



AREN'T WE ALL

(A movie adapted from the play)

By

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AREN'T WE ALL

Cast

- FRANK**.....43 year old big, Polish heroin Addict, Convict, cruel, unintelligent, has on going battle between both side of Himself throughout: Good Frank, GF and Bad Frank, BF.
- STANLEY**.....56 year old Jewish pot smoker, Intelligent, frustrated playwright, Humorous, pompous, likes to sing.
- JOHN**.....53 year old, Irish alcoholic, he drinks Because, he hasn't gotten over that he Shot, and killed his sister when he was Eight years old.
- MIGUEL**.....20 year old Puerto Rican crack addict, Aspiring poet, he never speaks and only Recites poems that he writes.
- LUCILLE**.....33 year old, Black lesbian, Heroin addict, falls for Marie.
- MARIE**.....42 year old Italian heroin addict, Her junky husband sold her two Children to get high.
- SYLVIA**.....40ish, attractive Facilitator at a Rehab.
- UNCLE WILLIE**.....Lucille's 40 year old junky uncle that turned her on and raped her.
- JOHN'S Father**.....60 years old, mean drunk.
- JOHN'S Mother**.....57 years old. Abused.
- PATTY, John's kid sister**.....6 years old.

VO

HOW IT WORKS: Rarely have we
seen a person fail who has
thoroughly followed our path.

Split screen.

FRANK winds rubber band around arm getting ready to shoot
up. 1

STANLEY is rolling a joint.

VO

Those who do not recover are
people, who cannot or will not
completely give themselves to
this simple program,

Split screen.

LUCILLE lights spoon with heroin.

JOHN pours vodka. 2

VO

Usually man and women who are
constitutionally incapable of
being honest with themselves,

Split screen.

MARIE cooks heroin. 3

FRANK shoots up.

VO

There are such unfortunates.

Split screen.

LUCILLE shoots up.

STANLEY smokes a joint. 4

VO

They are not at fault.

Split screen.

JOHN drinks vodka.

MIGUEL lights bowl and smokes crack. 5

Split screen.

JOHN is drunk and conked out. 6

VO

They seem to have been born
that way.
They are naturally incapable
of grasping and developing a
manner of living which demands
rigorous honesty.

WE see ALL of THEM using.

7

Their chances are less than
average.

Split screen.

WE see drunken bums lying in the street.

8

JUNKIES nodding in Central park.

VO

There are those too, who
suffer from grave and
emotional disorders, but many
of them do recover if they
have the capacity to be
honest.

Today: A rehab: FRANK facing the wall, moving his
hands angrily as he talks to HIMSELF: Lucille is speaking
to Marie and puts HER arm around MARIE'S waste and she
pushes it away: THEY both stare at FRANK who is talking to
himself again: At table, MIGUEL is writing, standing,
STANLEY looks at what He is writing, smiles and rubs
MIGUEL'S head: FRANK, with foot on chair is arguing with
HIMSELF. ONLY HE hears HIS parents, throughout. ALL will
hear FRANK argue with HIMSELF and will be confused, but
won't say anything because they are intimidated.

9

INT: FRANK facing the wall, moving his hands angrily as
he talks to HIMSELF:

10

Lucille is speaking to Marie and puts HER arm around
MARIE'S waste and she pushes it away: THEY both stare at
FRANK who is talking to himself again:

11

At table, MIGUEL is writing, standing STANLEY looks at
what he is writing, smiles and rubs MIGUEL'S head:

12

FRANK, with foot on chair is arguing with HIMSELF: 13

FRANK
WILL YOU STOP IT AND LEAVE ME
ALONE DAMN IT LEAVE ME ALONE,
I HATE YOU!

When we hear the VO of FRANK'S MOTHER and the VO of his 14 FATHER, though not denoted, will read as the following. FRANK will angrily turn to his left to confront hearing his FATHER and to his right to confront hearing his MOTHER which pisses him off:

FATHER (VO)
DON'T YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT
YOU LOSER OR I'LL STICK THIS
GUN IN YOUR MOUTH!

Annoyed, FRANK turns right TO VOICE OF MOTHER:

MOTHER (VO)
Francis, you didn't finish
your dinner, please finish.

FATHER (VO)
Fuck you and your dinner...

FRANK
...Fuck the both of you and
leave me alone, LEAVE ME
ALONE!

MIGUEL
(Reads from pad and touches
heart.)
Know God and know peace and
(Shakes finger no.)
serenity. No God and no peace
(Bows.)
and serenity, by Miguel
Garcia.

ALL smile except FRANK who sneers: 15

LUCILLE
(To MARIE.)
I'm gonna ask that asshole who
he's talkin' to right now.

MARIE

Don't do it, he's crazy,
that's why he talks to
himself.

FRANK, LUCILLE and MARIE: Kicking chair, FRANK screams, 16
"I hate this fuckin' rehab," and walking faces LUCILLE and
hits her with his hat, who reacts and gets into a fighting
pose as MARIE prevents her from fighting and walks her to
table and they sit. Having observed all MIGUEL will always
read from pad, recite and bow at the end of poem.

MIGUEL

I staggered through the forest
and never saw the trees, for
this dreaded disease brought
me to my knees. The reason I
got high was I always longed
for peace. Yes, I always cried
and prayed this life would
cease. I swore on a thousand
bibles I was not addicted.
Blind, I lost my mind and so I
was evicted. People stopped
believing, no one wanted me.
My days were colored lonely,
my nights stoned infamy. The
pain so overwhelmed me, I
wanted to die. This life that
I've ruined has been nothing
but a lie, by Miguel Garcia.

ALL applaud except FRANK, who is a huge Polack that is and
at the world and stares at MIGUEL in amazement.

WE see reaction of MIGUEL, JOHN and MARIE as FRANK 17
speaks:

FRANK

If that ain't a piece of shit,
then I don't know what is, I
mean the Spic doesn't talk,

FEIGNS MASTURBATING:

all he does is give me is this
pome shit and I'm tired of it,
man, I'm tired of ev'rythin',
includin' this freakin'

(MORE)

FRANK (Cont'd)
hospital, which I hate man;
you can't smoke, they even
tell you when to eat and shit,
man, sometimes I wish I was
back in Rahway, there, I was
king;

FRANK talking to inmates in prison:

18

FRANK
Now you cats know I'm the head
of the Aryan Nation, I am
king! And I do 10, 15 bags of
shit ev'ryday. Sure, I killed
five, black, rat bastards, a
couple of Spics and that
fuckin' Mexican, so you better
be cool. I fucked all the
little white boys I could find
and made a couple of thou a
week sellin' heroin, which
Intend to do hear. Those sure
were the days, know what I'm
sayin'? Those sure were the
days.

LUCILLE
Man, I was busted three times
and I couldn't get no shit.
How the fuck could you get 15
bags in jail?

LUCILLE will appear jealous: INT: Via FRANK'S VO, we see 19
HIM open can and remove bags of heroin:

FRANK
Trade secret baby; used to
sell five, six hundred bags a
week. Naturally, I took the
shit I used right off the top.

MARIE
Tell you the truth I could go
for a little taste myself.

LUCILLE

Might as well forget it baby,
can't get no shit here.

MARIE

Too bad 'cause I could sure go
for a taste. Get any crack in
there Frank?

Frank, Stanley and John:

INT: FRANK paying off guards. 20

FRANK

Here you are you greedy mother
fuckers, I'll keep payin' you
\$500 a week, just make sure I
get anything my little ole
heart desires, 'specially some
sweet pussy and my smack.

INT: HOOKER visits FRANK: 21

You are the sweetest piece of
pussy I ever had, and that's
includin' my four rat bastard
wives. Now start get down on
your knees and start suckin!

INT: We are back: 22

STANLEY

The most effective way to
remember your wife's birthday
is forget it once. Ever get
any grass in there?

FRANK

Bet you'd like to smoke a
joint now, right Jew boy?

STANLEY

If my wife and children didn't
threaten to leave me, I'd
still be smoking. I just loved
Thai, but Hawaiian is my
favorite. And you're right I'd
smoke a joint right now.

John and Frank talk:

23

JOHN

Even though I loved my vodka,
I MEAN I LOVED IT, I used to
smoke grass once in awhile.

FRANK

The alchy has spoken, know
what I'm sayin? The alchy has
(Bops John on the head.)
spoken, want a drink alchy?

JOHN

What did you that for, and
stop hitting me in the head,
will you, you're not my
father.

Again FRANK hears voices of his mother and father which are
disturbing as usual.

FATHER (VO)

Did you shine my shoes like I
told you, or were you jerking
off again? Damn it!

MOTHER (VO)

Oh Francis, don't pay
attention to your father and
why don't rub Mommy's back
like you always do, it really
hurts, sweetheart.

FRANK

Will you both leave me the
(To Lucille.)
fuck alone? Give me another
cigarette pussy lover.

ALL have heard FRANK argue with himself and will be
confused, but won't say anything because they are afraid of
him.

LUCILLE

I ain't givin' you shit man.
You had three packs just like
me. (MORE)

LUCILLE (Cont'd)
Who the fuck told you to smoke
them all? And don't you
threaten me motherfucker,
I ain't one of your blond
faggots that you raped in
jail. Now, get out of my face
you Nazi cocksucker!

STANLEY
Hey, the rules are no smoking,
no violence, no cursing, or
back to jail, no passing go,
and no collecting \$200.

MIGUEL stands and reads from pad:

MIGUEL
(Reading from pad, sings in rap.)
Through the bars of a cell, to
some it's worse than hell. And
still the dummy never learns
that fire always burns,
(Bows.)
by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK
The last time I did 13 years
in a cell and fuckin' A, I'm
proud of it you Puerto Rican
wise-ass, I was the head of
Frank-wearing swastika on sleeve, clicks heels:
The Aryan Nation man and I
made more money sellin' shit
than you'll ever make sellin'
those dumb fuckin' pomes of
yours, and when are you gonna
stop this *pome* bullshit?

STANLEY
That's poem and thanks God
(Laughs, sounds like sneeze.)
it's not Hiaku.

FRANK

Bless you and fuck you and your *pome* and that fuckin' Sylvia is late as usual, know what I'm sayin'? She's Late!

JOHN

I'm telling you, Stanley, he'll never be powerless like us, never.

FRANK

(Bops John on the head.)
Fuck you and her together. I ain't powerless over shit, man, know what I'm sayin'?

JOHN

Hey, stop hitting me in the head, will you? stop hitting me in the head.

STANLEY

Will you please stop bopping John and watch your verbiage, Frank.

FRANK

Did you just call me garbage, Mr. Jew Playwright? You ever call me garbage again and I'll break your fuckin' head, faggot.

MIGUEL

(Stands, sings rap, reading from pad.)
Is there any difference
between the stubborn mule and
the fool, who never went to
school and thus remains a
(Bows.)
fool, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

Are you callin' me a fool, ass hole?

STANLEY

...A ten dollar Answer for a million dollar question.

WE see the title of the movie and credits, and the poster 24 of Alcoholics Anonymous as SYLVIA enters:

SYLVIA

Good morning everyone.

ALL

Good morning Sylvia.

SYLVIA

I hope we all slept well and are feeling positive. We have spent the first ten days together and have briefly gone through some of the steps consecutively. I have previously mentioned that we are going to try a new system of recovery, and I know that John and Marie are against it, but I'm pleased to say that JOHN nods yes with revery. All of you have been selected to be part of our Test-group to see how effective our new system of recovery will be. For the next 10 days, you will be on your own and have no facilitator, giving you the opportunity to become self Reliant, self sufficient, a strong team that will find your leadership from within. You know the structure and the rules have been made quite clear, I advise you to adhere to them, they are the key to your recovery. At the end of this trial period I will return and you will complete your stay which shall be. Remember, do the 12 steps and

(MORE)

LUCILLE
shakes no.

FRANK smiles.

SYLVIA (Cont'd)

I encourage you to make this experience deeper and more heart felt. You guys have gone through the initial part of withdrawal and recovery, which is very tough and most trying you have been dealt. As I depart, I wish you a most rewarding and fantastic journey on your road to recovery. Should any unforeseen challenges arise I will leave you my cell number and of course Mrs. Jeffers at extension 5, in room 614 will be available to assist you. I bid you adieu So, who wants to check in and go first?

LUCILLE

(Raises hand.)

Hi and goodbye Sylvia and as you know, I'm a stone junky.

ALL

Keep coming Lucille.

LUCILLE

Well, all I can say is I ain't feelin' too good about you goin', my head is sorta splittin' and I'm afraid you ain't comin' back and I always feel like shootin' up, guess I could sure use some help, Sylvia.

STANLEY

Hi, you know I'm Stanley, I smoke pot, boy do I smoke pot, and I guess that makes me an addict too, so tell me, is life always going to be this hard? I sure miss my family, how could I be such a *schmuck* and do this to them?

(MORE)

STANLEY (Cont'd)

I conned my self into thinking, because I just smoke grass, I wasn't addicted, how little fools know.

MARIE

Bye, Sylvia, you know I'm a junky like Lucille and all I can say is I'm grateful to be around people who care and this warm bed ain't too bad either. I'm scared with you leaving and I had a nightmare, 'cause you're leaving I'm afraid this whole thing will come to an end and then what will happen to me, will they throw me out?

JOHN

Hi Sylvia, sorry to see you go. As you know I'm a drunk that can't stop drinking. I drink to forget, I never forget; will I ever forget, will I?

MIGUEL

I shoot, I smoke 'cause I can't cope, and then I dream about copping more dope. Don't have much hope, don't want a

(Bows.)

rope around my neck, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

Frank here and I use everything, a lot of everything, and see ya around, know what I'm sayin' see ya around, but not too soon I hope.

SYLVIA

Thank you all for sharing. I remember when I came to AA, I thought God would open the gates to heaven and let me in, but I was wrong, he opened the gates of hell and let me out, remember it is one day at a time you will find out. As a former user and addict with 17 years of recovery, I have to remind myself daily that this is a disease and I am and will always be powerless, remember, one day a time you are powerless. I'll miss you guys, have a great recovery and I'm counting on you to make this test a huge success, and who knows, not only might they try it in other rehabs, but maybe all over the country and the world I thee bless. So keep coming, if you work it its worth it so work it you're worth it. And now lets all hold hands and do the Serenity prayer.

The Serenity prayer:

25

JOHN, STANLEY, LUCILLE and MARIE
God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot
change and the courage to
change the things I can, and
the wisdom to know the
difference. John, do your
duty.

JOHN reads from THE 12 step A.A. placard:

26

JOHN

And now, Step one: We admitted
that we were powerless over
alcohol, that our lives had
become unmanageable.

SYLVIA

Remember, one day at a time,
(Exits.)
bye.

FRANK

I hate that fuckin' cunt.
Always have, always will and
am I glad she's gone.

STANLEY

I wish you had more respect
for her and once again, I must
remind you that your
vernacular is extremely
distasteful.

FRANK

Now you callin' me Dracula,
ass hole? I told ya, don't
call me a fuckin' Dracula, or
garbage or I'll INT your Jew
heart out! Jesus, do I hate
Jews, 'specially smart-ass
Jews.

Stanley will smile as Miguel recites:

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
It is known that prejudice,
leads dummies to avarice.
Enter a steeple, where Jews
are called the chosen people.
If we turn to God nothing is
(Bows.)
hard, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

And I hate Spicks named Garcia
that constantly give me this
pome shit.

MIGUEL stands, reads from pad and looks at FRANK:

MIGUEL

My despair has turned to
purgatory, as I search for my
own inner glory. If a rose be
God's gift to man, give me the

strength to do all I can. As I walk through fields of broken glass, I pray I'll not fall on

(Bows.)

my ass, by Miguel Garcia.

ALL applaud with enthusiasm:

FRANK

What is it with this Spic bastard? Doesn't he know how to talk normal? I mean all he says are these dumb fuckin' *pomes* I hate pomes, and, know I what I'm sayin' asshole?

STANLEY

Always so angry, Frank, didn't Sylvia tell us that anger is one of the four tell-tale signs leading us towards a relapse?

JOHN

Don't you remember what she said about H A L T?

STANLEY

Right on, H A L T, when we are hungry, angry, lonely or tired, there is a good chance we are going to pick up. Talk about powerless, wow.

12 Step placard:

27

On cue, Stanley will shake head in disgust as Frank speaks:

FRANK

Fuck you and the first step, 'cause big Frank's ain't powerless over smack, crack, shootin' coke, booze, and I hate to tell you, you stupid Jew, but I ain't hooked or powerless over anything. Ya see, it ain't shootin' me, I'm shootin' it, so you got it all

wrong. I love the shit and the
shit loves me...

STANLEY

Join the club, when I smoked
grass, I wasn't powerless, I
was omnipotent, I felt I was
the king, smarter and better
than everybody. I loved
smoking dope, for as long as I
can remember, I just loved
smoking...

JOHN

...When I drank, I hate to
agree, but I never felt so at
ease, so peaceful. I drank
'cause life never looked
better...

MARIE

...And I loved shooting up,
'cause it felt so good and
warm all over.

LUCILLE who is attracted to MARIE, talks to her. It's as if
time stands still: Shot in sepia:

LUCILLE

...Hello woman, heroin was my
hero too. I always wanted to
fuck it like my uncle fucked
me... it hurt and I hated it I
knew I would always hate it,
because I knew I was a...
since I was a little girl I
knew, I was different and at
that moment I knew, I knew
Marie, I knew...

MARIE

You poor thing.

MIGUEL and FRANK: WE are back:

FRANK

(To Miguel.)

Ya know, I'm so fuckin' horny,
I think I'd like to fuck you
in the ass, you gorgeous long
haired Spic bastard, *whataya*
say, man, wanna bend over?

Outraged, MIGUEL attacks FRANK, who throws him to the floor and steps on him. FRANK looks at camera and grins.

FRANK (cont'd)

I'm gonna kill this little
Spic bastard! I'm gonna kill
this motherfucker real good!

MARIE, JOHN, FRANK AND STANLEY:

MARIE

STOP IT YOU ASSHOLE, STOP IT!

Coming to MIGUEL'S defense, JOHN and STANLEY struggle to pull FRANK off.

JOHN

Will you INT this shit out
Frank?!

STANLEY

INT it out God damn it, INT IT
OUT!

FRANK

(To Miguel.)

You better watch your ass Mr.
Spick Poet, 'cause I ain't
through with you yet and If I
wasn't ordered by the courts
to come to this fuckin' rehab,
if I didn't have to go back to
jail, I'd kill you, you Puerto
Rican fruitcake and I'd make
you all kiss my...

LUCILLE

...Hey Dumbo, didn't you hear
what Stanley just said? INT it
out Jerk... INT it out!

STANLEY

It appears, that some people never learn, especially those that have a death wish Mr. Polack and now's the perfect time for some joviality. Twenty-five senior citizens from near and far came to see the Great Armando, a world wide renowned hypnotist. He greets the audience and says, "Most hypnotists just hypnotize one person but I will hypnotize all of you. This beautiful watch with diamonds and rubies is 400 years old. I will swing it back and forth and you must clear your minds and watch it. Armando starts to wave it back and forth and the vast audience stares at it. By accident it falls and shatters with the rubies and diamonds all over the podium. In disgust he shouts "SHIT!" It took them three months to clean that mess...

ALL laugh.

JOHN

(To Frank.)

I came out of the bathroom around two AM and saw you come out of my room, what were you doing in there, Frank?

FRANK

That wasn't me, asshole.

JOHN

...Hey Frank, ever hear Sylvia's definition of what an addict is?

FRANK

Wait'll you hear this shit. I mean she always got these dumb fuckin' sayin's, know what I'm sayin'...?

JOHN

...An addict is someone who lives lying face down in the gutter and swears he's looking up at the rest of the world.

FRANK

Sounds like you Alchy, sounds like you.

The following day: Same room and all are sitting and talking: 28

MIGUEL

(Sings rap as HE reads from pad.)

All children need parents. Not all parents should have children and that ain't no lie. Where is my father, did he really die? As a child, I was always lonely, like the stars up in the sky. Searching for the answer, I kneel and

(Bows.)

ask God why, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

Hear that bit? What a crock of shit, by Frank Popolski. See, I can do it too, shit-head.

FATHER (VO)

Poetry is for sissies, you wanna be a sissie, well do ya, asshole?

MOTHER (VO)

Francis, come dance with Mommy, I love how we dance together.

FATHER (VO)

Trust me, they're all whores.

MOTHER (VO)

Put your hands here, Francis
and hold me real tight.

FATHER (VO)

And don't ever trust them.

MOTHER (VO)

I wish your father, was like
you, sweetheart.

LUCILLE

Ya know, they say all Polacks
are stupid Polacks and that
ain't no lie.

STANLEY

STANLEY sings into imaginary microphone.

*"Every time it rains it rains,
Polacks from heaven."*

MARIE

(Swooning.)

Oh, Blue eyes, can I have your
autograph?

FRANK

Ya know, for a short Jew
bastard, you can almost sing.

STANLEY

Why thank you Frank, that's
the first nice thing you've
said to me.

FRANK

Well, don't let it go to your
head. Man I hate Jews and just
because you're a college
teacher doesn't mean you're
smarter than me. Nobody's
smarter than big Frank,
nobody, know what I'm sayin'?

MOTHER (VO)

That's my big boy.

FATHER (VO)

You're nothin' but a stupid
idiot, a freakin' retard, know
what I'm sayin'?

MOTHER (VO)

Your eyes, you have the most
beautiful eyes, Francis.

JOHN

Everybody's smarter than him,
know what I'm sayin'?

ALL laugh and point at Frank and mimic him.

ALL

Know what I'm sayin', know
what I'm sayin', know what I'm
sayin'?

LUCILLE

Know why that Aryan moron
always says, know what I'm
sayin'?

STANLEY

Do tell us dear Lucille.

LUCILLE

Because the dumbbell couldn't
understand what his teacher
was sayin', that's why the
dummy keeps sayin', "Know what
I'm sayin'?" He quit high
school, ain't that right you
dumb Polack?

FRANK

Who the fuck asked you to butt
in, pussy lover, who the fuck
asked you?

STANLEY

(Chinese accent.)

Ah so, I hate that *ranguage*,
it's *levolting*.

ALL laugh.

FRANK

So's your Jew face.

STANLEY

Dhank you *berry* much.

PROUD, MIGUEL STANDS AND READS FROM PAD AND LOOKS AT FRANK:

MIGUEL

(Sings rap as He reads from
pad.)

There must be a God, as I walk
the burning sand. When the
little sparrow sings, I pray
to be a man. Let this
emptiness I feel, let this
heart of mine reveal, that
each one of us are sick,
that's why they call us an

(Bows.)

addict, by Miguel Garcia.

ALL STAND AND CLASP HANDS. LUCILLE lights candle.

LUCILLE

May we have a moment of
silence for the still sick and
suffering addicts in and out
of these fucked up rooms and
for the baby that may pick up
its first drug. Ya know, some
kids get stoned at 12 years
old, what's the rush?

Serenity Prayer:

29

LUCILLE extends hands and then ALL hold hands and recite the
Serenity Prayer:

ALL

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change, the courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference... Keep coming, 'cause if you work it, it works, so work it, you're worth it!

JOHN

Now, Sylvia said we're supposed to do the second step. Please let me read it to refresh, our memories. I gotta read it.

Anxious, JOHN runs to placard and reads. CU of Step Two: 30

JOHN

Step two: Came to believe that a power greater than our selves could restore us to sanity.

STANLEY

"Here I stand, I cannot do other wise: God help me: Amen." Martin Luther King. Personally I never knew God existed.

JOHN

Tell you the truth Stanley, I really don't believe in God either... In fact, I don't think anybody here believes in God. God, there ain't no fucking God.

STANLEY

Sylvia says, God, Jesus, Allah, Buddha, our higher power is the key to our salvation.

LUCILLE

She's right, Jesus has to be the answer and he had nothin' to do with my ass gettin' strung out or me gettin' knocked up. That was my rat mother fuckin' uncle Willie's fault.

MARIE

Shit, man.

LUCILLE

And that bastard raped me, but I'll tell you about it some other time, I really don't feel like gettin' into that shit right now. Besides, we're supposed to be talkin' about step two, believin' a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity, and let me tell you, there ain't nobody that's crazier than me.

STANLEY

According to Sylvia, we are all crazy, whether we believe it or not... And, if you want crazy? Try watching your brother Lenny and your sister Rebecca, who you loved more than anything die in front of you, please don't get this crazy bastard started, please.

FRANK

...Yeah, I'm crazy all right, I'm crazy between my legs.

Angry as usual, FRANK grabs his penis with much gusto:

LUCILLE and MARIE will react with disgust:

When it comes to pussy, this is my crazy, my cock. And what even makes me crazier is, Mr. H, good ole smack. When I get smashed, that's when I like bein' crazy, know what I'm sayin'?

(MORE)

FRANK (Cont'd)

When I pull out my fuckin' rod
and stick it in some guys face
and tell him to give me all
the money he got, let me tell
you, that fuckin' guy knows
I'm crazy, he knows at that
minute I'm the only

Placard of LIVE and LET LIVE:

crazy bastard he's concerned
with, 'cause I got that mother
fucker's life in the palm of
my hands, know what I'm sayin'
I'm the craziest motherfucker
there is and I'm proud of it.

31

MARIE

You ain't half as crazy as me,
let me tell you about crazy.
When I was six years old, my
fuckin own brother made me
give him a blowjob and when I
was fifteen, the sonofabitch
raped me. So how crazy do you
think I am?

FRANK

(Laughing.)
Real crazy, out of your tits!

MARIE

Damn right... I hate
remembering, swear-to God...
I told my father what his
brother did to me when I was
fifteen and he threw me out.
Met this guy lived with him
in the east village. First, I
started drinking cheap wine,
then it was smoking reefer,
coke, did shit and then I
smoked crack. I loved it, but
I liked heroin more. Fuckin'
guy was violent, used to beat
the shit out of me just for
fun.

(MORE)

MARIE (Cont'd)

Got strung out on shit real fast... To support our habit, the dick sold my ass on the street.

Meat market: NYC: Car pulls up and MARIE gets in and 32
drives, away as MARIE'S head goes down:

I hooked for about two years. I hated hooking and I hated him even more, but I had nowhere to go so we got married and had two kids, Billy and Missy. We were both strung out. I managed to get public assistance. They sent this Caseworker, who had a face full of pimples; said he knew what the needle

Placard of: ONE DAY AT A TIME: 33

Marks on my arm were and threatened to have my checks stopped and unless I fucked him, we'd be out on the street with no food for my babies. Told him to kiss my ass and he attacked me. I grabbed a knife and stabbed him in the arm. He told the cops I was nuts and I wound up at Rikers Island. I was away for two years. When I got out, because my old man was desperate, he told me he had to sell my babies to some couple in South Carolina for \$2000...

LUCILLE

Shoulda killed him, shoulda killed him good. Fuckin' men are just no damn good, none of them.

MARIE

And so I Picked up again...
Did more shit than ever. Still
haven't found my kids, so
don't tell me about being
crazy. That's all I got to
say.

ALL

Thanks for sharing Marie.

MIGUEL

The enemy grows older, seems
the war will never stop. The
prisoner grows bolder, 'cause
the addict wants to cop. With
heroin on his mind, the sucker
remains blind. 'Til he
surrenders to his higher
power, he'll never feel that

(Bows.)

April shower, by Miguel
Garcia.

FRANK

Hey, that *pome's* about me,
ain't it you cockroach.

STANLEY

(Laughs.)

What makes you say that Frank,
how can you be so sure?

FRANK

(Pushes Stanley away.)

Somebody better tell this punk
to stop sayin them pomes. He
thinks I don't know that he's
puttin' me down, but I know
damn it, and I don't like it
one fuckin' bit, know what

(Walks off.)

I'm sayin'?

MARIE

We know what your saying you Polish ass hole, you are a disgrace to all the other junkies in America. If all of us had to vote, we'd send your fat ass to Tanganyika and watch those fuckin' Mau Maus eat you for dinner, and as far as the Poles are concerned, they'd never admit that you were Polish, 'cause you're too fucking disgusting.

MARIE, hugging children who are sitting on her lap: 34

ALL

Thanks for sharing, Marie.

ALL cheer and applaud.

Lucille hugs Marie amorously.

LUCILLE

That's tellin' him baby,
that's tellin' him real good.

JOHN

I wish I had the balls to tell
him like you, Marie, I wish I
had the balls.

STANLEY

You better not.

LUCILLE

Why not?

MARIE

You should John, 'cause it
feels great.

STANLEY

Don't John, he might come into
your room when you're sleeping
and...

JOHN

...He'll cut my throat; I'm
not saying a word.

STANLEY

A wise decision.

INT: Following day: Same room: ALL are restless: 35
MARIE lights candle.

MARIE

May we have a moment of
silence for the still sick and
suffering addicts in and out
of these rooms, and for the
child that may pick up its
first drug. It's time for
Step Three, and it will be my
pleasure; made a decision to
turn our will and our lives
over to the care of God as we
understand HIM. Anybody here
ever meet God?

CU of 12 Steps: 36

FRANK returns: 37

LUCILLE

There ain't no God man 'cause
if there is, sonofabitch must
be white, 'cause he sure
doesn't care about this black
ass of mine.

FRANK

Only God I ever knew was the
God that got me nice and high.

FATHER (VO)

Come look at these girlie
magazines and don't tell your
fuckin' mother, asshole.

MOTHER (VO)

Francis, come set the table
immediately!

FATHER (VO)

That's my boy.

MARIE

There ain't nothin' more honest than smack and that's the only God that ever mattered to me.

JOHN

Riding back and forth on the subway, Vodka, old Count Stolichnaya was the only God I ever gave a shit about. That's the man that got me through the day, not God or Jesus...

STANLEY

I never believed in God, how can there be a God when children are starving in Africa, people are dying from cancer and aids, six million Jews went to the ovens and my brother and sister died before their time. What kind of God is this anyway?

LUCILLE

A fucked up God

STANLEY

And then last night, the strangest thing happened, first I saw a bright light, then I heard a voice as if coming through a megaphone say, "*Stanley it is time you admitted you are an addict.*" Call it what you want, God, Adonoi, Henny Youngman, but right then all my *shanda*...

FRANK

You have a car?

STANLEY

Frank *shanda* is shame, and by the way I drive a Volkswagon.

FRANK

Oh, that too ain't bad.

STANLEY

Anyway, my *shanda* started to lift, it hurt so much. I lied to cover that pain, that hole in my heart.

MARIE and LUCILLE:

MARIE

Shit, I had that hole too, in fact I still got it.

LUCILLE hugs MARIE amorously.

LUCILLE

Every junky got that hole in their heart. That's why we get high, sweetheart. Sorry for the interruption Stanley.

STANLEY

When I was sixteen, my sister gave me my first joint and turned me on. When I got high, suddenly, I was as good as anybody. When I checked in here I was smoking eight to ten joints a day. I did anything to get it - lie to my family I hope one day they'll forgive me... Thanks for letting me share.

Frank grins:

ALL

Thanks for sharing Stanley.

FRANK

Typical Jew sob story, know what I'm say in'?

LUCILLE

Will you shut the fuck up?!
That was very touching and
very honest Stanley... I hope
my kid forgives me.

FRANK

You have a kid? I thought you
were a dike? You said you
hated men.

LUCILLE

'Specially white men. Not you
guys, just this Nazi bastard.

JOHN

I never knew you had a kid
Lucille.

LUCILLE

Yeah... I was 14 and this is
how it all started... I can
still hear my fuckin' uncle
talk.

In Sepia: Back in time, we see 14 year old Lucille and 38
Her UNCLE WILLIE:

UNCLE

Try it girl, this shit'll make
you feel real good all over,
like it did the last time.

Frank grins: Sepia: Via VO, we see what Lucille 39
describes herself as a young girl:

LUCILLE GIRL

I sure hope so.

UNCLE WILLIE

Do it, girl, I'm your Uncle,
ain't I? So, let's get it on.

LUCILLE GIRL

Okay, I sure hope so Uncle
Willie, I sure hope so.

To present and then back: 40

LUCILLE

And then he put a strap around
my arm and shot me up.

UNCLE and LUCILLE as young girl: 41

UNCLE WILLIE

So girl, tell your Uncle
Willie that you feel good all
over, that you love it.

LUCILLE GIRL

Oh, Uncle Willie, I love it I
love it.

WE see calendar move a month: 42

To past. WILLIE and LUCILLE: 43

UNCLE WILLIE

Now, put your fat juicy tongue
in my mouth and let's get it
on girl. You know every time I
get you high I got to do you,
now take off your draws and
let your Uncle Willie slide it
in and I'll do you real good."

WE are back. 44

LUCILLE

He did me real good all right.
Her name was Josephine, she
was born mongoloid. 'Cause I
had no place to live, I had to
give her up for adoption...
She'd be about fifteen, right
now.

MARIE

I'm so sorry.

LUCILLE

Yeah, me too, God I hate that rat bastard. Heard some white mothers killed him in jail and I'm glad.

FRANK

Probably by my group, we killed a lot of niggers in jail, always have, always will. Hate those fuckin' niggers, know what I'm sayin'? Fuckin' jail was divided into thre groups; the spics, niggers and the White Aryan Nation. First week I was there, five big, black motherfuckers put a knife to my throat and the fucked me in the ass. To get even with those cock suckers, I joined the White Aryan Nation. They held them and laughed as I INT their balls of, then they hugged hugged me and shouted "Zieg Heil" when "I" killed those black mother fuckers, I never felt so loved and happy in my life... About a year later this chick started writing me, then, chick started visiting me. Her name was Lois and she was a real looker with big tits. Began visiting me every weeks, then said she wanted to get married. Two months later we got married in jail. They allowed me a conjugal visit and wouldn't you know, she got knocked up the first time I nailed her.

LUCILLE

Same shit happened to me when my uncle did me. Wanted to kill him when he wa fuckin' me, 'cause it hurt and I hated it, because I knew I was a... since I was a little girl, I knew I waas different and at that moment I knew. I knew Marie, I knew...\

MARIE

Oh, you poor sweet thing. I feel so sorry for you.

FRANK

...It was a girl and she called her Alice. The next thing I know is I get these divorce papers in the mail. never saw or heard from that cunt or my daughter again and now the Aryan Nation's my family! My only family and I'm their King!

MARIE

Some king...

FRANK

When I got out, to support my habit, man, it was costing me about fifteen hundred a week, I met this chick who I married.

INT: Via FRANK'S VO we see what he describes:

FRANK VO

Forth *douce* bag in-a-row and had three kids with her. We started holding up super markets. Man, we must've robbed ev'ry freakin' super market on the east coast. One da, my old lady, her name was

(MORE)

FRANK (Cont'd)

Connie, was stopped got goin' through a red light and they found one bag of shit on her, one-little bag. She was so scared, real scared, 'cause she had three little kids home. They told her she was going to her ass to jail for twenty years unless she gave the some information. The stupid bitch told them I was going to hold up this super market in Lodi, New Jersey. Just before it was about to close, I walk in and put a gun to the manager's head. "Gimme all the fuckin' money you got!" I screamed. Fuckin' guy gives me two satchels filled with more bread than I ever saw. Must have been three, four hundred grand. The whole thing was a set-up and I never knew it. The cops knew my M.O., which was I only took one bag and always held my gun in my other hand, this way if I ever got into any trouble I'd blow the mother-fucker away. Remember, I killed eight bastards. Anyway, here I was with two satchels filled to the brim and my gun in my pants. When I walk out of Shoprite, there were fifty cops with shotguns pointing right at me. Did thirteen years at Rahway. Those thirteen years I probably did more heroin than anybody in America.

There is a moment of silence:

FRANK

Trying to be funny, tries to impersonate UNCLE WILLIE:
Now, put your juicy tongue in
my mouth and lets get it on girl.

LUCILLE

Fuck you.

FRANK

FUCK YOU!

LUCILLE

FAGGOT!

FRANK

DIKE!

JOHN

Will the two of you please INT
this shit out? Man, it never
stops, never, and I can't take
it... You know what really
pisses me off? You have no
control over heroin and I...
Why can't I have one or two
martinis like normal people,
what's wrong with me?

MARIE

Join the club, John. I still
think I can beat it, I really
do and so can you.

JOHN

Cunning, baffling, powerful...
I'm powerless over booze all
right. I drink a half a gallon
of vodka and become violent
and then I black out and when
I wake up, I get the shakes
(Sad, because he remembers his sister.)
and seems I don't remember
anything except...

MOTHER (VO)

Come rub Mommy's back like a
good boy, Francis.

FATHER (VO)

And if I ever see you cry,
I'll INT your heart out, ya
hear? I'll INT your faggot
heart out!

MARIE

...Yeah, I started drinking
cheap wine when I was fifteen.

JOHN

I was about eight.

MARIE

What happened?

JOHN

Yeah, I know why I started
drinking, but I really don't
want to get into now.

STANLEY

Come on John, it all stays
here, man.

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
Before you turn to dust John,
you, should tell us? In all
kinds of weather, cleansing
your soul will make you feel
(Bows.)

better, by Miguel Garcia.

STANLEY

John, we're all in this
together.

INT: Via VO we see what JOHN describes: In shadows: 45
On cue, Lucille shakes head, because it's hard to believe:

JOHN

All right... I grew up in
Ringwood, New Jersey and
here's my story...

EXT: Day: Sunshine, lakes, mountains, lots of deer 46
and squirrels. Father and mother who look like hermits:

FATHER

Well Annie, seems I'm still grateful that my Papa left all them millions and all this property.

MOTHER

You should be grateful, Amos; how many guys like you that didn't even finish high school, live on a hundred of the most beautiful acres in some of the most expensive property in Bergen County New Jersey. Because thanks to your drunken, rotten father, you're a rich son of a bitch that doesn't have to work and all you do is drink and hunt and do nothing. That's why you ain't got no friends and maybe that's why I don't got any too. And don't you get my Johnny boy to become like you, a no good damn drunken hunter.

INT: FATHER talking to little JOHN:

47

FATHER

Now you listen hear Johnny boy, you are eight years old and it's time you became a freakin' man like your old man. Now here's this twenty-two which my old man gave me when I was your age. Now I want you to go out there and kill as many squirrels as you can, understand? I want a million of those little bastards!

JOHN (boy)

Yes Papa.

INT: We see eight year old JOHN looking at squirrels he 48 shoots and misses purposefully. HE looks around and cries.

JOHN (boy)
I can't shoot them Papa, I
can't, they're my friends. How
can I shoot my only friends?

INT: That night:

49

FATHER
(Drinking, is drunk.)
Johnny, you ain't nothin' but
(Smacks little John.)
a blind bat! I told you you
got to kill a million of those
little suckers, didn't I?
When you kill at least a half
a dozen, then maybe I'll stop
(Smacks John.)
beatin' you?

JOHN (boy)
I'll practice every chance I
get, Papa. Please stop
(Sobs.)
hitting me, it really hurts.

FATHER
Stop that cryin', you ain't no
sissy are you? Now go put
your twenty-two under your bed
so you'll be ready to kill
them sons-of-bitches once and
for all tomorrow morning!

INT: His skinny sister Patty who slept in the same
room, taunts her brother:

50

PATTY
Blind bat blind bat. Papa
told you to shoot a million
squirrels but you can't shoot
a squirrel 'cause you're a
blind bat, ha, ha, ah.

JOHN (boy)
So, you think I'm a blind bat,
do you? Well I'll show you
how blind I am, Patty.

Thinking his rifle was unloaded he picks it and wanting to scare her aims it at her. He pulls the trigger and Patty falls dead.

Back to reality:

51

JOHN

We buried Patty under her favorite apple tree. My grandfather, the original lush, planted it about 75 years ago. It was huge, after school Patty would climb it and laugh as she tossed me the apples... I can still hear her say, "*An apple a day will keep the boogie man away so, what are you waiting for? Eat dummy, eat.*" Funny thing is, My parents never mentioned her name again. It was like she never existed... And they never visited her grave, but I did, every chance I got... I loved my sister more than anything... That night my Father gave me my first drink. I liked it cause it eased the pain, the guilt that empty feeling that "*hole*" that wouldn't go away... It never went away... That's why I say poor me, poor me, pour me another drink. I guess that's all I got to say.

STANLEY
(Smiles.)

MARIE shakes
head.

FRANK grins.

LUCILLE

That's some heavy story...

ALL

...Thanks for sharing John.

FRANK

What an ass-hole you are, you put me down for killin' eight no good mother fuckers and you, you blind bat killed your own sister?

ALL stare at FRANK. After a beat.

LUCILLE

Shit, I can't take it...

MARIE

Neither can I. That's why I think this is the perfect time for Stanley, its laugh time everybody.

ALL

Stanley?

STANLEY

Okay. This guy goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doctor, I don't know what to do. I keep writing letters to myself." *"That sounds quite serious."*

(MORE)

STANLEY (Cont'd)

"What did you write today?" the concerned doctor asked. *"I don't know, I didn't get the letter yet."*

ALL laugh then start walking around nervously. Oh, speaking of letters, I almost forgot: Sylvia has asked each of us to write to our drug of choice. So, get your pens, and crayons Franks and start writing damn it.

FRANK

Well, you can ask that witch, what happens if I don't feel like sayin' goodbye to Mr. H, like, he's my best friend, know what I'm sayin'?

STANLEY

Since she won't be seeing us tomorrow, she said to wish us all a very Merry Christmas.

ALL

(Looking up.)

Merry Christmas Sylvia, Merry
Christmas.

FRANK

What crap!

INT: Christmas day: Same room: ALL are there: 52

An undecorated Christmas tree with the ornaments on the
floor.

MARIE cries and LUCILLE consoles her.

LUCILLE

Marie... Baby, what's the
matter, tell me what's the
matter?

MARIE

(Drying eyes.)

I just can't take it any more.
I'm in this rehab, I go to
A.A. and N.A. meetings night
and day and all I think of is
getting high, I know if I go
out one more time, I ain't
coming back... And what about
my babies, what's going to
happen, my little babies?

LUCILLE

Your babies are fine; it's you
that we got to worry about
woman... and me.

FRANK

This is some fuckin'
Christmas, can't get high,
gotta beg this dike for a
fuckin' cigarette. Some
fuckin' Christmas, know what
I'm sayin'? I want to get high
God damn it, I want to do some
shit!

FATHER (VO)

Always gave you my best shit
didn't I, asshole?

MOTHER (VO)

Francis, I'm thinking of
leaving your father.

STANLEY

Tell you the truth, I still
feel like smoking a joint, and
it pisses me off. I thought by
now I'd have it kicked, but I
don't kick easy. Guess I
understand why all of you
still want to get high,
because I still do... Shit.

LUCILLE

Sure could go for a little
taste myself. Shit, when I was
14, 15, 16, use to get high
and spend Christmas with my
Grandma. Now, she's gone and I
don't have no family at all,
except for maybe all of you,
and that's only 'cause the
fuzz ordered me to come here.

MARIE

Shit, the judge ordered me
here, too... Sure miss my
kids; I wonder how they're
doing?

JOHN

They're doing just fine. Now,
if I were you, I'd concentrate
more on yourself, I'd be
thankful for your sobriety,
I am, 'cause this is the first
Christmas I can remember that
I'm not polluted.

MIGUEL

(Rap. Stands and reads from pad.)
Isolating, I was alone. That's
when I got stoned, by Miguel
Garcia.

MARIE

Wish I were high too. Seems I
liked getting high more than
anything.

LUCILLE

Who the hell gives a shit
about Christmas if you ain't
high, I don' t.

STANLEY

(Sings.)
*"I'm dreaming of a white
Christmas. Just like the ones
I used to know..."*

ALL

(Sing.)
*"May your tree tops glisten,
and children listen, to hear
sleigh bells in the snow."*

MARIE

Ya know, to me Christmas
always meant getting high as a
kite. Guess Jesus didn't mean
that much to me, shit... seems
nobody meant that much to me.
If they did, I would still
have my kids and I wouldn't be
the low-life junky I turned
(Sobs)
out to be, I'd still have my
babies, wouldn't I?

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad to Marie.)
Guilt, shame, fear, fills our
souls throughout the year. If

MARIE nods. We stay sober we'll survive and

perhaps our children one day
will thrive. We must learn to
help each other, especially

(Bows.)

our addicted brother, by
Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

Shit man, for a dumb Spic, you
sure know how to write. Wish I
could write a *pome* Miguel.

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad to
Frank.)

Instead of getting high all
the time, read Poe, Keats and
learn to rhyme. If you're
interested in healing, just

STANLEY grins. get in touch with your
feelings, by Miguel Garcia.

STANLEY

(Sings.)

*"Feelings, nothing more than
feelings, trying to forget..."*

FRANK

...Get in touch with my
feelings? Shit, I don't even
know if I got any feelings,
feelings are for sissies, know
what I'm sayin', Jew boy?

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
Come this New Year, try and
spread good cheer? Do yourself
a favor, and try to love thy
neighbor. I believe in God
above Frank, you're a man I
should learn to love, by

(Opens his arms. Bows.)

JOHN smiles. Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

(Sexy.)

Hey Miguel, what do you have in mind, sexy?

STANLEY

Don't get any ideas Frank. He doesn't have blond hair and he doesn't want to be one of your "*girl friends*," so leave him alone and the only reason he said he should learn to love you is it's Christmas and he probably got a little nostalgic.

FRANK

Nostalgic my ass and are you tryin' to put me down again Jew boy? I'll INT your fuckin' heart out, ya hear?

JOHN

Hey Frank, today is Christmas, I really don't want to hear any of your BS, its Christmas man, it's Christmas.

FRANK

It is, ain't it? Guess I should be sorta sorry - yeah, sorta...

STANLEY

"*It is by forgiving, one is forgiven*," by Mother Teresa, now, who's going to decorate this beautiful tree, Frank, what do you say?

FRANK

I don't do trees.

MARIE

How about me-and-Lucille doing it? I used to love decorating my Mamma's Christmas tree when I was a kid.

STANLEY

Well, what the heck are you waiting for girls?

ANXIOUS, LUCILLE AND MARIE HURRY TO TREE.

STANLEY

(Sings.)

"Jingle bells, Jingle bells..."

ALL

(Sing.)

..."Jingle all the way. Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh, hey."

MARIE

(Sings.)

"Rudolph the red nosed Reindeer, had a very shiny nose..."

MARIE and LUCILLE

(Sings.)

..."And if you ever saw it, you would even say it glows..."

ALL

(Sing.)

..."All of the other reindeers used to laugh and call him names. They never let poor Rudolph play any reindeer games."

JOHN

Guess it ain't so bad spending Christmas together, is it Frank?

FRANK

Nah, it ain't so bad. Kinda getting use to you weirdos - never spent Christmas with no-one.

STANLEY

Well, it's nice spending it with you.

FRANK

Really, you really mean it...?

STANLEY

Hey Man, were all in this together. We're in a sinking lifeboat, just trying to make it, I'm pulling for you Frank

FRANK

Hey, thanks, don't know what to say.

STANLEY

I know behind that tough guy is a gentle giant a nice person.

FRANK

You really think so?

STANLEY

I'd bet an ounce of Hawaiian.

JOHN

(Looking at tree.)

Looking good girls, looking real good.

MARIE

Why thank you John...

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)

Christmas is the time to give, the perfect time to learn to live. Fill our hearts and warm our soul. Felicitations we

(Bows.)

should extol, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

Man, if a guy like you can know them big words, why can't I?

STANLEY

All you have to do is read, Frank.

FRANK

What the hell am I supposed to read? I ain't got no books like you.

STANLEY

It would be my pleasure to give you a marvelous book, "The Great Santini," by my favorite author, Pat Conroy.

FRANK

And then I'm gonna learn all them big words you use, know what I'm sayin'?

STANLEY

As Helen Keller said, "*Literature is my utopia.*"

FRANK

Bet your sweet ass it is. Now, Stanley, will you get that mother fuckin' book, please?

STANLEY

On one condition.

FRANK

What's that?

STANLEY

Verbiage Frank, verbiage.

Because she still wants to get high, Marie starts to cry.

FRANK

I don't believe it. Don't tell me you still want to get high?

Crying, Marie nods yes.

FRANK (cont'd)

I want to get high too, we all want to get high...!

MOTHER (VO)

...How are your children, Francis...?

FRANK

...And I don't wanna hear about your kids anymore, know what I'm sayin'? She thinks she's the only one that got kids. I got kids too!

MARIE

(Crying aloud.)

I CAN'T TAKE IT! I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE! PLEASE GOD, GIVE ME MY BABIES, I NEED MY BABIES, AND I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT UP ANYMORE...! SWEET JESUS, I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT UP! I CAN'T, I DON'T WANT TO.

JOHN reads Step Four:

53

JOHN

Step Four. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves... Thank you Sylvia because I think this O'Rourke is becoming powerless.

Very upset, MARIE talks to LUCILLE:

MARIE

(Crying.)

I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT UP LUCILLE! I DON'T WANT TOO! I DON'T WANT TOO!

ALL are feeling sorry for Marie.

LUCILLE

(Crying and embracing Marie.)
And I never wanted to be a
junkie and a... I wanted to
keep my baby like you wanted
to keep yours, but I couldn't,
'cause even though I was only
fifteen, I knew I was a... and
how can a junkie raise a normal
baby? She was born mongoloid,
but she was my baby and I
loved her, swear to Jesus
Christ I loved her.

MARIE

(Embraces Lucille.)
Oh, you poor, sweet thing,
don't cry, you're as normal as
anybody here, including me,
swear to God.

LUCILLE

No I ain't... There's
somethin' wrong with me...
There's somethin' wrong with
me and I can't tell you.

MIGUEL

What is called addiction is a
man made affliction. This
disease of the mind, affects
all of mankind. In torment and
despair, taunted souls need
(Bows.)
repair, by Miguel Garcia.

JOHN

How come Frank never talks
about his parents?

ALL look at FRANK as MIGUEL reads:

MIGUEL

It has been noted, that eating
fish may improve ones mind,
but shooting heroin always
makes the addict blind,

(Bows.)

by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

(Amorously hugs Miguel.
Think I'll ever be able to
write a *pome* like you, Miguel?

MIGUEL

(Sings rap.)

Far as I know, I don't think
so, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

How come?

MIGUEL

(Sings rap.)

You must have a heart, and be
very smart, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

So, what am I supposed to do?

MIGUEL

(Sings rap.)

Lose a hundred pounds and make
the rounds, by Miguel Garcia.

ALL LAUGH.

FRANK

Go a head and laugh, see if I
care. Any of you ass holes
write that fuckin' letter
Sylvia asked you to write? I
sure as hell didn't.

STANLEY

Hate to disappoint you, but I
did it Frank.

MARIE

How'd I know you'd do it Stanley? Why don't you read it?

STANLEY

FRANK grins. Be my pleasure, Marie. Dear Mary Jane, when we met I took you to be my lover, my best friend, my comrade and my compatriot. Succumbing to my impotence, my futility, my powerlessness I've become replenished and exalted, in finding my new spirituality in the presence of my own God, I am humbled by his very existence and ask nothing but forgiveness from my dear wife and children for neglecting them in my stupored portrayal of being a husband and daddy, a man of little, if no relevance. As I dig your grave, I bid thee farewell and upon thy tombstone I etch *"Go to hell and may thee rest in purgatory forever and anon."* Your misbegotten ex-friend, Stanley.

MARIE
Holy shit.

JOHN grins.

ALL APPLAUD.

LUCILLE

You gotta be the smartest white man alive. Where the hell did you find those words? I didn't understand half of what you said.

FRANK

FRANK touches Miguel tenderly. You gotta lend me your dictionary real fast, know what I'm sayin'? Real fast and maybe you can teach me how to write them *pomes*, Miguel?

MIGUEL

(Sings rap.)

Stop, hugging me and bugging
me, stop touching my ass and

(Bows.)

go back to class, by Miguel
Garcia.

JOHN

Hey, hey, hey, enough of this
bullshit, Miguel ain't
interested in becoming one of
your girl friends.

FRANK

(Bops John on the head.)

Fuck you alchy! I don't want
the Spic to be my girl friend,
I go for women remember?

LUCILLE

Yeah, you go for women my ass.
Is that why you fucked all
those little blond faggots,
because you go for women? YOU
are so full of shit!

STANLEY

Hello, he's not the only one
full of shit. Ya know that
letter I just read? I'm full
of shit, 'cause there's more,
lots more. When I couldn't
get any smoke, I'd drink
vodka, scotch, Bourbon,
anything to get me out of my
tits. I have the same disease
as all of you, and I have that
hole in my heart too. That
fucking hole, that's why I
needed Valium to sleep. I
hate to admit it, but there
really ain't no difference...
I'm just as fucked up.

FRANK

Well look at that, the smart
ass Jew's a fuckin' addict
too.

INT: The following day:

54

STANLEY

(Lights candle.)

A moment of silence for the
still sick and suffering
addicts, us, in and out of
these God given rooms, that
hopefully will find peace and
serenity and for the misguided
child that picks up its first
drug, and realize that it too
is powerless, Amen.

MARIE

Shit, looks like I'm getting'
it too, John. Step Five:
Admitted to God, to our selves
and to another human being the
exact nature of our wrongs.
Ever do, anything wrong? Come
on, Frank, give it a shot.

FRANK

Of course I did a few things
wrong...

JOHN

Only a few things...?

FRANK

So, I did a lot of things
wrong, big fuckin' deal.

STANLEY

Want to tell us about a few?

FRANK

So, I beat the shit out of my
four rat bastard wives. They
never let me see my kids.
What would you do? And so what
if I fucked a couple of little
white-boys, I was lonely, know

what I'm sayin'? And they liked me, man, little mama's boys used to kiss me.

MOTHER (VO)

Why don't you show Mommy how much you love her, sweetheart?

FRANK (VO)

(Emotional, looks off.)

I LOVE YOU MOMMY, I LOVE YOU.

LUCILLE

Frank?

MARIE

You okay, Frank, you okay?

MOTHER (VO)

You're such a good boy, such a good boy.

INT: Same day: At night: ALL are present: 55

FRANK is reading and LUCILLE is looking over His shoulder, shakes head in disbelief and returns to group:

PLACARD of EASY DOES IT: 56

LUCILLE

Dumbo said he was on page four before? So, now's he's on page five. I'm tellin' you, that bimbo can't read. Instead of the fuzz sendin' him to this rehab, they should of sent his ass back to school. The man's illiterate, not that I'm all that smart.

MARIE

If you're smart enough to know that you're not that smart, then you're smarter than most of them stupid bastards that

go around saying they're smart.

STANLEY

That's easy for you to say.

JOHN

When am I going to learn that drinking and drugging are going to kill me? Man, the doctor told me my kidneys are almost shot and I still feel like drinking.

STANLEY

Unfortunately, all addicts have a death wish.

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
What is this thing called life, is it madness, colored with strife? There are days when fools feel like kings.

FRANK goes to say something and STANLEY puts finger on lips, and smiles.

Consuming drugs, they become only things. And when he laughs, he really cries. He says he lives, but merely dies. He asks in vain, am I insane? Never knowing that true love, comes from his

(Bows.)

God above, by Miguel Garcia.

MARIE

How the hell do you do it, Miguel?

LUCILLE

(Looking at Frank and laughs.)
Hey Frank just turned a page.

FRANK

(Angry, loud.)

So, what if it did, what's it your Goddamn business. I ain't seen you reading' too many books since you got here.

LUCILLE

I ain't in the mood to read no books, but at least I can read. That's more'n I can say for you. It's taken you three days to read six pages. At the rate you're goin', you'll be ninety by the time you finish readin' it.

FRANK

So what's it to you, what's it to you?

STANLEY

Come on, give him a break, he's trying.

JOHN

Yeah right.

LUCILLE

What's he tryin', not to be a Bimbo? Impossible!

ALL laugh.

FRANK

(Yelling.)

I know you're all laughin' at me, 'cause I can't read that good, maybe that's why I don't like to read. But I'll show you, I'll show all of you bastards.

JOHN

What are you going to show us big boy, that you have a small pecker? I know, I saw Mr. Weenie's weenie in the shower, (Fingers close together.)

and he has a little weenie,
it's not even this big.

FRANK

That is not what he said when
the blind bat was sucking on
it last night...

LUCILLE

(Sings)

Now we're talking "Frankie and
Johnnie were sweethearts."

ALL laugh:

FRANK

Stop laughin' at me, I mean it,
(Throws chair against wall.)
stop laughing at me! Fuck you!

STANLEY

Hey guys enough, is enough.

FRANK stares in a daze:

STANLEY (Cont'd)

You're right Frank...no more
laughing, I promise.

MOTHER VO

Now be a good boy, Francis.

FRANK stares and doesn't move.

STANLEY

Frank?

JOHN

Frank?

AFTER A Beat:

STANLEY

I guess it's up to you,
Lucille.

CU of placard: A MOMENT OF SILENCE: LUCILLE reads:

LUCILLE

A, moment of silence for the still sick and suffering in and out of these rooms, and for those stupid kids that pick up. And Now I'm gonna read step six: Were entirely ready to have God remove, all these, defects of character.

MARIE

Are you sayin' you have defects of character, Lucille?

JOHN

We all do, even Stanley?

STANLEY

Even, little ole me?

LUCILLE

Yeah, even little ole you.

ALL laugh as WE hear MOTHER'S VO:

MOTHER (VO)

I don't know how to tell you this sweetheart, but...I have... cancer, and it's very bad.

FRANK is stunned and wants to cry but doesn't:

MARIE

Why don't you tell us some of your defects Frank?

FRANK

I don't know... I suppose cursin' too much.

MOTHER (VO)

I'm sorry to have to say goodbye, Francis.

FRANK wipes tears:

LUCILLE

Cryin's a start, Frank.

STANLEY

I knew you could do it Frank.

FRANK

Killin', robbin' super
markets, pushin' people
around, actin' tough, shootin'
up ev'rythin' in sight...
rapin' little white boys...

MARIE

I guess that means somebody
ain't going to heaven, doesn't
it Frank?

JOHN

Heaven? I bet they won't even
let him go to hell. I expect
him to wallow in purgatory
forever and anon.

STANLEY

Ease up, he's trying. Come on,
lay off, give him a break.

Suddenly FRANK becomes despondent: ALL stare, long pause:

STANLEY

Hey Frank, what happened,
what's wrong?

FRANK stares and doesn't respond: ALL stare, long pause:

MARIE

I bet it's from that phone
call he got before, something
must have happened.

FRANK stares and doesn't respond: ALL stare, long pause:

JOHN

Tell us man, you'll feel
better I did, what's going on?

FRANK stares and doesn't respond: ALL stare, long pause:

LUCILLE

What is it Frank?

ALL

WHAT IS IT FRANK?

FRANK,

(Almost in tears.)

I AIN'T TELLIN' ANY OF YOU
SHIT, YOU COCKSUCKERS, I AIN'T
TELLIN' NONE OF YOU, NO ONE YA
HEAR? I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO
LIVE FOR, I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'

(Points gun at his head.)

TO LIVE FOR, FUCK IT, FUCK
IT!!!!

STANLEY

Come on man, don't be a
schmuck, put the gun away

FRANK

It's my life, so fuck off.

LUCILLE

Frank, put it away before you
kill yourself!

MARIE

Put it down Frank, don't do
it, put it down.

FRANK

(Distraught.)

What's the fuckin' point,
what's the fuckin' point?

STANLEY

Don't blow it Frank, we can
make it, we can make it if we
all stick together. Family
Frank, family.

FRANK

(Sorts of reels and laughs.)

Oh please, can we stick
together?

STANLEY

Did you get high?

FRANK

What's it to you?

LUCILLE

Fuck him getting' high again-
I can't take this shit.

FRANK

Don't die, don't leave me,
Mommy, don't leave me.

JOHN

Come on Frank, give me the
gun, you don't need it.

FRANK

Yes I do.

ALL

FOR WHAT?

FRANK

For protection you cock
suckers, for protection!

MARIE

Protection, protection from
who?

FRANK

When we go for a walk, ever
see how those cops look at me?
They know that I killed all
those cock suckers in the pen,
they know I was and still am
the head of the Aryan Nation.
They want to get me and if one
of those bastards even puts
one hand on me, I'll blow him
away I'll blow all of you
away, 'cause I hate all of you
too, understand? I hate your
fuckin' guts.

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
In his world of fantasy, the
misbegotten cannot see. The
fear of being by ones self,
not knowing who to ask for
help. He has to cry, but knows
not how. He has to feel, but
says not now. And so he walks
alone. Without a friend,
without a home, and so he
wilts away, never to see a
sunny day. Love and laughter
he will never taste. Upon his
(Bows.)
grave, etched what a waste, by
Miguel Garcia.

MOTHER (VO)

Francis, to me you were a gift
from God, the most perfect son
I could ask for and now its
goodbye.

FRANK

I LOVE YOU MOMMY MORE THAN
ANYTHING! You all think I'm a
fuckin' freak, a stupid low-
life and maybe you're right,
and you think it's my fault,
you think it's my fault?
It's not my fault...!
Here, here's my fuckin' rod,
who wants to do big Frank a
favor and put him out of his
(Almost cries.)
misery? 'Cause I can't take it
anymore, I can't.

Hoping someone will shoot HIM, FRANK puts gun down:
LUCILLE picks up the gun looks at Frank

LUCILLE

May Jesus bless you Frank...
Hey, think it's the perfect
time for the Seventh Step...
Ya know, I can still hear
Sylvia readin' the Seventh
Step.

SYLVIA (VO)

Humbly asked HIM to remove our
short comings.

JOHN

So, you gonna tell us what
that means to you Lucille?

Lucille hugs Marie amorously.

LUCILLE

Well, I suppose the seventh
step means that you ask God to
help you not fuck up, like we
make lots of mistakes...

JOHN

...Not we Lucille, try I.

LUCILLE

Yeah, I made a lotta mistakes
in this fucked up life of
mine, like I got strung out on
shit, stole, lied, you name
it. I need God to remove my
shortcomings. Guess I should
get down on my knees us for
and pray. I'm sorry Jesus for

LUCILLE goes down on knees and prays.

my character defects. Help me
do the right thing, please

CU of placard, LET GOD:

help me not get high, I don't
want to mess up my life
anymore. Show me how to be
good to everybody, includin'
myself. I'm tired, and I sure
am hurtin. Ya see I got this
hole in my heart that I been
tryin' ta fill my whole life

and it's a bitch, Lord, it's a bitch... I ain't got no more to say right now, and I'm sorry for all the times I was cruel to you Frank. Gee, I know youz fucked up as much as me, and I should be sorry for you. Maybe one day with Jesus' help I will. That's it.

ALL

Thanks for sharing Lucille.

MOTHER (VO)

I'll miss you Francis, I'll miss dancing with you and you rubbing my back.

FRANK sort of dances with himself:

MIGUEL

The problem lies between our ears, which often leads to all our fears. Though we seek the sensation, we are merely the Lord's creation. And even though we know not why, Jesus

(Bows.)

knows why we cry. By Miguel Garcia.

STANLEY

Thank you Miguel, John, want to say something about the seventh step?

JOHN

Yeah, don't mind if I do, Stanley... You see, I haven't spoken to my mother since before I got married, twenty-eight years ago. Always thought I didn't give a shit about her, always thought I hated her for siding with my

FRANK grins. father. She hated his guts; and never cared and acted

like didn't know or like me.
I got a phone call from an old
friend I almost forgot
yesterday. I don't even know
how she knew I was here, but
she told me my father died
last week... I didn't give a
shit that he died, in fact I
was glad, but I started
thinking about my mother. You
see, my father was all she
ever had. No friends, no
family, just my old man and
now she's all alone. I mean
she's been drinking with
my... I hate my father for as
long as I can remember. Now
she's going to have drink all
by herself, I drank all alone
and it was terrible. Always
got more depressed when I
drank alone, and now she's,
she's all alone. What's going
That's a bitch. to happen to
her? Maybe she'll kill
herself. Married to my
drunkin' no good father,
always thought she hated her
life, 'cause even though she
never hugged me, I know she
loved me, but she was afraid
to show it, because my father
was a tough, cruel bastard and
to him love was for sissies, not
O'Rourkes, O'Rourkes were the
toughest, Irish bastards this
side of Killarney. O'Rourkes
were hunters and drunken sots,
O'Rourkes didn't care about
anybody but themselves... Talk
about shortcomings, my old man
was the personification of
shortcomings. Guess I take
after my old man, don't I?

FRANK grins.

FRANK grins.

LUCILLE

STANLEY
How sad.

FRANK
Nods head.

Lost my wife, because I'm a
drunken O'Rourke, lost my job,
because, I'm a drunken
O'Rourke, got no friends

PLACARD of FIRST THINGS FIRST:

59

because I'm a drunken
O'Rourke, I'm in this rehab
for the third time, because
I'm a...

FRANK

...Fuckin' drunken O'Rourke...

JOHN

...Thanks for reminding me of
the Seventh Step. Yeah, I
suppose this O'Rourke has a
few shortcomings wouldn't you
say...?

MIGUEL

Despite the fact addict's
fall, God always loves us all.
Ninety meetings in ninety days
will help the user find the
way. Even O'Rourkes who pop
the corks, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

I hate his fuckin' pomes and
I'm tired of all this
bullshit! What about a fuckin'
joke? Come on Stanley, do your
thing, do your thing.

ALL

We want Stanley! We want
Stanley! We want Stanley!

MARIE and LUCILLE speak as STANLEY speaks.

STANLEY

You guys leave me no choice.
Okay. So, this guy goes to
proctologist and tells the
doctor, "Doctor, I have a
terrible pain." "All right"
the doctor says, "Drop your
pants, bend down and I'll take
a look." With that the doctor
pulls out a rose "I'll tell
you the truth, I've been a
doctor for 35 years and I

MARIE
He never saw
rose! A
fuckin' rose!

never saw a rose up there. All right, I'm sure your better. A That will be \$50. How do you feel?" "It still hurts," the guy says. "It still hurts? All right, bend down and I'll take another look." With that, he pulls out five more roses.

MARIE
Six roses,
Holy shit!

"That makes six roses, I don't believe it. All right, how do you feel?" "It still hurts, the guy groans. "It still hurts? How can it still hurt? I took out six roses. All right, bend down and I'll take another look." With that he pulls out six more roses. "I don't believe it," the doctor says. "A dozen roses.

LUCILLE
A dozen roses!

Extraordinary. All right how A A fuckin do you feel now?" "Terrible," maybe there's a card up there."

ALL LAUGH:

MIGUEL stands and reads from pad and approaches STANLEY:

MIGUEL
There's been a rumor
throughout the ages. When
using humor, clowns become
sages. With one hee hee,
often comes laughter. And some
find glee, in the here after,
by Miguel Garcia.

The next day: ALL are present: FRANK is reading and LUCILLE is looking over his shoulder in amazement:

LUCILLE
Well, he's on page seven.
That's seven-pages in four
days. Must be some kind of a
dumb Polack record, wouldn't
you say?

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
With brains, not all of us are
blessed. When will the nomad
become the welcomed guest? The
forlorn must know a moment of
reprieve. The childless woman
one day will conceive. The
hungry man will enjoy a feast,
when the beauty comforts the
(Bows.)
beast, by Miguel Garcia.

ALL look at FRANK:

STANLEY

You, truly amaze me Miguel.
Come see me in college - you
belong there. Why you write
poetry better than anyone in
my class.

MIGUEL SHAKES HEAD MAYBE.

STANLEY (cont'd)

Promise me you will... Miguel,
you're an angel, Promise
you'll follow your dreams,
don't do what I did. I never
wanted to teach, but I have to
make a living, so I bit the
bullet and I've taught for 20
years. But I am really a
playwright, a dedicated
playwright. Writing's my
dream, don't end up like me.

INT: WE ARE BACK:

JOHN

Hey, aren't we supposed to do
the eighth step? Since I'm
finally getting it, what the
hell are we waiting for?

FRANK

Maybe the Mick's right? Let's do the fuckin' eighth step and get it over with. Anybody mind if I read it? And yes Lucille, FRANK reads slowly from placard.

I think I can read it... Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing, to make amends. What the fuck does amends mean?

JOHN

It means to atone, to say you're sorry. How many people do you think you have to say you're sorry to Frank, ten a million?

FRANK

Noone.

MOTHER (VO)

I'll miss you rubbing my back, sweetheart. Want to do it one last time for Mom?

LUCILLE

What about sayin' you're sorry to all the mothers of all those guys you and killed?

FRANK

(Screams.)

I'M SORRY FOR KILLIN' YOUR RAT BASTARD SONS! How's that you dike, sorry enough?

MOTHER (VO)

I'm sorry Sweetheart, would you rub my back again before I go? it hurts.

FATHER (VO)

Complain, complain, complain, all she does is complain.

MARIE

What about all the little
white boys you raped?

FRANK

(Screams.)

I'M SORRY I RAPED YOUR LITTLE
FUCKIN' SONS BUT THEY LOVED
IT, YOU HEAR, THEY LOVED IT!

MOTHER (VO)

I love you Francis, more than
anything... I will always
love.

FATHER (VO)

Yeah, she used to say she
loved me too, what a crock of
shit.

JOHN

Anybody else, Frank?

FRANK

FUCK ALL OF YOU WHERE YOU
BREATHE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE A
SHIT ABOUT ME AND I DON'T GIVE
A SHIT ABOUT YOU. I DON'T GIVE
A SHIT ABOUT ANYBODY! AND FUCK
YOU AND ALL YOUR AMENDS YOU
MICK BASTARD! AND YOU, YOU JEW
COCK SUCKER! POT, BOOZE,
PILLS! SMART AS YOU ARE, YOU
AIN'T NO DIFFERENT, YOU AIN'T
NO DIFFERENT!

INT: The next day: ALL are present:

60

Happy, MARIE and LUCILLE are putting up New Years
decorations: Grateful, JOHN is looking at decorations and
smiling.

JOHN

Looking good girls, looking
real good.

FRANK

And in a couple of days its
New Years and you know what
that means. Even though you
assholes don't deserve it,
when big Frank says he's got
presents for ev'rybody, he's
got presents for ev'rybody.

ALL cheer:

STANLEY

I can't wait Frank.

JOHN

How long are you here Frank?

FRANK

Two weeks, just like you.

JOHN

You know that 32 out of 33
Addicts, either end up in
institutions, jail or die,
what about you, Frank?

FRANK

I'm only here 'cause the fuzz
gave me a choice and I didn't
feel like goin' back to the
slammer. I told you, these 21
days, are a fuckin' skid. Soon
as I get out it's gonna be
gettin' wacked for me. That's
all I know and that's all I
care about, doin' shit, maybe
smokin' a little crack, know
what I'm sayin'? Same old shit
and I love it.

MOTHER (VO)

And I love you sweetheart.

FATHER (VO)

And tomorrow she'll tell you
to take a fuckin' walk, like
she told me, mark my words.

MIGUEL

(Reads from pad.)

Hatred creates the fool. The ignorant thinks that he's cool. The monkey in its cage, is no different than the man with rage. The, kind are considered weak, yet the criminals are the ones who seek. Searching for that Garden of Eden, not knowing that Eden does not welcome the heathen, by Miguel Garcia.

ALL smile.

LUCILLE

Thank you Miguel and ya know, there's something I've been meanin' to say to you Stanley.

STANLEY

Me, *moi*? Lay it on me baby.

LUCILLE

It's somethin' that's been botherin' me since we met. You got this holier than thou attitude. Man, take your head out of your ass, 'cause I can't stand your bullshit. Nobody can. Like, you think you're better than all of us, 'cause you got more education. Big fuckin' deal and the only reason you use all them big words is to make us feel that we ain't as smart as you. Well, you're right, we ain't as smart as you, but people that make other people smaller than themselves ain't really that big at all, is they? And stop preachin', tellin' everybody what they should or shouldn't do. Just remember, you're as fucked up as the rest of us and if I was you I'd brush my teeth, 'cause a

lot shit comes out of your
mouth.

Because she admires him, LUCILLE hugs STANLEY and ALL
applaud:

STANLEY

You have no idea how much
shit; I hate to admit it, but
I'm not a college professor
anymore. Four years ago I was
fired for smoking pot on
campus, and my wife has been
supporting me. Need I say
more?

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)
The greatest treasure of them
all is the friend that always
calls. The truth she forever
speaks and love is all she
seeks. Her wisdom will surely
teach, that only God has the
right to preach, by Miguel
Garcia.

JOHN

And now ladies and gentlemen,
according to the ninth step,
may I do the honors? Made
Reads Step from placard.
direct amends to such people
wherever possible except when
to do so would injure them or
others...

OFF, FEELING SORROW LUCILLE TALKS TO MARIE:

LUCILLE

There's somethin' that I got
to tell you and its real
bad... I got AIDS.

MARIE

From swappin' needles.

LUCILLE

From swappin' needles,
swappin' needles.

MARIE

Oh, Lucille...

LUCILLE

Hey, I'm just H.I.V. positive.
I ain't dyin' and I ain't
gonna die, 'cause I got you
Baby, I got you.

INT: New Years Eve: The room is festively decorated: 61
ALL are present: Music is heard as we see LUCILLE and MARIE
dance cheek-to-cheek: As STANLEY sings, FRANK is about to
enter:

STANNLEY

(Sings.)

*"You'd be so nice to come home
to..."*

MARIE and LUCILLE

(Sing and hug.)

*"You'd be so nice by the
fire..."*

FRANK enters with a book and a very large can and
dramatically puts them down:

JOHN

Well, welcome back stranger.
What the hell happened?

FRANK

Nothin' happened, that stupid
bastard head-shrink asked me
STANLEY grins. why I use such dirty language?
And I told him there's wrong

FRANK sticks out tongue.

with my tongue somethin' and I
stick it out like this and I
think he almost threw up and
then I told him maybe it's not
my tongue, maybe it's my big
cock and would he like to
examine it, give it a hug and

kiss and tell me what's wrong with it. He told me to never come to his office again, that I was hopeless. I told him thanks, because I really didn't like him and his fuckin' office, pulled my pants down, showed him my cock, mooned him and aughed. You should have seen the look on his ugly face when I told him to examine my pecker. What a prick. The guy turned blue. Fuckin' riot man, fuckin' nothin' would happen didn't I...? And here's your fuckin' book to Stanley. I don't seem to understand this guy, Conraky.

LUCILLE
Animal.

MARIE
Prick!

FRANK gives book to STANLEY:

STANLEY
That's Pat Conroy.

FRANK
Goes over to Miguel privately) Whatever, anyway, since Marie and Lucille are dancin', how's about you givin' me a dance Miguel? Its New Years Eve and I'm in the mood for a little *hoochicoochy*, know what I'm sayin'?

MIGUEL
What are you fuckin' crazy? I don't dance with *bato* Polacks!

FRANK
I don't believe it the Spic actually talks, he talks!

JOHN
(Looks at watch.)
Holy shit, it's a minute to twelve.

STANLEY

I think it's that time...
Shall we?

ALL

(Sing.)

*"Should old acquaintance be
forgot, and never brought to
mind. Should old acquaintance
be forgot and days of Auld
Lang Syne."*

FRANK

Gets can and proudly waves it:
All right, all right... Now,
if I remember correctly, I
promised you all a New Years
present didn't I and what do I
FRANK takes out pint from HIS can and gives it to John.
have here, can it be a bottle
of Stoli for my man, John?

JOHN

Hesitant, looks at it and smells it.
Err, no thanks, I can't... I
don't want it Frank. I can't,
don't you understand? This
shit kills me. It's been my
ruination. I don't want it,
damn it. LEAVE ME ALONE! STOP
TORMENTING ME YOU BASTARD!
Tormented, he walks away, opens bottle and sniffs it.)
It sure smells good, don't it?
Maybe I should have one drink?
He shakes his head, saying "what the heck," drinks a great
deal and gets tipsy.
What the heck, what's one
little drink to us O'Rourkes,
right Ma?

LUCILLE

DON'T DO IT!

STANLEY

PUT IT DOWN JOHN, THAT SHIT
WILL KILL YOU!

FRANK

Thataboy, you fuckin' rummy,
Takes bowl and stem from can and gives it to Miguel.
knock yourself out, and what
do I have here Miguel, could
it be a little crackereeno?
Here you are brother, it's all
for you, so knock yourself
out.

MIGUEL looks at crack pipe, nervous, HE takes it and throws
it on the floor and stomps on it:

FRANK

Really, okay more for me, now
let's see what else, does
Santa have for all his little
kiddies. Hey Stanley, I got
the best Hawaiian for you
and for Lucille and Marie I
got the best smack in town.

STANLEY

We don't want that poison,
Frank.

LUCILLE and MARIE look at needle with anxious interest.

STANLEY (Cont'd)

Don't even think about it
Lucille, Marie, forget it.

LUCILLE

YOU ARE ONE SICK MOTHERFUCKER.

MARIE

How dare you?

FRANK

Hey, where's everyone's
Christmas spirit?

ALL

Merry Christmas.

STANLEY

You are one sick sonofabitch.
We're fighting for our lives.

JOHN

(Drinks, really loaded.)
Aw come on, it's no big deal.

LUCILLE

Yes it is, it's life or death
and stop drinking, you're
killing yourself John.

FRANK

I don't care, more for me,
know what I'm sayin' more for
me.

MARIE

Do us all a favor and kill
yourself.

FRANK shoots up, moans with delight.

FRANK

Ooh, do I feel good. You're
all a bunch of pussies,
faggots. Hey Miguel, why don't
you bend down and let me ram
in you.

MIGUEL

The pain drives you insane,
That hole in your hearts always there.
Living each day, running away,
Closing your eyes, sleep never comes.
Tossing, you scream in vain.
One is never enough.

ALL are amazed.

And what you do is always lie.
You don't know why you cry those
tears. Never admitting it's your
fault, and then you act so tough.

Coffee, cigarettes and
gambling,
Overeating, sex, lots of
booze.
Always lonely, always
rambling,
You know one day, you'll pay
your dues.

Running away from the moment,
You try cocaine, heroin,
crack.
It's a crumbling life of
torment,
Yet, you always want to go
(Bows.)
back. By Miguel Garcia.

FRANK TRIES TO KISS MIGUEL, WHO PUSHES HIM AWAY AND
THEN OUTRAGED, MIGUEL ANGRILY TURNS AND PUNCHES FRANK.

FRANK
NOBODY TURNS ME DOWN! It's
time to die, and I'm no
faggot, never been a faggot,
(Laughs demonically.)
who's laughing now?

FRANK, outraged, pulls out gun and points it at MIGUEL:

STANLEY
(Walking toward Frank.)
Come on Frank, put the gun
away and sit down.

JOHN
Don't be a fool and put the
gun away.

FRANK
I'm going to blow this Spic
away right now and then after
I fuckin' kill him, I'll put
the gun away!

FRANK sticks gun in MIGUEL'S mouth, who pushes It in and
out: JOHN and STANLEY, run to MIGUEL'S defense and THEY
wrestle with FRANK:

LUCILLE
...Holy shit...

MARIE
Oh my God, he's going to kill
Miguel...

The gun goes off, all don't know who was shot, and after a beat, STANLEY falls dead. CU of STANLEY lying dead: JOHN, remembering that HE killed his sister starts crying and rambling:

JOHN

I'm sorry I didn't mean it I
didn't mean it I didn't mean
to kill you, I loved you,
Patty, I didn't mean it, I
didn't mean it.

FRANK almost in a catatonic fit sits and stares: ALL stand over STANLEY and cry.

MIGUEL

(Reads from pad.)

You, were my inspiration, you
and God are my salvation. You
gave me hope when there was
gloom, your jokes would light
up the room. You were the
father I never had, my heart
is broken and I am sad. I'll
miss you Stanley wherever you
go, I'll miss you always *mi
amigo*, by Miguel Garcia.

Overhead camera pans ALL, who are very sad, as MIGUELS touches STANLEY'S face and kisses HIM: WE hear STANLEY'S

VO:

STANLEY'S (VO)

Step 10, continued to take
personal inventory and when we
were wrong promptly admitted
it. Step 11, sought through
prayer and meditation to
improve our conscious contact
with God as we understood HIM,
praying only for knowledge of
HIS will for us and the power
to carry that out. Step 12,
having had a spiritual
awakening as the result of
these steps, we tried to carry
this message to alcoholics,
and to practice these
principles in all our affairs.

This is not a program for
people who need it; It is a
program for people who want
it, for, like coffee,
cigarettes, gambling, sex,
overeating, booze, pot, crack,
cocaine, heroin, you name it,
AREN'T WE ALL addicted to
Something?

On a black screen we see: Miguel went to Queen's college 125
and majored in literature. Marie and Lucille moved in
together. Two weeks later Lucille died from AIDS related
pneumonia. Marie is currently working at Burger King and is
still trying to find her children. Stanley's play "*Hump
Humpty*," is going to be produced off Broadway in two months.
John is in a hospital for the criminally insane: Frank shot
himself in the head, and was buried eight days later in
Potter's Field: Two people came to his funeral, Miguel
Garcia and Marie Prunetti:

The End

SONG

WHEN YOU USE

I staggered through the forest and never saw the trees:
For this dreaded disease brought me to my knees.

The reason I got high was I always longed for peace.
Man, I always cried and prayed this life would cease.

I swore on a thousand bibles I was not addicted.
Blind, I lost my mind and so I was evicted.

When you use,
And drink that booze.
While you abuse,
You try and *shmooze*.
You'll always lose.
And pay your dues.
You'll pay your dues,
And always lose.

People stopped believing, no one wanted me.
My days were colored lonely, my nights stoned infamy.

That pain in my heart just kept growing and growing.
Seems everything I got, just kept on blowing.

The pain so overwhelmed me, I wanted to die.
This life that I've ruined has been nothing but a lie.

When you use,
And drink that booze.
While you abuse,
You try and *shmooze*.
You'll always lose.
And pay your dues.
You'll pay your dues,
And always lose.