

PLAY #11 THE POSSIBILITY

by

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CHARACTERS

JONES

A heroin addict.

BART

A newspaper writer.

VINCENZO

A drug dealer.

ACT I

SCENE 1

(At Rise: Urban downtown. Outside "Eddie's Sandwich Shop". "FOR SALE" sign on the window. JONES stands on the corner. He sits down. He's been shooting heroine. So he's tripping out for a moment. He hears music. He sees visions. BART walks by.)

JONES

What d'ya say my man?

BART

How ya doin'?

JONES

How you doin'? Say, you remember me?

BART

I don't think so.

JONES

Probably not. But I remember you.

BART

Ah. I don't think so.

JONES

Last time I saw you, you promised me some money.

BART

No.

JONES

Yeah. You did.

BART

Why would I do that?

JONES

Ain't you the guy who writes the articles about the homeless peoples?

BART

Yeah.

JONES

Well... You wrote about me.

BART

I did?

JONES

Jones.

BART

Mr. Jones!

JONES

People call me Jones-ey.

BART

You... Look different.

JONES

Well... You know. I thought I was getting my shit together. It can all change in a flash.

BART

That's true.

JONES

One thing leads to another. And then you're farther away from where you thought you were. And where you thought you were wasn't nearly as far as you thought. You follow me?

BART

Yeah... Hey... Ya know I'm on my way somewhere.

JONES

You going into the sandwich shop? You know... Eddie was my father.

BART

Really?

JONES

He sold it before he died. They kept the name 'cus it was such a good shop. It might make a good story.

BART

Maybe.

JONES

Now it's up for sale. Go figure.

BART

Good sandwiches.

JONES

If I were in different shoes... I could reopen my family business. But... Hey... Ah... Barth-ah-low--

BART

You can just call me Bart.

JONES

Bart! That's it... I've got a good memory. Say... You've got a little cash to spare? So I can get me some food?

BART

No. Sorry. I don't have any today.

JONES

There's a cash machine right over there for your convenience.

BART

Not today, Jones-ey.

JONES

Aw! Come on! I know you got some money. You promised me.

BART

How about, when I'm done with my business, I get you some food?

JONES

Where from? Here? Nah... What? You don't trust me?

BART

It's not about trust.

JONES

What is it then?

BART

I'm offering you some food.

JONES

I don't want that food. I like Hoagie Fever down the street.

BART

Well, I can walk down there with you.

JONES

Nah...

BART

So you're not hungry.

JONES

Not right now. Always strings attached! To everything!

BART

That's all too true.

JONES

What do you suppose you made off of that article you wrote about me?

BART

What I made personally?

JONES

Yeah... You know... A percentage of what was made on that article went to you for writing the article, and some went to the company.

BART

I don't know, Jones-ey. I'd have to do some calculations.

JONES

Two hundred? Three hundred?

BART

The paper gives a bunch of it back to you in opportunities, so it's not easy to figure out. And why do you want to know?

JONES

Opportunities.

BART

I know sometimes it doesn't seem like that.

JONES

I need money right now!

(VINCHENZO enters.)

Oh shit!

VINCHENZO

There he is... Puta tu madre! In cold blood. Red handed. Mother Fucker.

(VINCHENZO pulls a switch blade.)

JONES

Listen, Vinchenzo.

BART

What's going on here?

VINCHENZO

Just never you mind. Go ahead in your little sandwich shop.

JONES

I don't have no money, V. I'm workin' on it.

VINCHENZO

What? By hittin' up the tourists?

JONES

No. He owes me money.

VINCHENZO

How much he owe you? Wait a minute! How much you owe him?! Because you need to pay up to me! You understand? This piece of shit is a little thief. He's lucky I fuckin' don't whack him right here in the middle of the street.

JONES

Please, V...

VINCHENZO

How much you owe him, pendejo!?

BART

Ah... I don't know... Two hundred?

JONES

He owes me more than that!

VINCENZO

He better owe you more than that!

BART

Three hundred. Three hundred... That's all I have.

VINCENZO

Give it to me!

(BART takes out a wad of cash from his
pocket and hands it over. VINCENZO
beats on JONES.)

And this! Is for... MOTHER fucking! Trying to steal
shit from me! You!

(BART tries to pull him off.)

BART

Get off of him! You're hurting him.

(VINCENZO smacks BART in the face.)

VINCENZO

Mind your own fucking business! This is his problem.
The little shit bag!

(VINCENZO kicks JONES one last time.
He looks at BART.)

I know you, idiota. I've been seeing you around. You
better watch yourself.

(VINCENZO runs off. Silence.)

BART

Are you okay?

JONES

That mother fucker!

BART

He could have killed you.

JONES

He don't want me dead! I'm no good to him dead. He's
an expert pusher. They get you right to the point of
death, and then hold back for the long slow kill. They
take everything. They're like leaches. Only they
eventually kill you.

BART

Shit...! SHIT!

JONES

You could have run. For the cops.

BART

Sorry... I...

JONES

That's what most of you woulda done.

BART

I didn't wanna... You know...

JONES

Draw attention? Yeah. I know. (Pause.) You're not down here for a quick bite to eat are you?

(Pause. BART collapses and starts to weep.)

I know. Let it all out. There'll be a lot more tears before you done.

BART

I'm scared. I don't know what happened. This isn't me.

JONES

Oh. It's you.

BART

Everything was falling apart. My wife left me. Took our kid.

JONES

I know. You have all kinds of excuses.

BART

I bottomed out. And now I need it. I NEED it! I know you think... Well he can just go to a cash machine. But that's it. I don't have that much money.

JONES

How much do you have?

BART

Enough to pay my rent tomorrow.

(JONES laughs hysterically.)

Why are you laughing?

JONES

You intellectual writer types. It's the final step.

You've got one foot in. One foot out. Are you gonna step in? Or are you gonna step out?

BART

I won't ask you what you would do?

JONES

Honestly, if it were my choice, having been in, having been out. You wonder. Which is worse? What I'm stepping back into or what I would be stepping forward to? Right now, from the inside, I say you take your rent money... And we both step back in and get high.

BART

That's what you think we should do?

JONES

Then I look at my father's shop here. That's what old Eddie did. He took the money and ran. He took the measly pittance he was offered. 'Cus he didn't know any better. Thought he was making a lot of money to retire on. Then he died a poor man and left my mama and me with nothin'. He coulda used someone like you.

BART

What? A failing writer?

JONES

I'm talkin' about the education. Would you have thought you could feed a family on \$100,000 in retirement?

BART

Not without proper investment plans.

JONES

Yeah... That's what we need... Proper investment plans...

BART

When can we get high? Jones-ey?

(JONES puts his arm around BART.)

JONES

That's a bad investment plan, Bart. There ain't no way out but down in the ground, six feet under.

(BART shakes.)

BART

Shit... I'm scared.

JONES

It's all gonna be okay. You put old Jones-ey up for the night. And tomorrow you and I. We look to something bigger. And better.

(JONES goes to the "FOR SALE" sign.)

Give me a pen and a piece a paper. I know you got one.

LIGHTS FADE

END OF PLAY