straw and does two lines of crystal. He hands the mirror to Danny who snorts the other

two in short order.)

Shit – burns a little.

Andrew

Give it a minute.

Danny

So why you do this?

Andrew

Same reason as you, I guess.

Danny

And what reason is that?

Andrew

It makes me forget.

Danny

Forget what?

Andrew

Forget that it doesn't really matter.

Danny

What doesn't?

Andrew

None of this.

Danny

Shit. You're more fucked up than me.

Andrew

Maybe.

Danny

You want to spill your guts? I did. Only fair.

Andrew

No.

Danny

I tell you what. We'll play a little game. I'll make some guesses. For every time I'm wrong, I'll take something off.

Andrew

Danny... Give it a rest.

Danny

For every time I'm right – you take something off. OK. Here goes: You want to play.

Andrew

No.

Danny

Oops! There goes a shoe.

Andrew

(Taking another hit of crack.)

Fine. Do whatever you want. I don't care.

Danny

So nothing matters to you. How 'bout your lover, Mitch?

Andrew

Nope. Guess not.

Danny

Another shoe. How about your work? You write stuff? That's got to be important.

Andrew

Doesn't mean shit.

Danny

Darn, that's my pants.

(He takes them off and sits again in rather dingy boxers.)

Shit, you're good at this. There's got to be something you want. You want your place in the Pines?

Andrew

No.

(Silently, Danny removes a sock – Andrew takes another hit of Jack.)

Danny

You even want to live?

Andrew

Sometimes – No.

(another sock)

Danny

You want... You want me?

Andrew

(There is a pause.)

Yeah.

Danny

I got that one right.

Andrew

Yeah. You did.

(He turns to Danny and deliberately pulls off his shirt.)

You want another line?

Danny

No.

(Danny stands up. Andrew stands, hesitates, then falls on his knees in front of him, burying his face in Danny's chest. Danny sinks lower and bites down on Andrew's neck. They fall against the sofa, oblivious to everything else -- as the lights fade to black.)

Scene 3

(It's the next morning. The sofa has been pulled out into a bed and Danny and Andrew are lying there asleep, naked, sheets tangled around them. Andrew is lying on his back, snoring lightly – Danny's wrapped around him like an octopus. Lisa enters from the kitchen in an oversized t-shirt and panties. She carries breakfast in – using a large, used pizza box as a breakfast tray.)

Lisa

Rise and shine boys! Rise and shine! Miss Thang be a-cookin' all mornin' for y'all. Come on...

(Danny stirs first – gives a big, woozy grin, stretches, and then feels Andrew beside him. He looks at Andrew – looks at Lisa -- and suddenly looks very -- caught. Lisa couldn't be more amused. Andrew is hung-over.)

Danny

What? Oh shit. I... Uh...

Lisa

Here's coffee. Careful. Hot!

(Danny is trying to pull the sheets a little more securely around himself.)

Stop squirming! You'll spill it.

Danny

Shit, Lisa. What the fuck are you...

Andrew

Oh. Uh... Good morning. Oh God.

Lisa

Here we go!

Danny

Look, this isn't what you... I mean, we just...

Lisa

You just? Uh...?

Danny

Fuck off.

Lisa

Oh! I know. You're trying to say: You made mad, wild passionate love all night long.

Danny

We... Yeah. Fine. What the fuck. We made mad, wild passionate love all night long. Fuck it. Is that bacon?

Andrew

Oh. God. Take that away. The smell of food makes me nauseous...

Lisa

Well, that's gratitude for you.

Andrew

I'm sorry. No. Thanks. I mean, it's really nice. I'm just kind of – hung over. Maybe just some coffee...

(pouring)

Lisa

Yessir – massa Andrew sir.

Andrew

Have you got... Is there any... Aspirin?

Lisa

On the box. Right beside the sugar. I saw the empty booze. Thought I should be prepared. And the pipe. And Crystal? I'm impressed.

Andrew

Thanks – Uh – for the aspirin. How did you know it was Crystal?

Lisa

Because honey, I licked the foil 'till my tongue was raw. You could leave a girl a little.

Andrew

Sorry.

Danny

(With his mouth full)

You got a baby. You don't need that shit. Hey. This isn't bad. What's in it?

Lisa

Oh! The milk was sour, so I used mayo in the omelets.

Andrew

Oh God.

Lisa

(Planting herself on the bed.)

OK! So spill! Tell me about it!

Danny

Lisa – Give me a break.

Lisa

Fat chance. Come on! I want all the details – everything. Who started it? How's Andrew? Is he good? Like – really gentle?

Danny

Shit – Lisa...

Lisa

Come on! I have been DYING of curiosity all morning. Andrew?

Andrew

Sorry. I never kiss and tell.

Lisa

Well somebody tell me something – you owe me. I made breakfast.

Danny

Fine -- We got loaded and we fucked our brains out, OK? You got some more toast there?

Lisa

So who fucked who?

(They both give her a look.)

Well come on! I gotta get my thrills somehow. Ain't nobody gonna touch me like this.

Andrew

And on that note.

(He sits up on the edge of the bed.)

Have you seen my underwear?

Lisa

(Picking them up from the floor and holding them aloft.)

These?

Andrew

Yeah. Could you...

Lisa

Come and get 'em, honey.

(He shrugs, walks over to her, takes the underwear and slips them on.)

Well at least the morning wasn't a total loss. Jesus Danny – no wonder you woke up smilin'.

Danny

Yeah – ha, ha. You're real funny.

Lisa

Well, wish I could drag some more dirt out of y'all, but I got to get dressed.

Danny

Where you going?

Lisa

Doctor.

Danny

Something wrong?

Lisa

No – stop being so paranoid. It’s just the regular bullshit check-up. He keeps trying to sell me on this Lamaze crap. But I told him, “Honey, you best be givin’ drugs and lots of ‘em, or believe me, you be wishin’ you had.”

Danny

You want me to take you?

Lisa

No – just bask in your warm afterglow. I’ll just be a minute.

(She exits into the bedroom. The two are silent for a moment – suddenly alone and very uncomfortable)

Andrew

Sorry.

Danny

What?

Andrew

About last night.

Danny

Yeah. Whatever.

Andrew

I just... I shouldn’t have done that.

Danny

OK.

Andrew

I mean you were drunk... Shit. I'm old enough to know better... I'm old enough to be your father. I'm just... I'm sorry, OK?

Danny

*(He is sitting on the edge of the bed now,
slipping on his jeans.)*

Jesus – We partied – we fucked. Get over it. I have.

Andrew

And Shirley – Jesus – Shirley would have my ass.

Danny

Hope she likes sloppy seconds.

Andrew

Jesus – what... I didn't let you...

Danny

Let me? Well, you didn't exactly push me off.

Andrew

You mean – you fucked me?

Danny

Damn. Mind like a steel trap. Thanks, bud. That really makes it special.

Andrew

I don't believe you did that to me.

Danny

Did it to you?

Andrew

How could you fucking do that?

Danny

Whoa! You weren't exactly objecting. Man, your legs were in the air so fast, you fucking clipped my jaw.

Andrew

Jesus Christ. You are a fucking piece of work.

(He turns around and grabs for his shoes, blindly slamming things around, then trying to jam his bare feet into them.)

Danny

Hold on – what the fuck's the matter with you? Come on, man...

Andrew

Matter with me? You've got HIV. You forget you told me that little detail? Thought you'd spread it around a little more?

(Danny's face turns hard. Without a word, he spins and heads for an ashtray on the end table. He pulls a couple of used condoms from it and violently flings them at Andrew.)

Danny

Fucking asshole.

Andrew

I'm – sorry.

Danny

Yeah. You are.

Andrew

I'm sorry.

Danny

You really thought I'd... I mean that I'd do that to you... That is really fucked up.

Andrew

Look, could we start this morning over?

Danny

Nothing to start over. It just happened. Forget it.

Andrew

You're right. I'm an asshole.

Danny

I mean, it's not like I was going to do you again. I mean, shit – I was just loaded and horny.

Andrew

Right – and you're not gay either.

Danny

No – I'm fucking not.

Andrew

Then let me dig out that Oscar for you.

Danny

Fuck off.

(There is a pause.)

Whatever. Call me whatever you want. I gotta get dressed.

(He starts for the bedroom.)

Andrew

Danny... I...

(There is a long silence.)

Danny

What?

Andrew

I remember – enough. OK?

Danny

What's that supposed to mean?

Andrew

I... Last night was... I mean you were... Look, it was really -- nice. OK?

Danny

Yeah?

Andrew

Yeah.

Danny

Yeah. OK. It was OK.

Andrew

I mean it was the first time... Shit, this is going to come out wrong.

Danny

Try me.

Andrew

OK. It was the first time I started to actually – like you.

Danny

Wow. Thanks. Damn, I must be good. Maybe you'll do something one of these days and I'll start liking you.

Andrew

No - you just – well, you can tell a lot about a person when you have sex with them. Sometimes they're selfish – sometimes they're gentle – sometimes they're just pigs.

Danny

Yeah? And what was I?

Andrew

You were – I didn't think you'd be... I think I'll just take the fifth, OK?

Danny

Whatever. Yeah. I liked it OK too. So?

Andrew

So? You've got a kid coming – Shirley would kill me – We both just sort of needed to let off some steam. I mean – I'm right, aren't I?

Danny

Sure. Just lettin' off steam.

Andrew

Can't leech off Shirley forever. I gotta leave here pretty soon anyway.

Danny

Takin' the car or a hearse?

Andrew

Harsh. Very harsh.

Danny

Yeah. That's me.

Andrew

I need some more coffee.

(He takes his cup and heads for the kitchen. Danny stands staring after him – pain in his face. He paces for a moment – obviously trying to hold himself in check.)

Danny

(under his breath)

Damn... Why do I...

(Suddenly he whirls, grabs a nearby cup and hurls it against the front door. It shatters. Andrew rushes in and Danny whirls.)

Andrew

What? What happened?

Danny

Nothing... I just dropped... A cup.

(Andrew starts to say something, But Danny just

walks over and kisses him – dead on the mouth – long and deep. Andrew comes up for air - a little breathless)

Andrew

I thought you didn't do that.

Danny

(likewise)

Shit, you might off yourself any time. Thought I'd better try it while you were still moving.
(They kiss again.)

Andrew

Listen – you're not... Nothing serious, right? Just friends. I'm not ready for...

Danny

Shit no. Just lettin' off steam.

Andrew

It's just sometimes...

Danny

Sometimes you need...

Andrew

A friend?

Andrew

Yeah.

Danny

Yeah.

(They both smile. They kiss again, sinking onto the bed, hands wandering, bodies rubbing together – as the lights fade to black.)

ACT II**Scene 1**

(It's now three weeks later. Andrew is at the laptop – typing feverishly. Lisa is sorting through a pile of clothes with a slightly manic intensity.)

Lisa

That goes. That goes. I'll keep that... That definitely goes...

Andrew

What?

Lisa

Nothing. Just go on typing.

Andrew

I sort of lost my train of thought.

Lisa

Oh. So sorry.

Andrew

OK. You've been trying to get my attention for a half hour. What gives?

Lisa

I am getting rid of my old life.

Andrew

OK.

Lisa

Look. Hooker top – gone. Ripped up, sleep in the car jeans – gone. Crotchless panties – very gone.

Andrew

Doesn't look like you're saving much.

Lisa

Well, I just don't have a lot of motherly PTA crap.

Andrew

You're really getting into this, aren't you?

Lisa

Yeah. Well – kinda. I mean, I'm just sort of going with it, you know? Like, maybe things DO happen for a reason.

Andrew

I'm with you so far.

Lisa

OK. This baby thing. Maybe it happened for a reason – that's all. There's this big cosmos out there. Like the Force, you know? Well maybe it's kinda pushing me – in this one direction? So I finally figured, what the hell? Just relax and go with the flow.

Andrew

I think you'll be a good mother.

Lisa

Well, let's not go too far with this. I don't know if it'll work out or anything. I just wanted to kind of – give it a chance? And maybe this is kinda my cue to get rid of all the old shit and sort of make room for – whatever's next. Who knows?

Andrew

Who knows? Who ever thought I'd be writing again?

Lisa

Well I wish you'd stop it.

Andrew

Gee whiz. Thanks for the support.

Lisa

Or just use a pen and paper or something. Hell, I was in the middle of the Great American Novel and for the past three weeks I haven't been able to get near that thing. PC Pig.

Andrew

Sorry. You can probably use it tonight. Danny said he had a surprise. I hope to be busy.

Lisa

Fine – so the story of my life has to wait on the ups and downs of your sex life. That’s really fucked up. We could go on Springer!

Andrew

Wow! Why didn’t I think of that!

Lisa

Come on – It would be really cool. “Brave new mom’s literary dreams dashed by Bisexual boyfriend and -- uh – sex-crazed sodomite!”

Andrew

Sodomite! Now there’s a two-dollar word.

Lisa

And then you and I could get in this big fight over Danny – you know, rolling around and tearing each other’s hair out...

Andrew

I live to fight with you on Springer. It’s a life-long dream.

Lisa

Spoilsport.

Andrew

You really want to yank my hair out?

Lisa

What... Over Danny? Oh, God no. This is the best.

Andrew

What is?

Lisa

You and Danny. How long have you two been getting it on now? A month?

Andrew

Three weeks – more or less.

Lisa

Well look at us.

Andrew

Which us?

Lisa

All three of us. You've stopped feeling sorry for yourself and actually got off your butt and started writing something. And Danny's been – shit – almost human. And look at me. I'm tossin' out the old – makin' room for the new, girl. Hell, Danny's working. And he and Shirley actually had a conversation the other day without a single cuss word. She even took some of his laundry yesterday. No. I mean it. Everything's been better since you've been here.

Andrew

Thanks.

Lisa

No. Thank *you*, sir.

Andrew

It really has been good for me. Things were getting – well, pretty bad in New York. I just needed a break, I guess. When I go back, maybe I can make some changes too.

Lisa

When you going back?

Andrew

I don't know. I can't stay here forever.

Lisa

I guess I hadn't thought about you – leaving.

Andrew

I have got a life, you know? I should probably get back to it sooner or later.

Lisa

That – what’s his name – Mitch?

Andrew

No. That was part of the problem.

Lisa

Then what?

Andrew

Well – everything. I’ve got an apartment. I’ve got friends. My publisher’s been calling. I can’t hide out here forever.

Lisa

And... Danny?

Andrew

Danny?

Lisa

Yeah. Danny.

Andrew

Danny’s doing OK. I mean, he’s got this construction thing now. And he... Well, I found this anger management seminar. I told Danny about it and I thought he’d go ballistic, you know. But he just took the stuff -- didn’t say much, but he filled out the application -- and he sent it in. He’s so – determined – with the baby and all -- to get it together. I really admire that. Danny’s going to be fine.

Lisa

You really don’t have a clue, do you?

Andrew

About what?

Lisa

Have you told Danny you're leaving?

Andrew

Well, I mean... He knows...

Lisa

Honey chil' maybe you an' the young 'un need to have a little talk. You hear what I'm sayin' girlfriend?

Andrew

What? I mean this was always just a visit. Danny's great. I like him a lot. But I haven't exactly turned out to be the world's best father figure.

Lisa

I think maybe to Danny you're a lot more than that. This is like news to you?

Andrew

Whoa... Look, Danny and I went through all that – right from the get-go. We're just sort of helping each other through a rough time. Just friends.

Lisa

I love you, honey. But that is total bullshit.

Andrew

No. Really. It's cool – with both of us. Listen I'm not what Danny wants. Not in the long run. He wants a family and a house and a normal sort of life. You know how he is about the baby. God, he gets all gooey every time he talks about it.

Lisa

So you're just fuck-buddies.

Andrew

You have such a way with words. No. Not just fuck-buddies – maybe a fuck-buddy I really care about. OK?

(There is the sound of a key in the lock.)

And speaking of the little bugger...

(Danny bursts in the door carrying a paper bag – fairly busting a gut with excitement. He

leaves the door open behind him.)

Danny

Listen – you ready? Listen to this:

Andrew

What?

Danny

I got it.

Lisa

What?

Danny

The Harley! I got my Harley!

Lisa

No shit.

Andrew

Damn! That's great!

Lisa

(Running for the door)

So let's see!

Andrew

(following)

Gonna take me for a ride?

Danny

No – I mean it's not here.

Lisa

So...

Danny

I left it up at Ray's. It needs a couple of things before it's street-legal. And it doesn't exactly run right – not yet. So he's going to let me leave it in his shed 'till I get it fixed up. But it's mine. Bought and paid for. Title signed over in my name. I got me a Harley!

Lisa

Congratulations, baby.

Andrew

That's really great.

Danny

And I did it all on my own. Almost five years. I put back part of every paycheck – sometimes it wasn't a lot, you know, but I always saved something – no matter what. And then Drew got me this job.

Andrew

I didn't get it – you got it.

Danny

Yeah, but it was your friend – you talked me up. Lied through your teeth for me.

Andrew

One of my many talents.

Danny

Well you must have done something pretty talented with him, 'cause he's paying me good, and these last two checks – they put me over the top, buddy. Next month I'll have enough to get a taillight. And it's all because of you.

(He grabs Andrew's face for a big smack on the lips.)

Lisa

Aw. That's so sweet.

Danny

So I thought maybe we could celebrate! I got this...

(He pulls a bottle of champagne from the paper bag.)

And I stopped by the bookstore and got you another little present – I mean they don't have queer shit there, but I got something anyhow. I'll uh... You can see that one later.

Lisa

What is it? Lemme see?

Danny

Not in this life. This one's kind of private – OK? But I got you something too.

Lisa

What! What!

Danny

Ta da!

(He pulls out a huge t-shirt emblazoned with a cartoon fetus with a big nose and enormous ears saying "I get my looks from dad" – with a big arrow pointing to the right.)

Lisa

Oh shit! It's perfect. I'll wear it every time we go to K-Mart.

Danny

Wait – I'll get glasses.

(He runs for the kitchen.)

Lisa

Just a little for me. Don't want the kid to get loaded.

(She has nonchalantly wandered over to where Danny has left the paper bag sitting, and triumphantly pulls out his contents.)

A vibrator! You got a vibrator!

Danny

(Running back in with three mismatched water tumblers.)

You – god damn it – you are so fucking nosey. Give me that.

Lisa

Don't worry. Calm down. I won't tell.

Danny

(Danny stops – gets it together – and then looks up, forcing a grin.)

Who's worried? I just thought maybe we'd stop using yours.

Lisa

You...

(Danny bursts into laughter.)

Oh, shut up you shit. You are SO sick.

Andrew

I don't believe you said that.

Danny

Yeah, full of surprises, ain't I.

(He is pouring Champagne.)

Lisa

So who gets it first? Oh! Oh! Can I watch when you try it out?

Danny

In your dreams, baby doll.

Lisa

Come on – straight guys like watching lesbian stuff. It's sort of the same thing.

Danny

Ooooo – yech. Now THAT is sick.

Lisa

You two are no fun at all.

(Danny is passing out champagne.)

Andrew

To your new bike.

Lisa

And to the kid.

Danny

And to – uh – everything.

(The three click glasses and drink. There is a moment of silence.)

Danny

Listen – I gotta thank you – both of you.

Lisa

What for?

Danny

You – for being a good girl – and taking such good care of the kid here...

Lisa

That's me – mother of the year.

Danny

(Putting his ear to her stomach)

How is he?

Lisa

Kicking like a motherfucker.

Danny

That is SO cool.

(He gives her an affectionate kiss.)

And I gotta thank this bozo here...

Andrew

Yeah? What for?

Danny

(suddenly embarrassed)

Oh... Fuck... I don't know. Just for -- everything. OK?

Andrew

Yeah. OK.

(Danny gives him a kiss too – rather differently.)

Danny

Yeah. Not bad. Look – you wanna finish celebrating in the other room?

Andrew

(to Lisa)

You mind?

Lisa

No. Go on. Abandon the expectant mother. Enjoy your toy. Just change the sheets when you're done.

Danny

You got it, Babe.

(He is already stripping off his shirt as he heads for the bedroom.)

Been working all day. Jesus I stink.

Andrew

Mmmmmm. Cool.

Lisa

Yech. Gay men are SO strange.

Danny

(Tossing her his shirt.)

Here – throw this in the hamper for me, would you?

(He and Andrew exit into the bedroom)

Lisa

Yassa massa.

(She picks up the shirt from the floor and makes a face.)

Jesus, Danny. You ever heard of deodorant?

Danny

(off)

Wait... You want something really gross?

Try these.

(He appears at the doorway, peeling off his socks.)

(He tosses them toward her and disappears again.)

Lisa

Yeah. That's all I'm good for. Pick up the laundry, girl. Put it in the hamper, girl. Good thing your mother took the last batch, 'cause I ain't doin' your wash, boy.

(to herself)

And you're going to be a housewife. Jesus.

(She tosses the shirt and socks on a chair, goes back to her glass, polishes off the last of her Champagne and looks around. She picks up a little clutter in the room, unties the knots from the drapes and stands back to study them.)

Yeah. This place could use some changes... Suzie homemaker. That's me.

(She arranges a couple of more things – seems pleased with herself, and stops as she hears noise from the bedroom.)

Danny

(off)

Mmmm. Oh yeah. Oh, that's nice. Real nice.

Andrew

(off)

Where you going?

Danny

(off)

Wait a minute.

(Lisa rolls her eyes and heads for the TV. She turns it on – loud – a game show. She takes another look around the room and is about to start a little more rearranging when Danny's pants sail through the door. She stares at them for a moment, picks them up, spots the laundry, gingerly picks it up as well and heads for the kitchen. The room is vacant for a moment, and then Shirley's face appears at the door, knocking.)

Shirley

Danny? Andrew?

(But she is not heard over the racket from the TV. With some difficulty, she opens the screen and comes in, juggling her purse and a basket of fresh laundry. She sets them on the sofa, looks around, shrugs, and starts unloading the basket onto the coffee table. She looks up just in time to see Danny's underwear come flying into the room.)

OK. Very funny. Don't think I'm going to be doing this all the time... Danny?

(Irritated, she walks over and turns down the TV. She looks at the crumpled boxers, pointedly doesn't move them, and picks up a stack of jeans from the sofa. She exits into the bedroom with them.)

(off)

Oh... Oh Christ.

Danny

(off)

Jesus... Mom...

(Shirley emerges from the bedroom, her face stony and beet red. She flings the pile of jeans on the chair. She looks around – momentarily unable to locate her purse. Andrew emerges from the bedroom, shirtless, frantically trying to get his pants done up.)

Shirley

Shouldn't leave the door open like that. No telling who might barge in.

Lisa

(entering)

What... Oh shit.

Danny

(Hopping in, trying to tie a pair of sweat pants that are snagged on one heel.)

Mom...

Shirley

(cutting him off)

I brought your laundry. I thought you might want it. Where the hell is my purse...

(She fairly flings the laundry basket to one side, locates the purse and obviously steaming – turns to leave.)

Andrew

Shirley... I...

Shirley

(turning on him)

Yeah? You wanted to say something to me, Drew?

Danny

Look, it's not his fault.

Shirley

Just get out of my way.

Danny

Come on. Look, I know what you're thinking but...

Shirley

Oh? What do I think, Danny? So go on. Tell me. What am I supposed to think about -- that?

Danny

Come on, you don't understand...

Shirley

Don't understand what? That you were... That you had... Shit, I don't even want to think about it. It was pretty God-damned clear. Exactly what am I not understanding here?

Danny

OK. So you know.

Shirley

Know what? You're queer now?

So what the hell is that?

(Pointing at Lisa)

Lisa

That's my cue.

(She exits into the bedroom.)

Shirley

Forgive me if I'm a little God-damned confused here.

Danny

This wasn't how it was supposed to be...

Shirley

Well you got that right. It sure as hell wasn't.

Danny

If you'd just calm down...

Shirley

Don't fucking tell me what to do.

Andrew

Shirley – I should have told you... I...

Shirley

Don't even. Don't you even start, Drew. So you were going to be a father to him? This is how? You're going to straighten him out? There's a big fucking laugh.

Danny

Mom – come on...

Shirley

You stay out of this. I'll deal with you later.

(She's back to Andrew)

You were my friend. I fucking trusted you. And all the time you're banging my God-damned son?

Andrew

It wasn't like that...

Shirley

Oh – or is he banging you? Wanna get this straight now. Jesus Christ, Andrew!

Andrew

I'm sorry. I really am. It just... I didn't mean for it...

Shirley

Pack up. OK? Just pack up. I don't want you here.

Danny

Jesus Christ. It's not like I was fourteen.

Shirley

Shut up. This is about me and Andrew.

Danny

No it's not. It's about Andrew and me.

Shirley

The hell it is. It's about friendship. And about somebody you thought you could trust. And being played for a God-damned fool.

Danny

Please, ma. Would you just...

Andrew

It's OK, Danny. Shirley's right. I better go.

Danny

The hell she's right...

Andrew

Danny...

Danny

Shut up. Just shut up.

(He grabs a shirt from the pile of clean clothes and throws it at Andrew.)

Here. Put this on. Go down to the diner. Wait for me.

Andrew

Danny – it’s not...

Danny

Just shut up and do it. Trust me. For once in your life, just do like you’re told. I got to talk to my mother. OK? Alone.

Andrew

It’s not...

Danny

(Really struggling to keep it together.)

Just do it.

(Andrew struggles into the shirt and goes to the door. He starts to say something but is stopped by Shirley’s gaze. He leaves. Danny paces for a second... Slaps his fist into his hand lightly two or three times, and takes a deep breath. Then he turns to his mother.)

Look – can we talk? I mean – not yell, just talk – about this?

Shirley

What’s there to talk about? Looks pretty clear to me.

Danny

(quietly)

Please.

Shirley

OK. Talk.

Danny

I just... Look, I – I just don’t want him to leave.

Shirley

Well he's not staying here. I can tell you that.

Danny

I know. And he'll leave if you tell him to. I know that. Hell, he may leave now anyway. But mom – I'm asking you – Please don't.

Shirley

Why? So you can keep on doing – that?

Danny

Ma... I... It... It really means a lot to me. OK? He – means a lot to me. Come on. You owe me this.

Shirley

I don't owe you...

Danny

OK. OK. So you don't owe. Then just as a favor. Just because – because I'm asking.

Shirley

Jesus. I am not getting this. I am just not getting this. I mean you... I know you're not gay.

(silence)

You are? Is that what you're telling me? Was it... Was it because of being in jail... Was that what... Then what about the girl? It *was* you got her knocked up?

Danny

Yeah.

Shirley

Then what's going on here?

Danny

I don't know how to explain it...

Shirley

Then let me help. You're kind of screwed up. And you've got a baby coming. And you and me – we're not getting along so good. And along comes Andrew. And he's – oh – more than willing to help out a cute kid who doesn't know which way's up...

Danny

How long you known Andrew?

Shirley

Too long.

Danny

And you really think that?

(Silence)

Look ma – I am – however I am – and I was that way a long time before Andrew got here. OK? He didn't do this.

Shirley

He didn't exactly stop it either, did he? Shit, Danny, the man's old enough to be your father. And he is *God-damned* old enough to know better. And Danny, he was supposed to be my friend. And I don't care how horny you are – you don't do that to a friend. You don't fuck their kid. And that's just the bottom line.

Danny

That's not all he did.

Shirley

Well, trust me, I don't want to know the rest.

Danny

Look, I really want to yell right now – and start punching things. And I'm not – am I. He did that. You understand? And I got a job. He did that too. And maybe for the first time in a real long time I feel like – I'm worth something. And he did that.

Shirley

Well let's just call the pope and start the ball rolling for sainthood. Shall we?

Danny

He's been good for me, ma. And he thinks you're... He thinks you're like God-damned Mother Teresa. You know that? Whatever we've been doing – It doesn't mean... He didn't mean to hurt you. He's your friend, OK? I mean he's really your friend – like you don't get many of.

Shirley

Well he's got a hell of a strange way of showing it.

(silence)

So this is what you want? You two are going to play house here and have this kid? That's not going to fly here, Danny. Maybe in San Francisco, or New York, but not in Oklahoma USA. Or what – you're gonna move there? You gonna be his – whatever – and fit right in with all his snotty college friends and... Shit, Danny, call me old fashioned but a kid needs a mother and a father. Come on, you're proof of that, aren't you? So go on -- tell me what the plan is.

Danny

I don't know.

Shirley

No. Damn right you don't. And what about that – female – in there? She part of this little picture?

Danny

I don't know.

Shirley

I guess you don't know much.

Danny

Well I know I'm happy. I'm happy right now – with Drew. Mom, I'm happy like I haven't been since I was ten. And OK. I got things to work out. And I'm trying. I really am. But give me the chance. Let me try to work them out my own way. Can't you do that?

Shirley

It won't work Danny. This gay thing? Look at Drew. You think he's a happy camper? And the kid. I mean I've been playing along, but with Drew or without him – it's a lousy idea. You're not ready for that. It's God-damned rough raising a kid. I ought to know. And I know you don't want to hear this – but I'm telling you. You're not ready. Not by a long shot.

Danny

Maybe. But that's kind of done now.

Shirley

Yeah. It is.

(There is a long silence.)

Jesus, Danny.

Danny

Just... Please. I'm asking the best I know how: Just let him stay – for now. Give me a chance to at least – try – to work this out on my own. Look, maybe I'll screw up again, but kicking him out is just going to make things worse. I... Hell...

Shirley

So what are you saying? Are you saying you're in love with Andrew? Is that what we're dancing around here?

(silence)

But you're happy.

Danny

Yeah.

Shirley

Well that's something, I guess.

(She stubs out her cigarette – not knowing what to do.)

Why are you asking me? Do what you want. You will anyway.

Danny

Then he can stay? Here?

Shirley

It's your place. I guess you can do what you want in it.

Danny

Thanks.

Shirley

No. Don't thank me. This whole thing is a really bad idea. I just don't know how to talk sense into you.

Danny

That's why it means so much.

Shirley

What?

Danny

Because it's something you're doing just for me. Just because it's so important to me. That really means something.

(He sits and starts putting on his sneakers.)

I better go – get him. That OK?

Shirley

Not really. But go on. I won't sic Vern on him if that's what you're afraid of.

(Danny grabs a t-shirt from the laundry and puts it on. He walks over to his mother and kisses her on the cheek. She waves him off.)

Go on. Go.

(He's out the door at a run. Shirley just sits there, looking drained. She opens her pocket book and digs for a cigarette and lights it, inhaling deeply. Lisa comes in, but stops dead when she sees Shirley.)

Lisa

Oh. I thought I heard the door.

Shirley

Sorry. It wasn't me leaving.

Lisa

Drew going to stay?

Shirley

We adding eavesdropping to your long list of talents?

Lisa

Jesus. You have to be such a bitch?

Shirley

You are one nasty little piece of trash, aren't you?

Lisa

Look – have I, like, done something to you?

Shirley

No.

Lisa

Then what's got your panties in a knot? I mean, hell – you don't even know me.

Shirley

Look – this isn't that big a town. Word gets around. I mean, especially with an act like yours.

Lisa

Go on – what word you got?

Shirley

Well, you've been hooking, for a start. That sure to warm a mother's heart.

Lisa

Like I really care what you think?

Shirley

And you've cracked up a couple of times. Haven't you.

Lisa

Yep.

Shirley

And there's the drugs.

Lisa

Not any more. I stopped.

Shirley

I'll believe that when I see it.

Lisa

To tell you the truth, I really don't give a rat's ass what you believe.

Shirley

And do you give a 'rat's ass' about Danny – or the baby for that matter.

Lisa

(Alarm bells are starting to go off.)

I... Look, maybe you just better go.

Shirley

Look. Your life is your business. You hook; you do drugs, that's none of my business. I could care less.

Lisa

Well thank you.

Shirley

But Danny is my business.

Lisa

Yeah, like you're such a fucking good mother.

Shirley

Why are you having this kid?

Lisa

(again, off balance)

I... That's really none of your business.

Shirley

OK. I'll tell you why. You didn't have any place to live before this, did you?

Lisa

I don't see what that's...

Shirley

And now you got a place to live, and food on the table, and Danny supporting you.

Lisa

You think...

Shirley

Women been doing it since the beginning of time, honey.

Lisa

You are really...

Shirley

Tell some man you're knocked up – with his kid – and suddenly you've really got him by the short hairs.

Lisa

You think I... God! I didn't even want the kid. Danny BEGGED me to keep him.

Shirley

Yeah, now there's motherly instinct for you.

Lisa

Don't do that. Of course I want him now.

Shirley

And you love Danny so much.

Lisa

No...

Shirley

And don't tell me he's in love with you, because – well we all know about Danny now.

Lisa

Listen – why are you doing this? I’m not this evil creature you’ve got all worked up in your mind. OK No. I’m not in love with Danny. But *I* fucking care about him.

Shirley

Do you?

Lisa

Yes. I do. Look Danny’s given me a place to live. He helped me straighten out. Hell, I’m having a kid for him – isn’t that enough?

Shirley

Would you listen to yourself: Having a kid – for him?

Lisa

Well, I mean, for me too... I mean I want it...

Shirley

You really are, aren’t you – just having the kid for him.

Lisa

I... No.

Shirley

Is it his?

Lisa

Of course it’s his.

Shirley

(really pushing now)

Is it?

Lisa

Yes!

Shirley

And you really care about Danny.

Lisa

Yeah.

Shirley

And the kid?

Lisa

(becoming more and more agitated)

Yeah. I do.

Shirley

Then why don't you do right by both of them?

Lisa

And how's that? What the hell do you want from me?

Shirley

Go someplace. Put the kid up for adoption.

Lisa

What?

Shirley

Have you even thought about this? I mean have you ever actually sat down and thought about this.

Lisa

Well yeah... I...

Shirley

Yeah? Have you? Then tell me – what's your life going to be like? You two gonna get married?

Lisa

I don't know. Lot's of people don't.

Shirley

And you. You gonna be a good mom?

Lisa

I'm gonna... I think I can...

Shirley

And what if it's too much for you?

Lisa

What?

Shirley

I mean what if you god-damned crack up again? Danny going to take care of the kid by himself?

Lisa

(panic is starting to set in)

He... I mean I'm fine.

Shirley

Yeah. Are you? And what about Danny? What if he loses that temper of his some night? What if he – shit – what if he smacks the kid too hard?

Lisa

Danny would never...

Shirley

Yeah? You sure about that?

Lisa

That's god-damned cruel.

Shirley

No. That's god-damned real. Come on. You have a brain? Use it. You know Danny. He ever gone off with you? He ever hit you?

(silence)

Yeah. Well you can take it – and if you hang around that's your business. But how are you going to feel if he loses it on the kid. How do you think he's going to feel? Shit, do you know Danny at all? What do you think that would do to *him*?

Lisa

I'm telling you he wouldn't do it.

Shirley

And I'm telling you you don't have a God-damned clue. Nobody does – not even Danny. Don't you see? Shit, Danny wouldn't hurt a kid on purpose. I know that. He wouldn't mean to do it. He never means to do it. You know I'm right. OK. Right now you think I'm a real nasty bitch, but I'm the one person who's telling you the truth. Danny can't deal with a baby. Hell, Danny can't even deal with Danny. And when the going gets tough, you going to be able to go it all by yourself?

(Lisa has started to look something akin to a trapped animal.)

Lisa

Would you get out? Would you just get out now?

Shirley

Can't handle the truth, honey? Well try it some night when Danny's drunk and the kid's screaming...

Lisa

JUST LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE.

(Shirley suddenly has some small realization of what she's done.)

Shirley

Jesus. Look. I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

Lisa

(striking back)

I guess now we know where Danny gets it, huh?

Shirley

Don't you ever...

(Totally losing it.)

Lisa

JUST GET AWAY FROM ME. JUST GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME. JESUS CHRIST, YOU FUCKING SAID WHAT YOU WANTED – NOW GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME.

(Lisa stands, clutching a pillow in front of her like a shield. Shirley starts to say something – thinks better of it – starts out, then turns back.)

Shirley

Listen... I... Maybe we better sit down...

(Shirley touches Lisa and Lisa shrieks – a scream of a wounded animal. She throws herself at Shirley, beating at her with her fists. Shirley wrestles her to the ground where they finally come to rest, Shirley panting, Lisa shaken with uncontrollable sobs.)

Oh Jesus. Oh god. Look – I'm sorry OK? I am really, really sorry. Come on. Come on. I'll help you. Come on...

(She struggles to get Lisa up onto the sofa. Lisa is a blubbing heap.)

What... What can I do? Danny – listen, Danny and Andrew will be right back and we'll all... Shit. Me and my mouth. I didn't... Look I got some Valium back at the trailer. Would that help?

(Lisa seems to nod.)

Listen, I'll be right back. You gonna be OK?

(She digs a hanky out of her pocket book, tries to give it to Lisa)

Here... Take this...

(The utter futility of this gesture is not lost on her. She drops the hanky to the ground, helpless for a moment.)

Shit. You be OK for a minute?

(Lisa gives a small nod.)

I'll be right back.

(Shirley grabs her keys out of her purse and rushes out the door. Lisa stands – hyperventilating. She sort of stumbles to another piece of furniture and leans on it. She finally controls herself and looks up – her face a hard, bitter mask of pain. She wipes her eyes dry and looks around again. The caged look is

back. She rushes for the bedroom from which we hear several loud crashes. When she emerges, she is clutching a bundle of odd possessions and a beat-up suitcase, clothes trailing the ground behind her. She drops the load on the floor and gets down on her knees, stuffing her things into the bag. Suddenly she stops, staring at a small box in her hand. Rising, she kicks the suitcase out of the way and sits on the sofa, clearing the coffee table with one sweep of her arm. She pulls a rubber strap out of her kit and snaps it onto her arm with practiced skill. She takes out the syringe and sets it on the coffee table. Strangely calmer now, she goes to the kitchen. A bang, an thud, and she's back with a candle, spoon and matches. She lights the candle, taps some heroine into the spoon and starts to heat it. Hearing a sound, she turns abruptly. Danny and Andrew are just inside the door. She doesn't say a word. Just stares at them.

Danny

What the... What the fuck are you doing?

Andrew

Danny...

(Danny slaps the spoon out of her hand, sending it flying.)

Danny

What the fuck are you doing?

Lisa

(Subdued but dangerous.)

It's none of your business. Get the fuck away from me.

(She shakes free and goes to the other side of the room.)

Danny

What are you... You got my baby. What you think that's going to do to the God-damned baby?

Lisa

Your baby? It's my fucking baby.

Danny

This the kind of mother you going to be? Stupid fucking bitch...

Andrew

Danny – I think she's...

(He tries to take Danny's shoulder, but Danny throws him off.)

Danny

Go on – answer me. What you fucking trying to do to my baby?

Lisa

(screaming)

IT ISN'T YOUR BABY! IT'S MINE. IT'S MY BABY AND I'LL DO WHAT THE FUCK I WANT.

(Danny is taken back for an instant)

Danny

Lisa? What the hell's wrong with you...

Lisa

YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE FUCKING FATHER. OK? SO BACK OFF.

(Danny grabs her and shakes her by the shoulders – violently.)

What did you say? What the fuck you say?

Andrew

(Moving in to stop him)

Danny!

Lisa

I said it's not your baby. Now...

(But she never finishes the sentence. Danny backhands her – hard – across the mouth. She crashes back against the wall. She screams and runs for the door, but Danny grabs for her, catching her clothes and she goes down on the

arm of the sofa – hitting hard – and rolling off onto the floor. Danny hits her again.)

Fucking cunt. You take that back! You lying bitch...

Andrew

(simultaneously)

Danny – get off her. What the fuck are you doing... Danny...

(Before he can do too much more damage, Andrew has dragged him off. Lisa is crawling away from them shrieking and sobbing.)

Danny

Let me go!

(He strikes at Andrew, but Andrew slams him against the wall. Things might go even further, but the men are stopped dead by Lisa's scream. Andrew runs to her. Danny leans against the wall staring mutely.)

Lisa

Jesus – my water... My water broke...

Andrew

Just lay back...

Lisa

It's not time... Shit – it hurts.

Andrew

Danny – call an ambulance.

(Danny doesn't move)

CALL A FUCKING AMBULANCE!

(Danny darts for the phone – his eyes riveted to Lisa.)

You're going to be fine. It's not that early...

Danny

Yeah. We need an ambulance. Sunset Trailer Park. Yeah. Number forty-three. Last one on the Right. My... She's having a baby...

Shirley

(Entering and taking in the carnage.)

What... Jesus...

*(Lisa shrieks again as a contraction hits.
Danny drops the phone and runs to her.)*

Lisa

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME. YOU GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME.

Shirley

Jesus... She's... having the baby?

Andrew

The ambulance is on the way.

Shirley

No. Shit – that's the other side of town. Get her in the pickup. Come on. Danny, you...

Andrew

Danny's staying here.

Shirley

(Unsure what's going on, but not arguing.)

Yeah. Fine. Let me help you.

*(Together, they get the sobbing Lisa to her feet
and start for the door.)*

You got her? I'll pull the truck around.

Andrew

Yeah. We're OK. Come on. You OK?

Lisa

No.

Andrew

It's gonna be all right. Come on.

*(They are out the door. Danny is left standing –
very alone – as the lights fade to black.)*

Scene 2

(Much later that night. Danny sits on the sofa, still wearing the same clothes. The room is still in shambles. A mostly empty bottle of Jack Daniels is on the table in front of him. An ashtray is overflowing with cigarette butts; a lit cigarette dangles out of his mouth. He just stares at the wall, drinks, smokes, stares again. A key is heard in the lock, and Andrew enters, looking very worn. Danny rises to his feet but just stares at Andrew. Andrew looks at Danny and shakes his head.)

Andrew

You...

(He is about to say something harsh, but the look on Danny's face dissuades him. Andrew drops into a chair.)

She's fine.

(Danny closes his eyes for a long moment – then finally speaks.)

Danny

And the – baby?

Andrew

He's fine. Everybody's fine.

(There is a long silence, and then finally...)

You?

(Danny coughs, hiccups once and seems to choke on something. He turns his back. His shoulders start to shake, and sudden Andrew realizes that Danny is sobbing. Andrew rises and goes to him, taking his shoulders.)

Danny...

(But Danny breaks away, keeping his back to Andrew and stumbles against the chair. The sobs are more violent.)

Danny, come on...

(He takes Danny's shoulders again, and Danny would break away, but Andrew holds him, turning him and putting his arms around him as Danny chokes and gasps against his chest.)

Shhhhh. It's all right. You've just had too much to drink. Come on buddy...

(Andrew fairly drags Danny to the sofa and sits there, holding Danny, stroking his hair until Danny calms a little. Then, suddenly he jerks away, trying desperately to get his act together. Danny can't look at Andrew through most of the following.)

Danny

I'm sorry.

Andrew

Yeah. I know.

Danny

Don't worry. It's not going to happen again.

Andrew

OK.

Danny

You know, I always thought it could get better. You know? That I'd get it knocked. But it's not.

Andrew

What? What isn't?

Danny

I've really tried. I mean, I know it's a sorry fucking excuse. But I really did try.

Andrew

I know you did.

Danny

But this is the last time. I've already got my shit in the pickup.

Shirley

(At the door)

Drew?

*(She is walking in, but Andrew waves her off.
She stands near the door – watching them.)*

Andrew

What do you mean, Danny?

Danny

I just wanted to wait... 'Till I knew...

*(He half-stands, but his legs are too wobbly, and
he abruptly sits again.)*

Andrew

It's OK. You're not going anywhere.

Danny

It's not OK.

Andrew

It's done. It's over. Nobody's dead or anything. You just pick up the pieces and -- go on. It'll be OK. In time. I promise.

Danny

No.

Andrew

Lisa's fine. She was sitting up – holding the baby. It all just – happened, Danny. Everything just got out of hand for a minute.

Danny

Out of hand? Shit.

Andrew

You didn't mean it.

Danny

Yeah. I did.

Andrew

No.

Danny

Yeah. That's just it. I did mean it. Right then? I would have killed her...

Andrew

No... You...

Danny

Just like when I was fourteen. I shot that guy? I meant that too. Right at that second? I meant to do it. I always mean it.

Andrew

Danny – everybody feels like that now and then.

Danny

But everybody doesn't do it.

Andrew

They...

Danny

Have you?

Andrew

What?

Danny

Have you ever hurt somebody? Ever REALLY hurt somebody?

Andrew

I...

Danny

You know I really thought – all my life I thought – I'd get better. I'd stop it, you know. Ain't gonna happen.

Andrew

Danny – it's not the end of the...

Danny

That was it. Now I know. Just how I am.

Andrew

Danny... You're just drunk.

(Danny rises unsteadily to his feet and walks away. If he notices Shirley there he doesn't acknowledge it.)

Danny

I gotta go.

Andrew

Danny...

(He goes to Danny and takes his shoulders again. Danny is calm now. He just turns around and looks at Andrew's face.)

Danny

(without emotion)

I love you.

Andrew

(suddenly pulling back)

What? Danny...

Danny

(Trying to tuck in his shirt, wipe his eyes, etc. in a pretty lame attempt to get himself together.)

I just wanted to say that. I've never said it before. I mean I wanted to but I was just – I don't know.

Andrew

Danny, I...

Danny

It's OK. No response required. But I really thought – With you, you know -- Oh shit. Doesn't matter now.

Andrew

It...

Danny

Look, I got stuff I got to do. OK?

Andrew

You can't go out. Shit you can't drive...

Danny

It's OK. I'm not that blitzed. Just kind of – upset. You know? See ya.

(Reasonably stable now, he turns and heads for the door.)

Shirley

Danny?

Danny

Look. I'm OK. I just wanted to make sure everybody was – OK. Shit. Lighten up. I'm not gonna do myself in or anything. Although if I did – I guarantee I wouldn't shoot somebody else in the foot. Gotta go.

(He "shoots" them with his finger He waits an instant, half-hoping that Andrew will stop him, but Andrew doesn't move.)

Later.

(He is gone. There is the muffled sound of a truck starting and driving off into the distance.)

Shirley

This is pretty much my fault, you know?

Andrew

I think we can spread the blame around pretty well.

Shirley

So? What are you going to do?

Andrew

Do?

Shirley

With Danny.

Andrew

I don't know.

Shirley

You said you wanted to help him. Now might be a real good time.

Andrew

Yeah. Great success at that. Wasn't I? Father figure. Yeah. I was just dandy.

Shirley

He doesn't need a father.

Andrew

Then what?

Shirley

I guess he needs you.

Andrew

Isn't this change of attitude a little sudden?

Shirley

Yeah. Maybe.

Andrew

So why?

Shirley

Because he... Because maybe you can do something and I can't.

(silence)

Drew... The kid loves you.

Andrew

Yeah. He does.

Shirley

So?

(silence)

You're leaving, aren't you?

Andrew

Yeah.

Shirley

(without venom)

You son-of-a-bitch.

Andrew

What?

Shirley

You love him too, don't you?

Andrew

No. I...

Shirley

Yeah you do. I've got eyes. Hell, a blind man could have seen it.

Andrew

Shit, I don't know. I...

Shirley

Why did you let him leave, Drew? Hell, he was begging you to stop him.

Andrew

He needed some time.

Shirley

Bullshit.

Andrew

What the fuck you want me to say?

Shirley

Just tell me why you're leaving

Andrew

Look – I've got a life in New York.

Shirley

Like hell you do.

Andrew

What do you want from me?

Shirley

Try the truth – just have the balls to tell me the truth.

Andrew

What are you on me for? A few hours ago you were throwing me out of the God-damned house.

Shirley

Because it's my son's life you're screwing around with. He may not be much, but he's still my son, and you hurt him, you answer to me.

Andrew

It just wouldn't – work.

Shirley

Go on. Why?

Andrew

We just aren't – the same.

Shirley

That's right. You're not. We're trailer trash, honey. And you're not. And rich folks don't marry trailer trash. Oh, they might be friends with them – they might even fuck them. But they don't marry them, do they – gay or straight.

Andrew

That's not fair.

Shirley

Damn right it's not.

Andrew

Shirley – Danny and me – there's no way it would...

Shirley

Nope. Never would work out. 'Cause Danny's up front. Good or bad, what you see is what you get. But you? Underneath, it's all bullshit. Just self-absorbed bullshit.

Andrew

Shirley – I wish there was some way...

Shirley

Shit – you can't even be up front with yourself.

(silence)

But I tell you what you are going to do.

Andrew

What?

Shirley

You're going to stay here – 'till we're sure he's – all right.

Andrew

I am? Why?

Shirley

Because he needs you right now. Sorry sack of shit that you may be, he really needs you. And you're going to hang around for a few days – just 'till we're sure he's not going to do anything -- really stupid.

(quietly)

Come on, Drew. You owe me that.

Andrew

Yeah. OK. Shirley?

Shirley

What?

Andrew

I'm sorry.

Shirley

Yeah. Aren't we all.

(She is leaving the room as the lights fade to black.)

Scene 3

(About a week later. The room is pretty much the same except that it's been cleaned up and a bassinet is now featured prominently near the sofa. Associated infant paraphernalia is scattered here and there around the room. Lisa is lifting what is obviously a VERY unpleasant diaper from the bassinet and holds it out at arm's length.)

Lisa

Oh, God... Oh God...

(yelling in the direction of the bedroom)

We need a trashcan in here and we need it now!!!

Andrew

(off)

Coming... Coming...

Lisa

I mean NOW!

Andrew

(enters from the bedroom looking like shit. His hair is unkempt, his shirt hangs open and looks like he's been sleeping in it. There's three or four days of stubble on his face. He has regressed into a deep depression.)

Yeah. I'll get it.

Lisa

(dropping the diaper in)

Well would you get a move on? I'm about to asphyxiate here.

Andrew

Sorry. I was – uh – taking a nap.

Lisa

Yeah, you've been taking a nap ever since I got back from the hospital.

Andrew

(exiting to the kitchen)

Yeah. Whatever.

Lisa

And you look like shit. You've been wearing that shirt for three days.

Andrew

Everything's dirty.

(He emerges from the kitchen with a trash can, wet-ones and baby powder.)

Here. Trashcan. Wet ones...

Lisa

Give me that.

(She makes a face and reaches in to clean up the baby.)

I think I need another one...

(She fairly wraps her hand in it and makes another attempt.)

Oh hell, give me two or three...

Andrew

You want me to do that?

Lisa

No. I just want to be able to say I did it. Just once.

(She reaches for a fresh diaper.)

Andrew

Powder?

Lisa.

Oh. Yeah.

Andrew

(handing it to her)

Diaper.

Lisa

Wait. I need a break.

(She lights a cigarette.)

Don't you be 'a rollin' your eyes at me, homey. Just give me a second so I don't barf on the little bundle of joy.

Andrew

(heading for the bedroom again)

I'll be in here if you need me.

Lisa

Shit, is my company that bad?

Andrew

No. Mine is. Sorry. I'm just not a barrel of laughs right now. OK?

(He starts to leave again.)

Lisa

I guess Shirley was pretty hard on you the other night.

Andrew

What?

Lisa

We talked last night. A couple of hours. She's not nearly such a bitch once you get to know her.

Andrew

No. She's not.

Lisa

Look – she's worried about you. Hell, I'm worried about you. The way you been actin'? Ain't healthy girl. Take it from one who knows.

Andrew

I'm OK. She was just tellin' it like it is. Mostly, anyway.

Lisa

Look honey, if it's not right for you and Danny, it's not right. It's none of Shirley's business. Hell, it's none of my business for that matter.

Andrew

No, Shirley was right. She made me think. I'd had this whole thing worked up in my head that I was such hot shit that the only person I could possibly consider for a lover – or life partner – or whatever the hell you want to call them -- was somebody – I don't know – somebody who knew which fork to use, and what wine went with veal and – somebody who looked right and acted right. Somebody I could... show off.

Lisa

Well, that sure as hell ain't Danny.

Andrew

No. But it was Mitch. Mitch is -- so good looking. He's buff like you wouldn't believe. And he's well read, and well spoken, and he's got this really upscale law practice, and gets invited to all the a-list events.

Lisa

Damn. Sounds perfect. Think he'd like an unwed mother with big tits?

Andrew

Right... He was perfect. He was everything I'd ever wanted. But I found me a real trophy. But just maybe I should have been looking for – something a little more substantial. Kinda hard to find out just how shallow you are this late in life.

Lisa

So what are you looking for now?

Andrew

Well, if I had half a brain, I'd be looking for somebody I -- loved. Somebody who needed me – somebody who loved me back – all the clichéd shit.

Lisa

And that's not Danny?

Andrew

I don't know. OK. Yeah. Maybe it is.

Lisa

Then... Well, if Danny comes back, you gonna stay?

Andrew

No.

Lisa

But...

Andrew

Look, I've gone over all this a million times since the other night and it just isn't going to work. I can't take Danny back to New York with me. I mean I just sit there, trying to imagine Danny at the black party or maybe cocktails at the pines...

Lisa

And those things are like, really important?

Andrew

No. God, no. I stopped caring about all that a long time ago. Whatever Shirley thinks, I'm not *that* shallow. No. See, It's not just that he wouldn't fit into my life – it's more like -- I don't have a life for him to fit into. Shirley nailed it. I've got nothing back there – nothing that's worth --anything. All I could possibly do is make Danny as miserable and neurotic as I am. And introduce him to a bunch of pretentious queens – not unlike myself – who would probably treat him like shit.

Lisa

So stay here.

Andrew

Honey, I escaped from here. Yeah, maybe I was born here, but I never fit in. These good ol' boys aren't ready for my rainbow flags and my "Nobody knows I'm queer" t-shirt, and I'm sure as hell not ready to go back in the closet.

Lisa

Come on. There are gay guys here.

Andrew

And they're either deep in the closet, or they're looking over their shoulder waiting to get fag-bashed all the time. No thank you.

Lisa

That is such bullshit. You are not that lame. There are other places to live than New York City – or this raggy-ass trailer park.

Andrew

And start from scratch? Jesus, Lisa take a look, I mean just look at me. I'm a total basket case. The slightest little thing goes wrong, and I don't get out of bed for a week – or I'm digging out the crystal or trying to off my fucking self. And Danny? Where is he now? Off on a week long drunk? Toked up somewhere feeling sorry for himself? You of all people should know, the boy's got issues. Well I can't even deal with mine, and I sure as hell can't deal with his.

Lisa

You two were doing great for a while. It was like your crazies sort of balanced each other out. Look, I know I'm just a crazy bitch and don't know shit, but fuck – you two were really good for each other.

Andrew

Yeah, and what did I do? The first time he really needed me – I mean really fucking needed me – I blew him off. I totally fucked him over, Lisa.

Lisa

Be straight with me, Andrew. You love him?

Andrew

Maybe. In some really insane out of the question way -- maybe I do.

Lisa

(suddenly more serious and intense than we have seen her.)

Look Andrew, I really loved my husband. Really loved -- like so crazy in love I didn't know which end was up. And when I fucked that up – when I -- lost -- that. Well, let me just tell you, honey, that if I loved somebody again – and had even the tiniest little craziest most insane chance that he loved me back and I could make it work? I would move heaven and earth, baby. Shit, I would do – anything – for that. Or you could always wind up like me.

Andrew

Lisa... I...

Lisa

And I really shouldn't go those places.

(Shirley is fumbling at the door.)

And that would be Shirley.

Andrew

Lisa...

Andrew

Oh, shut up and get the door. I've got to get a diaper on the little rug-rat before he catches pneumonia.

(Shirley finally makes it in the door, a sack of groceries and another small bag on her arm.)

Shirley

Hey.

Andrew

Hey yourself.

Shirley

Milk... Similac... Diapers.

Andrew

Thanks. I'll take them.

(He does, and exits to the kitchen again. Shirley walks over to watch Lisa's struggle with the diaper.)

Shirley

Honey, it helps if you wait to pull the tabs off the tapes until AFTER you've got it on him.

(Lisa emerges with a hopelessly twisted diaper – taped together.)

You want me to do that?

Lisa

No. I'm going to do this if it kills me.

Shirley

Looks like it might at that.

(Handing her another.)

Here. Yeah. That's it. See. Not too hard.

Lisa

(Flinging herself onto the sofa.)

I am fucking exhausted. I have newfound respect for motherhood.

Shirley

Yeah. We're saints, aren't we?

Lisa

He loves this hangy thing you brought him. That's so cute. Look at him knocking it around...

Shirley

Yeah. Takes after his old man.

Andrew

Speaking of whom...

Shirley

Has he...?

Andrew

Nope. He hasn't.

Shirley

Oh.

(She lights a cigarette. There's a long pause.)

You'd think the little shit would at least call.

Andrew

Look, I'm sure he's OK...

Shirley

Yeah.

Lisa

Danny?

Andrew

Well duh.

Lisa

Danny's fine.

Andrew

You've talked to him?

Lisa

No. I saw him though. At the hospital.

Andrew

Why didn't you tell us? Shirley's been getting an ulcer...

Lisa

Look, I'm sorry, but it was kinda obvious he didn't want to see anybody. I just figured he'd show up when he wanted to.

Andrew

What was he doing there?

Lisa

He was there all four days. I don't think he saw me. I mean, he never came to the room or anything.

Andrew

So what was he doing?

Lisa

He was just standing there. In front of the window, you know? Where you can see all the babies? They had me in a wheelchair and Nurse Rached was starting to wheel me down the hall to the lab? And the room's a long way off down the hall, you know, but I knew it was him. So I told her to stop, and she said, "What for?" and I said it wasn't any of her fucking business.

Andrew

Lisa, would you get to the point?

Lisa

Well the she-devil of St. Elizabeth's sort of stormed off, so I just sat there – watching him – watching the baby. He was there for a long time. An hour maybe. Next day it was the same thing, about the same time. That last day, I think he saw me though and sort of took off.

Andrew

I called his boss. He's been calling in sick.

Shirley

Well at least he wasn't lying.

Lisa

Shirley – you got to get over it. I mean yeah, he hit me and all, but I did sort of ask for it.

Shirley

Lisa! You don't God-damned belt a pregnant woman. Jesus!

Lisa

Yeah, well, look what I'm leaving him with. I'd rather get belted a few more times, thank you.

Shirley

Look, you sure about this?

Lisa

I think we've about run that subject into the ground. OK?

Shirley

Yeah. OK.

Andrew

What time does your bus leave?

Lisa

About an hour. I've already called a cab.

Andrew

You sure you have plenty of money?

Lisa

Yeah. About twice what I need. OK? And I really will pay you back.

Shirley

I still say this is way too soon for you to be going anywhere.

Lisa

Talk to the hand, honey. Talk to the hand.

(Shirley turns away, a little hurt)

Look Shirley... You've been really cool about all this. And I really appreciate it. And I know you're getting stuck with the whole mess until Danny turns up...

Shirley

It's OK. I kind of like babies. It's later you think you maybe should have drowned them. Danny will show up sooner or later, and then I guess it's up to him.

Lisa

Look, if anything happens... I mean if you need me to sign something or whatever... Well, you've got my parent's number.

Shirley

Yeah. I've got it. Listen, I've got to check on Vern's supper, but I'll be right back. You two OK with him for a minute?

Andrew

Yeah. Go on.

Shirley

And don't leave before I'm back. OK?

Lisa

Yeah. I'll wait.

(Shirley nods and exits. Lisa goes back to the bassinet.)

Andrew? Andrew... You sure he's OK? He's still breathing and everything?

Andrew

(Looking in the crib)

Yeah. He's fine.

Lisa

Shit. If I'm only going to be a mother for four days, I don't want the little bugger to die on my watch, you know?

Andrew

You're doing fine. And Lisa... You're still going to be a mother.

Lisa

Yeah. I guess. I just wish...

(But she is interrupted by a soft knock on the door. Through the screen we can see a very subdued Danny. He has a bandage above one eye and one cheek is a little purple, but otherwise he's actually quite presentable.)

Andrew

Jesus... Danny.

Danny

Uh... Can I come in?

Andrew

Yeah. Sure.

Danny

You sure it's all right with – uh – Lisa?

Lisa

Oh, get in here you asshole. You know you've got your mother scared out of her bleached-blond mind? Where the hell have you been?

Danny

Well, right now, I've just been out there sitting in the pickup. I saw mom was here and I kind of waited 'till I saw her leave. One thing at a time, you know?

Lisa

Well at least you're back.

Danny

I can only stay for a minute. I told them I'd be back at work this afternoon. I just wanted to give you something...

(He is digging in his pocket, but Shirley comes bursting in the door.)

Shirley

Hey... I just saw Danny's pickup... Well, Jesus Christ. Look who's here.

Lisa

Well, the best laid plans of mice and men...

Shirley

Where in hell...

Andrew

Shirley...

Shirley

What?

(Andrew gives her a pleading look. With some effort, she buttons it.)

Well, at least he's back.

(She turns away and starts fussing with the baby. Danny, very uncomfortable, in a lame attempt for a little privacy, moves Lisa a step away from the others and speaks more softly.)

Danny

Look, Lisa... I just wanted to give you this.

Lisa

OK. What?

Danny

(Handing her an envelope.)

It's for the baby.

(Lisa opens the envelope and pulls out a wad of cash. She quickly thumbs through it.)

Lisa

Jesus, Danny... There's... These are all hundreds. Where did you... What did you do?

Danny

I... I – uh – sold the Harley.

Lisa

You...

Danny

Look I know it's not really that much. But maybe it'll – I don't know -- start him a college fund or something.

Lisa

Danny – you didn't have to...

(Danny just shrugs.)

What happened to your eye?

Danny

Oh... Ray? He didn't want to give me my money back. We sort of had a discussion about it.

Lisa

Thanks. That's really nice.

Danny

No. Look, it's no big deal. I couldn't afford to fix it up anyway. I just thought... Well, whether the kid's mine or not... Well, I kind of owe it to him either way. You know?

Lisa

Hey! I got something for you too. Uh... Look guys... Could I talk to Danny alone for a minute?

Shirley

Yeah. Sure. Come on, Drew. You want some coffee?

(Shirley and Andrew exit into the kitchen. Lisa goes to her bag and pulls out an envelope of her own. She takes a paper out of it and hands it to Danny.)

Danny

His birth certificate?

Lisa

Yeah. I wanted to make sure it was OK. Look at it.

Danny

You put me down as the father.

Lisa

Yeah.

Danny

Am I?

Lisa

I don't know. I mean, probably...

(She looks at the floor and then up again.)

I don't know.

Danny

Yeah. It's OK.

Lisa

I mean, first of all, I thought the little bugger should have a last name – other than mine, I mean.

Danny

Yeah. Sure, it's fine.

Lisa

And second. Danny... I'm leaving.

Danny

What?

Lisa

Yeah. Pretty soon, in fact. The cab's probably on the way.

Danny

Where are you...

Lisa

To my folks. In Wichita.

Danny

Oh.

Lisa

Jesus. Don't look so...

Danny

No. It's OK. I mean I don't blame you for wanting to get out of here. I just thought I'd be able to maybe see him now and then.

Lisa

Oh – no – you didn't get it.

Danny

What?

Lisa

I'm leaving. The baby's staying here.

Danny

(honestly aghast)

What?

Lisa

Now don't go off on me, because it won't make any difference and you'll just feel like shit again after, you know?

Danny

Jesus, Lisa... He needs his mother...

Lisa

Danny, look at me. I'm a hooker. I'm a part-time junkie.

Danny

You don't have to...

Lisa

Just shut up and listen. And aside from all that, I'm nutty as a fruitcake. And yeah, I could say it wouldn't be fair to the baby and what kind of mother would I be and ya da, ya da, ya da. But the truth is – I'm just being selfish, OK? I can't do it. It's just not in me. I'm kind of on the edge, you know? Hell, you saw me the other night. Yeah, right now they've got me pumped full of Prozac 'till I think I'm gonna puke, but sooner or later it's gonna wear off, you know? Right now I can't deal with anybody but me, and I'm not even sure I'm gonna be able to do that. So I'm going home. I talked to my folks and they're willing to give me another go. That was a real shocker. So bottom line – as your mom would say – the kid's your problem.

Danny

Lisa – I can't. I mean you know what I'm like. No. Huh-uh.

Lisa

Then put him up for adoption. Your name's on the birth certificate. You can do whatever you want. I know I sound like a real shit and maybe I am. But you wanted him. You got him. Finito.

Danny

How can you just... Leave him? I mean, I saw him at the hospital. I mean from the first time I saw him... I don't get how you can...

Lisa

You don't have to. It's not your choice. It's mine. And I've made it. What you do... Well that's up to you.

(silence)

Danny... I'm sorry. And look – maybe he is yours. I mean you can have the blood test and stuff.

Danny

That doesn't matter.

Lisa

And it's not like I'm going to Pakistan or something. I'm just going to Wichita. And – I mean – If you decide to keep him, I'll come and visit and stuff. I want the kid to know he has a mother and all. But that's all I can do – for now anyway. Maybe for good. I don't know.

Danny

I can't just – give him away.

Lisa

Then keep him.

Danny

I can't do that. You know why I can't.

Lisa

Then don't keep him.

(A couple of short honks are heard outside.)

That's my cab. Andrew! Shirley! Come on. I gotta go.

*(Andrew and Shirley run in from the Kitchen.
Danny just stands sort of dazed.)*

Andrew

You sure...

Lisa

Don't you start. Get my bag, will you? Can't carry anything you know.

Shirley

Take care of yourself. I mean it.

Lisa

Yeah. I always do. Bye.

(It is Shirley who reaches out to hug Lisa.)

Shirley

Bye.

Lisa

Come on, Andrew. You can get all weepy out by the cab.

Andrew

OK.

(She starts out.)

Shirley

(meaning to be kind)

Don't you want to say goodbye to...

Lisa

(tight)

No. You do that for me, OK?

(She gives Danny a kiss on the cheek.)

Bye Danny. See ya.

Danny

Yeah. See ya.

*(She is gone, Andrew following with her bag.
There is an uncomfortable silence.)*

Shirley

I guess she filled you in.

Danny

Yeah.

Shirley

That was nice. The money and all.

(Danny shrugs and sits heavily on a chair.)

A lot to think about.

Danny

What am I supposed to do?

Shirley

Whatever you think is right. This one's got to be your call, Danny.

(Danny stands up again and lights a smoke.)

Andrew reenters.)

Andrew

Well, she's off.

Danny

I just... I don't believe she did that.

(Turning on his mother.)

Did you... Did you tell her...

Andrew

Your mom tried to talk her out of it, Danny.

Danny

Then I just don't get it. It's her son for Christ sake...

Shirley

She did what she thought she had to do, Danny. Who knows, maybe she was right. Anyway, it's done.

Danny

What if I hadn't come back when I did?

Andrew

Your mom said she'd take care of the... Billy... 'Till you got back.

Danny

You did? Then... Look, maybe... Would you do it?

Shirley

What.

Danny

Would you take him? I mean I'd help with money and everything. And that way it wouldn't be strangers...

Shirley

(cutting him off)

No. Don't even think about it. I've done my time.

Danny

But... I can't. And I mean you don't want to give him up, do you?

Shirley

No. I'm real attached to him. I admit it. And if we have to do the adoption thing it'll be real hard for me to let go. Especially now that I've been taking care of him. But I can't start all that again. I'm way too tired.

Danny

But he's your grandson...

Shirley

Danny -- he's not *my* responsibility.

Danny

No. He's not.

Shirley

Danny – If you want to keep him, you can.

Danny

Yeah right. There's a laugh.

Shirley

Well if you don't want to... Hell, you don't even know...

Danny

Want to? God, do you know how much I want him? I mean, I want him like I've never wanted anything in my whole life.

Shirley

Then raise him.

Danny

Come on. Get real. You know damn well I can't do it.

Shirley

Yeah. You can.

Danny

Are you crazy? Shit, you forget I've got a temper? No – I haven't got a temper -- I *hurt* people. You think I want to do that – to him? What if some night he's acting up – and I get crazy.

Shirley

Your Dad had a temper. We got by.

Danny

Yeah – well did he hit you?

Shirley

That's not the point. The point is, he never hit you.

Danny

What are you saying – what's that got to do with...

Shirley

I'm saying that your dad was just as bad as you sometimes – maybe worse. But he got it together. He never laid a hand on you. Hell, he wouldn't even spank you.

Danny

Yeah, well I'm not my dad. What if I can't keep it together? What then?

Shirley

You want guarantees? Well, I am sorry to tell you that life doesn't work that way. You think I can tell you what's going to happen? I thought I'd be a good mother. Well, I screwed up big time. I know that. But I tried. I really did. That's all you can do Danny – is try.

(silence)

Look, I can't tell you what to do...

Danny

No. I know.

Shirley

But if it makes any difference -- I... I think you can do it, Danny. I mean, I'm not saying you're perfect. And it might be real rough. But... Shit... I just want you to know that if you decide that's what you want to do... I'll try to help. I really will.

Danny

Thanks. And I really wish I could, you know. But I can't. I'll... I'll find out who I've gotta talk to tomorrow. OK?

Andrew

Danny?

Danny

(Not wanting to hear any more.)

What.

Andrew

What if you had somebody else here? You know, to help out -- kind of keep an eye on things.

Danny

What -- you gonna spring for a maid?

Andrew

No. I was just... I was talking about me.

Danny

What... What's that supposed to mean?

Andrew

I mean I'd like to stay here -- help with the baby.

(silence)

Danny -- even if you decide not to keep the baby -- I'd like to stay... a little longer anyway.

Danny

Here?

Andrew

Look this wasn't how I'd planned... What the hell, Shirley's been in on everything else...

Shirley

Look, I'll -- take off...

Andrew

No. No, it's OK. Maybe it's better you hear this, because if you're not all right with it, it won't work out anyway. Danny... The other night you said you -- loved me. I know you were drunk, and I don't know if you meant it -- I mean really meant it the way... But I do. I mean... God, I am really not doing this well. Listen, I really need you. I mean, since I've been here you've given me a reason -- for living. And that's something I haven't had in a long time. So you'd really be doing me a favor if you -- if maybe I could stay a while.

Danny

You mean that? I mean if it's just because of the kid...

Andrew

No. It's not. Shirley said some things that made me... Well that were really -- true. I'm a real jackass sometimes. And look, I don't know if we could stay here, and handle the baby -- hell I don't even know if we can handle each other. I mean, there would be a lot of things to work out, and it's fucked-up crazy and, you know, it probably won't work at all. But at least -- I'd like to try. I mean...

Danny

(Maybe near tears, but valiantly keeping a lid on it.)

Yeah?

Andrew

I just thought... I just hoped -- maybe that would make a difference.

Danny

Yeah. It'd make a difference.

Andrew

Shirley...

Shirley

Look, I'll do what I can. But it's not up to me. It's up to Danny.
(a silence)

Danny

(a final decision)

Yeah... Yeah. OK. Let's do it.

(Not knowing what to do next, they all stand awkwardly for a moment, staring at each other.)

Shirley

So you gonna kiss the bride or something?

(It slightly breaks the tension. Andrew gives a small laugh, smiles at Shirley, then looks to Danny. Danny manages a crooked grin.)

Danny

Maybe later.

(Shirley, not happy, but determined to make the best of things, walks over and gives him a hug. It's actually the most maternal we've seen her.)

Shirley

It's gonna be rough.

Danny

Yeah. I know. Jesus... I hope I can...

(He sits – looking a little shell-shocked)

Andrew

You OK?

Danny

No. I'm scared. Jesus, I'm scared.

Shirley

Well, that's probably a pretty realistic way of looking at things.

(a pause)

Andrew, you up for a little something?

Andrew

What?

Shirley

Well, I think it's time you met Vern. If you're going to be around here for awhile, I guess he's going to have to get used to it.

Andrew

And if he doesn't?

Shirley

Well, he wouldn't be the first man I'd kicked out on his butt. You up for it?

Andrew

What the hell.

Shirley

Come on then. When I left, he was just headed out with the metal detector.

Andrew

For...?

Shirley

Oh, probably looking for quarters out by the soda machine – or maybe sweeping for land-mines. Hard to tell with Vern. You coming?

Andrew

You go ahead. I'll be right up.

Shirley

OK.

(She starts to go, but unnoticed, turns back to look at them both – deep concern etched across her face. She takes a deep breath.)

You watch the kid, now.

Danny

Yeah. I will.

(She exits.)

Andrew

You OK with this?

Danny

Yeah.

Andrew

You sure?

Danny

No. But I want to try.

Andrew

OK then.

(He turns to go. Danny stands.)

Danny

Andrew?

Andrew

Yeah?

Danny

I wasn't just drunk. You know...

Andrew

(Andrew walks over to Danny and kisses him gently on the mouth.)

Yeah. I do too.

Danny

That going to be enough?

Andrew

(shrugs and smiles weakly)

I don't know.

(He pulls Danny in, and the two hold onto each other for a moment – then Andrew pulls back

and kisses Danny lightly on the head.)

I'll be right back.

Danny

OK.

(Andrew exits. Danny walks over to the baby, away, walks back, and stares – utterly terrified. He starts to reach in and touch him, thinks better of it and pulls back. He looks around again, slightly frantic, and his eyes light on Stupid Blue Bear. Slowly, he walks over and picks up the bedraggled toy. With infinite gentleness, he places it into the crib. The baby must have reacted favorably, because slowly, Danny begins to smile. He kneels by the crib, reaches in, and cautiously begins to stroke the baby's head. Almost too softly to hear, he begins to sing.)

*Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Daddy's gonna buy you a mocking bird.
If that mocking bird don't sing,
Daddy's gonna buy you a diamond ring.
If that diamond ring is brass,
Daddy's gonna buy you a looking glass
If that looking glass gets broke...*

(But by now, the strains of Carley Simon's 'Mockingbird' have overpowered Danny's song, and stage has gone black.)