Acting Edition

FREAK

BY JOHN LEGUIZAMO

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The Broadway premiere of FREAK was produced by the Cort Theatre (The Shubert Organization), New York City, in February 1998. It was directed by Spike Lee and developed by David Bar Katz. The set design was by Douglas Stein, the lighting design was by Jan Kroeze, the sound design was by T. Richard Fitzgerald, the projection design was by Wendall K. Harrington, the music was coordinated by Next Decade Entertainment, the assistant stage manager was Maximo Torres, and the production stage manager was Pat Sosnow. The play was performed by John Leguizamo.

CHARACTERS

MAN
WOMAN
JOHN/NARRATOR
MOM
FATHER
DOCTOR
HINDU MAN
JAMAICAN MAN
CHINESE MAN
GRAMPS
LITTLE JOHN
WHITE GRANDMA
GRANDMA DULCE
POOCHIE
FRIEND 1/FUCKS FUNNY
FRIEND 2/XEROX
FRIEND 3/RAYRAY
OTHER WOMAN/AMY
UNCLE SANNY
YOUNG JOHN
MAITRE'D
TEENAGE JOHN
GIRL'S POPS
YASHEEKA
IRISH GIRL
IRISH GUY
ITALIAN GUY
JOEY
GERMAN WOMAN
MY THANG
ANNOUNCER
WHITE JOHN
BRANDO
YOUNG ADULT JOHN
LEE
ASST. DIRECTOR

FREAK

ACT 1

1. IN COMPLETE DARKNESS

MAN. *(V.O., moaning.)* Ay!

WOMAN. *(V.O., moaning.)* Ay!

MAN. *(V.O.)* Ay!

WOMAN. *(V.O.)* Ay, no!

MAN. *(V.O.)* Ay si!

WOMAN. *(V.O.)* Ay no!

MAN. *(V.O.)* Ay si, si!

WOMAN. *(V.O.)* Ay no, *(Gasping moans.)* NOOO!

MAN. *(V.O.)* Ay si…ugh! *(Gasping moans.)* Uh, UGH!

Splat noise.

An animation of sperm is shown on the projected screen. The sperm looks like John and floats towards an egg, and then we see the growth of a baby. The animation ends. We see a slideshow of baby and childhood pictures of John.

The slideshow transitions from teenage John to a comic drawing of John. John is dressed in 80s clothes and bursts through the screen with a flash of light.

2. EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS—DAY

The streets are hyper, bustling with people of all ethnicities but especially Latin. We are underneath an elevated subway.

Supertitle: 1983

John starts to breakdance on flattened cardboard boxes. Music from his boom box crescendos alongside John's pelvic thrust. John looks at camera and…*

JOHN/NARRATOR. Now, I was born in Latin America 'cause my moms was there.

3. EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF COLOMBIA, S.A.—DAY

We fly over very different terrains. Beach, jungles, up the Andes mountains, up to the sky city of Bogotá.

JOHN/NARRATOR. …and when I was born my mother was in labor for forty-eight hours yo, but my mother didn't care because she was so enthralled with that whole miracle of creating life and my mother was like…

4. INT. FUNDACION CLÍNICA DAVID RESTREPO—BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA—NIGHT

Supertitle: 1964

John's mother is on a bed and in labor; the nurses, the doctor, and John's father are witnessing this miracle.

MOM. *AY, ANIMAL, CRIMINAL! GET THIS PARASITE OUT OF ME! DESGRACIADO!*

JOHN/NARRATOR. And my father's going…

FATHER. If I had a nickle for every time I heard that.

John's father takes drag from a cigarette, and then throws it on the ground and puts it out with his shoe.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And the Peace Corp doctor is going…

* See note on songs/recordings at the back of this volume.

DOCTOR. Push Mrs. Liquidzamo, Mrs. uh…Leg-a-lamb, Mrs. Lexiedgumbo…just push ma'am push.

MOM. BUT WITH WHAT COÑO! WITH WHAAAT?!

FATHER. Hey Doctor we're paying you so why don't you do some of the pulling OK?!

DOCTOR. Well I'm trying to, he's a stubborn little fuck.

FATHER. Well then leave him there. C'mon woman, we're leaving!

5. EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY—NIGHT

Fausto—John's father—and his mother walk down the hallway. John's mom walks down the hallway with her legs spread apart.

MOM. But Fausto… He's halfway out!!

6. EXT. PLANE—SKY—DAY

A plane flies through the heavens.

7. EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS—EVENING

Supertitle: 1969

They are walking down Roosevelt Avenue in Jackson Heights, the meltingest pot in the world. The streets are full of people from all over the world; the food stands represent that. All kinds of music pours out of cars. The main street is underneath the elevated train which roars every few minutes, rendering all noise mute.

JOHN/NARRATOR. So my teen parents left the homeland during the great plantain famine of the late sixties. And when

they got to New York City their accents were so thick that they couldn't understand each other. And my mother was like…

John's mom carries a two-year-old baby, Poochie, and holds five-year-old John's hand. John's father walks alongside them, carrying all their luggage.

MOM. Fausto, mira. *(Clapping hands.)* Chalk full of lice, is the haawvenly couseen. *(Re Chock full o'Nuts is the heavenly coffee.)*

FATHER. What the hell did you juss say?!

MOM. Oh, how chould I know I speaking Inglish, no joda! Hejejejejejej.

Mom covers her mouth with her hand, unsuccessfully trying to laugh bashfully. John/Narrator pops out from behind them.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And from a little subtropical paradise, we ended up in the loudest, most hectic melting pot in America… Jackson Heights, Queens.

He turns to point at the screen.

See what I mean? And on our way to our tenement building, it was like a modern day tower of Babel, all the colors of Benetton were there. And they came running up to us…

A Hindu man with a cart full of delicacies hawks his wares.

HINDU MAN. Oh, you've got to try the curry candy, you've got to try it. It burn a hole in your buttocks, very wonderful. You've got to try it.

A handsome Jamaican man yells from his car as it drives past.

JAMAICAN MAN. You people got back to your damn country. You multiple like roaches ting-a-ling-ling, hear them ring boo-yacka, boo-yacka, boo-yacka.

He spanks an imaginary butt and does pelvic thrusts from the passenger's seat in the car. Mom and Father stop and read newspapers at a newspaper stand when an elderly Chinese man reprimands them.

CHINESE MAN. This are not a library, you buy dis magazine or I kick your ass. *(Kung fus them.)* OOOOOO…OOOOO…OOOOO.

8. EXT. ROOSEVELT AVENUE—JACKSON HEIGHTS—NIGHT

A taxi parks on the block and John's father, Fausto, steps out looking very exhausted and picks up John's mother, Lala, from her factory job.

Supertitle: 1973

John/Narrator steps up from behind them.

JOHN/NARRATOR. So my parents hadda work like eighty hours a day, seventeen days a week. But no matter how busy my father was he'd always make time to read us a bedtime story and my father would be like…

9. INT. LEGUIZAMO'S APARTMENT—PROJECTS—NIGHT

Poochie (three years old) and John (six years old) are in a bed together, and their father sits on the edge of the bed reading a bedtime story.

FATHER. OH-KAY you ready?! Once upon a timgg, there was a little red riding hoood and she went into the woooods and she got a green card and she lived happily ever after now shut the fuck up and go to sleep coño, desgraciados que no sirven para mierda.

Slams the book closed and gets up and leaves, turning off the lights and leaving the kids illuminated from the street lamp.

10. EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS—NIGHT

The subway roars past the Leguizamo's apartment. The lights in their apartment turn off, as do the lights in the surrounding apartments in this poor community.

11. INT. APARTMENT—DAY

Flashback:

We are back at the Leguizamo's apartment in South America. The furniture is sixties-style and third-world. Red-and-black-striped vinyl couch and glass-brick windows. No carpets. John is a baby and John's mom is young again. She has a "beehive" hairstyle with layers of Latin-style sixties makeup.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And luckily for me, my moms was a lot more nurturing. Well, all Latin moms are. 'Cause all Latin moms treat their sons like little Latin kings and that's where we get that macho shit going to the max. And my mother was no exception. 'Cause since I was a baby, my mother would be like…

MOM. Ay mijo, you are the center of the universe, papi. *(Stirs baby food.)* You're all things to me. Ah ah ah…learn to share. *(Eats a spoonful of the baby food and then continues to stir the food.)* And remember mijo, remember any woman that fucks you, will prolly fuck somebody else OK! And you don't wanna marry a whoa! *(Re whore.)* No, no because, because no woman is good enough for my little Latin king. *(Bursts into tears.)* AY, PAPITO, NO PUEDO MAS!

She continues to cry and mumble into her hand.

12. EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS PARK—DAY

The park is a hub of life. Latin people of all nationalities enjoy their day off. Soccer games, picnics, and barbecues are everywhere. An eight-year-old John is in the middle of fifteen picnic baskets and five hibachis, all burning smoke, which are manned by his older cousins, uncles, and aunts.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And I remember I was about like eight years old and I used to love to go to family barbecues at Flushing Meadows Park. Where about fifty or sixty of my cousins would get together barbecuing on one hibachi. *(Throws elbows out; jabs them back and*

forth.) And yo, yo we would play that salsa music so damn loud that it would interfere with NASA communications.

*Half the cousins are up and dancing to a giant boom box playing something like Fania All-Stars salsa.**

But the only person never dancing was my grandfather, 'cause we had him on a life support system. My father was keeping him alive against his will because he wanted him to live long enough to suffer what he made my father suffer. And my poor grandfather would be like…

By the side is an older Latin man in his early 70s who has a portable, homemade life-support system running off of a car battery while the car is turned on and left idling.

GRAMPS. *(Sucking in breath as he speaks.)* John, John come here, papi. Come here, pull the plug, mijo, pull the plug.

Little John approaches as no one notices.

LITTLE JOHN. But Grandpa, you know I'm not suppose to put you outta your misery.

GRAMPS. Pull it! Pull the motherfuckin' plug! Pull it now!

Little John refuses and runs away. He gets to a corner near some trees where his light-skinned grandmother is sitting by herself. She is knitting a dress.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And it was on this very day that I came up with my theory that everybody has a nice grandmother and a mean, evil-insane, cujo one. And I learned which was which when I ran up to my little white-looking grandmother and she was like…

WHITE GRANDMA. Aye bendito, pobrecito. CONG, CONG COONG here; let me put a dress on you, you little pussy.

JOHN/NARRATOR. That was the nice one.

Little John runs away as the "nice" light-skinned grandma tries to put the dress on him. He runs and runs and ends up on the other side in the sun where his dark-skinned grandma is imbibing.

So then I ran over to my little mestizo-mulatto grandma dulce, who was a Seventh-day Adventist. So she had some mad powerful beliefs, yo.

* See note on songs/recordings at the back of this volume.

13. INT. MOVIE THEATER

The patrons are watching a documentary of the Exorcist.

JOHN/NARRATOR. Like that *The Exorcist* was actually a documentary.

14. INT. STARSHIP ENTERPRISE

The whole crew is white except Hulu and Solo.

15. EXT. FUTURE WASTELAND

A huge metropolis like Fritz Lang's but no Latin people anywhere.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And since there were no Latin people on *Star Trek*, this was proof that they weren't planning on having us around for the future. And she especially believed this after she tipped back a few fifths of holy water. My grandmother would be like…

Grandma is drinking like a fish on a blanket, ignoring everyone.

She gets up and uses her walker.

GRANDMA DULCE. LIES! LIES! You are the prince of lies. *(Opens flask.)* I don't drink. I sip. *(Sips from flask.)* And I know who you are, Lucifer. Now leave the body of my grandson DEMON! I'm still gonna purge you of your evil espirit. *(Does the sign of the cross with one hand.)* Lord bless this Jack Daniels. WOOSH.

She throws what's in the flask in John's eyes.

LITTLE JOHN. OW! OW! MY EYES THEY BURN!

GRANDMAN DULCE. Thas because you're wicked. Now let me finish the cleansing. *(Claps hands and makes gestures, as though performing a spiritual cleanse.) CHANGO! MONDONGO!*

MONFONGO! BACALAO! CHULETA, CHANCLETA, PANTI PA' FUERA!

JOHN/NARRATOR. Now I didn't wanna disappoint my grams because this could be her last exorcism. So I would just start speaking in tongues and transforming myself into Satan for her and I would be like…

Little John runs around while frantically waving his arms.

LITTLE JOHN. Babbaganoosh, a falafael dede ala achroosh mettalach ach! Baruch atoh adenoyElohim! Che la luna, mozarella itza ala bonne… *(As though possessed.)* I am Satan. I've come to claim you as my wife. Come here crusty old lady, come here crusty.

GRANDMA DULCE. Aye, Satan! You come for me! *(Lifting up dress.)* TAKE ME, I'M YOURS!

LITTLE JOHN. But Grandma, it was just me, I was just pretending.

GRANDMA DULCE. *(Huge gasp.)* Well don't ever tempt me with Satan again, cabroncito!

Walks away with the use of her walker.

Brief blackout.

16. EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS—DAY

Subway roars past the Denman Street projects. We see the Leguizamo's apartment, 4A.

The door creaks open, the lights come up, and then the door closes shut.

We see what looks like the inside of a very tiny apartment. The apartment is all done up in 70s earth tones. The fridge is avocado green, the carpet is a shag orange, and all the furniture is chrome. John/Narrator walks around like a tour guide.

JOHN/NARRATOR. Now our apartment, our apartment was so puny it was wishing it were a project. We made up for it with our seventies Baroque-Rococo style. Yeah, we had green avocado walls,

this brown linoleum floor, and this orange nuclear shag rug. We were trying to recreate the inside of a papaya.

We see in the center of the wall a big console TV with a huge rabbit-ear antenna.

And the centerpiece, the pièce de résistance, was my father's television. And it was this big ass wood console TV, more wood than TV.

John's father is polishing the wood part of the TV with Lemon Pledge. He nonstop polishes, and playing on the very dusty TV screen is the All in the Family *sitcom, but everyone is Latinized.*

But it was my pop's pride and joy. And he would be polishing that sucker all day long. Everything except the screen, yup, 'cause he would let that get really dusty so that everyone looked nice and dark and Spanish. And my father also thought that the more you used it, the more you wore it out, and my father would be like…

John's father has a big 70s porn stash. He is in a checkered brown suit.

FATHER. I don't care what the hell you do, just don't "toush" my television OK?! And don't sit on the furniture, it's only for the important guests. Use the floor for sitting and the kitchen sink for eating. And we're not gonna buy you any more food if you keep eating it!

John's father angrily polishes the TV as Little John and Poochie watch, petrified. John is eleven years old with curly hair and scrawny as fuck. Poochie is a fat little pug with very short hair and missing his front teeth.

We can see through their window that the elevated train is practically right outside of their window.

JOHN/NARRATOR. *(V.O.)* And every time my father had something important to say, the subway would go by. Now it wouldn't have been a big deal but we shared a wall with the IRT number 7 line. So my father would be in the middle of a harangue, he would be like…

FATHER. OK. I'm only gonna say this once. The most important thing that I want you to do today is…

We see the train passing by with graffiti on the carts. The

sound of the train cuts him off, but he is obviously still talking and continues to until the train goes by.

…gonna kick your ass!

Little John and Poochie look at each other in fear but acquiesce. Their father puts on his coat, takes his keys, and slams the door shut. Poochie and Little John look at each other again and hug with joy. But Poochie won't let go, so John has to pry him off. John gives him the knowing nod. But Poochie shakes his head in horror, not wanting to go ahead.

JOHN/NARRATOR. But as soon as my pops was gone, me and my little butterball of a brother Poochie, who I renamed "the fatboy called bitch." Yeah, well 'cause life had made him scared of everything. So me and him, we would become like a Navy SEAL operation team.

Little John whistles and both brothers get in homemade-military garb. John looks at his watch and gives orders.

LITTLE JOHN. Da da da da da na alright fatboy called bitch. It's eighteen hundred hours and the Prince of Darkness won't be back for another…

POOCHIE. PpppPrince of Darkness?! John you didn't tell me nuthin' about no Prince of Darkness. I'm not even listening!

Poochie sticks his fingers in his ears.

LITTLE JOHN. *(Hides something behind his back.)* The Prince of Darkness is the man that we know as Dad. UGH.

Little John hands the bubble wrap to Poochie.

Now I'm gonna hand you the bubble wrap and you place it underneath the rug so in case Dad comes down the hallway we can hear him!

Poochie opens the apartment door and places the bubble wrap under the hallway rug.

POOCHIE. *(While giggling.)* We outsmarted the ingor-anus!

LITTLE JOHN. Watch this Fatboy!

Little John grabs a hold of the TV rabbit ears and starts to move them back and forth. He begins to sing a theme song from an anime, something like Gigantor.*

* See note on songs/recordings at the back of this volume.

…SNAP!

One of the TV rabbit ears snaps in half. Little John freezes then screams.

Ahhhhhh!

The TV screen goes to static. Appearing at the window is his…

MOM. John!

LITTLE JOHN. AH! Mom! What are you doing climbing in through the window?

MOM. Mijo…

She climbs into the apartment from the window fire escape.

The rent is due.

She closes the window, and then she takes her jacket off and hangs it up. She puts on an apron and begins to cook. She opens the refrigerator but it is empty.

And what are you doing? You're watching the television, you're eating the food, and you broke…YOU BROKE THE ANTENNA! Ay virgen santa! Dios mio! I'm looking into the face of a dead boy. Ciao!

She runs to the window, opens it, and is about to climb out when…

JOHN/NARRATOR. And in the hallway we hear…

Popping noises that correspond with footsteps. We hear the keys jiggling and someone trying to open the front door of the apartment.

17. INT. TENEMENT—HALLWAY—CONTINUOUS

John's father is peeved and stomps around as he pops where he steps.

FATHER. *(O.S.)* Coño, que mierda de bubble wrap.

John furiously waves hand over television and blows on it.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And I'll be fanning on that television like a maniac because my father would feel it for heat.

FATHER. *(O.S., banging on the floor.)* Open up that damn door!

MOM. *(Yells.)* Ay tranquilo papito, tranquilo mijito.

Makes the sign of the cross, takes a breath, and lifts each breast. Begins to unlock numerous locks on the door. But she leaves the chains on and opens the door a crack.

JOHN/NARRATOR. We lived on Roosevelt Avenue.

MOM. Ay, Fausto! Look at you! You look so ultra-sexy! Ah, yes you do *(To Little John.)* …RUN, RUN!

Little John makes a dash for the window but it's too late.

(To Fausto.) So why don't we go some place and play a little game of "*mail-order bride.*"

She plays peekaboo with her breast and giggles playfully.

FATHER. No woman! And put your nipple away OK! I just wanna watch my television.

She opens the door and John's father throws his coat on the chair and goes to the remote and turns the TV on.

The TV begins to make static noises.

What the hell is all that damn static? I can't tell Sonny from Cher, carajo!

LITTLE JOHN. No, Dad, no Dad! I'll fix it, I'll fix it!

John runs to the TV and grabs the TV antenna that has been Scotched-taped together. John only moves the good one and is being very careful not to move the broken one.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And I move that good antenna for all I'm worth…

LITTLE JOHN. Like this Dad, like that? *(Moves one hand spastically around.)* Like that? Father is just another word for love, isn't it, Dad?

FATHER. NO! Move the other one!

LITTLE JOHN. *(Takes a deep breath.)* OK.

Slowly takes a hold of the antenna.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And I pretend to move that broken antenna…trompe l'oeil.

Now instead of moving his hand, he spastically moves the rest of his body around.

LITTLE JOHN. Like this, Dad? Like that, huh? Is that working for you? Huh? Are you getting that reception that you…

John's father is in shock. He can see that John broke his TV. John's father jumps out of the chair and threateningly moves towards his son.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And my father field goals me across the room. PSSSHH! And I was like…

John's father punts him like a football.

LITTLE JOHN. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Little John flies across the room and into the wall and falls to the ground.

He slams into the wall and slides down it.

JOHN/NARRATOR. Luckily, the nice, hard brick wall broke my fall. And my head, and my head opened up like a piñata. And I was like…

He starts to get up…

LITTLE JOHN. *Dad, dad look at all the pretty candy. Look at all the beautiful, beautiful colors. Did you ever see so many beautiful colors?*

JOHN/NARRATOR. And everything went black.

John faints, falling to the ground. The stage goes dark except for one spotlight on John.

And I was waiting to die. I felt my soul just leave my body.

John's spirit separates from his body and he flies out the window.

18. EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS—NIGHT

His spirit flies out of the building, past the elevated subway, past all the tenements and projects, up to the New York City sky line. Up, up, and away.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And I zoomed out that window. Over Manhattan, higher and higher.

We see a sky view of Manhattan, then an image of the earth.

And as I was getting closer and closer to the light…I saw God.

We see an image of God's body with the face of Cantinflas.

And as I was about to take my rightful place next to him. I got a whiff of my favorite, *(Begins sniffing loudly.)*

We zoom down to earth at a Chinese Cuban restaurant in Queens where they are preparing fried sweet plantains in a fryer.

Chino-Latino restaurant. And they were making a fresh batch of shrimp fried rice and platano-maduro. And all of sudden…

LITTLE JOHN. I didn't wanna die. I don't wanna die! I WANNA LIVE! I WANNA LIVE! IF ONLY FOR THE PLANTANOS, I WANNA LIVE!

JOHN/NARRATOR. And I zoomed myself back into my body.

John flies back to earth. Back to the United States of America. Back to New York and back into apartment 4A.

19. INT. APARTMENT—CONTINUOUS

His spirit falls back into his body lying on the ground. As soon as he hits the ground and is back inside his body, the lights come back up.

JOHN/NARRATOR. And the first words out of my mouth…with my newfound cosmic wisdom…said it all…

LITTLE JOHN. POOCHIE BROKE THE ANTENNA DAD!

John's father grabs Poochie by the arm and drags him with one hand and carries the broken antenna rabbit ear with the other.

JOHN/NARRATOR. Poor slow, chubby Poochie. 'Cause I heard that poor little boy go off screaming, he was like…

POOCHIE. No, Dad, NO! I don't wanna die! NO! NOOOOOO!! *(The last "no" trails off as though being dragged off.)*

JOHN/NARRATOR. My only brother, just beaten senseless with that antenna. And all I could think was…

LITTLE JOHN. *(Giggling thankfully.)* Thank God it's not me!

20. EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS—STREET—NIGHT

We are outside of his apartment on Denman Street. John looks up at his building and sees the shining light on in apartment 4A.

JOHN/NARRATOR. But I don't wanna leave you with a bad impression of my father. No, no because my father wasn't always this brutal. No, sometimes he drank too.

He walks on the street corner to the edge of the curb and sits. The streets go black except for one streetlight that shines on John.

And when my father drank, he just became the most nicest, lovable, huggable sonofabitch in the land. And my father would go out on the fire escape in his underwear, sit me on top of his lap, and start with those playful hits… *(Throwing a couple of punches.)* PSSHHH! PSHHH! And wailing, wailing to old world songs like he was the king of everything.

Music, something like "Por Tu Maldito Amor," begins to play. We look up to the fire escape on the fourth floor, which is across from the IRT number 7 train and the Elmhurst stop. The dad is in his wifebeater T-shirt with a bottle of rum in his hand. He is toasted.'*

John's father begins to sing along to whatever old world song is playing. He struggles to sing along with the lyrics.*

FATHER. Ah, he doesn't know the fucking words either.

Music stops.

Come here, papi. *(Strokes Little John's head.)* Come here, gimmie a

* See note on songs/recordings at the back of this volume.

kiss. C'mon. What the hell are you cringing at?! What are you afraid of a little affection?! I'm your father you little faggot! You kiss me right now or I'm gonna punch the shit outta you!

LITTLE JOHN. No, Dad! No Dad, don't hit me! Don't hit me *(Trying to convince himself.)* I'll kiss you? I'll kiss you.

Puckers his lips and kisses his dad.

FATHER. Well not on the lips you little freak!

He turns his head to the side and spits multiple times and wipes his mouth on his shirt.

You're so lucky to have a dad like me. When I could be out there just fucking some hot, stinking women. Ah yeah, but am I doing that? No. No, because I'm here spending quality time. C'mon papi, I'll give you a shot, c'mon. No, it's happy juice, c'mon.

Puts the bottle up to Little John's mouth.

LITTLE JOHN. No, Dad no! It tastes like dookie! Why don't you just quit drinking, Dad?

FATHER. Because I'm not a quitter!

He takes a drink.

C'mon I'll give you ten bucks you big baby.

LITTLE JOHN. OK, Dad, OK Dad, DEAL, DEAL!

Little John takes a big drink, holds the drink in his mouth, and puts his hand out to collect the money. He begins to squirm and panic. He spits the drink out.

AAAHHHHHHHHHH! *(Takes a breath and fans his mouth as though it is on fire.)* Ahhhhhhhh. *(Begins to appear drunk.)* Ahhhh…ahhhhh. *(Laughs and giggles.)* I love you, Dad.

FATHER. Ah, that's my boy, that's my boy. My little drunkaholic. That's why I'm gonna share my secret scheme with you. But if you tell anybody, I'm gonna have to kill you. I haven't even told your Mother this plan. I'm gonna rent every room in this apartment. 'Til I own the building, 'til I own the block. I'm gonna be the king of tenements! The Latino Donald de Trumpo! Thas right, 'cause I didn't come to dis country to be no goddamn servant…

LITTLE JOHN. That's right! My father is no goddamn servant! Clink. *(Laughs very loudly.)* HAHAHAHAHA!

FATHER. OK, calm down.

Little John tries to laugh quieter.

LITTLE JOHN. Dad. Dad. I got a little secret too, yup. But I'm gonna have a drink before I tell you.

Little John takes a drink, puts the glass down. The drink burns his mouth.

It was me who broke the antenna! *(Laughs very loudly.)* HAHA-HAHAHHAHAHAHHAA. See, see I knew you'd understand, Dad, 'cause we were talking man-to-man…

John's father gets furious and gets up. He grabs Little John and drags him through the window back into the apartment.

Dad, Dad, Dad…NO DAD! NO DAD, it was POOCHIE like I said the first time! NO! MOM, MOOOM!

Blackout.

21. INT. APARTMENT 4A—CONTINUOUS

Lights come back up on John, who walks around the apartment to the bathroom. The door is closed and he knocks on it. Seeing it's empty, he runs into the bathroom and we hear him putting the lock on.

JOHN/NARRATOR. Now those were the best times that I ever had with my pops. But then of course puberty hit. And I quickly realized that I could have a much better time by myself.

22. INT. BATHROOM—APARTMENT 4A—NIGHT

Little John is now twelve years old and has his drawers and pants by his ankles. He is holding his weiner.

JOHN/NARRATOR. Oh yeah. And I guess I was twelve years old the first time that I accidently masturbated. Yeah, 'cause I was just

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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