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*For Donna Sue, Original Works and the students who inspired it, my mother because—of course, Cassey who is always watching, and Rynn who believes.*

## **Cast of Characters**

CHRISTINA, a young girl, fifteen.

BJ, a homeless man, early twenties.

CARLOS, a young gang member, sixteen.

CONSUELA, Christina's best friend, also fifteen.

LUIS, a member of Carlos' gang.

CROW, another member of the gang. Huge and silent.

GABRIELLA, Carlos' ex-girlfriend, a teenage mother.

ANA, friend of Gabriella.

MARIA, another friend of Gabriella.

## **Setting**

The entire play takes place in a courtyard garden of Our Lady Of Mercy Church in a lower income area of a large city. There is a statue of Saint Agnes, patron saint of young girls in the middle of the courtyard and bushes along at least one edge.

## **Production Notes**

This play was written for a young actors repertory group so the cast was fairly large. It may, however be performed by as few as five actors. (The secondary roles are Louis, Crow, Ana, and Maria.) The changes necessary to reduce the cast are included on page 40. (And roles can be added for both the boys gang and group of girls.) The play can also be a shorter one-act by performing just scene one.

# MARGINAL SAINTS

by Lee Gundersheimer

## Scene One

**CHRISTINA.** Oh, why the hell not. (*She kneels down to pray.*) Dear Saint Agnes, being that your area of expertise in the saint fields is those that screwed up along the way someplace or other, and since it looks like I probably have accomplished that big time, I guess that qualifies me to ask you for un poco de ayude and guidance here, if you're not too busy. (*Thunder is heard.*) I mean I know I'm not like even exactly worthy of your blessing, being as how I really probably never even believed in you really. I mean I know I'm being like this major opportunist just to even be down here praying to you, since most of the time I told people you didn't exist, I even wrote that in an essay in Sister Caterina's Third Grade English class, that my mother prays to saints, but I think she's nuts because I don't even believe they exist, but now—I'm really scared Saint Theresa. I'm scared enough to be sitting here hoping that I was so wrong, and that you are real and that you can help me because I've done something unforgivable. I mean definitely in yours and the holy churches eyes—but I'm not sure in mine. And that scares me even more, I mean the not knowing how I feel. I know I screwed up—sorry, made a mistake, but what I'm trying to say is I don't know exactly the size of the screw-up— Oh, perdóname, por favor. I don't mean to be disrespectful. I have a “garbage pail” for a mouth, ask mi mama. But you probably know that already, you probably know her on a first name basis as much as she prays to you—every morning, every night, and if it's bad enough, like when they laid off Papa, she'll pray a third time—mid-day just before her One Life To Live—which is some major devotion 'cause nothing is more important to her than that soap—not even Juanita and me. So like you're probably sick of talking to her, like I am with Rosanna Pintero, the perra with split-ends and dandruff sits in front of me in Geometry, that calls me like almost every night 'cause she's so lonely or something, 'cause I'm telling you no-one would listen to her but me, and I feel, I don't know, like sorry or whatever for her, so I will listen to her bitch on and on about how no guys ever even

look at her, while I'm watching Buffy or something, but I'm not even really focusing on her, you know what I'm saying? I hope you aren't doing that with me. I hope if you are really even there to be listening to this, if you are real, as real as a saint can be—that you aren't like tuning into somebody else at the same time and not like given me your undeniable attention. Okay, let me get to the point. Like I said before, I may have done something awful, I mean I have done something awful. I had sex with my boyfriend Carlos. More than once. Twice. Just twice. And I know that is wrong, but I do love him, but I know it's still wrong, so I am sorry. I am. It's just I hope you'll forgive me enough for that to help me with the fact that I may have done something even worse. Please Saint Agnes, I will never doubt you ever again, I will absolutely one-hundred percent believe you are real, and spend the rest of my life praying to you like my mama prays to the Virgin—if you can just help me to please not be pregnant. It's been over two months now and I'm terrified. My best friend Consuela even went to get a test, I was so worried. Because...I feel different inside, Agnes, like something's growing... Please don't laugh at me like some of my friends have, and tell me I'm being a jerk. Freaking out for no good reason. I feel it. When I touch my belly here, it's like I can feel it's different. Please give me your help... *(She prays for a beat silently in Spanish.)* Would it be too much to ask for some sort of like little sign or something, just to let me know. Like those other saints, them Greek Orthodox ones, shed me a tear or something? Look at this you are covered in pigeon shit. Here let me clean you off. Shit, the least they can do is clean you off, give you a little bath now and then. Show you some respect.

*(She is using her bottled water to wash the statue gently. A homeless man emerges from the bushes nearby and sees her wasting the water.)*

**BJ.** Yo, what's up with you, Christina! It's hot enough to I don't know—microwave a pizza on my forehead and you are pouring out all that nice over-priced naturally chlorinated spring water onto the ground? Wasting it?

**CHRISTINA.** Cuño—you scared the shit out of me! I'm not wasting it, Jerk. What does it look like I'm doing?

**BJ.** Wasting it.

**CHRISTINA.** I'm cleaning the statue with it.

**BJ.** And they call me crazy.

**CHRISTINA.** They don't call you crazy.

**BJ.** Sure they do. Say any man foolish enough to talk to saints, must be crazy.

**CHRISTINA.** A lot of people talk to saints.

**BJ.** Yeah, but how many actually see them? Like me and my man Benedict Joseph. We sit out here sometimes. Talking over things. See you looking at me like all the others, like I'm buggin' out or something.

**CHRISTINA.** No, I'm not.

**BJ.** That's okay. My man gave me his name and everything, that's how tight we are.

**CHRISTINA.** BJ?

**BJ.** Sure, my name used to be Howard, but Benedict Joseph said "From now on you are my Brother Joseph, and we are gonna walk the land..."

**CHRISTINA.** Well here Brother-Joseph. If you're thirsty take this. I didn't see you.

**BJ.** We was just sitting next to the chapel listening to the organ. The Wandering Man. It's his favorite hymn.

**CHRISTINA.** You should go inside, where it's air-conditioned.

**BJ.** Na, you know I don't like that. People look at you funny. I'd rather listen from out here. I can hear it fine from behind those bushes. Sound comes right through the window of the Virgin. Stain-glass makes it sound nice. Almost like she's delivering mass. Father Rivera doesn't seem to mind. Long as I keep far enough back not to send a shadow on the pulpit.

**CHRISTINA.** Like at Easter last year.

**BJ.** Right.

**CHRISTINA.** When them stupid Perezs were sure they saw Jesus himself, coming back to greet the congregation.

**BJ.** It was just because a damn horsefly had sat himself on my shoulder—got them a nest or something back there—had to shake myself to get him off.

**CHRISTINA.** That was hysterical, I remember. Ms. Perez let out this scream and fainted. 'Cause your big shadow like outstretched arms went all over the room. Then she hit the ground, bam, like an earthquake. 'Cause she's pretty big!

**BJ.** Anyway, Father Rivera's cool, me and him's got an understanding. Lets me go to mass whenever I want, long as I keep back from the window.

**CHRISTINA.** Spent the rest of Easter Sunday resurrecting Pasquella Perez.

**BJ.** Right during Wandering Man. Stopped the organ and everything.

**CHRISTINA.** That was a year ago? God. I hate growing old. Time starts going by crazy fast.

**BJ.** Listen to you, how old are you now?

**CHRISTINA.** Fifteen. Last Friday.

**BJ.** No shit? Good Friday? Happy Birthday. Fifteen. Shit. Fifteen's a child. Wait 'til you an old man like me.

**CHRISTINA.** You're what, twenty?

**BJ.** Twenty one.

**CHRISTINA.** So?

**BJ.** Twenty-one bout twice as old as fifteen. Damn, I got tee-shirts old as fifteen. Thanks. *(He hands her the water bottle back.)*

**CHRISTINA.** No, go ahead finish it...

*(There is a slightly awkward moment as he realizes even she is worried about his germs.)*

**BJ.** So why aren't you inside with the rest of the nice germ-free air-conditioned folks. What brings you outside with us filthy sinners and dirty saints?

**CHRISTINA.** Funny. I guess 'cause I'm a sinner now too.

**BJ.** What? You? Naw, you the saint of Our Lady Of Mercy. You kidding? You famous. Hell, half the homeless in the country know about you. I know men, travel hours out their way, just to come to this kitchen, if they know you's serving.

**CHRISTINA.** Oh, yeah right.

**BJ.** No, shit. My homeboy— Hell, ain't no homie, brother stole my FM radio, anyway name was Clark. Used to butt his ass into the food line every night for a month, then take one look at you and say if that girl worked out of my church, I'd take up religion. She's an angel. And he right. You see that window up there.

**CHRISTINA.** Where?

**BJ.** Right up there. The one with the angel carrying what's his name—

**CHRISTINA.** Jacob.

**BJ.** Yeah, whatever, look at there angel's face, what you see?

**CHRISTINA.** I don't know—

**BJ.** Don't give me that "I don't know" shit. You see you, like you was looking into a mirror, that's what you see. Got you the face of angel—

**CHRISTINA.** He's a man.

**BJ.** *(He is over by the window now away from CHRISTINA.)* That don't matter. Hell, he a angel. Man, woman, cocker-fucking spaniel, it don't matter. 'Aint nobody worried about that shit up in heaven. That shit only matters down here. In the "imperfect" world. 'Aint no need for no sexuality up there. That shit only down here to complicate it all, make us worthy for the afterlife...

*(Thunder can be heard again.)*

**CARLOS.** There you are, Christina. (What you doing out here?) (*BJ hides in the bushes.*) Shit I been looking all over the goddamn place for you. Went down to the bathroom, even went over to the church kitchen— Mi mama es muy inflamda “Where you going Chippo? Sit your ass back down here ’til Father Rivera finishes his Sermonette.” You axe me about my paper, I’m going to finish my paper. “I didn’t say now.” It’s due tomorrow Moms. If I don’t find Christina we both know I got no chance. Then just as Father Rivera comes up for air, and the whole place is like stone quiet, she yells “Then get your pendejo out there and find her.” It’s her voice man, I’m telling you. Cuño, sometimes I think I’m gonna go crazy I hear that voice again. Like to take her tongue and staple gun it to her lip. “Chippo, what you doin’ wit that thaple gun, ow, mmmmmnnn, mmnnn.” Now leave me alone and let me live my damn life, okay? I’m sorry, she’s just giving me so much shit about this English paper. “You didn’t finish your essay yet? It’s worth half your grade. Don’t blow another years work. Why I ever bothered to raise a son so worthless” ...I’m tellin’ you, another word (*He makes the noise of a staple gun:*) Puttut—her tongues gonna suck her upper lip. Why you lookin’ at me like that?

**CHRISTINA.** Like what?

**CARLOS.** You know as well as me nobody but your mother can stand to have her in the same room. She drunk most of the time and her voice’s worse than Rosanne. We come into church it’s like Moses and the Red Sea parting everybody moving out of the way to not sit by us.

**CHRISTINA.** Come on, Chippo. You’re too hard on her. Sure she’s loud and—

**CARLOS.** Mean.

**CHRISTINA.** She can be cruel yeah, but—

**CARLOS.** I don’t care-

**CHRISTINA.** But she loves you—

**CARLOS.** If you own a pit bull, and you like feed it every day, walk it and shit, and one day it turns and rips off your arm, you

gonna say, hey, come on, you know it loves you? No, you kick the shit out of it.

**CHRISTINA.** If it weren't for her, we'd have never met. If she never asked me to help you after school—

**CARLOS.** Insisted. She never axes for nothin'. Demands and insists. Anyway we gotta stay up tonight, I need your help, I never even started the damn thing...

**CHRISTINA.** Oh, Chippo, what about what we worked on?

**CARLOS.** I ripped it up. It was a dumb idea anyway. I don't want to write about the "Horrendos" I got nothin to say about them. It was stupid idea. I'm a member of a gang but in a way it's more than that. Like so many other children my age, my homeboys are my family— What a crock a shit.

**CHRISTINA.** It was good, especially the introduction.

**CARLOS.** Come on, it was crap. "Suppose no one was ever there for you? Suppose you felt like no one really cared?" So what? Shut up and get a grip. The paper sucked Christina. Couldn't even spell there right, I used t-h-e-i-r instead of t-h-e-r-e. So I ripped it up and torched it. We needed something to set off the bodega sign anyway. Asshole kicked us out of his deli—fuck him. Last time he'll make that mistake. We torched his nice little Quick-Mart sign. Next time we'll do the whole store, he don't show us some respect. I figured it was fitting—start a torch with a stupid essay on violence in our modern society. I figure now we can write about O.J. Simpson—

*(BJ afraid of a horsefly tries to move out of the bushes.)*

**BJ.** Ahhh! Get off a me, dammit!

**CARLOS.** *(Pulls a large switchblade immediately and whistles for help.)* You move again, I'll cut your goddamn head off.

**CHRISTINA.** Chippo, it's BJ. He's a friend. Put your stupid knife away and quit being a tonto.

**CARLOS.** Smelly ass pendejo scared the shit out of me.

*(Two gang members LUIS and CROW appear immediately.)*

**LUIS.** Let's rock and roll!!!!

*(LUIS is short and has a temper to match. CROW is huge and silent and carries a large iron pipe. They jump to Carlos' side and size up the situation. A loud clap of thunder is heard. BJ terrified jumps back in the bushes.)*

**LUIS.** What the hell was that? Looked like a big-ass rat to me? Crow let's hurt us some rat!

*(They move toward the bush.)*

**CHRISTINA.** *(Trying to stop them:)* Come on. Look, he's a friend. He's just scared.

**LUIS.** Carlos, move your putana out the way before Crow accidentally knocks the shit out of her. You know he don't think too well.

**CARLOS.** They're just gonna scare him.

**CHRISTINA.** He did nothing wrong. Chippo, stop them or—

**LUIS.** Or what? You won't do his homework for him?

**CARLOS.** Hey, asshole! Watch your mouth—

**LUIS.** What, now this bitch means something to you? What happened to I got this under control— Don't sweat this—soon as she gets a piece of my ass—

**CARLOS.** Cállate! *(He slaps LUIS.)*

**LUIS.** *(He takes out a gun.)* Don't hit me man. I told you don't ever fuckin' hit me.

**CARLOS.** Yo! Be cool man. Luis, shit it's me Chippo.

**LUIS.** I know it's you man, but don't ever hit me like that again or you'll be one mighty-dead-ex-mother Chippo. 'Cause I'll take your ass out without even thinking about it. Just like I shoulda done to my old man. Only I never had the chance. *(He controls himself. And puts the gun away...)* I'm sorry, but I got this thing about that...

**CHRISTINA.** Chippo stop him!

*(CROW is hitting the bushes with the pipe looking for BJ.)*

**CARLOS.** Crow! Crow! You dumb idioto. Basta! Basta! Luis, tell your monkey to behave.

**LUIS.** *(Whistles and CROW immediately stops.)* Crow, it's okay. It's okay, you scared him. You got him good.

*(CROW looks back at the bushes, and hits them good one more time. BJ has disappeared. CROW stops amazed and crosses back to CARLOS and LUIS.)*

**LUIS.** So this gonna be a trend, you calling your boys to trim some bushes, or what?

**CARLOS.** I didn't know who he was—I thought it might be the five-o's about last night.

**LUIS.** Are you kidding? That deli guy's so thankful it was only his sign we took out he's probably in there right now throwing out the Hail Mary's like there's no tomorrow. No, this was your pretty little *senorita's* bum of a friend. I hear she collects them you know. Got a kitchen full of them. Like some people got comic books. She's got a collection of bums... Better be careful, that shit might rub off on you. Come on Crow, it's Easter Sunday, we got some more repenting to do.

*(They exit. CHRISTINA is silent. CARLOS tries to ease the tension.)*

**CARLOS.** Luis is loco. I'm telling you. Be a miracle he lives to twenty. Be a miracle we finish that paper on time.

**CHRISTINA.** You can say that again.

**CARLOS.** Oh, come on *mi novia*. Don't let that dickhead upset you—

**CHRISTINA.** It's not that dickhead that's got me upset. It's this one. How could you say that about me?

**CARLOS.** Say what?

**CHRISTINA.** I'm so stupid... God, how can I be so stupid... Why lie to me Carlos? Why tell me you wanted me? I mean really wanted me?

**CARLOS.** I did. I still do.

**CHRISTINA.** Yeah, as long as your grades keep getting better. I mean I'm not a total moron, I knew that's why you started to be with me. But I really thought it had changed. Like when you hate a song you hear, but if you keep listening to it, all a sudden it starts to make sense to you, and you even end up liking it. Wanting it to come on. I mean, I thought I felt that kind of change...

**CARLOS.** You did.

**CHRISTINA.** Come on, don't shit me. Not now.

**CARLOS.** I'm not dammit. (*Long pause.*) God, I'm telling you this sucks. It's like things I never want to think are sitting here in my head when I'm around you. It's not good. I gotta stop doing this...

**CHRISTINA.** Stop what?

**CARLOS.** Look we're supposed to be working on English, Math, and Chemistry. The rest of this is just inter-curricular activity.

**CHRISTINA.** Is that all this is?

**CARLOS.** I don't know what the hell it is...

**CHRISTINA.** Neither do I...

**CARLOS.** Come on Christina, it's not even like we're from the same planet anyway—

**CHRISTINA.** I live two blocks over from you—

**CARLOS.** I'm not talking address. I'm talking a way of seeing things. You always see a possibility. You have this nice way of looking at it.

**CHRISTINA.** I see things for what they are, and what they could be—

**CARLOS.** Like helping me. You actually want to believe I can write, hell you almost had me believing. When we both know I can't spell for shit, and I wouldn't know like a semi-colon from a semi-automatic.

**CHRISTINA.** You see, look at that analogy.

**CARLOS.** Just stop the game, all right?

**CHRISTINA.** It's not a game to me, none of this is...

**CARLOS.** Then stop making me believe, okay? 'Cause I don't need it. Quit hoping for me... It bugs me. I don't need school, I don't need grades, I don't need you. I don't need nothing from nobody. That's how I see things okay? Don't let any of this shit matter 'cause sooner or later something's gonna fuck it all up anyway. Know what I'm saying? I ain't never had a single thing turn out the way I ever wanted it, so why want it?

**CHRISTINA.** Like with Gabriella?

**CARLOS.** What the hell she got to do with it?

**CHRISTINA.** If she never got pregnant would you still be going with her?

**CARLOS.** Hell no. Her having little Carlito got nothing to do with it. What is with you anyway? See this is just what I'm talking about—all this talking and shit. Girls always be talking. Blah, blah, blah, trying to get deep and shit. Leave the shit alone. Let it be.

**CHRISTINA.** Fine.

**CARLOS.** Good.

*(Long pause.)*

**CARLOS.** So what do you think?

**CHRISTINA.** About what?

**CARLOS.** About using O.J. Simpson. It's a stupid idea, isn't it?

**CHRISTINA.** Why didn't I listen to her...

**CARLOS.** Who?

**CHRISTINA.** Consuela.

**CARLOS.** What the hell does she have to do with it? (*CONSUELA has entered and neither of them see her.*) With anything? You think it's a stupid idea, don't you?

**CHRISTINA.** She told me I was being stupid. “Chrissy, if you axe me this is rubber-room behavior.”

**CARLOS.** What the hell she know anyway, girl is dumber than a door knob—

**CONSUELA.** I know your ass ain’t talking about me Carlos Romero, because if you are I’m gonna kick it from one end of this courtyard to the other. Here girlfriend, mission accomplished.

*(She tosses a paper sack to CHRISTINA. CARLOS catches the sack.)*

And yes, it’s about time you listen to me because your life is on a fast track to nowhere with this pinga.

**CARLOS.** And just what in the hell do you know about anything? Like who voted you expert? Especially about love? The only thing you ever had between your legs is a maxi-pad.

**CONSUELA.** Is that what you think love is? Shoving it into anything that moves?

**CARLOS.** No, of course not—

**CONSUELA.** So then what is this here? Are you telling me this is love? Because, correct me if I am mistaken, but I do not hear bluebirds singing, and angels chanting on high.

**CHRISTINA.** Okay, Con. Enough.

**CONSUELA.** I mean I actually think for a minute there you, Chrissy, felt it might be love, but like I said you need your head examined ’cause this guy wouldn’t know love from a beat-down. It’s not in his *espirito*. My mother always says you can see it in a man’s eyes, the amount of love in ’em. And this guys got not a speck of love in his eyes.

**CHRISTINA.** Can I have my bag, please—

**CARLOS.** *(He is crossing over to CONSUELA.)* Look, bitch it’s Easter Sunday, so I’m gonna let what you say go in one ear and out the other—

**CONSUELA.** I thought with you everything went in one ear and out the other.

**CARLOS.** You see, your friend here is asking for it.

**CHRISTINA.** He's right Con. Please, just let us be for a few minutes.

**CONSUELA.** Sure. *(Referring to the bag:)* They didn't have the one you wanted, but the guy said this one was even better.

**CARLOS.** What is this anyway?

**CHRISTINA.** Carlos, come on this is personal.

**CONSUELA.** *(Realizing he doesn't know:)* Oh shit. I'm so sorry, Chris...

**CARLOS.** Sorry about what? Sorry about what? What the hell's in here anyway— *(He dumps the bag on to the floor. It contains a box of hair color, and some lip gloss.)* Nice And Easy Hair Color? You dye your hair?

**CHRISTINA.** Of course not.

**CONSUELA.** Oh, that's my bag. Here, Chris. *(She makes sure only CHRISTINA gets the bag.)* Here's yours. *(Taking back her hair color from CARLOS:)* Nosey!

**CARLOS.** What up with this here.

**CONSUELA.** What? We didn't want you to know I color my hair.

**CARLOS.** Hell, a blind man would know you color your hair. What the hell's going on here?

**CHRISTINA.** Nothing, we'll talk about it later, okay?

**CARLOS.** No, something tells me we better talk about it now. What's in that bag?

*(A large girl pushing a baby carriage comes in followed by two other girls.)*

**GABRIELLA.** I knew if I found that little bitch, I find you!

**ANA.** I told you she'd be out here.

**MARIA.** See, it's like now they're always together.

**GABRIELLA.** Why Chippo? Why you want to go and do this to me? Don't you know everybody is laughing at me? At little Carlito?

**CARLOS.** Don't be bugging me about shit now, Gabby, I gave you fifty dollars on Friday.

**GABRIELLA.** I'm not talking about your dirty money. Money you probably stole anyway... You know what I'm talking about!

**ANA.** Of course he knows.

**MARIA.** He was there wasn't he?

**CARLOS.** Know what?

**GABRIELLA.** I'm not stupid, you know. Don't talk to me like I'm stupid.

**CONSUELA.** Well, you're not exactly Einstein either...

**GABRIELLA.** You shut up, bitch.

**CONSUELA.** Who's gonna shut me up? You fat-ass?

**GABRIELLA.** Maria, Ana, take little Carlito. And let me rip this girl's hair out of her head! You wait here Carlito, Mommy's gonna be right back. *(She kisses Carlito's head.)* Okay, Bitch who you calling fat-ass.

**CARLOS.** Cállate. Both of you. What you getting so upset for Gabriella. It's Easter. You gonna tell Father Rivera you were sorry for yanking this girl's hair out here on Easter Sunday? Besides she's right you do have a big-ass. *(He knows exactly how to get to her.)* But it's nice and sweet to hold onto.

**GABRIELLA.** Since when do you care.

**CARLOS.** You know I never get tired of that.

**GABRIELLA.** *(Not buying into it this time:)* No, apparently not! Which is why you have to do it with every girl you can get your hands on.

**CARLOS.** Is that what you're so upset about?

**GABRIELLA.** Hell, I don't care who you fuck, Carlos. I never did. God knows if any girl lets that bother her good luck finding her a man. You men are dogs anyway, rub up against anything that moves.

**ANA.** Ain't that the truth.

**MARIA.** Go, girl!

**GABRIELLA.** But you screwed up once already with me and Carlito. Why did you have to go and do it again?

**CARLOS.** Do what again.

**GABRIELLA.** Oh, come on the whole church knows about you and little Miss-perfect bitch here. And Maria and Ana both heard her ask her friend Braindead to go get the P.T.

**CARLOS.** The P.T.?

**GABRIELLA.** The pregnancy test. That what she left Mass for. You, jerkhead, are gonna be a father again.

**CARLOS.** No...

**GABRIELLA.** You're batting two for two.

*(Long pause.)*

**CARLOS.** Is this true? Christina, I said is this true? *(He is over her now threatening her:)* Is this true!!

**CHRISTINA.** I don't know.

**CARLOS.** What do you mean "you don't know"?

**CHRISTINA.** I'm not sure.

**CARLOS.** Great. You said you were careful.

**CHRISTINA.** I was—until you wanted—

**CARLOS.** Oh, great bitch. Now you're gonna try and blame me?

**CHRISTINA.** No, it's nobody's fault—

**CARLOS.** Oh, yes it is! Goddammit! Oh, yes it is. You try telling my mother it's nobody's fault. Bullshit! *(He slaps her.)* This is just great!! *(He hits the bench next to her.)* Now what am I gonna do?

**GABRIELLA.** Chippo, listen to me. I'm only telling you this so you won't be surprised, so you can get ready for it. Escúchame. Your mother already knows. Somebody told her during the service—

**CARLOS.** What?

**MARIA.** It was Mrs. Perez.

**ANA.** You know her, she'd tell anyone anything.

**GABRIELLA.** She knows, Chippo. It took three women to shut her up. She tried to hit Christina's Mom.

**CHRISTINA.** Great...

**GABRIELLA.** Your mother blamed her for the whole thing. Then left right after the sermon. Said she was gonna kill her the next chance she could get.

**CARLOS.** You see? Now where is the good in this one, huh? *(He is holding her tightly by the arms.)* You see, bitch? Tell me how to look at the bright side of this one! *(He slaps her, again.)* How you gonna get us out of this? *(He shoves her to the bench.)*

**CONSUELA.** Carlos, leave her the hell alone!

**GABRIELLA.** *(Stopping her:)* Stay out of it, if you know what's good for you...

**CARLOS.** *(He raises his hand to hit her again.)* What are we gonna do now, huh?

*(BJ jumps out from the bushes and lands in front of CARLOS. He is holding an old baseball bat.)*

**BJ.** I don't know what you're gonna do, but I know what you're not gonna do, and that is hit her again, ever, or I'm gonna knock your head right off those shoulders quicker than you can say asshole.

**CARLOS.** Don't make me laugh. As if you can even use that. When was the last time you swung a bat.

**BJ.** *(Swings the bat powerfully.)* Just a couple of seconds ago, Chippo. Take my word for it, I'm not bad with this. Had a two-ninety average in high school, batted lead off, but with a lot of power. Did all right. Besides it keeps the rats away at night, know what I'm saying?

**CARLOS.** *(Takes out his knife.)* Okay, tough guy, let's see if you can hit this. Oh, not so tough now, are you. Better run like you did before.

**BJ.** I'm not scared of you no more, so come get me.

**CARLOS.** Oh, no?

**BJ.** That's right. I had me an epiphany.

**CARLOS.** A what? Ah, who cares... Does it make you a big man all of a sudden?

**BJ.** No, more than a man.

**CARLOS.** Oh, really?

**BJ.** That's right, asshole. 'Cause I walk with saints.

**CARLOS.** Yeah, and I walk on water...

**BJ.** Had me a nice conversation with one just now, and you know what he said?

**CARLOS.** He said your ass is crazy and you smell worse than shit.

**BJ.** He said you have nothing to fear for I am with you, and the way of the lord is righteous— *(CARLOS is moving slowly closer to him.)* and then I thought about it a minute and I said "You know, ain't nobody gonna bother you none BJ if you let them know you hang with a saint," you know why?

**CHRISTINA.** Carlos, stop. Enough. *(He shoves her away. A loud clap of thunder is heard.)*

**BJ.** Because you fuck with a saint and all hell breaks loose...

*(And as he turns, BJ throws his jacket over CARLOS' head. CARLOS is smothered in the bad smell. He drops to the bench to try to get it off his head.)*

**CARLOS.** Damn. Gross!

*(BJ swings his bat and knocks the knife from CARLOS. It can be staged so he can hit the bench not Carlos' hand and CARLOS can just drop the knife. CONSUELA picks it up. Another clap of thunder, it is raining now.)*

**MARIA.** Ah! Come on, Ana.

**ANA.** Cuño, my new shoes. Gabby!

**GABRIELLA.** Take Carlito inside, I'll be right there.

*(The two girls exit.)*

**CHRISTINA.** Con, go get Father Rivera.

**CONSUELA.** Are you gonna be all right?

**CHRISTINA.** Get him.

*(CONSUELA leaves quickly.)*

**CARLOS.** The son-of-a-bitch broke my finger. Ah, shit. I think he broke my finger.

**GABRIELLA.** You got to put it on ice then. Come on, Chippo. You can't go home now. Come over to my place. I'll take care of it.

**CARLOS.** What about my knife, man. Where is my knife?

**GABRIELLA.** That stupid bitch Consuela took it. We don't have time for that now, Father Rivera'll be out here any minute. Chippo, come on!

**CARLOS.** *(Looking BJ right in the eye:)* Your ass is mine, mother-fucker. This is now officially your nightmare. It has begun, and it's gonna get very scary.

**GABRIELLA.** Which hand is it? This one?

**CARLOS.** Ow, shit, yes, that one... Careful!

*(CARLOS and GABRIELLA leave together. CHRISTINA and BJ are sitting in the pouring rain.)*

**CHRISTINA.** I'm sorry, BJ. I'm so sorry...

**BJ.** For what?

**CHRISTINA.** For everything... *(She is crying now.)* God, I'm such a fool...

**BJ.** Hey, ain't nothing wrong with being a little foolish. Only time I ever been wrong was when I knew for sure I was right.

**CHRISTINA.** BJ, is it possible to make such a mistake you spend your whole life regretting it?

**BJ.** Hell, yeah. Actually, yes and no.

**CHRISTINA.** What do you mean?

**BJ.** Well, yes it's possible to screw things up—to wake up one day and realize your life has like slipped right through your hands onto the floor, cracked in two. Sure...

**CHRISTINA.** But?

**BJ.** But you gotta pick it back up and put it in your pocket, 'cause it still be your life broke or not. And like some goddamn Timex or whatever, the shit's gonna keep moving. Cracked and scratched a little bit, it'll still keep going...

**CHRISTINA.** We should go inside, get out of this storm.

**BJ.** Not me, I like the rain. I wash in it. Cleans me off. It last long enough, I can soap off behind that back shed. And we both know I could use that.

**CHRISTINA.** God, I feel the same way. Like I need to get cleaner.

**BJ.** You want to borrow my bar of Irish Spring?

**CHRISTINA.** No, thanks...thank you for helping just now. For sticking your neck out.

**BJ.** No need to thank me, shit I figure I owe you about what a year and a half of dinners, so...

**CHRISTINA.** You don't owe me.

**BJ.** And you don't need to thank.

**CHRISTINA.** I haven't done this in years. Just sit out in the rain. It feels nice.

**BJ.** Yep. When it's not too cold... My man Benedict Joe, and I spent many a storm out here, chilling, arguing about shit. He likes to be contrary, I say something's good, he'll say it's bad. I say I like ketchup, he says mustard. Almost like that song: "You say tomato, I say tomato, you say mustard, I say ketchup..."

**CHRISTINA.** You sit out here and sing with the saints.

**BJ.** Sure, every once in a while, but mostly we argue. Like I told him there was nothing I could do to help you, he said there sure as shit was. And he was right...

**CHRISTINA.** Well, thank you Benedict Joe! Funny I pour my heart out to Saint Agnes here for a little help and guidance and what do I get? Nothing. *(Thunder is heard again, a low rumble from far off.)* You fight and sing and wash with your saint. Mine just sits there and looks down with a stone-blank face, and watches my life break into two...

**BJ.** Well, friend maybe you need yourself a new saint. Benedict Joe, he may not be top ten on the Saint chart, but he always do right by me. The way I see it, leave them heavy weight saints for the big shots. Us low lifes, we better off with the light weights.

**CHRISTINA.** Maybe...

**BJ.** You get yourself a nice lesser saint, they'll do all right by you...

*(The lights fade to black as they both sit in silence for a beat.)*

**Scene Two**

*(The courtyard, two days later. The statue to St. Agnes is surrounded by yellow police caution tape and is noticeably charred. It is early evening. From inside the church the overture to “The Phantom of the Opera” can be heard being played on the church organ. CHRISTINA enters to pray, carrying a bouquet of flowers, and notices the statue.)*

**CHRISTINA.** Que te paso? Te ves mal...BJ? BJ? What’s up with St. Agnes? BJ?

**BJ.** *(Coming from the bushes:)* What? Yo, have a little paciencia... The world don’t move in Christina time, you know.

**CHRISTINA.** I was worried, that’s all. I saw the statue, and then you didn’t answer—

**BJ.** I was listening to Sister Fuentes practice on the organ. She got some new sheet music. Girl got a weakness for them secular show tunes... “Phantom of the Opera” and shit... *(Now “Jesus Christ Superstar” is playing...)* Go, sister; go, sister. What’s up with you? You look like your pet monkey done died?

**CHRISTINA.** I don’t have no pet monkey...

**BJ.** Then stop looking like it died...

**CHRISTINA.** BJ, I’m in big trouble... And I don’t know who to talk to...

**BJ.** Well, I was gonna listen to Sister Fuentes massacre “Man of La Mancha,” but that can wait... “To dream, the impossible dream” ... Go ahead, sit down, tell me why you buggin... “To right, the un-rightable wrong...”

**CHRISTINA.** I’m pregnant BJ. I screwed up and went and got myself pregnant...

**BJ.** Oh, shit...

**CHRISTINA.** I know...

**BJ.** How? I mean, I know how—with who? Wait, please don’t tell me with Mr. Sweetness and Charm hisself, “Cheep-o” ...

**CHRISTINA.** Yes...

**BJ.** This the mistake that might never be corrected? From the other day?

**CHRISTINA.** Yes... God, you should have heard my mother. Was like, I don't know, a jackhammer digging up the pavement, the way she started screaming... Dragged me down to the clinic for another test. And then another. But it don't matter, no matter how many times they test me, it will be the same... It keeps feeling like this dream, and I might wake up, but then I get the test results, and I know it ain't no dream... They even gave me all this information about, you know—terminating the pregnancy, and that's when it really hit me, and I started crying, and mi mama started crying and two or three of the other girls sitting there waiting for their test results started crying. It was ridiculous... And all last night I was up thinking about it, you know, if I should really do this, should I have the baby or not, 'cause like I know if I leave it up to my mother, there is no question, being so devoted and all, and like I know I'm not even supposed to think about it, that it's a sin, but I did. All night... And I thought of those other girls, and how many of them might be at that clinic to do it, and if they were as worried as I about making the right decision...

**BJ.** I'm sure they were...

**CHRISTINA.** Am I crazy, BJ to want to try and have it? Do you think it's like an even bigger mistake on top of a mistake...

**BJ.** I can't say. I know it's one—I was gonna say mother-of-a-decision, but that be too obvious, of course it be a mother-of-a-decision... I can't think of no other more important...

**CHRISTINA.** I know... And then I thought of my mother, and I wondered if she ever worried about having me y Juanita, and you know what? I was looking at my birth certificate, because I was thinking about all this...and I looked up what her anniversary was, I mean, the year and all. And I did a little arithmetic, for the first time, and you're not gonna believe this, but my mother, little Miss-Perfect-Catholic, like she is so tight with the Virgin, you'd think she never had sex, was over two months pregnant with me before she got married to Pappi. And she has never ever told me that! Acting

like I committed this huge unthinkable sin and I'm gonna burn in hell for it, and it turns out this type of behavior, this need to screw up your life at this very early age, it like runs in our family. So she's like sobbing and saying what did she ever do to deserve this, and I said "Look, Mama don't worry about me, I'm not gonna make the same mistakes as you..." And she slapped me hard, right across the face. And it's funny but I didn't get upset, I just looked at her and I said "I understand now, about you and Pappi. I understand why he eventually left and why you never talk about it. You both felt trapped, and you never let me know it and I respect you for that, for that I will always be grateful. But I won't marry this boy to do the honorable thing, I would only marry him if I loved him, which it turns out that I don't..." And she looked at me horrified like I had decided to you know have an abortion, and I said "Do you love me?" And she couldn't answer for the longest time, she was so worried. "Mama, do you honestly love me?" And finally she said "Of course, but that is not the point." And I said "Yes, it is. It is. Please, say it." And she said "Christina Maria"... and I said "Please..." and I guess I must have started crying too because finally she said, "Tu novia, (don't you start crying too) Yes, I love you, of course (I love you)." And I said "Good that is all that matters..." And right then, my mind was made up. And she said "What? what are you talking about?" And I said "I want to have this baby, I'm going to have this baby, I don't care what people say, or how they act, and I know in your heart you'll understand, and most important of all, I know now that I can love her... Or him. Oh, God what if it's a boy?" ...And she said "So? So what, if it's a boy. If it's a boy, we paint the room blue instead of pink..."

**BJ.** Ain't nobody gonna be a better mother, I'm sure of that, but *you* better be sure you ready—

**CHRISTINA.** I know.

**BJ.** 'Cause my momma sure as shit wasn't. Woman had four babies by the time she was twenty. And no job, least nothing legal. No man who spent more than a weekend with her, only thing permanent she had was her need for some crack cocaine... But she give it her all, I guess... Use to carry us through them New York subways, begging, sometimes all night... 'Till it finally got her one day...

Reached right up her arm and choked her heart... I was eight years old, but I remember. She shuddered and coughed, grabbed hold of her heart, looked right at us sitting in the corner, and was gone... So I can't say I'm no expert in the mother department... But something tells me—like that song says: “You, you, you got what it takes...”

**CHRISTINA.** You think so?

**BJ.** Definitely... Now see you gone and reminded me. I supposed to be walking the earth and I'm been sitting my ass out here in this garden too long... I got me some searching to do. Got to try and find me my mother, it's been too long now...

**CONSUELA.** Christina, God I have been looking for you for two days now. Why didn't you return my calls?

**CHRISTINA.** I've been busy. I'm sorry, Con...

**CONSUELA.** Busy, yeah, right. You sound like Paco—I whine to him about why he hasn't called me in like five months... He says, “I've been busy... For about a year now”... God, this place gives me the creeps all of a sudden, what are you doing here—look at her...

*(She is staring at the statue.)*

**CHRISTINA.** I know some asshole thought it must have been real funny... How could someone be so disrespectful, to a saint...

**CONSUELA.** What do you mean “someone”? You don't know? This is what Chippo did. Oh, my God, you haven't heard?

**CHRISTINA.** Heard what?

**CONSUELA.** Chippo and the Horrendos. It was payback time. Torched your friend the bum. For what he did, helping you...

**CHRISTINA.** What?

**CONSUELA.** It was on the news, in the paper... They set him on fire!

**CHRISTINA.** *(She is looking for BJ now, but he is gone.)* BJ?

**CONSUELA.** Yeah, he died at the hospital, early this morning. From the burns. I'm sorry, I thought you knew...

**CHRISTINA.** It can't be...

**CONSUELA.** I figured the flowers were for him...

**CHRISTINA.** They were for Saint Agnes, an offering...

**CONSUELA.** You look terrible, you okay?

**CHRISTINA.** I just can't believe it...

**CONSUELA.** Shit, it's almost seven, I got to get to work. Bitch gave me the night shift at the Loews... Listen, Christina I came out here looking for you 'cause I wanted to tell you myself, so you would kind of understand... God, I forgot to ask, so are you like really pregnant or what?

**CHRISTINA.** I don't know, I'm not sure of anything right now...

**CONSUELA.** What was the test, positive or negative?

**CHRISTINA.** The test was positive, all three times—

**CONSUELA.** Then girlfriend, one thing you can be sure of—you are carrying! God, are you like ready to die or what?

**CHRISTINA.** Not exactly the best choice of words, given the circumstances...

**CONSUELA.** Okay, you're right... Anyway, I hope you understand that what I am about to say has nothing to do with you actually getting, you know, knocked up. I mean mi mama would have laid down the law regardless... I'm actually happy for you, but she has like forbidden me to see you for awhile. She's worried that you're a bad influence, I mean you have to laugh. Christina, a bad influence? But she's all worried I'm gonna come home pregnant by like osmosis, just by being near you or something... Anyway, you know how strict she is, and you know you do not like go against mi mama. Don't be pissed with me Christina, I figure we can always talk at school and I'll sneak off and call you and shit, and you can come by the theater...

**CHRISTINA.** But otherwise, I'm off limits...

**CONSUELA.** It's just until she gets used to this. I mean, the whole neighborhood is talking about it...

**CHRISTINA.** Like we did with Gabby...

**CONSUELA.** Yeah, I guess so.

**CHRISTINA.** Made her feel like she was diseased or something, no wonder she's such a bitch now...

**CONSUELA.** She was always a bitch— Anyway, I'm late, I just wanted to tell you myself.

**CHRISTINA.** So you agreed with her?

**CONSUELA.** What do you mean agreed?

**CHRISTINA.** You said you would give up our friendship?

**CONSUELA.** Not give up—

**CHRISTINA.** What then? Huh? What, put it on hold? You'd do that? Now that I'm gonna need every friend I can get?

**CONSUELA.** Chris, this is my Mom, we are talking about. Nobody argues with my Mom, you know that. She'll cool off—

**CHRISTINA.** When? Months from now? Years?

**CONSUELA.** I don't know, after the baby probably...

**CHRISTINA.** (*Sarcastically:*) "But trust me, this has nothing to do with you actually getting knocked up" ...

**CONSUELA.** Look, don't get pissed with me okay? I'm not the one who was stupid enough to let Carlos Romero...

**CHRISTINA.** What? Fuck them? Yes, I know... You don't have to remind me...

**CONSUELA.** Look, I'm sorry, but I'm late—

**CHRISTINA.** Then go—

**CONSUELA.** And we are both saying things we don't mean—

**CHRISTINA.** Consuelo, you do this to me, if you allow your mother to do this, to treat me like I'm some monster or something, we are no longer friends, do you hear me?

**CONSUELA.** You see, you don't mean that—

**CHRISTINA.** I know exactly what I'm saying, and what I am doing. If you were really my friend you would never even think of doing it.

**CONSUELA.** Look, guilt trip me all you want... Someday you'll understand. I tried to help you. I told you he was bad news, I told you nothing good would come of it, and you laughed, well, don't blame me for that, okay...

**CHRISTINA.** I don't blame you for anything— I don't blame anyone...just myself.

**CONSUELA.** Fine...

**CHRISTINA.** I thought you were late...

**CONSUELA.** I am.

**CHRISTINA.** Then go...

**CONSUELA.** I am. I'm sorry. I mean I know you're also upset about... *(She is searching for the right word)* that homeless guy—

**CHRISTINA.** His name was BJ.

**CONSUELA.** Right... Anyway I'm sorry... I'll talk to you later...

*(She exits.)*

**CHRISTINA.** His name used to be Howard, and he was my friend...

**BJ.** Listen, that Howard shit, that's between me and you okay? 'Cause I never much cared for the name. Specially since my last name was Johnson.

**CHRISTINA.** BJ?

**BJ.** You try going through life named Howard Johnson. That shit can scar an individual, let me tell you. My mother said it was 'cause she had me on the floor of a goddamn Howard Johnsons, three o'clock one morning. Said two truck drivers never even looked up from their sausage an eggs... I'm just glad it wasn't no Denny's.

**CHRISTINA.** BJ? What happened here last night? In this courtyard?

**BJ.** I'm not quite sure myself, probably why I keep coming back here... But I think I'm beginning to piece it together. I remember them all coming at me. And one of them got hold of my bat and gave me a good swat side of the head. And I remember comin' to after they tied me to the statue. And then they all took turns hitting me... *(He's looking at the charred statue.)* Good thing too, from the looks of it, 'cause after awhile I blacked out again...but I could swear I heard Sister Fuentes playing "Fiddler On The Roof"...

**CHRISTINA.** So then what's going on, why are you here? I mean why can I see you?

**BJ.** What's with all the questions and shit? It ain't like I'm old hat at this, you know... This is my first day on the job... So to speak... So cut me a little slack, okay? The best I can make of it is... I just spent too much time begging Benedict Joe, wishing I could be like him... Ain't a good idea to be begging from no beggar, we got us too much of a soft spot not to give...

**CHRISTINA.** I need to get some sleep, this is what happens when you stay up all night and can't sleep...

**BJ.** Maybe... But, then again, maybe not. Those flowers for me?

**CHRISTINA.** Yes... Actually, no. They were for Saint Agnes...

**BJ.** I see. No matter. Never did much care for 'em anyway. Or chocolates... You want to get to my heart you fix me a pie. And you want some heavy devotion, you bake me a banana cream...

**CHRISTINA.** I was going to try praying again... Not that I have much luck with it...

**BJ.** You not happy with me?

**CHRISTINA.** Of course not— What are you talking about?

**BJ.** Not like I got me a statue and shit. Here I am, finally got to be somebody's vision and all, but I'll be damned if I know what I am patron of. My luck it'll be HoJo's and the twenty eight flavors. Be patron saint of the twenty eight...

**CHRISTINA.** This is not real... This can't be real...

**BJ.** Maybe...

**CHRISTINA.** I know... Maybe... And maybe not... Look, maybe's not good enough. Yes or no, are you real? Or are you dead?

**BJ.** Yes. *(Pause.)* And no. Now, before you start complaining remember this is my rookie season and all, but the way I see it, it don't much matter if none of this is real or not. 'Cause you need me, I'm here, you see? It's all about the need... And come a time you don't, I won't. Listen, Benedict Joe, he used to say to me when we's fighting, 'cause the two of us was prone to arguing—did I tell you that?

**CHRISTINA.** Yes, like ketchup and mustard—

**BJ.** Right. And we used to go at it, 'till we was at each other's throats and I'd say to him "Then just get on down the road and leave me be, I don't need you, I never asked for your opinion anyway," and the funny thing was, he'd leave. But it wouldn't be two days before I'd start to missing him—needing him—and wishing he was there to tell me them Yankees was gonna finish the bottom of the division one more time, when sure enough he'd come walking out them bushes right there asking me for a cigarette or a beer, and I'd say "I knew you'd be back. I just this minute thought, I bet old Benedict Joe gonna ask me for this last cigarette"—and he used to say "I guess then you'd better stop your not needing to need me..."

**CHRISTINA.** But how will I know you're there. Could you always see him?

**BJ.** Blind man can't see the sun but he can still feel it shine on his face...

**GABRIELLA.** Christina, is that you? God, I couldn't see you for a minute in this light... I was over to the Loews and Consuela told me you were here. I'm sorry am I interrupting your praying? *(CHRISTINA wonders if she can see BJ but he is gone. GABRIELLA notices the statue for the first time.)* Ah! *(Crossing herself:)* God, help us. I'm sorry I just still can't believe he did this. I mean I know he was never any good, but I just never knew he was this bad... I mean it's one thing to steal, sell a little dope...but this? Anyway, like I know I am probably the last person on earth you might want to see now, but I felt like I should warn you or something, 'cause he's gonna be looking for you...

**CHRISTINA.** Who?

**GABRIELLA.** Chippo! They're after him. The police. They're after all the Horrendos. They already got Luis... They were at my apartment earlier today, and he had just left... The word is on the street, so now he's got no place left to go. So I thought I'd better warn you...

**CHRISTINA.** Thank you...

**GABRIELLA.** He'll try to talk his way in you know... Ask you for things. Don't let him.

**CHRISTINA.** Since when are you so interested—

*(A police car siren is heard passing very close by, then fades into the distance.)*

**GABRIELLA.** Look, from what I hear, you can use every friend you can get—'cause believe me they are gonna be fighting each other to cross to the other side of the street once you come down it. That's right. 'Cause the word is out about you too, you know. And we all know how it is around here.

*(She is looking right at CHRISTINA.)*

Everybody loves to talk... Get used to it girlfriend, you are gonna get chewed up and spit out for at least the next nine months... But you'll get used to it... It'll help. Gets you strong enough for the rest of it, which believe me, ain't no picnic neither... Listen, I got me some clothes you can use... If you want them... I saved everything that Carlito's grown out of. And I can keep saving it. Long as you have a boy, I mean.

**CHRISTINA.** Thank you.

**GABRIELLA.** And toys and shit. Got plenty of them. Gonna need more than you think...

*(The bushes move behind them.)*

**CHRISTINA.** BJ?

*(CROW comes running out of the bushes, as though he is being chased. He stops immediately when he sees the girls. Then takes a*

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*good long look at the statue, and turns to disappear back into the bushes, when CARLOS appears from the other direction.)*

**CARLOS.** Crow! Come on, dammit! This way! *(He stops when he sees the girls.)* What the hell are you two doing out here? Jesus, Gabby what did you tell them five-os anyway?

**GABRIELLA.** Nothing, that you left to get breakfast. What was I supposed to tell them?

**CARLOS.** Did you say anything about the other night? They must have asked you? What did you say?

**GABRIELLA.** I told them exactly what I knew. That you left about eleven and came back about three.

**CARLOS.** Great. Just great. Why didn't you tell them I was home with you, watching a movie or something? That's a stupid question. Why? Because you are such a goddamn idiota sometimes...

**GABRIELLA.** Tell me about it.

**CARLOS.** You got any money on you? 'Nother stupid question. Christina, you got any money on you. We need to get out of here for awhile, maybe New York. 'Til all this blows over. I'd get it from her, but all she's got I gave her...

**GABRIELLA.** And we both know how little that is...

**CARLOS.** I'll take care of you later... Come on Christina, it's not like I got time to get down on my knees here... They are after me.

**GABRIELLA.** Christina, don't even think about it.

**CHRISTINA.** Don't worry.

**CARLOS.** Oh, fuck you both! Both of you go to hell. I don't believe this. *(To CHRISTINA:)* All this is because of you anyway...

**CHRISTINA.** I know that.

**GABRIELLA.** No, it isn't!

**CARLOS.** Cállate, Putana! Haven't you said enough for one day. Shit. What a stupid tonto. Five-o's ask you anything else you keep your mouth shut, you hear me?

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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