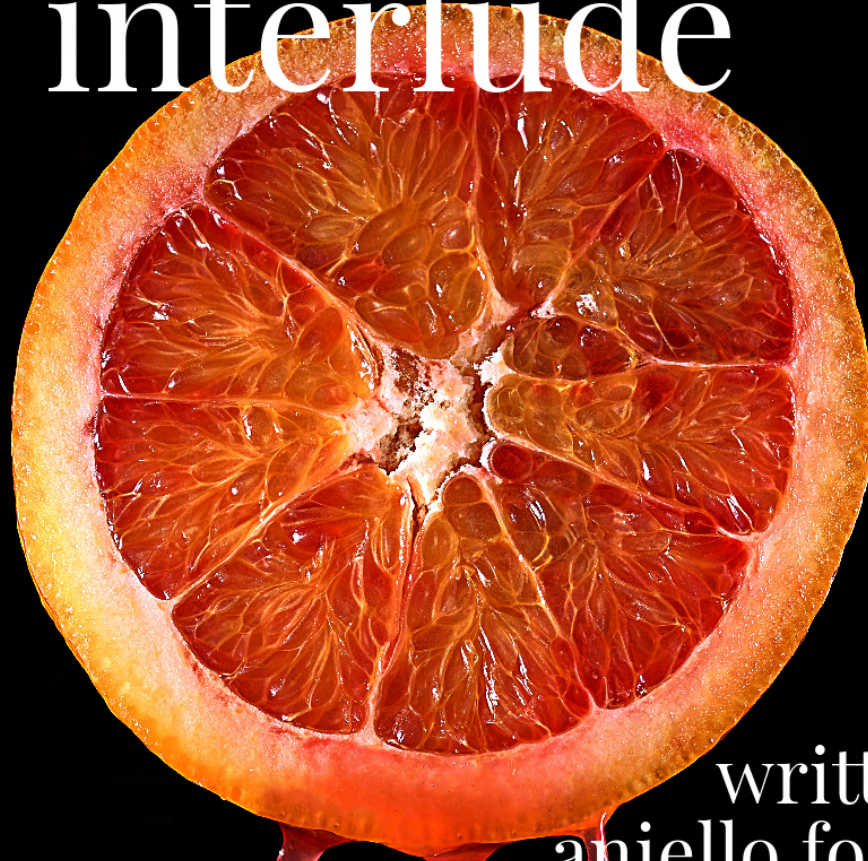


summertime, an interlude



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First Public Presentation |

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Second Public Presentation |

Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival.
Directed by Erik Ehn. February 2020.

Southwest Premiere |

University of New Mexico.
Directed by Erik Ehn. February 2020.

Covid Safe Production |

Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival.
Directed by Erik Ehn. February 2021.

Pegasus Playlab |

University of Central Florida.
Directed by John Gardiner. June 2023.

Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival New Full Length | *Winner* | 2020

National Partners of the American Theatre Playwriting Award | *Nominee* | 2020

David Mark Cohen Playwriting Award | *Winner* | 2021

*For my Father,
Grandfather,
and as always
- J.F.*

EVERYBODY |

VINCE | 25 - 30 | Male/Masc

Vince is a single father. His nine year old daughter Rosie has spent most of her life in Chicago Children's Cancer Center. He was a musician at one point, but with a sick daughter there's no time for pipe dreams. He works three or four jobs at a time to try and catch up on past due bills...

But he's not working today. Today he's drinking and bullshitting with his best friend (more like a brother) David.

Cause family is more important than anything.

DAVID | 25 - 30 | Male/Masc

Muscled and worn. Did ten years in county, and looks like it. Got two years for marijuana possession as a teenager. Developed a bad temper and heroin problem inside, and caught eight more years. But now he's out, sober, and trying to figure out who he is. His arms are covered in scarred track marks and shitty prison tattoos. He's got a huge heart. He's an older brother too... which always feels like an afterthought. But his sister Windy didn't visit or call when he was in prison. So it's on her they're basically strangers.

WINDY | 20 - 25 | Female/Femme

David's younger sister, but she's never felt like it. He's always cared more about Vince than her anyway. Tough as nails and independent. The only person born in the neighborhood that's getting out, and thank God for that. Not actual God though. If there's one thing her life's taught her, it's that God doesn't exist. Or he's a prick. Either way, she takes care of things herself. And she'd prefer it that way. She's typing up loose ends, getting out of the neighborhood, and never coming back. The end.

SYD | 20 - 25 | Female/Femme/Enby

Syd's blind in one eye. Maybe wears an eyepatch. Maybe fuck that. A hard worker and wise far beyond their years. Muscled from lugging boxes around their Uncle Red's store. Somehow always knows what to say. Hides pain well. Imposing yet kind. There's no one else like Syd in the neighborhood. Except maybe Red. But he might be gone soon. And he's all Syd has.

***In this script, characters use they/them/theirs pronouns when speaking to Syd. Know that these characters **would** make the effort to use any pronouns Syd wants. Change pronouns in dialogue to reflect your casting if necessary. It's easy.*

TRIGG and KYRI | 25 - 35 | Any or No Gender

*YOOOOO. Two dope, royal, people of color. Kings, Queens, or anything in between. Trigg and Kyri host the dopest radio show on the **fuckin** planet. They know everything and everyone. They got eyes and ears every where. They're the rhythm of the city. Stupid fast with belly laughs. They fly through improvised dialogue with **wild** disregard for the FCC. A Greek chorus with misdemeanors. A modern day Abbot and Costello - but they use "fuck" as a filler word.*

An important note |

These characters are from a small, close knit neighborhood, in a crevice of a big city .

They are urban. They are working class. They aren't from nuclear families.

Their ethnic background, sexuality, and gender identity varies.

*The cast **must** reflect this.*

These characters are not pasty ass, culturally whitewashed suburbanites.

WHERE, WHEN, AND HOW |

CHICAGO.

Sunday. The hottest day of summer.

THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.

*A large wooden porch on the back of an apartment building.
This is the THE THIRD FLOOR, where we see Windy and Vince's apartment.
Each apartment has a window and door to it, characters use both for entrances and exits.
We can't see the second floor or street level, but we see the outside stairwell that goes down them.
Outside each apartment window, Windy and Vince have their own set up.
Folding chairs, plants, ashtrays, maybe a grill, whatever else.
There's a creaky step halfway up the stairs, we hear it as characters rush up and down them.*

BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.

*A small recording studio in an apartment across the street from the porch.
Shitty mics and makeshift sound proofing.
The tiny space is filled with liquor bottles and blunt roaches.
Smoke in the air at all times.*

A NOTE ON RHYTHM.

*Rhythm in this piece is important and purposeful.
These characters have been best friends since childhood
Their friendlier conversations are lightning fast and familiar.
They jokingly insult each other the way only family can.
This light hearted banter paves the way for slower, heavier, thoughtful conversations.
The following line punctuation will help you:*

- | a line is interrupted

. ! ? | a full stop before a response.

***No punctuation** | fast, rhythmic, immediate response*

***Beats** | marked by blank space on the page.*

***Silences** | marked by the word.*

BLACKOUT.

The sounds of the city at play. All at once -

Laughter. Gossip. The “cshhh” of a beer can opening. Dice hitting cement. Somebody yells down to the street from an upper floor. A bus stops and opens its door. Some kids sprint down the sidewalk. The train crashes by. A car passes playing 90’s rap. A fist fight breaks out. Laughter and hugs follow. The bus pulls away. The city is alive.

Start of interlude.

*Suddenly - a **GUNSHOT** echoes through the space.*

The gunshot brings blue lights up on

THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.

Midnight.

Saturday.

***SYD** rushes up the stairwell panicked, surveys the area below, and spots someone sprinting away from the building.*

SYD

YO!!! YO!!!! *mother fucker **FUCK FUCK fuck fuck** -*

Syd pulls out a cell phone, dials, and sprints down the stairs to street level. We hear her footsteps stomp against the pavement as she chases someone. The moon on the porch fades.

BLACKOUT.**SILENCE.****ALL AT ONCE -**

Bass and rhythm burst into the space. Something hard. Maybe trap. Migos, Future, Trap Capos, Designer, whoever. Maybe something classic. Maybe something with horns and lyrics. Whatever it is, takes over the space in darkness. If loud noise bothers you, this is when you leave the theater.

*Light up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

Morning.

Sunday.

A fucking scorcher.

Drenched in summer sun through dirty windows,

TRIGG and **KYRI** roar into the space.

They dance, drink, smoke to the music, and gaze at their kingdom out the window.

After a bit, Trigg switches the backing music it to an instrumental.

Something less aggressive and more rhythmic.

The two belly laugh at their own jokes, smoke, drink, and use a dumpster-found sound board for effects throughout their interludes.

TRIGG

YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO what the fuck's up -

KYRI

Fucks up Chicago -

TRIGG

You know what it is -

KYRI

You're listening to -

Complete with shoulder shimmy -

TRIGG & KYRI

BROAD MUTHA FUCKING SHOULDERS -

KYRI

Broad Shoulders Chicago

TRIGG

GUERRILLA RADIO -

KYRI

The Second City shitty -

TRIGG

Bringin you everything you need to get chu through this

FUCKED UP DAY

KYRI

Ninety eight billion *fuckin* degrees

TRIGG

So walk around naked

KYRI

Let your dick hang out

TRIGG

Titties all out gettin' sun

KYRI

Let the body breath

TRIGG

That's indecent exposure

KYRI

That's just *decent* exposure

TRIGG

As y'all know

KYRI

Fuck a segue

TRIGG

AS Y'ALL KNOW last night some bitch ran up in Red's Deli

KYRI

FUCKIN **CLOWN**

TRIGG

Ran up in Red's deli and shot my man in the gut

KYRI

That's not all

TRIGG

This mother fucker had the nerve to *step over* Red

KYRI

Bleeding out and everything

TRIGG

To STEP OVER RED and empty the damn safe *and*
register

KYRI

While my dude Red is layin on that old ass yellow linoleum
floor bleeding out

TRIGG

And then this bitch ass mother fucker ran away

KYRI

RAN THE FUCK AWAY

TRIGG

Leaving him there to die

KYRI

But we're not gonna fixate on some asshole

TRIGG

We don't deal in negativity

KYRI

We deal in bootleg bobbleheads of Chicago icons

TRIGG

We got Sammy Sosa without the steroids

KYRI

He got a sad face

TRIGG

And can't hit home runs for shit

KYRI

We got Michael Jordan but he stuck with baseball

TRIGG

He got a sad face

KYRI

And can't hit home runs for shit

TRIGG

We got Lori Lightfoot with a suit that fits

KYRI

She got a sad face too

TRIGG

But she can swing a bat like a mother fucker

KYRI

I'm tellin' you

TRIGG

So stick with us Chicago

KYRI

Cause while the city melts

TRIGG

We're keepin' it cool

KYRI

As we pump out the hits and preach the gospel of love and light

TRIGG

Cause that's what Red would want

KYRI

We'll keep y'all updated on Red

TRIGG

And the fuckin' clown who shot him

KYRI

Between the main stream hits and underground shiiiiiiiiiiiit

TRIGG & KYRI

SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO -

Even more rapid fire.

TRIGG

IT'S HOT AS **FUCK** OUT CHICAGO

KYRI

GO OUTSIDE

TRIGG
FUCKIN PARTY

KYRI
ON THE BLOCK

TRIGG
WIT CHA BODY OUT

KYRI
ALL THE BODIES

TRIGG
EVERY BODY

KYRI
WHETHER YOU SLIM THICK

TRIGG
THICK SLIM

KYRI
THICK THICK

TRIGG
THICK MUSCLEY

KYRI
FLUFFY THICK

TRIGG
GET OUTSIDE

KYRI
DON'T FORGET THE SUN SCREEN

TRIGG
AND DON'T GET ME FUCKIN STARTED ON
NOT NEEDING SUN SCREEN

KYRI
ALL YOUR PROBLEMATIC ASSES OUT THERE

TRIGG
We got our eyes on you

KYRI

To our day one fans and the neighborhood family -

TRIGG

BLESS YOU

KYRI

YOUR MAMA

TRIGG

YOUR AUNTIE THAT DRINKS TOO MUCH

KYRI

YOUR DAD YOUR SISTER

TRIGG

YOUR NIECES YOUR NEPHEWS

KYRI

YOUR WHOLE FUCKIN FAMILY

TRIGG

And bless everybody in Red's building

KYRI

Our girl Windy, the bro bro Vince -

TRIGG

Vince's daughter Rosie -

KYRI

Little badass in the hospital kickin' cancers ass

TRIGG

My man DAVID, WHO'S BACK

KYRI

Shout out to David -

TRIGG

And of course, the homie Syd

KYRI

Red's second in command and only blood family left

TRIGG

We're thinkin of you Syd

KYRI

We love you

TRIGG

And lastly -

KYRI

But not least-ly

TRIGG

That ain't a word

KYRI

Shout out to AGoody, Rich Lee, Go Go Joe, Corky, lower case peña, Uncle Rambo, Neff Neff, Torn ass ACL Nick, them Phelan Boys, Crazy Mary, our girl Sheeeeeeeeeedz, Mark-ito, Air Max, King Maker Blieds, Santrio, Alisha, West Side Smashly, Big Will and Little Rozzi, Brian the Scott, Brian from Chinatown, Brian the doorman at Eterno's, Brian that dude who once called me a hoe out the window of a Delta 88 you were right mother fucker I am a hoe and I'm very proud of that shit, and last but not least **Fernando and his fifty five fuckin' kids -**

TRIGG

MY MAN, *INVEST IN CONDOMS* -

KYRI

Shout out to everybody in the neighborhood -

TRIGG

Shout shout mother fucker -

KYRI

"You know you make me wanna"

TRIGG

"SHOUT"

KYRI

"Something about heels"

TRIGG
 “SHOUT”

KYRI
 “I don’t know the words”

TRIGG
 “SHOUT”

KYRI
 We see you out this dirty ass window -

They wave out the window to the audience.

TRIGG
 From our **secret fuckin lair** -

KYRI
 Keep your heads up

TRIGG
 And we’ll get through this mess together

KYRI
 We’re gonna find out who shot Red

TRIGG
 And that mother fucker is goin’ down

KYRI
 It’s gonna be a long fuckin day

*Lights down on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

*Lights up on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

On the porch we see a few shitty chairs, a garbage bag, an old ass cooler with ice, and a stolen speaker. Maybe there’s other stuff.

*“Broad Shoulders” blares out of the speaker as **VINCE** enters through his apartment door with supplies.*

A blunt in his lips and a wet towel over his head, he brings out plastic cups, a gallon or two of water, some beer for the cooler, a liquor bottle, an acoustic guitar, and a duffle bag to hold it all.

From the speaker we hear Kyri and Trigg sign off.

KYRI

In honor of my man Red fighting in the hospital we're gonna kick it off with **that hot shit**

TRIGG

Those juke jams

KYRI

Those "get naked and rub on somebody *consensually*" hits

TRIGG

Those "before they were famous" joints

KYRI

Keepin y'all in the loop

TRIGG

So to start us off

KYRI

A Chicago legend in the making

TRIGG

This one goes out to you Red

An air horn sounds and they crank something by Mykele Deville, Lesage, Williams, E. Woods, Lester Rey, Jess(e), Santrio, or some other dope, unsigned Chicago local.

Vince grooves as he finishes organizing the supplies and gets himself a drink.

From behind the other window we hear a door open and slam shut.

*In the moments that follow, whomever is in the apartment starts having **loud** sex.*

Comically loud.

It continues until noted.

They're fucking up Vince's groove.

*He turns up the speaker to drown out the noise.
It barely works.
He tries to ignore it, but can't.
He bangs on the sex noise window.*

VINCE
YO WINDY.

He slams on the window again.

YO WINDY, CUT THE SHIT!

It gets louder.

I'M TRYING TO FUCKIN RELAX OUT HERE AND
YOU'RE LOUD AS HELL -

*Vince looks in through the window and his eyes widen.
A shoe hits the glass from the inside.*

DAMN IT I DIDN'T GET ANY SLEEP LAST NIGHT
AND I'M TRYING TO SIT OUT HERE AND FUCKIN
CHILL AND I CAN'T WITH ALL THIS NOISE. IT
SOUNDS LIKE THE FUCKIN NATURE CHANNEL IN
THERE. COME ON WINDY **CUT THE SHIT -**

*Someone moans.
The sex noises drop to a dull roar.
Vince lowers the speaker.*

*Vince's window slides open and **DAVID** climbs out.
He wears a way too tight, worn, long sleeve t-shirt.
His non-dominant hand is wrapped in gauze.*

*He carries a steel frame work fan,
it's already plugged in and whirls fast.
He points the fan toward his chair.*

VINCE
Use the fucking door -

DAVID
I got the fan plugged in inside and the cord won't reach -

VINCE

You wouldn't need the damn fan if you took that shirt off -

DAVID

Don't start -

VINCE

You look like a bunch of marshmallows stuffed in a sausage casing -

DAVID

Why you gotta be a dick?

VINCE

Cause it's a thousand degree outside and you're wearing long sleeves -

DAVID

I'm not tryin' to get looked at funny by people today -

VINCE

They're just scars man, nobody gives a shit (*out to the neighborhood*) HEY EVERYBODY DAVID'S GOT A BUNCH OF SCARS -

DAVID

God damn it -

VINCE

CAUSE WHEN HE WAS INSIDE HE SHOT HEROIN -

DAVID

VINCE -

VINCE

See? Nobody gives a fuck

DAVID

Don't start already, *please*.

Tension.

Maybe...

VINCE

Aight, but if you pass out I'm not giving you mouth to mouth. I'm gonna let you die in that shmedium t-shirt you got on -

DAVID

What the fuck is "schmedium"-

VINCE

It's a small ass medium

DAVID

Really man -

VINCE

I can hear your heartbeat through the fuckin' thing

DAVID

Alright -

VINCE

I can see your nipples David, whole neighborhood can see your nipples -

A moan from Windy's apartment.

VINCE

- and *please* tell your sister to stop fucking so loud

DAVID

I'm not trying to see what's happening in there

VINCE

You're tellin' me -

DAVID

I swear to God -

VINCE

She's got this chick bent over the kitchen table -

Vince mimes it.

DAVID

Come on man -

VINCE

The dildo she's got is **big as fuck** -

He's a weirdly good mime.

DAVID

VINCE -

VINCE

All I'm sayin' is it looks fucking painful -

A crash from inside Windy's apartment.

Vince stops.

VINCE

She's gonna blow this chicks back out and we're gonna get stuck with the hospital bill -

Another crash from inside.

VINCE

She needs to start goin back to church, she needs Jesus -

We hear Windy moan "JESUSSSS FUCKKK" from inside.

David and Vince share an ironic grin.

Vince starts putting shit in the duffle bag.

The moaning dies down again.

VINCE

You bringing other clothes or you goin like that?

DAVID

We're not *goin* anywhere

VINCE

My ass we're not, we had this planned -

DAVID

We're not goin to get drunk on the beach while Red is in the hospital -

VINCE

We been planning this for two weeks, it's my only day off -

DAVID

How's it gonna look if I run away *the morning after somebody shoots him?*

VINCE

We're taking the train twenty minutes -

DAVID

You know they're gonna come around questioning everybody, right?

VINCE

Nobodies gonna think you did anything

DAVID

I'm not taking any chances -

VINCE

We'll go for a few hours and -

DAVID

You don't know how this works

VINCE

They're not gonna think you did it -

DAVID

Go by your self if you wanna go so bad.

VINCE

I been waiting for you to get out of prison ten fuckin years, and you want me to go to the beach without you?

DAVID

If that's what you wanna do, yeah -

VINCE

Fuck that, it's too fuckin' hot to sit here all -

One, LOUD orgasmic moan from inside.

VINCE

Nah, you know what? You wanna stay and listen to your little sister fuck all day? That's cool, man. No judgement... you weird kinky ass mother fucker -

DAVID

You wanna leave so bad, go do something productive. Go to the hospital and see Red -

VINCE

I don't do hospitals if I don't have to

DAVID

Nobody "does" hospitals

VINCE

I spend too much time at the hospital with Rosie as it is. I'm not goin there if I don't have to -

DAVID

You're a pain in the ass you know that

VINCE

I just don't wanna sit around all day waiting for him to die

DAVID

He's not gonna die

VINCE

And how do you know that?

DAVID

He's just *not*, alright?

Silence.

*David tries to pour liquor in a cup,
but it hurts his hand too much.*

Vince does it for him.

They Drink.

The sex noises gradually get louder again.

VINCE

Hurts huh?

DAVID

They use a laser to burn out the ink and it's just bone there.

VINCE

Fuckkkkkkk that.

DAVID

Better than doing it inside.

VINCE

How do they do that?

DAVID

Heat a piece of steel and melt it off. It looks like melting cheese -

VINCE

That's disgusting

DAVID

You're lucky you don't have to see it

VINCE

I seen worse trust me. I'm telling you, the image of Windy fucking the shit out of that chick -

*From the stairwell bursts **SYD**.*

*Multi-tasking as she puts on clothes and talks into a cheap cell phone, Syd **slams** on Windy's window.*

SYD

SOME PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO DO SHIT TODAY WINDY. I GOT FUCKING SHIT TO DO AND I'M ON THIS DAMN PHONE AND *(into the phone)* no, no not you. No It's my neighbor, yes, no she's *(back to Windy)* I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING WITH THE TWO OF YOU SCREAMING EVERY TWO SECONDS. *(into the phone)* sorry just give me a minute I can't hear you. Yes, last night around midnight. Sorry just one second. *(back to Windy)* NOBODY NEEDS TO CUM THAT MUCH. THIS IS HOW PEOPLE FUCKIN' DIE WINDY. **STOP THE DAMN YELLING GOD DAMN IT, CUT THE SHIT -**

The noises stop.

Vince laughs.

Syd tries to hit him Vince, but he moves out of her good line of sight.

A swing, and a miss.

Vince laughs, Syd storms off.

David watches fuckin smitten.

Vince talks shit about it - with just his eyes.

SYD

(into the phone) Yeah last night around midnight. He's in the ICU now. Can you work Monday? I'm gonna be around here today prepping for the week but I'm headed to the hospital later and I'm gonna stay there. So if you could open tomorrow - Yeah. Yeah that'd be great.

Syd flips off Vince as she goes down to her apartment.

Vince grins at David.

VINCE

You're gonna burn a hole starin' like that -

DAVID

Fuck you

VINCE

You should say something next time

DAVID

I wouldn't know what to say

VINCE

It's Syd.

DAVID

Wait... *little* Sydney?

VINCE

You been gone a minute

DAVID

Fuck

VINCE

She grew up cute right?

DAVID

Yeah.

VINCE

Still got that one bad eye though. Shit barely works. She can't go to 3D movies or play darts or make left turns.

DAVID

You're a dick

VINCE

You should say hi next time.

DAVID

I dunno -

VINCE

Grow a pair.

DAVID

Keep talkin shit

VINCE

Whatchu gonna do with that bandaged ass hand -

DAVID

I'll whoop your little ass

VINCE

Not my fault you got chunky -

DAVID

Oh I'm chunky -

VINCE

Yeah you're chunky -

DAVID

Oh I'M chunky -

VINCE

You're built like a shrink wrapped bag of potatoes -

DAVID

I forgot how annoying you are -

VINCE

You're the one posted up on the couch every minute of the damn day -

DAVID

That's my bedroom

VINCE

It's the living room

DAVID

If I masturbate in it, it's a bedroom -

VINCE

Damn so the Jewel on South Halsted is my bedroom then?

DAVID

What the fuck -

VINCE

And I can take a nap in every Home Depot west of Racine -

DAVID

Oh my god -

VINCE

Shit the living room might as well be *my* bedroom too then -

DAVID

Come on, man.

They love each other.

VINCE

You know what? You can go live with Windy

DAVID

If she wasn't moving out of the neighborhood I would

VINCE

You can videotape her fucking all day and night, call it an OnlyClams -

DAVID

Watch your mouth, that's my sister

VINCE

Whatchu gonna do thickness?

DAVID

You don't know

VINCE

Just cause you're prison big don't make you prison big -

DAVID

That's redundant

VINCE

Don't use words I can't spell

DAVID

Fine

VINCE

You look like a bunch of bowling balls stuffed in a children's sleeping bag -

DAVID

You're gonna get slapped -

VINCE

You look like a melted candle stuffed in spandex -

DAVID

I *will* kill you -

VINCE

Whatchu gonna do, tight shirt me to death?

DAVID

Mother fucker -

VINCE

Do somethin

*Windy opens her window.
David and Vince play fight.*

DAVID
No no *you* do somethin

VINCE
Go on

DAVID
You first big man

VINCE
Don't call me big man big man -

DAVID
You don't call me big man big man -

WINDY
WHAT THE FUCK

David and Vince stop.

DAVID & VINCE
Hey Windy

***WINDY** crawls out of her window and onto the porch.
She has a half empty case of beer, a bunch of plastic cups, and
a bag of chips in a plastic bowl.*

Windy slaps Vince's head.

VINCE
Why you gotta be so violent?

WINDY
Why you gotta spy on me through my window?

VINCE
What the fuck is with the window, why's everybody
crawlin' out of windows -

WINDY
Chick's asleep in the living room -

VINCE

We got perfectly good doors -

WINDY

Blow me.

VINCE

So you just left her there?

WINDY

She'll leave when she gets up, and I don't have to say an awkward goodbye

VINCE

Who was it this time?

WINDY

The girl from the coffee shop

VINCE

Genna?!

WINDY

Yessir.

VINCE

With the shaved, bleached hair?

WINDY

Yeah

VINCE

Her head looks like a tennis ball.

WINDY

Syd leave?

VINCE

Think so

WINDY

She go to the hospital?

VINCE

Nope. Downstairs prepping for the week at the shop then she's gonna head to the hospital later.

WINDY
GaLuang walk by yet?

(Pronounced Gah - Lawng)

VINCE
He isn't giving you the money

WINDY
Did he walk by yet?

VINCE
He left the building a half hour ago

DAVID
Who?

WINDY
He lives on the forth floor -

VINCE
He owes her a whole *thirty* dollars -

WINDY
So you're gonna help me move all the way to Indiana then?
You're gonna pack your car with my shit so I don't have to
rent a truck?

VINCE
My back hurts

David shows off his hand.

WINDY
So I gotta pay movers.

VINCE
Or wait -

WINDY
I got my brother *and* your dumbass here and I gotta *pay*
strangers to help me move. I want you to think about that -

VINCE
Maybe if you planned ahead of time -

WINDY

Just wait til one of you needs me

DAVID

If you give me the date you wanna move, I can ask the judge if I can go out of state

WINDY

I don't have one yet

VINCE

Exactly

WINDY

Don't even start -

VINCE

I'm just saying if you planned around your brother getting out, he could've -

WINDY

He didn't tell me -

DAVID

You know I didn't tell her, Vince, don't start this shit again -

VINCE

Fine fine

WINDY

And you shoulda said something -

DAVID

Here we go -

WINDY

You shoulda said something and you wouldn't have had to live with this idiot

VINCE

You're real hostile today

DAVID

I thought it'd be a nice surprise

WINDY

And now you get out after ten years and I'm tryin' to move out of the city. We don't even get to spend real time together -

DAVID

Don't feel too bad, he's right behind you

VINCE

I got a while -

DAVID

You're gonna leave the minute you can -

VINCE

Not before you're settled in

DAVID

My ass, if they called tomorrow and said Rosie was in remission, you'd be in the car so damn fast and I'd have to live in a halfway house til parole is up.

Fuckin alone.

Again.

Silence.

VINCE

Look -

DAVID

I don't wanna talk about it. It's fine.

Silence.

WINDY

You hear Syd was the one who called the cops last night?

VINCE

Yeah.

WINDY

She saw the guy run away from the shop and up the street.

DAVID

The cops know it was a guy?

WINDY

Sorry, Syd saw the *person* run from the shop up the street.

VINCE

Trigg and Kyri've been talking about it all morning. Said Red's doin ok so far.

WINDY

Ambulance got him to the hospital fast.

VINCE

The bullet hit that thick chunk of meat right on his side

WINDY

How do you know?

VINCE

News travels fast

DAVID

Gossipy mother fuckers

WINDY

Police'll catch who shot him soon.

DAVID

They'll catch *someone*

WINDY

When Red wakes up he'll say who it was

DAVID

No he won't

WINDY

Yes he will

DAVID

You know how the old heads are

VINCE

"Loyalty" and shit

DAVID

"Never rat on your friends"

VINCE

"And always keep your mouth shut"

WINDY

Fuckin archaic

DAVID

Unless they get a confession they're not catching anybody

WINDY

You watch -

VINCE

The cops don't give a fuck about what happens here so it don't matter -

DAVID

They don't give a fuck about what *actually* happens here -

VINCE

They'll blast it on the news like an epidemic and show a fucked up photo to scare the people in the suburbs, but they don't *really* care -

DAVID

They'll toss someone in prison just to shut the city up, whether the person did it or not -

VINCE

Or forget about it entirely -

DAVID

They don't pass up shit like this -

VINCE

I told you, you're fine -

WINDY

What're you worried about?

DAVID

Again, *you don't know how the shit works* -

VINCE

I've seen it fifty fucking times and you know it -

DAVID

But you weren't with me last night were you?

WINDY

Where were you last night?

DAVID

N.A. meeting -

VINCE

And everyone at the meeting saw you -

DAVID

That shit won't matter -

VINCE

You gotta relax, we need to get off the damn porch and go relax somewhere -

DAVID

Red got shot. You get that right? The man is in the hospital right now bleeding out. He may fuckin die today. And somebody's goin down for that -

VINCE

Nothing is gonna happen -

DAVID

Fine then they can pretend the shit didn't happen or warp it however they want - but *we're* not going anywhere. He's family. End of story. Got it?

Silence. Yeah.

David pours water over his neck.

His hand hurts.

WINDY

Vin, just cause *they* don't care doesn't mean *we* can't give a shit -

VINCE

I care, alright? I do. But I'm sick of sitting around and being sad every time something shitty happens. Shitty stuff happens. It always happens. What's one more thing.

If something happened to me, I wouldn't want that.
If I die and you two sit around crying about me while the rest of the world moves on I'll haunt the shit out of you.

I want you both day drunk and singing by noon *every* Sunday.

Let me be down in Hell and find out your asses are sitting around wallowing in your own tears cause I'm gone and I'll

-

Windy spots Ga Luang walking by on the street

WINDY

GA!!!! GA LUANG!!!!

They all follow Ga Luang below with their eyes.

WINDY

I KNOW YOU HEAR ME GA! DON'T WALK BY AND PRETEND LIKE YOU DON'T HEAR ME -

VINCE

(to David) Watch, now he's gonna start walking faster

WINDY
 DON'T COVER YOUR FUCKIN EARS GOD DAMN IT.
 WITH YOUR TINY ASS FUCKIN HANDS I KNOW
 YOU CAN HEAR ME.

I SEE YOU!!!! DON'T SPEED UP MOTHER FUCKER!!!

In Traditional Cantonese -

嘿 仆街 我知道你有我嘅錢啊。 我會等你成日。
 屌你老母

OH YOU'RE GONNA FLIP ME OFF NOW? **YOU'RE**
 GONNA FLIP **ME** OFF? OOOOOO MOTHER FUCKER -

Windy tears down to street level.

VINCE
(through laughter) **He runs like a duck.**

DAVID
 What the fuck was that?

VINCE
 You know Windy's always hard up for money. Especially
 now with the move.

DAVID
 No, I mean what'd she say?

VINCE
 Oh I don't fuckin' know. She can shake people down in like
 six languages.

David and Vince laugh.

*Vince swigs his drink and starts to pluck Richard Juarez' "Cielo
 Dorado". David stops him before he gets to lyrics.*

DAVID
Don't.

Vince stops.

DAVID

I don't wanna hear that fuckin' song ever again.

A look.

David means it.

*Lights down on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

*Lights up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

Instrumental behind them, sound effects lay over the improv.

KYRI

We got news

TRIGG

That insider info

KYRI

My cousins girlfriends aunties nephews neighborsssss
auntie works in Rush Hospital's ICU

TRIGG

WE KNOW EVERYONE

KYRI

WE GOT EYES EVERYWHERE

TRIGG

And we got some news

KYRI

Red's fightin'

TRIGG

They got all these tubes and shit on him

KYRI

I.V.'s, breathing tubes

TRIGG

Got him on the monitors

KYRI

He's outta the O.R, but not outta the woods

TRIGG

That's a dark ass saying

KYRI

So we're gonna keep taking calls

TRIGG

Reading posts

KYRI

Blogging blogs

TRIGG

We don't have a blog

KYRI

FUCKIN **FUCK** A BLOG

TRIGG

FUCK YOUR VLOG TOO

KYRI

NOBODY WANTS TO WATCH YOUR ASS DO
MAKEUP

TRIGG

LOOKIN LIKE RONALD MC-SPEAK TO THE
MANAGER

KYRI

LOOKIN' LIKE BOZE-HOE THE CLOWN

TRIGG

LOOKIN' LIKE PENNY-WISEEEEE YOU'RE FACE A
DIFFERENT COLOR THAN YOUR NECK

KYRI

BESIDES

TRIGG

BEE SIDES

KYRI

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A BLOG IS

TRIGG

Yeah we do

KYRI

YEAH WE DO BUT THESE ARE CHARACTER
FACADES FOR RADIO AND WE'RE TOO FUCKIN
TOUGH FOR BLOGS

TRIGG

YEAH

KYRI

I CHEW GLASS

TRIGG

I SPIT NAILS

KYRI

I KICK PUPPIES

TRIGG

NO YOU DON'T

KYRI

No I do not

A sound effect rings out.

TRIGG AND KYRI

AYYYYYYYYY

KYRI

You know what that means

TRIGG

It's time to thank our sponsor

KYRI

"Bobbleheads by Belmont"

TRIGG

Mary got a drinking problem

KYRI

And a bobblehead solution

TRIGG

But *fuck* they don't look right

KYRI

She carves them out of pvc pipe

TRIGG

And colors them with lipstick

KYRI

But *do* worry

TRIGG

Because they are *not* clean

KYRI

And will give you hepatitis

TRIGG

B not C

KYRI

But sometimes A

TRIGG

That's "butt" with two "t"s

The same sound effect rings out.

KYRI

So hang in there y'all

TRIGG

Cause word is Red's fighting and -

Kyri sees something across the street and bursts out laughing.

KYRI

YO YO YO OOO

Trigg sees it too.

TRIGG

It's goin' down across the street

KYRI

Windy got GaLuang by the titty

TRIGG

Don't come between Windy and cash money

KYRI

God damn that looks painful

Kyri yells out the window -

KYRI

YO WINDY GIVE HIM A BREAK

TRIGG

HE'S LIKE A BILL TWENTY SOAKING WET

KYRI

She's gonna snap him in half

TRIGG

Look at his little hands flailing -

They see someone else.

TRIGG

Oh shit look at *this* mother fucker -

KYRI

God *fucking* damn it

TRIGG

Looks like we got a couple cops rummaging around the first floor over there too

KYRI

Lookin' for info about who shot Red

TRIGG

Here we fuckin' go

KYRI

Goddddd damn it

TRIGG

They're talkin to Crazy Mary Belmont right now

KYRI

The bobblehead queen herself

TRIGG

She's doin' that Italian hand gesture thing

They do the hand gesture thing.

KYRI

(doing a New York Italian accent)

“AYYYY HOWYOUDOIN GABAGOO”

TRIGG

(also doing a New York Italian accent)

“OHHHHH PASTA AND RIGATONI”

KYRI

(also doing a New York Italian accent)

“MACARONI AND LINGUINI AND BADABING”

They stop the hand gesture thing

TRIGG

It's about to get even hotter out here everybody

KYRI

Hot as a mother fucker

TRIGG

You know the cops'll be fuckin' with people *all day* now

KYRI

But we got you covered

TRIGG

We'll be here ALL DAY TOO

KYRI

Keepin' an eye on shit

TRIGG

And staying by the phones

KYRI

We'll keep taking your calls

TRIGG

And making our own to the hospital

KYRI

Keeping an eye out across the street

TRIGG

And keepin you updated

KYRI

So stay cold

TRIGG

Live hot

KYRI

Be easy

TRIGG

And we'll be back with more soon

*Lights down on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

*Lights up on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

Moments later.

Vince rolls a blunt.

DAVID

Make sure you're drinking water

VINCE

Water's for the weak -

DAVID

You can't get all fucked up when it's this hot out -

VINCE

You're dressed for winter right now

DAVID

We've been over this.

VINCE

I just want you to sit out here and chill with me

DAVID

That's what I'm doin

VINCE

No, no, you're fucking anxious and shit

DAVID

I'm just not good with it yet.

VINCE

I'm not saying you have to be good with it right now but you're wearing winter clothes in the middle of summer-

Windy returns from street level.

WINDY

He had twelve dollars in coins and singles -

VINCE

You chased him down for twelve dollars?

WINDY

Twelve dollars is twelve dollars

VINCE

Twelve dollars isn't getting you out of an assault charge

WINDY

I barely touched him -

VINCE

You slapped him on the titty, I saw it

WINDY

I lightly grazed him

VINCE

You lightly grazed his pride when you slapped the fuck out of his left titty. And you know he's sensitive about that shit too. My guy wear TWO shirts in the pool. He got one shirt to cover up, then a second shirt in case the first shirt falls off -

WINDY

That's because everybody got e.coli that one summer and he thinks the shirts'll protect him -

VINCE

I didn't say he was smart, I said he was sensitive, and you hurt his feelings and his left titty -

Syd enters from the stairwell.

SYD

YOU COULDN'T PUT A BALL GAG IN HER MOUTH OR SOMETHING -

WINDY

I did, she screamed around it

SYD

My ass you did -

WINDY

I didn't realize you're so fragile -

SYD

You were screaming at 10am on a Sunday

WINDY

I was not screaming at all

VINCE

It was the tennis ball girl -

DAVID

VINCE -

VINCE

You're lucky you didn't see it -

WINDY

He spies on me

VINCE

Dildo's twice the size of my dick

WINDY

My pinky finger is twice the size of your dick

SYD

You're trying to get slapped today huh, Vin?

VINCE

If you're good at something -

WINDY

Like peeping through windows -

VINCE

Look, *I* wanted to go to the beach today -

DAVID

We're not goin to the damn beach -

VINCE

I know I know

WINDY

Get Syd a chair

VINCE

Why do I gotta get the chair?

WINDY

Because you don't do shit

VINCE

I do shit

WINDY

My dick

VINCE

Hell no, I'll end up in traction

WINDY

Don't use words you can't spell

VINCE

T r a c k

WINDY

Oh yeah?

VINCE
t i o n

WINDY
So close

VINCE
That's what we got spell check for

WINDY
Next time just ask Syd, she's the smart one

VINCE
What?

SYD
Why is that news?

WINDY
Oh you didn't hear? Syd's in college now.

Syd smiles.

VINCE
Wait..... they called?

SYD
They did.

VINCE
Oh shiiiiiiit! Congratulations!

Vince hugs Syd.

WINDY
Full scholarship for finger paintings -

SYD
Keep talkin' shit

WINDY
You know I'm proud

SYD
I'm older than most freshman and I need to work at the
University, but they're gonna pay for most of my tuition -

VINCE

So what do you have to do?

SYD

Work at the library or somethin I think

VINCE

I hate books

WINDY

That's cause you can't read

VINCE

You need a roommate?

SYD

Like I need crabs

WINDY & SYD

Again.

VINCE

Which school is it?

SYD

NYU

?

SYD

New York University.

Traitor.

VINCE

You mother fucker -

SYD

Shut uppp

VINCE

You fuckin Judas -

SYD

It's a nice city!

VINCE

It's like Chicago but not at all and terrible.

WINDY

It's like the city manifestation of a pigeon that does cocaine

VINCE

It's like if you dunked a slice of pizza in a gallon of brugal
and stuck a straw in it

WINDY

And the brugal is actually cocaine

VINCE

And the straw is actually cocaine

WINDY

And the rat is actually cocaine

VINCE

And they got those *real* rats you know

SYD

We have *real* rats

VINCE

Nah man, they're rats are the size of a dog

SYD

I've always wanted to adopt

VINCE

They got dog rats. And they'll rob you.

SYD

Nobody is gonna rob me.

VINCE

I mean the dog rats, the dog rats will rob you.

WINDY

So when do you leave?

SYD

Figure I'll hang around here til the end of summer

VINCE

We could have like ten going away parties

SYD

Or one -

VINCE

Or ten

WINDY

Well *I'm* proud of you

VINCE

You're just glad you're not the only traitor anymore

WINDY

Having dreams doesn't make you a traitor

VINCE

You're goin to fuckin Indiana. You're moving into corn.
You know what your house is gonna be made of? Corn.
You know what your car is gonna be made of? Corn. You
know what your bed is gonna be made of?

WINDY

I dunno Vince

DAVID

Is it corn?

VINCE

Yes. It is. Assholes. And I -

*Syd's phone rings.
Two rings. Three.
She answers.*

SYD
(into the phone) Fuck...yeah. Just...it's fine. I get it, I get it.
Leave em'. I got it.

Syd hangs up.

SYD
Can one of you gimme a hand downstairs? We've got deliveries coming in all day. The first guy just dropped off boxes on the sidewalk and just kinda left. I could use a hand getting the boxes in the coolers before everything goes bad.

David gets up, but Windy stops him.

WINDY
Sit your ass down, Vince'll do it

DAVID
I can help too -

WINDY
Look at your hand, you can't do shit.

DAVID
I can do stuff -

VINCE
No you can't -

DAVID
Yeah huh -

VINCE
You're gonna have blue balls for a month

WINDY
What else is new.

DAVID
Assholes

VINCE

And what about you?

WINDY

I'm gonna stay here and figure out how I'm moving
without your damn help

SYD

It's not that much, really. If you don't mind we'll be done
quick Vince.

VINCE

Of course not. *I'm* a nice person.

Vince gets up and follows Syd down to street level.

David watches Syd leave.

David and Windy drink in silence.

It's awkward.

Tense.

A match waiting to be struck.

WINDY

Syd was little when you got locked up.

Nothin.

WINDY
She grew up huh?

DAVID
Yeah.

WINDY
You remember when she lost the sight in her eye?

DAVID
Hit with a soccer ball.

WINDY
Kids fucked with her for months about it.

DAVID
Yeah.

WINDY

Did you see Rosie this week?

DAVID

Friday for a little bit.

WINDY

Vince says she's doin better.

DAVID

He says they're just waiting on the biopsy results. If they come back good, she can leave the hospital.

WINDY

Good.

WINDY

How's Vince doin on her bills?

DAVID

Behind.

WINDY

How far?

WINDY

?

DAVID

If he doesn't catch up, he's gotta move out.

WINDY

Shit... where's he gonna go?

DAVID

No idea.

WINDY

I guess if Rosie's healthy, who gives a shit.

WINDY

I'm gonna throw that little girl the biggest fuckin' party when she gets out.

WINDY

Just like when we were little and we'd have those block parties. Invite everybody out. Have Cook over at the bar donate a shit ton of beer. Red'll bring barbecue. Trigg and Kyri will live stream Crazy Mary drunk singing Ella Fitzgerald. We'll drink, eat, and smoke all day.

DAVID

We could open the hydrants

WINDY

They'll arrest you for that now

DAVID

Really?

WINDY

I think you can call and ask the fire department to open it
but you can't do it yourself

DAVID

Damn.

Regarding his knuckle tattoo.

WINDY

Glad you got that removed.

DAVID

Shouldn't have got it in the first place.

WINDY

Why did you?

WINDY

It's not exactly a tattoo you just *get*.

WINDY

Especially if they're jabbing at you with a pen and it's not an actual machine. You gotta really want it -

DAVID

I was angry. That's all.

WINDY

Why?

DAVID

I was in prison -

WINDY

For ten years. And you didn't get that tattoo til you were what? Eight years in?

WINDY

It's not a girlfriends name or something. You had to have a reason -

DAVID

You wouldn't know

WINDY

That's why I'm asking -

DAVID

It's not worth talking about

WINDY

Of course it is

DAVID

I don't want to

WINDY

You should -

DAVID

I don't want to Windy -

WINDY

You gotta talk about it sometime -

DAVID

No I don't -

WINDY

You're just gonna -

DAVID

There was a time where I needed to talk about it, but you weren't around. And I'm not gonna go into it just to make you feel better.

WINDY

I had my reasons.

DAVID

They weren't good enough.

WINDY

You don't get to say that

DAVID

Yes, I do

WINDY

No, you don't

DAVID

You didn't even call or write. You didn't do anything
Windy. You just did what was best for you -

WINDY

How many of our friends died while you were inside? How
many od'd, shot themselves, fuckin Joey took a pile of
sleeping pills and killed herself in the god damn bar up the
street -

DAVID

What's that have to do with me -

WINDY

I don't have it in me to love and lose another person. Once
I heard you were shooting up... I dunno.

DAVID

And what about before that?

WINDY

I was a kid -

DAVID

And I was alone.

DAVID

If it wasn't for Vince -

WINDY

Everything is about Vince, *it's always Vince* -

DAVID

Yeah, it is.

WINDY

You know *you're* my older brother right? All the shit that happened to me. *You* were my older brother.

WINDY

You never acted like it.

It's always Vince. Vince does the right thing by me. Vince does the right thing by you. Vince takes care of his daughter, and his mother, and whoever the fuck else.

When are *you* gonna do the right thing?

I'm trying to fix this here.

...

.....

.....

All that time you spent with Vince when we were kids,
you'd think you'd have learned something from him.

David's fuckin done.

Vince enters.

David heads toward Vince's apartment.

VINCE

Fifteen fucking boxes - where the fuck are you going?

David exits.

VINCE

What'd you do to him?

WINDY

Nothing.

VINCE

What happened?

WINDY

I don't know who he is anymore -

VINCE

Of course you don't.

WINDY

Not you too -

VINCE

I'm not blaming anybody. Both of you fucked up. You
didn't answer his calls, he didn't write. Get over it and
move on -

WINDY

I'm trying -

VINCE

You've talked to him three times since he's been out -

WINDY

And I try to pry him open every time -

VINCE

Don't fuckin' "pry"

WINDY

What else am I supposed to do?

VINCE

It's gonna take time

WINDY

I don't have time.

?

WINDY

I'm moving in two weeks.

VINCE

I thought you didn't pick a date -

WINDY

I lied. I have the money. I just wanna leave.

VINCE

How'd you get the money so fast?

WINDY

I picked up a second job -

VINCE

Where?

WINDY

Bar on the North Side.

VINCE

What's it called?

WINDY

Does it matter?

VINCE

You know you have to tell him you're leaving -

WINDY

It's too much all at once

VINCE

So you just disappear?

WINDY

I don't want to but -

VINCE

He deserves to know

WINDY

And what if it just makes things worse? What if me telling him ends things for good -

VINCE

At least if you tell him you made an effort -

WINDY

And what if he goes fucking crazy and ends up back in prison or dead -

VINCE

Don't say shit like that -

WINDY

I'm serious. I'm leaving. You're next. *If we both get what we want*, he's alone. You trust that?

VINCE

I trust *him*.

Things are changing for all of us. You don't know what's gonna happen. One day you're bullshitting with us up here and the next you're in a hospital bed.

Waiting is a luxury for rich people who can afford it.

WINDY

I'll tell him -

VINCE

You'll tell him today. Telling me doesn't make a damn difference, I have other people to talk to I'm a very likable person, I don't need -

WINDY

Ok. I'll tell him today.

WINDY

You're supposed to be the dumb one, you know that?

VINCE

Oh I am, don't worry. We all got our place.

WINDY

Not me. Not anymore.

Vince raises a beer and drinks.

VINCE

Two fuckin weeks.... You ready to leave?

WINDY

Absolutely.

VINCE

How big's the place?

WINDY

Twice the size of my apartment here, big ass bathroom and kitchen, a back yard -

VINCE

With grass and shit?

WINDY

Yeah.

VINCE

Fuck that.

WINDY

I like grass.

VINCE

You gotta mow it all the damn time *and* you could be allergic to it. Do you even know?

WINDY

Sheridan Park is right there, if I was allergic -

VINCE

That parks all dirt, you know it too. Watch. You're gonna love this backyard and go to mow it and get hives all over your body.

WINDY

Pinche güey, loco.

VINCE

Pendeja.

WINDY

No sabes nada de las mujeres.

VINCE

I know shit.

WINDY

You wanna leave too, cabrón.

VINCE

You *know* I do

WINDY

One day

VINCE

As soon as I get the call, me and Rosie are gonna start over somewhere new. Fuck the rent. Fuck the utilities. Pay everything that's past due and get the fuck out of here. I got enough saved to do that, and they can chase me down for the rest. We'll take a vacation and see some of the country.

WINDY

Where you goin' first?

VINCE

You're gonna laugh -

WINDY

Nah

VINCE

Really -

WINDY

Come on.

VINCE

She's got this weird - not an obsession

WINDY

So an obsession

VINCE

Not an obsession. But she's really into Dolly Parton.

WINDY

Who?

VINCE

Dolly Parton -- um -- she's this tiny country lady who sings really huge and dresses in wild colorful clothes and is always loud and laughing and confident. And one morning Rosie was sitting watching tv in the hospital bed and this old movie with Dolly Parton in it comes on. And her eyes lit up. Cause Dolly is small and happy and loud and singing and just *into it* you know? And soon she wants to listen to Dolly Parton and dress in wild colorful clothes and she's laughing and singing and just happy despite being in a hospital bed.

Rosie loves her. She listens to her music constantly.

And Dolly Parton has this amusement park. *Dollywood*. And you can go there and everything is about Dolly. And I wanna take Rosie.

Wanna hear something?

WINDY

Sure.

Vince pulls out his phone and searches.

VINCE

She's probably obsessed. She listens to this old record I found in a shop.

Dolly sings it with some dude with a big slick pompadour haircut. She sings it all the time she called one time here

Vince plays a voicemail.

His daughter's voice squeaks as she sings -

[VOICEMAIL ROSIE SINGS]

No more crying
tears leave tracks
and memories find their way back
Tomorrow's waking
let's journey there together
Yesterday is gone
but tomorrow is forever

We linger in this moment.

VINCE

I don't want her to be stuck here Windy. I don't. I need her to have more. Opportunity. Hope. Whatever. As long as she's not stuck *here*.

WINDY

You're a good dad ,Vince.

*Lights down on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

*Lights up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

Instrumental layover.

TRIGG
WE GOT **NEWS**

Airhorn.

KYRI
Last we heard our guy Red hit a little snag

TRIGG
He's on breathing machines in the ICU

KYRI
His lab work's back

TRIGG
And it doesn't look great

KYRI
But they're still trying

TRIGG
Getting those x-rays

KYRI
SCANNING THE **FUCK** OUT OF HIS CAT

TRIGG
He's getting a cat scan

KYRI
And he's got other shit comin' his way after that

TRIGG
But you know

KYRI
YOU KNOW

TRIGG
He's not giving up

KYRI
His vitals are decent

TRIGG
And his balls are **fuckin huge**

KYRI

So we're keeping our heads up

TRIGG

Onto some shit we *can* do something about

KYRI

The neighborhood is talkin

TRIGG

The police are poking around over there

KYRI

WE SEE YOU

TRIGG

And there's some fucked up theories about who did this

KYRI

Some of you know, I got a cousin that's -

TRIGG

Don't put her on blast like that -

KYRI

Well *now* they know it's a her -

TRIGG

What'd I just say?

KYRI

YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAID "HER", AND I
ONLY GOT LIKE THREE GIRL COUSINS!

TRIGG

ONE OF US

KYRI

That's not me

TRIGG

HAS A COUSIN who's getting insider info about the case
the cops got goin

KYRI

And everybody in the damn neighborhood got a big mouth
anyway

TRIGG

Except us

KYRI

We're keepin' cool heads

TRIGG & KYRI

For now

TRIGG

But word's traveling around the cops think it might've been
somebody from the neighborhood -

KYRI

Somebody that knew the deli *and* the man himself

TRIGG

Now we know that ain't true

KYRI

We *know* that's bullshit

TRIGG

But we also know that means the heat is on

KYRI

They're about to turn it up to eleven on the block

TRIGG

So keep your head up

KYRI

Keep your heart open

TRIGG

Stay breezy

KYRI

Be easy

TRIGG

And we'll keep y'all in the loop as the info comes in

TRIGG

We'll be back in a few

KYRI

With an update on Red

TRIGG

And more info about who shot him

KYRI

In just a bit

*Lights down on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO** -*

*Lights up on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

Vince is plucking the guitar, Windy drinks.

David exits Vince's window with a bucket and ice.

He puts the beers and such in the bucket.

VINCE

Done pouting?

DAVID

Shut the fuck up.

VINCE

So sensitive.

DAVID

Stupid ass.

David offers beers, they take them.

David struggles to open his, Windy offers to help, he lets her.

They're gonna try.

VINCE

That's cute -

David punches Vince with his good hand, it hurts.

VINCE
FUCKKKKK, dick

*Windy and David share a smile.
 Syd enters from street level.*

SYD
 Two more deliveries and I'm done.

*Windy tosses Syd a beer.
 David stares awkwardly.
 Syd notices.*

SYD
 You know it's creepier if you just stare David?

Laughter.

DAVID
 Fuck. Yeah. Sorry -

SYD
 It's ok, it's ok

DAVID
 You just look different is all

SYD
 You too

DAVID
 You got bigger

VINCE
 "You got bigger"

DAVID
 Shut up

David hits Vince.

VINCE
 OW, what the fuck-

WINDY

What's goin on down there?

SYD

Police are questioning everyone in the building.

WINDY

They find out anything yet?

SYD

They won't give me specifics but there's rumors going around.

DAVID

Saying?

SYD

Nothing good. But I know it was someone who knew the store. That fire extinguisher Red keeps against the back door was moved so they wouldn't make noise when they came in.

DAVID

Fuck.

SYD

It doesn't make any sense.

WINDY

You can head to the hospital if you want and we'll watch for the deliveries

SYD

Nah, I'm good. You know how he is with the store. Anybody but me does it and when he wakes up I'll never hear the end of it.

WINDY

He's nothing if not predictable

VINCE

Do you want something to eat? Lemme get you something.

SYD

You know how much food we have in the deli?

VINCE

You don't wanna eat that same shit every day

SYD

I'm fine

VINCE

Let me get you something. It's been a long day -

SYD

Vince, I'm ok -

VINCE

Ok. Fine. Then I'll get *me* food. And if there's extra and you happen to have some of it, no big deal.

A smile.

WINDY

Where you goin'?

VINCE

Whatdoyouwant Syd?

SYD

What do *you* want?

VINCE

I could do...cubans from 18th?

SYD

Sounds good.

WINDY

Get me something

VINCE

Bite me

WINDY

Come on, I'm hungry too

VINCE

Your legs broken?

WINDY

Keep it up -

VINCE

Then your ass can get up and walk with me then

WINDY

You're gonna make me walk

VINCE

Looks like it

Vince and Windy head toward the stairs.

WINDY

I hate you

VINCE

I hate you too

WINDY

David you want something?

DAVID

I'm alright

WINDY

I know you're alright, I asked if you want something

VINCE

Good one

WINDY

Fuck off

VINCE

That wasn't funny -

WINDY

I'm getting you something

DAVID

I'm not hungry

VINCE

But you will be, and I'm not cooking later. We'll get you a big ass sandwich to go with your big ass head.

WINDY

Built like a tootsie pop.

VINCE

Lookin' like a tootsie pop on a toothpick.

WINDY

That doesn't make sense.

Windy and Vince argue as they exit to street level.

VINCE

Yes, it does.

WINDY

No, it doesn't

VINCE

Toothpicks are thin

WINDY

And on those paper stick things

VINCE

You know when they're wet they just come apart

WINDY

Just like me

Windy and Vince are gone.

Silence.

David and Syd sit awkwardly.

DAVID

It's hot.

It is.

David offers Syd a water, she takes it.

SYD

What happened?

He shows Syd his hand.

DAVID

I'm having a tattoo removed.

SYD

What was it?

DAVID

It's dumb

SYD

It's ok -

DAVID

Really, it is -

SYD

You don't *have* to tell me

DAVID

It's just not something I like to explain, ya know?

SYD

I do.

A smile.

SYD

I have a clementine.

DAVID

A clementine?

SYD

A tattoo of a clementine.

DAVID

What's that?

SYD

You know those little oranges?

DAVID

The little ones that come in the orange bag

SYD

Yeah

DAVID

I had one of those for the *first time* the week I got out

SYD

For the first time?

DAVID

Vince keeps a bag in the fridge cause Rosie really likes them. And I had one and then ate the whole bag **they're so fucking good.** I smelled like an orange for like three days.

David takes off and climbs into Vince's apartment.

SYD

Where are you going?

We hear him rummage around inside.

Syd drinks.

David returns with a bag of clementines and tosses Syd one.

They peel them.

SYD

I love this smell -

DAVID

Right?

SYD

It reminds me of something. But I don't know what.

DAVID

That's great.

SYD

I wish I could remember -

DAVID

Nah.

SYD

?

DAVID

If you don't remember it just takes you back to a good time, you know? It reminds you of something and you know it was good but without knowing *exactly* what it was, it could be *any* memory. Like when you hear a song and it takes you back to someplace, but you don't exactly know where. You just know you were happy when you heard it.

Syd smiles.

DAVID

So why a little orange?

SYD

It was my Mom's middle name.

DAVID

Little Orange.

SYD

Clementine, smart ass.

DAVID

That's pretty.

SYD

Thank you.

SYD

Any other culinary breakthroughs since you been back?

DAVID

Vince cooked calamari the other night

SYD

That's squid right?

DAVID

Yeah

SYD

How was it?

DAVID

I think still alive

SYD

I've eaten some weird shit, but I dunno about live squid

DAVID

I was picky when I was a kid, but not now

SYD

When I was little I would eat anything you put in front of me. And if I *really* liked it I'd devour a crate in a sitting. I ate anything and everything -

DAVID

What's the wildest thing you ate as a kid?

SYD

I ate an entire can of dog food once -

DAVID

Get the fuck outta here

SYD

You ate a whole bag of clementines -

DAVID

That's a food -

SYD

It was bacon flavored and I *love* bacon.

DAVID

Was it in a can or?

SYD

One of those pop top cans -

DAVID

Oh so that's easy access -

SYD

- yuppp -

DAVID

- exactly -

SYD

- and it was **bacon** flavored.

DAVID
Did it taste good?

SYD
It tasted like bacon.

DAVID
And if you like it -

SYD
- you just keep eating it.

Laughter.

SYD
I did so much stupid shit when I was a kid.

DAVID
I can top that

SYD
Go ahead

DAVID
When I was eleven I saw my Dad smoking a cigar out here
on the porch, and when he went inside I ran out here to take
a puff -

SYD
- cause you were *really* cool -

DAVID
- yupppp. And so I get out here and take a huge inhale -

SYD
- that's terrible -

DAVID
- oh no no that's not the bad part.

SYD

Ok

DAVID

It wasn't a cigar

Laughter grows.

I was so fucking high.

SYD

Holy shit

DAVID

That shit rocked me

SYD

You were a thick little kid too

DAVID

And you were tiny as hell

SYD

I don't think I gained a pound til I was 16

DAVID

Fat kids are always sweaty.

SYD

What?

DAVID

Doesn't matter the weather, fat kids are always sweaty.

Undeniable chemistry.

I'm telling you. Dead of winter, negative five, and my chunky little ass was dry heaving and covered in sweat walking up *those stairs, right there*. Same creaky step halfway up has been there since I was born. I'd hit that step and needa stop, like I just ran a marathon.

SYD

I ran marathons

DAVID

No way

SYD

Oh yeah, through college

DAVID

I'd die

SYD

Well I don't run anymore

DAVID

No one should

SYD

It's the worst

DAVID

No one should run for fun

SYD

Agreed

DAVID

It's not a hobby

SYD & DAVID

It's a punishment

Laughter.

They look out at the city.

Syd finds a good memory.

SYD

I remember when I was little I could hear you sing out here every night.

Every night the same song in Spanish. I don't speak Spanish so I never knew what you were singing. But it was beautiful.

But it's not a good memory.

DAVID

That wasn't me.

?

DAVID

It was my Dad's favorite song. This old Mexican guy in the neighborhood Richard Juarez used to sing it when my Dad was a kid. And when my Dad got older, Richard taught him the song. And then when *we* got older my Dad taught it to Vince. They'd sit out here every night and practice. Just the two of them. Out here playing guitar, going over chords and shit and my Dad loved Vince.

It - I dunno.

My Dad would come home and drink.

Windy was just a kid, I don't even know if -

doesn't matter.

But Vince would sit with him and sing.

Every night.

SYD

Did you ever learn the song?

DAVID

I kind of don't want to, you know? My Dad died while I was inside so. He didn't like me much anyways, so I don't think he'd want me to know it.

DAVID

So you're about to leave huh?

SYD

I guess.

DAVID

That's exciting.

DAVID

You ok?

DAVID

?

SYD

I -

Something in Syd cracks.

SYD

I'm scared Red's gonna die. And I don't -

He's the only family I have. He worked his entire life and put me through high school and community college so that one day I could go to a big school and now I can.

When I told him he lit up David. He cried. He was *so* happy. And now -

If he lives, I'm supposed to go to school in New York and leave him here? Broken? In a bed with a nurse taking care of him? He's gonna need me.

And if - if he's gone. Then I'm stuck here. I can't let the store close. I was raised there. You were raised there. *Everyone* we know was raised there.

And I don't know if that's what he'd want. Or if he'd want me to leave and - I don't know.

David's never comforted anyone before, but he'll try.

DAVID

He loves you. And when you love somebody, you just love them. Situations are complicated or confusing, but love isn't.

SYD

I killed myself for this. Read big fucking books and went to shitty classes where old mother fuckers told me what they thought was right. And I shut up and listened. And now I get to go to school and *they're* paying for it and maybe I can teach one day and -

I can't. I can't leave and it kills me. I feel like shit for saying it because I should be worried about Red, not me. I should be worried about him in that fucking bed and all I can think about is being stuck behind that counter forever.

DAVID

I understand.

SYD

I don't know how someone could do this. He's never done anything to anyone. He's never *hurt* anyone. He's my family.

What if he dies, David?

What if he dies?

What if he dies and it's just me?

David gets close.

He wants to put his arm around Syd.

He wants to comfort.

But he doesn't know how.

So he sits close and inches his hand towards Syd's.

Before it gets there -

Windy returns with a bag of sandwiches.

She smiles at David, who returns it.

WINDY

Hungry?

Syd wipes her eyes.

Windy hands Syd a sandwich.

WINDY

It's gonna be ok.

SYD

I hope so.

*Syd bites into the sandwich.
Syd's phone rings, she answers.*

SYD

Yeah. Yeah I'll come down. Just give me five minutes and I'll be right down.

Syd hangs up.

WINDY

I'll get the delivery, don't worry -

SYD

It's fine -

Vince enters from street level.

WINDY

Eat, drink some water, I'll take care of it.

*Windy gets the keys from Syd and exits down the stairs.
Syd wipes her eyes.
David offers Syd a sweat soaked towel, Syd laughs.*

DAVID

It's - yeah I -

VINCE

That is a *very* sweaty towel you just gave her.

DAVID

Fuck, I'm sorry -

VINCE

You sweat through the shirt, then sweat through the towel -

SYD

It's fine, David

VINCE

It's eighty percent sweat, ten percent towel.

David gets up.]

DAVID

No, no, it's ok, I'll get -

SYD

It's fine. I wanna take a walk anyway. I'll be back.

*Syd heads down to her place.
Vince and David sit.*

VINCE

Syd alright?

DAVID

I hope so.

VINCE

Red better live.

*Vince fills two cups with liquor and gives David one.
They both take a sandwich out and eat.*

VINCE

It's a nice day all things considered.

DAVID

Yeah.

*David turns up the speaker.
They sit in the moment, listen to music, and drink in silence.*

*Vince slowly pulls some bills out of his pocket and tries to hand
them to David.*

DAVID

No.

VINCE

Come on -

DAVID

No -

VINCE

They don't pay you shit at the warehouse -

DAVID

I'm staying in your apartment, I'm gonna pay rent -

VINCE

I don't need your money -

DAVID

It's not about you

VINCE

Then take it back -

DAVID

If you get kicked out of the apartment, the state takes my goddaughter. **Keep the fucking money.** Pay your bills.

Vince puts the money in his pocket.

VINCE

Windy said she tried to talk to you earlier -

DAVID

She doesn't get it -

VINCE

You're like the same person

DAVID

Yeah, ok -

VINCE

You are. You're both stubborn as hell.
You need to talk to her. You need to tell her what happened inside -

DAVID

I'm not telling anybody

VINCE

You *have* to tell someone. You can't bury what happened inside. Shit like that fucking haunts you -

DAVID

I don't even know how *I* feel about it. I'm not gonna let other people decide for me

VINCE

Then you have to figure that shit out. Cause you only have one sister. That's it. And if you two lose touch this time, it's over. We're not kids anymore. We don't have any kinda obligation to each other.

If Windy wants to leave she's fucking leaving. And if I wanna go I'm going too. Fuck, you wanna leave *go right ahead*.

DAVID

I can't *go* anywhere until -

VINCE

After parole, you know what I mean. Figure out how you feel. You're out now. This is all new. New opportunities, new people, new *everything*.

DAVID

I don't even know if I wanna be out Vince.

VINCE

?

DAVID

I'm terrified of being out here. Everything's different. I don't recognize shit and I can't *do* anything. I applied for twelve jobs and half of 'em talked about how my suit didn't fit and how I have no resume and I swear to much and all this shit. By the time I tell them I did time, they already made a decision on me. I hate this feeling. I feel...useless. Ignorant. At least inside I knew what to expect.

It's fuckin' loud out here.

All the time.

I'm scared.

VINCE

I get that. I haven't felt ok in a long time. Before you got out, I felt lost. That whole time I felt this huge part of me missing.

Without you I'm barely held together, and now you're here and I'm gonna make sure you stay here -

I hated getting used to not having you around and I'm not doing it again. It was like someone ripped out a lung.

DAVID

You know you have two -

VINCE

You know what I mean. It's just one morning you were there, the next you were gone. Then things started to pile up and I got desperate. But. I did what I had to do to get through it and I don't feel that now. I feel good.

Right after you got locked up I used to cry when those stupid fucking R&B songs came on the radio.

DAVID

Yeahhhhhh

VINCE

Cause every time I'd hear 'em I picture us sitting on the stoop

DAVID

Drinking those dollar fruit coolers from Red's

VINCE

Singing all shitty

DAVID

And Windy dancing around in the hydrant

VINCE

Wet shoes squishing under our feet

DAVID

And then running inside the apartment all wet

VINCE

And your Pops yelling at her for soaking the place -

Vince hit a nerve.

I'm sorry, man I didn't -

DAVID

I never thanked you. For what you did.

VINCE

I didn't do anything.

DAVID

You knew what you were doing.

He drank and he hit us. Half the neighborhood knew it, but you were the only one that ever did anything about it. I'd take Windy into my room and hide while he tore around the apartment. Then, we'd hear you knock on the door and know it was gonna be ok.

The only time he wasn't mad was when he was playing guitar on the porch with you. And I knew you wanted to smash his face in. I could see it. But you didn't. And...

Thank you.

You saved us.

My father never smiled at me Vince, you know that?

Not once.

VINCE

Your dad was a violent piece of shit David.

And he died angry and alone...

We won't.

David starts singing something lightly.

One of those vintage 90's R&B or Rap songs.

Ms. Lauryn Hill, Wu-Tang, 702, Outkast, Blackstreet,

Bel Biv DeVoe, Montell, Boyz II Men, whoever.

Soon Vince joins in.

Just like when they were kids.

It's a pretty great moment.

They finish singing and settle.

VINCE

That's what the fuck I'm talkin about!

I wanna see you smile more.

Really smile. Like just then.

You have to let yourself be happy.

DAVID

I'm trying.

VINCE

I know. You're hard on yourself, so I gotta remind you once in a while. You're a good person David. You deserve this.

DAVID

I hope so.

VINCE

At the very least you can sit out here with me a while longer, drink, listen to music, and bullshit about nothing.

DAVID

Doesn't sound bad at all.

VINCE

Throw on some of the old jams, mix in some new ones, get you up to speed. Every once in a while throw on some Dolly so Rosie can chill with us. You gotta see her sing -

DAVID

Who?

VINCE

Rosie. So I have a daughter -

DAVID

I know dick head, I mean who's "Dolly"?

VINCE

You never heard of Dolly Parton!?

DAVID

Look at me mother fucker

VINCE

Shit, Rosie's got a lot to teach you Uncle David.

DAVID

"Uncle David"

VINCE

Right?

VINCE

I missed you a lot, man.

DAVID

I missed you too.

They waited forever to say that.

VINCE

I almost proposed to Rosie's mom

DAVID

Get the fuck outta here

VINCE

Oh yeah. The year after Rosie was born. Windy said I'd regret if you weren't there. But I think she just knew we weren't right for each other.

DAVID

What happened?

VINCE

She fucked up. I fucked up worse. It was a mess. Not that anyone was surprised. You were always the put together one.

DAVID

We were young -

VINCE

Nah, see I kept fucking up. Everything that happened with your Dad and then you getting locked up. The guilt ate at me.

DAVID

It was just weed, who woulda thought they'd give me that long for weed?

VINCE

But it was mine.

DAVID

I was smoking it. I made a choice.

There's no way we coulda known what was gonna happen. It was just weed.

VINCE

So that makes it right?

DAVID

No. But I finally got to a place where I accepted my fault in everything -

VINCE

Don't say that -

DAVID

I made a choice.

VINCE

Don't say that -

DAVID

I can say whatever I want.

VINCE

What the fuck did you do to deserve that time.

DAVID

I made a stupid choice and -

VINCE

They tell you it's your fault like you're the only person who's lost a chunk of their life to some bullshit. This is the way it's always been, David. A bag of weed and you're gone for ten years?

And there's a million you's having this same conversation right now and it can't be all their fault. It can't be. **You aren't special.** Nothing about your story is fucking special -

DAVID

Making it out is special. Overcoming their bullshit is special. Working on yourself, *for yourself*, is special. I cannot believe that they control my life, that they locked me away and I had no control because if I had no control then, then I have no control now and I do. *I do. I did this.* Fuck those mother fuckers, I'm proud of making it through and I'm proud of where I am now -

VINCE

That doesn't make it less fucked up -

DAVID

But it gives me something to feel good about. Something to be proud of. Something to chase. Knowing a whole fuckin' system was stacked against me and *I* got out and *I'm* ok and *I* did that shit. Nobody else.

VINCE

And I'm glad you did. I'm glad you made it out of a place where you had your body weight in drugs but no edible food. Where they locked you in solitary instead of getting you the help you needed. Where rich mother fuckers made money off your body being locked up -

DAVID

I don't get to look at the world like you do, Vince. I don't get to take a step back and look at the fuckin' "bigger picture" or whatever the fuck, cause I was in the shit. Right in the middle of it. In hell rotting away with a bunch of other dudes the world forgot about and I had to worry about *myself*-

VINCE

How many rich people were inside with you? How many dudes with Teslas or mansions or off shore accounts or whatever the fuck rich people have?

How many?

DAVID

None.

VINCE

Not a one. Just broke mother fuckers, right?

It's true.

VINCE

The color of your skin, neighborhood you came from, how much money you have, what kind of lawyer you can afford, what you do to survive, what you look like, what you sound like, what's around you. **That shit matters** -

DAVID

Of course it does. But what we do with it matters too. We've *never* had shit, man. We've *never* had shit and we're *never* gonna have shit. There's a liquor store on every corner in the neighborhood, every one, because years ago they cut the city into pieces and decided who got what and we got fucked. And that shit won't change. But that doesn't mean we can't love each other and push each other to-

Vince is on fire.

VINCE

To what, David, love? Be better? Be positive? What the fuck bills are you gonna pay with love and positivity, David? You pay bills by working three fucking jobs or working a job you hate just to have insurance, by killing yourself to *barely* pay those bills and never see your kids or family, by paying out of pocket so you can keep the lights on but never making a dime and when you get behind and can't pay shit and haven't saved shit they turn the lights off anyway. Love is love is love and I get what you mean about pushing each other and all that. I do. But opportunity and money are gonna get my daughter off this block. And I love my home, you know I do, but fuck do I want that for her.

And there's a million other people just like us spending their entire lives at the bottom just - trying.

I am fucking sick of it, David.

I'm tired.

The system is broken, man.

DAVID

The system isn't broken.

It does exactly what they want it to do.

*They sit with it.
Until.*

VINCE

Can I ask you a favor?

DAVID

Anything.

VINCE

If anything ever happens to me. Take care of Rosie.

DAVID

That's fuckin' dramatic -

VINCE

I don't mean it to be. I just mean... Windy's moving, my Mom's too old to take care of a kid.

I'm not saying anything's going to happen. It's just that she could have a future. A good one. And if I'm gone I wanna make -

*Vince's cell phone rings, he looks at the screen.
His eyes widen, he answers.*

VINCE

Hello? Yes. Yeah, gimme a second.

Vince breathes deep, looks at David, and heads down the stairwell.

*Lights stay up on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

*During the following monologue David cleans up the porch.
He picks up empties, cigarette butts, etc and tosses them
in a garbage bag.*

*Lights also up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

*Trigg switches the beat to something appropriate.
Or plays an instrument.
...or maybe there's no music.*

*Silence for a bit.
Kyri waxes poetic.*

KYRI

When I was thirteen I went into Red's for the first time.

My older brother worked there throughout high school and I'd have to go sit in the front of the deli at one of the broken tables and wait for him to get off work. Our parents both worked two jobs so I spent most of my time following my brother around once school got out. And he didn't mind. He always introduced me to people with a big smile on his face and would talk about how funny I was and how I knew all these jokes and made him laugh and... he was my hero.

He was in advanced placement classes and played varsity baseball and was prom king twice while working at Red's every day and taking college credit courses in the summer. I still don't know how he did it all, but *fuck* it was something to see.

The summer he left for college, I felt lost. I wasn't... that. I failed fifth grade twice and got kicked off the baseball team for biting a kid, *who deserved it*, and had no friends of my own and didn't know what to do. I didn't know what to do when I wasn't his shadow. When he wasn't around. I felt alone. I felt like I had nothing. I felt like I was nothing. *Invisible.*

So one day I was walking by the front of Red's and this voice called out, "Hey kid, you want a job?"

I turned and saw Red standing in the door of the deli, war tattoos and leather skin wrapped in a burgundy polo shirt filled with holes and oil stains. I'll never forget the look on his face. He was... serious. He looked at me. Directly. Not through me or around me. At me. I swear he was smiling, but he hides a smile well.

I wanted to say no, *I did*. Truth is I wasn't my brother. I could barely do school let alone a job. I'd watched Red and my brother sweat it out in that place for years but never said a word to the man. Not one. But... I didn't have anything else, right? Fuck else was I gonna do?

So I said yes.

He gave me a new double X L work shirt that didn't fit and threw me a rag and bucket - and I cleaned. For the whole summer I scrubbed to the sounds of that old a.m. radio he had and his grunting at the newspaper and telling old stories about the neighborhood. He told me about the war and taxes and redlining and how to talk to people and more importantly... how to listen.... he taught me all the things they don't teach you in school.

And after that summer ended, I stayed at the deli. I worked after school and on weekends. And Red paid me. He paid me ten dollars an hour and all the food I could eat to bust my ass after school and laugh and listen to his stories and learn who *I* was. Learn to cast my *own* shadow.

I never had to ask my parents for money or went hungry in high school. Not once. It meant... the world.

Kyri smiles.

One day, while I was stocking the shelves mouthing the words to whatever radio show rerun we were listening to, he pointed at the radio and said, "You know... you can do that."

*David exits into Vince's apartment,
leaving the garbage bag on the porch.*

So I applied to college... Which a lot of people don't know cause of my illustrious podcast slash radio career but... Red was my only letter of recommendation. And I got in. "Digital Communication and Media Arts."

Two years into it I realized it wasn't for me. It didn't make me happy. So I went back to the deli... and Red wouldn't have me. He turned me away.

He said I was "*too big for the space*". He said my shoulders were too broad. I didn't fit anymore.

So he wrote me a check to buy these mics and donated egg crates for soundproofing the room and... gave us the name of the show... “Broad Shoulders Chicago”. Celebrating the city of broad shoulders. Shoulders like mine. Shoulders like Red’s.

Some people... mean more. Some people are more than blood and bone and muscle. Some people represent an idea. A mentality. A spirit. Joy. Hustle. Hope... Love.

Syd, Windy, Vince, David... even Trigg’s dumb ass. We all worked at Red’s over the years. We know every crack and crevice of that worn out deli and it knows us. It made us. Heart and soul... Not to mention the random college kids and neighborhood folks that passed through. Shit... He calls Trigg every Sunday and me every Tuesday after 5 and -

I... don’t know what’s gonna happen... But I know the world or God or whatever the fuck is in for a *hell* of a fight. Cause Red ain’t goin anywhere. Never has. Never will.

To our uncle. Our friend. Our brother. Our father. We love you. A good friend, a better man... Get well soon, Red.

Kyri and Trigg exit the studio.

*Lights down on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

*Lights still up on **THE THIRD FLOOR.***

Sounds of the city.

Stillness for just a bit.

David peers out of Vince’s window.

He looks across the street, Trigg and Kyri are gone.

Once the coast is clear, he enters onto the porch.

David carries an armful of blood stained clothes.

He stuffs the clothes into the garbage bag, then wipes his bloody hands on his shirt.

*He takes the shirt off and stuffs it in the bag with the clothes.
We see he has a handgun tucked in his waist.*

David's forearms are covered in (healed over) heroin track marks.

Syd enters.

David hears the footsteps.

Panicked, David shoves the gun in the bag too.

Tension.

SYD

You ok?

DAVID

Yeah, yea I'm fine.

David's blood runs cold.

He tries to hide his arms but before he can -

Syd checks in with him, then touches his forearm.

SYD

It's ok.

Syd examines them.

They're deep.

DAVID

They're healed it's been a while

Syd continues.

SYD

You shouldn't hide them.

The bag's still on the porch.

SYD

Scars are just abridged versions of really important stories.

Syd smiles and examines David's hands.

SYD

You're more than one thing. One mistake, two, ten, fifty - doesn't mean you're a bad person. You shouldn't be ashamed. There's a lot more to you than any one thing.

Silence.

Syd holds his hands.

*It doesn't seem to hurt as much
or maybe David just doesn't care that it does.*

The first time he's told someone -

DAVID

It said "hate"

?

DAVID

The tattoo on my hand. It said "hate".

Silence.

I was angry. I did things.

I'm not anymore.

I'm not that person anymore.

I couldn't hurt anyone.

I need you to know that.

SYD

I do.

DAVID

I'm scared

I don't -

I don't know who I am here -

*Syd ambushes David with a hug.
He doesn't know what to do.*

He hugs Syd back.

I don't want to be out here.

I don't belong anymore.

Syd slowly lets go.

SYD

You belong wherever you want.

Nobody has any say in that but you.

They stare at one another.

DAVID

So you belong in New York.

Syd smiles.

DAVID

You need to go. No matter what.

SYD

I know. Never hurts to hear it from someone else though. Half the people here think I'm crazy. The other half don't get it. But it's good to hear it from someone good.

DAVID

Oh I'm *good* now?

SYD

Good. Nice. Soft.

DAVID
I'm *soft* now?

SYD
Like a teddy bear.

DAVID
A teddy bear.

SYD
You know you're just repeating what I say right?

DAVID
I do.

This is really nice.

DAVID
You got the whole summer here huh?

SYD
What's left of it.

DAVID
That's a lot of time.

SYD
Yeah.

*Maybe we feel a kiss coming, Maybe not.
But we're not gonna get it.*

*Either because it would be David's first kiss, and he
doesn't have a clue where to start or because -*
VINCE STORMS ONTO THE ROOF A TORNADO OF JOY.

VINCE

**ROSIE IS CANCER FREE. SHE'S GONNA LIVE. I'M
GETTING DRUNK. I NEED SHOTS. I'M GETTING
DRUNK AND NAKED RIGHT THE FUCK NOW MY
DICKS COMING OUT SYD COVER YOUR ONE GOOD
EYE -**

SYD

VINCE THAT'S AMAZING -

VINCE

*They just called she's - she's ok and there's no sign of the
cancer and she's gonna be alright -*

DAVID

Thank God -

VINCE

It's fucking over David. All of it. We can leave -

DAVID

Yeah.

VINCE

We can leave and *do shit*. Not sit in a fucking hospital room
and watch tv -

DAVID

Fuck.

VINCE

It's been burying me. The bills. The time. She cries all the
fucking time - Vacations, music, family dinners, and then
we can ***fucking leave. She can get out of here.*** She'll have
a better future. It's done. All of it. I finally got ahead of it
all -

Windy enters.

WINDY

Listen, David, you need to go -

VINCE

Rosie's ok.

WINDY

REALLY?

VINCE

Yeah

WINDY

Don't fuck with me Vince

DAVID

She is.

A celebration.

SYD

So what's the plan?

VINCE

Get the fuck out of town -

WINDY

You know you're still poor right?

VINCE

I'm broke, not poor

Syd's phone rings, she answers.

VINCE

FUCK, I gotta call my mother

WINDY

You need to breath you're gonna give her a heart attack

VINCE

Fuck breathing

WINDY

You know you *need* to breath right?

Vince chugs a beer and pulls out his phone.

Syd, panicked, waves off the group and hustles down to street level on the phone.

DAVID

Syd I was wondering -

But Syd is gone.

Windy makes herself a drink or opens a beer.

Vince is waiting for his Mom to pick up.

VINCE

She never answers. **I pay for the damn phone and she never answers.**

WINDY

In her defense I don't answer when you call either.

Vince storms to the garbage bag (containing bloody clothes and a gun) and throws the beer in it. He lingers, looking inside the bag for a moment, then locks eyes with David.

WINDY

David. While I was downstairs the cops grabbed me to ask some questions. You need to go talk to them.

Silence.

You should go.

Vince looks back to David.

Vince ties a purposeful knot in the garbage bag.

An agreement.

David exits to street level.

Vince puts himself between the bag and Windy.

WINDY

I'm really happy for you.

VINCE

Us. She's you and David's Goddaughter you know. I expect Christmas and birthday presents -

WINDY

Why would I *not* send her presents?

VINCE

I meant me. Fuck her. She can get a job -

WINDY

You're terrible.

VINCE

You know how long I've wanted to make jokes at her expense? You can't make jokes about kids with cancer... in public. In private you can but --

WINDY

Vince.

VINCE

She doesn't have cancer anymore, Windy. I can make fun of her and her huge adorable fuckin ears whenever I want now. She looks like she's gonna fly away with a light breeze. She looks like she can hear smells. She looks like she gotta wear button up t-shirts cause she can't pull 'em over her head-

WINDY

Button up t-shirts?

VINCE

Not my best work.

WINDY

Doesn't matter.

They smile.

VINCE

Fuck this feels good.

WINDY

Don't get ahead of yourself

VINCE

She's good, they said she's good -

WINDY

We still got a lot goin on today

VINCE

It'll pass

WINDY

"It'll pass"

VINCE

The same way everything else does. Everybody gets up in arms when shit like this happens, then as soon as Red gets out they'll all forget about it.

WINDY

No they don't -

VINCE

Maybe *we* don't. But *they* do. The mass you know?

WINDY

Fuck "the mass".

VINCE

Really?

WINDY

Yeah, fuck them. All of em. If they don't give a fuck about us they can suck my dick, I don't need em.

VINCE

Then why become one of them?

WINDY

I'm not "becoming one of them"

VINCE

Yeah you are. You're gonna leave and be drinking
frappuccinos in a week

WINDY

Too much sugar

VINCE

You say that now

WINDY

This is always gonna be my home. What built me. Even I
can't run away from that.

VINCE

And you're good with that?

WINDY

I got a strong back.

WINDY

I can carry immense weight.

VINCE

?

WINDY

The world fucks you. It beats you down til you can't take it. You with Rosie. David with prison. Syd with being blind in one eye and being the only openly queer person in the neighborhood growing up. And now Red getting shot. And Syd's possibly gonna be stuck in the store forever...fuck...

The world keeps piling shit on top of you until you collapse under the weight.

Being from here, we can carry immense weight.

I've felt alone forever Vince.

VINCE

I meannnn you know -

WINDY

Yeah yeah. *Aside from you*, I've felt alone.

But I'm still here. I made it. Wrap a few things up and I'm out. Because I'm strong. This place made me strong. I made me strong.

I'm thankful for that.

VINCE

I know you been on your own forever and I really haven't been able to be there for you. But thanks.

WINDY

For what?

VINCE

Just being here. Sitting on the porch with me when you can. Asking me questions. Making me think. Being here when David couldn't. And if you weren't next to me, *fucking really loud* so I know you're there.

A laugh.

I just know this has all been hard for you. With David getting home and you leaving and now this shit with Red.

I just appreciate you.

WINDY

I appreciate you too, Vin.

David enters from street level.

WINDY

You ok?

DAVID

(to Vince) You're up.

Vince finishes his drink and starts out, but -

Keep it short. Fuckin cops'll talk all day if you let them.

A look.

Then, David sits in the chair.

Unseen, Vince takes the garbage bag with him as he exits.

*Lights down on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

*Lights up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

Instrumental behind them.

TRIGG
Here's the thing y'all

KYRI
HERE'S THE MUTHA FUCKIN THING

TRIGG
Here's the thing y'all

KYRI
We been here all morning

TRIGG
Taking calls and playing hits

KYRI
And all y'all

TRIGG
EVERY ONE OF Y'ALL

KYRI
Just been bull shittin

TRIGG
BULL SHITTIN

KYRI
Sitting your on ass sending out your

TRIGG
"Thoughts and Prayers"

KYRI
"Thoughts and Prayers"

TRIGG
Like that shits gonna do somethin

KYRI
You know what that's worth?

TRIGG
Tell em

KYRI
Do you

TRIGG
Know what that's worth?

KYRI
Tell em Trigg

TRIGG
JACK

KYRI
JACKK

TRIGG
FUCKIN

KYRI
MUTHA FUCKIN

TRIGG
SHIT

KYRI
Yupppp

TRIGG
You wanna dedicate a song?

KYRI
Gohead

TRIGG
You wanna give a shout out

KYRI
Gohead

TRIGG
But every one of you

KYRI
EVERY ONE

TRIGG
Better get your ass to that hospital to see my dude

KYRI
If we're stayin' here to give you updates

TRIGG
You better be there showin' our guy love

KYRI
I better see a line around the block

TRIGG
Now we know

KYRI
We know it's hot out

TRIGG
But you know where it ain't hot?

KYRI
Where?

TRIGG
THE FUCKIN' HOSPITAL

KYRI
That's the thing

TRIGG
You can think

KYRI
You can pray

TRIGG
Hell, you can think *and* pray

KYRI
But when this shit is over

TRIGG
OOOOOOOOOVER

KYRI
It's gonna be the legwork that gets us back on track

TRIGG
And you know what that legwork gets us?

KYRI
What's that get us Trigg?

TRIGG
I'm hearing that the mother fucker that shot Red **LIVES IN
THE FUCKING BUILDING ABOVE RED'S DELI**

KYRI
Word has it somebody in the neighborhood was hard up
and thought Red's was easy money

TRIGG
And that son of a bitch is still around

KYRI
So keep your eyes peeled over there across the street

*Lights down on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

*Lights up on **THE BACK PORCH - THIRD FLOOR.***

"Broad Shoulders" plays out of the speaker.

David paces.

Windy listens.

KYRI
Keep your heads on a swivel y'all

TRIGG
**Cause that mother fucker's been right under our noses
the whole time**

KYRI
Grimey two faced bastard

TRIGG

But don't worry

KYRI

It's just a matter of time before the cops catch him

TRIGG

Or we do

KYRI

So STAY TUNED.

David turns down the speaker.

Silence.

WINDY

You think it's true?

David checks his phone.

Do you think it was someone in the building?

David -

DAVID

No.

WINDY

Did they ask you about anybody?

DAVID

Of course.

WINDY

Who?

DAVID

Who do you think Windy?

WINDY

I don't know that's why I asked -

DAVID

Me, Vince, you, fucking SYD. They asked about everybody.

WINDY

It makes no sense

DAVID

Syd wasn't the only person who saw the shooter. It doesn't sound like they have enough to release a name, but they definitely have a suspect.

WINDY

If it was someone who knew him? Someone he considered family -

DAVID

Nobody that knew him would hurt him -

WINDY

If Trigg and Kyri heard it *and* the cops are asking about people in the building -

DAVID

That doesn't mean shit -

WINDY

It means something -

DAVID

It means they're harassing everyone for no fucking reason -

WINDY

As long as they catch him -

DAVID

And then what happens? They lock him in a cage forever?

WINDY

Absolutely.

DAVID

You're gonna *end someone's life* because of a mistake?

WINDY

It's not a fucking mistake -

DAVID

We don't know that -

WINDY

Bringing a gun into a store to rob somebody isn't a mistake -

DAVID

Not everybody has the life you do -

WINDY

You're excusing murder now?

DAVID

Don't talk like Red's dead. He's not dead -

WINDY

He might be. In an hour he might be. In ten minutes he might be -

DAVID

But he's not right now.

David checks his phone again.

WINDY

I don't see where you get all this sympathy for people -

DAVID

I don't see where you don't -

WINDY

People make choices nobody is forced into anything -

DAVID

You're gonna say that?

WINDY

Who has ever forced anything on me?

DAVID

Nevermind -

WINDY

Exactly. *Nobody controls my life but me. My choices got me here. I'm leaving. I worked hard and I'm getting out -*

DAVID

That's as much circumstance, as it is choice -

WINDY

Bullshit -

DAVID

You say two different things -

WINDY

I say you don't have sympathy for people who do fucked up things and make excuses

DAVID

I'm not making an excuse

WINDY

You're saying forgive and forget

DAVID

I'm saying fucking up is fucking up. You can't crucify people for mistakes if they **want to be better** -

WINDY

And what about while they make those mistakes? What about right now? What if the dude who shot Red walked out here right now with the gun in hand and said “I’m sorry”?

You’re gonna let that fly?

You’re gonna tell them it’s ok -

DAVID

No, but I’m not gonna let myself waste energy on being fucking angry. Being angry and hating people takes a lot out of you -

WINDY

And pushes you to be better -

DAVID

But for how long? How long can you keep up hating everybody before it eats away at who you are -

WINDY

Forever if I need to -

DAVID

Then waste your life. *Go ahead.*

Waste your life being angry. Angry at me, angry at the neighborhood, angry at the apartment and the cracked windows and dirty water, angry at every ***fucking*** thing that made you the person you are.

Waste your life being angry and watch what happens.

Watch what happens when you wake up at 80 years old and you’re alone because nobody lived up to the expectations you had for them.

People aren’t perfect.

Nobody is ever gonna be perfect.

I am not perfect.

A stare down.

David starts to dial on his phone and leave -

WINDY

Don't you leave **don't you fucking leave -**

He continues out but Windy stops him.

WINDY

You're gonna stay here and you're gonna fight with me.

They stare.

You're my brother. And we need to fight.

Don't run in the apartment.

Don't call Vince.

We both have shit to say and we're gonna say it now.

DAVID

I don't wanna talk -

WINDY

Then shut the fuck up and listen.

He does.

I didn't visit you because I hated you. I hated that you were so weak. I hated that you crumbled. I hated that you stuck a fucking needle in your arm and disappeared into the abyss. I hated that I always had to be strong. For me. For Dad. For Vince. For Rosie. For fuckin' everybody. I hated everything you were then, and I'm having a hard time not hating you now.

I hate how you wrote to Vince and not me. I hate how he knew you were getting out and I -

DAVID

You abandoned me. Every **fucking** one of you left me there to rot but Vince -

WINDY

He knew everything that was happening -

DAVID

You pretended like I didn't exist for ten years, because I had an issue you didn't understand -

WINDY

Because you didn't talk to me. You didn't call me -

DAVID

Don't fucking lie -

WINDY

Not once -

DAVID

I called once a fucking week Windy. Once a week -

WINDY

And I couldn't call back, that's how it works.

DAVID

So sit by the fucking phone and wait

WINDY

I don't have time to wait

DAVID

Then at least answer when I call. At least answer when you can or write a letter-

WINDY

You never fucking wrote me. I didn't know anything about you, other than whatever I could get Vince to tell me. I was a kid when you went in. I didn't know who you were, and every connection I had to you was ripped away by a fucking needle, or a bottle, or whatever else people here use to pretend they're not fucking stuck in one place their entire lives. *And then you started using too -*

DAVID

I lost friends too, Windy. People I loved. People I grew up with. It seemed like every other phone call Vince was crying about somebody else.

And I kept thinking you'd be next. I kept thinking the world would crush you, and I wouldn't be there. That I let you down. **So I waited.** I waited to hear you were ok. I waited to hear it from *you*. I waited to hear I didn't let you down and you were ok and you loved me and you wanted me out and you wanted me with you.

But it never happened.

You were **never** on the phone.

You were **never** on the visitor list.

You disappeared.

WINDY

Only after you did.

Silence.

DAVID

I was wrong.

And so were you.

DAVID

It's not a choice, Windy, it's a disease. It's a cancer. And it was killing me. I shot up because it's all I had. I wanted a way to pretend like...it wasn't happening.

And when I finally woke up and could see it was killing me I fought it. I fought it and hoped the people I loved would be there.

And *you* weren't.

And I started to hate you and everyone else and it consumed my life, and ate at me from the inside, until I couldn't do it anymore -

WINDY

I needed to take care of myself -

DAVID

And you still do -

WINDY

I'm here talking to you aren't I?

DAVID

Because you're leaving, and you want me to tell you it's ok. Because at some point you're gonna disappear *again* -

WINDY

You should've told me you were getting out -

DAVID

If I would've told you, would you have asked me to move in with you? Would you have stayed here? Would you have been alright with me moving in? Your ex junkie felon brother.

Would you have been alright with that?

Don't lie to yourself.

No.

You don't think about other people Windy. You don't.

WINDY

Because I can't afford to. Because I've been alone forever. And look what it's got me? Look at what's in front of me now. I got a real future. A fresh start. My own place with a back yard and grass and a porch and there's not a fucking streetlight in sight. And *I* did that on my own.

I can't think about anyone else. Because no one else thinks about me. I don't *need* anyone David. I'm free. To do whatever I want, whenever I want. And I love that. I love that about my life.

DAVID

I know you don't need me. I know.

But I thought about you every day. I wanted to be there. I wanted you to need me. I want you to need me now.

I want **anyone** to need me now.

I just want to help.

I just want to do the right thing.

For someone.

For once.

WINDY

I'm never gonna need you around. That's not who I am.

But that doesn't mean I don't *want* you around. That doesn't mean I don't want to be ok with you and love you and do holidays and be an actual family and -

*David ambushes Windy with a hug.
The hug lasts long enough.*

Windy breaks it, and finally -

WINDY
I'm leaving in two weeks.

The news sinks into David.

WINDY
I should have said something sooner.

He sits with it.

I know I should've told you I -

DAVID
That's soon.

WINDY
I got the money and after everything that's happened, and now Red - I just think I have to go now.

DAVID
Is it gonna take a while to move? Will you be back and forth?

WINDY
I can do it all in one trip if I rent a moving truck and pay some guys to help me -

DAVID
I can help.

WINDY
Your hand -

DAVID

We can make a few trips.

WINDY

What about your parole?

DAVID

They can give me permission to go out of state for the day.
I just have to ask in advance and explain why.

WINDY

That'd be great -

DAVID

It might take a couple trips with just your car and my hand
being messed up, but you'll save the money and -

They get to spend time together.

WINDY

I'd like that.

DAVID

Me too.

Smiles.

Windy wipes tears.

WINDY

Vince would have a field day with this.

A forced laugh from David.

He yelled at me earlier for not talking to you.

DAVID

He's good with stuff like that.

WINDY

He's good for a surprise

DAVID

Yeah.

WINDY

Earlier he was telling me about this theme park that's all about a country singer. That's where he wants to take Rosie first.

DAVID

That's the whitest shit I've ever heard.

Laughter.

WINDY

Can you imagine being Rosie's age and having spent your entire life in and out of hospitals?

DAVID

That's not a life

WINDY

They'll both have one now though. I can already see he's happier just having you back.

He changed when you went away. He was quieter. He wouldn't talk about what happened. I think he felt guilty -

DAVID

It wasn't his fault

WINDY

I tried to tell him that but... It tore him apart. For a while it didn't look like we'd get him back, but then Rosie was born. He's a great Dad.

DAVID

Yeah.

WINDY

It's like everything he's ever wanted, is that little girl.

*Windy looks down at the street, then checks her cell phone.
Vince hasn't called.*

WINDY

He's not down there. Has he texted you?

*David takes out his cell phone, but struggles to unlock it.
Windy helps.
David checks texts messages.*

DAVID

No. He's probably running around the neighborhood telling everybody Rosie's ok

WINDY

Or by his mother

What?

DAVID

He wouldn't drive all the way out to the burbs

WINDY

You know he's gonna tell her in person

DAVID

But with everything going on today?

WINDY

He's been wanting to leave since this morning, I wouldn't put it past him.

*David looks for the garbage bag.
It's gone.
Fuck.*

David calls Vince.

WINDY
He'll come back, don't worry.

*David waits for Vince to answer.
Windy checks her own text messages,
maybe responds to one or two.*

*Windy's eyes get big.
David notices and hangs up.*

DAVID
What?

Windy can't talk.

DAVID
What happened?

Windy hurries to the speaker and turns up the volume.

*Lights also up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.**
No backing beat.*

Kyri's head is buried in their hands.

Trigg talks through building, earth shattering tears.

TRIGG
- died on the operating table five minutes ago.

A long silence.

They tried everything they could. But his heart wasn't strong enough -

KYRI

Don't say it like that -

TRIGG

What do you want me to say then?

KYRI

It's got nothing to do with his heart -

TRIGG

I know, but -

KYRI

- Red died five minutes ago on the operating table.
They tried to save him

but it didn't work.

Silence.

TRIGG

FUCK.

TRIGG

It's been a long day y'all

TRIGG

And, um, it didn't -

It didn't turn out how we wanted

KYRI

It never fuckin does.

TRIGG

But, listen

We have to try to -

We have to try and think about it in the grand scheme right?

Try to learn something from it -

KYRI

There's nothing to fucking learn from it -

TRIGG

(dropping the act) Keep it together

KYRI

There's nothing to learn from senseless violence that shoulda never fucking happened -

TRIGG

You gotta breathe -

KYRI

I'm tired Trigney. I'm so fucking tired of this shit -

TRIGG

We're gonna take just a second everybody -

KYRI

This shit doesn't happen here -

TRIGG

Kyri -

KYRI

Not to us. Not in our neighborhood. *Not to our family.*

TRIGG

Just breathe -

KYRI

There's never a reason for this shit. Doesn't matter who it is - We gotta give a fuck. We have to. We have to give a fuck about each other.

We have to give a fuck cause they don't. The motherfuckers on the outside. The motherfuckers that'll never understand the love that exists here.

We have to think about kids, grandparents, auntie's, uncle's, cousins, everybody. **We** have to.

What happens now? Who fills in? Who's daughter fills in? Who's son? Who's brother? Who?

Syd gets locked in there forever? Stuck behind that fucking counter the rest of her life right?

Or does it all die with Red?

There's no fucking reason for this and we let it happen -

He was too big for the *world*.

I should've been there.

I -

Kyri can't continue.

*Lights out on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIOS.***

David and Windy are stunned.

*Windy cries.
David comforts her.*

WINDY
Everything good here, dies here.

*She struggles.
Silence.*

DAVID
But you won't.

A moment.

WINDY
We should find Syd. She's gotta be downstairs or at the
hospital -

Windy and David head toward the stairs, but are met by Vince.

DAVID
Where've you been -

WINDY
Is Syd downstairs?

VINCE
No -

WINDY
Fuck -

Windy gets out her cell and calls Syd.

VINCE
What happened?

DAVID
Red died at the hospital.

Silence.

WINDY
No answer.

DAVID
Maybe Syd's already there -

WINDY
I'm gonna find her -

VINCE
I'll go with you -

DAVID
We'll stay here just in case.

VINCE
I'm not gonna sit here and -

DAVID
We will wait here, in case Syd comes back.

WINDY
It's better that way. People'll be crowding her if she comes back. Call me and let me know if she does.

DAVID
Ok.

Windy heads downstairs.

DAVID
Windy, before you go ...

He can't get the words out.

WINDY
Yeah?

Still nothing.

WINDY

*The fucking cops are gonna be all over here now and Syd
needs somebody I gotta -*

DAVID

Go.

I'll tell you when I see you.

I'll wait here in case Syd comes back.

Windy exits to street level.

David and Vince take one another in.

One of them killed Red.

Silence.

A stand off.

Something David's been hiding bleeds out.

He's terrifying.

VINCE

I got rid of the bag. No one'll find it.

VINCE

I swear to God David no one's gonna find it... please--

DAVID

They know it was someone in the building -

VINCE

Everything's gone, the clothes, the gun -

DAVID

It doesn't matter anymore -

VINCE

They can't pin it on anyone -

DAVID

People saw -

VINCE

Who saw? Syd? It's just Syd, you know she can't see well -

DAVID

It doesn't matter, they're -

VINCE

No one saw David . It was an accident right? Nobody saw and nothing is going to happen. It was an accident and it'll be a two minute story on the news and then it's done. Nobody else's life has to end from this. Red wouldn't want that. He was family. He wouldn't want a life to end because of a mistake.

And it was a mistake. I know that. And I'm not gonna say anything and neither are you so -

David is between Vince and the stairwell.

VINCE

David -

Neither of us is gonna say anything.

Finally.

DAVID
Why'd you do it?

Silence.
Vince's heart shatters.

Answer me.

Silence.

VINCE
How many times did he tell us when we were working there? *"If someone comes in to rob the place just let them take whatever they want. It's not worth your life."* He told us every fucking day David. *"Just give them whatever they want don't do anything stupid"*.

He reached for a gun -

DAVID
Don't you fucking put this on him -

VINCE
I loved him too -

DAVID
Don't fucking say that -

VINCE

I loved him -

DAVID

Shut the fuck up -

VINCE

And he went for a gun -

DAVID

Don't lie -

VINCE

It was him or me -

DAVID

I swear to God -

VINCE

It was him or me. On my daughter's life. On Rosie's life.
He went for a gun.

*David looks into Vince's eyes.
He's telling the truth.
And it doesn't matter.*

VINCE

I swear to god David I didn't know he had one, if I did I
would never -

DAVID

You killed him Vince -

VINCE

I didn't mean to -

DAVID

But you did.

VINCE

I need to go -

DAVID

Go where?

VINCE

Anywhere.

*Panicked, Vince speeds toward his window.**David throws the speaker next to the window, it shatters.**Whatever noise was in the world, is gone.**It's just the two of them.**Vince freezes.*

DAVID

There's no where for you to go.

VINCE

This can't happen. Not now -

DAVID

You did this -

VINCE

I made a mistake -

DAVID

After everything we've been through. After everybody we lost. A lifetime of finding joy on this fucking block and building something to be proud of and you brought this shit here -

VINCE

I didn't mean to -

DAVID

How could you do this?

VINCE

I can't lose the apartment. I can't. I can't lose Rosie, and you know they'll take her. I'll never see her again -

DAVID

So ask for help -

VINCE

From who? None of us have anything. What're you gonna, get me through a month David? Two months? With your minimum wage job and my extra tips?

DAVID

If that's what I have to do -

VINCE

Do you know how much it costs every time Rosie's goes to the hospital-

DAVID

That's not an excuse -

VINCE

Thirty seven thousand dollars. Thirty seven thousand, five hundred, and thirty six dollars every time she had to be in that hospital bed. **Every fucking time.** Just to keep her alive.

Just to keep her alive, man. While the fucking cancer ate her insides I needed to pay to keep my fucking daughter alive.

Now she's healthy and they're gonna kick us out of the apartment and take her away from me.

If I can't pay the rent I'm **gonna lose my daughter David.**

You said it yourself.

You're not gonna tell them are you?

You always talk about the right thing. **"Do the right thing.**

Do the right thing.”

I fucked up, I know.

What’s the right thing David? You tell me.

Silence.

VINCE

I’m sorry. I am. For everything. For what happened to you -

DAVID

Fuck you -

VINCE

I’m trying to apologize -

DAVID

You’re trying to bullshit me into thinking -

VINCE

I fucked up. I’m stupid. I never said I was perfect or didn’t make mistakes. I didn’t ask for any of this. I been who I am since we were kids. I never said I was anything else. I never pretended to be anything -

DAVID

That’s a fucking weak excuse -

VINCE

I work David. Every fucking day I work. I work three jobs and take care of my mother, and Rosie, and Windy, and whoever the fuck needs me. **I** do that. Every day. And I can’t get ahead. The world is built to keep people down -

DAVID

That doesn’t mean you lower yourself to the -

VINCE

You lost your life for a mistake you made when you were a kid. You were a ***fucking kid*** David. And they took half your life. Ripped you away from us.

I'm done staying down. I want more. For me. For Rosie. I want to leave her something. **I want to be better -**

DAVID

So you stoop down to the level everybody expects us to be at. I'M PISSED OFF TOO. I'M MAD TOO. But I'm not giving the world the satisfaction of bein the piece of shit they wish I was. I won't do it. **I'm better than them.**

And I'm better than you.

VINCE

I just want to give my daughter a better life. And I can't do that the way things are. I've been trying-

DAVID

That's just what the world wants man. That's just what everybody wants out of you. Another fucked up father who can't rise above the shit -

VINCE

Fuck you and you're holier than thou *bullshit* David.

I'm not you. You can't expect me to be you.

I'm proud of you. I'm glad you reached this fucking place where you can be the bigger person. But you haven't been out here. You didn't sit in the room with Rosie. You didn't drown in bills. You didn't lose sleep. You didn't watch *your* father rot away covered in booze. You didn't support Windy however and whenever she needed it.

You didn't watch my Dad die broke and exhausted. You didn't watch everybody we came up with fucking kill themselves slowly.

You just heard about it in a phone call. From me.

Cause I was there for all of it. I lived all of it.

DAVID

There's no excuse for -

VINCE

Fuck you David.

David is trying real hard not to level Vince.

DAVID

What're you giving her now? It's all for Rosie right?

What're you giving her now -

VINCE

A better life, far the fuck away from all this -

DAVID

Six by eight.

That's how big a cell is Vince.

Six feet by eight feet surrounded by cement and silence.

Boiling in anger every fucking day til your skin peels back and you aren't yourself anymore.

You're alone. Your family's alone-

VINCE

You said you'd take care of her -

DAVID

I'm not her father, Vince. I'm nobodies father. I'm barely a person. *Why can't any of you see that?*

I been trying to say it and I dunno how. You think this is a life? I'm half a fucking person, man. I'm just starting my life now.

FUCK VINCE.

You did all this for her and she's gone anyways.

They're coming for you, and she's gone.

VINCE

You can't let that happen -

DAVID

They're coming now and they're coming for *you* -

VINCE

They don't know who it was. If they did, I'd be gone already -

DAVID

You might as well be -

VINCE

You don't know David. You said it yourself, they'll lock somebody up for it, doesn't matter who -

DAVID

So someone else goes to prison for your bullshit.

Someone else suffers for *your* mistake?

A final plea.

VINCE

If that's what it takes, yes.

You don't understand...

I...

...

I thought about you every day for ten years, David.
Every day... Everything I could remember. Laughing on the porch. Playing ball in the dirt field. That fight in the park where that kid split your head open with the bottle. We laughed all the way home.

My daughter was born, and you weren't there. We christened her in a church and you weren't there. First steps. First words. We went through everything, and you weren't there. And I cried.

I love you. So much. You're my best friend. My brother. My person, man. That's real. And I love you. That shit meant the world to me...

but now I have somebody I love and need *more than you*.

Vince pulls out his cell phone.

He searches for the voicemail, and puts it on speaker again.

He makes a last plea through his daughters squeaking voice.

He shakes, holding the phone up to David.

[VOICEMAIL ROSIE SINGS]

No more crying
 tears leave tracks
 and memories find their way back
 Tomorrow's waking
 let's journey there together
 Yesterday is gone
 but tomorrow is forever

Silence.

VINCE

She's all I've ever wanted David. She has my whole heart.
 Everything I've ever done or will do is for her. **I will die
 for her.**

And I need you to help me keep her.
 To help me stick around and keep being the type of father
 we both wanted and never had.

I'm not leaving my daughter.

And they're not taking her away from me.

I need you. Please.

Silence.

I made a mistake.

And I don't know what to do.

Tell me what to do.

They stare at one another.

David thinks.

He makes a painful decision.

DAVID

Leave.

...

Get in the car and leave now.

Vince is confused.

David looks over the railing to the street below.

Go. Now.

Slowly, Vince starts toward the stairs.

VINCE

I don't know where to go. I - I could go out to -

DAVID

Don't say another word.

Don't.

Vince really sees David for the first time.

Vince forces a hug on him, giving David his weight.

This is the last one, no matter what happens.

DAVID

We don't have time. Go through the apartment and out side by the alley.

Vince takes a last look at David.

DAVID

NOW.

Vince bolts down the stairs.

David is alone.

For a long while.

The world moves around him, but David is still.

He picks up the guitar and starts to strum.

It's melodic. Pained. Classic fingerpicking.

He either struggles through it, or is flawless.

*He plucks and (eventually) sings his Father's song -
"Cielo Dorado" by Richard Juarez.*

DAVID

(sings)

Atardecer
Tu me mientes
De mundos aquellos
Cuando fuimos pequeños

Siento que
El mundo me quiere
Invierte luz
Roba el tiempo, quedas tu

Cuando no me encuentro, yo grito
Si miles de corazoncitos
Palpitan a la misma vez
Si me encontrarías bien

*Windy enters.
David doesn't notice.*

La oscuridad me encuentra cada vez que
Rezo donde nadie me ve
Me levantarías tal vez?
Me levantarías tal vez?

Yo no creo y así de fácil quiebro
Yo no creo que tu apagaras tu fuego
Tu hablas sin decírmelo todo

*David quietly finishes,
wipe tears from his eyes,
and settles into himself.*

He sees Windy.

DAVID

Is Syd ok?

WINDY

I got her on the phone. She's at the hospital. Broken up, but ok.

DAVID

Good.

WINDY

Where'd Vince go?

DAVID

I don't know.

*They look out at the city together.
Something they haven't done before today,
but are starting to grow attached to.*

DAVID

The buildings are smaller than I remember.

WINDY

You're just bigger now.

WINDY

I'm gonna go to the hospital and be with Syd. You should come, she'd probably like to see you -

DAVID

You go ahead, I'll be right behind you.

...

WINDY

You sure?

DAVID

Yeah.

Silence.

WINDY

I've heard that song before. I don't know where though.

WINDY

It's really beautiful... Do you want me to tell you what it's about?

DAVID

I don't think I wanna know. I'd rather just...

How does it make you feel?

Windy thinks.

WINDY

Hopeful. Strong.

Loved.

It... feels like you.

David smiles.

Good.

WINDY

What's it called?

DAVID

Cielo Dorado.

Another smile.

WINDY

You sure you don't want to come with me?

DAVID

Not now.

WINDY

Ok, I'll see you there later.

Windy starts toward the stairs.

David's voice stops her.

DAVID

I've made a lot of mistakes. I'll make more. I just need you to know no matter what happens to me -

I love you.

I've always loved you.

Something's wrong.

WINDY

What's going on?

He can't tell her.

He won't tell her.

WINDY

David -

DAVID

I'm just thinking about everything.

I don't want us to end up back

not being able to talk or

you know.

WINDY

I do. It's been a tough day. We'll be ok.

DAVID

Do me a favor?

WINDY

?

DAVID

Tell Syd I'm gonna call. And I hope she answers.

*Windy grins.
David does in return.*

WINDY
I'm sorry, do you have her number?

DAVID
Just tell her to answer.

Windy smiles big.

WINDY
Do you have her number?

DAVID
Maybe you text it to me and then -

WINDY
Wowwwww.

DAVID
Just text it to me and tell her to answer -

WINDY
Oh, oh I'll tell her. I'll also tell her you locked yourself in
your room for two months when you hit puberty -

DAVID
Windy -

WINDY
And you thought BDSM was a rap group

DAVID
We're having a nice moment here

WINDY
And we'll have more, so I can ruin this one

DAVID
...Yeah

*Windy stares at her brother for a moment,
then rushes him with a hug.*

WINDY

I love you too.

She puts her head on his shoulder.

So much.

Call me when you get close to the hospital I'll come down
and meet you.

DAVID

Ok.

Windy exits.

*Lights also up on **BROAD SHOULDERS STUDIO.***

Trigg, completely off rhythm, struggles to speak as -

David is alone. Again.

Maybe he cleans.

Maybe he drinks.

Maybe he just breathes fresh air.

TRIGG

The world is built to make us forget people.

Everybody dies. Leaves. Moves on. Grows apart.

Sometimes it hurts and sometimes it makes life easier.

But that doesn't matter. Either way you can't forget. The
feeling of a person, or place, or time.

Then, blue and red lights flash over the worn brick.

David looks over the rail and sees police below.

TRIGG

Red is dead. Doesn't matter what we say or do now. He's
gone. And there's a good chance everything we
remember about him will be gone one day too. That's what
happens.

Years from now, there'll be nobody to remember free lunches or summertime jobs.

That's why it can't stop.

*David takes a last, long drink out of a liquor bottle.
His body having been massaged into some softened version of his former self, he straightens up and tenses the solid mass of muscle in him.*

TRIGG

We need to keep caring. Loving. Bleeding. Wearing our hearts on our sleeve. Wanting to be better. Speaking out. Screaming at the top of our lungs. Standing our ground. Holding each other up. Growing together. Leave the world a little brighter than it was before. And pass that desire down to the kids. And hope they do the same.

*David finds something familiar - and once again necessary.
He slowly walks down the stairs,
each step more painful than the last.*

TRIGG

Cause it's not about **individuals**. It never has been. It's about all of us. Together. The "we".
It's about - passing down love. Joy. Laughter. Belief. Opportunity. Desire. It's about making **our** world better, safer, more joyful, more colorful, louder, stronger, with bigger smiles and longer hugs.

David disappears from view.

TRIGG

It's about what we can **give** to each other.

So preach. Wax poetic. Talk too much. Gather round the fire. Cook dinners. Hug people. Sing. Dance. Give presents and life lessons. Live for each other. Sacrifice for each other.

Do it all. Do it all **too** much.

Our lessons matter. Our stories matter. **Our lives matter.** Our hearts matter - every moment matters.

Cause you can't kill the heart of a place or person, if it
beats forever.

.....This is a fucking mess.

I'm sorry y'all. I'm not

great

at this type of thing.

I'll just...

lead with love.

This has been Broad Shoulders Chicago.

The second city shitty.

Bringing you everything you need to get chu through this
fucked up day.

We'll be back Wednesday.

Same time.

Same place.

But before we go...

This one's for Red.

Everybody's grandpa.

We love you.

With a knowing smile, Trigg puts on something...

Joyous. Or profound. Or painful. Something that resonates.

Maybe by Bill Withers, Stevie Wonder, Dean Martin,

Marvin Gaye, Aretha Franklin, Dolly Parton, Ella Fitzgerald,

or someone equally classic.

Something Red would like.

*Fade into black on **BROAD SHOULDER STUDIO.**
Stillness on the porch.*

Slowly, the song creeps out of the broken speaker.

It crackles as it plays.

Beautiful but broken.

Then - the sounds of the city, the same sounds, echo out.

Laughter. Gossip. The “cshhh” of a beer can opening. Dice hitting cement. Somebody yells down to the street from an upper floor. A bus stops and opens its door. Some kids sprint down the sidewalk. A car passes playing 90’s rap. A fist fight breaks out. Laughter and hugs follow. The bus pulls away.

The city is alive again.

Music. Life. Love.

This time - no gunshot.

No pain.

End of interlude.

Back to summertime.

Then all at once - BLACKOUT.

END OF PLAY.