



AREN'T WE ALL

(A Play in One Act)

By

Sidney Goldberg



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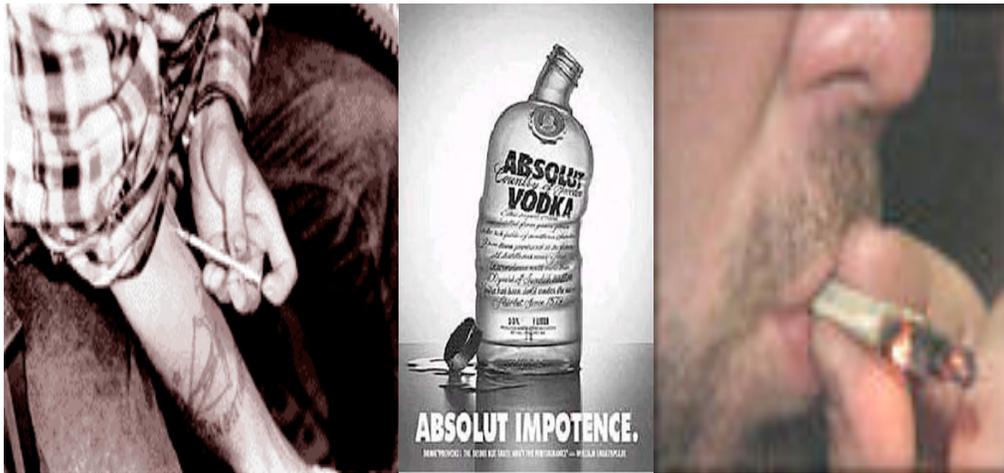
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AREN'T WE ALL

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 poetry 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.**
- UNCLE WILLIE.....Lucille's 40 year old junky uncle that turned her on and raped her.**

AREN'T WE ALL

ACT I

Scenel

Today.
A Rehab.

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.

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 FATHER, though not denoted, will read as the following. FRANK will angrily turn to his left to confront his FATHER and to his right to confront MOTHER:

FATHER (VO)

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

(Annoyed, hearing HIS parents, FRANK turns right.)

MOTHER (VO)

Francis, you didn't finish your dinner, please finish.

FATHER (VO)

Fuck you and your dinner...

FRANK 4

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

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, "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.

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

(Will always Bow.)

but a lie, by Miguel Garcia.

**(ALL APPLAUD EXCEPT FRANK, A HUGE POLACK THAT IS MAD AT
THE WORLD STARES, STARES AT MIGUEL IN AMAZEMENT:**

(WE see reaction of MIGUEL, JOHN and MARIE as FRANK speaks)

FRANK

If that ain't a piece of shit, then I don't know what is, I mean the Spic doesn't talk, 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' hospital, which I hate man; you can't smoke, they even tell you when to eat and shit, man, sometimes I wish I I was back in Rahway, there I was, king, head of the Aryan Nation, I was king! And I did 10, 15 bags of shit ev'ryday. Sure, I killed five, black, rat bastards, a couple of Spics and this fuckin' Mexican.

(FEIGNS MASTURBATING.)

I fucked all the little white boys I could find and made a couple of thou a week sellin' heroin. 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.)

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

Anything you want. Used to pay off these guards; For five hundred a week, mother fuckers made sure I got anything my little ole heart desired. Man, I even had some hookers that used to visit me. Sweetest pussy I ever had, and that's includin' my four rat bastard wives.

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

Even though I loved my vodka, I MEAN I LOVED IT, I used to smoke a little 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.

(Only FRANK hears HIS PARENTS.)

FATHER (VO)

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

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?

FRANK

Will you both leave me the fuck alone? Give me another cigarette pussy lover.

LUCILLE

I ain't givin' you shit man. You had three packs just like me. 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, no collecting \$200.

(Miguel will always stand and read from pad throughout.)

MIGUEL

(Sings 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 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

I don't worry about terrorism, I was married for two years.

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

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

FRANK

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

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

MIGUEL

(Rap. Stands and reads from pad.)

Is there any difference between the stubborn mule and the fool, who never went to school and thus remains a fool, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

The dick thinks I didn't go to...

STANLEY

...Respect, Frank, have a little respect!

SYLVIA

Good morning everyone.

ALL

Good morning Sylvia.

SYLVIA

I hope we all slept well and are feeling positive. We have

(LUCILLE shakes no.)

spent the first ten days together and have briefly gone through some of the steps. 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

(JOHN nods yes.)

say that 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
(FRANK smiles.)

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. Remember, do the 12 steps and I

(STANLEY grins.)

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. 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. 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.

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? 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

(Reads from pad.)

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. 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. 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.

(ALL look at Serenity prayer placard.)

JOHN, STANLEY, LUCILLE and MARIE

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

STANLEY

Ya know, I love the Serenity prayer, but I believe its not something this Jewish pot smoker feels comfortable with. Far as I'm concerned, try this on for size and I call it My Prayer: I turn to my higher power, whom I call God. And my life gets easy, nothing's that hard. In my heart there was a hole. I tried to fill and lost my soul. No longer do I run away. And in the moment, I pray I stay. Making amends eases the pain. Yes I am grateful for the rain. Help me accept reality, For what must be must be. And again and again, I say Amen.

(ALL are amazed.)

LUCILLE

Holy shit, that's beautiful Stanley. Can I say it?

STANLEY

Every time you say it, cost you a dollar.

(ALL laugh. JOHN reads from THE 12 step A.A. Placard.)

JOHN

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

SYLVIA

(Exits.)

Remember, one day at a time, bye.

FRANK

I hate that 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, asshole? I told ya, don't call me a fuckin' Dracula, or garbage or I'll cut 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

(Bows.)

we turn to God nothing is 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

(Bows.)

broken glass, I pray I'll not fall on 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 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.

(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, for as long as I can remember, I just loved smoking...

JOHN

...I hate to agree, but when I drank, 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 likes MARIE, talks to her. It's as as if time stands still.)

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.

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 ON THE FLOOR AND STEPS N MIGUEL)

FRANK (cont'd)

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

MARIE

STOP IT YOU ASSHOLE, STOP IT!

(COMING TO MIGUEL'S DEFENSE, JOHN AND STANLEY STRUGGLE TO PULL FRANK OFF.)

JOHN

Will you cut this shit out Frank?!

STANLEY

Cut it out Goddamnit, CUT IT OUT!

FRANK

(To Miguel.)

You better watch your ass Mr. 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? Cut it out Jerk... Cut it out!

STANLEY

It appears, that some people never learn, especially those that have a death wish Mr. Polack and I now's the perfect time for some joviality. Twenty-five hundred senior citizens from near and far came to see the great Armando, a world wide 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. By accident it falls and shatters with the diamonds and rubies all over the podium. In disgust he shouts, "SHIT!" It took them three months to clean that mess...

(ALL laugh.)

JOHN

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.

End of Scene 1

AREN'T WE ALL

ACT I

Scene 2

**THE FOLLOWING DAY: SAME ROOM AND ALL ARE SITTING
AND TALKING:**

MIGUEL

(Sings rap.)

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 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 sissy, 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 your 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.)

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 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 it's first drug. Ya know, some kids get stoned at 12 years old, what's the rush?

(LUCILLE extends hands 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 and refresh, our memories, I gotta read it.

(ANXIOUS, JOHN RUNS TO PLACARD AND READS.)

JOHN

Step two: Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves 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 our only 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's fault.

MARIE

Shit, man.

LUCILLE

And the 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.)

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'? 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 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.

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. Got strung out on shit real fast... To support our habit, the dick sold my ass on the street. 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. Managed to get public assistance. They sent this Caseworker, who had a face full of pimples; said he knew what the needle 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... more shit than ever. Still haven't found my kids, so don't tell me about 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 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 I'm

(Walks off.)

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

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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.

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. My wife and I always hold hands. If I don't she shops.

(ALL giggle.) **End of Scene 2**

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ACT I

SCENE 3

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 it's first drug. It's time for Step Three, and it will be my pleasure; three: 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?

(FRANK returns.)

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 nothing more honest than smack and that's the only God that ever mattered to me.

JOHN

Riding back and forth on the subway, old Stolichnaya, Count vodka 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 Volkswagen.

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

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

(LUCILLE Hugs MARIE amorously.)

LUCILLE

Every junky got that hole, 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

(Frank grins.)

hope one day they'll forgive me... Thanks for letting me share.

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.

(WE hear LUCILLE 14 year old imitating HER Uncle Willie as she recall her past.)

UNCLE

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

(FRANK grins.)

YOUNG GIRL

I sure hope so, Uncle Willie.

UNCLE

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

YOUNG GIRL

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

(BACK TO NORMAL.)

LUCILLE

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

Back to UNCLE WILLIE and young LUCILLE:

UNCLE

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

YOUNG GIRL

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

(NORMAL: WE are back.)

LUCILLE

About a month later we shot up again and then he did me. This is how he said it, "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." 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'?

(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 cut 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 cut your heart out, ya hear? I'll cut 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. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities. What you see here, what you hear here, sssh, don't say a words.

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 better. By Miguel Garcia.

STANLEY

Joke time! I just got back from a pleasure trip. I took my mother-in-law to the airport... John, we're all in this together, let's hear it.

(SOME laugh and some groan. Lucille shakes head, because it's hard to believe.)

JOHN

Alright... I grew up in Ringwood and here's my story... It was real beautiful. Had lakes, mountains, lots of deer and squirrels... My father and mother were like freakin' hermits. Never had any friends, lived on a hundred acres. My father inherited the property and a zillion dollars so he never worked, all he did was hunt and drink.

FRANK

Fuckin' alchy's just like his old man, know what I'm sayin'?

JOHN

Bought me a twenty-two when I was eight. Tried to teach me to shoot squirrels... Was real disappointed in me 'cause I never hit a squirrel...

FRANK

...He looks like a squirrel...

JOHN

...When he got drunk, which was every night, he used to call me "*blind bat*" and then he would beat the shit out of me. Said when I killed me a squirrel he would stop beating me...

Stanley, Marie and Lucille are pained.)

Told Him I would practice every chance I could. I never killed a squirrel, because I liked squirrels. They were my only friends. Made me put my gun under my bed, so I'd be ready. One day, my skinny sister Patty, who slept in the same room with me and who was a year older started teasing me. "*Blind bat, blind bat,*" she kept saying. So, to fix her ass, I wanted to scare her, I got my twenty-two. I thought it was unloaded, aimed it at her head, closed my eyes and pulled the trigger... Patty fell dead.

LUCILLE

MIGUEL

STANLEY

MARIE

FRANK

Holy shit (shakes head) Oh, my God. What a drag. Stupid Fuck!

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

(STANLEY smiles.)

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

(MARIE shakes head.)

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.

(FRANK grins.)

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.

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. 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.)

STANLEY Cont'd)

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 damnit.

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.

Sidney Goldberg

Aren't We All

1-1-32

ALL

(Looking up.)

Merry Christmas Sylvia, Merry Christmas.

FRANK

What crap.

End of Scene 3

AREN'T WE ALL

ACT I

Scene 4

CHRISTMAS DAY:

SAME ROOM: ALL ARE THERE:
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 Goddamnit, 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 any 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. Bows.)

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 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 our addicted brother, by Miguel Garcia.

FRANK

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

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad to Frank.)

Instead of getting high all the time, read Poe, Keats and

(STANLEY grins.)

learn to rhyme. If you're interested in healing, just 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'?

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

(Opens his arms. JOHN smiles.)

BOWS.)

Frank, you're a man I should learn to love, by 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 cut your fuckin' heart out, ya hear?

JOHN

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

(Sing.)

..."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 weirdoes -
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. Why do Jewish divorces cost so much? Because they're worth it.

(SOME laugh and smile.)

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, "*Beach Music*," 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 motherfuckin' 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...!

(FRANK hears HIS MOTHER.)

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 reading Step Four.)

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 feel sorry for Marie.)

LUCILLE

(Crying and embracing Marie.)

And I never wanted to be a junky 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 junky 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 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, 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

(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

Be my pleasure, Marie. Dear Mary Jane, when we met I took

(FRANK grins.)

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, am humbled by his very existence and ask nothing but

MARIE

Holy Shit!

STANLEY

I 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

(JOHN grins.)

hell and may thee rest in purgatory forever and anon." Your misbegotten ex-friend, Stanley.

(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

You gotta lend me your dictionary real fast, *know what I'm*

(FRANK touches Miguel tenderly.)

sayin'? Real fast and maybe you can teach me how to write them *pomes*, Miguel?

MIGUEL

(Rap.)

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

End of Scene 4

AREN'T WE ALL

ACT I

Scene 5

The following day:

STANLEY

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

(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.

End of Scene 5

AREN'T WE ALL

ACT I

Scene 6

SAME DAY:

**AT NIGHT: ALL ARE PRESENT:
FRANK IS READING AND LUCILLE,
LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER,
SHAKES HEAD IN DISBELIEF AND
RETURNS TO GROUP.**

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... Why do Jewish men die before their wives? Because they want to.

(ALL laugh.)

MIGUEL

(Stands and reads from pad.)

What is this thing called life, is it madness, colored

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

with strife? There are days when fools feel like kings. 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 God above. By Miguel Garcia.

MARIE

How the hell do you do it, Miguel?

(MIGUEL smiles.)

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, and

(Fingers close together.)

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

(Throws chair against wall.)

Stop laughin' at me, I mean it, 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: PAUSE.)

STANLEY

I guess it's up to you, Lucille.

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.

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 sad: ALL stare, long pause.)

STANLEY (Cont'd)

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' TO LIVE FOR, FUCK IT, FUCK

(Points gun at his head.)

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 cocksuckers, 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 cocksuckers 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 grave,

(Bows.)

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 shortcomings.

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 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 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. Always thought I didn't give a shit about her, always thought I hated her for siding with my father... She hated his never cared about me, she father really didn't.

(FRANK grins.)

I got a phone me. call from an old friend 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 shit that he died, in fact I was glad, but I started thinking about my

(FRANK grins.)

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 father for as long as I can being alone. 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...

MARIE

...That's a bitch...

JOHN

...What's going 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'Rourke's O'Rourke's were the toughest, Irish bastards this side of Killarney...

STANLEY

...How sad...

JOHN

...O'Rourke's were hunters and Drunken sots O'Rourke's 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? Lost my wife, because I'm a drunken O'Rourke, lost my job,

because, I'm a drunken O'Rourke, got no friends 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 never saw a rose up there..."

MARIE

...He never saw a rose...

STANLEY

...All right, I'm sure your better. 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. "That makes six roses, I don't believe it."

MARIE

...Six roses, holy shit!...

STANLEY

...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...

LUCILLE

...A fuckin dozen roses!

"I don't believe it," the doctor ...Fuckin' dozen roses...

STANLEY

... "All right how 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.

End of Scene 6

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

(FRANK Reads slowly from placard.)

Lucille, 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

No one.

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.)

Sidney Goldberg

Aren't We All

1-1-59

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!

End of Scene 7

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' whacked 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

(Bows.)

knowing that Eden does not welcome the heathen. By Miguel Garcia.

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 direct amends to such people wherever possible except when to do so would injure them or others...

(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.

End of Scene 8

AREN'T WE ALL

ACT I

Scene 9

NEW YEARS EVE:

THE ROOM IS FESTIVELY DECORATED:
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, 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
why I use such dirty language?...

(STANLEY grins).

Frank (Cont'd)

And I told him there's somethin' wrong with my tongue 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...

LUCILLE

...Disgusting!

FRANK

...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 laughed...

LUCILE

...Animal!...

FRANK

...You should have seen the look on his ugly face when I told him to examine my pecker.

MARIE

...Prick!...

FRANK

...What a prick. The guy turned blue. Fuckin' riot man, fuckin' riot... Told ya nothin' would happen didn't I...? And here's your fuckin' book to Stanley. I don't seem
(FRANK gives book to STANLEY.)
to understand this guy, Conraky.

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

Sidney Goldberg

Aren't We All

1-1-65

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 Sine."

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

(Takes bowl and stem from can and gives it to Miguel.)

Thataboy, you fuckin' rummy, 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 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 up your...

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. And what
you do is

(ALL are amazed.)

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
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,
(Laughs demonically.)
never been a faggot, 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. 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.

(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? Miguel went to Queen's college 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