

JAMES: You should go. Now.

MAX: I cannot say they are black? Have I done something wrong?

JAMES: I'm not *asking* you—

MAX: You are black man, I see this. I do not say you do crime.

I do not say *you* are black son-of-a-bitch. Am I not allowed to call black people "black people"?

JAMES (*Nose to nose with Max*): Say one more word about black people and I'm gonna bust your lip.

MAX (*Quietly, to Arthur*): I come by later.

ARTHUR: Mm. Thanks for calling, the um . . . thanks.

(*Max glares at James, backs to door . . .*)

MAX: So much for my inalienable rights!

(*. . . and quickly exits.*)

JAMES: *Russians*, y'know? Russians and Polacks.

RANDY: I wish I could tell you there's something we could do, but truth is. I mean if we happen to pick somebody up and they tell us something, but that's not likely.

JAMES: Max is wrong, you know, this isn't Uptown Lawds. They'd hit it with a CVL tag, bunny or five-pointed star. And they would've boosted some shit too, at least the register. This is just random, or somebody hates you.

ARTHUR: Hate crime.

JAMES: No, hate crime's aimed at specific social groups, minorities.

RANDY: Pussies aren't a social group.

JAMES: You got insurance, right?

ARTHUR: Well, I'll . . . see what it covers, but yeah.

RANDY: You better call a board-up service.

ARTHUR: Uh-huh. Yeah.

JAMES: Sorry, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Yeah, what a drag.

JAMES: I feel bad, you know? I mean we're in here—

RANDY: Yeah, we're in here a *lot*—

JAMES: Maybe you need more security.

ARTHUR: Interesting concept.

RANDY: Where's what's-his-name? Douchebag works here some days. What's his name?

ARTHUR: Ray. Ray Klapprott.

JAMES: Pretty name.

ARTHUR: He moved on.

RANDY: What for?

ARTHUR: I don't recall . . .

JAMES: All right.

ARTHUR: I'm sorry.

JAMES: For what.

ARTHUR: I don't know.

RANDY: You wouldn't want to go get us some coffee, would you?

JAMES: Yeah, sure. Arthur, you want coffee?

ARTHUR (*Fishing for money*): Oh, please.

JAMES: No, I got it. I need some cigs too. You need cigs, Randy?

RANDY: Yeah, thanks.

(*James exits. Arthur draws shades over windows.*)

Closing up shop.

ARTHUR: Just till I get it cleaned up.

RANDY: You'll miss the morning rush. People need their sugar fix.

ARTHUR: Business isn't so hot anyway. That Starbucks is killing me.

RANDY: Your coffee's better.

ARTHUR: I used to ask a quarter for a cup of coffee. Free refills.

RANDY: You replace him yet, the douchebag works here some days?

ARTHUR: No. I put up a sign

Start

RANDY: You're closed quite a lot lately.

ARTHUR: I haven't felt so hot.

RANDY: You okay?

ARTHUR: Yeah, just.

RANDY: We miss you when you're not here. You're the high point of the day.

ARTHUR: You guys must have some crummy days.

*(Pause.)*

RANDY: Hey. Last week. We took a guy in for beating hell out his wife and she give us his Blackhawk tickets.

ARTHUR: Yeah?

RANDY: Blackhawks, Bruins. Great seats.

ARTHUR: Right, you're a big fan, hockey fan.

RANDY: It's the best. I grew up in the middle of seven brothers so I like all sports and all, but hockey's just so grrr, you know? Really gets your blood up.

*(Beat.)*

So I got these two great seats and no one to go with me.

ARTHUR: James won't go with you?

RANDY: Him? We're sick of each other.

ARTHUR: Right.

RANDY: The guy hates sports. Only thing he likes is that *Star Trek*.

ARTHUR: Oh, right—

RANDY: *Voyager*, *Deep Space Now*, all that shit. Him and his wife watch that shit every night.

ARTHUR: Yeah.

RANDY: Yeah.

ARTHUR: I couldn't do that.

RANDY: No.

*(Silence.)*

Max told us your wife just died.

ARTHUR: Mm. Ex-wife. Yeah. Yeah, we split up . . . some years ago.

RANDY: How'd she die?

ARTHUR: Cancer. Yeah, cancer, yeah.

RANDY: Sorry.

ARTHUR: Yeah, thanks.

RANDY: I'm sorry.

ARTHUR: Thanks.

RANDY: My mother died of cancer.

ARTHUR: Mm.

RANDY: Were you there? Were you with her?

ARTHUR: No, I . . . my . . . I got a call. She had moved, to North Carolina. I got a call. After she died. My daughter called.

RANDY: I didn't know you had a daughter.

---

*(Someone bangs on the door.)*

End

ARTHUR: I'm closed.

LADY (*Offstage*): What's that?

ARTHUR: I'm closed.

RANDY: It's Lady. She came by a few minutes ago—

ARTHUR: Lady? Is that you?

LADY (*Offstage*): Is what me?

ARTHUR: Hold on.

*(Arthur opens the door and Lady enters.)*

I'm closed today.

LADY: You were closed yesterday.

ARTHUR: I'm closed today, too.

RANDY: Hi, Lady.

LADY: Hello.

RANDY: You're out and about early today.

LADY: What's that?

RANDY: I say you're out and about early today.