

A SIMPLE EXPLANATION

A dark, seedy bar. An AMERICAN FLAG in an empty bottle. OLD SCHOOL MUSIC on the sound system. ANGIE, a brassy old redhead, is behind the bar, cleaning up for the night. Two guys burst in laughing. MIKEY, middle age, is big and blond, with a buzz cut. JOEY is younger, more contemporary.

MIKEY/JOEY

ANGIE!

ANGIE

Closing up, fellas. It's dead as death.

MIKEY

Come on, Ange, couple of quick rounds for a couple of hard-working cops, huh?

JOEY

What else are you gonna do, Angie, go home to your cats?

ANGIE

Hey, at least I get some pussy.

MIKEY

Whoa!

JOEY

Angie, you hurt me. Now I really need a drink.

ANGIE

All right, sugar, lock the door for me. And turn the sign.

JOEY

That's my girl; you're an angel.

ANGIE

Yeah, yeah. What are you having?

Joey locks the door and turns the sign around to show it's closed. Mikey sits at the bar.

MIKEY

Gimme a Jameson's. Gimme a double.

Joey joins them at the bar.

JOEY

I'll have a mule.

MIKEY

A mule, what the fuck is a mule?

JOEY

She knows what it is, don't ya, Ange?

ANGIE

Of course I know what a mule is.

JOEY

See that?

Angie mixes the drinks. She stops.

ANGIE

What the fuck is a mule?

MIKEY

Ha, even Angie don't know!

JOEY

It's a drink. It's a mixed drink.

MIKEY

A mixed drink? What are you mixing good liquor for, what's the matter with you?

JOEY

What's the matter with me? What's the matter with you? You mix your drinks. That way you don't get drunk too fast.

MIKEY

I want to get drunk fast.

JOEY

All right, this is how you make it.

ANGIE

I know how to make it.

JOEY

You know how to make it?

ANGIE

Just fuckin' with you.

JOEY

All right, how do you make a Moscow Mule?

ANGIE

I know.

JOEY

So how do you make it?

ANGIE

What are you, the cocktail police? Never made it past patrolman, now you're assigned to the mixed drinks division?

MIKEY

Boom!

JOEY

You're changing the subject, Angie.

ANGIE

I don't tell you how I mix my drinks, just like you don't tell me how you pick up your kickbacks.

MIKEY

Busted!

ANGIE

'Cause I already know!

She puts down a drink for Mikey.

MIKEY

Angie, I love you!

ANGIE

Drink your whiskey.

She pours Joey's drink.

ANGIE

Here's your ginger beer and vodka.

JOEY

I knew you knew.

MIKEY

Ginger beer? What the fuck kind of drink is that?

JOEY

That's what gives it a kick. Like a mule. Cheers!

MIKEY

Salud.

They drink. Angie cleans up.

MIKEY

Hey, how come I'm the Mick and you're the Wop, and I'm the one speaking Italian?

JOEY

Diversity.

MIKEY

Oh really, that's diversity?

JOEY

It's a multi-cultural world, my brother. Irish, Italian, it don't matter.

MIKEY

How is that diversity? We're both white as fuck! I am anyway. You definitely got some of that African gene somewhere. Where's your grandpa from, Naples?

JOEY

Yeah. Napolidan. He used to say it like, "Nobble deeda"

MIKEY

\Yeah, well that guy was part black. No offence, but he had skin like a cheroot.

JOEY

Hey, Italians are dark 'cause they work out in the hot sun all day. Not like you, with that white shit all over your face you go outside for two minutes.

MIKEY

I got sensitive skin!

JOEY

You're the whitest man in New York! You're like that albino moose I saw on Facebook. You're like a fucking white walker.

MIKEY

So, your interest in the darker side of the road, so to speak, comes from your grandpa's Nobble deeda genes?

JOEY

Don't knock it 'til you tried it.

MIKEY

Once you go black.

JOEY

She's not black, she's Puerto Rican.

MIKEY

She looks black.

JOEY

She's dark-skinned.

MIKEY

She's Hispanic?

JOEY

Latinx, smart as a whip, and drop dead gorgeous.

MIKEY

Latin-X what's that?

JOEY

Sign of respect. You wouldn't understand.

MIKEY

Once you go Latina-X, then.

JOEY

You got it.

MIKEY

You go full on jungle fever.

JOEY

Fuck you, too. Salud.

MIKEY

Here's luck.

They drink in silence. Mikey gives Joey a nod and they get off their stools and move to a table.

JOEY

Hey, Angie, we're gonna sit over here, all right?

ANGIE

I don't give a shit what you do, as long as you're not fucking each other under the table. Oh, that's right, I forgot, he's white.

MIKEY

And another round when you get a chance, all right, Ange?

She continues working. They sit.

MIKEY

So... got a few days off, what are you gonna do?

JOEY

Nothin'. Stick around the city. Lay low.

MIKEY

Yeah, I know who you're gonna be laying low with.

JOEY

Ha ha, you would if you could, sucker. So, you and the old lady gonna get in a little date night action?

MIKEY

I don't know. I wouldn't mind getting out of town, you know, go someplace.

JOEY

Don't the kids have school?

MIKEY

No man. No kids, no wife; just myself. Maybe go fishing, clear my head. I like to fish.

JOEY

I didn't know you were all outdoorsy and shit. Must spend a fortune in sunscreen.

MIKEY

Fuck you. Before the kids me and Laurie used to always go up the Catskills, camping out, hiking. It's peaceful.

JOEY

So take her with you. Leave the kids with one of the relatives.

MIKEY

What, you want to take my kids for three days?

JOEY

You're right, you should go alone. You okay, though?

MIKEY

Yeah, it's weird, though.

JOEY

What?

MIKEY

Three days paid leave, it's weird.

JOEY

Don't look a gift horse, man. Enjoy it.

MIKEY

Absolutely, I'm just saying.

JOEY

Captain says we qualify for stress leave, who am I to question?

MIKEY

Joey, we seen a whole lot of shootings way worse than this, are you stressed?

JOEY

No. Are you?

MIKEY

No.

JOEY

You're acting stressed.

MIKEY

I'm not stressed.

JOEY

You want to go off all by yourself in the mountains, fishing, that sounds fucking stressed.

MIKEY

Okay, I'm stressed, but not about the shooting. I just think it's weird that we're off the case just like that and, you know, "Here, take a little time off."

JOEY

It's a gift, man, relax.

MIKEY

Like, "Shut up and get out of town."

JOEY

You're the one heading out of town, brother. I'm staying in the city for three days of eating, drinking, and fucking.

MIKEY

So... you talked to the guy?

JOEY

Yeah, I talked to the guy. What guy, homicide?

MIKEY

We talked to homicide together, dickhead. The other guy.

JOEY

Yeah, I talked to him. He told me not to discuss it.

MIKEY

Yeah, he told me not to discuss it, too, but we're discussing it. So, what did you discuss?

JOEY

What we said to homicide. We're across on 56th, we hear a shot, we check it out, victim's on the ground, we call it in. Not that we needed to with all that security.

MIKEY

What else?

JOEY

Nothin'. What else is there? What did you tell him?

MIKEY

Same thing. Described the situation like you said. Call it in, approach the body, abdomen wound, no pulse. And the bloody Gucci bag.

JOEY

Oh shit.

MIKEY

What?

JOEY

I forgot the Gucci bag.

MIKEY

You forgot the Gucci bag?

JOEY

Yeah.

MIKEY

How do you forget a Gucci bag covered in blood at a crime scene?

JOEY

Shit. That's why you're up for detective and I'm up for bicycle patrol. So this guy was who, FBI?

MIKEY

Homeland Security, Secret Service, fuck I know. There was a lot a brass and he was with them, so I didn't ask. We talk, Captain comes over, that's all they need from us, don't talk about it, and gives us the leave. And that's it; here we are. Weird.

Angie comes over with a round of drinks.

ANGIE

It's the Illuminati.

JOEY

Huh?

ANGIE

The Illuminati. Definitely.

MIKEY

Oh yeah?

ANGIE

Oh yeah, don't kid yourself.

MIKEY

What the are we talking about, Ange? What's the fucking Illuminati?

JOEY

Thanks, Angie. Come on, brother, let's celebrate our good luck.

They drink. Angie clears the table.

ANGIE

I'm just saying, a thing like this happens, it's no accident. It was at 56th and 5th, on the sidewalk right outside of Gucci's, right? It's obvious as fuck, are you shitting me? They were trying to get to him.

MIKEY

Who?

ANGIE

Who knows who? The elites, that's who. The .01 Percent. They go by many names. We don't know who they are, but we know they want to control us.

MIKEY

Okay. But they're trying to get to who?

ANGIE

Who do you think, genius? The president. Geez, and you want to make detective?

MIKEY

You think the dead Gucci bag lady was trying to get to the president?

ANGIE

What else?

JOEY

Come on, let's not talk about this. Drink your drink.

MIKEY

And what, she was trying to assassinate him with her Gucci bag?

ANGIE

No, but I think she could have been in Gucci's looking for him. It's right there in Trump Tower. What else would she be doing in Gucci's?

MIKEY

I don't know, shopping for a bag?

ANGIE

In Gucci's?

MIKEY

That's where they sell the Gucci bags.

JOEY

Can we not talk about Gucci bags?

MIKEY

You don't like Gucci bags? What, they're too what?

JOEY

Nothin'.

MIKEY

Laurie talks about them like they're a thing, I don't know.

JOEY

Let's just, you know, we're not supposed to talk about it, so let's leave it. Move onto something else.

MIKEY

Yeah, you're right. He's right, Angie, you shouldn't be hearing this.

JOEY

What happens in this bar stays in this bar.

MIKEY

Thank you.

JOEY

Unless I throw you out of this bar.

MIKEY

Understood.

ANGIE

I keep my mouth shut. You don't keep your mouth shut running a cop bar for thirty years, you don't live long.

MIKEY

Don't say that, Angie. My bad. I talk too much is all. Forget it.

ANGIE

I already did.

MIKEY

Okay.

ANGIE

Lips sealed.

MIKEY

Okay.

ANGIE

I just want to say one thing.

JOEY

Oh shit.

ANGIE

I didn't hear a thing because you didn't say anything because you weren't here because the bar's closed.

MIKEY

Okay.

ANGIE

All I want to say is this. The Illuminati... just hear me out... the Illuminati wants to control our minds and make us subservient to their New World Order of Economic Domination. They're more powerful than any country. Bigger than Trump, bigger than Putin, bigger than Lady Gaga! They create world chaos all over the world to take our minds off what's really happening right under our own noses. Nine-eleven, right? Sandy Hook? Crisis actors. Huh? The Vegas shooting? The moon landing, even? Oh they go way back. Think about it. Why do they have ATMs everywhere? They don't even have cashiers anymore in Target, right? The new ones? They see everything through the ATMs, our whole life, through the credit card machines, the phones, cameras everywhere. They got that all-seeing eye, you know what I mean? The pyramid with the eye? Oh, it goes back, don't kid yourself. Thomas Jefferson, even. And they seek total control. And they do things, terrible things, and we don't even know what, but we get scared. Then they want to take our guns. Obviously you get scared, you're going to arm up. So we get scared they're gonna take our guns, we get more guns. So, then they surveil us. We can't have that, it's un-American. It's an invasion of our rights as citizens.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

So, we get even more guns. But what can we actually do? These elites, they control everything. We see it, we feel it, we know it, but what can we do about it? No matter how many guns we buy, they're better armed than we can ever hope to be. So, something like this happens, and the Illuminati reaches right to the President of the United States, right to his home; and we keep quiet, we hold it in, we keep our heads down. It's too much to think about, too much to take in. And they know that, and they count on that; that we'll just go about our business, and keep our mouths shut like the weak impotent pussies they know we are! And that's all I wanted to say.

She takes the empties and returns to the bar.

MIKEY

Okay.

JOEY

That clears things up.

MIKEY

She has a point, though.

JOEY

What?

MIKEY

She may have to throw us out of this bar.

JOEY

Definitely.

They drink in silence.

JOEY

You think everybody talked to the guy?

MIKEY

Who?

JOEY

The government guy.

MIKEY

Everybody who?

JOEY

I don't know. Security, undercover, uniforms, everybody.

MIKEY

I don't know. I guess.

JOEY

People in cars, people on the street, people just happen to be looking out the window of the office building. How do you interview all that?

MIKEY

Lot of footwork.

JOEY

Could be hundreds of people.

MIKEY

Lot of manpower.

They drink in silence.

JOEY

I hope I'm not the only one forgot the Gucci bag.

MIKEY

Forget about it.

JOEY

I don't want to stick out.

MIKEY

Lot of people won't remember the Gucci bag. They see the body, that's it.

JOEY

Yeah, but we were right there looking right down at it, not passing by on the street. I'm just saying, there were two of us on the scene, two cops, one saw the bag, one didn't. That's all I'm saying.

MIKEY

Forget the Gucci bag! They know the Gucci bag is there, they saw the fucking Gucci bag, it's fucking evidence! By now they bagged up the Gucci bag and took it downtown.

JOEY

It's making me nervous.

MIKEY

It's not about the Gucci bag!

JOEY

Well what's it about then?

MIKEY

I don't know! It's about... they have to interview all these people, right? In cars, on the street, in the office buildings, how come we're not on the case? Somebody must have seen something, it's right on fucking 5th Avenue for Chrissakes, so definitely, somebody saw something. They need the manpower and we were on the scene; so they give us three days off? Does that make any fucking sense to you?

JOEY

Man, you are so stressed, you're stressed about having time off to de-stress!

MIKEY

But you got to admit it's weird, right?

JOEY

Now I'm really nervous.

MIKEY

What the fuck are you nervous about?

JOEY

It make s me look bad. They ask all these other guys the same question, all of them, and I'm the only one gets it wrong.

MIKEY

People notice different things. It's a simple explanation.

JOEY

I was never good at tests.

MIKEY

There's no right or wrong answers.

JOEY

Yeah, that's what all the teachers always said. But it's bullshit!

MIKEY

Now you're the one getting stressed.

JOEY

No, every single one of them is going to notice the Gucci bag because it was right fucking there, and you'd have to be blind or dead to not notice it! And I'm gonna stick out like a sore thumb, like "Why didn't you see the bloody Gucci bag right next to the body that everybody else saw?" And I'm gonna be like "Because the blood was coming out of the body, not the bag," or some wise-ass shit I always get in trouble for. Or I'm like sensible, like, "Because I was focused on keeping the victim alive," or whatever. But these are the Feds, man. They are not brothers, and they do not have our backs, and these days everything you fucking do or say is suspicious, you know what I'm saying? Everything is up for grabs, everything is questioned, nobody agrees on basic definitions of shit we always used to agree on, 'til we can't even agree on what fucking planet we're on, anymore, so, no, a simple explanation is not simple! Not any more. A simple explanation is suspect!

MIKEY

Yeah.

JOEY

You're right, though, it is weird. I didn't want to say it, but it's really fucking weird.

MIKEY

So what's the thing?

JOEY

I don't know. Something, though.

MIKEY

Okay, what do we got? We got Trump Tower, one of the most famous buildings in the world. POTUS in town. Super heavy security. Okay, what if Angie's right, and it was somebody trying to hit the President, some nut job, maybe, and Gucci lady was what? Collateral damage, or... connected, somehow?

JOEY

Or maybe it wasn't a nut job. Maybe it was a pro job.

MIKEY

And Gucci was who? The hit man?

JOEY

Or a decoy. Maybe, the Gooch... was the McGuffin! You know, like in the old movies, something just to throw us off the track?

MIKEY

How's that work?

JOEY

Maybe we're supposed to look at the dead body, and not look at something else.

MIKEY

Like what?

JOEY

Like, I don't know. Like a terrorist attack.

MIKEY

I think they'd want us to look if it's a terrorist attack. That's kind of the whole point of a terrorist attack.

JOEY

Maybe the terrorist attack didn't happen yet.

MIKEY

Or it was foiled.

JOEY

Or maybe... the Gooch was the terrorist.

MIKEY

Okay. Let's say, the Gooch was the terrorist. But the Gooch is dead. So, what could happened? Somebody... CIA, FBI, Homeland Security, whoever... somebody sets her up, takes her out beforehand in front of the whole world, makes it look like a street crime. What do you think?

JOEY

Yeah, but they want it to look like a street crime why would we be off the case?

MIKEY

Good point. And it probably has nothing to do with the POTUS, or it would have been a much bigger scene. Maybe... the Gooch is a hotel guest, some rich socialite or foreign dignitary, and who knows, maybe it was a lovers quarrel, or whatever, but she somehow ends up dead in the middle of 5th Avenue right in front of Trump Tower; and just the location alone, it's some kind of international incident.

JOEY

Which explains all the Feds and Brass on the scene.

MIKEY

And why we're off the case.

JOEY

They got their own investigators.

MIKEY

Yeah, maybe. Well, if it is anything big, it'll be all over the news.

JOEY

Shoulda taken selfies.

MIKEY

One thing, though. You think they gave all those other guys three days off?

JOEY

What do you mean?

MIKEY

They talked to a lot of guys, but we were the only cops. We were surrounded by suits, you notice that? They had that place locked down. So, they take our statement, they take over the investigation, and we take a walk. All those suits are gonna line up and say what they're told to say... but we had to say what we actually saw.

JOEY

And what we said we saw... didn't match.

MIKEY

They're going to scrub the story.

They drink and think. SLOW FADE TO
BLACK

SCENE 2

MUSIC. LIGHTS UP on the empty bar at
night. Angie is closing up. There is a KNOCK
on the door.

ANGIE

CLOSED!

She goes back to work. Another KNOCK.

ANGIE

WE'RE CLOSED! LOOK AT THE SIGN!

Another KNOCK. She takes a handgun from
under the bar, crosses to the door, peers out.

ANGIE

Are you shitting me? Oh what the fuck, come on in.

She opens the door. Mikey enters. She locks
the door.

MIKEY

Thanks, Angie. I didn't think you'd be closed already.

ANGIE

You could come at a normal hour like normal people.

MIKEY

What cops you know are normal people?

ANGIE

I don't know anybody normal, so I don't know.

MIKEY

You can put down your piece now, Angie.

Angie puts the gun back under the bar.

MIKEY

You seen Joey?

ANGIE

He ain't been in. From what I heard, he's in Brooklyn, fucking his hot new girlfriend. And speaking of which, what are you doing here? I thought you were going fishing.

MIKEY

I am fishing.

ANGIE

Okay.

He sits at the table.

MIKEY

Gimme a Jameson's. Gimme a double.

She makes his drink.

ANGIE

You seen the mayor on TV?

MIKEY

Yeah, I seen him.

ANGIE

With the Chief?

MIKEY

Yeah.

ANGIE

They say it wasn't a terrorism thing.

I heard.

MIKEY

You heard? Or you heard on TV?

ANGIE

I heard. TV, radio, everywhere!

MIKEY

You listen to the radio?

ANGIE

It's a long commute.

MIKEY

Chief says they ruled it out, terrorism.

ANGIE

Yeah.

MIKEY

Assassination, too.

ANGIE

Yeah.

MIKEY

Just a tourist, they say.

ANGIE

Yeah. I heard.

MIKEY

Chief wouldn't even confirm the location. Everybody knows by now, he's all like "We can't reveal any details of an ongoing investigation." Reporters go ape-shit, then the dipshit mayor steps in and admits it happened *near* 5th, in the *vicinity* of Trump Tower, and because of the *federal investigators* are involved and there will be *no further communication at this time*.

MIKEY

Angie, I really need that drink.

ANGIE

All right, okay, don't get your panties all in a bunch.

She brings his drink.

ANGIE

I'm just saying.

MIKEY

I know.

ANGIE

You know what I think?

MIKEY

I know what you think.

ANGIE

What do I think?

MIKEY

The Illuminati?

ANGIE

You said it, not me.

She crosses back to the bar. There is a KNOCK at the door. She gets her gun from under the bar.

MIKEY

Forget it, it's Joey.

ANGIE

Joey? What's he doing here? Why isn't he fucking the new girlfriend?

MIKEY

They broke up.

ANGIE

He broke up with that gorgeous LatinX-rated mama? Man, I'd take that in a second.

MIKEY

Let him in, Angie.

ANGIE

You let him in. He's your partner.

MIKEY
Mikey crosses to the door, lets Joey in, and locks it behind him. He returns to the table. Joey goes to the bar.

JOEY

Hi, Angie.

ANGIE

Joey, I'm surprised to see you here. So late at night. All alone.

JOEY

You heard, huh?

ANGIE

Miss LatinX is already the ex?

JOEY

Looks like.

ANGIE

I'm sorry about that, sugar. Let me buy you a drink. Moscow Mule?

JOEY

Gimme a Jameson's.

MIKEY
He crosses to the table and sits.

MIKEY

Give him a double. And another one for me.

JOEY

Thanks, Angie.

MIKEY

So, what happened?

JOEY

We got into a fight.

MIKEY

You got into a fight, so what? You go back, you apologize, you get the make-up sex.

JOEY

I can't apologize.

MIKEY

You have to apologize. Right or wrong, it don't matter. You apologize, get the make-up sex, everybody's happy.

JOEY

I can't apologize 'cause she ain't here anymore for me to apologize to.

MIKEY

She ain't here anymore, like how?

JOEY

She ain't here anymore like she's gone.

MIKEY

Like gone, gone? Or gone to another place, gone?

JOEY

She went to her parents.

MIKEY

Oh.

JOEY

She blocked my number.

MIKEY

Oh.

JOEY

Yeah.

MIKEY

What did you fight about?

JOEY

Nothing.

MIKEY

Can't be nothing, if she blocks you.

JOEY

It's stupid. Something she saw on the internet.

MIKEY

What, she catch you looking at porno?

JOEY

Some article about the shooting.

MIKEY

There's nothing out about the shooting, what could she possibly see ?

JOEY

Just bullshit. So I say to her "Don't believe all the bullshit you read on the internet," and she gets all worked up and starts reading me all the comments about the bullshit, which are like, forget it! So I say to her "It's stupid to get upset. It's just a bunch of angry people who write these comments," and she says "Oh, what am I then, angry or stupid?"

MIKEY

Oh.

JOEY

So, that was a moment of truth. Which I did not handle well. I like, froze. Inches from a night of insane sex, and suddenly I'm like Coyote in the Road Runner cartoons after hitting the brick wall, slowly sliding down into the puddle, and I hear myself say " A little of both, actually."

MIKEY

You said that? Are you insane?

JOEY

I know. As soon as the words came out of my mouth I wanted to snatch them out of the air and stuff them right back down my throat. I don't know why I said it, I didn't even mean it. I think I just got angry that she was reading these conspiracy theories and passing them on as facts, or not even as facts, but just that she was repeating this hysterical bullshit and giving it the status of facts.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

And then the reader comments: holy shit! Everybody just viciously attacks everybody else, you know personally, in GIANT CAPITAL LETTERS! And it gets nasty fast! With the political shit, and race, and religion, and what fucking TV show you watch, and what state collects more goddamn welfare, and what so-and-so said in fucking 1985! So, she has her websites, and belongs to her groups, and clicks on this and clicks on that, and she just eats this shit up! Every fucking day she gets all bent out of shape about RACIST TRUMP THIS and RACIST TRUMP THAT, and the more she clicks, the more shit they feed her to click on, and the angrier and more obsessed she gets! With the fucking wall, and the separated families, and the Mexicans are rapists, and the shit-hole countries, and the Neo-Nazis, and it's ALWAYS FUCKING RACE WITH HER! Which I can't blame her for because he does say a lot of racist things, but that doesn't mean EVERY FUCKING THING IS RACE! OR EVERYBODY IS FUCKING RACIST! But with the talk shows, and the internet, and the social media all making money off it, and the politicians exploiting it, our whole system is like THIS GIANT ANGER-MAKING MACHINE THAT KEEPS WHIPPING EVERYBODY UP INTO A RAGE UNTIL THEY JUST WANT TO SHOOT EACH OTHER!

Angie brings the drinks and sets them down.

ANGIE

On a lighter note: The Mayor and the Chief have reassured the good people of our city that an assassination attempt on the President of the United States, right outside his own home, by some unknown agent of the deep state, is nothing but an everyday mugging.

JOEY

They said what?

ANGIE

You don't watch the news?

JOEY

I was busy breaking up over the news. What, they're calling it a mugging?

ANGIE

They're calling it a robbery.

JOEY

That's nuts.

ANGIE

She had no money on her, it's a robbery.

JOEY

Who the fuck robs someone at gunpoint right in front of Trump Towers?

ANGIE

I know.

JOEY

And then shoots them?

MIKEY

Nobody does that.

JOEY

Nobody.

ANGIE

But the public don't know that. They think "Big City, mid-town, lots of street crime, people get shot very day."

JOEY

People don't know how controlled the area is when he's in town. They got checkpoints at the corners, garbage trucks lining the side streets. There's very little foot traffic; you're totally exposed. What mugger would go anywhere near the place?

ANGIE

Nobody I know.

JOEY

You couldn't even get a gun in there.

MIKEY

Somebody did.

ANGIE

Somebody.

MIKEY

But not a mugger.

JOEY

Maybe a pro.

ANGIE

Could have used one of those 3D-printed guns. Scanners wouldn't pick that baby up.

MIKEY

How likely is that?

ANGIE

I don't know. I ordered one. Never came, though. Another victory for the Deep State.

JOEY

What about a sniper?

MIKEY

When the POTUS is in town, they got people on every rooftop, watching every window in every building. Any sniper can penetrate that and get away has to be the best there is.

ANGIE

When you're the Illuminati, I'm just saying, you always get the best there is.

JOEY

Well, if it wasn't a sniper, and it wasn't a mugging, and a handgun couldn't get past security, and it wasn't a plastic gun, how the hell did the Gooch get shot?

MIKEY

And who shot her?

JOEY

And why?

ANGIE

What about a hotel guest?

MIKEY

The Gooch, or the shooter?

ANGIE

The shooter. It wouldn't be hard to hide a piece in your luggage. Some of these super rich people stay there for years, right? I'm sure plenty of 'em have a piece or three in the old condo. Bet that building's crawling with firepower.

MIKEY

So a hotel guest shoots the Gooch?

ANGIE

Could be.

MIKEY

Why?

ANGIE

We don't know. We don't know who the Gooch is. We know the Gooch is dead, but was she the target, an innocent bystander, or the assassin?

MIKEY

You said a hotel guest was the assassin.

ANGIE

Maybe there's two assassins. Maybe one of them's the cleaner. We don't know. What do we know? Somebody, probably the Illuminati, but believe what you want, but somebody, tried to assassinate the President. Or, somebody tried to make it *look like* somebody tried to assassinate the president. We don't know. We do know that nobody did assassinate the President. As far as I know. And we do know the Gooch is dead.

MIKEY

All due respect, Angie, we do know the Gooch is dead, yes, but we do not know anybody tried to assassinate the President. We do know the Feds locked everything down pretty damn quick, so something is definitely up with something, but what that something is, we do not know.

JOEY

So what did the Chief say about the Gooch?

ANGIE

She's a tourist.

JOEY

From where?

ANGIE

Didn't say. No money, no jewelry, no ID.

MIKEY
Some tourist.

JOEY
She had the Gucci bag.

ANGIE
No bag. No money, no wallet, no nothing.

JOEY
No Gucci bag?

ANGIE
Nope.

JOEY
But everybody saw the Gucci bag! Well, not everybody... just Mikey.

MIKEY
Lots of people saw the Gucci bag.

JOEY
You said yourself, most people wouldn't notice.

MIKEY
I noticed.

JOEY
For once, I screw up and get away with it. At least one thing worked out today.

MIKEY
Yeah, so where did you leave it with Ms. Latin-X?

JOEY
It's over.

MIKEY
She'll be back.

JOEY
I don't want her back.

MIKEY

Don't be a pussy, get her back. I want to hear about the makeup sex.

JOEY

No way I'm taking her back.

MIKEY

Why, what's the matter with you?

JOEY

She called me a racist.

ANGIE

What?

MIKEY

How could she call you a racist? She really called you that?

JOEY

She implied it. Very strongly.

MIKEY

What did she say?

JOEY

She said "Sometimes, I think you're just like all the other white racist motherfuckers, you know that?"

ANGIE

I don't know if "implied" is the word you want.

MIKEY

That's bullshit! You are nothing like all the other white racist motherfuckers! How can you be a white racist motherfucker if your girlfriend is a Puerto Rican, who looks almost black?

ANGIE

She's the one who's racist!

MIKEY

She gets all bent out of shape over some bullshit on the internet, and sees racists coming out the woodwork until her own boyfriend is suddenly Adolph Fucking Hitler! What the did she read on the internet that suddenly you're the racist white guy?

JOEY

It wasn't even about race, it was about the shooting.

MIKEY

What the fuck could she possibly know about the shooting?

JOEY

Nothing. She was all freaked out about some article she read on social media and I made the mistake of putting my two cents in at the wrong time, so she took offense. You know, the typical thing, I was dismissive, I don't listen, I don't respect her opinion, all that bullshit. Which is not true!

MIKEY

So what was it?

JOEY

Forget it.

MIKEY

Come on.

JOEY

Basically, you know, she's saying... the President shot the Gooch.

Silence. Then Mikey and Angie erupt in laughter.

MIKEY

The President shot the Gooch? Of the United States?

JOEY

Yeah.

ANGIE

Sure he did. He also killed Jesus. And Kennedy. And Elvis.

Joey joins in the laughter.

MIKEY

How the hell does she figure the POTUS shot the Gooch?

JOEY

She's not saying it. Some guy, I don't know. Some guy put something out on social media that went viral, you know, that because Trump once said something about how he could shoot someone on 5th Avenue and not lose any support, that he actually did it.

A new round of laughter.

MIKEY

That's the dumbest thing I ever heard.

JOEY

That's what I said. But it's a thing.

ANGIE

People believe some crazy shit.

MIKEY

It's just something he says at the rallies; everyone knows that!

JOEY

It is a thing, though.

MIKEY

It's just part of his shtick, how is it a thing?

JOEY

It's a thing, I don't know. Anything is a thing these days. Look, the President did say he could shoot someone in the middle of 5th Avenue and not lose any supporters. Obviously, nobody believed he would literally shoot someone on 5th avenue, it was just bragging or whatever, but then someone gets shot on 5th Avenue, so.

MIKEY

What does that prove?

ANGIE

Not a thing.

JOEY

I'm saying, so it happens, so some guy writes an article, it gets all over the internet, people are sharing and commenting, it's a thing. I know it's a thing 'cause I just broke up with my girlfriend over it.

MIKEY

I thought you broke up because you're the white racist motherfucker?

JOEY

No, I'm the white racist motherfucker because of the thing.

MIKEY

How does a thing some viral asshole says about the POTUS shooting the Gooch make you a white racist motherfucker?

JOEY

It wasn't the thing about the POTUS, it was the argument about the thing about the POTUS. It just pissed me off so much that she would read this internet thing like that to me when I had just actually been there on the scene in real life a few hours before, and I knew the President didn't shoot the Gooch! Although, actually, I didn't know it. But she didn't know that. Still, she could have just asked me about it, and I could have told her "I was just there and I don't have a fucking clue"! Instead, she goes and reads me some bullshit from some guy WHO REALLY DOESN'T HAVE A FUCKING CLUE! But not because he was actually there like a real reporter and he doesn't have a fucking clue because he couldn't find a fucking thing out, but he just has NO FUCKING CLUE! And still, this CLUELESS FUCK goes on social media and spreads a ridiculous rumor that the President of the United States actually shot a woman right on 5th Avenue, based on absolutely zero information! Other than the fact that once or twice in the past he said he could shoot someone on 5th Avenue.

ANGIE

As a joke!

JOEY

And someone actually did shoot someone on 5th Avenue.

ANGIE

It's just the way he talks!

JOEY

That's what I told her.

MIKEY

You were right.

JOEY

That's why I'm the white racist motherfucker.

MIKEY

How the hell does calling out dumb shit make you racist?

JOEY

I don't know. It makes me racist, well not racist, but it makes me *seem* racist, or it could, because it makes me seem insensitive to shit I don't necessarily think about but to some people, it's racist when they hear it. Shit like, whatever... Mexicans are rapists.

MIKEY

But she's not Mexican!

JOEY

I know but, you know. Or like, we need a wall to keep them out, it's...

MIKEY

What does she care about the wall, SHE'S BLACK!

JOEY

SHE'S PUERTO RICAN!

MIKEY

WHATEVER! A wall is not racist!

JOEY

Or... they're stealing our jobs.

MIKEY/ANGIE

THEY ARE!

JOEY

I HAVE A JOB! YOU ALL HAVE JOBS! And then there's the hurricane in Puerto Rico, don't let her get started on that!

ANGIE

We treat them better than we treat Americans!

JOEY

THEY ARE AMERICANS!

ANGIE

They are? How can they be Americans if they live on a fucking island?

MIKEY

To be fair, Angie, New York is a fucking island.

JOEY

So, she hears this stuff day after day: the Muslims are taking over, the Mexican are taking over, the shit-hole countries, whatever; and it's very upsetting to her, which is understandable, because it hurts! But then it becomes like an addiction, though, almost, like she sees it everywhere, racism everywhere, so when some white guy tells her the idea that Trump shot someone on 5th avenue is stupid, it comes off as racist.

MIKEY

No, it doesn't.

JOEY

To her it does.

MIKEY

THAT'S RACIST!

JOEY

How is that racist?

MIKEY

Because you're not just a white guy.

JOEY

Of course I'm a white guy.

MIKEY

You're not just a white guy, you're a white guy she knows.

JOEY

Just 'cause she knows me doesn't make me not racist.

MIKEY

You're not racist!

JOEY

I know I'm not racist. Who says I'm racist?

MIKEY/ANGIE

SHE DID!

JOEY

Oh... yeah, but she didn't really meant it like that.

MIKEY

If you say so.

They drink in silence.

ANGIE

I still say she's the racist.

MIKEY

She really believes the POTUS shot the Gooch?

ANGIE

Definitely dodged a bullet there.

JOEY

I miss her already.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 3

MUSIC. LIGHTS UP on Angie and Joey at the bar. Joey is drinking a Moscow Mule.

ANGIE

Makeup sex is great, don't get me wrong. Oh, it can be hot! You gotta be careful, though, sugar, sometimes it's not really makeup sex at all, but one-last-time-kiss-off sex. I been there plenty of times.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And sometimes, even if it looks and sounds like a real make-up, it's not a complete make-up, so the make-up sex is only halfway make-up sex, and it sucks, and you both know it sucks, and before you know it, you're at one-last-time-kiss-off-sex anyway. Still, I had some great make up sex, but I had to wade through a world of bullshit to get there. I am so done with all that drama. Some people love it. Drama queens. They're addicted to all the provoking and negotiating and arguing. They thrive on that shit. Making up is exciting and all, but it's a heart attack waiting to happen, so you gotta be careful. I'm not saying Ms. LatinX is one of them, I'm just saying, you don't know what the fuck when you're in love. You know how I knew I was into women, and not men? I was in college. This was the hippie days, you know; there's people playing music, and throwing frisbees, and smoking pot. And I'm sitting on the grass in front of my dorm, high on life, when I hear this voice, this rich, sweet voice, singing a Neil Young song. And I look over and see this guy, sitting on a wall, strumming a guitar, with long blond hair, and dirty jeans, and no shoes; and I was gone, baby! I floated up off the ground and settled in front of that boy's feet like a butterfly landing on the lip of a flower. He looked at me and he just lit me up with his smile. I was too smitten to notice that there was already a bevy of girls sitting in a semi-circle around him, every last one of them a fuckload better looking than me. When the group suddenly got up and moved on, I just picked up his guitar case and went with them. And for the next few weeks, I followed that beautiful boy everywhere he went, one of his harem of young girls, hypnotized by his voice, and carrying his guitar case. Turns out, he was fucking several of those pretty young things. He was free, you know, a free spirit. And a privileged asshole! He never even gave a thought about his guitar case, much less noticed the Plain Jane who was carting it around behind him; he just presumed it would be there. And that's when I decided men were completely fucked, and if I ever wanted to experience love in any way that I could retain even an ounce of my self-respect, it had to be with women. But for those few weeks of being head-over-heels in love with someone who didn't know me from a hole in the wall, I was lost. I had no fucking idea who I was. When I discovered girls, I discovered myself, and from then on I had a great sex life. Turns out, though, dykes play a lot of the same games as straights, so I had my share of drama queens and make-up sex., but I'm long past that noise. When you're young, sugar, it's all part of the romance, but when you're old, it just gets old.

She freshens his drink.

ANGIE

So how was it?

JOEY

What?

ANGIE

The make-up sex.

JOEY

Oh, well...

ANGIE

Never mind, don't tell me about it.

JOEY

Okay.

ANGIE

Save it for Mikey. He's desperate for strange, even if it's vicarious.

JOEY

Okay.

ANGIE

So what are you doing here?

JOEY

What do you mean?

ANGIE

Why are you not in Brooklyn doubling down on the make-up sex ?

JOEY

She's not in Brooklyn. She's at her parents on Long Island.

ANGIE

You went to her parents' house?

JOEY

Yeah.

ANGIE

Oh, you're in trouble.

JOEY

No, it was good.

ANGIE

You are deep in the shit, my friend.

JOEY

I had a good time.

ANGIE

With her parents there?

JOEY

Yeah, they're nice.

ANGIE

Uh huh. You didn't have any make-up sex, did you?

JOEY

Not actually, no.

ANGIE

That complicates things.

JOEY

There was too much going on.

ANGIE

Let me get this straight. You just start fucking this girl, you have a fight, you don't have make-up sex, and you meet her parents?

(She laughs)

JOEY

What?

ANGIE

Do I have to spell it out for you?

JOEY

I guess so... what?

ANGIE

L-O-V-E.

JOEY

What?

ANGIE

Asshole, think! All the signs! Starts off great: she's beautiful, she's smart, everything she says is fucking perfect. Then she calls you a racist, but she doesn't mean it. Then she blocks your number, but you miss her. Then you follow her out to Long Island where there's no make-up sex, and you spend the day talking to her parents.

JOEY

We had a good talk!

ANGIE

What could you possibly have to talk about with the LatinX parents?

JOEY

You know, Long Island... Puerto Rico. The differences. In like, topography.

ANGIE

You talked about topography?

JOEY

Yeah. Puerto Rico is mountainous, rivers and all, lush. Long Island is, you know... flat.

ANGIE

They like it better, Puerto Rico?

JOEY

Yeah, probably, you know how it is. Immigrants, it's hard for them. My grandpa never stopped talking about the old country. So, they miss it, I guess.

ANGIE

They should go back, it's so hard for them.

JOEY

Don't say that.

ANGIE

They don't like it here, they can go back to their own shit-hole country.

JOEY

Puerto Ricans are Americans, Angie. This is their shit-hole country.

ANGIE

America is not a shit-hole country.

JOEY

Of course not.

ANGIE

That's what you just said, America is a shit-hole country.

JOEY

No, I... What? No, Ange, I'm saying Puerto Ricans are Americans, that's all. America is their country. You're the one who said it was a shit-hole.

ANGIE

I never said America was a shit-hole country! Don't ever say that! And I never would! I said whatever Mexican country Puerto Ricans are from is a fucking shit-hole country! DON'T EVER SAY I SAID THAT!

JOEY

Okay, Angie, I'm not saying nothing, take it easy.

ANGIE

America is the greatest fucking country in the goddamn world!

JOEY

I agree, totally, Angie. Greatest country, no question. But not perfect!

ANGIE

You think Puerto Rico is better?

JOEY

No, but, Angie... Puerto Rico is actually...

ANGIE

What?

JOEY

Never mind.

ANGIE

What? A part of this country, is that what you're gonna say? It's a territory? Like I never heard of nothing! So, what the fuck is a territory? Do you know? Like Guam? You think we care about the people from fucking Guam? The Guamians? They're Americans? If we wanted Puerto Rico to be part of America we would have made it a state. Or fucking Guam! Does a Guam person look American to you? Or a Puerto Rican, look American? No! We needed them for military reasons back in the day, and now we're stuck with them. Why? Because the Deep State wants them. Oh, don't kid yourself, the Deep State wants their little tentacles out all over the world. They want all their little wars and all their little outposts, so they eventually can control all the little economies under one huge multinational New World Economic Order! That's where they get you with all this multicultural shit. It sounds nice, all Kumbaya or whatever, like we're all gonna get along, but it's bullshit. We don't have nothing in common with these people! But the Deep State wants us all to turn into them, like we're not Americans any more, we're whatever the fuck, multicultural consumers! Now we all gotta learn Spanish in the schools, and fuck Jesus! And now it's like, they're all Americans; let's just open all our borders and let them all in! No! We have to fight this shit, or we will lose ourselves. We will lose our whole national identity as Americans. I'm not saying I'm against all foreigners; there's plenty of them from good countries. I'm just saying don't forget who you are, don't get brainwashed. See the world, learn different languages, fuck whoever you want, I don't care, just don't meet the parents, you know what I'm saying? Don't get too close. That's why we got borders. We're still Americans, right? Joey? Come on, how about another Moscow Mule?

JOEY

I'm just saying, I had a nice talk with these people, that's all. My grandpa talked about Naples the same way. He missed it. It's his blood. Don't make him less American.

Mikey enters in hat and sunglasses. He removes them. He is covered in zinc oxide.

MIKEY

Gimme a Jameson's, Angie.

ANGIE

Double?

MIKEY

Goes without saying.

She pours the drink.

ANGIE

Joey, it don't make him less American, because he is fucking American!

JOEY

Puerto Ricans are American, too, how many times do I have to say it?

ANGIE

Well, why don't they look fucking like it?

JOEY

What the fuck are Americans supposed to look like, Angie?

MIKEY

What the fuck are you guys yelling about?

Joey just notices Mikey.

JOEY

What the fuck happened to your face?

ANGIE

He went fishing.

JOEY

What, you fall asleep on the boat?

MIKEY

I'm sensitive to the sun.

She pours a drink for Mikey, and hands him a napkin. He wipes his face.

ANGIE

You look like death.

MIKEY

Technically, he's correct, though, Angie. Puerto Ricans are Americans.

ANGIE

That don't make it right.

MIKEY

It makes it a fact, though.

ANGIE

A fact? What is a fact? Puerto Rico is a territory of America, right? That's a fact. I'll ask you the same question I asked him, what is a territory? Do you know?

MIKEY

Uh... a territory? Not exactly, Ange.

ANGIE

So, you don't exactly know. So, is it still a fact?

MIKEY

Yeah... probably it is. I can't explain it. A territory, it's like we own it, but we don't own it, sort of. Like a timeshare.

ANGIE

My point, exactly. Factually, you own part of it, but realistically, you're just an occasional guest of the actual owners. That's Puerto Rico.

MIKEY

I don't know. I'm a cop, Angie; facts matter, even if I can't make heads or tails of them.

(to Joey)

So what happened, you have another fight with the new babe?

ANGIE

He's in love now. Met the LatinX parents on the Island.

MIKEY

Make-up sex?

ANGIE

Nada.

MIKEY

You apologized?

JOEY

Of course.

MIKEY

But the parents were there, so.

JOEY

Exactly.

MIKEY

So you talked about...?

JOEY

Topography.

MIKEY

So you laid the groundwork.

JOEY

Exactly.

ANGIE

Between the girl and the parents, he's completely brainwashed by foreign ideology. Next thing he tells us, he believes the whole President shot the Gucci Lady thing. I bet she filled your ears with more of that internet bullshit.

JOEY

It's not as far fetched as you might think.

MIKEY

It's pretty far-fetched, Joey.

ANGIE

He's brainwashed from lack of make-up sex.

JOEY

Not that far-fetched. You say facts? Here's facts: Fact 1: He said he could do it; Fact 2: Somebody did it; Fact 3: It happened at Trump Tower; and fact 4: There's a cover-up.

MIKEY

True, those are facts, but do they add up to the truth?

ANGIE

There's alternative facts.

MIKEY

It's a *fact* the Gooch is dead, but was she murdered? We don't know. It's a *fact* we saw the body on 5th Avenue, but was she killed there? We don't know that either. It's a fact Trump said he *could* do it, but did he actually do it?

JOEY

Mikey, the Gooch was lying in a pool of blood with a bullet hole in her gut, I'm pretty sure she was both dead *and* murdered, okay? And she wasn't dragged there, or we would have seen the blood trail, or you would anyway, so I mean, come on!

MIKEY

I'm just saying, don't jump to conclusions!

JOEY

I'm not jumping to conclusions, I'm just saying!

ANGIE

You're just saying what, though, Joey? The President shot the Gooch?

JOEY

I'm saying it could be, Ange.

ANGIE

I need a drink. I'm surrounded by conspiracy theorists.

Angie pours herself a shot and refreshes
Mikey's drink.

MIKEY

I went down there today.

JOEY

Down where?

MIKEY

Fifth Avenue. Trump Towers.

JOEY

You went down there? They told us to back off.

MIKEY

The place is totally scrubbed. Garbage trucks are gone, checkpoints are gone, no crime scene, no trace of blood. Like it never happened.

JOEY

What the fuck is wrong with you?

MIKEY

I had to get a look.

JOEY

You can't let it go for one day?

MIKEY

What do you care?

JOEY

I don't want any trouble with the Feds, that's all.

ANGIE

What, you're afraid they're gonna deport somebody you know?

JOEY

That's real funny, Ange. I just hate this political shit!

ANGIE

But you want to accuse the president of murder!

JOEY

It's not me, Angie, it's the internet!

ANGIE

That narrows it down.

MIKEY

I went downtown to evidence, too.

JOEY

Great, there goes our careers. At least I don't have too many years in. You just fucked your retirement 'cause you can't take three days off!

MIKEY

I want to make detective before I retire; detectives solve crimes.

JOEY

You're gonna make detective disobeying orders?

MIKEY

And I went to Gucci's, too.

JOEY

What the fuck is the matter with you? Gimme a Jameson's, Angie.

MIKEY and Angie down their drinks and line the glasses up. Angie pours three drinks and leaves the bottle on the bar. They drink.

ANGIE

I'm with Joey on this. Who the fuck are you to investigate the President?

MIKEY

I'm not investigating the President, what the matter with you?

ANGIE

Leave him alone, let him do his job.

MIKEY

It's nothing to do with him. I'm just looking for the facts.

ANGIE

There's no facts you're gonna get that's gonna tell you the truth about what's really going on. You know what I think?

MIKEY

I know what you think, Angie.

JOEY

We both know what you think, Angie.

MIKEY

But here's the thing though. I went down there; they got a couple of military guys at the entrance, taking selfies with the tourists.

JOEY

They're always there.

MIKEY

So, why they didn't hear the shot? I mean, yeah, we were a lot closer, and we weren't sure we heard it until we saw the Gooch on the ground, but still...

JOEY

Maybe... they didn't hear it because they weren't supposed to hear it, you see what I'm saying? So, maybe... it's not so far-fetched.

ANGIE

Obviously, I'm saying, the people we're dealing with own the military, so they control what the military hears, so.

MIKEY

I'm saying... I don't know what I'm saying. I looked around. Even with sharpshooters on every rooftop, military at the entrance, undercover on the street, there's plenty of ways to get a shot off.

JOEY

That's what I'm saying!

ANGIE

That's what *I'm* saying!

MIKEY

But all hell woulda broken loose, so that didn't happen, so I don't know.

Angie pours another round. They drink.

JOEY

So?

MIKEY

So I go into Gucci's.

JOEY

Fuck.

ANGIE

Did you buy a bag?

MIKEY

I wanted to check it out from every angle. Also, we got an anniversary coming up, so I thought I'd take a look. They got a bag, eight hundred dollars, it's like a tote bag you get from the supermarket. You want a straw tote bag, it's two grand.

ANGIE

I like a good tote.

MIKEY

So, Gucci's is very spacious, very open, you know, each bag is like three feet away from the next one. You come in from outside, you come in from the hallway, it's totally exposed. Beautiful, by the way, the hallway. Huge. It's like Vegas, only better.

ANGIE

The President is pure class.

MIKEY

So there's no way the Gooch is shot in Gucci's. Too open. So I go downtown to evidence.

JOEY

Where, let me guess, there's no Gucci bag.

MIKEY

Where there is no evidence at all. And no case record. At all.

JOEY

You couldn't leave it alone?

ANGIE

You can't investigate the Deep State. I'm just saying.

MIKEY

But I know the guy.

JOEY

You know the guy?

MIKEY

Yeah, you know him, whatshisname. So he shows me the bag.

JOEY

He shows you the bag?

MIKEY

The Gucci bag, he shows it to me. It's got a bullet hole in one side.

JOEY

We know this.

MIKEY

It's a small hole, nothing high-powered; had to be a close shot. So it wasn't a sniper. And the Gooch wasn't shot in Gucci's. So what do we know?

JOEY

Mikey, I'm freaking out here. They give us three days leave to go fuck and fish, or whatever, and instead you go see the guy we know downtown, and now everybody knows; and you don't know any more than we had from the start; and this is exactly what I'm saying, we don't know anything, anymore!

Angie takes a swig from the bottle but it's empty.

ANGIE

I know we're out of Jameson's.

Angie throws out the bottle and gets another.

JOEY

Trump says he could shoot someone on 5th avenue and not lose any support, and we know that's true, but we also know it's insane he would ever actually do it, but then it happens, and we now don't know what the fuck we know!

MIKEY

We know the Gooch is dead. We know she was shot at close range. We also know there's a single, small-caliber bullet hole coming out of one side of the Gucci bag. The shot came from inside the bag.

JOEY

I'm not saying I believe it, I'm saying I believe he believes it. Not that he did it, not that he would do it, just that *if* he did, he believes he could get away with it.

MIKEY

What he believes has nothing to do with what he does.

ANGIE

Or what he says.

JOEY

I get it's his act, or whatever, but also it's him saying: "Look how powerful I am. I can get away with murder. I can cross any line; and any line I cross, I do it for you."

MIKEY

That don't mean he killed the Gooch, Joey.

ANGIE

I don't give a shit whether he killed her or not; he's got some fucking balls.

She pours another round.

MIKEY

So, if he has all this support by just saying it, why do it?

JOEY

It's buy-in. Raising the stakes. It's like borrowing from the mob; once you're in, you can't get out. He's throws down a marker, and everybody has to choose sides. You choose him, you're all in, you believe anything: "He had his reasons. All politicians lie. The press makes this shit up."

ANGIE

THEY DO!

JOEY

I'm not saying he necessarily walks out onto the street and starts shooting people. I'm saying, someone does it.

MIKEY

We know someone did it. We also know the shot came from inside the bag, so if she was trying to kill anyone she was the worst assassin in history.

JOEY

I'm saying, if you support him even bragging about shooting someone on 5th Avenue, for WHATEVER FUCKING REASON, you'll support the next thing: mass deportations, outlawing journalists, locking up political enemies, concentration camps, WHATEVER!

ANGIE

Let me tell you something! If my President shot whoever, for WHATEVER FUCKING REASON, they probably FUCKING DESERVED IT, and he does have my goddamned support for WHATEVER THE FUCK he wants to do!

MIKEY

One small hole in the bag, Joey, are you listening?

JOEY

What?

MIKEY

She must have had the piece in the bag and it went off.

JOEY

What?

MIKEY

Think about it. Close range, a single, small hole from the inside. Joey, I think the Gooch shot herself.

He drinks from the bottle.

JOEY

What?

Joey takes the bottle and drinks.

ANGIE

Bullshit!

Angie takes the bottle and drinks

MIKEY

It makes sense. No Deep State. No presidential murder.

ANGIE

That's what they want you to believe.

MIKEY

It's simple.

JOEY

That's your explanation?

ANGIE

There's no explanation for how deep the Deep State is. You think you can figure these people out? You already lost. And you come in here, talking about America is a shit-hole, do you even know what this flag stands for? Freedom, that's what! And freedom is not free. You have to fight for fucking freedom!

She takes out her handgun from under the bar.

MIKEY

Whoa, careful Ange.

ANGIE

Second Amendment, baby! That's how we won our freedom from the King of England, and that's how we stay free from all these immigrants, socialists, atheists, blacks, and liberals, trying to pollute out national identity and tear our President down.

She drinks from the bottle. They duck behind their chairs.

MIKEY

Put the piece down, Angie!

ANGIE

This is the USA, not some socialist European pussy country, or some shit-hole, and if you can't get behind that, YOU ARE NOT AMERICAN!

JOEY

I'm not American? I'M NOT AMERICAN?!

Joey draws his gun and gets in her face.

ANGIE
YOU'RE A LIBERAL!

They point their guns at each other.

ANGIE
Who ever heard of a liberal cop?

JOEY
I'm a liberal? YOU'RE A RACIST!

ANGIE
To liberals, everybody's a fucking racist! Next thing, you're marching for BLACK LIVES MATTER.

JOEY
Obviously, you don't think black lives do matter.

ANGIE
ALL LIVES MATTER, ASSHOLE!

MIKEY
Whoa, Angie! Both of you, PUT THE WEAPONS DOWN!

Mike draws his weapon and crouches down.

JOEY
That means black lives matter, BITCH!

MIKEY
HEY!

ANGIE
No, it means all fucking lives matter, PUSSY!

MIKEY
STOP!

JOEY
BLACK LIVES MATTER MEANS ALL LIVES MATTER!

Mikey turns his gun on Joey.

MIKEY
HOW THE FUCK DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?

JOEY
Black people feel like their lives don't matter to us. Mikey, you gotta admit a lot of blacks get killed by cops.

MIKEY
WHAT ARE YOU AGAINST COPS NOW, JOEY?

JOEY
I'm not against cops, WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

MIKEY
Black Lives Matter? What the fuck is wrong with you? YOU'RE TAKING THEIR SIDE?

JOEY
Whose side?

MIKEY
Your black girlfriend's side!

JOEY
SHE'S NOT BLACK!

MIKEY
SHE LOOKS BLACK.

Joey turns his gun on Mikey.

JOEY
YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST BLACK PEOPLE?

ANGIE
SHE'S A GODDAMN IMMIGRANT!

JOEY
SHE'S A PUERTO RICAN AMERICAN! Like I'm Italian American, and you're Irish American, and you're whatever, DYKE AMERICAN!

MIKEY
BLUE LIVES MATTER, JOEY!

JOEY
I'M NOT SAYING THEY DON'T!

ANGIE
ALL LIVES MATTER!

JOEY
THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING!

MIKEY
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

JOEY
You're taking her side against a brother? What happened to blue lives matter?

MIKEY
Blue lives matter, Joey, but YOU'RE SIDING WITH THE BLACKS!

ANGIE
YOU'RE SIDING WITH THE ILLEGALS!

Joey turns his gun on Angie.

JOEY
YOU'RE SIDING WITH THE RACISTS!

ANGIE
AT LEAST THEY'RE AMERICANS!

Mikey turns his gun on Angie.

MIKEY
PUT DOWN THE GUN, ANGIE!

Angie pulls out another gun and holds it on
Mikey.

ANGIE
He wants to blame the President so bad, he'll believe anything anyone says!

JOEY
He lies whenever he opens his mouth, and you believe everything he says!

ANGIE

You really believe he would shoot someone on 5th avenue? CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?

JOEY

YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S A JOKE?

ANGIE

YOU WANT OPEN BORDERS!

JOEY

YOU WANT CONCENTRATION CAMPS!

ANGIE

YOU WANT SOCIALISM!

JOEY

YOU WANT DICTATORS.

ANGIE

YOU'RE A TRAITOR TO YOUR RACE!

JOEY

BLACK LIVES MATTER!

MIKEY

BLUE LIVES MATTER!

ANGIE

ALL LIVES MATTER!

BLACKOUT. A HAIL OF GUNFIRE,
SOUNDS OF GLASS SMASHING, BODIES
FALLING TO THE FLOOR. SILENCE.
MUSIC UP.