



Drop It by Michael Collins

from *Post Road 9*

Selected by Neil LaBute, author of The Break of Noon, Helter Skelter/Land of the Dead, Reasons to be Pretty, In a Dark Dark House, Wrecks, Some Girl(s), Fat Pig, Autobahn, The Mercy Seat, The Distance from Here, The Shape of Things, Bash: Latter-Day Plays, In the Company of Men, and Filthy Talk for Troubled Times.

Drop It by Michael Collins is a pitch-black rant from a place that not even David Mamet or Raymond Carver might stop to buy gas at--a world of foul-mouthed men and women that is a wonder to behold and pure street music to listen to. sharp, sassy, funny and painful, Drop It speaks its mind with brash authority and real talent. – NL.

Scene One: Store

(It is a wig shop, early morning. Frank is trying to repair a stand.)

Kid: You ever go to the movies?

Frank: Nah.

Kid: Whatta you mean? You never go to the movies?

Frank: No that's what I said uh uh. (Pause)

Kid: Jeez, that's weird, I'd go to the movies every day if I could.

Frank: Nuts.

Kid: What happened?

Frank: I dropped it.

Kid: Where'd it go?

Frank: I don't know I dropped it it rolled around. I'm lookin for it.

Kid: This it?

Frank: Je sus, no. You weren't even watching.

Kid: What's it look like, I'll get a new one.

Frank: There isn't any new one. That's the one, that's the only one.

Kid: That's why you're looking so hard.

Frank: Yeah that's why I'm looking so hard.

Kid: I could get a flashlight.

Frank: eah, then do that.

Kid: Okay, hold on.

Frank: Yeah.

Kid: Here.

Frank: Does it work?

Kid: I guess so.

Frank: Gimmee it.

Kid: See it?

Frank: I got it it was right there.

Kid: You got it.

Frank: That's it.

Kid: You finished?

Frank: It's good enough.

Kid: There's a lady out front.

Frank: Yeah, what's she doin'?

Kid: Just standing there.

Frank: Why don't you let her in?

Kid: I don't know if she wanted to come in.

Frank: Probally she does.

Kid: You're right.

Frank: Probally wants to buy something.

Kid: Yeah, I'll let her in.

Frank: She still there?

Kid: Yeah.

Frank: She want to come in?

Kid: I don't think so she's still standing there.

Frank: Oh.

Kid: Maybe she's waiting for someone.

Frank: You wanna sweep?

Kid: Okay.

Frank: Oh fuckin Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

Kid: Wanna hear about this movie I saw?

Frank: Yeah, okay.

Kid: So there's this force, this ghost or something, it blows out all the candles when it comes into the house, it could take over kids' brains, and it does, so they take the scissors out of the drawer, and then they're like zombies. Could kill the parents, or if the babysitter's sleeping.

Frank: Any women?

Kid: Sure, that's the babysitter.

Frank: Right.

Kid: She's sleeping, and her popcorn is in the bowl right there.

Frank: Yeah.

Kid: And the wind, this force comes through the window. (phone rings)

Frank: Phone.

Kid: Yeah.

Frank: She gotta take a shower?

Kid: Not her, another one though later on.

Frank: Good; (into phone) yeah?

Kid: Who was it?

Frank: I don't know, some jerk.

Kid: hang up?

Frank: I guess, maybe disconnected.

Kid: Oh.

Frank: So she takes the shower.

Kid: Yeah, but another one later on.

Frank: That's nice.

Kid: Yeah it was a good movie.

Frank: That's the only reason I'd go.

Kid: So they killed the force.

Frank: Yeah?

Kid: Got magnets all around the house, they sucked it into a bucket of water.

Frank: Good.

Kid: Yeah, that was smart.

Frank: What's your mother say about all these movies?

Kid: I don't know.

Frank: So she's gone and then you go to the movies.

Kid: She leaves the money on the counter, and I go to the movies.

Frank: Yeah?

Kid: I think it's good.

Frank: So where's she go all the time?

Kid: I don't know, she goes out sometimes.

Frank: Yeah?

Kid: Yeah.

Frank: What's she got a date?

Kid: Sometimes, I guess.

Frank: Probably that's it.

Kid: Does it make you mad?

Frank: Nah, what do I care? She's got a date.

Kid: I've seen him. Only not so much.

Frank: No?

Kid: Mostly she meets him.

Frank: She goes somewhere else and meets him there?

Kid: Yeah.

Frank: Don't want you to see him, huh?

Kid: Probally.

Frank: What's the matter with him?

Kid: His name's Darwin.

Frank: No shit.

Kid: Yeah, he's black.

Frank: Jesus!

Kid: I only saw him once.

Frank: He's black?

Kid: Uh huh.

Frank: What's the neighbors say?

Kid: Nothing, I guess they don't see him.

Frank: Jesus. Whatta you say?

Kid: Nothing, I go to the movies.

Frank: Pick up that bucket.

Kid: Okay.

Frank: You can't leave the bucket over there.

Kid: I know. (Chubby enters)

Chubby: Hey Frank.

Frank: Hey Chubby.

Kid: Hi.

Frank: You go get coffee.

Kid: Okay.

Frank: Milk.

Kid: I know.

Frank: And no coffee for you, you put too much sugar into it. Get a soda.

Kid: Okay.

Frank: And Chubby.

Kid: I know.

Frank: Milk, same way.

Kid: I know.

Frank: Alright, go.

Kid: Okay. (exits)

Chubby: What's up?

Frank: Kid's mother's bangin a spook.

Chubby: No.

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: Je sus.

Frank: I know.

Chubby: What're you gonna do?

Frank: Nothing, what the fuck am I gonna do?

Chubby She's fucking a spook?

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: I can't believe it.

Frank: Well.

Chubby: What's she bangin a spook for?

Frank: I don't know, I just found out.

Chubby: That's fucking nuts.

Frank: I know.

Chubby: Crazy bitch. That's stupid.

Frank: Quiet, I'm tryinna keep my calm.

Chubby: Sure.

Frank: Hand me that.

Chubby: This?

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: Here. Strange.

Frank: I know.

Chubby: What's the kid think?

Frank: Nothin, I don't know, he goes to the movies.

Chubby: What's that mean?

Frank: Nothin, she goes out and bangs the spook, and he goes to the movies.

Chubby: What's he see?

Frank: I don't know, monster movies, something.

Chubby: Yeah, that's alright. You better watch him.

Frank: Why?

Chubby: You know, she's banging this spook, could make him a fag.

Frank: Hey fuck you.

Chubby: Just saying.

Frank: Fuck you you fucking prick.

Chubby: Hey keep your calm.

Frank: I was, then I tell you this, and then you do that.

Chubby: Alright.

Frank: Go get your own coffee.

Chubby: I know.

Frank: Alright.

Chubby: Maybe you get him a stack a magazines.

Frank: Maybe.

Chubby: You know.

Frank: I know. Yeah, probally. Just be a little more fucking gentle about this.

Chubby: Sorry.

Frank: Alright. Yeah, some magazines, some new ones, so they could be like his own.

Chubby: Yeah, that's true.

Frank: Not that he needs'm.

Chubby: No.

Frank: Cause he's fine. But just in case.

Chubby: That's really all I was saying.

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: Yeah.

Frank: When he comes back, don't tell anything.

Chubby: I wouldn't tell anything.

Frank: I know, but just don't let anything slip.

Chubby: Never.

Frank: Good.

Chubby: What's his name?

Frank: What difference does it make?

Chubby: I don't know, don't you wanna know something about this guy?

Frank: No.

Chubby: You gotta know something.

Frank: Maybe.

Chubby: What if he's out for something. What's she got? Anything?

Frank: Some stuff, I don't know, what?

Chubby: Just could be dangerous that's all. Gotta make sure what it is that's all.

Frank: Maybe.

Chubby: Damn right, maybe.

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: So?

Frank: His name is Darwin.

Chubby: No shit. Fuckin A. His name is fucking Darwin?

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: Wow.

Frank: You could find out something, fine, but don't make a big issue.

Chubby: Just to find out if he's out for something.

Frank: If he's after something.

Chubby: Yeah.

Frank: Alright.

Kid: (enters) Here.

Frank: You got it, right?

Chubby: Yeah.

Frank: I was talking to the kid.

Kid: Oh, yeah. I got a soda. I drank it.

Frank: Already?

Kid: Yeah.

Chubby: I'm goin.

Frank: Alright.

Chubby: See you.

Frank: See you.

Kid: Bye.

Frank: So your mother's out with Darwin, you could come over here.

You don't have to hang around the movies all the time.

Kid: I know.

Frank: So, you could do that.

Kid: I know.

Frank: But you really like the movies.

Kid: Yeah.

Frank: Put that bucket away. Tryinna suck up zombies?

Kid: That's the force, the zombies just stay there, wherever.

Frank: Let me know if this Darwin starts making you feel funny.

Kid: Alright.

Frank: I'll buy you a couple a magazines.

Kid: Really?

Frank: If he starts making you, you know, feel weird.

Kid: Oh.

Frank: Okay?

Kid: Yeah. What kinda magazines?

Frank: Put the bucket away.

Kid: Okay.

Frank: Don't you have school?

Kid: Not till September.

Frank: Oh.

Scene Two: Go Go Bar

Chubby: Guy's got bad teeth. Went to the dentist three times this week.

Pee Pee: Shit....

Chubby: So where's all this money comin from?

Pee Pee: You're right.

Chubby: Nobody's got insurance like that.

Pee Pee: He's up to something.

Chubby: No shit, Sherlock.

Pee Pee: Why d'you have to be such a prick all the time?

Chubby: Sorry. Look, Pee Pee, just watch by her house, see if he comes by to pick her up. Or if she leaves, see if he meets up with her then.

Pee Pee: Where are you going?

Chubby: I gotta go see my ma. Gotta get her to sign some papers.

Pee Pee: What for?

Chubby: None of your fucking business what for, Pee Pee.

Pee Pee: Fine. Wow, look at her!

Chubby: Sorry. I'm gonna be late. The bitch nurse over there won't let me in after dinner. I gotta hurry. (drops some change on the bar)

Pee Pee: Fifty cents? That's what you give her?

Chubby: You gotta leave a tip, stupid.

Pee Pee: Fine

Chubby: Alright.

Scene Three: Outside a mall.

(Lydia is waiting, she reads a magazine, Darwin enters)

Darwin: Hey Lydia. (he pecks her on the cheek) God I'm so hot in this.
I'm dripping.

Lydia: Darwin, I've been waiting here forever.

Darwin: Well, I'm sorry. Mrs. McNannon's abscess was bigger than she
let on over the phone. Jeez.

Lydia: That's disgusting. Alright, I forgive you.

Darwin: Good.

Lydia: Alright. Let's go. There's three things I really like, but I can
only get one. You can help me decide.

Darwin: Maybe if you refrain from being a bitch for five minutes, I'll
buy it for you.

Lydia: Whatever makes you happy.

Darwin: And I'm getting that table, if it's still there. You're not going to
talk me out of it again.

Lydia: Darwin, it's hideous. It's made of antelope horns.

Darwin: It's rugged.

Lydia: I thought gay guys were supposed to have good taste.

Darwin: We do.

Scene Four: Store

Chubby: So she's bangin the spook, and the kid goes to the movies.

Frank: I knew that.

Chubby: I got my guys on him. They're watching what ever he does.

Frank: Whatta you mean "your guys?"

Chubby: Pee Pee, and some other guys.

Frank: Pee Pee, I know it's just Pee Pee. One guy named Pee Pee doesn't qualify as "my guys." Why does everything with you have to be such a fucking mafia movie with you.

Chubby: I'm Italian. It just comes off that way.

Frank: You're not fucking Italian. You're Polish. You're a fucking polack. Your grandfather was half Italian. That don't make you Italian. I'm Italian. I'm more Italian than you.

Chubby: Fine, I'm a fucking polack? You don't want my help then. Fine.

Frank: Okay, look I got upset, but don't come in here trying to equate your friend Pee Pee with, whatever "your guys." His fucking name is Pee Pee for fuck's sake.

Chubby: I know.

Frank: So'd you find out anything?

Chubby: It's still a little sketchy, but I know this guy is investing a shit load of money in his teeth.

Frank: How do you know that?

Chubby: Already four times this week, he's down at the dentist's. This guy's getting major construction.

Frank: So?

Chubby: So who's footing the bill?

Frank: I see what you're saying.

Chubby: Right, ten to one your old lady's buying this guy new teeth.

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: That's what these guys do. Probably got some other lady some other place, she's buyin him a car, another one's buyin him a suit—see?

Frank: So he's probably a fuckin gigolo.

Chubby: Exactly.

Frank: She's takin food out of my kid's mouth to buy this fuckin spook new teeth.

Chubby: That's what it looks like.

Frank: Shit.

Chubby: So maybe I'm not Italian, but maybe I should be.

Frank: Look I'm sorry, just things right now. I lost my cool.

Chubby: How's the kid?

Frank: How should I know? He's half the day at the movies.

Chubby: Yeah, huh?

Frank: Listen, I wasn't gonna say anything, but yesterday, he walks in, and he's walking kind of funny. So at first, I ignore it, but the more I'm looking at him, you know, he looked altered or something.

Chubby: Like he was sort of swishing? Like this?

Frank: Well kinda like that, but more like this. See?

Chubby: That's bad.

Frank: You're telling me?

Chubby: So what'd you do?

Frank: Well, I went into the back, and I got a stack of my magazines. I gave them to him. But he didn't want any part of them. He wouldn't touch em.

Chubby: No shit.

Frank: Yeah shit.

Chubby: You shoulda got new ones. Maybe your old used ones he found repellent.

Frank: God, I hope so.

Chubby: Could be. Gotta get some nice new clean ones.

Frank: Mine aren't ... what are you trying to say? My magazines they aren't dirty. I wouldn't give the kid some stack of unclean magazines.

Chubby: Just sayin.

Frank: I'm closing.

Chubby: Already?

Frank: Gonna go get a stack a fresh magazines.

Chubby: Good thinking. I'm gonna try and find Pee Pee. See you.

Frank: See you. (Frank grabs keys)

Scene Five: Darwin's office.

Darwin: I've got to unlock the back door. They'll never get it through the front. (He exits, phone rings.)

Lydia: Should I get it?

Darwin: (offstage) Yes. Please.

Lydia: Hello, Dr. Desilva's office.

Chubby: (On a pay phone to the dentist's office.) Hello? I'd like a appointment at the dentist. Guy I know, Darwin, goes over there all the time. Yeah, big, tall, skinny black guy. You know'm?

Lydia: Of course.

Chubby: Must be driving you crazy.

Lydia: Who is this?

Chubby: Yeah, that's funny. All day long in the dentist's office, how do you figure he's gonna pay for it?

Lydia: Listen, I don't know who you are, but Darwin is the most reputable dentist in town.

Chubby: No fuckin way.

Lydia: Excuse me?

Chubby: Excuse me.

Lydia: Is this some kind of a joke?

Chubby: No. Yeah — I'm joking. Yeah that's funny. It's funny. Put me down for a root canal. Something long, you understand.

Something gives me a chance to spend some time with him. (laughs)

Lydia: Who is this?

Chubby: Yer ontah me. Yeah.

Lydia: Is this Jack?

Chubby: Sure, it's Jack.

Lydia: Jack, you're not supposed to call here. You're supposed to leave him alone.

Chubby: Who, me? Comon he is my best friend. Haven't seen him in a while though. Darwin is my best friend.

Lydia: Wait a minute, is this Jacques? Jacques the pilot?

Chubby: Sure, I'm the guy with the aeroplane.

Lydia: I thought you said Jack.

Chubby: That's what I thought you said.

Lydia: He mentioned you, but when did you see him last? College?

Chubby: Really? Has it been that long already? I sent him a telegram.

Did he get it?

Lydia: I don't know. Let me see if I can get him. He's just out back.

Chubby: No! I wanna surprise him.

Lydia: Then why did you send him a telegram? Jeez, they still do telegrams?

Chubby: Not like they used to, he probably didn't even get it.

Lydia: How did you guys get to be such good friends?

Chubby: The basketball team. That Darwin, always playing basketball all day long. He liked to run real fast. He liked to jump. Called him "Thick Thighs."

Lydia: Darwin?

Chubby: Yeah, Darwin.

Lydia: I can't imagine.

Chubby: He was unimaginable. He jumped and jumped and jumped.

Lydia: Why didn't he ever mention that?

Chubby: Cause he's too shy.

Lydia: Jesus, a one-legged basketball star.

Chubby: No. Really? I didn't know. What happened to his missing leg?

When the fuck did that happen?

Lydia: I think in the third grade. Don't you know?

Chubby: Beats me. I'm saddened, and horrified to hear tell of my friend Darwin's missing leg. How do you think it happened?

Lydia: Listen, if this was meant to be some ...

Chubby: Well I guess it was meant to be. How long was it ago, when he lost it? No shit a missing leg. Never saw the guy in a pair of shorts, the only guy on the team wearing trousers. That explains a lot.

Lydia: Wait a minute, I'm hanging up, you're some kind of a maniac.

Chubby: That's very funny. He told you to say that ... He was always a charmer. Well listen, I'm only comin' around to say hello. My teeth are really pretty sound. Just wanna touch a base with him. But don' tell him. Make it like a real appointment. Don' let him gouge at me, Sylvia. Oh sweet Sylvia don't let him gouge at me!

Lydia: What did you call me?

Chubby: What am I, stupid? You said who you were when you answered the phone. Yeah you said it at the beginning, you said "Hello, Sylvia." I remembered it cause it sounds so nice. How can I forget it when you say it with that voice? It's like wet velvet. Christ, I like you already. Don't be disappointed when you see me.

Lydia: When will you be stopping by?

Chubby: Tomorrow at three. Is that good?

Lydia: I guess. I'll let him know.

Chubby: And I'm gonna give you a great big squeeze sweet Sylvia!

Lydia: Look, I'm — I'm married, alright?

Chubby: Sure. So what? I don't care. You tell that husband of yours his days are numbered, I'm gonna steal you away. Hee, hee, hee. You are a wonderful woman, and I am smitten with you, Sylvia.

Lydia: I'm hanging up now. Do you have the address?

Chubby: Yes. (Lydia hangs up.)

Lydia: Creepy.

Chubby: Okay, thank you. Okay. Alright, bye Sylvia. (hangs up) Stupid bitch.

Scene Six: The store.

Chubby: The guy's the fucking dentist.

Frank: No fucking way. (booze bottle in hand, pours a drink)

Chubby: It wasn't HIS teeth. He's out there fixing regular peoples' teeth.

Frank: No shit.

Chubby: And Pee Pee saw them buyin a fuckin altar of some kind.

Frank: A fuckin altar?

Chubby: Yeah. Some kind of a shrine. Made of bones. This fuckin thing is like you would kill someone on top of it.

Frank: You were right.

Chubby: What?

Frank: Kid wants these fag roller skates.

Chubby: I told you.

Frank: Yeah, I know.

Chubby: Did you get the magazines?

Frank: Fuck yeah, I got em. He leaves them here. And when he's leavin, he tells me could I buy him a fucking pair of roller skates. (drinks)

Chubby: What do you mean? He wants roller skates?

Frank: Yeah.

Chubby: You mean roller skates, or you mean roller ... the new kind.

Frank: Fucking whatever. This — now he's a dentist, so — black son-of-a-bitch is causin my fucking son now to be fucking roller skating?

Chubby: I see what you mean.

Frank: Fucking prick asshole. (drinks)

Chubby: Is it roller skates, or the new ones?

Frank: I know about the roller skates, but I don't give a fucking shit.

(He grabs the bottle of booze.) My son fucking skating down the street.

Chubby: They got those shorts. Those tight shorts. (tries to get a drink.)

Frank: What the fuck do you think I'm talking about?

Chubby: Alright.

Frank: You want a drink?

Chubby: Yeah, that's what I was indicating. Only you can't see, what with all this anger you got, and roller skates, which I'm pretty

sure they no longer make.

Frank: You know, you're a fuckin nut, the only guy in the world who expects to come into a fucking wig shop to get all his liquid fucking drinking needs met. I got coffee in the morning, maybe I should make some prune juice, put a distillery in my ass.

Chubby: Look.

Frank: Here.

Chubby: (pause) Frank, you gotta relax ...

Frank: Hey fuck you, I gotta relax! Fuckin asshole. Hey gimme that drink back.

Chubby: Frank ...

Frank: Fuckin asshole. I should shove... I hope you choke. Tellin me my son's a fag, now he's turned into one. You know what you are, you're bad fuckin luck, that's all.

Chubby: Whoa. Comon, Frank how much you'd drink?

Frank: A fuckin bucket.

Chubby: Look, Frank, roller — whatever it is, the new kind, could be ...

Some people say it's tremendously manly.

Frank: Fuckin who?

Chubby: I don't know, it's on the news.

Frank: No! You fuckin tell me Chubby. You tell me one fuckin person talks about roller fuckin skating and their first describing word of it is fuckin manly; not that I care: not that I care in

particular if my son's a manly kid ... cause I don't, I just don't want him to be some fag that all the other kids pick on, cause he'll never say anything to me, cause he's like that, so who the fuck cares if my son's a fuckin gay wad? It's no business, no fuckin business of theirs.

Chubby: Right.

Frank: Damn fuckin god damned right.

Chubby: I know.

Frank: Maybe the kids pick on him cause his old man owns a wig shop makes him a fairy.

Chubby: But you got women who come into here —

Frank: Hey, fuck you, don't you turn these scaly-headed old women into some kind of a harem. You know the pressure a kid goes through? Maybe the kid's old man, he owns a fuckin wig shop, so the kids torment him, and they pick and pick and pick and fuckin pick.

Chubby: You gotta calm down Frank.

Frank: Fuck you calm down. I got my calm. My son's a fag, and my wife's bangin a spook. All uh this shit is my fuckin fault.

Chubby: Look, Frank, you're being way too —

Frank: And this fuckin spook's a dentist. I got ten-year-old wigs, a fag for a son, and this guy, who may have no sign of intelligence rich prick is porkin my wife and makin my son some kind of a

roller skating faggot. I tell you Chubby, it's just not fair.

Chubby: I know. You're right, I didn't talk to him, but his secretary's a idiot.

Frank: Sure. Should've opened a bait shop., some shit like that.

Chubby: It's not about your wigs if your son turns up gay.

Frank: Why are you always so quick to jump to the fuckin-foreverlasting-fucking-conclusion that my son is a fuckin gaywad. Huh?

Chubby: Look Frank, you gotta be alone. You want me to lock you in?

Frank: Yeah fuck it, you leavin'?

Chubby: Yeah, I'm gonna go.

Frank: Yeah, pull the gate down, lock me in.

Chubby: You need anything?

Frank: Don't need shit.

Chubby: Cause you'll be stuck.

Frank: I know. I don' care.

Chubby: Look Frank, your son's probally not a fag.

Frank: Fuck you Chubby. Lock me in.

Chubby: Alright, I'll see you tomorrow. You gonna be alright?

Frank: Fuck you, I'll be fine.

Chubby: You know, I should lock you in here, and leave you to rot.

Frank: You do that I'll kill you.

Chubby: Good night Frank.

Frank: Good night Chubby.

Chubby: Alright.

Frank: Chubby?

Chubby: Yeah?

Frank: You're gonna let me out in the morning, right?

Chubby: Sure, Frank. I'll bring you coffee.

Frank: Wow.

(Chubby slams the gate shut, Frank begins to doze.)

Frank: Hey Chubby?

Chubby: (at window) Yeah?

Frank: You got any roller skates? You got any roller skates at home?

Chubby: Probally. Probally my sister's old roller skates.

Frank: Could you bring'm over, tomorrow? Maybe see if the kid wants'm?

Chubby: Frank, I don't think that's the kind the kid wants, he wants the new kind.

Frank: Fuck the new kind, just bring'm will you?

Chubby: I'll look.

Frank: Bring them!

Chubby: Alright I'll bring em. Good night Frankie.

Frank: He wants em. (almost asleep)

Scene Seven: Sidewalk

Pee Pee: Darwin's a fuckin fag.

Chubby: No fuckin way.

Pee Pee: Yeah, he is.

Chubby: And just how did you obtain this information, which is probably not true?

Pee Pee: I followed him home, and I looked in his window, and this guy comes over, then Darwin bangs him right in front of the oven.

Chubby: No shit.

Pee Pee: Exactly. No shit. I was transfixed. Never saw anything like it. It was unbelievable.

Chubby: Wait a minute. So you don't know what you were lookin at?

Pee Pee: No, I could tell. You could fuckin tell exactly what it was that that was — you know, that was happening.

Chubby: No, I don't know, Dick Tracy. So what exactly did you see?

Pee Pee: Anal intercourse. First one guy, then the other went.

Chubby: So they're both gay.

Pee Pee: Exactly.

Frank: And you watched that?

Pee Pee: I couldn't help it. It was like a fist fight.

Chubby: I gotta go tell Frank. Oh shit! I gotta let him out. Thanks Pee Pee.

Pee Pee: No problem, Chubby. Hey, tell Frank I said hello.

Chubby: He don' want you around there.

Pee Pee: I know.

Scene Eight: Lydia and Darwin Shopping.

Darwin: So there we are, then I see these two beady little eyes peaking in the window.

Lydia: Oh my God! What did you do?

Darwin: Nothing. I wasn't scared, I have security bars on all the windows . . . so I waved.

Lydia: You waved at him?

Darwin: Yeah, then he ran away. Strangest thing ever.

Lydia: I'll say.

Darwin: Don't say, "I'll say."

Lydia: Why not?

Darwin: Too Midwestern.

Lydia: I don't think there's anything wrong with it.

Darwin: Fine, I don't care.

Lydia: It sounds that bad?

Darwin: And give the "oh boy" a rest too.

Lydia: I hardly ever say that.

Darwin: Oh boy.

Lydia: You're hypercritical.

Darwin: If you don't want my advice, just say so.

Lydia: So did he stay?

Darwin: No, he had to get back to his wife.

Scene Nine: Store.

Frank: Had this dream. It's been killing me. My heart. It makes me fuckin crazy. This stupid dream. I got this thing in my mouth.

It's like some kind of a canker, a pustule, somethin. So I reach in, in the dream, I reach into my mouth, and I realize there's a

screw that I can unscrew. With both hands inside my mouth,

I reach in, like I'm changing a sparkplug. I unscrew this

fuckin screw, then...

Chubby: What?

Frank: Nothing.

Chubby: Was it pus?

Frank: Yeah. You had this dream?

Chubby: All the time.

Frank: Only, at first, it's pus, and I wanna puke, but there's already pus coming outah my mouth, so it seems impossible to puke on

top of that, and it's not dripping out, it's coming out like fix-a-flat,

it's not chokin me or nothin, just feels weird.

Chubby: Uh huh.

Frank: Then I realize it's Reddi Whip. I can taste it and it tastes good.

It's pouring out ah my mouth. Like a geyser.

Chubby: No shit.

Frank: Really. But here comes the fucked up part. In this dream, I

start pressing down on my head, tryin tah push all ah the

Reddi Whip out. Then, I'm pushin hard, my chin disappears,

then, I push some more, then my mouth is gone, a little more,

well the rest of my head whatever it is, I hold it up

Chubby: Shit, how'd you breathe?

Frank: I don't know. You could still breathe. Then, after my mouth

was gone . . . This is the fucked up part.

Chubby: What?

Frank: The shit started shooting out ah my ears.

Chubby: No shit, out of your fucking ears?

Frank: Yeah. But that's not the end of it. The Reddi Whip is shooting

out ah my ears like a fuckin fountain, so, I press even harder,

it's like I'm squeezin the world's most difficult fuckin pimple.

Chubby: I know.

Frank: I press back on the top of my head, and then, I realize my nose

is, like you said, somehow, I arched something, and my nose,

it's still in the air.

Chubby: That's great!

Frank: Then the shit starts comin out ah my fuckin nose.

Chubby: Fuck.

Frank: Yeah, still smells fucking great, right outtah the can.

Chubby: Shit.

Frank: No shit, shit. I press once more, and the stuff is comin out like little spirals from the corners of my eyes.

Chubby: Like tears?

Frank: No, not like fuckin tears, like some tiny little thing they write with on birthday cakes.

Chubby: Shit.

Frank: Yeah fuckin shit, then I push some more, but now it's not me pushing, but me watching me pushing, and I see myself wander off, it's like I'm going somewhere, then I know, I realize watchin, that, now I got no head.

Chubby: Shit.

Frank: So there I go. I'm watchin myself now. I'm goin off and when I look at myself... Oh fuck it.

Chubby: What?

Frank: Oh fuck it.

Chubby: Frank you could say what.

Frank: I don't know. So there I see me, only instead of me, it's me with no fuckin head on top, only a wig and a neck. The fucking wig is on top of the . . . it's on top of my fucking neck, only my

fuckin head isn't there.

Chubby: Shit, that's fuckin crazy. You should write a fuckin movie, or see somebody, you know?

Frank: Fuck you.

Chubby: What ah you mean fuck me?

Frank: I tell you my fuckin dream, then you trounce on it like you always do. You fuckin stupid bastard. Your mother, she only let you live in her rotten fuckin basement, not cause she's supposed to of loved you, cause maybe one time she did, only cause she felt some kind of fuckin guilt, you're a fuckin shame. She probally had fuckin pus in her head too.

Chubby: Hey fuck you, just cause your son's a fag.

Frank: (pause) You know what I could do to you? I could fuckin do to you? I could lock that gate, and tear you to fuckin bits, not cause my son's a fuckin fag, but because you are such a fuckin—you can't do any fucking thing on your own. Fucking retarded dumb mother fucker. You got no pot to piss in. If I didn't buy you coffee and booze—you'd skid your fuckin pants. You fuckin imbecile-mother-fucker.

Chubby: I got the key. I could lock the gate and leave you here.

Frank: You think that's the only fuckin key? You think I'm that much of a fuckin asshole would give you the only fuckin key? You fuckin asshole, give me back that key.

Chubby: Why? Cause you don't have another one?

Frank: No you fucking prick, who cares? Keep it, half the women come into this place have fuckin keys. Wigs can be a fuckin emergency. Probably need a wig for yourself.

Chubby: I offered to get you coffee.

Frank: And I said, "Yeah, thanks," I said, "Yeah that would be fuckin great." But did you bring me any fuckin coffee? (pause) The one time you claimed you would you didn't, you asshole. No . . . fucking scum bag. (pause) Look let's drop it alright? I'm sorry what I said.

Chubby I'm sorry what I said too.

Frank: But you didn't say the shit I did.

Chubby: Yeah I did.

Frank: Fuckin did not.

Chubby: Worse. (pause) I got these skates — only a fuckin wheel's missing.

Frank: Lemmee see. Maybe we take one offah the other side?

Chubby: I think then you'd go in circles.

Frank: No — you propel yourself with your leg like this. Won't matter.

Chubby: Kid'll break his fuckin ankle.

Frank: You're right.

Chubby: What about that? (points to wig stand's wheel)

Frank: I just fixed that.

Chubby: Fine. You gotta get him the new kind anyway. He don't want

these.

Frank: No, these are good.

Chubby: Fine.

Frank: Okay, so we'll fix em.

Chubby: Alright.

Frank: Hand me that.

Chubby: This?

Frank: Yeah that.

Chubby: Here.

Frank: The other one.

Chubby: Alright.

Michael Collins is a graduate of Rutgers College with degrees in Acting and English Literature. He studied Shakespeare under Andrew Gurr at Reading University, UK and is a graduate of William Esper Studios in NYC. As a playwright, director and actor, he has been involved with many stage productions in NYC and the surrounding region.