

responsibility. God gonna work out a special payment plan for me."

ANGEL. Yup.

LUCIUS. 'Cuz I wasn't aware God took the damn Discover card! But I guess if you're "Angel Cruz," well, it's juss different, huh? Everybody else pay cash, but — "Angel"? He juss walk right out the store and God'll juss put it on his tab, ain't that right?

ANGEL. You juss jealous I'm gettin out —

LUCIUS. What I got ta be jealous for? You got Be-elzebub doin' your thinkin' for ya, meanwhile I got the Voice a God sounding sweetly in my ear tellin me, "Ya done good, Lucius, now come on home."

ANGEL. "Ya done good"?! What the fuck "good" you ever done, Lucius, ta make God say some bullshit like that?

LUCIUS. Why don' you ask Him yourself if you're so innerested?

ANGEL. I'm askin' you.

LUCIUS. And I'm tellin' you I ain't innerested in being no long distance phone operator! You gotta a question for The Man, you need ta dial direct, jack!

ANGEL. What's so "good" 'bout killin' eight people?!

LUCIUS. "Eight people," "Eight people," 'dass all anyone ever wanna say! Make me wanna laugh!

ANGEL. Dass cuz —

LUCIUS. Y'all love ta get all up in Lucius business, doncha? Makes y'all feel cozy and safe! "Lucius killed eight people, he bad! We ain't killed no eight people, we must be good"! Shoot, dass some humorous knee-slapper y'all perpetratin' on yourselves; I'd laugh out loud if my throat wasn't choked wit' tears for ya; dass my word right there!

VALDEZ. Five minutes.

LUCIUS. Every night, kid, every night, without fail on the cement ground, knees bruised, ligaments twitchin' an tortin', neck achin', I pray for you. Ask God, "Make Angel who he is, not how he actin'" ... I cry.

ANGEL. ... Yeah well —

LUCIUS. Somethin' wrong wit' dat?

ANGEL. You could do whatchu want —

LUCIUS. That ain't what I asked ya —

ANGEL. I'm sayin' —

LUCIUS. Son: Me prayin' for ya, is there somethin' wrong wit dat?

ANGEL. It ain't wrong —

LUCIUS. Is it "bad"?

ANGEL. I didn't say that —

LUCIUS. Is it "bad"?!

ANGEL. ... Nah.

LUCIUS. Is it "good"?

ANGEL. Dat don't mean —

LUCIUS. Don't mean, don't mean! Did it ever occur to you once ... ever ... in all these days 'n' nights we spent together: Did it ever occur to you, Angel, ever, to pray for me? *(Pause.)*

VALDEZ. Four minutes!!

LUCIUS. ... See? ... Dass what I thought ...

ANGEL. ... Lucius —

LUCIUS. Doncha "Lucius" me now! Shoulda "Lucius"-ed me then!

ANGEL. God don't hear me.

LUCIUS. God hear you and you hear God! You don' like what he sayin', dass the real story!

ANGEL. I don't know what He's sayin!

LUCIUS. Get on your knees right now, ask the Lord's forgiveness, I dare ya!

ANGEL. Yo —

LUCIUS. Do it!

ANGEL. And then what?! I get on my knees, "Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me," and then what?!

LUCIUS. You know what!

ANGEL. Ain't gonna change nuttin'!

LUCIUS. Coward!!

ANGEL. I ain't no coward!!

LUCIUS. God say —

ANGEL. You don't know nothin 'bout God —

LUCIUS. I know everything about God! It's people like you, cryin' in the darkness, waitin' on the lightning, meanwhile you got the flashlight in your own damn lap; you're the ones don't know shit about God! God say, "Come to Me and Be Free"! People wait on faith like it's some kinda gift! Ain't nuttin' like that! Faith is like a little blade a grass fights it way through the concrete tryin' a get hisself a little drink a water! Faith ain't a gift, it's a decision! And I made my decision! I ain't no Puerto Rican finger puppet waggin'

my head like a fool! I am my own man! I am a Soldier of Christ, and the Light a God shines on me and in me in perpetuity, jack!

ANGEL. You killed eight people —

LUCIUS. So what I killed eight people? They juss people!

ANGEL. ... What?!

LUCIUS. If God didn't mean for them people to be killed, how would I have the ability to kill them?!

ANGEL. Them people never did nothin' wrong.

LUCIUS. Never said they did.

ANGEL. You did that shit on your own.

LUCIUS. Yes I did.

ANGEL. Not God, you.

LUCIUS. Dass right.

ANGEL. Your own free will.

LUCIUS. Hold up now! Was it my free will to be molested and sodomized, abused and violated from the age a five? Was it my free will to turn ta drugs and alcohol as a result a that shit? Was it my free will to be a undiagnosed manic depressive paranoid-schizophrenic?! Nah, people don' wanna hear 'bout none a that! All people wanna do is cry for the victims! What about my victimization?

ANGEL. That ain't —

LUCIUS. They put some faggot-ass rock star on VH-1 talkin 'bout his battle wit' addiction, everybody cry! Some movie actress, she got incested once or twice, she so "brave" to come forward! But me? I'm juss a Black Plague! Ain't no "disease a addiction" for me, it's "Free Will." Ain't no "brave comin' forward" for Lucius, it's Florida and Death fuckin' Row!

ANGEL. You crazy, man —

VALDEZ. Three minutes!

LUCIUS. Jesus last words was "Forgive them Father, they know not what they do." I'm tryin' ta take the Jesus perspective on this whole deal, forgive the people, but it's hard. Everybody act like they down wit' God, but didn't God say killing's wrong?

ANGEL. Killing's wrong for everyone else, but it's okay for you?!

LUCIUS. I killed a little boy, chopped his pee pee off and fed it to him. Beat him to death with his own baseball bat, he was screamin', "Mommy, Mommy." It didn't feel wrong. It felt good!

ANGEL. That's 'cuz you fucked in the head, man!

LUCIUS. If that's true, then, what's your excuse?

ANGEL. I ain't makin' excuses —

LUCIUS. How'd it feel when you killed that Reverend Kim? Was it good for you too?

ANGEL. How you gonna enjoy killin' a little kid and think God could ever wanna shine a light on you?!

VALDEZ. Two minutes!!

LUCIUS. God loves me.

ANGEL. He loves you more than he loves an innocent boy?!

LUCIUS. Do God love you more than he loved dat Reverend Kim?! ... Huh?! ... Answer my damn question!

ANGEL. Maybe he does —

LUCIUS. "Maybe"?! ... Everything wit' you is "maybe"! You nei-ther fish nor fowl. You some kinda thin little tree got your roots planted in some short soil gettin' blowed over by a little hint a breeze! ... You need ta horticulturalize yo' self before ya turn inta a tumble weed, ya damn killer, 'cuz my ass is through wit' you!

ANGEL. I'm through wit' your ass too!

LUCIUS. (*To God.*) Try ta offer a dyin' fool in the desert a drink a water, Lord, and all he could say is "maybe"!!

ANGEL. You ain't got shit I want anyway.

LUCIUS. Bon Voyage, Baby Capone, go back ta the sandbox!

ANGEL. All this time I thought you maybe knew sumptin' —

LUCIUS. I know you killed a man —

ANGEL. Yeah I killed a man. One man!!!

LUCIUS. One's better then eight?

ANGEL. It's different.

LUCIUS. How?

ANGEL. I ain't like you!

LUCIUS. You juss like me!

ANGEL. I ain't insane mothahfuckah! I ain't tryin' ta hide behind no religion and I ain't never did no sicko shit like you!!

LUCIUS. Killin a man ain't sick?

ANGEL. It is if you're you! A lotta people been raped and beat on, a lotta people been fucked over in this life, and somehow, Lucius, they managed to avoid killin' eight people! So your little sob story of an excuse, you need ta take that shit ta the curb and forget about ever comparin' your psycho ass ta me!

LUCIUS. Only difference 'tween me and you is I got God and you got cold feet!
ANGEL. I ain't like you.
LUCIUS. I'm right as rain and you ain't got no umbrella, mothafuckah!
ANGEL. I ain't nuthin' like you!!
LUCIUS. You in jail like me, live in a cage like me, took life juss like me!! Most people, whether they sick or not, most people don't do no murder like we done — dass right mothahfuckah, I said "We"! So how the fuck you so different from me?!
ANGEL. I ain't, I can't talk to you no more —
LUCIUS. I got my sobriety and my forgiveness! Whatchu got 'cept excuses and "maybe's"?! You ain't nuttin' but a pigeon-hearted little bitch!
ANGEL. I'm not —
LUCIUS. — Had a built in compass and chose the way of the minefield anyway! Dass bad!! Arrogant and willful!
ANGEL. I know who I am! I'm good!
LUCIUS. Now how's that?
ANGEL. I'm good!!
LUCIUS. You ain't good!
ANGEL. I am too good!
LUCIUS. 'Cuz what?
ANGEL. 'Cuz I am.
LUCIUS. No ya ain't —
ANGEL. 'Cuz I got —
LUCIUS. You got what?
ANGEL. I got ... (To Valdez.) Valdez!
LUCIUS. Valdez can't save ya!
ANGEL. (To Valdez.) Valdez, take me outta here!!
LUCIUS. Ain't got shit!
ANGEL. Valdez!!
LUCIUS. Oldest juvenile delinquent I ever seen! Still squirt dog water, doncha?
ANGEL. Fuck you.
LUCIUS. Got no vocabulary neither! Unrepentant no class sinner!
ANGEL. Yo Valdez!!
LUCIUS. Run back ta the darkness, ya blind bat!

ANGEL. I ain't nuthin' like you!

LUCIUS. Proud, proud, proud!

ANGEL. Nuthin at all!

LUCIUS. Chirp Chirp Chirp!

ANGEL. Valdez!!

VALDEZ. One minute!!

ANGEL. C'mon Valdez!!

VALDEZ. One minute!!

ANGEL. Valdez!!

VALDEZ. One minute!!

END

Scene 5

MARY JANE. When I used to be a lawyer, I would wake up cranky as hell every morning at five A.M. and I would fantasize about sleeping in, or calling in sick, or having a "me" day. I was resentful about the demands of the job, the lack of recognition, the lack of a life, ... the fact that it was hard ... Once I got disbarred ... I suddenly had all the time in the world, and I didn't want it ... I didn't want it at all ... Angel's redirect had been masterfully constructed, and he was masterful. He was wiping away tears, looking the jury right in the eye, and most of all, he looked and sounded completely sympathetic and believable ... I got emotional. I tried not to show it, but it just spilled out ... I was proud of him. I was prouder of myself ... And why not? ... It was my defining moment and ... I held on to it a split second too long. Angel started sobbing, and I was vaguely thinking, "Okay, get him off the stand," but before I could react, because the truth is I really was getting off on how emotionally involved the jury was getting over all this, before I knew what was happening, Angel started talking. He told the judge not to blame me, that I was just trying to help. I tried to cut him off, I said, "No more questions," but Angel kept on talking ...
ANGEL. "Hail Mary —"
MARY JANE. And talking ...