

VICTORIA. I'm leaving his ass tonight. You see the bags?

JACKIE. Oh. I didn't notice them.

VICTORIA. Um-hmm. I've threatened before, but this time I'm going. Got a van coming in the morning. And I'm taking fucking everything.

JACKIE. Well, um, I just wanna —

VICTORIA. No. Don't act the friend.

JACKIE. This shit with him and Veronica —

VICTORIA. All true. You did your time at Clinton Correctional outside Dannemora upstate?

JACKIE. Yeah?

VICTORIA. Got a Dannemora Red Roof Inn bill on my bureau dated last June. They had them some chicken wings and a Party Fixings pizza from the Dannemora Domino's that night too. It's right next to the abortion bill. Yeah, baby, they did you too. Good night. *(Victoria begins to break down.)* I got more packing to do. *(Jackie surveys the room. Surveys Victoria. And exits.)*

## Scene 6

*Veronica's Apartment. 2 A.M. Veronica is in a nightgown and grips a stickball bat. Jackie is wasted off his ass.*

VERONICA. I called the fuckin' police!

JACKIE. Good! I loooooove fuckin' police! I love police like I love fuckin, I dunno, but I fuckin' love it!

VERONICA. You better fuckin' run!

JACKIE. Love it! Yo, how's the motherfucker with the hat doing?! Huh?! I looove that motherfucker with the hat! He's a good-lovin' motherfucker, that first-floor motherfucker!

VERONICA. If you wanna talk, we could do it in the morning, and we should talk, and I wanna talk — but you gotta go right now —

JACKIE. Talk?! Who said I wanna talk to your ass?! What's there to talk about? Hats?! Fuckin' haberdashery?!

VERONICA. Jackie, please —

JACKIE. Nah, because I wrote you a song, Veronica —

VERONICA. — Get outta here! Get outta here before I fuckin' clock you, 'cuz I'll clock you!

JACKIE. Aaight, ssh! Sssh! Here goes. This song is debilated to you, Veronica, since the eighth grade! Eight! Remember? Okay, ready — this song, this long-distance dedication from me to you, is called ... "Fuck ... You."

VERONICA. Don't you do it!

JACKIE. "Fuck your dead stepfather Tito — fuuuck you!"

VERONICA. Stop it!

JACKIE. "Fuck Buster and Negrito, I hope they get run over by cars — fuuuuck you!"

VERONICA. You think you're the only motherfucker who's hurting here?!

JACKIE. "Fuck those Commodores records we use ta make it to — fuck you" — Hold up I wrote this shit down — *(Jackie digs through his pockets to find the rest of his song.)*

VERONICA. — What about me, huh?! What about my pain?! What about the promises your ass made?! Where's my ring? Where's my two-family house in Yonkers? Where's my little baby Jackie and my little baby Veronica playing on their fuckin' swing set?! Where's your "air-conditioning an' refrigeration" degree? Where's my "going back to school"? Where's my Jackie that used ta live in my heart — where is the most decent, loving guy I ever met in my whole fuckin' life — and why's he out fucking played-out AA hos?!

JACKIE. "Fuck your whole generation 'cuz you're a ugly, disgusting, fucked-up bitch who no one loves because you're so psycho twisted damaged nasty heartbreaker — fuck ..." *(Veronica snaps — slugs Jackie in the head flush with the stickball bat. Jackie goes down. Out cold.)*

Music transition here

## Scene 7

*The following afternoon. Julio's breakfast table. Jackie is banged up, hungover, but functioning.*

JACKIE. Bro, I can't eat this.

COUSIN JULIO. Please *papi*, you have to try to eat.

JACKIE. Nah, man, I can eat, I just can't eat *this*.

COUSIN JULIO. *Papi*, you eat that, your body gonna thank you, believe me.

JACKIE. These eggs are green, bro!

COUSIN JULIO. Spirulina.

JACKIE. What?

COUSIN JULIO. Spirulina. It's the green algae from the sea. Pure protein. You see: the eggs, protein. The spirulina, protein. Aged Asiago cheddar, protein. That's triple protein, *papi* — with a rosemary garnish! That's power.

JACKIE. Power?

COUSIN JULIO. Thass right. Healing power and "power" power! And right now, you need power. Power ... And a mimosa!

JACKIE. I shouldn't drink this.

COUSIN JULIO. It's a virgin mimosa. I went to the store while you were sleeping it off.

JACKIE. I'm sorry about last night.

COUSIN JULIO. You peed on my floor.

JACKIE. I'm, I'm really sorry about that.

COUSIN JULIO. Forget about it. If my Marisol was here — big problem. But she's at a conference, so, just eat your eggs so you can get the power.

JACKIE. A conference?

COUSIN JULIO. Conference. Yes. Eat.

JACKIE. ... I don't know what to do, Julio.

COUSIN JULIO. Right now, all you gotta do is eat. Later, we gonna figure everything out.

JACKIE. I gotta go.

COUSIN JULIO. Go where?

JACKIE. Kill that motherfucker Ralph! I told you!

COUSIN JULIO. Hey! Nobody gonna kill nobody, *papi*. Especially not you. Karma's gonna kick that motherfucker's ass, it don't need no help from you. And if karma don't do it, I will.

JACKIE. You?

COUSIN JULIO. You say that like it's a joke that I could kick his ass. Believe me, I could subdue him with these two fingers!

JACKIE. Bro —

COUSIN JULIO. You want me to try it on you? Oh yes, I know, "Julio," "Julio," he's "*mariconcito*," right?

JACKIE. I didn't say that.

COUSIN JULIO. Trust me, you don't want no part of this *mariconcito* on the wrong night, *mijo*, and neither does that friend of yours. Whaddya think I do at the gym every day, sit in the steam room and do reach-arounds?! Thass not me, *señor*. *Yo soy un hombre, papi! Cien por ciento!* Make no mistake.

JACKIE. Okay. I got it.

COUSIN JULIO. Good. Eat those fuckin' eggs, I want a clean plate. Okay?

JACKIE. Okay.

COUSIN JULIO. *Bueno*. After you eat, we get your stuff from that Ralph's house. And after you get your stuff, even though it's over, maybe you go see Veronica and apologize.

JACKIE. Apologize? For what?

COUSIN JULIO. You don't remember breaking into her home last night?

JACKIE. What?

COUSIN JULIO. You did very bad things in her home.

JACKIE. I didn't go to her house!

COUSIN JULIO. Where do you think I picked you up from?

JACKIE. C'mon, bro.

COUSIN JULIO. Laying in a pool of blood, *papi!* You're lucky she called me to get you.

JACKIE. Wait a second. For real. You telling me I saw Veronica last night?!

COUSIN JULIO. Saw her?! Jaquito, believe me, you more than saw her!

JACKIE. Well what did I do there?

COUSIN JULIO. *Ay papi*, God created blackouts for a reason — trust me — you don't wanna know.