

never attributed it ta God. I always thought, when it happened; "It's the smack, or the cocaine, some kinda deja-who" — wasn't none of that. God had touched me, but I juss thought it was the wind ... God forgives me for what I done, and he'll forgive you too if ya ask him.

ANGEL. You ain't straight wit' shit

LUCIUS. And you know that how?

ANGEL. Don' make me fuckin' hurt you, man.

LUCIUS. Hurt me? How a little chihuahua like you gonna harm me?

ANGEL. You could call me fuckin' names, talk down to me like I'm some fuckin' schoolkid, it don't change the facts!

LUCIUS. Curse, curse, curse! Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! That's what you is — a little dumb sparrow, chirpin' in the wind!

ANGEL. Valdez was right about you.

LUCIUS. Chirp, chirp, chirp —

ANGEL. You killed eight people, man. You a damn psychopath!

A fuckin' nut job, talkin' 'bout God, talkin' 'bour Kingdom of Heaven; you can talk shit all you want, say your prayers twenty-four hours a day, it don't mean shit!

LUCIUS. Don' mean shit, huh?

ANGEL. Dass right.

LUCIUS. Prayer don' mean shit?

ANGEL. You deaf, motherfuckah, thass what I said!

LUCIUS. If prayer don' mean shit, then how come I was awoken

the other night to hear a sorry little bitch stutterin' over some prayer

inbetween chokes 'n' sobs 'n' snorts from inhaling the little puddle a

tears on his damp little prison pillow? ... If prayer don' mean shit,

then what the fuck were you doing Tuesday last? Or Monday? Or lass

Saturday after lunch, for that matter? 'Cuz I don't think it was Valdez

I heard, and you the onlyest motherfuckah up in here, besides me.

So, do prayer mean shit, or don't it? You tell me ...

ANGEL. It's a habit, dass all.

LUCIUS. That ain't no habit. Cocaine, dass a habit. What you

was doin' was somethin else ... Know what I think? I think you

need to stand up right now and open your heart to Jesus. That

pain and anguish and sadness inside ya, it ain't leavin' by its own

volition. It got a nice home inside a you rent free! Why the fuck it

gonna leave without being kicked out? It's time to serve them

motherfuckahs their eviction papers, Angel. It's time to liberate the profound and genteel man that is you. This prison, these cages, they ain't shit, brother! Inside my heart and my mind, I am sailing on the Pacific on a fine schooner basking in the light of life. You ever been to the Pacific Ocean? It's real nice, Angel.

ANGEL. Dat ship you floatin' on, it ain't made a nothin', Lucius.

LUCIUS. Ain't sprung a leak in nearly two years, day I found God, right where you standin'.

ANGEL. And you don't think that's juss a little bit convenient?

LUCIUS. Oh, it's convenient!! Who tryin' ta say it ain't convenient?

ANGEL. I'm talkin' 'bout findin' God in prison.

LUCIUS. Any place where you can have your life resurrected, thass a damn convenient place.

ANGEL. After you killed eight people —

LUCIUS. Thass between me and God.

ANGEL. And thass very convenient too!

LUCIUS. Well God juss happens to be a very damn convenient

individual, brother! I coulda had God when I was six, sixteen,

thirty-two, thirty-five, he wasn't goin' nowhere! It happens I didn't

get him 'till I was forty-two; a suicidal, multiple homicidal drug

addict starin' down at Death Row! Would I have preferred to find

him at twenty-five? Hell yeah! But I didn't! Now why's everyone

wanna turn and blame God for that?

ANGEL. Ain't no one blamin' God here. You killed those people, not God.

LUCIUS. I ain't never said I didn't.

ANGEL. I don' wanna talk about this —

LUCIUS. What'd you do to get in here anyway?

ANGEL. Dass my business.

LUCIUS. I know what you did. I sent it on the TV. You killed a man.

ANGEL. I didn't kill him!

LUCIUS. Now how's that?

ANGEL. Worry 'bout your own shit!

LUCIUS. You killed him.

ANGEL. No I didn't!

LUCIUS. Man's dead, ain't he?

ANGEL. I juss shot him in the ass.

BEGIN



LUCIUS. And then what happened?
ANGEL. Fuck you mean, "Then what happened?" he fell down, screamin' like a little bitch, they grabbed me —
LUCIUS. What happened to him?
ANGEL. He went to the hospital —
LUCIUS. Then what happened?
ANGEL. They made a operation on his ass, he was fine —
LUCIUS. Fine?
ANGEL. I juss shot him in the fuckin ass!
LUCIUS. Then how'd he end up dead, jack?
ANGEL. Doctors man! Fuckin medical malpractice! Shit, what's so fuckin hard 'bout takin' a bullet out a mothahfuckahs ass? Ya take a knife, a fuckin' scalpel, whatever, ya open the ass, ya find the shit. What's the "complication" 'bout that? "Complication"?! Juss open up the ass, whatever's not "ass," take the shit out! How's it my fault some drunk mothahfuckah can't tell the difference between a bullet and a man's ass?!!
LUCIUS. The doctor was drunk?
ANGEL. Prolly! You know how them mothahfuckahs be!
LUCIUS. So, how'd the man die then?
ANGEL. Like I said, "complication"! First doctor, mo-fuckin.' Dr. Dolittle, he obviously ain't did the job right, they had ta bring the mothahfuckah back, put him on the operatin' table, "simple procedure," but the mothahfuckah dies!
LUCIUS. Die from what?
ANGEL. Heart attack! How the fuck? I mean, this mothahfuckah, Reverend Kim, he say he the Son a God! How's a real Son a God gonna let himself go out like that?! 'Cuz if I was God, and I sent my son down here to do a job, and he came back talkin' 'bout "Yeah, Pop, they shot my ass, and, my heart, it juss couldn't take it," I'd slap the mothahfuckah upside his head! I'd tell him; "You better look in the mirror, kid; now I gotta send your sister down to do a man's job!" Mothahfuckah oughta be ashamed of himself! They hung Jesus from a cross! Banged nails into his feet and hands —
LUCIUS. But you ain't shot Jesus ass, did ya?
ANGEL. Hell no!
LUCIUS. You shot a man.
ANGEL. And I'd do it again.

LUCIUS. Not the Son a God, a man. Man died.
ANGEL. And dass my fault?
LUCIUS. Did you shoot a man?
ANGEL. Get the fuck out my face.
LUCIUS. Did he die?
ANGEL. Not 'cuz a me.
LUCIUS. If ya didn't shoot him, would he be dead now?
ANGEL. You killed eight people mothahfuckah! Who you talkin to?
LUCIUS. You shot a man. The man died. Ain't no man no more.
ANGEL. But —
LUCIUS. But what? Dead is dead, son, I know you know that.
ANGEL. It's not my fault.
LUCIUS. Meaning what?
ANGEL. Meaning it ain't my fuckin' fault!
LUCIUS. Now that's juss plain illogical. That's like me tellin' you dat a hippopotamus knows howta fry himself some eggs.
ANGEL. The man deserved to die.
LUCIUS. No human man deserves ta die!
ANGEL. Why, cuz "God" say so?
LUCIUS. Dass right.
ANGEL. When exactly did "God" say that shit?
LUCIUS. Bible say —
ANGEL. Fuck the Bible! Bible ain't no autobiography, man! "God" didn't write the shit! Buncha mothahfuckahs wrote that shit. Apostles didn't write no Gospel, and Jesus, that mothahfuckah never wrote one damn word! Not even a fuckin' postcard! Dass a fact! Ain't my fault the man died, but he dead now, so what? He juss one man outta a billion, people die every day.
LUCIUS. Ain't murdered every day.
ANGEL. Nah, they gotta run into you first to earn dat distinction.
LUCIUS. Or you!
ANGEL. I did somethin' had to be done!
LUCIUS. Than accept it then! You man enough to do it, then, be man enough ta stand behind it! But you can't really stand behind it, 'cuz you know it's wrong! You know it!
ANGEL. Do you know it's wrong ta kill a man?
LUCIUS. Course I do.
ANGEL. Then why you got lawyers fightin' extradition for you?

LUCIUS. I'm gonna do "Life" here in New York State anyway! I pled guilty. I took responsibility! Why I gotta go to a place where they tryin to kill me?

ANGEL. I thought you was straight wit' God, man?

LUCIUS. I am.

ANGEL. If you straight, then why you gotta fear death, mothahfuckah? Alls you gotta do is die, then, you gonna be in Heaven wit' God, right? Ain't that the ultimate goal? If that shit is true like you say, then what's the fuckin' problem then? God forgives you, right? You juss stood there in my face an tol' me that shit. So what's the dilly, yo? You try to tell me you floatin' on the Pacific wit' your sailor cap on. Dass bullshit! You don't act like no inner peace mothahfuckah I ever met! You act angry and crazy.

LUCIUS. I'm in prison, jack!

ANGEL. You killed eight people yo, your ass should be in prison! Tell me: "Be a man"! Why don' you be a man, go die like ya supposed to? You gots the God Insurance, what else you need?

LUCIUS. Ain't got no more time ta waste on imbeciles —

ANGEL. You afraid ta die cuz your ass know only two things gonna happen when you do die: either nuthin', or somethin' bad!! Ain't no God, ain't no light! (*Valdez enters.*)

VALDEZ. Peanut chew!

ANGEL. Take me outta here, Valdez!

VALDEZ. Away from the cage, convict. (*Angel complies. Valdez enters, does his thing.*)

ANGEL. I ain't no convict!

VALDEZ. Not yet.

ANGEL. Not yet, no never!

VALDEZ. Dat ain't what I hear.

ANGEL. Never!!

LUCIUS. Spittin in the wind, yo.

ANGEL. Rather spit in it than lissen to it!

LUCIUS. "You could cast out the devil, but ya can't cast out God"!

ANGEL. I ain't got God and neither do you.

LUCIUS. I'm a perfect child a God and so are you. He got a plan for all of us! Valdez too!

ANGEL. Hurry up and die mothahfuckah!

VALDEZ. You know what Droopy Dog? I'm beginning to like you.

END

Scene 2

Visitation area: Riker's Island. Two days later.

MARY JANE. "God's fucking plan"????!!!

ANGEL. I'm juss savin' —

MARY JANE. Saying what?! That God's plan is: you should spend the rest of your life in prison?! What kinda plan is that?! It's the District Attorney's plan, Angel, that's whose plan it is, not "God's"!! What is wrong with you?!

ANGEL. I didn't say I believed the shit.

MARY JANE. Well, hey — how very skeptical of you!

ANGEL. I think Lucius was juss —

MARY JANE. "Lucius"?! What, you're on a first name basis now?!

ANGEL. I see the mothahfuckah every day. He the only one I got up there —

MARY JANE. Oh, well then, by all means, mingle! Mingle with the deranged psychotic serial killer!

ANGEL. See, he ain't really like that —

MARY JANE. What?!

ANGEL. I know —

MARY JANE. Do you have any idea who Lucius Jenkins is?!

ANGEL. I know, he killed eight people, right?

MARY JANE. Eight that we know of!

ANGEL. He told me eight.

MARY JANE. So what "He told you eight"?! What does that mean?! Case closed, Lucius told Angel eight?! And what eight's not enough for you?!

ANGEL. I hear you, all right? Let's juss get back ta business.

MARY JANE. Maybe Lucius should be your lawyer!

ANGEL. Yo, I was juss makin' conversation —

MARY JANE. When you're acquitted, Angel, when we're sittin' in a bar together drinking beer and eating chicken wings, then make conversation! Unless you wanna just have a conversation