

MAX: I am not the person who has done this, this is not my store,
I do not know why my name is all so important as—
JAMES: Answer the question.

(Lady Boyle, an elderly, homeless woman, enters. James deals with her.)

RANDY: You made the call. I just need it for my report.
LADY: What happened?

MAX: Max Tarasov.

JAMES: Nothing, Lady, you got
to move on—

RANDY: Oops, all right,
spell that.

LADY: Where's Arthur?
Is Arthur okay?

MAX: M-A-X T-A-R-A-S-O-V.

JAMES: Arthur's okay, but you
got to move on.

RANDY: Like it sounds.

LADY: Can I get a donut?

MAX: Like it sound, yes.

JAMES: Come back later for your
donut, but for now—

RANDY: And you run the
video store next door.

LADY: You want me to go.

MAX: How many times you
come in my store?

JAMES: Yes, ma'am.

RANDY: C'mon.

LADY: I'm goin'.

(Lady exits.)

MAX: Uptown International DVD Rental, right next door, ten-
nineteen. You want me to spell DVD?

RANDY: And you think you know who did this?

MAX: I see the little black son-of-a-bitches every day, no offense.
They run in my store smelling like the pot. They are
ripping off my DVDs, they break in my store and write
their paints on my walls, twice in three years. Have you not
heard me or not?

JAMES: Calm down.

MAX: Is anyone paying attention in America? Our neighborhood
needs help. They put in Starbuck and you think they do
not sell drugs on corner still? What, you think Starbuck
stop drugs? These black son-of-a-bitches don't care about
Starbuck. No offense.

JAMES: These guys you say did this, you can name them?

MAX: I do not know names but come back tonight and I will
point them out to you. James, you know who they are! They
are same ones who do all crime on this street!

JAMES: How is it a man who runs a DVD store shows up to his
place of work before a man who sells donuts? START

MAX: I do not—

JAMES: Lot of people anxious to rent DVDs at six in the
morning?

MAX: I do not "run" DVD store. I own DVD store; I am the
proprietor. 'Kay? I am here early because I expanse my store
and a lot of work needs to be done. I have three workers
here from Nizhny, just arrived, do not speak the language,
and they have red necks, so I will not allow them to work
unsupervise. I see Arthur's shop is smashed and so I call
you police because I am a good citizen. I am guilty of living
nothing other than working hard. I am guilty only of living
American Dream. And why Arthur is not here is not my
business. Some day Arthur does not show up at all. Why he
treat his shop in such lazy fashion is not for me to say.

RANDY: Arthur's been closed a lot lately.

MAX: You know his wife die.

RANDY: Arthur's not married.

MAX: No. Yes. His former wife.

RANDY: He's *not* married.

MAX: Not now. She's dead.

RANDY: But he was married before she died.

MAX: He was married, then he was divorced, then she die.

JAMES: How'd she die?

MAX: He does not tell me these things. I find that out from douchebag who work here some days, that Ray. But no, since she die, Arthur has not been so much on his balls.

JAMES: "On the ball."

MAX: Yes, not so much.

RANDY: He doesn't talk to you?

MAX: We talk every day. "Hello, how are you, can I have a donut." I know Arthur eleven years, since I first come to America, since I open my store. All my life I try to buy his shop from him but he will not sell. I give him good price, is very frustrating. But Arthur always help me when I ask, help me with language and give me free everything. But he is private man. He is not natural . . . no, how do you say this? He is not in nature a man who wants to talk.

RANDY: It's not in his nature.

MAX: Yes. Thank you. It is not in his nature. He is a good man, Arthur, I think, and I call him my friend, but no, he does not want to be pulled into light, so I do not pull.

END

(Arthur enters. His clothes are unwashed, wrinkled; his hair is a greasy gray tangle tied in a ponytail; he sports a scraggly beard; he is half asleep, maybe stoned; he is a mess. No one speaks as he surveys the damage.)

ARTHUR: I'll make some coffee.

MAX: It's a goddamn fucking shame, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Yeah . . .

MAX: A goddamn fucking shame.

ARTHUR: Anybody want coffee? Randy? Coffee?

RANDY: Yes.

JAMES: Yeah.

MAX: Please, coffee. Arthur. I show up this morning and see your store is smashed so I call police. I hope you don't mind.

ARTHUR: What day is it?

RANDY: Tuesday.

ARTHUR: You sure?

RANDY: Yeah.

ARTHUR: My coffee guy comes Mondays. Sure it's not Monday?

MAX: Monday was yesterday, Arthur. You were not here yesterday.

ARTHUR: I think I missed my coffee guy.

(Beat.)

I missed my coffee guy.

(Beat.)

I don't have any coffee.

(Digs for wallet) Anybody want Starbucks?

JAMES: Arthur, who did this to your store?

ARTHUR: I don't know.

JAMES: Got a theory?

ARTHUR: No.

MAX: I have theory, if anyone is interested. Little black son-of-a-bitches sell drugs on corner smash up. How is that for theory? Arthur, you know this is true.

ARTHUR: I'm going to Starbucks.

MAX: I am more angry than he is. They smash *his* store, and I am more angry than he is. Why are you not angry?

ARTHUR: I just need coffee.

MAX: Then maybe you get angry *later* when those black son-of-a-bitches on the corner laugh at you, call you "old hippie"—

JAMES: Thank you for your information. Thank you for making the call. You are free to go.

MAX: I am?