

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 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't 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, not ever!

VALDEZ. Dat ain't what I hear.

ANGEL. Never!!

LUCIUS. Spittin in the wind, son.

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.

Scene 2

BEGIN

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

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

ANGEL. I'm juss sayin' —

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 sitting in a bar together drinking beer and eating chicken wings, then make conversation! Unless you wanna just have a conversation

now, exchange recipes, talk philosophy, forget the whole thing!

ANGEL. You tryin' ta back out now?!

MARY JANE. Are you?

ANGEL. Yo, I'm here Mary Jane.

MARY JANE. I am putting my career on the line for you, Angel, my vocation! So you better be damn sure your head's screwed back on before I even think about putting you on that witness stand and suborning perjury!

ANGEL. I'm down wit' the program and I'm gonna thank you 'till my dyin' day, believe me.

MARY JANE. I could lose my license! They could toss me in jail!

ANGEL. I'm already in jail and I'm gonna get out any way I can, swear ta God!

MARY JANE. D.A. asks you a question, what do you do?

ANGEL. Pause five seconds.

MARY JANE. Then what?

ANGEL. Answer the shit.

MARY JANE. Answer how?

ANGEL. "Yes," "No," or "I don't know."

MARY JANE. And then what?

ANGEL. Stop.

MARY JANE. Stop what?

ANGEL. Stop talking.

MARY JANE. Why?

ANGEL. 'Cuz I might say some shit I shouldn't say.

MARY JANE. What if it needs to be said?

ANGEL. I don't know —

MARY JANE. Do you wanna spend the rest of your life in prison?!

ANGEL. Whadda you think?

MARY JANE. I don't know Angel! What should I think?

ANGEL. I wanna get the fuck outta here.

MARY JANE. God won't have a problem with that?

ANGEL. Ask fuckin' God.

MARY JANE. I'm asking you.

ANGEL. Fuck God! He ain't got nuthin' to do wit' this.

MARY JANE. How do you know that?

ANGEL. I don't know —

MARY JANE. I can't work with "I don't know"! If I'm gonna put

you on the stand and risk my job, then I need to know that you know!

ANGEL. I know.

MARY JANE. No you don't.

ANGEL. I do know, really, truss me —

MARY JANE. It's not about trust —

ANGEL. Ah-aight, look: that mothahfuckah Reverend Kim, he was a false prophet, fuckin' heretic, cashed in on God's name, fucked up a lot a people, right?! God should understand why I brought the mothahfuckah down, and if he don't, then fuck him! I'm juss a ordinary man, I ain't no martyr, and if that's God's plan for me, then you know what? Fuck the damn plan! And thass how I know, all right?!

MARY JANE. You gotta problem with lying?

ANGEL. I love to lie, tell me what to say.

MARY JANE. Tell me a lie.

ANGEL. About what?

MARY JANE. Anything. Lie. Right now.

ANGEL. Ah-aight ... I invented electricity.

MARY JANE. Stop messing around!

ANGEL. I ain't messin' around. I invented the shit!

MARY JANE. Do you know how electricity works?

ANGEL. Not exactly.

MARY JANE. Then that's a dumb lie! Tell me a smart lie.

ANGEL. Like what?

MARY JANE. My father drank Jamesons.

ANGEL. Dass a lie?

MARY JANE. He drank Bushmills. But it's a smart lie because my father was a First Generation Irish Catholic who supported the I.R.A. and Bushmill's is known as a Protestant whiskey because it comes from the North. So it would be logical to assume that he wouldn't be caught dead drinking a Protestant whiskey, even though he did. That's a lie built on truth. That's why it's a good lie. Because it's true. Tell me a true lie, Angel.

ANGEL. Aaight ... I tried ta kill Reverend Kim that night.

MARY JANE. What?!

ANGEL. It's a lie 'cuz, I didn't try ta kill him, ~~because I was~~ ...

~~MARY JANE. Because what?~~