SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

August Wilson's Jitney

SAMUEL FRENCH

SAMUELFRENCH.COM SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

Copyright © 2002 by August Wilson
All Rights Reserved

AUGUST WILSON'S JITNEY is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-62795-8

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Plays@SamuelFrench.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *AUGUST WILSON'S JITNEY* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *AUGUST WILSON'S JITNEY* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/ Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

CHARACTERS

BECKER – Well-respected man who runs the jitney station. In his 60s.

TURNBO – Jitney driver who is always interested in the business of others.

YOUNGBLOOD – Jitney driver and Vietnam veteran. Mid-to-late 20s.

FIELDING – Jitney driver and former tailor, has a dependency on alcohol.

DOUB – Longtime jitney driver and a Korean War veteran.

SHEALY – Numbers taker who often uses the jitney station as his base.

BOOSTER – Becker's son; recently released from prison. In his early 40s.

RENA – Youngblood's girlfriend and mother of their young son.

PHILMORE – Local hotel doorman, a reoccurring jitney passenger.

SETTING

The setting is a gypsy cab station in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The paint is peeling off the walls and the floor is covered with linoleum that is worn through in several areas. In the middle of the wall stage left sits an old fashioned pot-bellied stove that dominates the room. Upstage of it is a blackboard on which is written the rates to different parts of the city, and the daily, marginally illegal policy numbers. Next to the blackboard is a posted sign with "Becker's Rules: 1) No Overcharging; 2) Keep Car Clean; 3) No Drinking; 4) Be Courteous; and 5) Replace & Clean Tools." Downstage on the wall is a pay telephone. Along the upstage wall is a sofa, with several chairs of various styles and ages scattered about to complete the setting.

TIME

The time is early fall, 1977.

ACT I

Scene One

(The lights come up on the jitney station. It is mid-morning. The radio is playing. **YOUNGBLOOD** *and* **TURNBO** *sit facing each other on folding chairs in front of the sofa. They are playing checkers with the checkerboard on their knees in front of them.* **FIELDING** *paces, looking out the window.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *moves a checker.* **TURNBO** *jumps and takes it.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Naw! You can't do that! How you gonna take my man?

TURNBO. I'm gonna jump him, fool!

YOUNGBLOOD. How you gonna jump him with the man sitting there! I got a man sitting there! Is you blind?

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *returns his checker to the board.)*

TURNBO. Well put him where he belongs then! *(***TURNBO** *studies the board before he makes his move.)* I ain't seen him sitting there. I thought he was on the other square.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *jumps the checker* **TURNBO** *just moved.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Don't you know I was the checker champ of 'Nam.

*(***FIELDING** *eases a half-pint bottle of gin from under the cushion of the sofa. Discovering it is empty, he eases it back.)*

TURNBO. Boy, ain't nobody studying you. *(He moves.)* There! Champ that!

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Studying the board.)* I done told you who you playing with now. Can't nobody beat me. I'm like Muhammad Ali. I'm the greatest!

FIELDING. *(Gets up suddenly.)* Youngblood, let me have four dollars. I got to go.

TURNBO. *(Does a double-jump.)* Come on and move, checker champ! What's the matter now? Huh?

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't got it Fielding. If I had it you know I'd give it to you.

TURNBO. Come on and play. Checker champ.

FIELDING. Turnbo, let me have four dollars.

TURNBO. *(To* **YOUNGBLOOD***, agitated.)* Will you come on and move, man!

FIELDING. *(To* **TURNBO***.)* Let me have four dollars.

TURNBO. Fielding, you know better than to ask me for anything.

*(***FIELDING** *looks in the stove for a bottle.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *makes a move then* **TURNBO** *jumps two of his men.)*

King me! King me! Come on checker champ, let me beat you again.

(The phone rings. **FIELDING** *runs to answer it.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. No, you cheat old man. *(He gets out his red notebook and sits on the sofa.)*

*(***TURNBO** *starts putting away the checkers in a cigar box.)*

FIELDING. *(Into phone.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* East Liberty? Wherabouts in East Liberty? *(Pause.* **DOUB** *can be seen out on the sidewalk passing by the picture window. He is carrying a crossword book and a pencil.)* That'll be four dollars. *(Pause.)* Lady, I don't care what nobody else charge you that's a four dollar trip.

*(***DOUB** *opens the door.* **FIELDING** *looks at him.)*

Alright. Green car. What's the address again? *(Pause.)* I'll be right there.

(He hangs up as **DOUB** *enters.)*

*(***DOUB** *goes to the blackboard, puts a check by his name, then hangs up his hat on the rack.)*

Doub, let me have four dollars.

DOUB. What?

FIELDING. I got to make a run to East Liberty. Give me four dollars I'll give it back to you.

DOUB. *(Turns off the radio then sits on the stool.)* Hell, nigger I ain't no bank.

FIELDING. Aw, give me the four dollars. I got to get some gas.

TURNBO. If you don't go out and drink up your money you'd have four dollars and wouldn't have to be asking nobody.

FIELDING. Ain't nobody ask you what I do with my money. *(To* **DOUB**.*)* Let me have the four dollars I'll give it back to you.

DOUB. *(Stands, going into his pocket.)* Here…here…don't ask me for nothing else. This is your one time in life to ask me for something. *(He hands* **FIELDING** *the money.)* You bring my four dollars back here to.

*(***FIELDING** *exits.)*

TURNBO. Fielding ain't gonna do nothing but drink up that money. He going right out there to the State Store.

*(***DOUB** *sits and works on the crossword. The phone rings.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *answers it.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Into the phone.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Giant Eagle? Wait a minute you gotta get somebody else.

TURNBO. Here… I'll take it.

*(***TURNBO** *takes the phone.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *sits back on the sofa and works in his notebook.)*

TURNBO. Yeah? Which Giant Eagle? *(Pause.)* Alright. Be right there. Brown car. You already checked out and ready to go cause I ain't gonna be waiting. *(Pause.)* Okay. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***TURNBO** *marks the chalkboard, gets his hat, then exits.* **DOUB** *watches* **YOUNGBLOOD**.*)*

YOUNGBLOOD. What you looking at me for?

DOUB. I ain't said nothing to you.

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't gonna mess up my car hauling people's groceries around.

(Outside the window **TURNBO** *runs into* **SHEALY** *and they exchange money.)*

DOUB. What you telling me for? I don't care about your business. Becker's the one you ought to be telling what you is and ain't gonna do.

*(***SHEALY** *enters singing.)*

SHEALY. How's everybody here?

YOUNGBLOOD. Hey Shealy.

*(***SHEALY** *counts the money and writes in his pad.)*

DOUB. I see your boy down the street got a brand new car.

YOUNGBLOOD. Who? Who got a new car?

DOUB. Old Pope who own that restaurant down on Centre.

YOUNGBLOOD. What'd he get?

DOUB. He got a brand new shiny Buick Riviera. How much did he hit for, Shealy?

SHEALY. You know me, Doub. I don't be putting nobody's business in the street. First thing you know somebody be done got killed talking about "Shealy said…" I ain't gonna have that on my conscience. I don't know nothing.

DOUB. I know he hit big. He been playing that 261 every day for years.

SHEALY. I don't know nothing about it…but I do know he's closing up his restaurant. The city's tearing it down.

DOUB. They gonna tear it down before it fall down.

YOUNGBLOOD. I didn't know you and Pope was tight.

SHEALY. We ain't tight. I don't know why Doub wanna tie me up with him.

DOUB. Oh now… I remember when you all used to be tight.

SHEALY. Must be when he had that little yellow gal working for him. That's the only time you ever see me down there.

DOUB. Whatever happened to that gal?

SHEALY. She married to one of them boys that drive a bus. That's what I hear.

DOUB. She wasn't the one, huh?

SHEALY. Naw she wasn't the one. I thought she was but then I believe Rosie done put a curse on me. She don't want me to have no other woman. But then she didn't want me. No, no, no. I told her baby, just tell me what kind of biscuits you want to make. I'm like the millman I can grind it up any way you want. She knew I was telling the truth to. She couldn't say nothing about that. She say you a poor man. What I need with a poor man? I told her say if I make a hundred I'll give you ninety-nine. She didn't trust me on that one but I went down to the crap game, I hit six quick licks, left with a hundred and sixty-three dollars. I went on back up there. She let me in. I lay a hundred dollars down on the table and told her, "Now, if I can just get one of them back I'd be satisfied." She reached down and handed me a dollar and I went on in the room and went to bed. *(He sits on the arm of the sofa.)* I got up and she had my breakfast on the table. It wasn't soon long that ninety-nine dollars ran out and next thing I knew she had barred the door. I went on and left but I never could get her off my mind. I said I was gonna find me another woman. But every time I get hold to one…time I lay down with them… I see her face. I told myself the first time I lay down with a woman and don't see her face then that be

the one I'm gonna marry. That be my little test. Now with that old yellow gal used to work down at Pope's I seen Rosie's face…but it was blurry. Like a cloud of something come over it. I say, "I got to try this again. Maybe next time I won't see nothing." She told me she didn't want to see me no more. She told me come back same time tomorrow and if she changed her mind she'd leave the key in the mailbox. I went up there and there was one man in the house and two others sitting on the doorstep. I don't know who had the key.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *"slaps five" with* **DOUB**. *The phone rings.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *answers it.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Into phone.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Yeah. *(To* **SHEALY**.*)* Shealy. *(***SHEALY** *takes the phone.)*

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *goes to the rack to get his jacket.)*

SHEALY. *(Into phone.)* Shealy here. *(He takes out his pad and pencil and begins writing.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. I'm going next door to Clifford's.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *exits.)*

SHEALY. 671 straight. 469 boxed for a dollar. I got it. I'll see you down Irv's later on. *(Hangs up.)* You ain't seen Becker have you?

DOUB. He was by here earlier this morning. I think he had to make a run to take care of some business.

SHEALY. You know his boy getting out of the penitentiary next month.

(The phone rings.)

DOUB. No kidding.

SHEALY. After all them years.

DOUB. *(Moves to the phone on the second ring.)* Time go along and it come around.

SHEALY. It don't never stop. *(He sits on the sofa.)*

DOUB. *(Answering.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Be right there. Blue car. *(***DOUB** *hangs up the phone. He goes to the chalkboard and marks it then goes to the rack and gets his hat.)* Shealy

give me a dollar on that 674, I'll give it to you when I get back.

*(***DOUB** *exits.* **SHEALY** *sings as he counts money. He sees* **PHILMORE** *outside the window.* **PHILMORE** *enters, leaving the door open.)*

SHEALY. Hey, Philmore.

PHILMORE. Ain't no cars here?

SHEALY. Doub just left…he be back in a minute.

PHILMORE. *(Checks his watch then closes the door.)* I got to get home. I been out all night and half the morning. My old lady gonna be mad at me. *(He slips on his wedding ring.)*

SHEALY. You been out all night, huh?

PHILMORE. I went down to the Working Men's Club. They had Kenny Fisher down there. You couldn't hardly get in. I ain't never seen so many people. You used to have to have a job to get in there.

SHEALY. I know they glad they changed that rule. Wouldn't nobody be down there.

PHILMORE. I'd be down there. I got me a job.

SHEALY. I know. You work down the hotel. You been there a while.

PHILMORE. Six years. I been down there six years. Started May 16, 1971. Been down there six years and ain't never missed a day. And I ain't never been late. I'm supposed to get a raise. My old lady told me when I get my raise she was gonna…

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *enters.)*

SHEALY. There go Youngblood.

PHILMORE. *(Moves to the door, opens it.)* Come on, take me home. I got to get home. My old lady gonna be mad at me.

YOUNGBLOOD. Where you live at?

PHILMORE. *(Starts to leave.)* You know where I live at. Everybody know where I live at. I live out there above the Frankstown Bar.

YOUNGBLOOD. That's a four dollar trip.

PHILMORE. Look here… *(He closes the door then moves toward* **YOUNGBLOOD**.*)* Let me show you something. *(He builds a pyramid out of dollar bills then blows them over.)* Now when my old lady tells me I been out blowing my money… you can tell her it's the truth.

PHILMORE. Shealy done seen me do that before.

SHEALY. Go on Philmore!

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *and* **PHILMORE** *exit. The phone rings and* **SHEALY** *answers it.)*

(Into phone.) Yeah? *(Pause.)* Who? *(Pause.)* Naw, Mr. Becker ain't here. Who? *(Pause.)* Let me see if I got this. Mr. Pease. Pittsburgh Renewal Council. Yeah, I'll tell him. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***TURNBO** *enters.* **SHEALY** *sits on the sofa and writes a note in his pad.)*

TURNBO. Boy, I don't know what this world's coming to. You know McNeil don't you?

SHEALY. *(Counting money.)* Who?

TURNBO. *(Hanging up his hat on the rack.)* McNeil! McNeil what live up on Webster. Old Lady McNeil, got them two boys and work cleaning up down at the courthouse.

SHEALY. *(Trying to recognize the name.)* McNeil? I don't know…

TURNBO. *(Agitated.)* You know who I'm talking about. McNeil! Use to be Brownie's old lady. You know Brownie was staying up there trying to help her raise them two boys. One of them got an old funny shaped head.

SHEALY. Oh, yeah. Yeah, I know who you talking about.

TURNBO. *(Marks the board.)* Well, the boy come by here a little while ago this morning. The oldest one, can't be no more than sixteen or seventeen at the most. *(Throws out the old tobacco and puts some new tobacco in his pouch.)* Come by here and asked me to carry him on a trip to the Northside. Then he say he got to make a stop

up on Whiteside Road. I carried him up there and he go into one of these houses and come out carrying a television. He ain't said nothing about no television now. I told him it was gonna cost him two dollars more for me to be hauling around a television. Had me carry him over on the Northside to the pawnshop. Now, I know the boy done stole the television, but I ain't said nothing. I just want my money. Come on back and stopped at Pat's Place to get me some tobacco, and the fellows standing around just happened to mention the name of this woman who done had her television stolen. Don't you know that boy went and stole his grandmama's television! Name is Bolger. Miss Sarah Bolger. That's old lady McNeil's mother. I used to carry her to church before she got too old to go. Steal his own grandmother's television!

SHEALY. That ain't nothing, Turnbo. I seen worse than that.

*(***BECKER** *enters.)*

TURNBO. Yeah, I have too. But what would make someone want to steal their grandmama's television. I can't figure it out.

*(***BECKER** *closing the door alerts* **TURNBO** *to his presence.* **BECKER** *marks the board and goes to the table to put down some letters.)*

Becker, you know McNeil what live up on Webster used to be Brownie's old lady…work cleaning up at the courthouse…got them two boys…one of them got an old funny shaped head…

BECKER. I don't want to hear that, Turnbo. I got other things on my mind. *(He hands money to* **SHEALY**.*)* Here's Lucille's numbers. *(He sits in his chair.)* I hear Pope done hit.

SHEALY. Yeah. He hit pretty big. Say Becker, I been meaning to ask you. I got a nephew that's trying to make something of himself. You reckon you be able to get him on down at the mill?

BECKER. I don't know if they hiring. But I'll check into it. I know some people down there will be able to take care of him if they hiring. I can't promise nothing but I'll talk to them for you.

SHEALY. Thanks Becker. His name is Robert Shealy. He's trying to straighten himself out and I told his mama I'd check around and see what I can do. Thanks again.

(He hands **BECKER** *the phone message.* **TURNBO** *sits on a stool.)*

Here go your message.

*(***SHEALY** *exits.)*

TURNBO. You don't know nothing about Shealy's nephew, I can tell that. Boy's the biggest rogue…what you call a thug…you ever seen. *(He stands.)* He done been down there in the work house. Him and Jenkin's boy is the ones what broke into Taylor's bar.

BECKER. Turnbo, ain't nobody asked you nothing. You just like an old lady, always gossiping and running off at the mouth.

*(***DOUB** *enters.)*

TURNBO. I just talking what I know. *(He sits on the sofa.)*

(The phone rings.)

DOUB. Say Becker, I see you got some new tires.

*(***BECKER** *goes to answer the phone.* **DOUB** *marks the board and hangs up his hat then sits on a stool.)*

BECKER. Yeah, I got two. Gonna get two more next week. *(Answering after the third ring.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Wooster Street. *(Pause.)* Yeah I know where it's at. Black car. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *enters as* **BECKER** *exits.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Cigar Annie standing up there in the middle of Robert Street cussing out everybody.

DOUB. Oh, yeah. Who she mad at now?

YOUNGBLOOD. She started with God and went on down the list. She cussing out the mayor, Doc Goldblum, Mr. Eli, her landlord, the light man, gas man, telephone man, and anybody else she can think of. They got her furniture and everything sitting out on the sidewalk.

TURNBO. I knew it was gonna come to that. Everybody else done moved out of that place two months ago. The building been condemned for two years.

YOUNGBLOOD. She standing up there in the middle of the street raising up her dress.

TURNBO. I bet she ain't got no drawers on.

YOUNGBLOOD. She had traffic backed up…almost got hit by a milk truck…the cars trying to go around her but she won't let them. Standing there just throwing up her dress.

TURNBO. I don't know what she doing that for. She ain't got nothing nobody want. Now if Pearline get out there and raise up her dress *(***YOUNGBLOOD** *"Slides Five" with* **TURNBO**.*)* …that be another thing. You have a riot on your hands. They ought to put Cigar Annie in Mayview. Her and Stool Pigeon both.

DOUB. Ain't nothing wrong with Cigar Annie. They had her down in Mayview two or three times. They figure anybody cuss out God and don't care who's listening got to be crazy. They found out she got more sense than they do. That's why they let her go. She raising her dress cause that's all anybody ever wanted from her since she was twelve years old. She say if that's all you want *(Gestures to his crotch.)* …here it is.

TURNBO. She sending out an SOS that's what she's doing.

DOUB. Turnbo, I don't know why I try and talk with you. Next time remind me to shut up.

YOUNGBLOOD. Say Doub, Peaches been by here?

DOUB. I ain't seen her.

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Going to the door.)* I'll be over at Clifford's if she comes.

DOUB. When you gonna work on my car. I thought you was gonna take a look at my car.

YOUNGBLOOD. I can't do it today. *(He opens the door.)* I'll take a look at it for you tomorrow.

TURNBO. If you going next door bring me back a cup of coffee.

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't your slave. Walk over and get you own coffee.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *exits.)*

TURNBO. That boy ain't got no sense.

DOUB. He alright. He's just young. Got a lot to learn. That gal keep after him, he'll be alright.

TURNBO. He don't need that gal. Don't know how to treat her. Treat her like the kind of class he is.

DOUB. You don't know what nobody need. Let that boy alone to live his life. Ain't nobody told you what you need. Always talking about somebody.

TURNBO. That ain't what I'm saying. *(He sits in a chair.)* You know that gal gonna see past that boy and go on to somebody got some sense to treat her right. Somebody that got more respect for her than to be messing around with her own sister.

DOUB. You don't know what you talking about.

TURNBO. You see he be asking about her. I seen her riding around in his car here lately. She come by here and they go off running around together. Don't even try to hide it.

DOUB. That don't mean nothing cause she was riding in his car.

TURNBO. He be calling her on the telephone too. I know what I'm talking about. You watch. That gal is gonna see right past him.

DOUB. Well let him find that out. He's got his own way to come to things. That's all I'm saying. Let the boy alone.

TURNBO. I ain't messing with him. I just say he ain't got no sense. I believe he got shell shocked over there in Vietnam.

DOUB. Turnbo, you mess with anybody you get the chance to put your nose in their business. Let the boy live his life.

TURNBO. *(Stands.)* Remember that boy that used to be around here? What was his name… Jasper! That's it. Fool went crazy and jumped off the Irene Kaufman Settlement House? I told you about him when I first seen him. I told you then he ain't had no sense and I'm telling you about this boy now, and you wanna call it putting my nose in folk's business. But you mark my words, I just live and let live, but damn if I can't talk to express an opinion same as everybody else, without folks accusing me of being tied up in folks' business. I just talk what I know. Just like I told you Fielding wasn't coming back with your four dollars. He out somewhere getting drunk. I told you not to give it to him.

DOUB. See, there you go, messing in people's business. *(***DOUB** *stands. The phone rings.)* I ain't give him nothing. I loaned him four dollars and you done already got you nose stuck up in it. That's my business about when he pay me.

TURNBO. I just say…

DOUB. Yeah, well just say it to yourself.

*(***DOUB** *gets his hat off the rack and exits.)*

TURNBO. *(Answering.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Where? *(Pause.)* Alright. Brown car. You be ready 'cause I ain't waiting.

*(***TURNBO** *hangs up the phone as* **YOUNGBLOOD** *enters carrying a cup of coffee.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Puts the coffee on the stove.)* Here.

TURNBO. What's that for? *(***TURNBO** *marks the board.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. That's your coffee, nigger. Give me thirty cents.

TURNBO. You told me to get my own. How you know I ain't sent somebody else? *(***TURNBO** *gets his hat.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Aw, nigger. Take this coffee and give me thirty cents.

TURNBO. *(Opens the door.)* I got a trip.

*(***TURNBO** *exits. The phone rings.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *watches out the window then answers the phone.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Into phone.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Where you at? I thought you was going down to the furniture store with me. What's wrong with your hair? Ain't nothing wrong with your hair. Rudy say something was wrong with your hair? Naw, I ain't told her. I'm gonna wait till everything's settled. What time you gonna be done. Alright, I'll pick you up at three o'clock. *(He hangs up the phone and dials again.)* Mr. Harper, please. *(Pause. He turns on the radio then sits on a stool.)* Darnell Williams. *(Pause.)* Mr. Harper? This is Darnell Williams… I'm calling about the house under the GI Bill…you said to call and get a closing date. *(Pause.)* A title search? I thought they had the title. *(Pause.)* No I can understand but I thought all of that was taken care of by the down payment. *(Pause.)* Well, how much? *(Pause.)* That's all I have to do? Ain't nothing else gonna come up? *(Pause.)* Two weeks! It take that long? *(Pause.)* No, there's no doubt I'll have it for you tomorrow. Yessir, I'll have it. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *takes out his notebook, looking to see how much money he has. It is obvious he does not have enough. He sits thinking when suddenly an idea occurs to him. He snap closes his notebook then gets up and exits. The lights go down on the scene.)*

Scene Two

(The lights come up on the jitney station, early afternoon. The radio is playing. **BECKER** *sits at his desk reading a newspaper.* **TURNBO** *sits downstage of him, reading his Playboy magazine. He holds the magazine up for* **BECKER** *to see.)*

TURNBO. Look at this one, Becker.

*(***BECKER** *barely looks up.)*

BECKER. Yeah.

TURNBO. Boy, what a man wouldn't do with that!

(Out the window **TURNBO** *sees* **YOUNGBLOOD** *coming. He goes to the sofa.)*

If I get up to heaven and she ain't there, I'm gonna ask God to send me straight to hell.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *enters. He stands in front of the door.* **TURNBO** *sits on the sofa.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Turnbo, give me my thirty cents.

TURNBO. What thirty cents you talking about.

YOUNGBLOOD. For the coffee. You know what I'm talking about.

TURNBO. *(Motions to the coffee on the stove.)* There it is. I ain't touched it. That's your coffee.

YOUNGBLOOD. I know you better give me my thirty cents.

TURNBO. Boy, I ain't studying you.

YOUNGBLOOD. *(In disbelief.)* You asked me to get you some coffee and now you ain't gonna pay me?

(He moves toward **TURNBO**.*)*

BECKER. Give the man his money, Turnbo.

TURNBO. I ain't giving him nothing.

BECKER. I ain't gonna have that dissention in here. Give the man his money!

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *moves closer to* **TURNBO**.*)*

TURNBO. *(Going into his pocket.)* Here. Here's your thirty cents.

*(***TURNBO** *places a quarter and a nickel on the floor in front of him.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *stands over him, angry.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Pick it up!

TURNBO. It's yours. You pick it up.

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't threw it down there.

TURNBO. Well, let it lay there then. I'm through with it.

*(***TURNBO** *goes back to reading his magazine.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *backs off, he goes and turns off the radio.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Well, let it lay there then. But before this day is over you gonna pick up my thirty cents.

(Pause. **TURNBO** *suddenly jumps up and picks up the money.)*

TURNBO. Here! Here! Here's your thirty cents. You satisfied?

(The stare at each other for a beat. The phone rings and **YOUNGBLOOD** *moves to answer it.* **TURNBO** *moves behind him.)*

That's my trip!

BECKER. You know that's his trip, Turnbo.

TURNBO. I thought he just come back from a trip.

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Answering.)* Car service.

BECKER. He had to go downtown to take care of some business You know everything else I'm surprised you didn't know that.

YOUNGBLOOD. Yeah, ok. Red Chevy. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *exits.)*

TURNBO. That boy ain't got good sense.

BECKER. If you leave it to you, ain't nobody got no sense.

TURNBO. They ain't! What sense it make for that McNeil boy to steal his grandmama's television? *(Throws away*

the coffee on the stove.) What sense it make for Shealy's nephew to break in Taylor's bar? What sense it make for that boy to run with his girlfriend's sister? Half these niggers around here running on empty and that boy at the top of the list.

BECKER. Turnbo, sometimes you act like a kid. *(***BECKER** *slams the checkbook down on the desk and starts for the door.)* If Lucille call tell her I'm picking up the groceries. If you pass a car wash you might want to stop in and get that car washed. What sense it make to haul people around in a dirty car.

*(***BECKER** *exits.* **TURNBO** *goes back to reading his magazine. The phone rings.)*

TURNBO. *(Answering.)* Car service. Youngblood? He ain't here. Who's this? Peaches? *(Pause.)* Yeah, I thought that was you. Naw, Youngblood ain't here. Is there anything you want me to tell him? *(Pause.)* Pick you up at four o'clock instead of three. Okay I'll tell him. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***TURNBO** *sits on the stool.* **RENA** *enters.)*

RENA. Mr. Turnbo, Darnell around here?

TURNBO. He went on a trip.

RENA. He say when he's coming back?

TURNBO. He'll be back in a minute.

*(***RENA** *starts to leave.)*

You may as well wait on him. How you doing? You don't come by too much no more. I remember you used to come by and see Youngblood…get some money to buy the baby some milk. He getting big I bet. How old is he now?

RENA. Two. Going on three. Running around. Trying to talk.

TURNBO. Time just keep going. It don't wait on nobody. Everything change. I remember when you was wearing diapers. Your mother did a good job of raising you. You can tell that right off. Your mother can be proud of you.

*(***RENA** *sits on the sofa.)*

TURNBO. It ain't easy these days to raise a child. I don't know what's in these young boys' heads. Seem like they don't respect nobody. The don't even respect themselves. When I was coming along that was the first thing you learned. If you didn't respect yourself…quite naturally you couldn't respect nobody else. When I was coming along the more respect you had for other people…the more people respected you. Seem like it come back to you double. *(***TURNBO** *stands and goes to the sofa.)* These young boys don't know nothing about that…and it's gonna take them a lifetime to find out. They disrespect everybody and don't think nothing about it. They steal their own grandmother's television. Get hold of one woman…time another one walk by they grab hold to her. Don't even care who it is. It could be anybody. *(***TURNBO** *sits on a stool.)* I just try to live and let live. My grandmother was like that. She the one raised me. She didn't care what nobody else done as long as it didn't cross her path. She was a good woman. She taught me most everything I know. She wouldn't let you lie. That was just about the worst thing you could be. A liar didn't know the truth and was never gonna find out. And everybody know it's the truth what set you free. *(***TURNBO** *stands and goes to the sofa.)* Now I ain't trying to get in your business or nothing. Like I say I just live and let live. But some things just come up on you wrong and you have to say something about it otherwise it throw your whole life off balance.

I know you don't want to hear this

*(***RENA** *looks at* **TURNBO**.*)*

…but you don't need no hot-headed young boy like Youngblood. What you need is somebody level-headed who know how to respect and appreciate a woman… I can see the kind of woman you is. You ain't the kind of woman for Youngblood and he ain't the kind of man for you. You need a more mature…responsible man.

RENA. I don't think so.

*(***RENA** *stands and goes to look out the window. She then faces* **TURNBO**.*)*

TURNBO. You just wait awhile. You'll see that I'm right. I done seen many a young girl wake up when it's too late. Don't you be like that. You go on and find yourself a man that know how to treat you. *(***TURNBO** *sits in a chair at the table.)* You don't need nobody run the streets all hours of the day and night. You ain't that kind of woman.

RENA. Darnell don't run the streets. I don't know what you talking about.

TURNBO. Oh, I see him…running around with other women. I see him with your sister all the time. *(The phone rings.)* Day and night. *(The phone rings again.)*

RENA. Your phone's ringing.

TURNBO. I ain't trying to get in your business now. *(***TURNBO** *goes to answer the phone.)* I'm telling you this for your own good. If you was some other kind of woman, I wouldn't be wasting my time.

RENA. I got to go. Tell Darnell I was by to see him.

*(***RENA** *exits. Out the window* **DOUB** *tips his hat to* **RENA** *as she passes him on the sidewalk.)*

TURNBO. *(Answering.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Becker? Oh, hello Lucille. He's not here right now. He said to tell you he was going to pick up some groceries. Okay, I'll tell him. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***DOUB** *enters.)*

Fielding been back here?

I ain't seen him. I told you he laid up somewhere drunk on your four dollars. You ain't gonna see him till he sober.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *enters.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Man, these white folks is slick. *(***YOUNGBLOOD** *slams the door shut. The phone rings.)* They think of all kinds of ways to get your money.

DOUB. If you just now finding that out…then God help what you don't know.

*(***DOUB** *answers the phone.* **RENA** *enters.)*

RENA. Darnell, I want to see you.

YOUNGBLOOD. What you want to see me about. I'm working woman. I told you about coming by my work.

*(***RENA** *slams the door shut.)*

DOUB. Your trip, Turnbo.

TURNBO. Naw it ain't.

DOUB. I just come back, nigger take this trip!

*(***TURNBO** *reluctantly takes the phone.* **DOUB** *gets* **TURNBO***'s hat from the rack.)*

TURNBO. *(Answering.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Okay. Brown car. You be ready now, cause I ain't gonna wait. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***TURNBO** *grabs his hat from* **DOUB** *and exits, followed by* **DOUB**.*)*

RENA. Darnell, I don't understand. I try so hard. I'm doing everything I can to try and make this work.

YOUNGBLOOD. What? What's the matter?

RENA. I'm working my little job down there at the restaurant…going to school…trying to take care of Jesse…trying to take care of your needs…trying to keep the house together…trying to make everything better. Now, I come home from work I got to go to the store. I go upstairs and look in the drawer and the food money is gone. Now you explain that to me. There was eighty dollars in the drawer that ain't in there now.

YOUNGBLOOD. I needed it. I'm gonna put it back.

RENA. What you need it for. You tell me. What's more important than me and Jesse eating.

YOUNGBLOOD. I had to pay a debt. I'm gonna put it back.

RENA. You know I don't touch the grocery money. Whatever happens we got to eat. If I need clothes… I do without. My little personal stuff… I do without. If I ain't got no electricity… I do without…but I don't never touch the grocery money. Cause I'm not gonna be that irresponsible to my child. Cause he depend on me. I'm not going to be that irresponsible to my family. I ain't gonna be like that. Jesse gonna have a chance at life. He ain't going to school hungry cause I spent the grocery money on some nail polish or some Afro Sheen. He ain't gonna be laying up in the bed hungry and unable to sleep cause his daddy took the grocery money to pay a debt.

YOUNGBLOOD. Aw, woman I try and do what's right and this is what I get.

RENA. You know what you be doing better than I but whatever it is it ain't enough.

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Stands.)* What you talking about now? I told you I'm gonna put the money back.

RENA. It ain't all about the money, Darnell. I'm talking about the way you been doing. You ain't never home no more.

YOUNGBLOOD. I be working. You know I'm out here hustling. I got two jobs looking for three.

RENA. You be out half the night. I wake up and you ain't there.

YOUNGBLOOD. That's what time the people say come to work! Two a.m. I can't tell UPS what to do! What time to have people come to work. I told you that when I took the job. I told you that I wouldn't be home. You said okay. Now you wanna come with this about me not being home. You know where I'm at.

RENA. You say you working at UPS but I don't never see no UPS money.

YOUNGBLOOD. I had some debts to pay. I told you that too. I told you I wouldn't see no money for awhile.

RENA. What kind of debt?

YOUNGBLOOD. Look baby just hang with me awhile. That's all I ask. Just for a minute.

RENA. *(Throws down her purse.)* I been hanging with you. That's what you said last time, 'Hang with me and it'll turn around.' When's it gonna turn around, Darnell?

YOUNGBLOOD. Soon, baby. Soon. Just hang with me.

RENA. I just want you to know I ain't no fool, Darnell. I know you been running around with Peaches and her crowd all hours of the night. Doing whatever you be doing. I may not know everything but I know something's going on? I know you all doing something.

YOUNGBLOOD. Who told you that? Me and Peaches doing what?

RENA. She's my sister, Darnell. Don't you think I can tell she's trying to hide something from me.

YOUNGBLOOD. Hide what? What you talking about? Hide what? What she trying to hide?

RENA. *(Picks up her purse and opens the door.)* Ain't no need in you bothering to come home cause I just might not be there when you get there.

*(***RENA** *slams the door as she exits. The phone rings.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *starts to go after her, changes his mind and comes back and stands in the middle of the room perplexed. Suddenly he takes his notebook from his pocket and throws it on the floor. He regains his composure, picks up the book and exits.* **BECKER** *enters on the fourth ring.)*

BECKER. *(Answering.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Shealy don't work here!

*(***BECKER** *slams the phone down as* **DOUB** *enters.)*

DOUB. I was just talking to Clifford next door. He say the man is gonna board his place up next month.

BECKER. Yeah, I know. The man from the city was by here two weeks ago, to. *(***BECKER** *sits at the table.)* They're gonna tear it all down, this whole block.

DOUB. The man was by here and you ain't told nobody! What he say!

BECKER. They're gonna board the place up first of next month.

DOUB. Why in the hell didn't you tell somebody!

BECKER. I'm telling you now.

DOUB. Fine time to tell me, two weeks later. It ain't like that's a small piece of news. I got rent to pay. Doctor bills. Every man in here depending on this station for their livelihood. The city's gonna board it up…you've known for two weeks…and you ain't bothered to get around to telling nobody. That ain't like you Becker. What we gonna do now? In the two weeks we got.

BECKER. I don't know. I kinda figured we'd all just go in together somewhere else. Find another place. But I don't know now. I'm just tired, Doub. Can't hardly explain it none. You look up one day and all you got left is what you ain't spent. Every day cost you something and you don't all the time realize it. I used to question God about everything. Why he hardened Pharaoh's heart? Why he let Jacob steal his brother's birthright? After Coreen died I told myself I wasn't gonna ask no more questions. 'Cause the answers didn't matter. They didn't matter right then. I thought that would change but it never did. It still don't matter after all these years. It don't look like it's never gonna matter. I'm tired of waiting for God to decide whether he want to hold my hand. I been running cars out of here for eighteen years and I think I'm just tired of driving.

DOUB. I been with you for twelve of them eighteen years and I would have thought you would have told me we was gonna have to move 'cause they boarding up the station.

BECKER. I'm telling you now.

DOUB. That ain't what I mean, Becker. It's like you just a shadow of yourself. The station done gone downhill. Some people overcharge. Some people don't haul.

Fielding stay drunk. I just watch you and you don't do nothing.

BECKER. What's to be done? *(***BECKER** *stands.)* I try to keep cars running out of here and keep everybody happy. *(Pointing at the rates on the chalkboard.)* I post the rates up on the board. If somebody charge extra and people complain, I give them the difference and tell the driver about it. I ain't gonna put nobody out unless they totally irresponsible. As for Fielding, I don't let him drink in here, but I can't tell the man about his personal business unless people start to complain.

DOUB. Complain? Hell, they don't do no complaining. They just call somebody else. Somebody ask them for a number, they don't give them Court 1-9802. They give them somebody else's number. Complain? You think they're gonna call you up and complain? Nigger, they don't even know you're alive.

BECKER. I just do the best I can do.

DOUB. Sometimes your best ain't enough. *(***TURNBO** *enters. Pause.)* Turnbo they boarding up the station the first of the month. Becker talking about quitting, so we ought to start thinking about moving somewhere or getting on with somebody else.

TURNBO. Who's boarding up the station?

DOUB. The city. They fixing to tear down the whole block. Clifford and everybody done got their notices. The man was by here two weeks ago.

*(***BECKER** *sits in his chair.)*

TURNBO. So that's what they was doing? I seen them snooping around here. Told me they was conducting a survey. Well, what we gonna do? Becker, you quitting?

BECKER. I ain't said I was quitting.

DOUB. That's what you told me.

BECKER. I said I was thinking about it.

(The phone rings.)

DOUB. We ought to have a meeting and figure out one way or another what we gonna do.

TURNBO. They never could leave well enough alone. *(Answering.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* Oh hello Lucille, he's here. Just a minute. Becker!

(He hands **BECKER** *the phone.)*

They won't be satisfied until they tear the whole goddamn neighborhood down!

BECKER. *(Into phone.)* Becker here. *(Pause.)* Yeah, I know, Lucille. *(Pause.)* Tomorrow?

*(***TURNBO** *and* **DOUB** *look at each other then turn to face* **BECKER**.*)*

I thought it wasn't until next month. Who called? *(Pause.)* Are you sure? *(Pause.)* Yeah, well okay. I'll talk to you. *(Hangs up.)*

TURNBO. They gonna board up the place tomorrow!

BECKER. My boy's getting out tomorrow.

(The lights go down on the scene.)

Scene Three

(The lights come up on the jitney station, early the following morning. It is obvious **YOUNGBLOOD** *has spent the night there. He sits on the couch figuring in his notebook. He hears* **TURNBO** *put the key in the deadbolt and hurries to put his shirt on.* **TURNBO** *enters with a coffee cup.)*

TURNBO. You seen Becker this morning? *(He hangs his hat on the rack.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. He ain't come in yet.

TURNBO. You know his boy's getting out today? *(He opens the shades on the door.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Yeah. Getting out of where?

TURNBO. You don't know about Becker's son?

YOUNGBLOOD. Know what?

TURNBO. Becker's son been in the penitentiary for twenty years. He's getting out today. *(He erases all the drivers' marks on the chalkboard.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't even knew Becker had a son.

TURNBO. Been in the penitentiary for twenty years! Right down there at the Western State Pen, and Becker ain't never been down there to see him once!

YOUNGBLOOD. Yeah?

TURNBO. I think it's a shame, Becker just wrote him off his list.

YOUNGBLOOD. Yeah. Well, that's his business, I guess.

TURNBO. Hell! This his own son and if he ain't gonna stand by him, who's gonna. *(He sits on a stool.)* He ain't got nobody else. It killed his mama. Lucille ain't none of his mama. His mama died about a month after he went in. When the judge sentenced him to the electric chair, his mama just fell dead away. They brought her home and put her in the bed, and she laid right up there till she died.

YOUNGBLOOD. Give him the electric chair?

TURNBO. That's right. Sure did. I was there! He later got it commuted to life.

YOUNGBLOOD. What he do to get the electric chair?

TURNBO. *(Stands, finishes his coffee then throws his cup away.)* See, Becker's boy… Clarence is his name but everybody call him Booster… See now, Booster he liked that science. You know the science fair that they have over at the Buhl Planetarium every year where they have all them science experiments where they make the water run uphill and things like that? Booster won first place three years in a row. He the only one who ever did that. I can't even count how many times he had his picture in the paper. They let him into the University of Pittsburgh. You know back then they didn't have too many colored out there but they was trying to catch up to the Russians and they didn't care if he was colored or not. Gave him a scholarship and everything. Becker was just as proud as he could be. Him and Booster was always close. Becker used to take him hunting down around Wheeling, West Virginia. They go hunting and fishing. Becker didn't have but the one boy. After he was born the doctor told his wife that if she had another one it was liable to kill her. Say she was lucky to have the one. Anyway, Booster goes out to Pitt there and he meets this old white gal. Young gal…about eighteen she was. Of course Booster wasn't about nineteen himself. Now her old man was some kind of big shot down there at Gulf Oil. Had a lot of money and had done bought the gal a car for her birthday. Booster and that gal…they just go everywhere together. She ride him around like she was his chauffeur. Of course, she let him drive it to. I believe he drove it more than she did. That gal was crazy about Booster, and they was just sneaking around and sneaking around, you know. She didn't want her daddy to know she was fooling around with no colored boy. Well, one day see her father was up here in the neighborhood looking for one of them whores. He find one and she tell him to drive up the

dead end street there by the school, so she can turn the trick in the car. Don't you know they pulled right up in back of this gal's car and he goes over and looks inside and there's Booster just banging the hell out of his daughter! Well, that cracker went crazy. He just couldn't stand the sight of Booster screwing that gal and went to yanking open the car door. Booster didn't know who he was. All he knew was some crazy white man done opened the door and was screaming his head off. He proceeded to beat the man half to death. To get to the short of it…the police come and the gal said that she was driving downtown on her way home from a movie, and when she stopped for a red light, Booster jumped into her car and made her drive up there on the dead end street…where he raped her. They arrested Booster and Becker got him out on bail 'cause he know the gal was lying. The first day he was out…the first day! …he went over to that gal's house and shot her dead right on the front porch.

YOUNGBLOOD. Served the bitch right!

TURNBO. What you talking about! I knew you ain't had no sense. I don't know why I try and talk to you.

YOUNGBLOOD. Served her right for lying!

(The phone rings.)

TURNBO. That ain't no cause to kill nobody! I don't care if she was lying. See, that's what's wrong with you young folks. Don't take time to stop and think before you speak. 'Serve the bitch right!' That's all you know.

YOUNGBLOOD. It does!

TURNBO. Fool! What is you talking about? That boy ain't had no right to kill that gal!

YOUNGBLOOD. She lied on him, didn't she?

TURNBO. That gal you got have a right to kill you cause you lyin' to her?

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Stands.)* We ain't talking about me. Stay out of my business!

(He grabs his jacket as he starts for the door.)

TURNBO. Your business is already in the street. Everybody know how you misuse that gal, keeping her tied up in the house with that baby while you run around with her sister and don't give her two pennies to buy the baby no milk.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD***, enraged, rushes* **TURNBO** *and grabs him by the collar.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. You stay the fuck out of my business!

TURNBO. Now you wanna beat me up for telling the truth. Well, go ahead, I'm an old man. Go ahead it'll make you proud to hit an old man.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *releases* **TURNBO** *and backs up.)*

I done told you your business is in the street.

*(***TURNBO** *starts out the door.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *loses control and punches him in the mouth. The blow knocks* **TURNBO** *on the floor and bloodies his mouth.* **TURNBO** *gets up and glares at* **YOUNGBLOOD**.*)*

YOUNGBLOOD. You just stay the fuck out of my business!

*(***BECKER** *enters.)*

BECKER. What's going on?

(He notices **TURNBO***'s bloody mouth.)*

What happened, Turnbo?

YOUNGBLOOD. You tell him to stay out of my business and everything will be straight. I don't get in his business and I don't want him in mine.

TURNBO. You know what I done already told you.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *tries to get to* **TURNBO** *but* **BECKER** *grabs* **YOUNGBLOOD** *and pushes him.* **BECKER** *get himself in-between the two of them.)*

BECKER. Hold It! Hold it! What's going on here?

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *strains to get at* **TURNBO**.*)*

YOUNGBLOOD. This motherfucker…got his nose…all up in my business.

TURNBO. Let him go, Becker. I ain't scared of him. All I did was tell him where his business was. In the gutter!

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *charges at* **TURNBO** *again.* **BECKER** *wrestles* **YOUNGBLOOD** *to the sofa.)*

YOUNGBLOOD. Let me go. Becker! Let me go!

BECKER. Hold it, Youngblood! There ain't gonna be no more fighting in here!

*(***TURNBO** *heads for the door.)*

Go on, Turnbo. I'll take care of him. You go on.

*(***TURNBO** *exits.* **BECKER** *slams the door shut.)*

What done got in you, boy. Hitting an old man like that. I can't have you fighting and causing trouble. You and Turnbo don't get along…just don't speak to him.

YOUNGBLOOD. I don't want him talking and speaking rumors about my business. That's all! That's all I want!

*(***TURNBO** *kicks open the door and throws a pistol on* **YOUNGBLOOD**. *He is very excited.)*

TURNBO. You don't believe your business is in the street! Is that right! Is that right!

BECKER. Turnbo!

TURNBO. Come on! You young punk. Come on! Hit me again! You don't believe that your business is in the street. I'll tell you something else. I done had that gal of yours.

YOUNGBLOOD. You lying motherfucker!

BECKER. Put that gun up, Turnbo!

TURNBO. Yeah. Comeon! Jump at me! And I'll blow your ass to kingdom come!

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Stops.)* You lying motherfucker!

TURNBO. You think I'm lying, huh! I'll tell you how much I'm lying.

BECKER. *(Moves in-between them.)* Yeah, you lying. Why you wanna tell that boy that lie? That gal ain't give you the time of day.

TURNBO. Stay out of this, Becker!

BECKER. Don't lie to die boy like that.

(He moves toward **TURNBO**.*)*

Come on now put the gun up.

YOUNGBLOOD. Just because you used to them lowlife women don't mean everybody else is.

TURNBO. *(Cocks back the hammer.)* You keep it up! You keep it up!

BECKER. You don't want to do that now; it ain't worth all that. Come on, Turnbo. The boy ain't mean nothing. He just young and foolish. I'll straighten him up. He just young. He don't know no better. Come on, put that gun up.

TURNBO. *(Raises the gun and points.)* Boy, you got one more time to mess with me again! *(He releases the hammer and brings his arm down.)* Just one more time!

*(***TURNBO** *backs out the door with the gun.* **BECKER** *follows him out to the sidewalk.* **YOUNGBLOOD** *stands motionless in the middle the room.* **BECKER** *re-enters. Pause.)*

BECKER. Goddamn! If it ain't one thing it's another. Youngblood, you stay away from Turnbo! Just stay out of his way!

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't studying him. That gun don't scare me.

BECKER. I ain't asked you was you studying him.

YOUNGBLOOD. When they made one gun they didn't stop making them.

BECKER. Just stay clear of him and don't say nothing to him. You can't go around hitting everybody that don't see eye to eye with you. Turnbo carry that gun in his car and if you push him far enough he'll run out there and get it. That ain't the first time. One of these days

he's gonna use it. *(The phone rings.)* So you stay clear of him. The less words you have with Turnbo the better.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *sits on the arm of the sofa as* **BECKER** *answers the phone.)*

Car service. *(Pause.)* Alright. Red Chevy. *(Hangs up.)*

*(***FIELDING** *enters.)*

FIELDING. Hey, Youngblood. Becker, what happened to Turnbo. He's sitting out there in his car cussing up a blue streak.

BECKER. *(To* **YOUNGBLOOD**.*)* 1845 Bedford. They're going to the bus station.

YOUNGBLOOD. I ain't carrying no suitcases in my car, Becker.

BECKER. You are if you want to jitney out of here.

*(***FIELDING** *gets the drift of what is happening.)*

FIELDING. What address? I'll make the trip.

BECKER. It's Youngblood's trip and he's gonna pull his weight around here.

YOUNGBLOOD. *(Stands.)* What you mean pull my weight? I pull my weight. I just don't want to mess up my car.

BECKER. How in the hell is putting somebody's suitcase in your trunk gonna mess up your car? That's what it's designed for! I done it for eighteen years and ain't never messed up my car. You talk like a fool.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *opens the door.)*

FIELDING. Let me go, Becker.

YOUNGBLOOD. What's the address?

BECKER. 1845 Bedford.

*(***YOUNGBLOOD** *slams the door as he exits fast.)*

FIELDING. Why you wanna force that boy to haul things when he don't want to?

BECKER. Stay out of this, Fielding. It ain't none of your business. *(He puts his hat on the table.)*

FIELDING. I just asked 'cause I don't see much sense in it.

(He looks for a magazine in the toolbox. **BECKER** *sits in the chair at the table.)*

If the boy don't want to haul people's things, he's got a right not to haul them, the way I see it. I ain't getting into nothing.

*(***TURNBO** *enters.* **FIELDING** *sits on the sofa.)*

TURNBO. Becker! You better straighten up that young fool before I be done killed him! I told you all along that boy ain't got no sense! Punching me in my mouth!

BECKER. I done talked to him, Turnbo.

FIELDING. Youngblood hit you? You all been fighting? What was you all fighting about?

TURNBO. He's got one more time! I'm telling you, Becker! Damn fool gonna hit me cause I tell him the truth. He is fooling around with the gal's sister and everybody know it!

FIELDING. Who, Peaches?

TURNBO. I done seen him and her sister riding around here more than one time. He leave that gal at home to take care of the baby while he run around in the street with her sister. How many times you seen her come by here to try and track him down so she can get some money to buy that baby some milk? How many times you seen her?

FIELDING. Oh, I seen her by here before.

BECKER. Turnbo, you might come out better if you stayed out of people's business.

TURNBO. *(Sits on the sofa.)* I ain't in nobody's business. We was having a conversation and it come up. I just speak my mind. I ain't never been one to bite my tongue about expressing an opinion and I ain't gonna start now.

*(***FIELDING** *reaches for the bottle in his coat and begins to drink.)*

The only thing is, you better get that boy straightened out.

BECKER. *(Notices* **FIELDING** *drinking.)* Fielding! Goddamn it! I done told you about drinking in here!

FIELDING. I was just having a little nip, Becker. *(He puts the bottle back in his coat.)*

BECKER. Well, that's it! I can't have you drinking and running jitneys out of here! That's it, your time is up! You done run your last jitney out of here!

FIELDING. What you talking about?

BECKER. You heard me. I know I speak clearly enough.

FIELDING. *(Stands. Apologizing.)* I ain't done nothing. I just had a little nip.

BECKER. I told you time and again about drinking in the station. That's it! I ain't got no more conversation for you.

FIELDING. You see this, Turnbo?

BECKER. *(To* **TURNBO**.*)* Fielding is out! I don't want him running no more trips out of here. I told him time and again about that drinking.

FIELDING. What is you talking about? *(The phone rings.)* I paid my monthly dues and the month ain't up yet I ain't going nowhere!

BECKER. *(Stands and takes some money out of his pocket.)* Here. Here's your money.

*(***FIELDING** *doesn't take the money and* **BECKER** *lays it down on top of the desk.)*

There's your money. Take it and get out of here.

FIELDING. I ain't taking nothing. I paid for two more weeks, and two more weeks is what I get.

BECKER. There's your money. Now we straight. *(He answers the phone.)* Car service. *(Pause.)* 2709 Francis Street. Projects? Be right there. *(Hangs up.)* Turnbo, take that trip.

*(***TURNBO** *starts to exit.)*

FIELDING. That's my trip, Turnbo!

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS